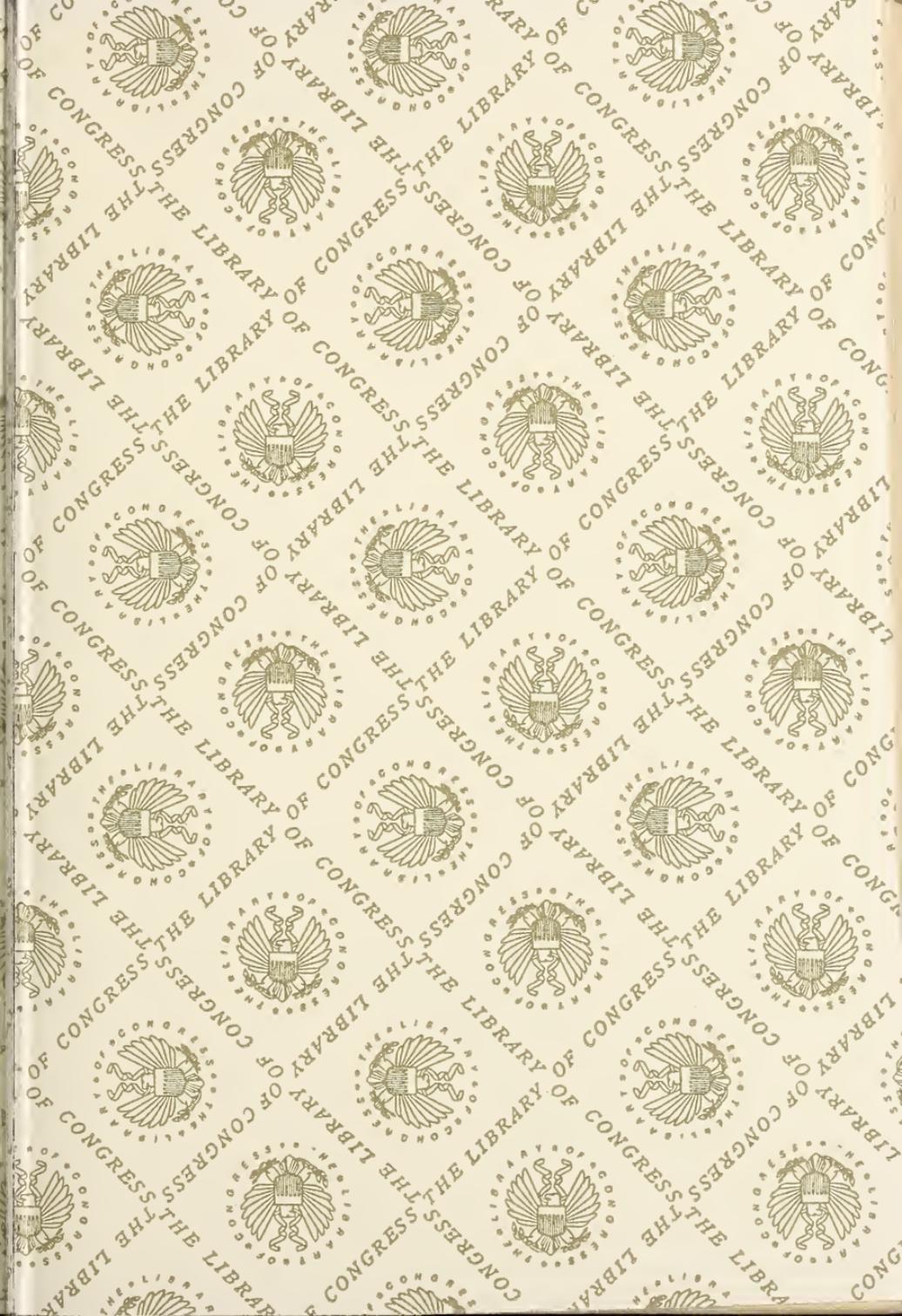
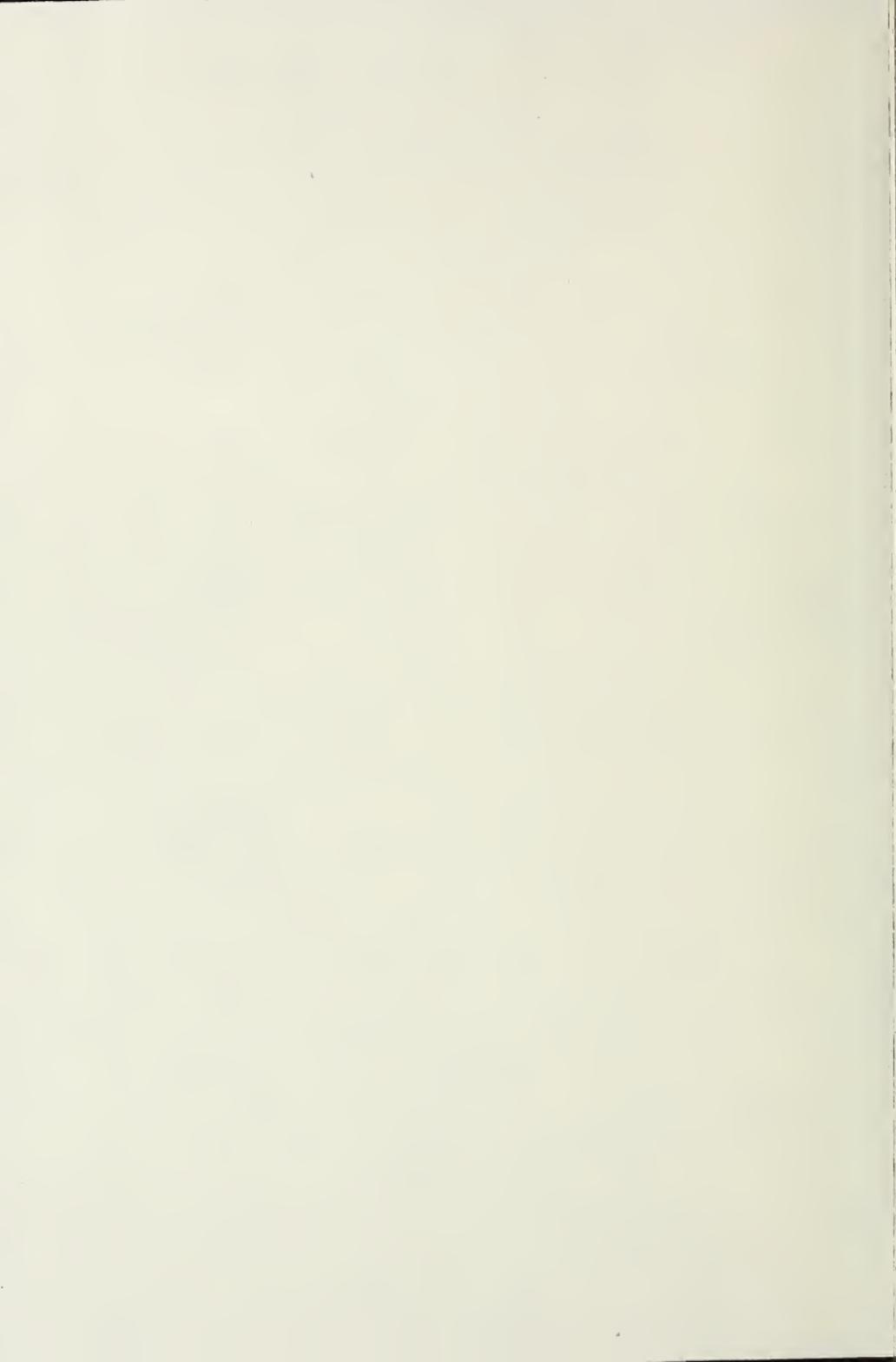


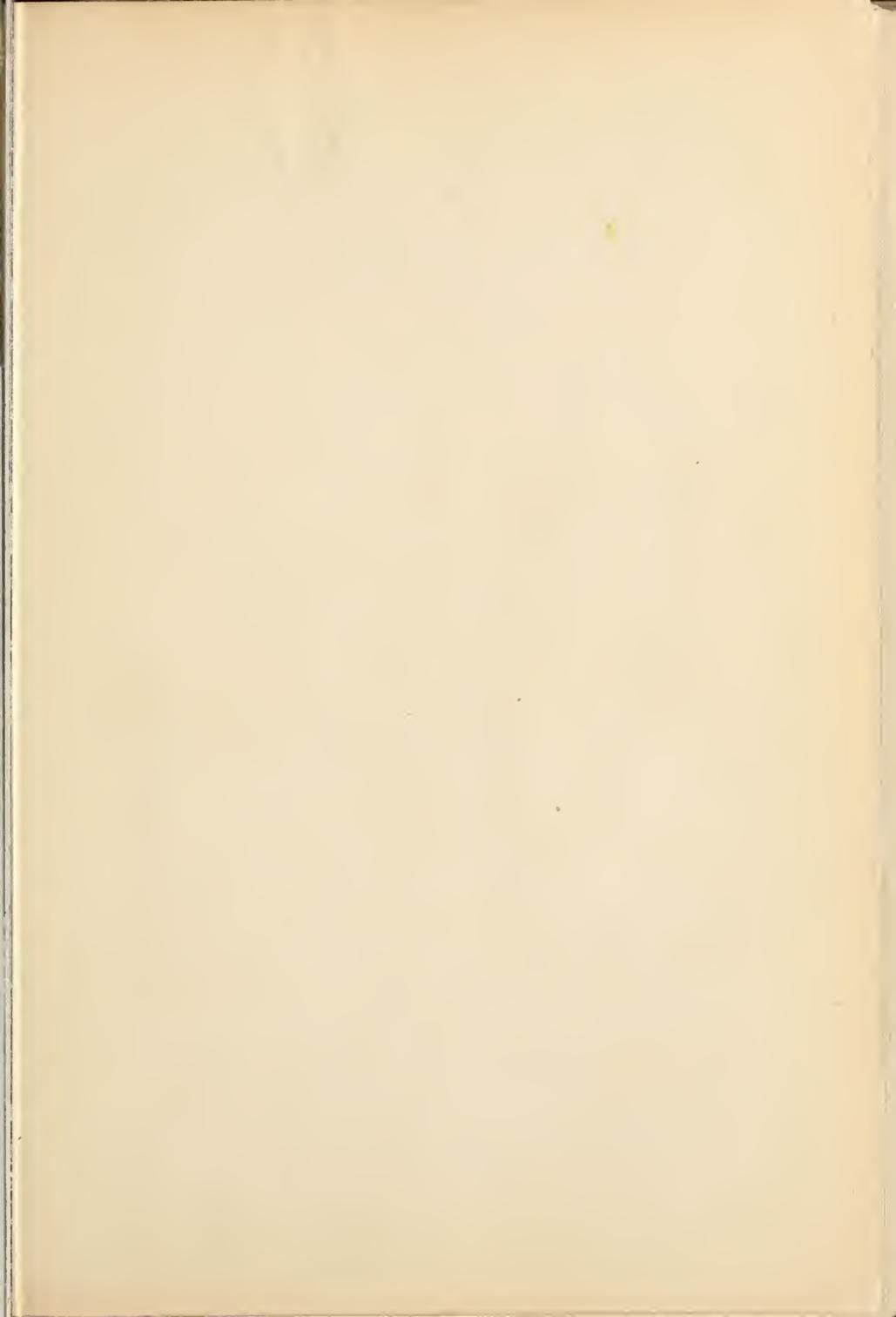
E 98

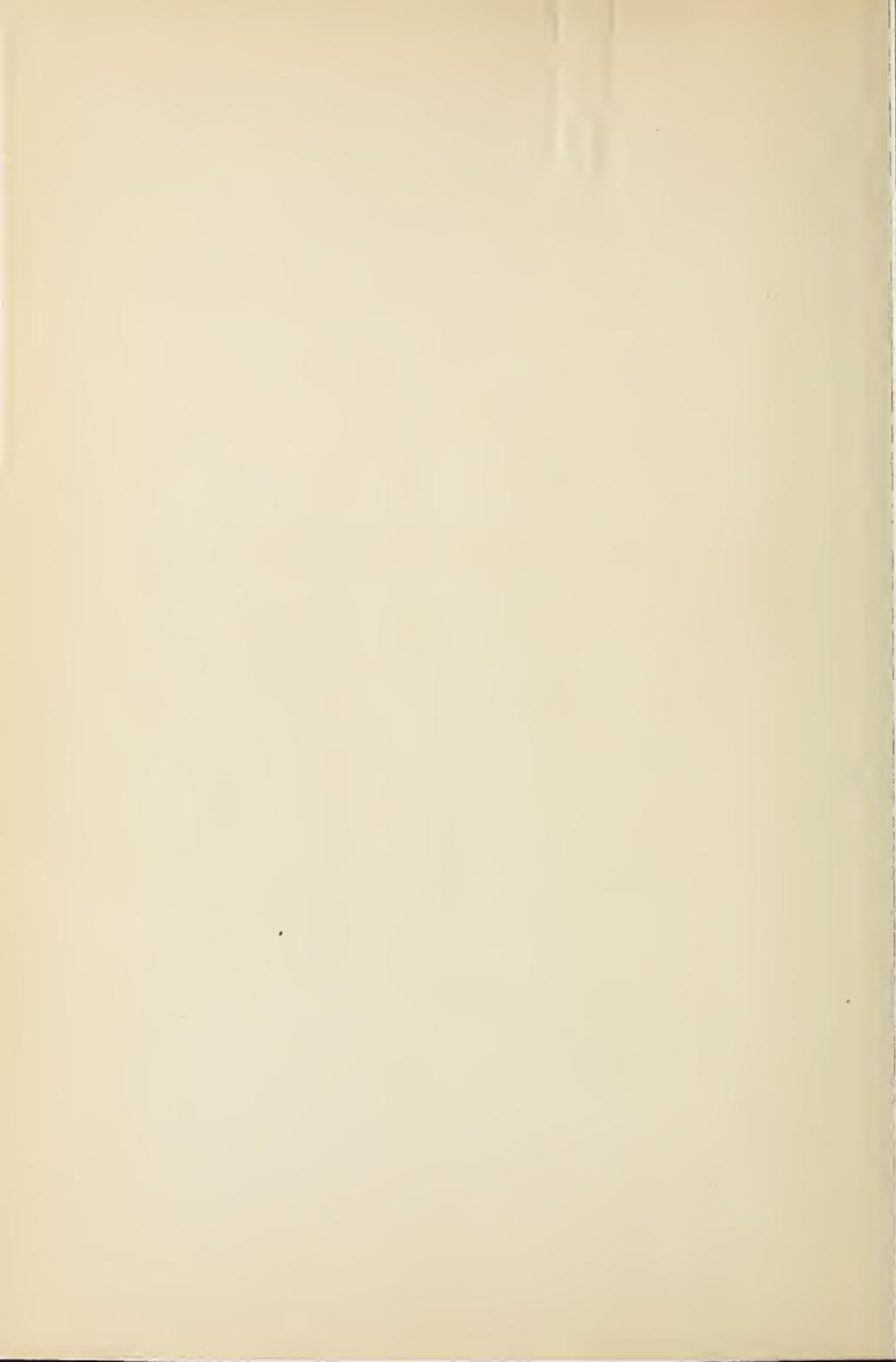
.F6 W74





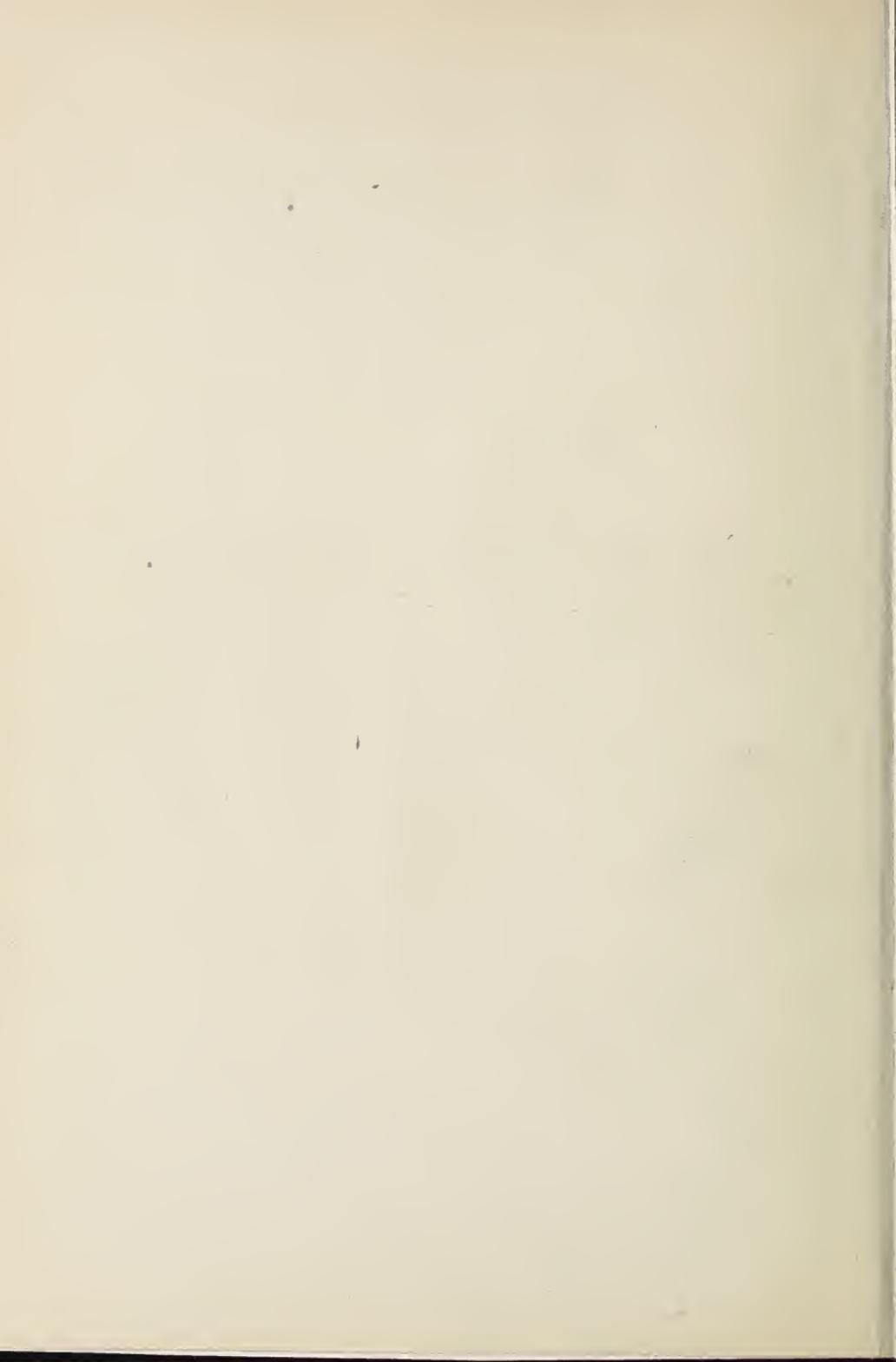






INDIAN HERO TALES

GILBERT L. WILSON



INDIAN HERO TALES

RETOLD BY
GILBERT L. WILSON, Ph.D.

FIELD COLLECTOR FOR
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
CITY OF NEW YORK

Illustrated by
FREDERICK N. WILSON



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

FNW

E98
F3W74

COPYRIGHT, 1916,
By GILBERT L. WILSON

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

INDIAN HERO TALES

W. P. I

\$0.⁶⁰/_—

OCT -9 1916

☆
©Cl.A 438757

no. 1

FOREWORD

THE Indian tribes of New England and Nova Scotia were called Abnaki, or East-land folk, by their Algonkin relatives; and Tarrateens, by our Puritan fathers. They played no small part in early New England history. Massasoit, Samoset, Uncas, Canonchet, King Philip, were Abnakis.

Small remnants of these tribes remain on New England soil. The Penobscots of Old Town, Maine, and the Passamaquoddies about Passamaquoddy Bay still hold to their language and many ancient customs. They number a few hundreds. The Micmacs, four thousand souls, chiefly in Nova Scotia, are as numerous as they were four centuries ago.

Indians believe in many gods and spirits; but no one of these is a Great Spirit, in the sense in which we use the term. However, every tribe has some legend of a creator, or first-maker, to whom the tribe owes its origin.

Glooskap is the Abnaki creator. His name means Deceiver; for when he forsook earth, Glooskap promised to return, but has not done so.

Two considerable collections of Abnaki myths have been made. The Rev. Silas Rand, fifty years a missionary to the Micmacs, recorded legends of that tribe; they were published after his death, in 1894. In 1883 and 1884, Charles G. Leland collected legends from the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes, publishing them in 1885. These two collections are authorities for most of the tales in this book. For the eighth tale, MacLean's "Canadian Savage Folk," and for the tenth tale, the "Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology," are authorities.

The illustrations in this book are from drawings by the author's brother. Many are from sketches made in the summer of 1912 when the author and his brother were making studies among the Hidatsa Indians for the American Museum of Natural History. Artist and author acknowledge courtesy of Professors M. R. Harrington, Frank G. Speck, W. H. Mechling, and W. C. Orchard of the University of Pennsylvania, in furnishing information or photographs; of Dr. Edward Sapir and Mr. Harlan Smith of the Canadian Geological Survey, who loaned photographic studies of Abnaki arts; and of Dr. Clark Wissler of the American Museum of Natural History.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|------|
| FIRST TALE—THE COMING OF GLOOSKAP | 9 |
| SECOND TALE—THE MAKING OF MAN | 11 |
| THIRD TALE—GLOOSKAP'S FAMILY | 15 |
| FOURTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND THE WICKED WINPI | 21 |
| FIFTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND THE FRIENDLY LOONS | 37 |
| SIXTH TALE—MIKCHICH, GLOOSKAP'S UNCLE | 39 |
| SEVENTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND KITPOOSAGUNO | 57 |
| EIGHTH TALE—THE LITTLE LADS AND THE KOOKWESSES | 68 |
| NINTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND THE WITCHES | 73 |
| TENTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND POKINSKWESS | 77 |
| ELEVENTH TALE—PULOWECH, GLOOSKAP'S FRIEND | 87 |
| TWELFTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND THE GIANT SORCERERS | 103 |
| THIRTEENTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND TUMILKOONTAWOO | 109 |
| FOURTEENTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND ATOSIS | 115 |
| FIFTEENTH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND THE FROG CHIEF | 122 |
| SIXTEENTH TALE—GLOOSKAP'S RETURN TO THE VILLAGE | 130 |
| SEVENTEENTH TALE—THE MEN WHO DISOBEYED GLOOSKAP | 132 |
| EIGHTEENTH TALE—KEEKWAJOO AND KAKTOOGWASEES | 138 |
| NINETEENTH TALE—THE GOING OF GLOOSKAP | 156 |
| TWENTIETH TALE—GLOOSKAP AND THE THREE SEEKERS | 159 |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| TWENTY-FIRST TALE — GLOOSKAP AND THE THREE MEN WHO BECAME PINES | 167 |
| TWENTY-SECOND TALE — THE LAST BATTLE | 173 |
| GLOSSARY OF INDIAN WORDS | 175 |
| EXPLANATORY NOTES | 177 |
| SUPPLEMENT | 186 |



FIRST TALE

THE COMING OF GLOOSKAP¹

LONG ago, a canoe came over the ocean. It was a wonderful canoe, made of stone, yet it rode the waves as lightly as a bird.

A warrior steered the canoe. He was tall, with great shoulders and thighs. An eagle's feather stood in his scalp lock.² It nodded as the warrior bent to his paddle.

The waves, beating on the hollow boat, made a sound like a drum. The warrior was singing :

¹ Glōōs-kăp

² See Note 1 at end of volume.

“I am Glooskap;
I come out of the east,
I come from the sunrise!”

The warrior steered to the shore, laid down his paddle, and leaped out on the beach.

He turned to the canoe. “Go!” he said. “When I have need, I will call you.” And with his foot he gently pushed the bow.

The great canoe lurched, righted itself in the water, slowly turned, stopped. A wonderful thing then happened.

The canoe became an island of rock. Where the paddle had rested, rose a tall pine tree.

Thus Glooskap came to the land of the Abnakis.¹

¹ Āb-nā-kīš





SECOND TALE

THE MAKING OF MAN

IT was a beautiful land. On the east lay the ocean. In the west were mountains. Rivers ran through green valleys; on their banks stood forests of birch, ash, and pine. The forests were full of game.

Glooskap looked upon the land. The sun had risen and was shining white over the ocean. Tall trees waved in the forests. Glooskap was pleased.

“It is a good land,” he thought. “I will make man, and he shall dwell here; but no living thing

must harm him!" He called the birds and beasts to a council in the forest.

They came, and he spoke to them. "I am going to make man; but I must know that you cannot harm him, and I must name you!" He made them pass, one at a time, before him.

The bear came first, swaying his big haunches as he walked. "Your name is Mooin,"¹ Glooskap told him. "What would you do if you saw a man?"



"I should run!" said the bear.

"You shall live in the thickets," said Glooskap. "In winter, you may sleep in a hollow tree."

The moose came next. "Your name," said Glooskap, "shall be Teeam."² What would you do if you saw a man?"

The moose hung his head. "I should fear him," he said. "He will hunt me with

¹ Moo-in

² Tee-am

snowshoes, in the deep snow !”

“And I should fear him,” cried Quabeet,¹ the beaver, “for he will set traps to catch me !”

“You shall live,” said Glooskap, “the one in the forests, the other in the streams.”



He called Meeko,² the squirrel. Meeko was greatest of all the beasts.



“What would you do if you met a man ?” Glooskap asked him.

“I would scratch down trees upon him !” barked Meeko.

Glooskap frowned, but lifted the squirrel in his arms and gently stroked his back. Meeko grew smaller and smaller, until he was as he is to-day.

¹ Quá-beēt

² Mēē-kō

“Now, what would you do?” Glooskap asked.
“I would run up a tree,” cried Meeko.

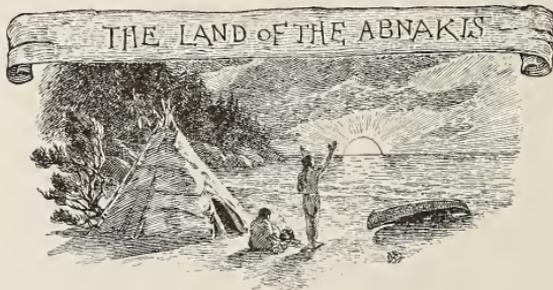
The land was at length ready for man.

Glooskap drew his bow, and sent an arrow singing among the trees. It struck an ash. The trunk split, and out sprang a warrior, young and handsome.

