

**FOLK-LORE AND
LEGENDS; NORTH
AMERICAN INDIAN**

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Folk-lore and legends; North American Indian by Anonymous

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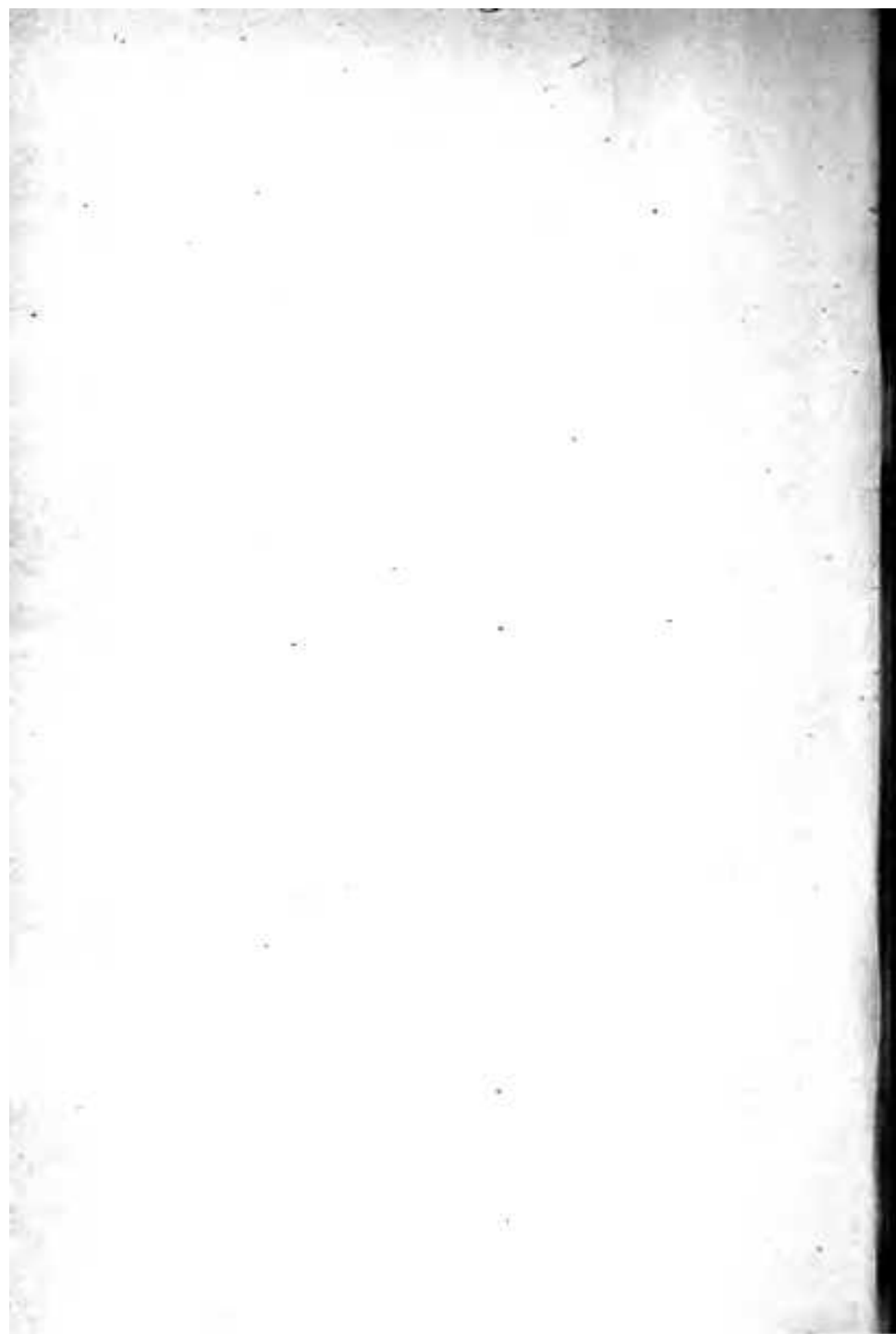
W. W. GIBBINGS

18 BURY ST., LONDON, W.C.

1890

PREFATORY NOTE.

