

TALES OF THE MISSISSAGUAS.

903

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DURING the month of August, 1888, the writer paid a visit to the Mississaguas of Scugog Island, Ontario County, Ontario. Besides taking down a vocabulary of some 600 words, and obtaining much general information regarding the history, condition, and habits of these people, he procured a number of their legends and folk-tales. The most of these were obtained from Mrs. Bolin, an intelligent woman of some sixty-five years of age. Her Indian name is *Nāwīgīshukōké* (the sun in the centre of the sky). These stories are only known to the older generation of the Indians at Scugog, and soon will be lost in oblivion, if not taken down at once. As the Indians there are all Christians by profession, it was with some difficulty that the writer succeeded in getting them to repeat what they stigmatized in some cases as "nonsense." The tales here recorded were told by *Nāwīgīshukōké*.¹

ANIMAL STORIES. I. ORIGIN OF THE FOX-BIRD (ĀN'UK).

Mēh'nwishch' ekwā'sens gī'wān'nishin mītigwā'djakwā mīdúsh
 Long ago a girl wandered in the woods and
 kīānúkōwit.
 became a fox-bird.

2. THE RABBIT, THE FROG, AND THE MOOSE.

Ōmúkaki dúsh kīwītā'ganin wābōō'son. Mīdúsh ōmúkaki
 The Frog joined in with the Rabbit. And the Frog
 kībāmōō'sed mīdúsh pūtāgúshing wintāma'wud īn'ī'wh wābōō'son.
 went walking and when he arrived he told him the Rabbit.
 "Mānitōonem:ē'h'ūg! āyawāsi'wttin: tūk'wuk." Mīdúsh kīn'issawud
 "Some mysterious sign! on every other hill he steps." And then they killed
 mōō'son. "Anī'nginā kihīdjitchīgā'djā pīdjīpā'itiwud
 the Moose. "What would you do running towards
 mīgiskū'nitā kā'siwuk?" "Dābā'shka'n kīmīskwāpōō'ninan mīdúsh
 the Wolf?" "I (would) burst vessel in which blood is and
 īmā^h kanītanissiyā^hpun."
 in there go in with (the blood)."

¹ The tales are given as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words. In the alphabet used to record the Indian words, the consonants have the same value as in English, except that *t* and *d*, *b* and *p*, *k* and *g*, sometimes represent the same sound which is a medium between them. The vowels have their continental sounds, and when long are marked. The short *u* is the *u* in *but*, the short *o* that in *not*, the short *i* that in *pin*, and the short *e* that in *pen*; when strongly accented this short *e* becomes the *e* in *fresh*, drawn out considerably more than the English sound. The *a*, when not long, is between the *a* of *wad* and the vowel in *but*.

FREE ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

The Rabbit (wā'pōos) and the Frog (ōmúkakī) clubbed together to kill the Moose (mōō^{ns}), and they did kill him.¹ First the Frog tracked him and came to tell the Rabbit the prospects. He said, "It was something very mysterious; he steps on every other hill." Then the two went out together and killed the Moose, and they gathered the blood. Then the Rabbit asked the Frog what he would do if the "enemy,"² the Wolf, came along. "Oh!" said he, "I would cut a hole in the vessel in which the blood is, and, when it runs out, crawl into the ground."³

3. THE RACCOON AND THE CRAWFISH.

Ássīban tush gī'ī'shā īmā dītīpā'āū kī'āwikawīshimut. Mīdúsh
 The Raccoon and went on the shore he lay down. And
 wī'n āshagā'shī mīdúsh kīsīndákūwōd. Kāwīndush kīmamādī'īssī.
 he the Crawfish and pinched him. Not and he moved.
 Nī'binūng kīshāshā'wkwaminā'gōpun nīngīmī'kawā. Ássīban
 Last summer the one that chewed us I found. The Raccoon
 nīnīndjī'biwā; ā'ssīban djī'bīshkā mīdúsh kīwanīshkud; kanī'gī
 I pinched the Raccoon stretched out(?) and then he got up; together
 kúkinā kītā'nawud. Mīdúsh kīnāgīshkawud mā'ingan. "Mā'wēh!
 all he ate up. And then he met with the Wolf. "Wolf!
 nīmōō kīmī'djīn! gīwīwukwē'nung wī'ī'yā's gītīwī'banīn. Mā'wēh!
 my excrement you ate! wrapped up meat I gave you to eat. Wolf!
 nīmōō kīmī'djīn!" Mīdúsh kīnī'ssīn.
 my excrement you ate!" Then he (the wolf)
 killed him.

ENGLISH VERSION.⁴

The Raccoon (ā'ssīban) was very fond of crawfish (āshagā'shī), so he disguised himself to deceive them. He lay down on the lake

¹ It was in vain that I asked Nāwīgshkōké *how* the rabbit and the frog killed the moose. All the answer I got was, "It was so, they did kill him, they could do it then."