Again Glooskap shot, splitting an ash; and there stepped out a young woman, with shining eyes. So he shot until his quiver was empty, and there were many men and women in the land.

Glooskap looked upon them and was glad.

“You shall be my people,” he told them; “I will teach you many things. You shall build canoes. You shall make traps and bows, and plant corn. And you shall be called Abnakis, or Men of the East, because your land lies nearest the sunrise.”





THIRD TALE

GLOOSKAP'S FAMILY

So Glooskap dwelt with the Abnakis. He taught them to build villages and sail canoes; to hunt and fish and plant corn; to bury fish in their fields that the corn might grow.¹ All that they knew, they learned of him.

Sometimes he lived in their villages and was their chief. Again, he dwelt apart by the sea; or he pitched his wigwam on an island where it was hard to come to him even in a canoe.

Glooskap had no wife. An old woman mended his moccasins and kept his pot boiling. He called

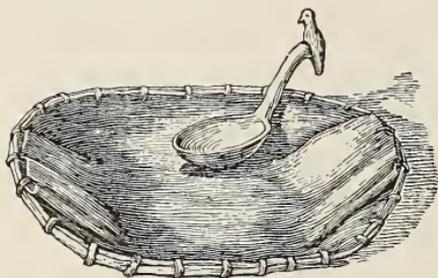
¹ See Note 2 at end of volume.

her his grandmother.¹ Her name was the Bear Woman.

And she could be a bear if she wanted ; for everything was strange in those days. All the Abnakis were named for beasts or birds, and could turn into these when they willed.

A small lad played about Glooskap's wigwam and helped the old grandmother. His name was Abistanooch,² or the marten. Glooskap called him his younger brother.³ Abistanooch could be a babe, a lad, or a young man, as he had need.

The little marten ate always from a birch-bark dish. If danger came nigh him, he had but to drop the dish and Glooskap, finding it, would know what to do.



These two, the Bear Woman and Abistanooch, were Glooskap's family. He had no kin of his own.

It was not always so. Malsum,⁴ the wolf, was

¹ See Note 3. ² Ā-bis-tā-nōoch ³ See Note 4. ⁴ Mǎl-sǔm

Glooskap's twin brother. But Malsum was wicked; he had caused his own mother's death. Glooskap was good.

The brothers had charmed lives; and each could be slain by one thing only. Neither knew what it was that could kill the other.

One day when they were children, they played at making lodges. As they sat and rested, Malsum asked, "Elder brother, what can slay you?"

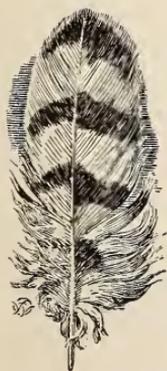
Glooskap did not answer at once.

"Malsum is wicked!" he thought; and he said aloud, "Do not strike me with an owl's feather!"

"I," said Malsum, "fear only a fern root!"

Years passed, and the brothers had grown to be men, when Quabeet, the beaver, tempted Malsum.

"All men love Glooskap," he whispered. "Slay him! Men will then obey you!"



Malsum listened to Quabeet. With his bow, he shot an owl and plucked out a feather; and when Glooskap slept, Malsum stole in and struck him.

The blow wakened Glooskap. He saw the feather and understood; but he hid his anger.

“Ho!” he laughed, “I dreamed I felt an owl’s feather. Well for me it was not a pine root!”



Days went by, and Glooskap and his brother were on a hunt. By a brook where deer came to drink, they built them a hunting lodge and camped.

One morning while Glooskap was sleeping, Malsum dug up a pine root; he crept into the lodge and struck his brother.

Glooskap sprang up in anger. “Twice have you tried to slay me!” he cried. “No more shall you

sleep in my wigwam!" And he drove Malsum from the lodge.

But Glooskap was grieved; and he went out and sat by the brook. "Malsum hates me," he said aloud. "It is well he does not know that a cattail rush can slay me!"

In the reeds by the brook lay Quabeet, listening. When Glooskap had gone, Quabeet stole out and sought Malsum.

"I heard Glooskap talking," Quabeet told him. "He said a cattail rush can slay him!"

Malsum was overjoyed. "You bring me good news," he cried. "What now shall I give you!"

The beaver thought. "I am tired of the water," he said. "Give me wings that I may fly!"



But Malsum laughed aloud. "Begone!" he cried. And he drove the beaver into the brook.

Evening came, and Glooskap was boiling a kettle on a fire before his camp, when Quabeet crept out of the reeds and called to him: "Malsum knows your secret! He seeks to slay you with a cattail rush!"

Glooskap was sad at these words. He sat all night with his robe about his knees, thinking of his brother's wickedness. In the morning he dug a fern root, found Malsum, and slew him.

Then Glooskap mourned for Malsum. He put clay on his head, fasted, and sang a sad song; and he made a fire by his brother's grave,¹ and sat there.

¹ See Note 5.





FOURTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE WICKED WINPI¹

I. WINPI STEALS GLOOSKAP'S FAMILY

GLOOSKAP built him a wigwam. He covered it with bark sewed in wide strips.² These strips he could roll up and load in his canoe, when he wanted to move his lodge to a new place.

He pitched his tent near the sea. It was a good place for a camp.

Every day, Glooskap went out hunting, and the little marten fished along the shore; and neither came home empty-handed.

¹ Win-pĩ

² See Note 6.

One day as he came in from his hunt, Glooskap saw that no smoke was rising from his wigwam. "That is strange!" he thought. He dropped his pack and raised the door skin. There was no one within.



"My grandmother is stolen!" cried Glooskap.

Swiftly he ran around the wigwam. On the side nearest the sea were tracks.

He followed them; they led to the beach. There he saw what sad misfortune had overtaken his family.

Putting out from shore in a canoe was Winpi, a sorcerer, Glooskap's enemy. Winpi's wife and babe were with him. In the stern sat Glooskap's grandmother and Abistanooch; the grandmother was weeping.

Glooskap strode angrily to the water's edge.

"Wicked Winpi," he shouted, "bring back my grandmother and my younger brother!"

But Winpi paid no heed to his words. He swung his canoe around and headed out to sea.

Glooskap had two wonderful dogs.¹ One was white, the other black; and they could grow small or big, as Glooskap bade them.

Winpi had stolen these dogs, and they were with him in the canoe. They heard Glooskap's voice and began to bark.

"Grandmother," shouted Glooskap, "send me back my dogs!"

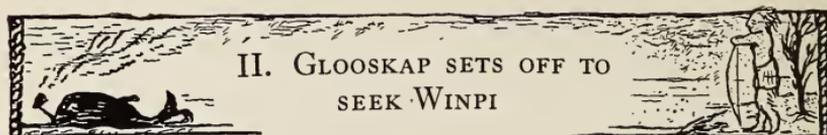
The grandmother stopped weeping. A wooden platter lay in the bottom of the canoe²; into this she put the dogs, no bigger than mice, and set the platter on the water.

The platter floated to land and Glooskap took it up.



¹ See Note 7.

² See Note 8.



Glooskap rested seven years before he followed Winpi. Why he waited, no one knows. It may be he did so to gain power.¹ To fight Winpi, he knew, was no child's play.

At the end of seven years, Glooskap took his bow, hid his dogs under his coat, and set forth; but he paused, and leaned a stick against his door. "Strangers will see the stick," he thought, "and know that no one is within."

He went down to the beach and sang a song that the whales obey. A small black whale arose and came swimming in to land.

Glooskap tried the whale's back with his foot. The whale sank; Glooskap sent him away.

Again he sang, and a great she whale arose in the ocean. She was Bootup,² hugest of all whales. Slowly she swam to shore. Glooskap leaped and stood upon her back.

¹ See Note 9.

² Bóot-ŭp

“Whither shall I take you, grandson?” asked the whale.

“Along the coast; I seek Winpi!” answered Glooskap.

Bootup headed to sea, and for hours bore the chief over the waves.

Toward mid-afternoon, Glooskap wanted to land.

“Grandmother,” he called, “turn in toward the beach. I want to go ashore!”



Bootup obeyed, but feared the shoals lying along the coast. She called to Glooskap, “Grandson, do you see land lying near?”

“No,” he answered, “I see only deep water!”

After a time the water grew shoal. Bootup saw, below, the white shells of the clams and cried in fear, “Grandson, do you not see the land stretching out like a bowstring?”

“No,” he answered, “we are yet far from land.”

The water grew more shoal. Bootup could even

hear the clams singing. She asked Glooskap,
“Grandson, what are they singing?”

He answered her in a song:

“They tell you to hurry, to hurry,
To hurry me on
O'er the water, the water,
As fast as you can!”



The song shamed Bootup, and she rushed through the water at the top of her speed. Suddenly she ran aground. Glooskap sprang safely to land; but the whale lay stranded with her big head high on the beach.

Tears came into Bootup's eyes. Sobbing, she sang:

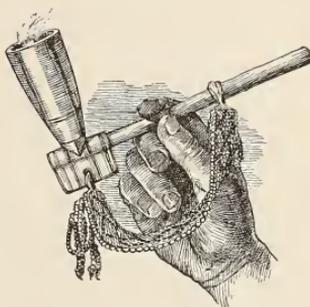
“Alas, grandson,
You would be my death!
I cannot leave the land;
I shall swim the sea no more!”

Glooskap laughed and again answered in a song :

“Nay, grandmother, have no fear !
You shall swim the sea once more !”

And with a push of his mighty bow, he sent the whale off into deep water.

Bootup dived, but came up again, blowing gladly. Once more she swam near to shore. “Grandson,” she called, “have you a pipe and tobacco ?”

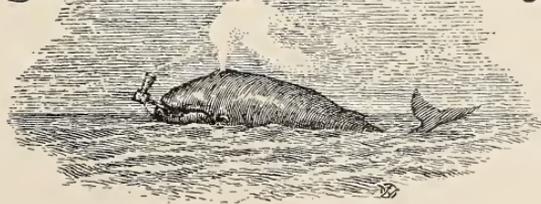


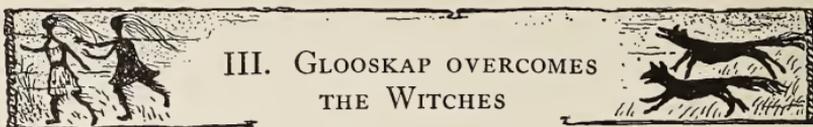
Glooskap lighted a short pipe, and put it in her mouth. The whale swam away, smoking as she went.

To this day when a whale blows, the Indians say, “She is smoking Glooskap’s pipe !”¹

¹ See Note 10.

BOOTUP SMOKING GLOOSKAP'S PIPE





Glooskap went on afoot, and soon came to the ashes of a dead campfire. There were tracks about, and in the sand lay a broken birch dish. Glooskap picked it up; it was the marten's.

“Winpi camped here three months ago,” thought Glooskap. He dropped the dish. “It shall go hard with Winpi when I find him!” he cried.

He went on. One day he came to a low hut. An old woman, ugly and in rags, sat within by a fire of sticks. She was a witch.



She tried to look pleased when she saw Glooskap. “Come in!” she said. She begged Glooskap to fetch her some firewood.¹

¹ See Note II.

Glooskap took her packing strap and fetched in a great load of sticks on his back.

The witch heaped sticks on the fire and warmed Glooskap some broth.¹ He ate, and she sat by the fire, nodding; the smoke made her sleepy.

Glooskap put down the bowl, empty. The witch opened her eyes.

“Grandson,” she cried, “things creep in my hair!” She bent her head; Glooskap was astonished to see that her hair was full of live toads.

“Kill them!” cried the witch.

Glooskap would not do this, for he knew the toads’ poison would enter his skin. He took them out and put them, one by one, under the empty bowl. The witch fell asleep.



¹ See Note 12.

She awoke to find Glooskap gone. Her fire had died. The toads had overturned the bowl and were hopping out of the door.

The witch sprang up in a rage. "Glooskap mocks me!" she cried; and she rushed from the lodge.



Glooskap saw her coming. He took out his dogs and put them on the ground, whispering, "Grow big!"

The dogs grew to great size and slew the witch.

Glooskap came next to a narrow pass between hills. Standing in the pass were two giant dogs, baying savagely.

Glooskap put his own little dogs upon the ground. They, growing to great size, flew at the strange dogs and tore them into bits.

Farther on, Glooskap saw a tall wigwam with smoke curling upward. "An enemy is there!" he thought.

He made his way to the wigwam and found an old man, with two grown-up daughters. The old man was a booöin.¹

The booöin's daughters came out, saucily tossing their hair and laughing. They had strings of sausages on their arms.

These sausages are made of bears' entrails, smoked, with the fat turned in. Indian girls think them a fit gift for their lovers.

The two girls tried to throw the sausages over Glooskap's neck. "We make you a gift!" they cried. The sausages were bewitched. Had they fallen on Glooskap they would have held him fast.

Glooskap answered not a word, but took out his dogs. "Grow big!" he whispered to them.

¹ bōō-ō-in. See Note 13.



He had taught his dogs, when he bade them be quiet, they should fight. When now they began to growl, Glooskap cried, "*Kuss!*¹ — Stop!" This the dogs knew as, "Seek, seek them!" They flew



at the girls, who rose in their true shape, ugly witches.

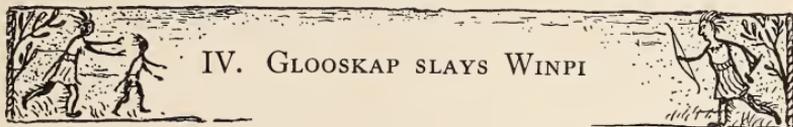
There was an awful battle. The barking of the dogs and the witches' screams were like the noise of a storm. And all the time, Glooskap was calling, "*Kuss, kuss!* — Stop, stop!" At last the witches fled.

Glooskap entered the wigwam. He found the father sitting with kettle ready; for booöins eat human flesh.

Glooskap scornfully threw over him the magic sausages. "Eat these!" he cried.

Caught in his own sausages, the booöin fell helpless; and Glooskap slew him.

¹ Küss



IV. GLOOSKAP SLAYS WINPI

Glooskap went on, meeting no more foes. The way led him again to the sea. Far out he saw an island. "Winpi hides there," he thought.

Once more he sang the whales' song. A black whale arose and bore him to the island.

Hardly had he landed when he found remains of a forsaken camp. Tracks, still fresh, were in the sand; and in the ashes of the fire a few coals

were yet burning. A new birch dish lay on the ground.

It was the marten's; and marks scratched

upon it told Glooskap all he needed to know.¹

"Winpi camped here last night," he thought.

He hastened on, following the campers' trail.



¹ See Note 14.

The way led him into the island. Toward evening, he saw the light of a camp fire.

He was nearing the camp, when he heard the sound of a stick breaking. Softly he stole through the trees and looked. There was Abistanooch, gathering wood; he looked starved, but his clothes were good.¹

“Younger brother!” Glooskap called softly.

Abistanooch did not hear. Smiling, Glooskap threw a chip; it fell at the marten’s feet.

Abistanooch looked up. “A squirrel did it!” he thought; and he went on gathering wood.



Glooskap called again. The marten looked up, and saw him; he was beside himself for joy.

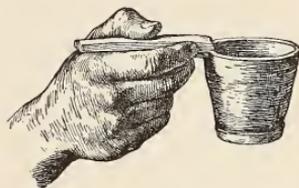
“Quiet, little brother!” said Glooskap.

Abistanooch told him all that Winpi did; how the Bear Woman had to scour

¹ See Note 15.

pots while the marten fetched wood and cared for Winpi's babe.

Abistanooch wept as he told this. He was ashamed to be a servant and do woman's work.



Glooskap heard him and said:

“Take your wood to camp. Winpi will ask you for a drink. Fetch muddy water and give to him. Then run hither!”

Abistanooch stooped and lifted his load. “I will do as you bid me!” he said. All happened as Glooskap said. Winpi asked for a drink. Abistanooch fetched him a cup of foulest water. Winpi tasted it.

“*Uk, say!*¹ — Oh, dreadful!” he cried. “Fetch me clean water!”

Abistanooch threw the cup in his face. Winpi sprang to his feet; but the little marten ran for the trees where Glooskap was hiding.

“Help! elder brother!” he cried; he could hear Winpi coming.

¹ *Ūk sāy*

"Your brother is far away!" cried Winpi; but even as he spoke, Glooskap stood before them. Winpi fell back, afraid. Then calling up all his power, he rose a great giant, until he stood above the tallest trees.

Glooskap laughed aloud. "Behold!" he cried, and he began to grow. Taller he rose, and taller, until his head touched the clouds.



"I am undone!" cried Winpi; and he covered his face.

Glooskap reached down with his bow and tapped Winpi on the shoulders, as he would a little dog. Winpi fell dead.

Glooskap went into the wigwam where Winpi's wife sat, crying out with fear; but all he said was, "Begone!" She took her babe and gladly went away.



FIFTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE FRIENDLY LOONS

WHEN Glooskap was seeking Winpi, he came one day to a lake. He was standing, gazing at the water, when the sound of wings made him look up. A bird flew by, circled around the lake, and again passed Glooskap. As the bird flew by a third time, Glooskap called, "What do you want?"

"To be your servant!" said the bird. He told Glooskap his name was Kwemoo¹ and that he was chief of the loons.

Afterwards, on Winpi's island, Glooskap came

¹ Kwé-mōō

upon a town of many lodges.¹ It was the loons' village. The island was their home.

Chief Kwemoo and his people gladly welcomed Glooskap. They feasted him many days, dancing each night in the town lodge. The young men of the village gave him rich gifts.

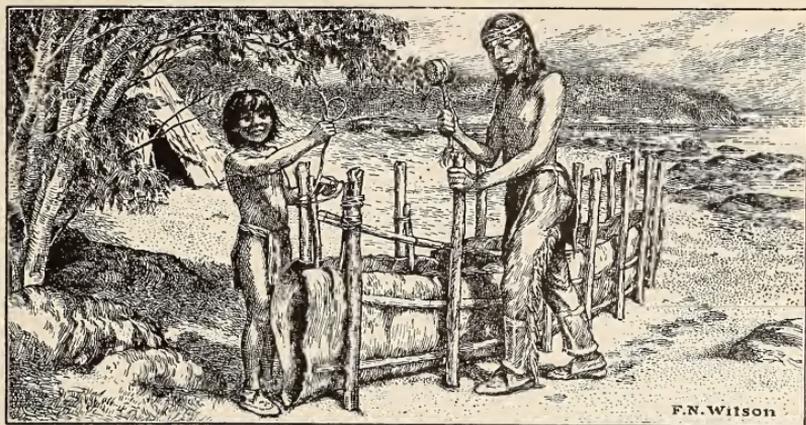
Glooskap was pleased with the loons. He made them his messengers; and ever afterwards they were his faithful friends.

He taught them a long, wild cry, like the howl of a wolf. "When you have need," he said, "make that cry, and I will come."

Whenever the Indians hear a loon cry, they say, "Kwemoo is calling Glooskap!"

¹ See Note 16.





SIXTH TALE

MIKCHICH,¹ GLOOSKAP'S UNCLE

I. MIKCHICH WINS A WIFE

GLOOSKAP did not call Bootup to take him from the island. He built a canoe and, with his family, paddled to the mainland.

He landed at a place called Piktook,² or Bubbling Air, from air bubbles that rise in the water. A village was there of more than a hundred wigwams.

Here Glooskap left his family. "I am going into the village," he told them. Abistanooch took the

¹ Mik-chích

² Pík-tōók

paddle and, with the old grandmother, went on down the coast.

On the side of the village nearest the water stood a small, ill-built wigwam with a squat roof. There lived in it a man with withered face, old and ugly.



He was Mikchich, the turtle, and he dwelt alone. No one wanted him for a husband. "He is so ugly! — we cannot bear to look at him!" the village maidens said.

When an Indian comes to a strange town, he stops always at the first lodge he finds. So it was that Glooskap, coming up from the beach, stopped at Mikchich's door. He pushed the door-skin aside, and entered.

Mikchich looked up. His old face puckered into a smile, and he took his pipe from his mouth.

"*Kwai!*"¹ he cried, "Welcome! Come and sit

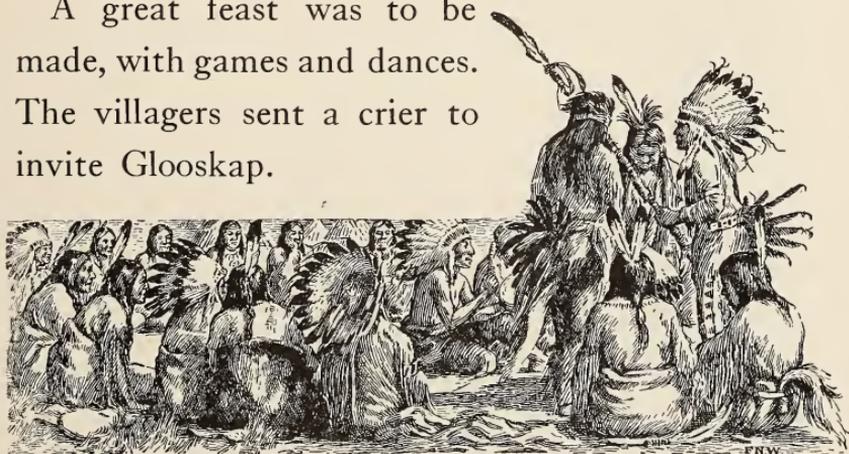
¹ Kwai

back of the fire.”¹ He dragged out a rush mat for Glooskap to sit upon.

When they had smoked, Mikchich brought out dried moose meat and fat of bears' entrails. “We will feast, nephew!” he said; for Mikchich wished well to everybody, and thought nothing better than to have Glooskap call him uncle.

It was soon noised that a handsome stranger had come to Mikchich's wigwam. All were eager to see him; but Glooskap did not go to the village feasts. He liked to stay in the lodge and watch his uncle's quaint ways and hear his stories.

A great feast was to be made, with games and dances. The villagers sent a crier to invite Glooskap.



¹ See Note 17.

“Go, nephew,” said his uncle, “or they will think you fear to enter the games!”

Glooskap laughed. “Why not go yourself, uncle?” he asked. “It will be good to see the games. And the village maidens will be there! You should think of winning you a wife.”

Mikchich sighed, and thrust the ashes from his pipe. He filled the bowl and held the stem to Glooskap.

“Nephew,” he said, “I am old and have little wit. And I am ugly, so that young women shun me. Better for me that I eat alone!”

Glooskap sat, blowing little clouds from his nostrils.

“Uncle,” he said, “let me see if I cannot make you young!”

The day of the feast came. Glooskap took off his belt and gave it to Mikchich.

“Put on this belt, uncle!” he said.

Mikchich did so. The wrinkles faded from his



old face. His fat ankles grew slender. He became young again, and handsome.

Glooskap lent him his own robe and leggings.

"There, uncle," he said, "let us see what they will think of you!"

Mikchich came to the feast, and all wondered to see so handsome a man. None leaped so nimbly, or ran so swiftly, in the games.

Sitting with the women, watching the games, were the three bright-eyed daughters of the chief. The youngest, Mikchich thought, was the prettiest. He could hardly keep his eyes from her.

At night, when he came home, he said to Glooskap, "Nephew, I have seen the maiden I want, but I fear she will not wed an old man like me!"



Glooskap smiled. "We shall see, uncle!" he said.

The next morning, Glooskap laid a great belt of wampum beads on his arm¹ and went to the

¹ See Note 18.

chief's wigwam. He threw the belt at the chief's feet.

"My uncle, Mikchich, tires of dwelling alone!" he said.

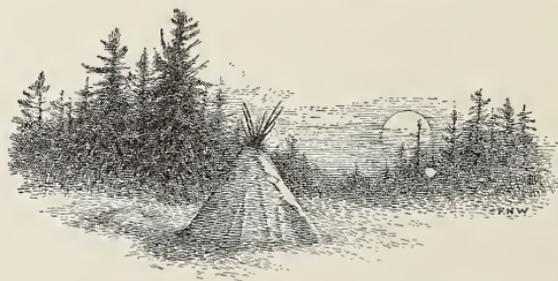
The chief sat, thoughtful. He called his wife. "Shall we give our daughter to Mikchich?" he asked.

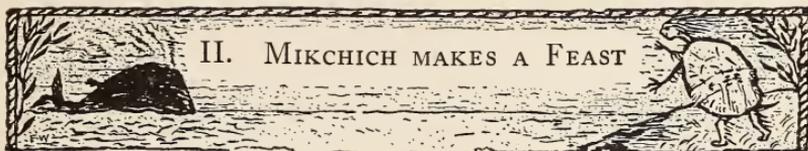
"Yes," she answered.

The chief called his youngest daughter to him. "Cook venison," he said. "Fetch boughs for your husband to sit upon."

This she did. While the venison boiled, she gathered hemlock boughs and covered them with a skin, for a couch. When all was ready, she went to Mikchich's lodge and said, "I have come for you!"

Mikchich arose and went with her to the chief's wigwam. He sat on the couch, and the maiden gave him venison to eat. And so they were wed.





Mikchich wanted to give a feast. "It is for my wedding," he told Glooskap.

"Make it a big feast, uncle," his nephew said; and to this end he gave Mikchich great power.

"Go down to the rocks, by the sea," Glooskap bade him. "There you will see a number of whales swimming. Catch one of them, and fetch it hither; but do not bring it farther than the sand heap before your door!"

All this Mikchich did, for Glooskap's belt gave him strength. He caught a fat whale by the tail, and drew it, struggling and bellowing, from the water. The villagers were astonished to see him come back with the whale, still struggling, on his back.

Mikchich was much puffed up to see that all had their eyes upon him. He forgot Glooskap's warning.

“The whale is not heavy,” he thought; “I will take it into my wigwam!” But when he came to the sand heap, he stumbled; and the whale, falling on him, crushed him flat.



The villagers ran and rolled the whale off Mikchich. “He is dead!” they cried. They told Glooskap.

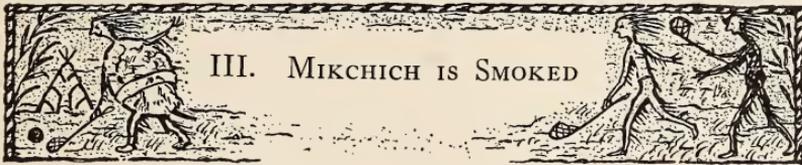
Glooskap laughed. “Cut up the whale,” he said. “Mikchich will live!”

They cut up the whale as they were directed, and made ready the feast; and they were sitting down to eat, when in came Mikchich, none the worse for having been dead.

“I have slept!” he said; and he stretched his legs and yawned.

After this the villagers feared Glooskap.

The turtle’s shell is still flat, where the whale crushed it.



The young men of the village took it ill that Mikchich had wed the chief's daughter. "Ugly, lazy man!" they said. "We thought one of us should win her." They talked of it until they hated Mikchich; and they plotted to kill him.