It might have been expected that the Indians of North America would have many Folklore tales to tell, and in this volume I have endeavoured to present such of them as seemed to me to best illustrate the primitive character and beliefs of the people. The belief, and the language in which it is clothed, are often very beautiful. Fantastic imagination, magnanimity, moral sentiment, tender feeling, and humour are discovered in a degree which may astonish many who have been apt to imagine that advanced civilisation has much to do with the possession of such qualities. I know of nothing that throws so much light upon Indian character as their Folk-tales.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Moowis,	1
The Girl who Married the Pine-tree,	9
A Legend of Manabozho,	11
Paupjukkeewis,	15
The Discovery of the Upper World,	33
The Boy who Snared the Sun,	37
The Maid in the Box,	41
The Spirits and the Lovers,	45
The Wonderful Rod,	54
The Funeral Fire,	56
The Legend of O-na-wut-a-qut-o,	63
Manabozho in the Fish's Stomach,	69
The Sun and the Moon,	72
The Snail and the Beaver,	75
The Strange Guests,	79
Manabozho and his Toe,	88
The Girl who Became a Bird,	90
The Undying Head,	92
The Old Chippeway,	113
Mukumik ! Mukumik ! Mukumik !	116
The Swing by the Lake,	119

	PAGE
The Fire Plume,	123
The Journey to the Island of Souls,	129
Machinitou, the Evil Spirit,	134
The Weman of Stone,	144
The Maiden who Loved a Fish,	147
The Lone Lightning,	151
Aggo-dah-gauda,	154
Piqua,	158
The Evil Maker,	177
Manabozho the Wolf,	179
The Man-fish,	186

MOOWIS.

IN a large village there lived a noted belle, or Ma-mon-dá-go-Kwa, who was the admiration of all the young hunters and warriors. She was particularly admired by a young man who, from his good figure and the care he took in his dress, was called the Beau-Man, or Ma-mon-dá-gin-in-e. This young man had a friend and companion whom he made his confidant.

"Come," said he one day, in a sportive mood, "let us go a-courting to her who is so handsome, perhaps she may fancy one of us."

She would, however, listen to neither of them; and when the handsome young man rallied her on the coldness of her air, and made an effort to overcome her indifference, she repulsed him with the greatest contempt, and the young man retired confused and abashed. His sense of pride was deeply wounded, and he was the more piqued because he had been thus treated in the presence of others, and this affair had been noised about in the village, and became the talk of every lodge circle. He was,

Indian.

besides, a very sensitive man, and the incident so preyed upon him that he became moody and at last took to his bed. For days he would lie without uttering a word, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and taking little or no food. From this state no efforts could rouse him. He felt abashed and dishonoured even in the presence of his own relatives, and no persuasions could induce him to rise, so that when the family prepared to take down the lodge to remove he still kept his bed, and they were compelled to lift it from above his head and leave him upon his skin couch. It was a time of general removal and breaking up of the camp, for it was only a winter hunting-camp, and as the season of the hunt was now over, and spring began to appear, his friends all moved off as by one impulse to the place of their summer village, and in a short time all were gone, and he was left alone. The last person to leave him was his boon companion and cousin, who had been, like him, an admirer of the forest belle. The hunter disregarded even his voice, and as soon as his steps died away on the creaking snow the stillness and solitude of the wilderness reigned around.

As soon as all were gone, and he could no longer, by listening, hear the remotest sound of the departing camp, the Beau-Man arose.

Now this young man had for a friend a powerful guardian spirit or personal manito, and he resolved, with this spirit's aid, to use his utmost power to punish and humble the girl, for she was noted in her tribe for her coquetry, and had treated many