² The name applied to the wolf in this story is not his present name (mā'ingan). Nāwīgshkōké said that the first part of the name was mīgiskun, a fish-hook, and that the latter part of it meant "a living animal." She could give no explanation further than this. In the animal stories the wolf is often called "the enemy."

³ With regard to the frog crawling into the ground when the blood was spilt, Nāwīgshkōké said it was meant to express the fact that "the frog he mighty clever, he crawl in and hide himself anywhere where there is moisture."

⁴ Compare the Raccoon-Crawfish story given in Mrs. Emerson's *Indian Myths*, p. 411; but the ending is different. Compare also the Siouan myths of the Raccoon and Crawfish, recorded by Rev. J. Owen Dorsey in the *American Antiquarian* (July, 1884, pp. 237-40). Nāwīgshkōké expressed some doubt as to whether the wolf really killed the raccoon. "The raccoon is such a sly fellow," she said. Nāwīgshkōké heard this story from her grandfather, and it was old when her grandfather heard it.

shore and let his tail and hindquarters into the water. By and by a Crawfish came and pinched him to see if he were dead, which the Raccoon pretended to be, and did n't mind the pinches he got. The Crawfish then went away and told the other crawfish that he had found the Raccoon that had "chewed" so many of them last summer. So more of them came and pinched the Raccoon, and were very glad that their enemy was dead. But by and by, when a large number of crawfish had gathered round him, the Raccoon suddenly jumped up and caught them, and had a great feast. Soon afterwards the Raccoon came across the Wolf (mā'ingan). He wrapped up some of his own excrement very neatly and said to the Wolf, "Here is something nice;" and the Wolf ate it. Then the Raccoon said to the Wolf, "Mā'wěh! You ate my excrement!" At first the Wolf did not understand him, and the Raccoon said again, "Mā'wěh!¹ You have eaten my excrement; I gave it you wrapped up." Then the Wolf was very angry, and he killed the Raccoon.

MISSISSAGUA TRADITION OF THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CORN.

Our people used to make children fast for several days to see what god they would serve.² Once, a long time ago, a man put his young son out to fast and dream. He built a little camp for him and left him there. He made him fast as long as he thought it safe. At first, when the father came to ask his son about his dream, the boy did not answer. Afterwards he said that he had seen a little old man coming towards him, with only a little hair just over his forehead. He (the father) then lifted the corner of the blanket and pulled out an ear of corn (pādjikwā'tik mondā'min). The corn was half worn off, no kernels on one part, — it was a time of drought, I suppose, — and the little silk grew right on top of the ear. It was the corn (mondā'min³) himself coming that the boy saw.

¹ Mā'wěh is what the raccoon called the wolf; it is not his name now. One might compare with it *mowwahaow*, the Menominee name for "wolf." In the animal fables the wolf appears often to have a name which is not known to the ordinary language of the Indians; this would seem to prove considerable antiquity for the tales in which such names occur. Compare the name of the wolf in the Rabbit and Frog story above.

² This custom of causing children to fast was formerly much practised by the Mississaguas. When the children were from seven to fifteen years of age was the usual time. The child dreamed during his fast, and whatever he saw in his dream was regarded as his tutelary deity. To dream about the moon, sun, or stars was a sign of future good luck.

³ In the Algonkin group of dialects the words for "corn" seem to belong to one of two different roots (see Brinton, *Lenâpé and their Legends*, p. 48). One of these to which the Micmac, Massachusetts, Delaware, and Piegan words attach themselves, is *ask* (green); according to Dr. Brinton, "corn" is with them "the green waving plant." The Cree, Ottawa, Ojebway (and Mississagua) terms

The father was careful to plant every kernel of that corn ; he hoed it and kept it clear of weeds, and did n't give any away that year. Next year he put every seed in again, and from that time he gave to every one. This, our people think, is the origin of corn.¹

WHAT WAS SEEN IN A TRANCE.

Once there was a man who fell into a trance, and seemed to be dead. Afterwards, however, he woke up and told what he had seen. He saw lots of people hurrying about, going somewhere. He also saw a great heart-shaped fruit, like a strawberry.² He heard some one say, "If you don't eat of the fruit you will have to go back where you came from." When he got close up he saw people dipping into the fruit and eating. He did not eat, and so he came back to life again.³

THE STORY OF WĀMĪGĪ'SAKON', THE GREAT PEARL CHIEF.

This story, as related by Nāwīgīshkōkē', may be divided into three parts : The story of the Shíngibis, The Old Ōmúkakī, and Wāmīshī'-wdjākīwā'nsi's Toboggan Ride.

STORY OF THE SHÍNGIBIS (HELL-DIVER).⁴

Two girls wanted to hunt each a man (*i. e.*, to marry). So they set out on a journey. When they got to a lake they saw a man in a little boat, and asked him who he was. He said he was Wāmīgī'-sakon', and that he was their pearl beads. Then they told him to come after them and put them in his boat. They got into the boat and went on until they came to a village. When it became night he said to the girls, "Get me my belt, there is going to be a dance." So they gave him his belt, which was really only bass-wood bark which he got from the shore. He put his belt on, and the girls went with him to the place where the dance was to be held. When they got to the or, nobody knew the poor fellow, who had said he was

probably signify "mysterious seed," and the Mississagua legend of the origin of corn may perhaps go far to explain their etymology.