Mikchich lived with his wife, in her father's lodge. Glooskap came to him.

"Uncle," he said, "the young men plot to kill you!"

"How will they kill me?" Mikchich asked.

"They will ask you to play a game of ball,"¹ said Glooskap. "The ball will be rolled toward your father-in-law's lodge; as you run to catch it up, the players will try to trample you. They seek to slay you before your door!"

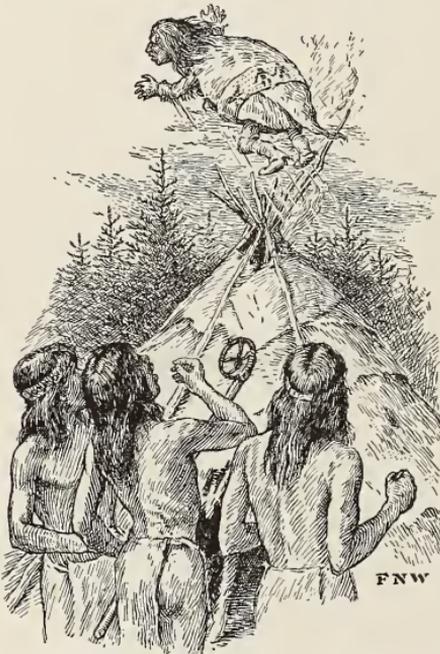
Mikchich sat, thoughtful. "What shall I do, nephew?" he asked.

"Wear my belt," said Glooskap. "It will give

¹ See Note 19.

you power to leap over the wigwam. Twice you will leap safely. The third time you will be caught on the poles !”

All happened as he said. The young men asked Mikchich to a game of ball. The ball rolled toward



his lodge, and Mikchich ran to get it, when the players crowded upon him to trample him ; but Mikchich made a leap and sailed high over the wigwam. He came down safely.

Again the ball rolled toward his lodge ; and again Mikchich went sailing over the wigwam.

The third time, he fell short. The poles caught him and he hung dangling over the smoke hole.

Much frightened, he looked down and saw Glooskap sitting inside. “Help, nephew,” he cried. “Take me down !”

“Nay, uncle,” answered Glooskap, “you must hang in the smoke.¹ It will make you tough!” And he heaped fir branches on the fire, making a great smoke.

Mikchich was nigh strangled. “Nephew,” he cried, “you will kill me!” He coughed and choked with the hot smoke.

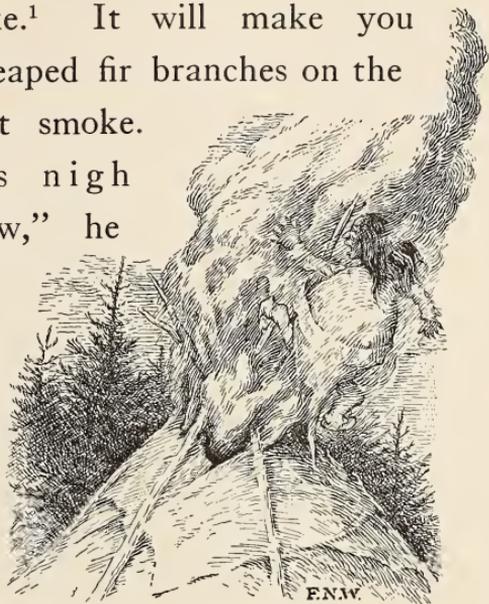
“It is for your good,” said Glooskap. “Hereafter

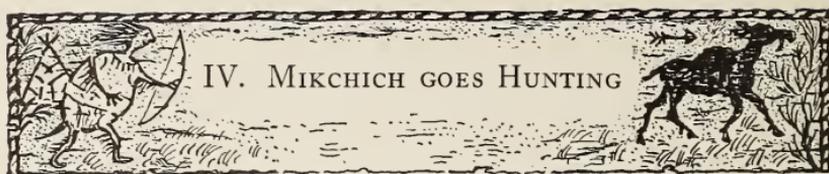
you may go through flame, and it will not hurt you. You may live on land or in water. And you may go a long time without eating!”

When Mikchich was nearly dead with the smoke, Glooskap took him down. The turtle's skin had been made hard and brown by the smoke.

When Mikchich got his breath again, he thanked Glooskap.

¹ See Note 20.





But for all his skin was so tough, and he had a wife, Mikchich could not forget his old ways. He was still lazy, wishing well to everybody.

Autumn came. The men of the village were hunting, while the women dried meat¹ and stored it by for winter; but lazy Mikchich sat by his fire and smoked.

With the first snow, there was feasting and merry-making in the village; but in Mikchich's lodge was nothing to eat.

His wife was in a rage. "Lazy man," she cried, "the young men hunt to-day. Go you and kill us meat, before we starve!"

Mikchich arose with a sigh. He put on his snowshoes and started off after the hunters; but he was so awkward that he tripped and fell in the snow.

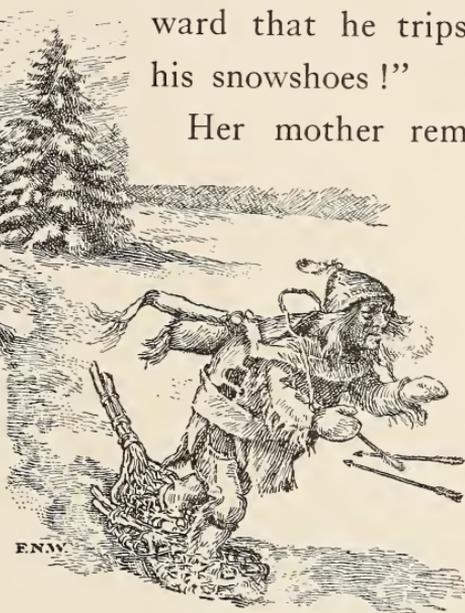
His wife was watching him from the wigwam door. "Awkward man!" she cried.

¹ See Note 21.

She went into the wigwam. "My husband," she said to her mother, "is lazy; and he is so awkward that he trips on his snowshoes!"

Her mother remem-

bered how Mikchich had leaped over the wigwam. "Wait, daughter," she said.



The young men, looking back, saw Mikchich stumble. They laughed to see his fat body roll in the snow.

"Awkward Mikchich!" they cried. "He is fat because he is lazy!" They went on, leaving him behind.

Mikchich struggled through the snow, puffing and blowing, but could not overtake the hunters. They disappeared in the forest.

But Mikchich was stout hearted. He bethought him of his flight over the wigwam. "I have on my nephew's belt," he said to himself.

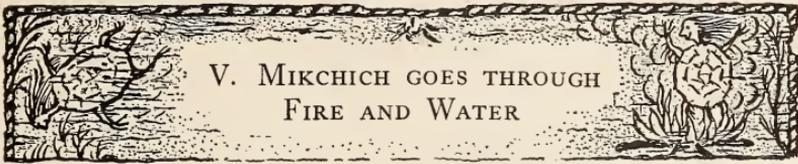
He bent his legs, made a leap, and went sailing high over the heads of the others. They were laughing and telling one another of Mikchich, and did not see him.

Mikchich came down far away in the forest. He found tracks in the snow, followed them, and soon came upon a fat cow moose.¹ He killed her and dragged the carcass to a path where the hunters must pass.

After a time the others came up. They saw Mikchich sitting on the dead moose, smoking his pipe. "I have waited for you!" he said gravely.

¹ See Note 22.





V. MIKCHICH GOES THROUGH
FIRE AND WATER

The time came when Glooskap had to leave Mikchich.

“I go, uncle,” he said, “to my family. When I am gone, the young men will try again to slay you; but I think since you hung in the smoke, they will find it a hard thing to do!”

As Glooskap said, no sooner was he gone than the young men began to think how they might kill Mikchich. “Glooskap,” they said, “cannot help him now!” Again they plotted to slay him.

They fetched wood, and when night came, they made a great fire at one end of the village. They hid by Mikchich’s door; and in the morning when he came out, they seized him and dragged him to the fire. “We are going to burn you!” they cried.

Mikchich said nothing. “The fire,” he thought, “cannot be hotter than when my nephew smoked me!” He had on Glooskap’s belt.

With much straining, the young men lifted the turtle to their shoulders and heaved him into the fire. He fell in the coals, on his back. Red sparks flew up. Then flames closed over Mikchich and hid him.



But Mikchich was not dead. It was good, he found, to lie in the warm ashes. "They make a soft bed!" he thought.

He drew in his legs and hid his head in his shell. He yawned, and closed his eyes.

The fire burned all that day and into the night. The young men were in high glee. All night they danced by the firelight,¹ singing:

"Mikchich is dead, is dead!"

¹ See Note 23.

Toward morning the flames died down. The young men were making ready to go when they heard a voice calling them. It was Mikchich. He had waked and was sitting in the ashes, shivering.

"I am cold!" he cried. "Heap wood on the fire!"

The young men were in a rage. "If you will not burn," they cried, "you shall drown!" They dragged the turtle out of the ashes and rolled him, like a stone, to the sea.

Morning had come. It was growing light.

Mikchich struggled hard. "Do not drown me!" he cried. "Burn me,—do not drown me!" He dragged up rocks and tore bark from the trees, with his feet.

The young men laughed aloud. "Mikchich is afraid!" they cried.

They tumbled him into a canoe and paddled out



to deep water. There they dropped him overboard.

Slowly the turtle sank from sight. The young men waited; a few bubbles arose on the water.

“He is dead!” said they; and they paddled back to shore.

Day came; and at noon, a hot sun was shining. Some villagers were walking on the beach, talking of Mikchich’s drowning.

“What is that?” asked one suddenly.

The others looked. On a rock that rose out of the water, lay something round, like a muddy stone.

Two men got into a canoe and paddled out to the rock. There they saw Mikchich sunning himself.

The turtle raised his head. “Good-by!” he called. And he plumped off into the water.





SEVENTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND KITPOOSAGUNO¹

GLOOSKAP overtook his family not many days after he left Mikchich. The marten had made a camp on the beach. He had dragged the canoe out of the water and turned it over for a shelter.

A fire burned on the sand. The old grandmother was broiling fish on the coals.

The little marten welcomed Glooskap. "I am glad you have come, elder brother," he said. "It is hard for me to steer the canoe alone!"

The next morning Glooskap and Abistanooch

¹ Kít-pōos-ă-gŭn-ō

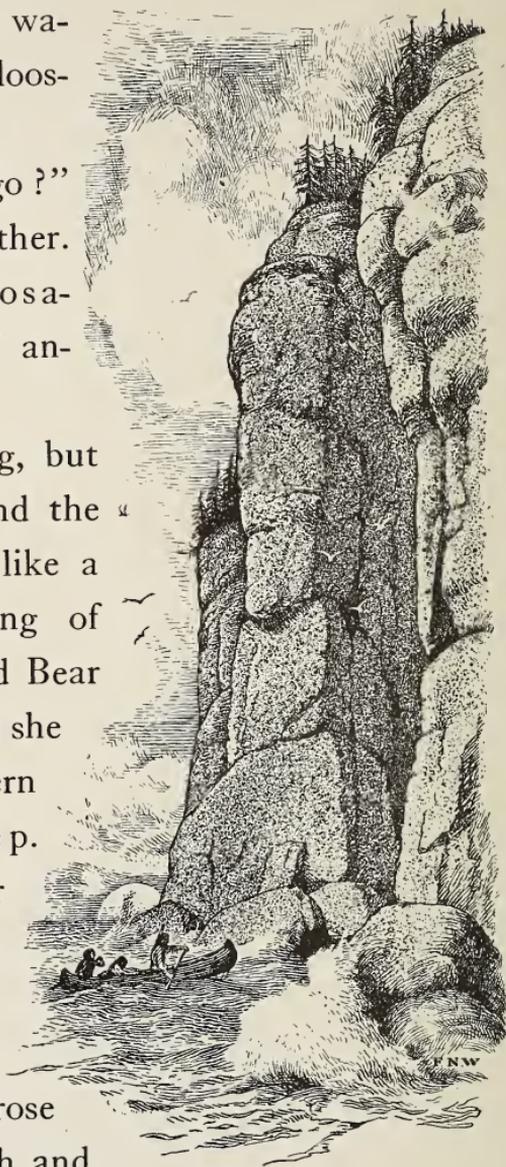
dragged the canoe to water. All got in; Glooskap pushed off.

“Whither do we go?” asked his old grandmother.

“To visit Kitpoosaguno, on his island,” answered Glooskap.

A gale was blowing, but Glooskap paddled, and the canoe rode the sea like a feather. The pitching of the boat made the old Bear Woman drowsy; and she curled up in the stern and went to sleep. Glooskap could hear her snore above the noise of the wind.

The sun was setting when the island rose in sight. It was high and



rocky; but on one side was a bay, shut in between cliffs. Thither Glooskap steered, into smooth water.

“Awake, grandmother,” he cried as he sprang ashore.

Kitpoosaguno heard the voices and came hastening down to the beach.

“*Kwai!*” he roared. “Welcome, friends! Come to my wigwam. Come and we will feast!”

Kitpoosaguno was a giant, and his wigwam was like a mountain. He was Glooskap’s friend. Both made war on the kookwesses¹ who had slain the good giant’s mother.

Kitpoosaguno led his friends into his wigwam. All that evening they feasted, and into the night. In the morning the giant set his pot a-boiling, and they feasted again. When night fell, the giant said, “Let us go on the sea and spear fish by torch-light!”

“Shall we spear salmon?” asked Glooskap.

“Nay!” roared the giant. “Let us spear whales!”

“It is good sport,” laughed Glooskap.

¹ kóok-wěss-ěš

The giant lighted a torch of pitch and led the way to the beach.

In the sand near the water lay a large rock.



The giant stooped, and felt of it with his hands.

“This shall be our boat!” he roared. He lifted the rock to his head; it became a canoe.

By the torch’s light, he found a long, flat stone; and it became a paddle. With a round stone for a

hammer, he struck a splinter from the edge of the cliff; and it became a spear.

The giant put the canoe from his head and pushed it out into the water.

“Who will take the paddle?” he asked.

“I!” said Glooskap.

"I will take the spear!" laughed the giant.

They stepped aboard. As they stood, side by side in the torchlight, Glooskap seemed almost as tall as the giant.

Kitpoosaguno bound the torch to the bow of the canoe. He took his spear, ready to strike.

Glooskap dipped his paddle; the canoe swung away.

A shield of bark was put over the torch, that its flame might not blind the giant's eyes. By the light that fell on the water, the two men could see fish swimming in the bottom of the sea.

They had not been out long, when they passed over a huge black mass that moved. It was a great whale.



Kitpoosaguno hurled his spear. "A strike," he roared, "a strike!"

He caught the handle as it came up and raised the whale aloft, whirling it above his head like a minnow. The whale bellowed and squirmed upon the spear.

"Good fishing!" the giant roared.

He drew the whale off the point of his spear and tossed it into the canoe. The whale struggled, beating and lashing with its tail. The giant roared with delight.

Glooskap steered to shore. The giant shouldered the dead whale and sprang out on the sand. He led the way to his wigwam; Glooskap followed with the torch.

Kitpoosaguno spitted the whale over the fire to roast. His spit was a pine tree, lopped of branches.



When the meat steamed, the giant took the whale from the spit. "Your knife!" he said.

Glooskap handed him his stone knife; and the giant split the steaming whale in twain.

“A good feast!” he roared; and he and Glooskap ate the whale between them.

Kitpoosaguno, his stomach filled, was full of frolic. He went to the door, raised the skin, and put out his head. Twilight had faded, but there was a little red in the sky. The giant came back.

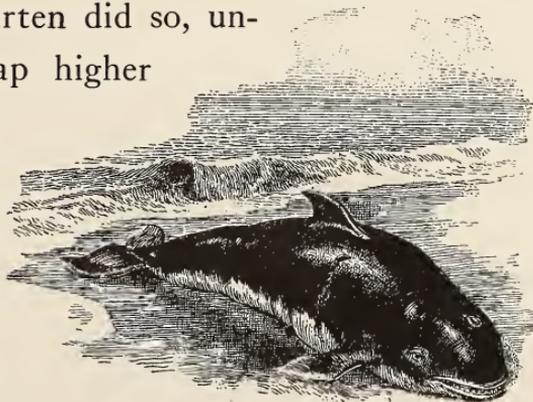
“The sky is red!” he roared. “We shall have cold to-night!” He looked at his friend, and laughed.

Glooskap knew what he meant. Kitpoosaguno was going to bring cold by magic.

“Let us have a good fire!” Glooskap said, smiling.

Then he bade Abistanooch fetch in wood for the fire. The marten did so, until he had a heap higher than a tree, beside the door.

The giant had killed a porpoise the day before; and he had tried



out the oil into two great kettles, that stood by the door.

“Pour the oil on the wood ; it will make it burn !” roared the giant ; he was full of glee.

The marten emptied the kettles over the wood. He heaped sticks on the fire, and the flames went



roaring upward to the smoke hole. Glooskap and the giant sat, smoking and telling tales.¹

The fire gave little heat. The oil burned fiercely, but icy air came rushing down the smoke hole. Abistanooch and the old grandmother sat shivering.

At midnight the fire burned down. The marten

¹ See Note 24.

froze to death. The old grandmother groaned, sank on the floor, and died. The wigwam poles cracked, and rocks split with the frost.

Glooskap and the giant talked on.

The sun rose on the morrow, yellow and shining. The giant yawned; he thrust the ashes from his pipe and rose to his feet.

Glooskap went to where the marten lay. "Up, little brother," he called. "Awake, grandmother!"

The old Bear Woman arose and put the pot on the fire, for breakfast.

The pot boiled, the meal was eaten, and the giant took down his bow.

"Let us go hunting!" he roared. He strode from the wigwam; Glooskap followed him.

The game, that day, seemed to know Glooskap and the giant were out hunting. Flocks of ducks rose from the lakes and flew away. The deer fled into the forest.

The hunters got only a small beaver that Glooskap killed.

They skinned the beaver, and the giant tied its

pelt to his garter; it hung dangling at his knee, like a mouse skin. As the giant walked, the pelt grew and grew, until it broke away by its weight.

“It is a big skin!” roared the giant, laughing.

He twisted a sapling into a withe and tied the pelt to his waist. Still the skin grew, until it tore a roadway through the forest, uprooting trees in its path.

The hunters reached home at nightfall. They put out in their canoe and again speared whales. As they came in from their fishing, Glooskap said: “The sky is red. I think we shall have cold to-night!”

The giant understood. “Good!” he roared; and his laugh shook the cliffs.



They returned to the wigwam. Again the marten brought in wood. The old grandmother even fetched skins for the men to wrap them in.

It was colder this time. Before midnight the fire had burned out. Soon the little marten died. The old grandmother lay on her back with her eyes shut, frozen. Even the giant shivered under his robe.

Glooskap talked on, caring nothing for the cold.

Morning came at last. Glooskap brought the marten and the old Bear Woman back to life, took leave of the good giant, and went away.





EIGHTH TALE

THE LITTLE LADS AND THE KOOKWESSES

THE kookwesses that slew Kitpoosaguno's mother were giants. They were a wicked folk. Their bodies were covered with hair, and they hunted men; but they had not much wit.

When Glooskap was on Kitpoosaguno's island, a thing happened that made a great noise in the land.

Some little lads had gone out to hunt birds. A kookwess saw the boys. "They are fat!" he thought; "I will call them to me." He began to drum on his breast like a cock partridge.

The lads heard the drumming. "A partridge!"

they cried; and they stole through the forest with arrows drawn.

The kookwess was hidden in a hollow. The boys were almost upon him when the giant rose, caught the lads and dropped them, one by one, upon a stone, to kill them.

The giant had none too much wit. What he thought was a stone was an ant hill. The boys were only stunned.

The kookwess tossed the lads into the boochkajoo,¹ or bark basket on his back, and started home. The jolting of the basket brought the boys out of their swoon. They sat up. One began to weep.

“Do not weep!” said the eldest. “Let us try to get out of the basket!”

They drew together, talking in whispers.

One of the boys had a knife. “Let us cut a hole in the basket,” he said.



¹ bōōch-kā-jōō. See Note 25.

“Good!” said the eldest. “But do not let the kookwess hear us!”

They waited until the giant was passing through

the thickest part of the forest. The scraping of the basket against the tree tops drowned the noise of the knife.

The boys soon cut a hole big enough. One by one, they dropped to the ground. The eldest dropped last.

The giant was so strong that he did not feel how light the basket had become.

When he got home, he put down the basket by his door, and went in. An older kookwess was sitting by the fire.

“Father,” said the other, “I bring game to-day!”

The elder giant got up, and both went outside.



They raised the lid of the basket. The boys were gone!

The younger giant made a great howl. "We shall go to bed hungry!" he bawled.

His father led him into the wigwam. "We have a little meat, son," he said. He raked coals out of the ashes and spitted the meat, to roast it.

The lads meanwhile had reached home. Their story made a great stir in the village.

Friends and kinsmen caught up bows and ran to the hollow where the giant had hidden. They followed his trail by the trees broken down in his path.

They reached the giants' wigwam at sundown. Through cracks in the bark roof, they saw the two giants sitting, waiting for their meal to cook.

Pitt! — an arrow came flitting through the bark covering of the wigwam. It struck the kookwess who had carried off the children.

He put up his hand and felt his side. "It hurts me here!" he said. He thought he had a stitch.

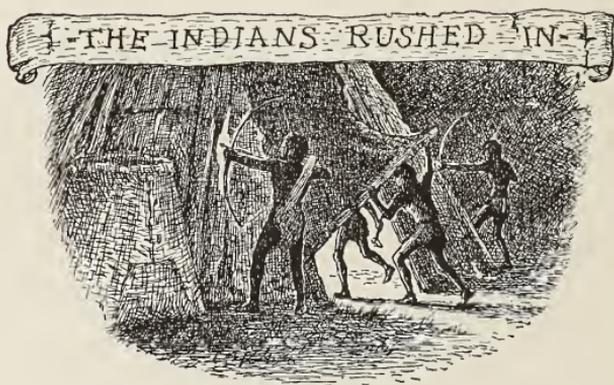
But *pitt!* — another arrow struck him, and

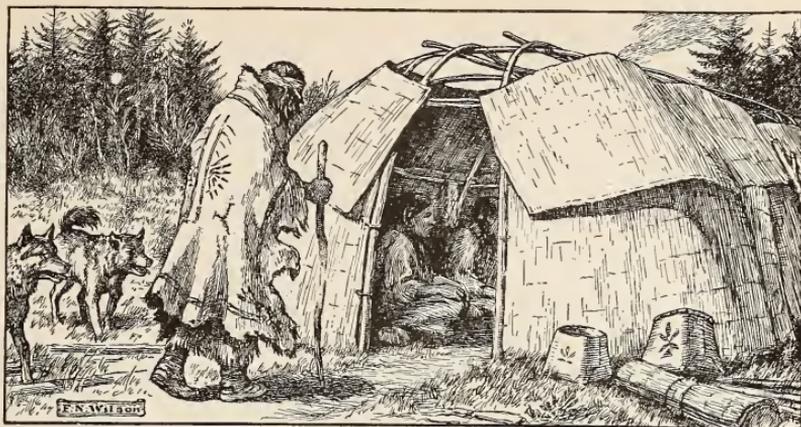
another. The kookwess slipped down on the floor. His eyes closed.

“Do you sleep, son?” the elder asked.

As he spoke, *pitt!*—an arrow struck him also. A sharp pain went through him. His head swam. He fell over on his side.

The Indians rushed in. The two giants were dead.





NINTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE WITCHES

SOME of the forest folk envied Glooskap, and about this time rose up against him. "Why should we obey Glooskap?" they asked. They forgot the many times he had come to their help.

A council was called. Runners were sent throughout the land, and the people came flocking in from every part.

They met in a long lodge.¹ The old men and warriors sat in the back; the women and children, on the left of the door.

¹ See Note 26.

Some have it that Mikchich was chief of the council; but this is not true. Mikchich loved his nephew and was faithful to him while he lived.

The people feasted, and there was much speaking.



Some cried, "We will slay Glooskap!" Others said, "No, let us put him down from being our chief!" Few had any good to say of him.

Glooskap knew all that was going

on. He smiled that any should think to slay him.

The third day of the council, a strange old woman came into the lodge. She was bent, and walked with a stick; and her thin, gray hair fell in her eyes.

It was Glooskap dressed in his grandmother's skirt, with his hair falling loose.

No one offered the stranger a seat. She came

and sat down between two witches, the Toad Woman and the Porcupine Woman; they were listening to the speeches.¹

The stranger sat awhile, silent. At last she asked humbly, "You think to slay Glooskap; but will that be easy to do?"

The witches were angered that the stranger should speak to them. They scowled at her.

"What is that to you?" said the Toad Woman, rudely.



The stranger shrunk back. "I meant no harm," she said softly.

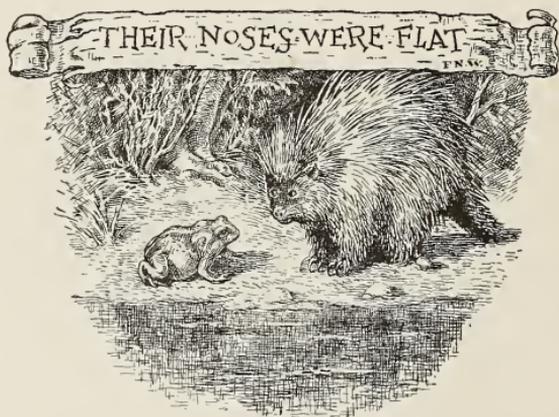
Presently she arose. Leaning on her stick, she gently touched the tips of the witches' noses. Then she went away.

¹ See Note 27.

The speaking ended. The two witches looked up; and each saw that the other's nose was gone.

Screaming in terror, they rushed out and ran to a pool. They bent over the water and looked. Their noses were flat!

So it came that the toad and the porcupine lost their noses; and they have none to this day!





TENTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND POKINSKWESS

AFTER this, Glooskap went to live with a village of Indians called Pogumks,¹ or Fishers. The villagers welcomed him. "You bring us luck," they said. "Our nets never brought up so many fish!" They even made him their chief.

But there was one in the village who spoke no good of Glooskap. This was Pokinskwess²; and he was full of envy because he wanted to be chief himself. He thought long how he might slay Glooskap or put him out of the village.

¹ Pó-gümks

² Pók-in-skwëss

Spring came, and the villagers were making ready to move camp. All was bustle and noise among the wigwams. Dogs were yelping. Children were running about. The women were rolling up the bark coverings of their lodges to load upon their backs.



Pokinskness came to Glooskap. "The camp is not yet ready to march," he said. "Let us go to yonder island and gather gulls' eggs." He pointed to an island off the coast.

