# TALES OF THE BARK LODGES

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#### BERTRAND N. O. WALKER

# TALES OF THE BARK LODGES



### Tales of the Bark Lodges

By HEN-TOH Wyandot

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#### FOREWORD

More than a quarter of a century ago, among the scattered bands of the Eastern American Indians, were many of the older members of the tribe, whom we among ourselves called, "old time Indians." I refer to those tribes whose ancestors had associated with and known the white man and his ways ever since the earliest Colonial settlements were made.

Amalgamation with the civilized races had lessened the degree of Indian blood and they had become a civilized people. They were educated more or less, and were possessed of an innate refinement of thought and manner. They were reserved, closely observant, earnest and shrewd, and almost always serious. With all that they had gained from civilization, they retained and cherished closely, many of their old manners and customs, adapting these to the ever-changing times. They had a marked character and individuality of their own; and among them were those who, to a discriminating mind, were well worth knowing.

Many of these, however much they had acquired of the ways of others, failed in their use of ordinary English, to the most humorous degree. The greater number of them yet used their own tribal language, and they found it difficult to think something out in this, and then transpose and express it in English. Yet, in spite of the many perplexities, when in the mood to do so, within the family, or circle of intimates, the English language was often spoken to the exclusion of their own. And with all their natural earnestness and seriousness, they would drive straight ahead, paying no attention whatever to the strange and ludicrous quirks and turns they gave to English as they tried to speak it.

They lived much in the past of their race, and they delighted to talk and tell of "the olden times." Lore and legend were very dear to them; and during the long nights of winter, the traditions, tales and myths, handed down from one generation to another for centuries, were often related by these older ones.

I have always loved the old people and their olden tales, and in the broken dialect peculiar alone to the "old time Indian," I have attempted to give some of the old stories originally derived from the Lake Region Tribes. Since these have survived for unknown ages, and have been told and re-told to so many generations; and, since I and many of the friends I have known, have

found a certain enjoyment in hearing them related, I have tried to again re-tell some of them for the pleasure of anyone who may find in them anything to please. Perchance, even I, may thereby win another friend.

I have tried also to show somewhat of the individuality and view-point of these old people of the tribe; and it is to the dear memory of those who have long since passed beyond, and to the few that yet remain, that these stories and tales as now given, are dedicated.

Doubtless, there will be some readers, who will at once say that the rights and privileges of "Uncle Remus" have been set at naught. I say: not so; and I believe that my life-long intimate knowledge of Indian life and character entitles me at least to my opinion. Others may have theirs.

I can well recall the time of my boyhood, when I saw the first of the "Uncle Remus Stories." I was delighted with them because I found so much in them with which I had been familiar from my earliest childhood. I hastened to call the attention of the older members of our family to them. And, more particularly did I hasten to read some of them to a dear old Aunt, a Wyandot woman of the old type, who lived with us.

Like myself, she was pleased with them, but at once said as many of the episodes were recognized:

"They're Indian stories; not whiteman; not nigger."

I heartily agreed with her, and while we both enjoyed them, we were just a bit indignant because, so to speak, our title had been preempted.

Later, when the discussion was taken up by older and far wiser heads than mine, and when Professor Powell of the Smithsonian Institute stated that the stories exhibited more of Indian origin than of negro, I was satisfied as to my claim, and have never since had reason to doubt the fact of their Indian origin.

That the origin of many of the episodes is purely Iroquoian, is to my mind too clear to admit of doubt or dispute. The Cherokee is an Iroquoian tribe, as is also the Wyandot. The Cherokees removed south at an early day in the history of this country and became slave-holders. Can it be doubted that much of their lore, and many of their old tales and traditions were absorbed by the negroes? The Wyandots remained until years later, with their kindred tribes in the north, where these same stories, legends, tales, and traditions had been preserved, with perhaps slight variations among the several tribes,

for centuries. Yes, even centuries before such thing was dreamed of, as the coming of either the white man or the black man.

Each of the many stories originally had some special significance which has long since been lost almost entirely. Their preservation was of tribal importance; and it was the duty of some of the older members of the tribe, to relate them to the younger ones. This had been an honored custom among them for untold ages.

Story-telling furnished a vast source of amusement and entertainment, as well as instruction, to the dwellers in the long bark lodges near the Lake shores, during the winter nights. Stories were never related except at this season of the year; for it was the belief that the many spirits of nature thought to be awake and alert during the other seasons, would be perhaps offended at hearing so much said about them. So, in the long, cold, and sometimes dreary winter season, when all nature seemed to be soundly sleeping, time was often whiled away, and even hunger and want forgotten while listening to a story well told.

HEN-TOH, Wyandot.

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