Glooskap was willing. He went down to the beach with Pokinskness, and they launched a canoe. Glooskap held the boat while Pokinskness got in. They paddled to the island.

There was no beach to land upon. The island was but a rocky cliff, rising in the water. The gulls' nests were in clefts of the rock overhead.

Many of the gulls had young, and were bringing them food.

Pokinskwess brought his canoe around to the foot of the cliff.

“Who shall climb for the eggs?” he asked.

“I,” said Glooskap.

“I will stay to guard the canoe,” said Pokinskwess.

Glooskap climbed up the cliff. He had a basket on his back, and into it he put the eggs. The gulls flew about him in a white cloud. They made a great outcry.

Pokinskwess sat in the canoe, paddle in hand. When Glooskap was but a speck on the cliff, Pokinskwess softly stole away.

He reached home just as the villagers were setting off. They wondered why Glooskap did not come with them. Pokinskwess said nothing.



At night, the villagers made camp and awaited Glooskap. When he did not come, the old men made Pokinskwess chief in his stead.

Glooskap, meanwhile, could find no way to leave the island. But he did not fear; he had gulls' eggs to eat, and in a hollow in the rocks he found rain water. He could not starve.

"The sea serpent will help me!" said Glooskap at last. And he began to sing:

"Sea serpent, grandfather under the ocean,
I, Glooskap, call you!"

The sea serpent was old and fat and lazy; and he lay asleep on the bottom of the ocean.

The song waked him; he raised his head.

"I thought I heard my grandson singing," he said. He listened. Again he heard the song.



The old serpent wriggled his tail, and began to swim upward in the water. He came out not far from the island, and soon lay at the foot of the cliff, where the canoe had been.

“I am here, grandson!” he called.

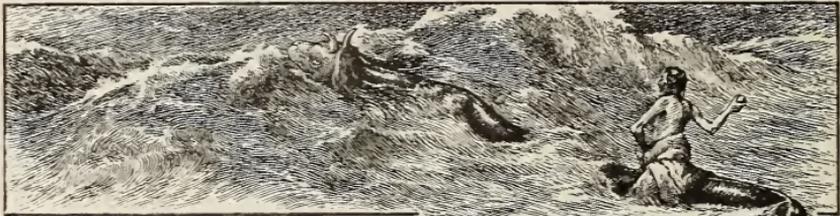
Glooskap had his robe belted about him for the wind was chill upon the cliff. In the folds of his robe he made a pocket and dropped two round stones within. He climbed down the cliff and leaped astride the serpent’s back.

“Take me to land, grandfather!” he cried.

The serpent bent his tail and went wriggling over the sea. But he was old and lazy. There had been a calm; now waves rolled, for Pokin-skweess had raised a storm. It was hard for the serpent to swim. Slower he wriggled, and slower. He almost stopped.

Glooskap took a stone from the pocket of his robe. He threw it with all his strength, and *whack!* — it struck one of the serpent’s yellow horns.

“Grandson,” cried the sea serpent, “spare my horn!”



“Do not sleep, grandfather!” cried Glooskap, laughing.

The serpent wriggled on. But the waves were high, and the swimming was hard; and he had a longing to rest. He stretched out on the water, when *whack!* — a stone struck his other horn.

“Grandson,” he cried again, “spare my horn!”

Glooskap laughed aloud. “Do not sleep, grandfather!” he cried.

At last they came to land. Glooskap sprang ashore, and the serpent dived to the bottom of the ocean.

Glooskap was soon at the place where the village had stood. Night was coming on; he crept under a shelter of branches and slept.

Early the next morning he found the villagers' trail and followed it. In a few days, he knew he was nearing their camp. One afternoon, he overtook them on the march.

The very first one he saw was his old grandmother, hobbling along on a stick. She was lame and had fallen behind. On her back was Abistanooch,



strapped in a cradle, like a babe.¹ They looked starved and weak.

From his place on her back, Abistanooch saw Glooskap coming through the trees, and cried out, "Grandmother, I see my elder brother!"

The old grandmother turned, but Glooskap had hid. "Foolish one," she cried, "Glooskap is not here!" Tears came into her eyes.

¹ See Note 28.

A little way on, Abistanooch cried again, "Grandmother, I see my brother!"

The old Bear Woman turned quickly and saw Glooskap. She cried out and danced for joy, dropping the little marten from her back. He crept from his cradle, and all stood and laughed.

Abistanooch told his brother all the evil Pokin-skwess did him. "He makes me serve him," he said.

"All night I care for his babe!"

Glooskap told him what he should do. "Go into camp," he said. "Build a hot fire of hemlock bark. Catch up Pokin-skwess's babe and make as if you would throw it in the fire. Then run to me!"



All this the marten did. He caught up the babe, and Pokin-skwess sprang at him in wrath.

Abistanooch fled. "Help, elder brother!" he cried.

"Glooskap cannot help you," cried Pokinskwess. Glooskap stepped from behind a tree. "I am here," he cried.

Fear came into Pokinskwess's eyes. "I but ran at Abistanooch in sport!" he said.

"I know you and your evil ways," cried

Glooskap; and he hurled Pokinskwess with his back against a tree.

Pokinskwess stuck fast to the trunk. Glooskap and Abistanooch went on into the camp, laughing.

Pokinskwess carried a hatchet and wedge¹ in his belt. With these he set to cutting himself loose; and all that night they in camp could hear him



¹ See Note 29.

pounding and chopping at the wood. In the morning they saw that he had a great lump of wood on his back. All mocked him, and the women cried: "Pokinskwess forsook Glooskap; and now he has a lump of wood on his back!"

Pokinskwess fled, mad with shame. "Men mock me!" he said aloud. "Would I were something to bite and sting them forever!"

As he spoke, lo, he shrunk small as his own wicked soul! His mouth grew long, like a sting. His arms became wings. He became a mosquito, that bites and stings men. On the mosquito's back is a lump, like a wedge of wood.





ELEVENTH TALE

PULOWECH,¹ GLOOSKAP'S FRIEND

I. PULOWECH GETS HIM A WIFE

PULOWECH, the partridge, and his cousin Wejek² were hunters. They had a camp by a lake, where maple and ash trees grew. Pulowech was Glooskap's friend.

The cousins were not alike. Pulowech was slow to speak, and did nothing in a hurry. Wejek was younger; he had a good heart, but he was hasty.

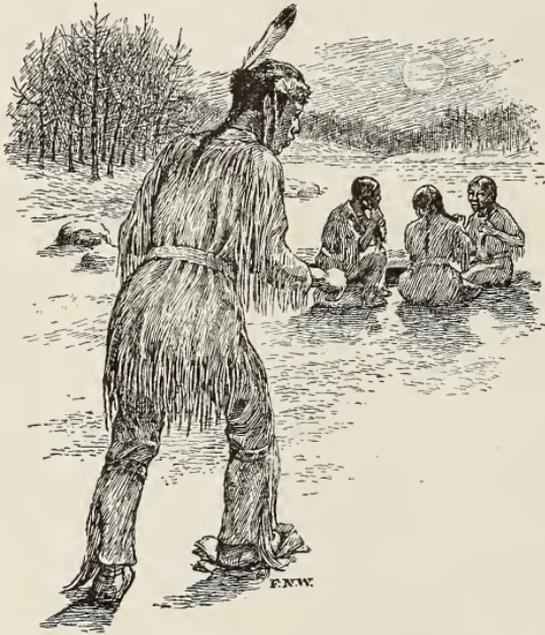
One day in winter, Pulowech was walking by the lake. As he came around a rock, he saw three

¹ Pŭl-ō-wěch. See Note 30.

² Wě-jěk

girls sitting by an air hole in the ice; they were braiding their hair and laughing.

Pulowech stood watching them. "They are water maidens," he thought, and a longing filled his soul. "I will steal one and have her for my wife," he said softly. "She shall keep my pot boiling for me!" And he stole over the ice toward the girls.



A hard snow lay on the ice. Pulowech was almost up to the girls when his foot crunched through the snow, making a noise. One of the maidens looked up.

"*Oo!*" she cried. "I see a man!" And all plumped head-first into the water.

Pulowech went slowly home. He could not put

the youngest of the girls out of his mind. "Her teeth were like shells!" he thought; and he sighed.

But Pulowech was not a man who gave up easily.

He was up before daylight, and went again to the lake, where he gathered fir boughs and craftily strewed them about the shore. "The water maidens will think the wind blew them there," he said to himself.

He laid one bough far out on the ice; under it he crept and hid, waiting for morning.

The sun arose. Pulowech peeped out and saw the water in the hole all golden in the light.

Soon a pretty head popped up in the water, then another, and another; and three merry maidens, laughing, clambered up on the ice. They unbound and began to braid their hair.



Pulowech crept from under the fir bough and ran towards the maidens. Again, one hearing his steps, cried out, "Oo! I see a man!" And all went head-first under the ice.

But Pulowech did not go away empty-handed. In her haste, the youngest of the girls had dropped her hairstring, and it lay on the ice. Pulowech picked it up.

“She will come to me!” he thought. “Her life is in the string!”

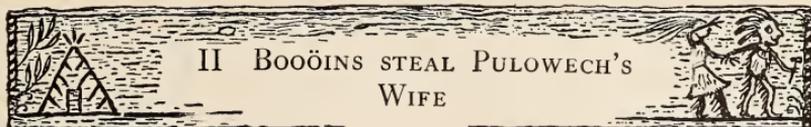
In his wigwam, he tied the hairstring to the tent pole, above the place where he sat. He filled his pipe and waited.



In a little while there came footsteps. Gently the door-skin was pushed aside and the maiden entered. She saw the hairstring. Tears were in her eyes, but she smiled.

She went to the fire and knelt to stir the coals. Then she put water in the pot, and dried meat, and set it on the fire to boil.

Pulowech, watching her, smiled softly. He knew she would have him for her husband.



II BOOÏNS STEAL PULOWECH'S
WIFE

Booïns and witches were then in the land. Pulowech never left his wife alone, fearing they might find her and steal her from him.

But a time came when he had to leave her. Wejek was gone. There was little to eat in the wigwam, and Pulowech had to hunt or his wife would go hungry. He made ready to go.

“Open to no one,” he told his wife, “after the sun sets. The booïns cannot enter while the door is fast!”

“I will not open,” she said.

Pulowech started off.

Before the sun went down, his wife fetched in a heap of wood for the night. She drew the door and made it fast with a thong.



She stirred up the fire, put on wood, and lay down. The blaze was warm and pleasant. It was cold outside.

At midnight a wind arose. The little wife awoke. There was a noise as of scraping at the door; she listened.

“Open!” said a voice.

“No,” she answered bravely; but her heart beat fast.

And well might she be frightened. The voice was of an old booöin; he had come, with his friends, to take her.

The booöin changed his voice, speaking now like her sister, now like her brother, “Open, dear sister!”

She would not open.

Again the booöin changed his voice. The little wife thought that she heard her mother, then her old father, calling to her, “Open, daughter; I am weary and cold!”

Her heart ached. She ran to the door and untied the thong.

The old booöin sprang into the wigwam. "Take her!" he screamed; and his friends dragged her away into the forest.

Far off, they built a fire and fetched drums, and passed the night feasting and singing. When they departed, nothing was left of the little wife.

That same morning, Wejek came home. He wondered to see tracks about the door. He stooped and looked at them.

"They are booöins' tracks!" he cried.

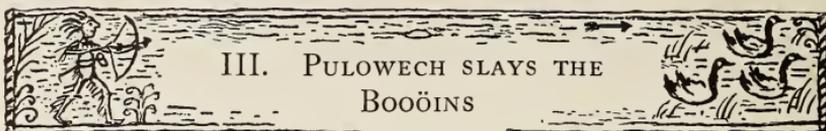
He ran into the wigwam. It was empty.

"My cousin's wife is stolen!" cried Wejek; and he ran out, following the booöins' trail.

He overtook the booöins just as they were leaving their feast.

They fell upon him with cries. Wejek fought; but in the end, they slew him.





The evening of the same day, Pulowech came home loaded with venison. His heart sank when he found his wigwam empty.

“Wife, wife !”, he called. There was no answer. Wejek’s knife lay on the floor.

Pulowech did not act hastily. He made a fire, ate, and spread his robe to sleep ; but before he lay down, he set a wooden bowl in the back of the wigwam and filled it with water.



In the morning when he looked, the bowl was full of blood ; and Pulowech knew that his wife and cousin were slain.

“I will find them who did it !” he cried, as he caught up his bow and hatchet.

The booöins' tracks were not new, but nothing escaped Pulowech's eyes; he followed the trail, unwearied.

He had not gone many days, when he came to a cliff overhanging the way. He was passing under, when he looked up and saw a man's knee sticking out of the solid rock.

Pulowech knew what it was. Booöins have power to enter stone; and one of them was trying to hide in the rock.

Pulowech cut off the knee with his hatchet. The cliff closed over the booöin, hiding him forever.

A little way on, Pulowech saw a foot sticking out of the rock. It he also cut off.

He had now slain two.

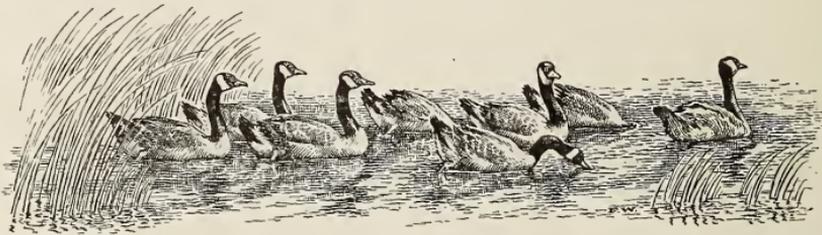
As he came out from the cliff, a little squirrel dragged herself, half dead from cold, into his path. Pulowech took her up and put her in his bosom.

"Rest, little one!" he said. "You shall fight for me to-day!"

He came to a lake. A flock of geese were swimming about, thrusting their long necks under the water.

Pulowech looked at them. "You are not what you seem!" he thought. They were booöins who had changed themselves into geese.

Pulowech hid; and when the geese swam near shore, he shot them with his arrows. He gathered



them in, tied their heads together, and flung them over his shoulder.

The waters of the lake flowed into a river; and where the river began, Pulowech found a wigwam standing alone.

He dropped his geese by the door and entered. An old man was within. Pulowech no sooner saw him than he knew him for a booöin.

The old man spoke to him sourly. He cooked meat and put it in a bowl as if to give it him; but when Pulowech reached to take it, the old man snatched the bowl away.

"No," he said rudely, "I had rather my dog ate it!" He did this more than once.

Pulowech answered nothing.

"Did you see any strange thing to-day?" sneered the old man. He knew who Pulowech was.

"Nothing very strange," Pulowech answered; "I saw a knee and a foot sticking out of a cliff; I chopped them off. I shot some geese on a lake; they lie by your door, dead!"

This put the booöin in a fury. "Had you a dog," he screamed, "he should fight mine; we should see which of us is stronger!"

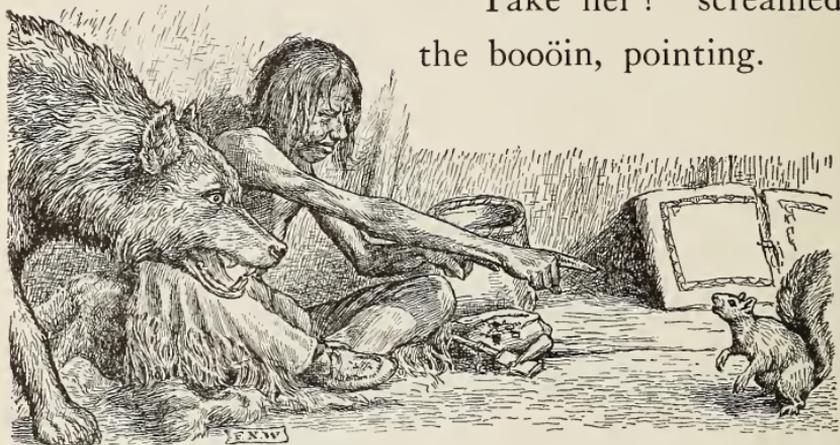
"I have a dog!" said Pulowech, smiling.

He took the squirrel from his bosom and put her down by the fire. She stretched herself, and sat up. The booöin laughed.



“Dog, dog!” he called; and into the wigwam bounded a weisum,¹ an ugly beast big as a bear.

“Take her!” screamed the booöin, pointing.



Before the weisum could seize her, the squirrel leaped away, her tail a-quiver. In a trice she had grown as big as the weisum. She flew at his throat.

Over they rolled into the fire, scattering ashes and coals. Smoke and the smell of burning fur filled the wigwam. Pulowech and the booöin ran about, the booöin shouting. The noise was deafening.

The squirrel began to weary. Pulowech stooped and patted her back; and there came leaping in

¹ wei-süm. See Note 31.

two other squirrels, her sons. They grew to great size and sprang at the weisum.

"Call them off!" screamed the booöin. "The weisum is my grandmother's dog! She loves him."

Pulowech would not do this. The weisum was soon dead.

The old booöin wept aloud. "Alack, my grandmother!" he cried. "Her dear weisum is dead!"

He now spoke kindly to Pulowech.

"Grandson," he said, "let us take my canoe and go upon the river!"

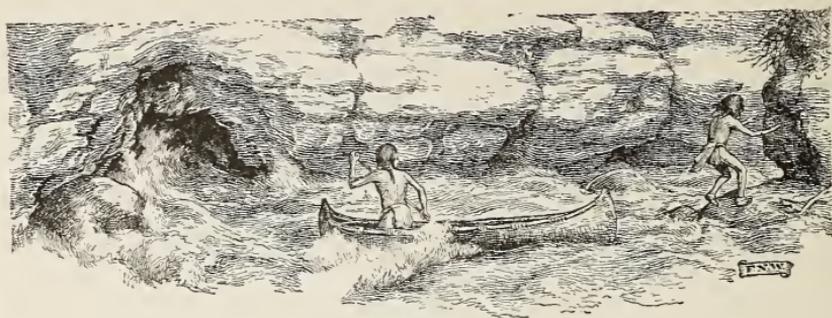
"I will go," said Pulowech.

They were soon seated in the canoe. The current bore them toward a cliff, where the river entered a cave; on either side, the waves thundered against the rock.

Pulowech steered; but as he neared the cliff, he looked around. The booöin had just leaped ashore!

Pulowech did not try to turn the canoe. He steadied her with his paddle, bowed his head, and shot like an arrow into the cave.

He could not see to steer. The waters roared,



and the canoe spun around and around in the dark. But Pulowech felt no fear. Calmly he sat in the bow, singing.¹

After a while he saw a light ahead. He soon came out into daylight. He looked about him. There was a rocky cave in the bank of the river and smoke arose from its mouth.

“The booöin is there!” Pulowech thought.

He hid his canoe, and climbed to the cave. He heard voices within.

“I bring sad news, grandmother,” said one. “The best of our band are slain. Your weisum is dead also!” It was the booöin that spoke.

“Who slays our band?” cried his grandmother, angrily.

¹ See Note 32.

"Pulowech, the partridge," answered the other.

His grandmother was in a rage. "Would Pulowech were here!" she cried; "I would roast him alive!"

She belonged to the porcupine folk, who love heat.

"Pulowech is dead," said her grandson. "I sent him afloat in the cavern!"

"But I am alive," said Pulowech; and he stepped into the cave. "Now roast me!" he said; and he sat down.

There was great store of hemlock bark in the cave. The booöin and his grandmother heaped the bark on the fire.

Hot flames roared upward, and the walls of the cave grew red with the heat. Pulowech sat unmoved.

The fire burned low at last.

Pulowech went out and fetched in more bark, until the cave was full. Then he closed the door.

"Do not slay us, grandson!" cried the booöin.

Pulowech answered, "You stole my wife!" He set fire to the bark and sat down.

Again flames roared upward. Red hot stones fell from the roof, and the sides of the cave cracked with the heat.

The fire died at last. Pulowech sat unhurt; but of the porcupines, nothing was left.

Pulowech arose and went to his canoe. He pushed off and sailed away, singing.





TWELFTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE GIANT SORCERERS

A GIANT had three sons and a daughter; and all were sorcerers. Glooskap was their friend. The old giant even called him son, and often feasted him in his wigwam.

But at heart the old giant was evil; and his sons grew up worse than their father. They became booöins and hunted men. The land groaned for their wickedness.

All this came to Glooskap's ears, for it made a noise among the people. It grieved Glooskap.

“I will go and find if it is true,” he said; and he departed.

The giants' wigwam stood near the sea; and as he went thither, Glooskap thought how he should meet the booöins.

“I will not let them know me,” he said to himself.

The old giant had but one eye. Glooskap made himself like him, even to his single eye. He entered the giant's wigwam, and found him sitting. Glooskap sat down and they began to talk.

By and by, the giant's sons came in. They saw Glooskap and the old giant by the fire talking, and looking just alike. They could not tell which was their father.

The giant's daughter had put a whale's tail in a pot and set it on the fire. The meat was now boiled. The girl took it into a bowl and gave it to Glooskap to eat.

He set it on his knees; but before he could take a mouthful, the eldest of the giant's sons snatched the meat out of the bowl. “Beggar,” he cried,

“this is not for you!” He went out, taking the meat with him.

Glooskap did not show his anger. “The meat is mine,” he said. “Your sister gave it me!”

Sitting with the bowl on his knees, he thought,

“I WISH THE MEAT BACK IN THE BOWL!”

And the whale’s tail, still hot, came flying in at the door and fell in the bowl. Glooskap began to eat.

When he had enough, Glooskap put down the bowl. He said nothing.



The giants looked at him, wondering. “He is a magician!” they thought.

The eldest of the young giants fetched in a whale’s jaw, thick as a man’s thigh. He took the ends in his hands and, with all his strength, bent the bone a little. He laughed, and gave the jaw to Glooskap.

“Let us see,” he said, “what our little brother can do!”

Glooskap did not rise from where he sat. With thumb and finger of one hand, he snapped the whale's jaw as if it were a duck's wishbone!

The booöins were filled with awe. "He is indeed a magician!" they thought.

They brought out a great stone pipe, and filled it with strongest tobacco, that only sorcerers can smoke. They handed the pipe around.¹



All smoked in turn, blowing out great clouds; the eldest handed the pipe to Glooskap.

"Let our brother try!" he said.

Glooskap filled the bowl anew. At one pull, he burnt all the tobacco to ashes, and blew the smoke from his nostrils in one great puff.

The giants were troubled. "He is a great magician!" they thought.

¹ See Note 33.

Again Glooskap filled the pipe, and lighted it. One of the giants arose and made fast the door. He hoped Glooskap would strangle with the smoke.

But Glooskap puffed away, caring not a bit.

Not so the giants, who sat choking and coughing. At last, nearly strangled, they opened the door and ran out.

Glooskap followed them, smiling.

When all had gotten breath, the giants went apart and talked among themselves. They came to Glooskap.

“Our brother,” they said, “is strong; but let us see his skill at ball!” They led him to a sandy plain in the bend of a river, not far away.

One of the giants put down a ball and the game began.



The ball was a live skull. It went rolling at Glooskap's heels, trying to bite off his foot.

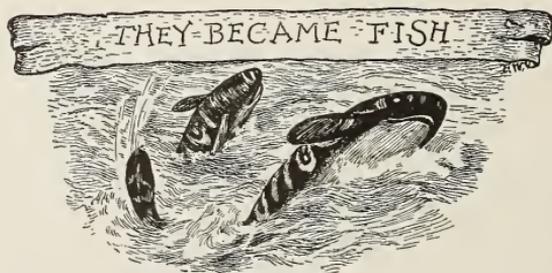
Glooskap laughed. "You play a merry game!" he cried, "but I too will have a ball!" He broke a bough from a tree and cast it on the ground.

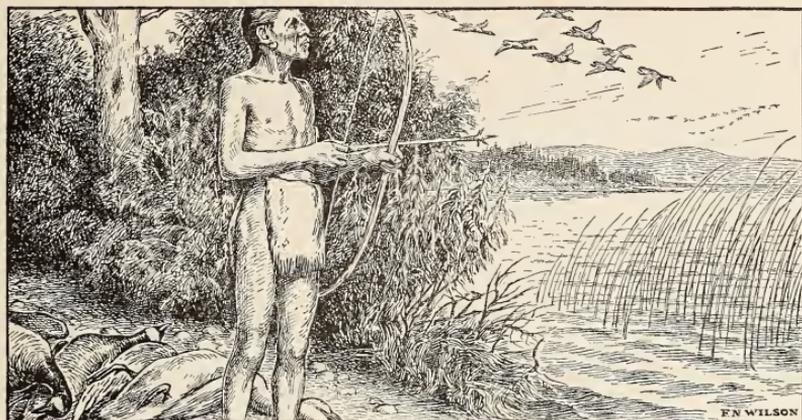
The bough turned into a skull ten times bigger than the other. It rolled after the giants, bumping along and snapping its great jaws, until they cried for mercy.

Glooskap stamped upon the sand. With a mighty roar, waters came down from the mountains. The river rose, foaming, and overflowed the plain.

The giants fled; but the flood caught them. Struggling, they heard Glooskap singing above the waves.

As they heard, they became fish. The current swept them to the sea.





THIRTEENTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND TUMILKOONTAWOO¹

AGAIN Glooskap brought his family down by the sea. He found good fishing, and in the fall flocks of sea ducks came flying down from the north. He made him arrows and shot both ducks and geese. In the mornings, he fished or speared for eels.

But the weather grew windy. Heavy gales blew up, and the waves tossed his canoe so that Glooskap could do little fishing; nor could he spear eels in so rough a sea.

¹ Tūm-īl-kōon'-tā-wōō

Weeks went by, but the weather stayed foul. The gales howled over the sea; and waves, mountain high, rolled inshore. Glooskap no longer tried to put out in his canoe. He could not fish in such weather.

For days he sat in his wigwam, waiting for the wind to die. Still the gales blew.

There was little meat left in the wigwam. Glooskap's family were growing hungry.

"You must get us meat, grandson, or we starve," said the old Bear Woman.

Glooskap arose slowly. He went down to the shore to look for dead fish; for the waves sometimes cast fish against the beach, killing them. He walked along the beach, going north. The farther he went, the fiercer blew the wind.

"What makes the wind blow so?" he thought.

He came to a point of land that jutted out into the water. Just off the point rose a rocky islet. Something dark sat on the rock. Glooskap could not see what it was for the mist.

He bent his head to the wind and waded out.

Fiercer rose the gale; Glooskap could hardly stand against it. He found shelter under the islet; and he stood and looked up.



On the top of the rock sat a giant eagle, flapping his great wings. As he moved them they fanned the wind which went rushing and raging over the sea.

“It is the Wind Bird,” thought Glooskap.

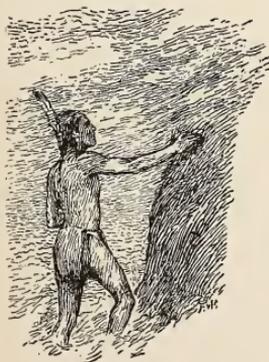
The chill mist fell about him, and he shivered. A thought came to him.

“Grandfather,” he called out, “are you not chilled in the wind?”

“No, grandson,” answered the eagle.

“But, grandfather,” cried Glooskap, “your wings are wet with the mist. Let me carry you to the mainland. There is no mist there!”

The eagle sat awhile, flapping his wings.



"I will go, grandson," he said at last. "I am tired of sitting here on the rock."

"Good, grandfather!" cried Glooskap. He climbed the rock, bent his shoulders, and took the great eagle on his back.

Glooskap climbed slowly down, and waded through the shallow water to the mainland; but as he came ashore, his foot slipped, and he stumbled. The eagle, falling from his shoulders, broke his wing.

"I am sorry, grandfather," cried Glooskap.

He lifted the eagle to his feet, and helped him get to a place out of the wind. He bound up the broken wing with willows, for splints.



"Does it hurt you, grandfather?" he asked.

"No, grandson," answered the eagle.

"Sit here, grandfather," said Glooskap. "Do not move your wing, or the bones will not knit. Each day I will bring you fish to eat."

Glooskap hastened home, and got out his canoe. There was no wind now, and the sea was like a pond. Glooskap could spear eels, or fish, as he liked. He brought in meat and fish daily, enough for his family and the eagle.

But with no breeze to stir the sea, the water grew stagnant. Fishes sickened and died; and a foul scum arose and overspread the sea.



Glooskap went to the eagle and unbound his wing.

“Grandfather,” he said, “you may move your wing; but not hard, lest you hurt it!”

The eagle gently flapped his wings and a faint breeze swept over the water. It blew the scum from the surface of the sea.

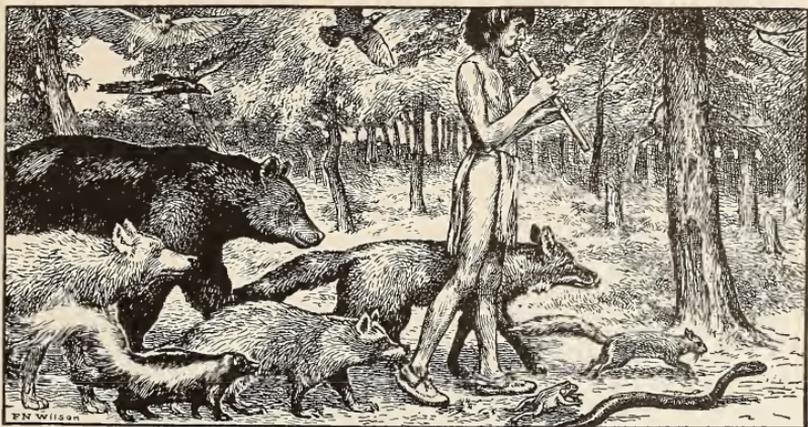
Evening came, and the Bear Woman fetched Glooskap a bowl of steaming fish to eat. As he took it she said, “Grandson, did you not *plan* to fall and break the eagle’s wing?”

Glooskap sat eating his fish. He said nothing, but his eyes were smiling.

The Bear Woman laughed. "We will call the eagle Tumilkoontawoo, or Broken Wing!" she said.

And now when a breeze blows off the sea, the Indians say, "Tumilkoontawoo fans his wings."





FOURTEENTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND ATOSIS¹

Atosis the snake was evil. He had been a man; but he hated Glooskap and became a serpent that he might make war upon him.

Many times Atosis tried to slay him; but Glooskap was never one to be caught napping.

Glooskap's brother, the little marten, had a flute.² When he played upon it, the birds and beasts came up to hear its sweet music. Abistanooch called them his pets.

One day when Glooskap was gone, the little

¹ Át-ō-sīs

² See Note 34.

marten took his flute into the forest. On the way, he stumbled, and the flute fell from his hands. He picked it up, put it to his lips, and blew. It gave no sound.

“My flute is broken!” cried the little marten. Again he blew. It was no use! The flute was silent. The little marten wandered on, weeping.



Evening came, and he lost his way. All that night he wandered, and the next, cold and hungry and weeping. It was the month for making maple sugar.¹ There was snow on the ground.

The third night out, the little marten came to a hollow in the forest. Below in the trees, he saw a light. He made his way down and came to a wigwam. A fire glowed within.

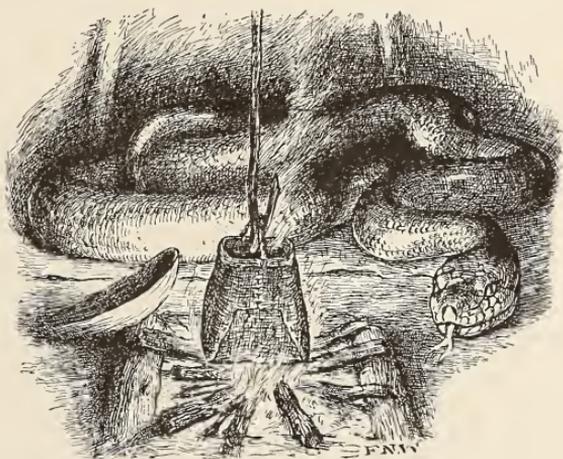
Timidly the marten entered. The firelight blinded him for a moment. When he could see, he was ready to die of fright.

¹ See Note 35.

A bark kettle full of boiling sap hung over the fire.¹ On the other side, watching the kettle, lay a great snake. It was Atosis, Glooskap's enemy.

"*Kwai!*" hissed the snake, "Welcome!" And he moved, rustling his scales.

The little marten sat down by the door, in the place where wood is piled. His heart went *pit-a-pat!* He was frightened.



"What do you want?" hissed the snake.

"To be warmed. I am cold and hungry!" said the little marten. Tears were in his eyes.

"I too am hungry!" hissed the snake. "I have not eaten for a month; and you are fat!"

And the snake moved again, spitting out his tongue.

¹ See Note 36.

The little marten shook with fright. "Do not kill me!" he begged; "I am Glooskap's brother."

The snake laughed aloud.

"I know you are Glooskap's brother," he hissed. "That is why I am going to eat you. I shall spit you on a stick, to roast over my fire!"

The little marten put his hands over his eyes and began to sob.

"Go, get the stick!" mocked the snake. "Get a straight one; it will not tear you!"

The little marten dared not say no. He arose and went out sobbing.

On the very evening the marten lost his way in the forest, Glooskap came back home. He found the old Bear Woman in the wigwam weeping.

"What has happened, grandmother?" he asked.

"Your brother, Abistanooch, has not come home," she answered. "I fear he is lost!" and she wept anew.

"Do not weep," cried Glooskap, "I will find him!"

Losing not a moment, he put parched corn in a

pouch¹ to eat, caught up his hatchet, and hastened out. He came upon the little marten's tracks the next morning. The trail led into the forest. Swiftly, Glooskap followed.

The third night, he heard a voice in a hollow, singing. It was Abistanooch, calling his brother.

Glooskap hastened down, and soon saw the light from the snake's wigwam. Clearer rose the little marten's voice, singing against the snake kind. He was hunting a stick for a spit.



Glooskap heard, and knew all that had happened: how Atosis, for hate of him, had caused the flute to fall; how he had lured Abistanooch to his wigwam, and now sent him for a stick to spit him on.

Glooskap began to sing softly:

“Atosis bids you get a straight stick;
Get a crooked one, little brother!”

¹ See Note 37.

Abistanooch heard. Gladly he found a crooked stick and ran back to the snake's wigwam. Glooskap drew his hatchet and hid behind a fallen trunk.

Morn was breaking; a crow cawed overhead.

The snake raised his head as Abistanooch entered. "Did you get a straight stick?" he hissed.

"I got a crooked one," the little marten answered. "I will straighten it in the fire!"



He made a heap of coals in the fireplace and into it thrust one end of the stick.

The snake crept near to watch. He had never seen a stick straightened in the fire.

When the end that he held in his hand was steam-

ing, Abistanooch dragged the stick out of the fire. Atosis crept nearer, to see.

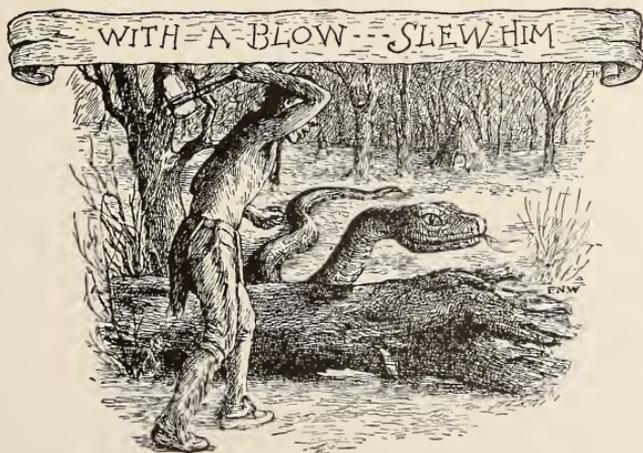
Suddenly, Abistanooch raised the stick and struck the snake over the eyes.

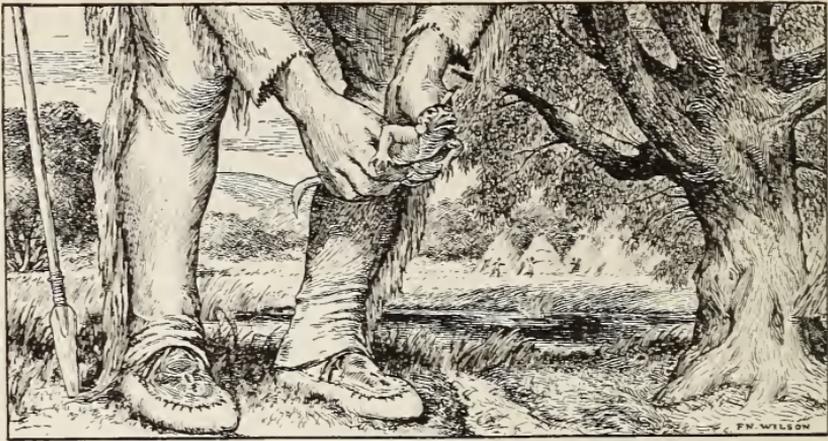
The great snake writhed and twisted with pain. Sparks had fallen into his eyes.

“Brother, brother!” cried the marten. He dashed out of the wigwam and ran straight for the trunk where Glooskap was hiding.

The snake followed, and raised his head to glide over the trunk.

Glooskap leaped up; and with a blow of his hatchet, slew him.





FIFTEENTH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE FROG CHIEF

UP in the mountains, there dwelt a village of Indians. Their town was only a dozen lodges, but the villagers thought it the finest in all the world.

A brook of clearest, cool water flowed by the town. Very proud were the Indians of their brook! They never tired drinking from it.

Indeed, it was all they had to drink. There was not a spring, not even a rain puddle, on the mountain side.

So the villagers drank for many years; but a summer came when their brook ran low. The

maidens went each morning to the watering place,¹ to come back with kettles not half filled.

“The brook is failing!” they said.

“It will rise again,” said the old women.

But the brook did not rise. Lower it sank, until the maidens came back one morning with empty kettles; the bed of the brook was dry.

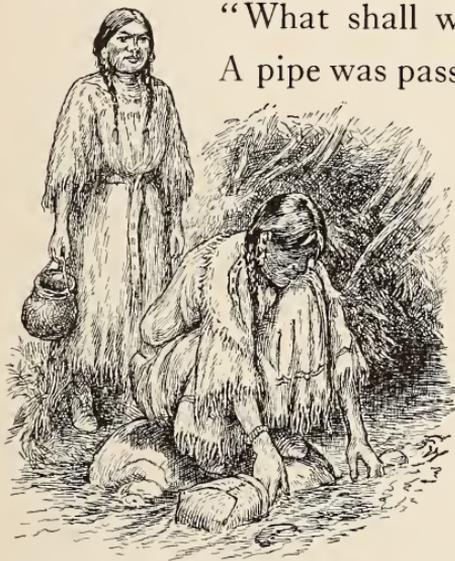
The chief called the older men to a council.

“What shall we do?” he asked.

A pipe was passed. An old man arose.

“We have heard,” he said, “that farther up in the mountains is another village of Indians. It is they who stop our brook! Let a runner go and see if it is not so!”

He sat down, and the others cried, “Ho, ho!” The speech pleased them.



¹ See Note 38.

The chief called a fleet runner and said to him: "Go to the strange villagers. Ask them why they stop our brook!"

The runner set off, and the third day came to the strange village. There he saw what kept back the water. A dam was raised across the bed of the brook, backing the water into a wide pond.

Two men came out of a wigwam. They spoke to the runner, but did not ask him into their lodge.

"Why have you built the dam?" the runner asked them.

"Our chief did it; ask him!" the men answered. They told the runner that their chief lived in the pond.

The runner found the chief lying in the mud, sunning himself. He was big, fat, ugly. He had a wide mouth, and his yellow eyes stuck out like warts. His body was green.

"Ump!" he croaked like a great frog. "What do you want?"



“I want water,” said the runner. “You have dammed our brook, and our villagers have no water to drink!”

The chief laughed; and swelling out his throat, he bellowed:

“Do as you please!
What do I care,
If you want water?”

“Go somewhere else!
Go somewhere else!”

“We must have water,” cried the runner. “Our people have nothing to drink!”

The chief laughed again. Lazily he sprang to the middle of the dam and made a hole in it with the point of an arrow. A little water flowed out.

The chief sprang back to his place in the mud and bellowed:

“Up and begone,
Up and begone,
Up and begone!”

The runner went away, sorrowful.

When he got home, his story made much stir among the villagers. For a few days, there was a



little water in the brook, but it soon dried up and they were thirsty again.

The chief called another council.

“Unless we get water,” he said, “we shall die of thirst. Let us

choose our bravest warrior and send him to the strange village. There let him break the dam, or slay the chief and die fighting!”

The speech pleased the villagers. Each wanted to be the one to go.

Glooskap knew all that was going on in the world. It pleased him, who loved brave men, to see the villagers bent on breaking the dam. “I will help them!” he said.

He rose and dressed for war. The villagers were

arming one of their own men to go, when Glooskap strode into the council.

Very terrible he looked. He wore a bonnet of eagles' feathers, and carried a lance in his hand. His cheeks were painted red, and green rings were around his eyes. Clam shells hung from his ears. Two eagle wings flapped from the back of his neck.

The Indians looked at him with awe. The young women thought him very handsome.

"What is this you do?" Glooskap asked them. The villagers told him of their plan.

"Let me go," Glooskap cried; "I will break the dam!"



He set off up the bed of the brook, and reached the strange village the third day.

At the edge of the town, he sat down on a log, to rest. No one came out to greet him.

A boy came by. Glooskap called to him,

“Fetch me water to drink !”

“I cannot,” answered the boy. “Our chief keeps all the water for himself.”

“Go to your chief and get me water !” cried Glooskap.



He drew out his pipe and smoked, waiting. An hour had passed, when the boy came back with a cup of slimy, muddy water.

Glooskap threw the cup on the ground. “Take me to your chief !” he cried.

The boy led him to the dam. There in the mud lay the chief, sunning himself. Only his head was out of water.

He stared at Glooskap with his yellow eyes. “What do you want ?” he croaked.

“I want a drink of good water !” Glooskap cried, angrily.

The chief laughed aloud, and bellowed :

“Ump, ump, away with you,
Ump, ump, away with you !”

Glooskap rose in anger ; and shouting his war-whoop,¹ ran the chief through with his lance.

And lo, the village disappeared ;² and from the chief's body gushed a mighty river that burst the dam and went roaring down the brook's bed. The chief had swallowed all the waters of the brook.

Glooskap rose until he touched the clouds. He reached down, caught the chief, and squeezed him in his mighty grip. When he opened his fingers again, he held only a great, ugly bull frog ! Glooskap tossed him into the stream.

¹ See Note 39.

² See Note 40.





SIXTEENTH TALE

GLOOSKAP'S RETURN TO THE VILLAGE

GLOOSKAP set off to return. His way led him down the bed of the brook. The cool waves went plashing by him. Glooskap was happy.

The third day, he reached the village of his friends.

But no one came out to welcome him; and Glooskap was astonished to see no smoke rising from the wigwams. The village stood silent, empty; for a strange thing had happened.

All the Indians had gone down to the banks of the brook, to wait for the water to come. As they

sat, dry and thirsty, they talked as hungry children do when they want something to eat.

"What would you want to do," one asked, "if our brook had water once more?"

"Live in the cool bottom," cried one, "and crawl about in the soft mud!"

"Dive all day long, from rocks and logs!" said another. He was a young man, and long-legged.

"Live among the stones at the edge of the brook, half on land, half in water!" cried a third.

"I," said a fourth, "would live in the water always, and never leave it!"

It chanced that they spoke in the hour that makes all wishes come true. So each had his wish.

The first became a leech. The second became a spotted frog with long legs. The third became a crawfish; the fourth, a fish.

When the water from the dam came roaring down, all plunged in and swam away.





SEVENTEENTH TALE

THE MEN WHO DISOBEYED GLOOSKAP

So the years rolled on, but the world was now growing wicked.¹ Men forgot the good that Glooskap had taught them. More and more they wanted to do their own will.

Glooskap was grieved, for he liked not wickedness. He took himself and his family to an island and dwelt there. It was even said he was minded to quit the world.

He did quit the world after a time; but before

¹ See Note 41.

he went, he sent his messengers, the loons, throughout the land. "Any man who finds Glooskap may ask of him one wish!" they told the people.

Many set out; and to all that found him, Glooskap said, "You shall have your wish!"

But Glooskap took it ill that any should not do as he bade them. Some disobeyed; and these found that his gifts brought them no good luck.

Three men set out to find Glooskap. They went seven years and had nigh lost heart, when they heard dogs barking.

"Glooskap is there! We shall soon find him," the men said. But it was three months before they saw Glooskap's island. They passed over in a canoe.

Glooskap welcomed them. He feasted them many days, and they were getting ready to return home, when he asked them, "What do you want!"

The eldest was a simple, honest man. "I want



to be a good hunter," he said. "Men think meanly of me, because I kill so few deer!"

Glooskap smiled. He liked men who thought not too much of themselves.

He gave the man a magic flute of wood. "Blow on this flute," he told him. "Deer and moose will come to you to be shot!"

The man thanked him and went away. He wondered to find himself, at the end of seven days, home in his village. He had been seven years on his way to Glooskap.

The second man was foolish. "I wish," he said, "to dance with the maidens whenever I will!"

Glooskap looked at him queerly. "A man should ask better than to be ever dancing!" he said.

"I care not!" the man answered.

Glooskap fetched out a bag with its mouth tied, and gave it to him. "Take this," he said. "Open it when you get home; but do not look into it on the way!"



The third asked to be taught a strange, weird sound that makes all who hear it laugh and feel merry. In olden days, this sound was heard at every merrymaking. Now, only a few aged men can make it.

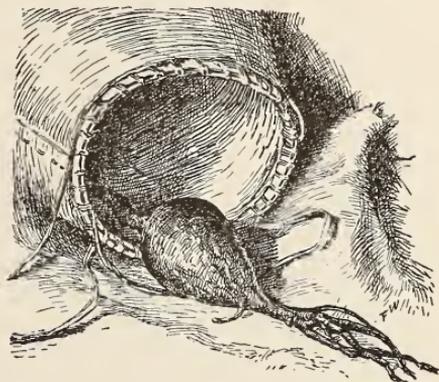
Glooskap bade Abistanooch fetch him a root. This he gave the man. "When you come in your wigwam," he said, "eat this root. Beware you do not eat it before!"

The two men scarce stopped to thank Glooskap. They set off, going different ways.

He with the bag was hardly out of sight,

when he burned to know what was in it.¹ "It can do no harm to look!" he thought.

He untied the string, and *whut!*—out flew a winsome maiden! Her feet touched the ground, and she began to dance.



¹ See Note 42.

The man could not believe his eyes. He winked hard. "I must be asleep!" he thought. But *whut!* — out flew another maiden, and another, and another! In flocks they came, crying wildly.

The man longed to join in the dance. He held out his hands to the maidens, slipped, fell! Over him they danced, back, and over him again. "Help!" he cried, "help!" They gave no heed.

Hunters found him lying where he fell. No one knew what became of the maidens.

He of the weird sound fared no better. He was but a day's journey from his village, when he sat on a log to rest. He thought of the root, took it out, smelled it. The man longed to eat it.

"Glooskap cannot know!" he thought, and he ate the root.

At once he could make the sound. He laughed as it came from his lips; and he went gayly on.

He was nearly home when a deer stepped into his path. The man was raising his bow to shoot when the sound burst from him, — he could not stop it! The deer heard and leaped away.

“What ails me?” the man cried. Even as he spoke, the sound burst from him again.

It was so when he came to his village.

At first, all laughed at the sound; but the man could do nothing that it did not burst from him. He made it when he ate, when he slept! The villagers shunned him at last, weary with laughing.

With bitter heart, he wandered into the forest. “I care not if I die!” he cried.

Evening fell; darkness was coming on.

With a cry weird as the sound,¹ Pamola² the night-hawk swooped from the sky and bore the man off into the night!

¹ See Note 43.

² Pá-mō-la





EIGHTEENTH TALE

KEEKWAJOO¹ AND KAKTOOGWASEES²

I. KEEKWAJOO IS MADE A MEGASOOWESOO³

KEEKWAJOO and Kaktoogwasees were young men who had each a wish. Keekwajoo was the elder; he longed to be a megasoowesoo, or enchanter. Kaktoogwasees wanted the daughter of a certain chief for his wife. This chief was a magician.

Neither of the men knew how to get the thing he longed for.

“Let us seek Glooskap!” said Keekwajoo. They

¹ Keék-wą-jōō ² Kāk-toōg-wą-sees ³ mĕ-gą-soō-wĕ-soō

journeyed long and came to Glooskap's wigwam on an island.

They entered as Indians do without knocking,¹ and found the Bear Woman and Abistanooch within. The old grandmother was scouring a pot with rushes.² The marten was cleaning his pipe. He had his robe drawn about his knees as he sat.³

The Bear Woman spoke kindly to the strangers. "Sit here," she said; and she made a place for them behind the fire.

Glooskap came in later. "*Kwai!*—welcome!" he cried when he saw the strangers.

Then to his grandmother: "These men have come far. Put on the pot and give them to eat!"

The Bear Woman stirred the fire and dropped a bit of meat, hardly a mouthful, into the pot. When it boiled,



¹ See Note 44.

² See Note 45.

³ See Note 46.

she took the meat into a wooden dish and handed it to Keekwajoo.

“Eat!” she said.

“We are mocked!” thought Keekwajoo, smiling; but he took the dish. He cut a piece off the meat and ate it. When he looked again in the dish, he was astonished to see the meat had grown to its first size.

“Wonderful!” he thought.

He and Kaktoogwasees fell to, and ate heartily. When they were done, there was meat in the dish as at the first.

Evening came. Glooskap asked the men what they wanted.

“To be a megasoowesoo,” Keekwajoo answered.

Kaktoogwasees said, “A chief has a daughter that I want for my wife. But the chief puts such tasks to those that seek her, that they die every one!”

Glooskap answered nothing. When the men had eaten again, and smoked, he gave them robes to sleep upon.

The next morning before sunrise, Glooskap called Keekwajoo, and led him to a river. "Bathe!" he said.

Keekwajoo plunged in and swam about. He came out with skin dripping.

Glooskap lent him a porcupine tail for a hairbrush;¹ and gave him a coat, leggings, and a magic hairstring.²

"The hairstring will give you the power you want," he told him.

Glooskap also gave him a wooden flute. "When you blow on it," he said, "you can charm all things!"

He bade him sing. Keekwajoo did so and found his voice was low and sweet. He could not sing before.

Glooskap led him back to the wigwam. "You are now a megasoowesoo," he said. "Your friend wants a wife. Go and help him win her!"

¹ See Note 47.

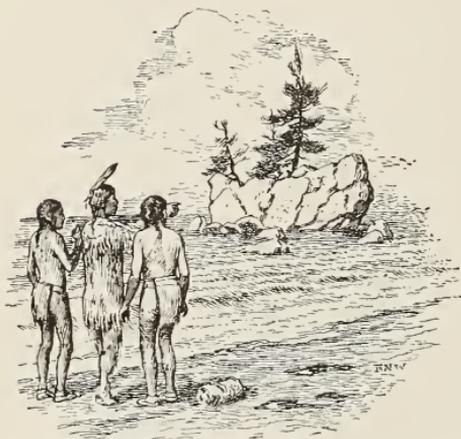
² See Note 48.



“I will go,” said Keekwajoo, “if you will lend us your canoe!”

Glooskap laughed. “Take the canoe,” he said, “but bring it back to me. Many borrow and forget to return it!”

“We will bring it back,” said the two men.

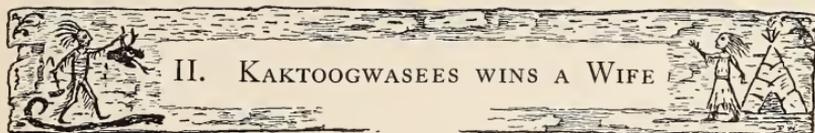


Glooskap led them to the beach. A little way out in the water was a small, rocky island, covered with pines. “Behold my canoe!” said Glooskap, smiling.

The young men looked at the island. They did not know what to think.

“Wade out and climb into it!” said Glooskap.

They did so, and found themselves in a stone canoe. Pine paddles lay on the floor. The men chose each a paddle and sat down, Keekwajoo in the bow, Kaktoogwasees in the stern.



“Go !” called Glooskap.

The men dipped their paddles, and their canoe glided away towards the sea.

Weeks went by before the men reached the island where dwelt the chief. They landed, and Keekwajoo hid the canoe under a bush. They soon found the chief’s village.

A man led them to the chief’s lodge, a tall wigwam in the center of the town. They entered and stood.

The chief spoke kindly to them. “Sit here !” he said, and he spread a mat for them.

In the evening he made them a feast.¹ Afterwards, when they were alone, he asked, “What seek you ?”

Keekwajoo answered for his friend. “Kaktoogwasees tires of dwelling alone ! He seeks a wife.”

The chief sat thinking.

¹ See Note 49.

"My daughter is fair," he said at last. "Let your friend fetch me the chepichkam's¹ head² for a gift!" This chepichkam was a great, horned serpent.

"May I help?" Keekwajoo asked.

"Yes," said the chief; for he thought, "The chepichkam will slay them both!"

The men thanked the chief, and went to another wigwam to sleep.

At midnight, Keekwajoo arose and stole from the lodge. He made his way far into the forest until he came to a pit. It was the chepichkam's den. The moon had risen. The den looked black in the moonlight.

Keekwajoo rolled a log over the pit, drew his hatchet, and began to dance around the pit's mouth. Fast, faster, he danced.

After a while, an ugly head appeared and the chepichkam crept forth. It rested its head a moment on the log. Keekwajoo sprang forward, and with a blow, cut off the serpent's head.

¹ chē-pīch-kam

² See Note 50.

He lifted the head by its horns and bore it to the wigwam. In the morning, Kaktoogwasees took it to the chief's lodge.

The chief was astonished. "I fear I shall lose my daughter," he thought.

But Kaktoogwasees was to have other tasks.



The chief invited him and Keekwajoo to a feast. After they had eaten, he led them to the door and pointed to a mountain. "Coast down yonder hill!" he said.

The top of the mountain was ragged, and white with ice. Its sides bristled with pines.

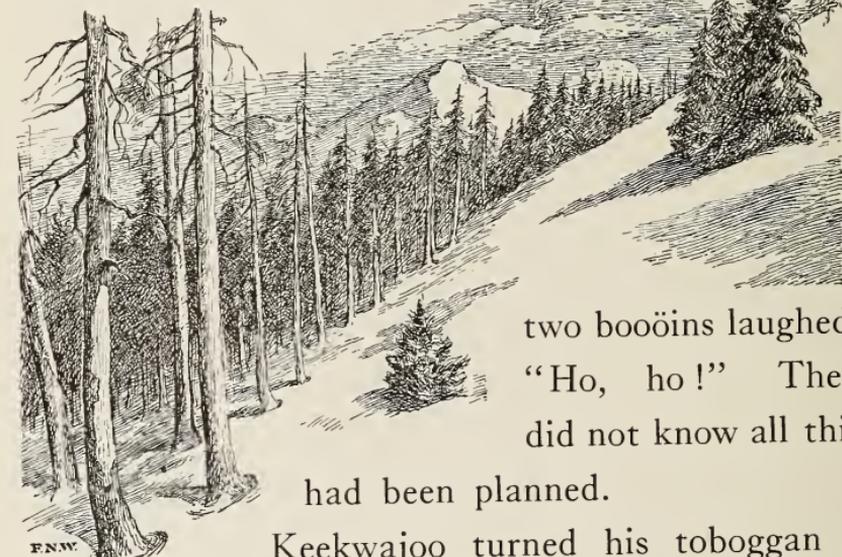
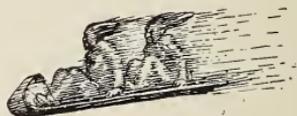
The chief's son brought out two toboggans,¹ as for a race; that for the strangers was to go first, and Keekwajoo was to steer.

Two strong men, booöins, got into the other to-

¹ See Note 51.

boggan. The chief hoped Kaktoogwasees would be spilled out on the snow, and the booöins, coming after him, would run him down.

The chief gave the word, and the two toboggans shot down the mountain side. Halfway down, Keekwajoo's toboggan lurched, pitching Kak-



two booöins laughed, "Ho, ho!" They did not know all this

had been planned.

Keekwajoo turned his toboggan a little out of the path,¹ caught his friend, and pulled him aboard. This let the booöins' toboggan get

¹ See Note 52.

ahead. Another instant, Keekwajoo was after them!

In the trees at the bottom of the mountain, the booöins¹ toboggan stopped. Keekwajoo's toboggan, flying over the booöins' heads, went on and struck the chief's wigwam, ripping it from end to end. It stopped in the fireplace.

The chief was angered, but could do nothing. "I fear I shall lose my daughter!" he thought.

Spring came, and the young men were running races. The chief called Kaktoogwasees to him.

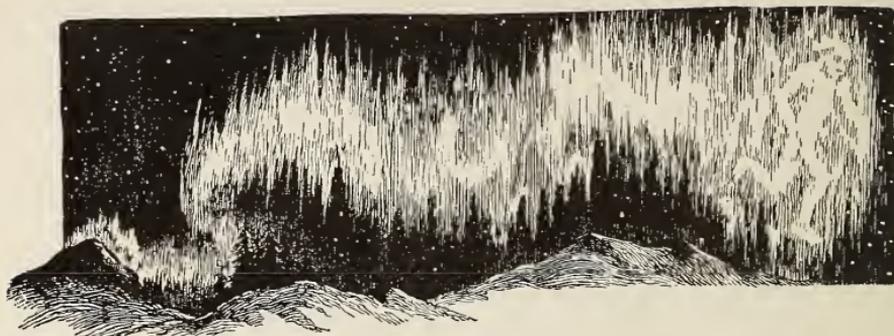
"There is a young man," he told him, "a swift runner, who has never been beaten in a race. Go and run with him!"

Kaktoogwasees went to his friend. "What shall I do?" he asked. "I cannot run!"

"Take this flute," said Keekwajoo. "It will make you run!" He gave him Glooskap's flute. Keekwajoo put it in his medicine bag.¹

The chief set an hour for the start. All the villagers came to look on.

¹ See Note 53.



The runners took their stand. They wore light moccasins on their feet. Their thighs and shoulders were bare.

“What is your name?” Kaktoogwasees asked.

“Men call me Weyadesk,¹ or Northern Light, because I am swift!” the other answered.

“I,” laughed Kaktoogwasees, “am so fleet, men call me Wosogwodesk,² or Streak o’ Lightning!”

The sun was just above the tree tops when the chief gave the word to go. The two runners darted off. They were out of sight in a twinkling.

Before noon, Kaktoogwasees returned. He had gone clear around the world, but was not tired. “I told you I was swift, like lightning!” he laughed.

¹ Wē-ya-děsk

² Wō-sóg-wō-děsk

He that was called Northern Light came in at evening. He was tired and out of breath, and his body trembled and quivered.¹ He had gone half round the world, and turned back.

The chief was angered and troubled. "I fear," he thought, "I shall lose my daughter!"

Kaktoogwasees was given one more task.

"A young man in my village has never been beaten at swimming," the chief told him. "Go and dive with him."

"I will dive!" said Kaktoogwasees. He still had Glooskap's flute.

A day was set. The chief and all his villagers came down to the sea shore. The two divers stood on the edge of a rock, over the water.

"What is your name?" asked Kaktoogwasees.

"I am called Ukchigumoech,² or Sea Duck, for I

¹ See Note 54.

² Ūk'-chī-gŭm-ō-ěch

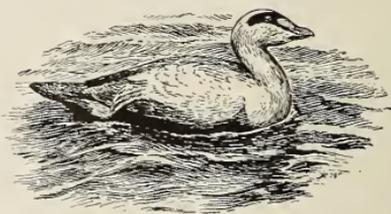


dive far!" the other said, boasting. "Who are you?"

"Men call me Kwemoo, or Loon¹!" laughed Kaktoogwasees.

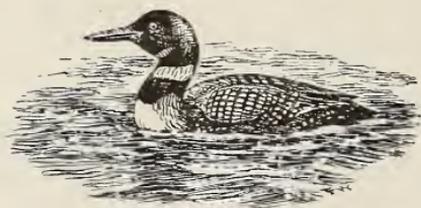
At a word, the two men dived headlong. Breathless, the villagers waited.

The Sea Duck, after a time, came up for breath. Kaktoogwasees was not to be seen.



An hour passed, and another. Kaktoogwasees did not appear.

"He is drowned!" thought the villagers. Many went back to their homes.



Another hour had passed, when Kaktoogwasees came up, smiling. "I told you I was like a loon!" he laughed.

The chief now made an end of the tasks.

"You have won!" he cried; and he led Kaktoog-

¹ See Note 55.

wasees to his wigwam. Keekwajoo was already there.

“The wedding feast shall be to-night !” the chief told them.

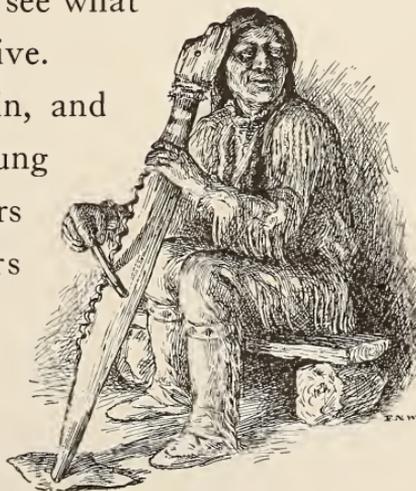
A crier was sent through the village to invite the people. Soon all was bustle in the lodges. Everybody was getting out his best clothes.

In the chief's wigwam, the floor was swept and made smooth for dancing. Hemlock boughs, for the fire, were piled near the door. Pots, heaped with good things to eat, stood by the fireplace. The guests brought their own feast bowls.

Again the chief was to see what power Glooskap could give.

The guests had come in, and the fun began. The young men sang; the drummers drummed; the dancers flew about, crying joyfully.

One old man had a log, carved with



notches ; over these he rubbed a stick, making sweet music.

At midnight all sat down to feast. The chief's wife filled each one's bowl, saying, "Eat all of it!"

"I cannot eat so much!" cried a young man. His bowl was heaped with steaming fats.

The old men laughed. "I will help you eat it," said one, "but you must pay me your knife!"

Keekwajoo, meanwhile, sat by the door, looking on.

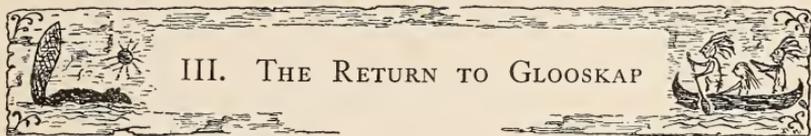
"Lazy Keekwajoo," laughed the others, "why do you not dance?"

Keekwajoo arose. Slowly at first, he began to dance around the fire. Fast, faster, he flew, now with his face forward, now with his back. Wondering, the others watched him. They saw that his feet were sinking into the hard floor.

Around he flew, sinking deeper at every turn. At last, only his head was seen above the ground.¹

This ended the merrymaking. With a deep trench around the fireplace there could be no more dancing. All went home for the night.

¹ See Note 56.



The next day Keekwajoo and the newly wed pair entered their canoe and sailed homeward. Kaktoogwasees paddled. His heart was light.

But their trials were not over.

They had been gone but a few hours when black clouds arose on the sea. A storm blew up. The canoe pitched upon the waves.

Keekwajoo laughed. "Your father's friends hope to wreck us!" he told the bride. "I will blow back the storm."

He knelt, facing the tempest, and filled his lungs. Puffing out his cheeks, he blew, wind against wind. Soon the clouds rolled back. The sun came out, and the sea was smooth again.

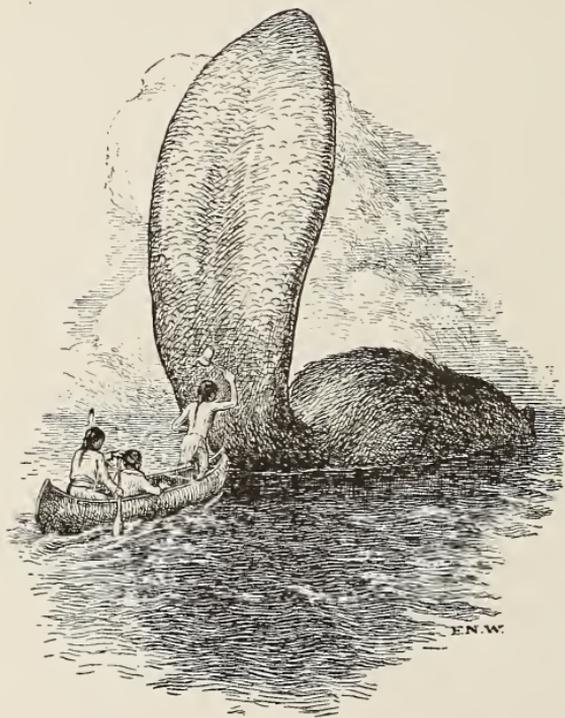
The men paddled gayly on. The wind sang in their ears, so fast they flew.

They had to pass one more danger.

At evening, as they were paddling along, a dark

mass arose in their path. "What is it?" Kaktoog-wasees asked.

Keekwajoo shaded his eyes. "It is Quabeet, the great beaver!" he said. "He is Glooskap's enemy, and ours!"



Quabeet lay with his head under water, his tail aloft. He thought to sink the canoe with a blow.

Keekwajoo steered straight for him.

"I am the hunter of beavers!" he shouted; and

with his hatchet, he cut off Quabeet's great tail.

It fell into the water with a great splash, nigh overturning the canoe.

The sun was setting when Keekwajoo and his

friends landed on Glooskap's island. Glooskap was waiting for them on the beach.

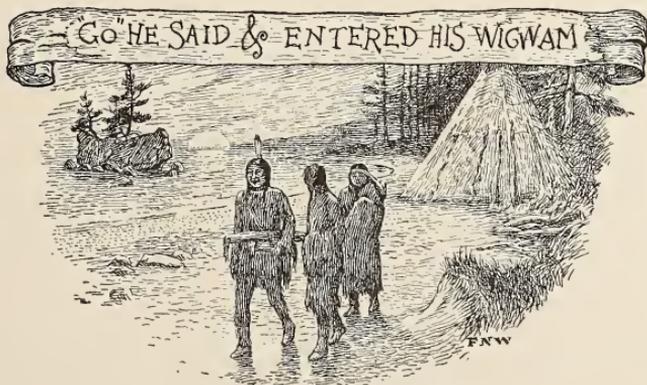
"I see you have brought back my canoe!" he said, smiling. He shoved it from the shore, and it became an island again.

Glooskap led the way to his wigwam.

"In all that you did, I helped," he said. "I saw you slay the chepichkam. I kept the toboggan from overturning!"

At the door, he paused.

"Go," he said to Keekwajoo, "dwell with magicians. You," he said to Kaktoogwasees, "live with your bride. If you have need, think of me and I will come!" Then he entered his wigwam.





NINETEENTH TALE

THE GOING OF GLOOSKAP

BUT the time came when Glooskap had to quit the world. Men were growing more evil; and they no longer obeyed or loved him. "Glooskap," they cried, "who is he?" And they mocked at him.

Such is the world's way.

Men and beasts spoke then one language; and the Abnakis even called the beasts and birds their brothers. This peace lasted while Glooskap was chief.

When they no longer loved Glooskap, men began

to hate one another. Then came wars. Everywhere were fighting and strife.

Glooskap sorrowed greatly. "I will forsake the land," he said at last. "The people weary me with their quarrels."

He made ready to go.

On the shore of the sea he got ready a feast; and to it he invited the people. The birds and beasts came also, for in those days they were as men. Glooskap welcomed all.

They ate, and there was much dancing and drumming. At last Glooskap stood up to speak.

"I go," he said, "into the west. Some day I will return!"

His stone canoe lay on the beach. Glooskap dragged it to the water and stepped in. He pushed off, singing.

From the shore, the people watched the canoe rising, falling, on the waves. Smaller it grew, until it was a dot on the water. The song became fainter, ceased. Silence fell on all.

In the west the sun had set. Twilight was falling.

Sadly the people turned to go, when a strange thing came to pass.

Men and beasts, who had spoken one language, found they could no longer understand one another. The people fled in fear to their wigwams. The beasts slunk to their dens. Never again were they to meet in council.

All knew, too late, that their friend had departed,

The snowy owl flew into the forest calling, "*Koo, koo, skoos*, — O, I am sorry!"

The loons go wailing up and down the land; and at night the wolves, Glooskap's servants, howl mournfully for their master.

Men and beasts now slay each other and are never happy. There will be no peace until Glooskap comes.





TWENTIETH TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE THREE SEEKERS

Not all men had forgotten Glooskap. Some, like the owl, loved him and mourned his going. Among these it was told that they who had need might yet find him; but the way to him was long and full of danger.

Three men were unhappy. Each had an evil in his life and knew not how to get rid of it. "Let us seek Glooskap," said one, at last. "He will help us!"

They left home in the spring, when birds were singing. All summer they journeyed, over rivers,

through forests. Fall came, and winter, and spring again; and they had not found Glooskap. They would not turn back.

At midsummer they came to a path, and following it came out by a river that widened into a lake.



The path went on around the lake. It was marked in places by blazed trees.

“There is a wigwam ahead!” said the men. “The trees are barked on the side towards us.”¹

They hastened on and came to a point of land that went out into the lake. They climbed a hill and saw white smoke rising at the end of the point. They made their way thither and found a wigwam.

They entered. A warrior sat at the right of the fireplace, smoking a pipe. An old woman was stirring a pot on the fire. A mat was at the left of the door, as if some one sat there.

¹ See Note 57.

“*Kwai*, — welcome !” said the warrior. He made a place for the strangers to sit, and offered them his pipe. He did not ask who they were.

As the men sat resting, they heard the splash of a paddle and a sound as of a canoe dragged up on the beach. The door-skin opened and a youth entered. He was slim, and his clothes fitted him neatly.

“Grandmother,” he called, “here is meat for you !”

The old woman tottered to the door and fetched in four beavers.

She brought her skinning knife and sat, to make the meat ready for the pot. But her eyes were weak, and her hands shook; and the knife fell from her grasp.

The warrior spoke. “Younger brother, you cut up the meat !”



The youth did so; and the old woman dropped

the pieces into a pot. When the pot had boiled, all supped.

The travelers rested many days in the wigwam. All this time the warrior asked them nothing.

Then a thing happened that showed them their hosts were not common folk.

The old woman had seemed to grow more aged every day. Her back became more and more bent; and her hands shook so that she could hardly stir the fire when it was low.



The travelers pitied her. "She will die," they thought.

One morning, as she bent over the fire, the warrior said, "Younger brother, bathe your grandmother's face with water!"

The youth fetched a bowl, filled it, and gave it to her.

As the water touched the old woman's face, a

change came over her. Her cheeks grew plump; her hair that had been white, became black and glossy, and her bent back grew straight.

From a bag, she brought out a garment of softest skins and put it on; and now she stood before them, a woman, young, sweet-faced, graceful. The travelers had never seen any one more lovely.

“The man is a magician,” they thought; and it awed them.

The warrior now spoke to them. “Who are you, and what do you seek?”

“We are Abnaki men,” they answered. “We seek Glooskap.”

“I am he!” said the warrior. His face changed as he spoke, and he grew younger. The others saw that he was indeed Glooskap.

The first of the travelers told his wish.

“I am a wicked man,” he said, “quick to anger;



and I speak ill of others. I long to be good, that men may love me !”

“I am poor,” said the second ; “I kill not enough meat to give my children. I want to be rich, that I may care for them !”

“I,” said the third, “am ugly, and my body is crooked. I long to be handsome, that all may welcome me when I come to their wigwams.”

Glooskap sat and thought. “You shall have as you ask,” he said at last.

He arose, and from his medicine bag brought three small boxes. He gave one to each of the travelers. “Do not open these,” he said, “until you come to your village !”

He also gave them suits of clothing, of softest skin, white and beautiful. “Put these on,” he said.

The travelers did so, casting away their own worn-out garments. They were now ready to depart.

“Where is your way home ?” Glooskap asked them.

"We do not know," they answered. "We were many months coming. We do not know our way back."

"I will guide you home," said Glooskap.

The next morning he put on his belt and led the men forth. Before noon, they came to the top of a mountain. Glooskap pointed to another mountain in the distance. "That," he said, "is near your home!"

At mid-afternoon, they came to the top of the other mountain. The men wondered to come to it so soon.

Glooskap stood and pointed with his finger. "There," he said, "is your village!"

The men looked, and saw they were in their own land.

Glooskap now left them. With happy hearts, the three Indians climbed down the mountain side. They reached home before sunset.

None knew them when they came to their wigwams, not even their kin. "Where did you get such rich clothes?" their friends asked them.

They told their story.

When they had ended, they opened their boxes. Within was a sweet-smelling ointment, which they rubbed over their flesh. A marvelous change then came over them.

He that was ugly and had a crooked back, became straight and handsome. He was welcomed in every wigwam.

He that was poor had his wish, and became rich. Moose and deer ran to him to be shot. Fish swarmed into his nets. He did not forget that he had been poor. He gave to all who had need.

He that was wicked became gentle and good. Of all, his blessing was greatest.





TWENTY-FIRST TALE

GLOOSKAP AND THE THREE MEN WHO BECAME PINES

THE story of the three travelers and their gifts made much noise in the land. It was told in every village, at every camp fire. Old men, listening, nodded their heads and said, "We did so in our youth!" The young men burned to do as the travelers had done.

Three brothers, hearing the story, were minded to go to Glooskap. They were stout lads, but vain and knowing little of the big world. "We can

do what others have done!" they boasted. And they set off.

They journeyed long and entered a land where no birds sang. They climbed a high mountain; to go down was even harder, for the mountain overhung a plain below. They reached the ground more dead than alive.

A little way on, they saw a thing to freeze their blood! Two great serpents lay with heads on either side of the road. The serpents hissed, darting out their tongues.

The brothers dared not go back. "We cannot climb the mountain!" they thought. Taking heart, they ran so swiftly between the serpents' heads, that the poisoned tongues did not touch them.

A worse thing was before them. It was a thick, heavy cloud, like a wall; and it rose and fell, rose and fell, crushing all beneath. No one knew when it would fall.

"We cannot go back!" thought the brothers again. As the cloud rose, they darted under. They came out just as it fell.

They now found themselves in Glooskap's land. They wondered to see it so fair.

They spied Glooskap's wigwam standing between two others.

All were of bark. Glooskap's was the tallest.

Glooskap welcomed the men and gave them a beaver's tail to eat.¹

They asked him who lived in the other lodges.

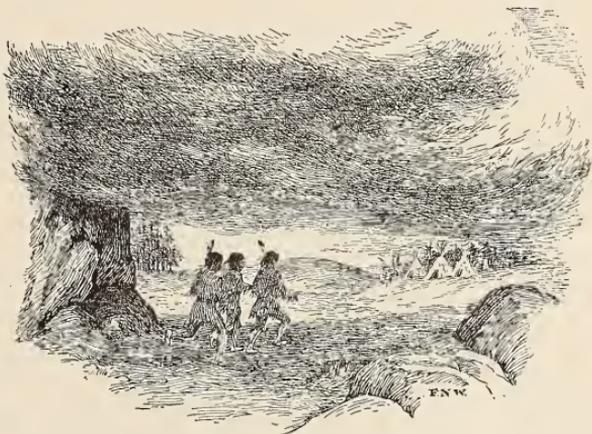
"My two friends," he answered.

When they had done eating, Glooskap led the men out to see his friends.

In the first wigwam was Koolpujot,² a strange man. He has no bones and cannot move himself. Twice a year Glooskap rolls him over, in spring toward the east; in autumn, toward the west.

¹ See Note 58.

² Kōōl-pū-jōt



Koolpujot's breath sweeps down forests. His look brings frost, hail, rain, sunshine.

All this means the seasons.

In the other wigwam dwelt Kookwa,¹ or Earth-



quake. This mighty man can rush along underground. He makes the earth tremble and shake at his power.

The brothers rested a few days. Glooskap then asked them, "What do you want?"

The first was a tall man, vain of his looks. His hair was combed high and was thick with bear's grease; and a turkey feather waved in his scalp lock.

"I wish," he said, "to be the tallest Indian in the world."

The second was pleased with Glooskap's land. "I should like to live here always!" he said.

¹ Kōōk-wā

“I want to live to a great age,” said the third, “and have good health!”

Glooskap looked at them gravely.

“You shall have as you wish,” he said, “but not, I fear, to your liking!”

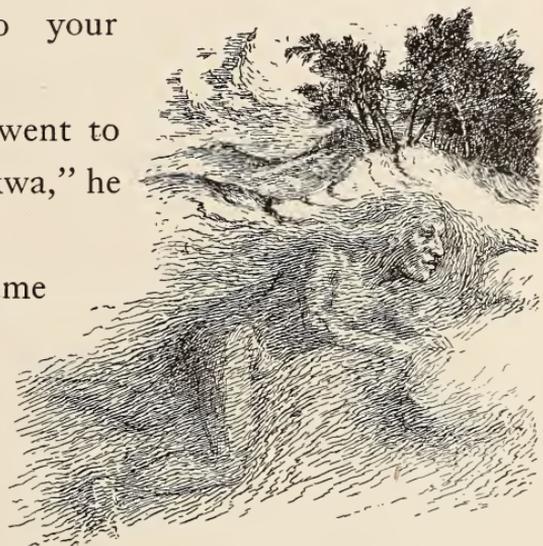
He arose and went to the door. “Kookwa,” he called, “come!”

Earthquake came out of his lodge, yawning mightily. He had been asleep.

“Take these men,” said Glooskap, “and set their feet in the ground!”

Kookwa led the brothers to the side of a knoll. One by one, he lifted them and stood them in a row, with their feet in the ground. They became three pine trees.

So each man had his wish.



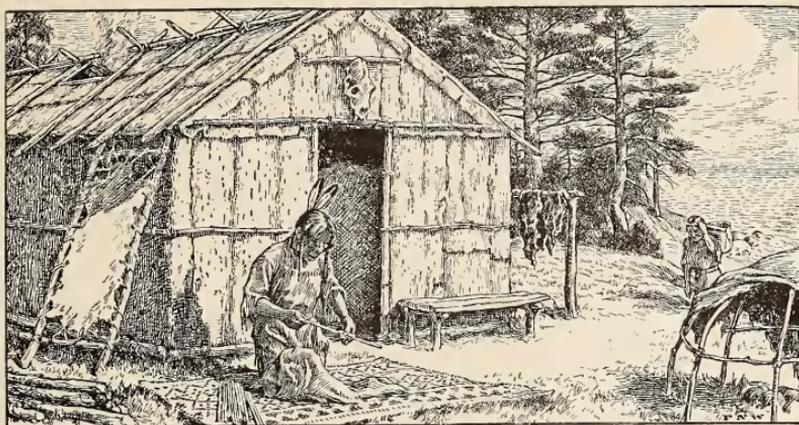
He that would be tall, lifts his head above all the forest trees. The turkey feather, now a tuft of green, waves in the wind. All day long, in the pine forests, the tree may be heard whispering :

“Oh, I am such a tall man ;
Oh, I am such a big Indian !”

The second, who would dwell in Glooskap's land, is there still. With his roots in the ground, he cannot leave.

The third, who would live long, has his wish. If the winds have not blown him down, he stands as Kookwa left him !





TWENTY-SECOND TALE

THE LAST BATTLE

GLOOSKAP still lives. His wigwam stands on an island far in the west. It is a long wigwam, and its door opens toward the sunrise, where the Abnakis dwell.

There Glooskap sits on a mat, and makes arrows. He sings strange songs as he works.

No one comes to his door. He will let none enter.

Already the wigwam is half full of arrows. When it is filled, Glooskap will come forth to make war. He has not forgotten the evil that men did him.

Many think he will slay all mankind. Others, very old men, say: "It is not so! He will slay the wicked. The good who die go to Glooskap's land. There live the Bear Woman and Abistanooch; and Glooskap's two dogs are with him, leaping and barking as of yore!"



GLOSSARY OF INDIAN NAMES

English equivalents are in *Italics*

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Ä-bis-tán-ōōch, | <i>Marten</i> ; name of Glooskap's adopted brother. |
| Äb-nâ-kī, | <i>East Folk</i> ; name given by other Algonkins to the tribes of New England and Nova Scotia. |
| Ät-ō-sīs, | <i>Snake</i> . |
| bōōch-kā-jōō, | <i>A bark basket</i> . |
| bōō-ō-īn, | A cannibal sorcerer. |
| Bōōt-ūp, | <i>Whale</i> . |
| chē-pīch-kām, | A fabulous horned serpent. |
| Glōōs-kāp, | <i>Deceiver</i> ; the Abnaki creator and demi-god. |
| Kāk-tōōg-wā-sēēs, | <i>Little Thunder</i> ; name of an Indian. |
| Kēēk-wā-jōō, | <i>Badger</i> ; name of an Indian. |
| Kīt-poos-ā-gūn-ō, | The name of a giant, Glooskap's friend. |
| kōō, kōō, skōōs, | <i>Oh, I am sorry</i> ; an exclamation. |
| Kōōk-wā, | <i>Earthquake</i> . |
| kōōk-wēēs, | A cannibal giant. |
| Kōōl-pū-jōt, | <i>He-who-is-rolled-over-with-hand-spikes</i> ; personification of the revolving seasons. |
| kūss, | <i>stop</i> ; an exclamation. |
| kwaī, | <i>welcome</i> ; an exclamation. |
| Kwē-mōō, | <i>Loon</i> . |

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Mál-sŭm, | <i>Wolf</i> ; the name of Glooskap's brother. |
| Méék-ō, | <i>Squirrel</i> . |
| mě-ga-sóo-wě-sōo, | An enchanter whose magic lies in a wooden flute. |
| Mík-chích, | <i>Turtle</i> ; the name of Glooskap's adopted uncle. |
| Móo-in, | <i>Bear</i> . |
| Pá-mō-la, | <i>Nighthawk</i> . |
| Pík-toók, | <i>Bubbling Air</i> ; name of a place on the coast of Nova Scotia. |
| Pó-gŭmk, | <i>Fisher</i> . The fisher is an animal of the weasel kind. |
| Pók-in-skwěss, | The name of a sorcerer. |
| Púl-ō-wěch, | <i>Partridge</i> . |
| Quá-bēet, | <i>Beaver</i> . |
| Téé-əm, | <i>Moose</i> . |
| té-pēe, | <i>A lodge</i> . |
| Tŭm-il-kóon-ta-wōo, | <i>Broken Wing</i> ; name of the wind eagle. |
| Ůk'-chí-gŭm-ō-ěch, | <i>Sea Duck</i> ; name assumed by a diver. |
| ŭk sáy, | <i>Oh, horrible!</i> an exclamation. |
| wéi-sŭm, | A fabulous beast. |
| Wé-jěk, | <i>Tree Partridge</i> ; Pulowech's cousin. |
| Wé-ya-děsk, | <i>Northern Light</i> ; name assumed by a runner. |
| Wín-pí, | The name of a sorcerer. |
| Wō-sóg-wō-děsk, | <i>Lightning Flash</i> ; name assumed by Keek-wajoo. |

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1, page 9; "An eagle's feather stood in his scalp lock." The tail feathers of the golden eagle were worn almost universally over North America. These feathers in eagles under two years of age are of a pure white, with dark brown or black tips, and are much prized. As the eagle grows older, the white parts of the plumes become a mottled brown, and are less valued.

A warrior earned his right to wear eagles' plumes. Their significance varied with the tribe. Among the Minitaris, an eagle feather in the hair meant, "I have been in battle and struck an enemy."

Eagle hunting was a highly honored occupation.

2, page 15; "to bury fish in their fields that the corn might grow." The custom of burying a fish in each hill of maize, to fertilize it, was taught our early Pilgrim fathers by the New England Indians.

3, page 16; "He called her his grandmother." That is, his grandmother by adoption. Grandmother and grandfather are terms of respect.

4, page 16; "Glooskap called him his younger brother." His adopted younger brother. The terms *elder* and *younger* also indicate rank. The elder has precedence. Indian etiquette is well defined.

5, page 20; "and he made a fire by his brother's grave." An Algonkin custom to light the ghost on its four days' journey to the spirit land.

6, page 21; "He covered it with bark sewed in wide strips." There were several of these strips stretching around the wigwam, and overlapping like shingles. They were held in place by overlying poles, bound to the tent poles beneath. When camp was moved, only the bark strips were taken. On the prairies, where wood was scarce, the tent poles were often borne along with the moving camp.

7, page 23; "Glooskap had two wonderful dogs." Before white men came, the Indians had but one domestic animal, the dog. He was used in hunting, as a watch dog, and as a beast of burden. The parboiled flesh of a young dog is thought a delicacy by some tribes.

8, page 23; "A wooden platter lay in the bottom of the canoe." With a piece of flint for a knife, the Indians carved beautiful bowls or platters of wood. A large knot was split from the trunk of a tree, and the bowl painfully worked into shape. Such bowls were used for feast bowls and to toss dice in gaming.

9, page 24; "It may be he did so to gain power." That is, supernatural power, magic power. No Indian started off to war without first seeking *power* of the spirits.

10, page 27; "She is smoking Glooskap's pipe." A whale, coming up and blowing the vapor-laden air from its lungs, sends up a fine spray, not unlike smoke; hence this curious myth.

11, page 28; "She begged Glooskap to fetch her some firewood." This was woman's work. We may suspect that the witch sought to humble Glooskap.

12, page 29; "warmed Glooskap some broth." The light broth in which dried meat is boiled is used as a hot drink. It is merely beef tea.

13, page 31; "The old man was a *booöin*." A *booöin* is a sorcerer or conjurer, especially an evil conjurer who eats human flesh; our word *powwow* is a slightly altered form of the word.

14, page 33; "marks scratched upon it told Glooskap all he needed to know." The eastern tribes were skillful at picture writing. Messages in pictographic signs are still exchanged by older Indians.

15, page 34; "but his clothes were good." The sleek coat of the marten, as of all members of the weasel family, will hardly reveal the starved condition of its owner.

16, page 38; "Glooskap came upon a town of many lodges." These, of course, were the loons' nests.

17, page 41; "Come and sit back of the fire." The place of honor in a wigwam is back of the fireplace.

18, page 43; "Glooskap laid a great belt of wampum beads on his arm." Wampum beads were cut out of shells. To cut one bead was a day's labor. Beads were of two colors, white and blue. They were used as a rude form of money.

19, page 47; "They will ask you to play a game of ball." Our game of lacrosse is derived from a form of the Indians' game of ball.

20, page 49; "you must hang in the smoke." This amusing part of the myth is perhaps suggested by the custom of smoking meat over the wigwam fire.

21, page 50; "while the women dried meat." Meat for winter was sliced thin and dried on scaffolds in the open air, or over a slow fire. The dried meat was packed away in skin bags.

22, page 52; "and soon came upon a fat cow moose." The flesh of the cow is more esteemed, because more tender. The buffalo-hunting Indians, unless game was scarce, hunted only cows.

23, page 54; "All night they danced by the firelight." Indians will often dance and sing an entire night. Singing and dancing were marks of rejoicing, especially at the death of an enemy.

24, page 64; "Glooskap and the giant sat, smoking and telling tales." Telling tales was a common way of passing the evening, especially in late autumn and winter. Among some tribes it was forbidden to tell the tribal myths or to talk of the spirits in summer, when nature was *alive*.

25, page 69; "boochkajoo, or bark basket." Baskets for carrying objects on the back were common in all the tribes. A thong from the basket passed over the carrier's forehead or shoulders.

26, page 73; "They met in a long lodge." Lodges, built long to hold a large company, are still found among the Chippewas. In shape they are not unlike an old-fashioned covered wagon, or prairie schooner.

27, *page 75*; "She . . . sat down between two witches, the Toad Woman and the Porcupine Woman." These witches were in human shape.

28, *page 83*; "strapped in a cradle, like a babe." An Indian babe was kept strapped in his cradle until about a year old. On the march, the cradle was borne on the mother's back, held by a thong across her forehead or shoulders. A wooden bow, bent around in front of the baby's face, protected him in case of a fall. To this bow, playthings were tied; or thongs, to protect the babe from mosquitoes.

We suspect Abistanooch was in his totemic, or animal shape.

29, *page 85*; "and wedge." Wedges for splitting wood were commonly used by the Indians. They were made of wood, of a piece of deer's antler, or of a buffalo horn.

For a buffalo horn wedge, the horn was dipped in marrow fat and held over a fire until soft; a piece of ash wood was then driven into the hollow horn, straightening it. With such rude tools, trees of considerable size were split, and even made into planks.

30, *page 87*; "Pulowech." Pulowech is Micmac for the partridge or ruffed grouse.

31, *page 98*; "weisum." A fabulous beast, owned by booöins and sorcerers.

The struggle between Meeko and the weisum is a test of their masters' magic.

32, *page 100*; "Calmly he sat in the bow, singing." Singing a magic song to call the spirits to aid him.

33, *page 106*; "They handed the pipe around." Indians smoke by inhaling into the lungs and expelling through the nostrils. Each smoker inhales a few whiffs, and passes the pipe to the next in the circle. Only the tips of the lips are pressed to the stem of the pipe; it is never taken into the mouth.

34, *page 115*; "the little marten had a flute." The flute is a rude wooden instrument, pierced with holes, and blown from the end like a fife. Simple melodies may be played upon it.

35, *page 116*; "It was the month for making maple sugar." Maple sap runs the latter part of February and the first of March. Our art of making maple sugar was learned of the Abnaki Indians.

36, *page 117*; "A bark kettle full of boiling sap hung over the fire." Such kettles were made until recently by the Chippewas. A fire of wood was let burn until the blaze died down, when the kettle was swung close to the coals, but not touching them.

37, *page 119*; "he put parched corn in a pouch." Travelers often carried a lunch of parched corn. A ball of pounded parched corn or sunflower meal was carried as an emergency ration by Minitari warriors.

38, *page 123*; "to the watering place." An Indian village was always pitched near a stream or lake. A place was commonly set apart as a watering place where the village maidens came to fill their kettles, gossip, and visit. The young men, dressed in their gayest, often came down to help their sweethearts fill their kettles.

39, page 129; "and shouting his warwhoop." There is really no such thing as a warwhoop, as white people usually understand it. Indians when excited shout or yell, just as white men do. A German shouts *hoch*, an Englishman shouts *hurrah*, and Americans have their yell heard on many a football field. Indians have their yell also.

40, page 129; "And lo, the village disappeared." Leland thinks that Glooskap here represents the rays of the vernal sun piercing the spirit of the frozen river.

41, page 132; "the world was now growing wicked." The Indian had no clear conception of sin as the Christian has; but he had a horror of ingratitude.

42, page 135; "he burned to know what was in it." Indians have a high regard for self-control. No vice is more severely condemned than idle curiosity.

43, page 137; "With a cry weird as the sound." The night hawk has the habit of swooping to earth with a prolonged booming sound made by the vibrating quills of the wings.

44, page 139; "They entered as Indians do without knocking." But a polite cough may be given just outside the door, by an entering visitor. The Mandans and Minitaris hung hollow buffalo hoofs to the skin door of the lodge; these made a rattling noise when the door opened.

45, page 139; "The old grandmother was scouring a pot with rushes." Rushes were widely used for scouring and polishing. The author owns a bow polished and smoothed with these rushes, as with emery paper.

46, *page 139*; "He had his robe drawn about his knees as he sat." Indians had no chairs. Often the robe was drawn about the knees and around the hips, bracing the back as one sat.

47, *page 141*; "Glooskap lent him a porcupine tail for a hairbrush." The skin of a porcupine's tail was mounted on a stick with the ends of the quills clipped or burned off, and used as a hair brush. Such brushes are still in use.

48, *page 141*; "and a magic hairstring." These hairstrings were often profusely ornamented with wampum beads.

49, *page 143*; "In the evening he made them a feast." This was a proper thing to do when distinguished strangers came to the village. The Abnakis had the custom of requiring every guest to eat all the food given him; if unable to do this, the guest must hire some one present to help him empty his bowl.

50, *page 144*; "fetch me the chepichkam's head." The chepichkam was a fabulous horned serpent with supernatural powers.

51, *page 145*; "The chief's son brought out two toboggans." The Indian sledge, or toboggan, is made of two thin boards curving upward at the forward end, and bound side by side with thongs. It is drawn by hand or with dogs. The toboggan is especially useful on ground that is irregular and uneven; and it glides easily over soft snow where a sled with runners would sink and become clogged. Coasting on a toboggan was a favorite winter sport with the Indians.

52, page 146; "Keekwajoo turned his toboggan a little out of the path." He did this by dragging one foot in the snow on the side toward which he wished to turn.

53, page 147; "Keekwajoo put it in his medicine bag." The medicine bag was a pouch, often worn about the person, and containing the Indian's "medicine" or sacred object.

54, page 149; "and his body trembled and quivered." In this myth, the two runners personify lightning and the northern light. Indians believe the world to be a great island; to go around the world would mean to pass quite around the island's circumference. This the lightning easily does, as may be seen in any storm, when the lightning flashes about the whole circuit of the heavens. The aurora borealis, or northern light, is seen only in the northern half of the sky; and it has a curious quivering, trembling motion, quite unlike the bold, strong flash of lightning.

55, page 150; "Men call me Kwemoo, or Loon." The loon is a more powerful diver than the sea duck.

56, page 152; "only his head was seen above the ground." To dance a trench in the ground was the severest test of Abnaki magic.

57, page 160; "The trees are barked on the side towards us." When trees were blazed, it was on the side *from* the wigwam, that the blazed marks might be seen by one coming *toward* the wigwam.

58, page 169; "and gave them a beaver's tail to eat." Beaver's tail is a delicacy among the Indians.



SUPPLEMENT

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN CAMP

YOUNG folks who want to grow up strong and healthy should live, like the Indians, a great deal out of doors; and there is no pleasanter way to do this than in an Indian camp. Such a camp you should learn to make; it may be pitched in a field or wood, in a park, or in your back yard.

THE TENT

The Indians made many kinds of lodges. The commonest is a tent of poles, covered with skins or bark. In the West, a skin-covered tent is called a tepee.¹

Of late years, tepees have been covered with canvas, for skins are now hard to get; but the pattern of the cover is unchanged.

A tepee, ten feet high, big enough for four boys, is easily made. Study the pattern designs on the next page.

Sew strips of eight-ounce duck into a rectangular sheet, twenty feet long by ten feet wide.

¹ té-pēē

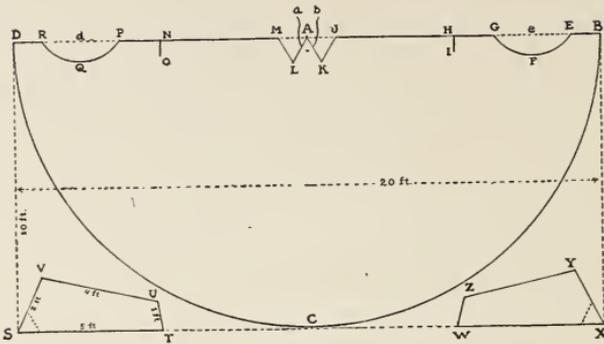


FIG. 1.

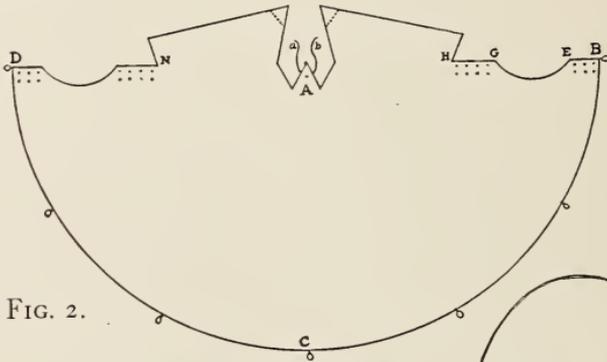


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

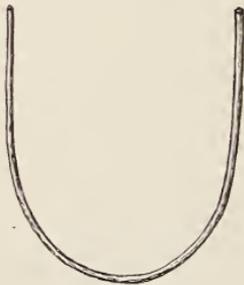


FIG. 4.

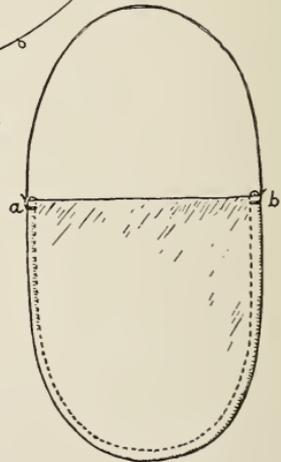


FIG. 5.

With scissors, cut out a semicircular piece, *BCD*, in Fig. 1; *AB*, *AC*, and *AD* should measure each ten feet.

Cut out triangular pieces *AKJ* and *ALM*; *JK*, *AK*, *AL*, and *LM* should measure each one foot.

Cut the slits *NO* and *HI*, each six inches in length.

The pieces *STUV* and *WXYZ* are for smoke flaps; *ST* should measure five feet; *UV*, four feet; *VS*, two feet; and *TU*, one foot. Like measurements apply to *WXYZ*.

At *S* and *X*, in the smoke flaps, sew small, three-cornered pieces for pockets.

Sew the smoke flaps to the cover so that *UV* is fitted to *NM*, and *ZY* to *HJ*. The pockets of the smoke flaps should lie on the weather side of the cover.

Cut out the segments *EFG* and *PQR* for the door; *GE* and *PR* should measure two and one half feet each; and *EB* and *DR*, one foot each. The depth of each segment, *Qd* and *Fe*, should be seven inches.

Above and below the door, between *H* and *B*, and *N* and *D*, make a double row of holes, three

inches apart; they are for the lacing pins, and should be worked like button holes.

The thong, *ab*, is drawn through the triangular piece *A*, and tied or sewed fast.

All edges of the cover are now neatly hemmed.

Around the circular edge sew loops of canvas or stout cord to receive the tent pins; or better, get loops and eyes of some tent maker.

The cover will now appear as in Fig. 2.

For the frame, twelve poles will be needed. They should be twelve feet long and two and a half inches in diameter at the lower end, tapering slightly toward the top. The lower ends should be somewhat sharpened.

Lacing pins are ten inches long and one half inch thick. If cut green, they should be peeled of bark, except an inch near each end, Fig. 3.

For the door, bend a small green rod in the shape of a horseshoe, Fig. 4; cover with canvas, drawing edges over the rod and binding down, as in Fig. 5; at *a* and *b*, a cord is fastened to serve as a hinge.

SETTING UP THE TENT

There are two ways of setting up the tepee frame, called the three-pole and the four-pole ties. The

three-pole tie, used by the Mandans, is perhaps the simpler.

Lay three poles on the ground as in Fig. 6, and bind firmly, two feet from the top.

The poles are set up in a tripod, Fig. 7, for the skeleton frame. Poles *A* and *B*, in front and spread apart, will inclose the door.

Positions of the other seven poles of the frame are shown in the ground diagram, Fig. 8. *A*, *B*, and *C* are the three poles of the skeleton frame. Poles *D*, *E*, and *F*, on the left, and *G*, *H*, and *I*, on the right, are raised in the order named. The rope or lariat *L*, Figs. 7 and 8, used for tying the skeleton frame, has been left hanging. This lariat is now drawn out through the door, between poles *A* and *B*, is carried quite around the frame, and is drawn tight about the tie.

The pole *J* in the rear of the tent is the last to be placed. On this pole the canvas cover is raised.

Lay the cover on the ground, weather side up, and fold once over. Lay down the pole *J*, and tie the cover to it by the cord *ab*, Fig. 9, two feet from the top.

Pole *J* with the cover is then raised in place between *C* and *F*. Before the cover is drawn, the

FIG. 6.

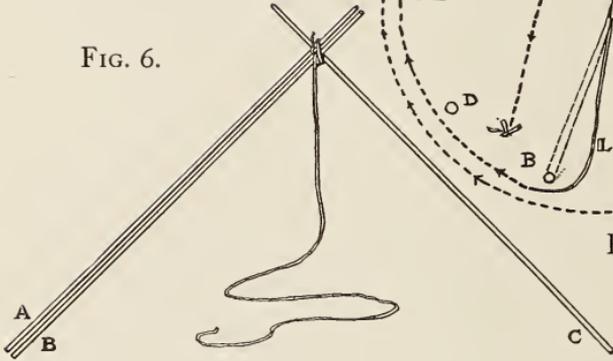


FIG. 8.

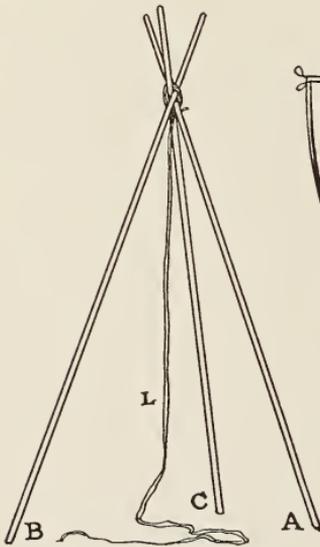
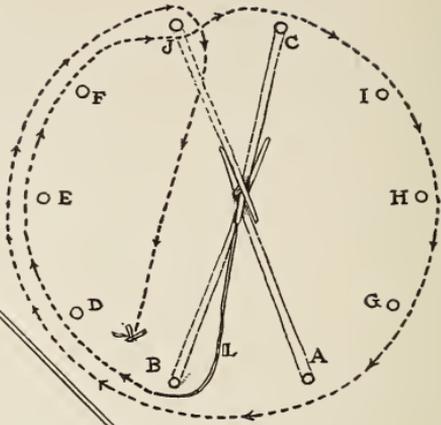


FIG. 7.

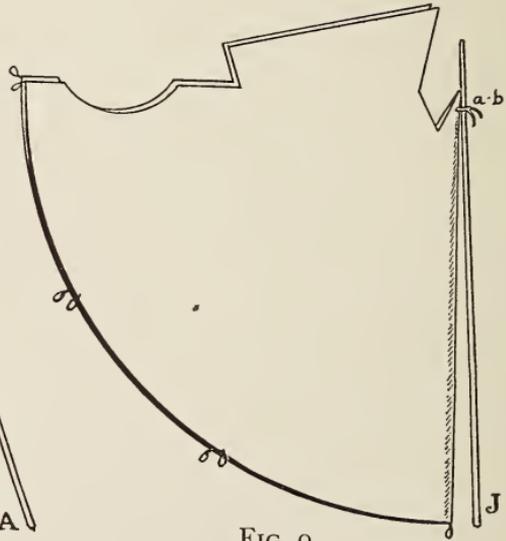


FIG. 9.

lariat *L* is carried to the rear of the tent, around pole *J*, back into the tent again between *J* and *C*, and anchored firmly to a pin. Figure 10 shows the anchored frame. (Pole *J* is raised, but the tent cover is omitted in the figure.)

The tent cover is now drawn around the frame and laced. The loops at the lower edge of the cover are secured to the ground by tent pins, driven in aslant. The door is hung over one of the lacing pins.

Two poles are yet unused. They are raised and their upper ends are thrust into the pockets of the smoke flaps. By means of these poles, the smoke flaps may be propped down wind, so that the smoke may not be driven down the smoke hole. In wet weather, the smoke flaps may by the same means be folded over the smoke hole.

The tent, set up and ready, is shown in Fig. 11.

ANCHORING THE TENT

The object of pinning down the lariat *L* is to anchor the tent against the wind. The anchoring pin should be driven on the windward side of the fireplace.

The lariat may be anchored by one or two pins. A two-pin anchor is shown in Fig. 12.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

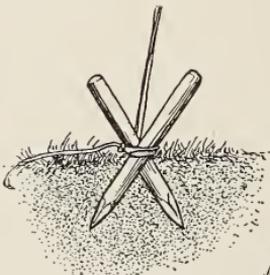


FIG. 12.

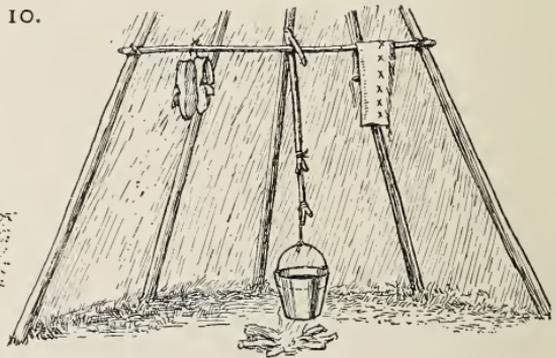


FIG. 13.

THE FIREPLACE

The fireplace is in the center of the tent, under the smoke hole. In summer, the fire may be made outside of the tent.

An Indian is rather sparing of fuel. Two or three sticks are laid each with an end in the fire; as the ends burn away, the sticks are pushed in. A small hot fire of coals results. When cooking is over, the sticks may be drawn apart and their ends buried in ashes. This keeps the coals alive for the next meal.

An Indian woman often keeps a goose or turkey wing to fan the fire, and brush the hearth clean.

A drying pole may be hung over the fire, lashed at either end to a tent pole. On this may be dried clothing, or shoes. The camp pot may be swung from it by a cord and a wooden hook, Fig. 13.

If cooking is done out of doors, a tripod is useful. Three saplings are bound together at the upper ends, and a wooden hook swung beneath, as in Fig. 14. By spreading the legs of the tripod, the pot may be lowered to any height.

In Figs. 15 and 16 are shown two ways of making a spit. Fig. 16 is much used by Indian hunters.

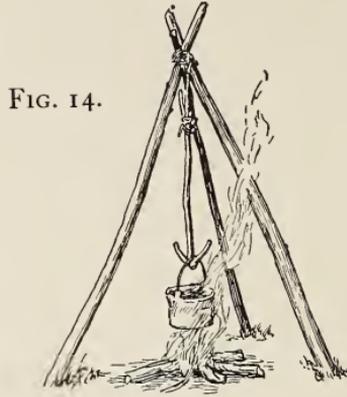


FIG. 14.



FIG. 15.



FIG. 16.

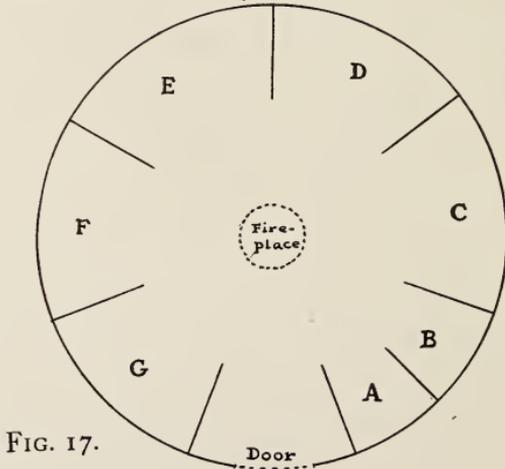


FIG. 17.

INSIDE OF THE TENT

Each member of an Indian family has his place in the tent to rest and sleep; for this reason, when a stranger comes to an Indian's tent, he stands waiting within the door, until the owner makes a place for him and invites him to sit down.

Figure 17 is the floor of a tent occupied by four boys. The floor is divided into sections, as an Indian would divide it.

In *A* are the pots, pans, and dishes, neatly covered with a cloth or paper. The water bucket should stand here, also covered.

In *B* all unused foods should be stored, in a box if possible.

C is the bed of the eldest boy. When not in use, blankets may be rolled up against the wall and serve for a seat.

D is the bed of the second boy; *E*, of the third boy; *F*, of the youngest boy. Beds lie head to head, and foot to foot.

At *G*, wood is piled for the night, if the weather is stormy. In fair weather, the wood is piled outside.

If a guest is to be entertained, room should be made for him between *D* and *E*; for Indians hold

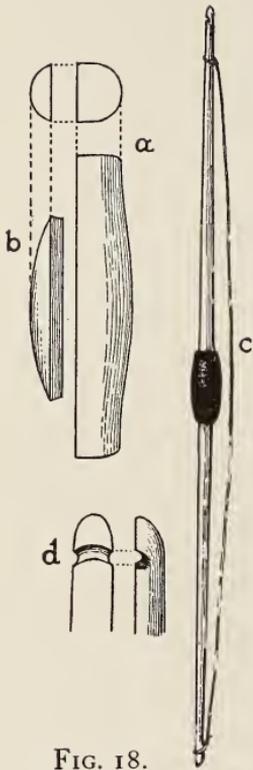


FIG. 18.



FIG. 19.

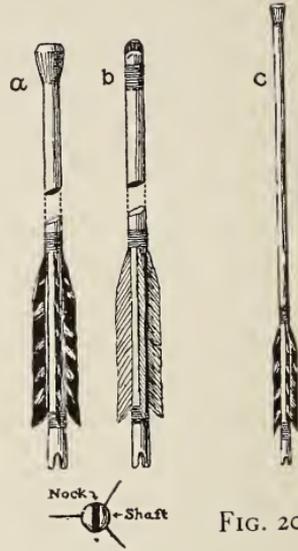


FIG. 20.

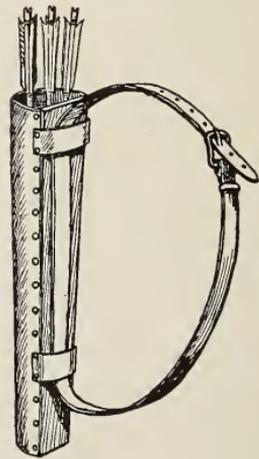


FIG. 21.

the part of the tepee back of the fire to be the place of chief honor.

ARCHERY

No camp is complete without archery; but every boy should make his own bow and arrows.

A bow may be made of seasoned mulberry, ash, sassafras, or hickory. The bow staff should be straight, without knot or flaw. It should be four inches longer than the boy's own height.

Shave the bow into shape with a plane, making the back flat, the front round, as *a*, in Fig. 18. Cut nocks, *d*, Fig. 18, at the ends with a round file.

Against the flat back, in the very center of the bow, glue a small pine block, four inches long, shaped like *b*, Fig. 18, and stay it in place with a few wrappings of flax. Cover neatly with a piece of plush, sewed on or glued. This is for the handle.

Varnish, or rub with boiled linseed oil.

The completed bow is shown in *c*, Fig. 18.

THE BOWSTRING

The bowstring is made of thirty strands of shoemaker's thread. Take ten threads, wax with bees' wax and twist into a cord, *twisting from you*. When three such ten-stranded cords are made, twist them

into one, *twisting toward you*. This will be your bowstring.

At one end, make a fixed loop, or eye, large enough to run easily on the upper arm of your bow. The other end of the string is tied fast with a bowyer's knot, or timber hitch, Fig. 19.

The bowstring should be whipped with silk along the middle where it is drawn by the fingers.

Keep your bowstring well waxed with bees' wax.

ARROWS

Arrows may be planed round, or shaved, from half inch strips of pine or hickory. They should be twenty-five or twenty-six inches long for boys, twenty-eight inches long for adults; and three eighths of an inch thick. The shaft must be straight.

The head may be left blunt; or the shaft may be split for a half inch, with a fine saw; and a bit of hoop iron may be inserted, and fixed with glue and a wrapping of fine wire. See *a* and *b*, Fig. 20.

There should be three feathers, taken from the same wing of a goose or turkey. Feathers may be cut from the shaft of the plume with a knife; or the aftershaft with its attached barbs may be stripped off with the fingers.

Glue feathers to the shaft of the arrow and trim evenly. A little silk and glue may be used to bind the upper and lower ends of the feathers to the shaft, *c*, Fig. 20.

A nock should be filed in the feather end of the shaft to receive the bowstring.

QUIVER

A good quiver is shown in Fig. 21. The back is made of a thin board, the floor of a half circular block; a piece of thick leather is nailed to the edges, with brass nails.

A belt passes over the right shoulder and under the left arm.

BRACING AND SHOOTING

To brace the bow, rest the lower end against the right foot; grasp the handle of the bow with the right hand, and push the eye of the bowstring into the nock with the left hand, Fig. 22.

The arrow is laid on the bowstring, and drawn with the first three fingers of the right hand. The shaft is held between the first and second fingers, Fig. 23. Draw until the root of your thumb touches your right ear, and loose.

The arrow should be drawn on the left of the bow.

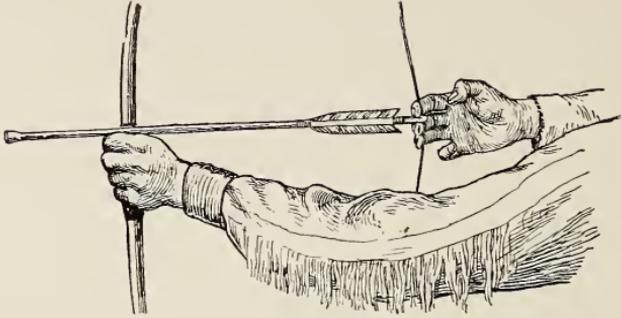


FIG. 23.



FIG. 22.

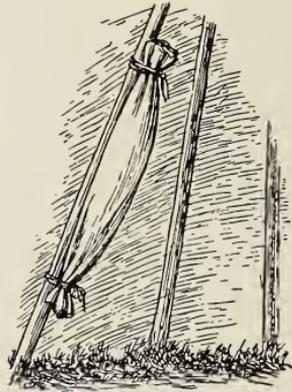


FIG. 24.

HINTS TO YOUNG CAMPERS

Do not throw away bits of refuse food ; burn or bury them. Bury all tin cans.

Bury potatoes in sand or loose earth, to keep them fresh.

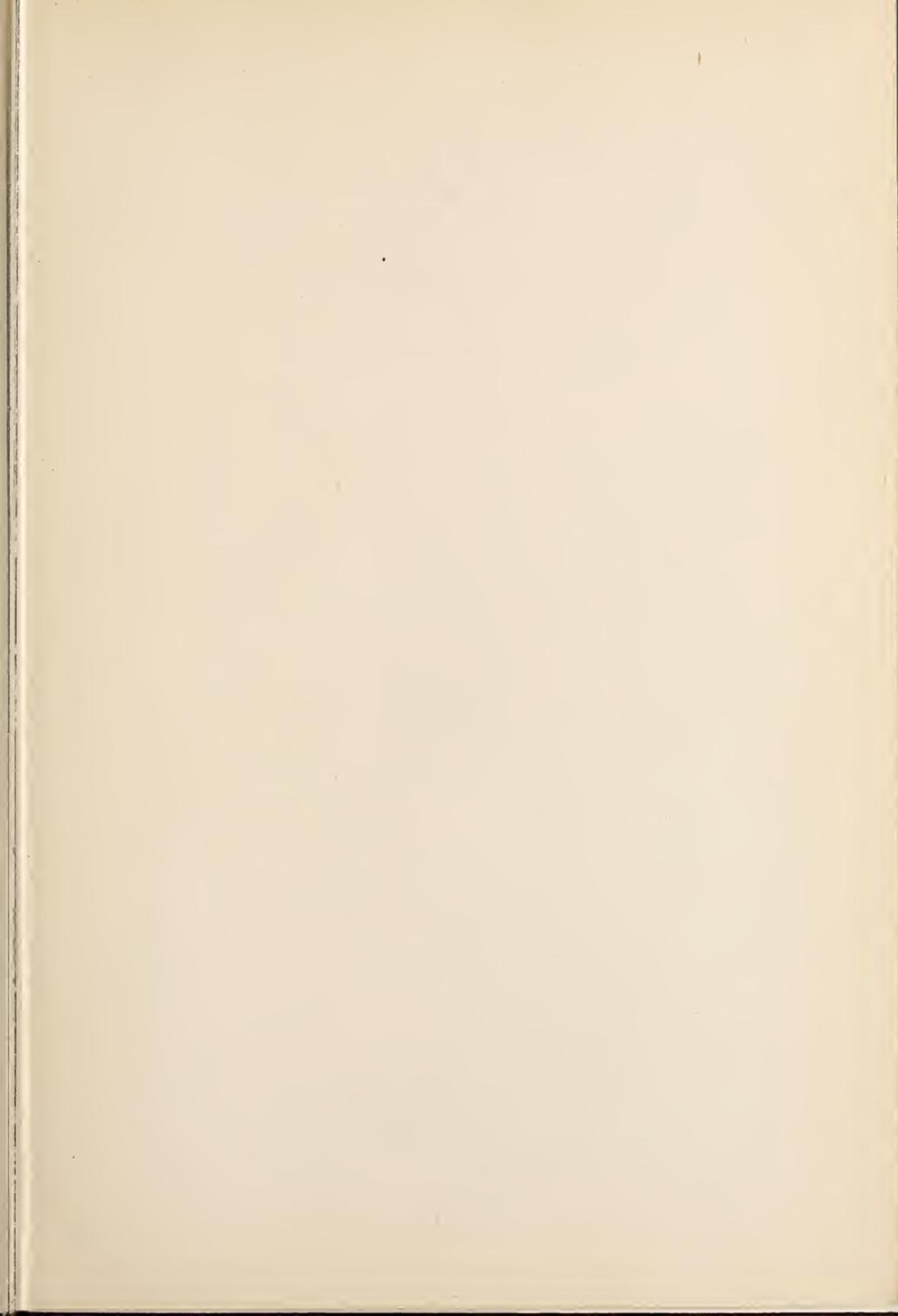
Air your bed clothing and blankets every day.

Bows and arrows, shoes, clothing, and the like may be stored out of the way by making them into a long bundle, and lashing them to one of the tent poles, as shown in Fig. 24.

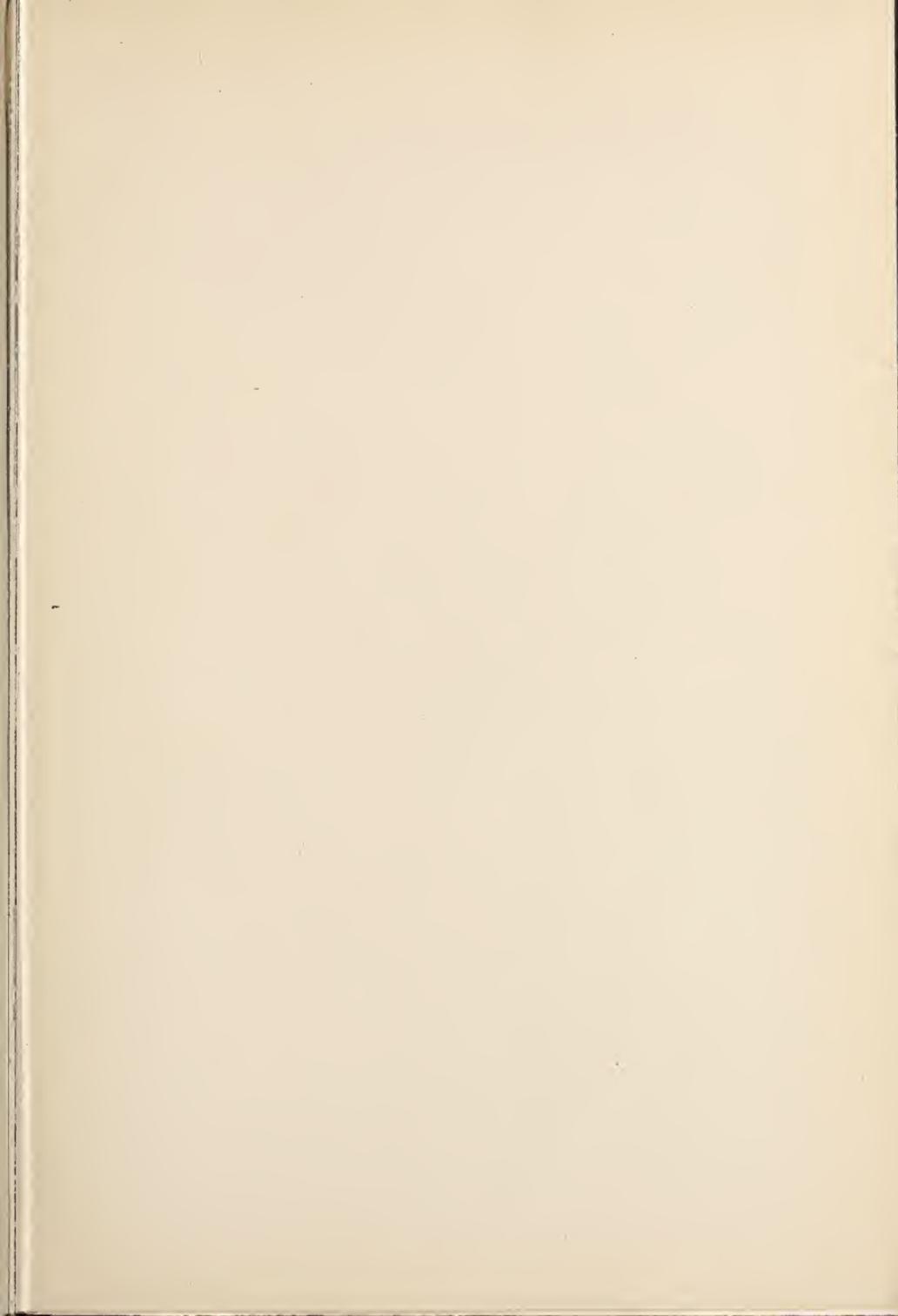
Indians had no soap. Pots were scoured out with rushes. Your camp kettle and dishes may be cleaned in the same way ; if no rushes can be found, use coarse grass, dipped in a little wet sand, and drench with water.

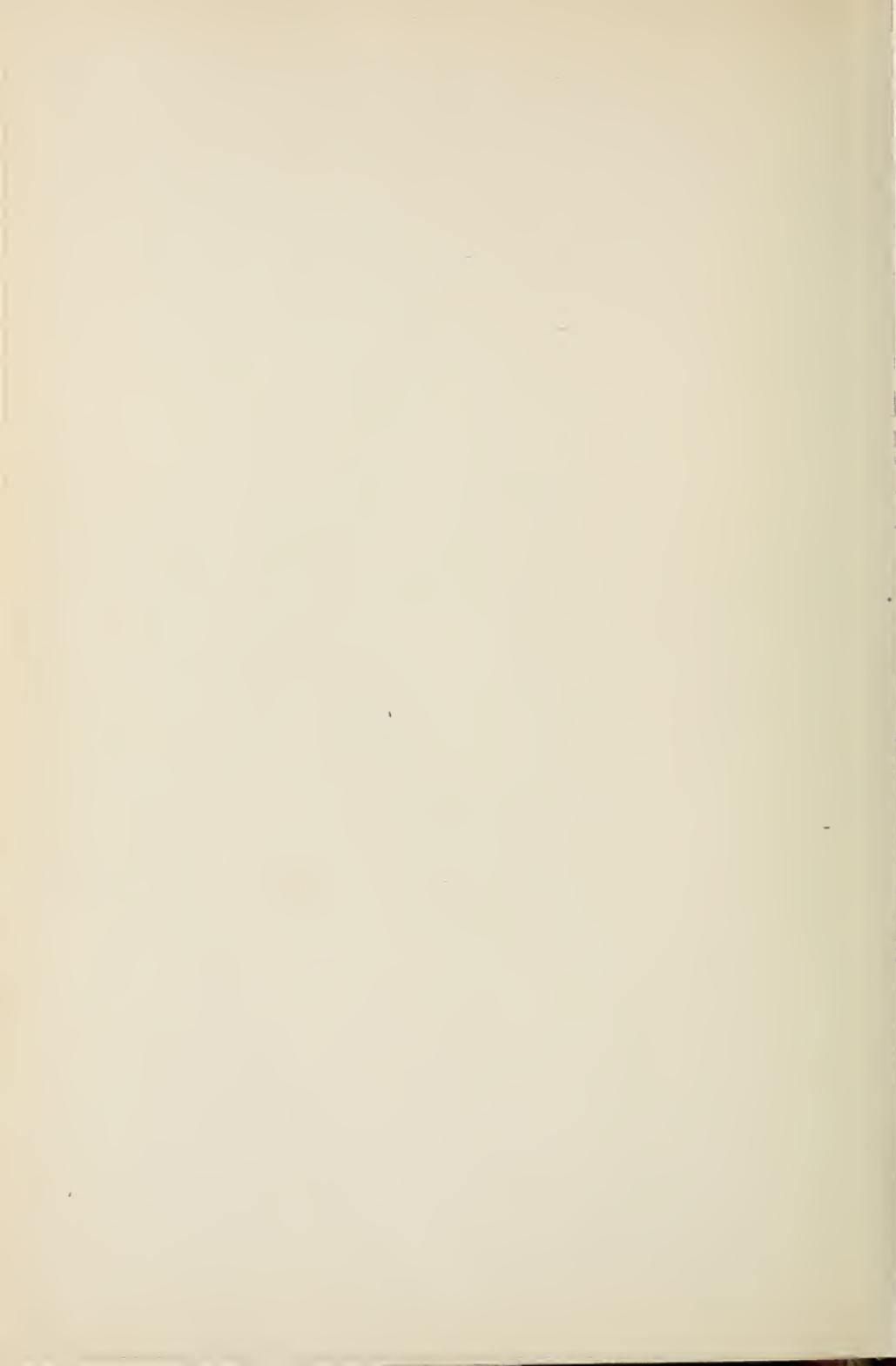
A camp in your back yard is nearly as good as one in the forest.



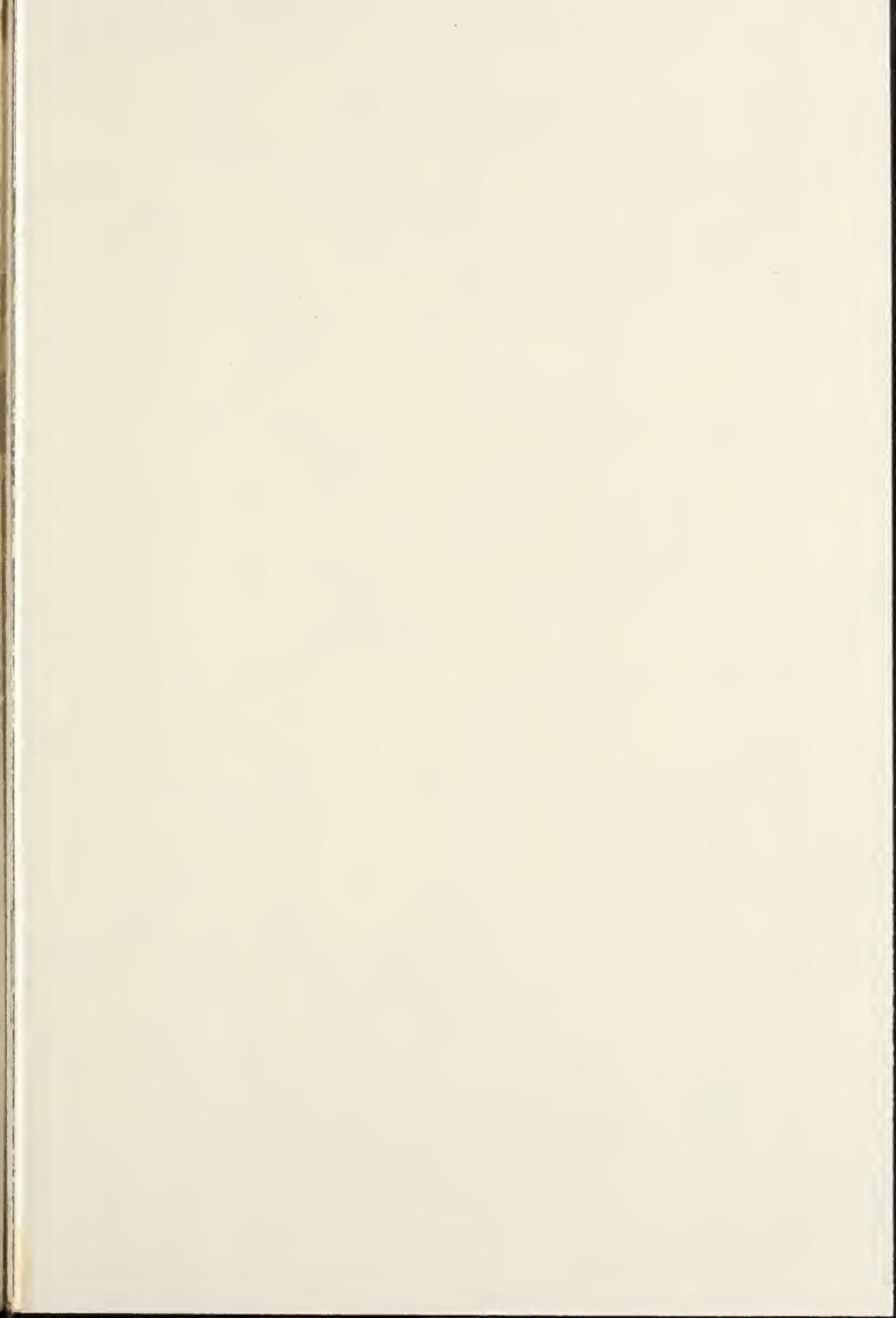




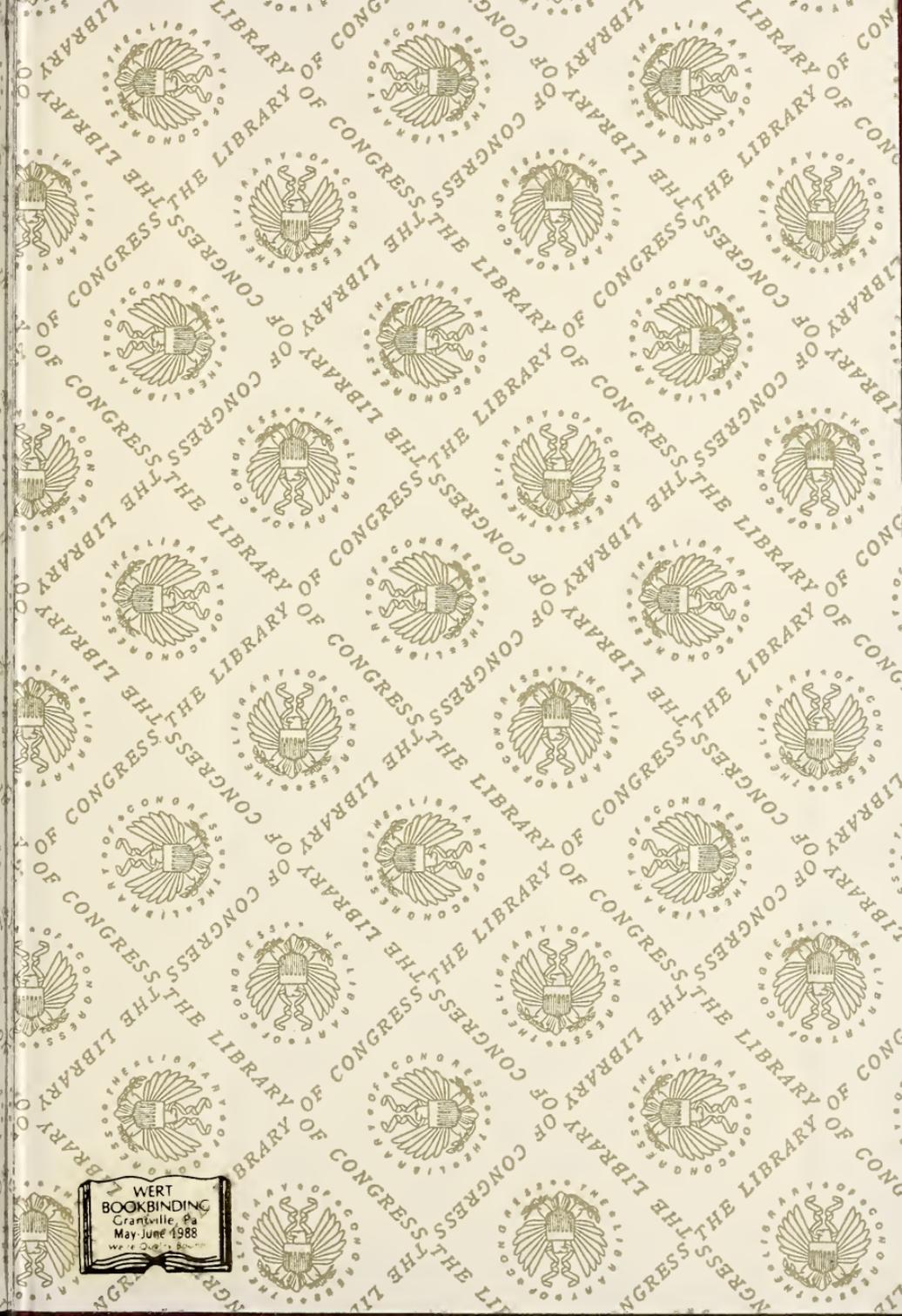












WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
May-June 1988
W 1 2 1 1 8

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 426 717 8