¹ Compare the origin of corn as given by Longfellow in "Hiawatha's Fasting."

² The strawberry, in Mississagua, is called *ōtē'min*, "heart-fruit," from its shape and appearance.

³ J. G. Kohl (*Kitchi-gami*, p. 215) tells us that in the belief of the Ojebways of Lake Superior the soul that, after death, tastes of the "great strawberry" is "lost at once," while those that refuse travel safely on.

⁴ Nāwīgīshkōkē', in explaining this tale, said, "Long ago the Loon was a great chief, and was called Wāmīgī'sakon'. Our people thought the spots on his breast were pearl beads (mīgīs). The Hell-diver (shíngibis) often tried to pass himself off for the Wāmīgī'sakon', the great pearl chief. The name of the Loon now is māūngk."

Wāmīgī'sakon'. He was only Shíngibis, the hell-diver, trying to make believe that he was Wāmīgī'sakon'. However, the girls went in, and they saw the chief of the place, Wāmīgī'sakon', the great pearl chief, full of pearl beads. The girls stayed there all night. There were very many girls there, for Wāmīgī'sakon' wanted to get married, and so had all the girls in the room dance before him. He put a mark on the one he had chosen, and her parents, when she came home, examined her clothes, found the mark, and knew she was to be Wāmīgī'sakon's wife.¹ The girl chosen was the grandchild of an old woman. The two girls had no luck that night. They left the Shíngibis, but never came to any good.

THE OLD ŌMÚKAKĪ (TOAD).²

The girl of the grandmother married Wāmīgī'sakon', and they had one child. One day, while the father was away and the mother asleep, somebody came and stole the boy. A little chickadeede³ (gī'djikoně'shi) told the mother that an old woman named "Toad" (pā'pigō ōmúkakī) had stolen him. The mother pursued and overtook the old thing, and got a sight of her boy. He told her that the old Ōmúkakī would be busy away from home soon. So the mother waited and then went to the old Ōmúkakī's house and killed all her young ones. She stuck all the children's heads through the covering of the wigwam door, so that it seemed as if they were looking out for their mother. The boy told his mother that he often used to wonder why he was so pretty and all his brothers and sisters (the Ōmúkakī's children) so ugly. So he asked her once, "What makes my brothers and sisters so ugly and black?" "Oh!" said the old Ōmúkakī, "when you were born it was a beautiful, bright, and sunshiny day; when the others were born the sky was dark and cloudy, and so they became ugly and black." Then the boy and his mother left.

When the old Ōmúkakī came home she saw the children's heads sticking out, and noticed that they were white at the mouth. But

¹ In former times, amongst the Mississaguas, when a chief desired to marry, he caused all the marriageable girls in the village to come together and dance before him. By a mark which he placed on the clothes of the one he had chosen, her parents knew she had been the favored one.

² The toad, in Mississagua, is called pā'pigō ōmúkakī (rough frog), or sometimes ōmúkakī (frog). The real and symbolical seem much mixed up in this story. I asked Nāwīgīshkōké if the old Ōmúkakī was really a woman or a toad, but she could not say. When she came to speak of the Ōmúkakī's children she said "the froth on their mouth was just like that you see when you kill frogs."

³ Another bird, the name of which Nāwīgīshkōké did not know, but whose note is whishí'w! whishí'w! whishí'w! is regarded as a forerunner of death. It is never seen, but heard only in the night, and its note is a sign of death. The chickadeede is a propitious bird and informs to advantage.

she thought it was tallow they had stolen from their brother. For the old Ōmúkakī had made a pet of the boy, and used to grease his hair with some choice deer's tallow (maskwādjī pīmitě^h, literally "frozen grease"). "Ah!" said she, "you've been stealing your brother's tallow that he has for greasing his hair." But she soon found that the white at her children's mouth was froth, and that they were dead.

WĀMĪSHĪ'WDJĀKĪWĀ'NSĪ'S TOBOGGAN RIDE.

After the boy left the Ōmúkakī he became a hunter, and married the daughter of Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī¹ (the great grandfather). Old Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī did not like him very well, and he wanted to make away with him. One day old Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī said to his son-in-law, "Let's go to the end of the world." He proposed that they should sit on a sleigh (shibóggan) and slide off the end of the world.² They sat down on the sleigh, and old Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī thought he would have some fine sport, and put his son-in-law down so far that he would not be able to get up again. But after they got started the young man jumped off, gave the sleigh a good shove, and old Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī went down over the end of the earth, and that was the last of him.

MISSISSAGUAS AND IROQUOIS.³

Our people used to live on Lake Superior, on the north side. They were called Ōdishkwā'gamī.⁴ The Nā'tōwé (Mohawks) used to go to Lake Superior to wage war with the Ōdjíbwé. They used to take the little children, and, after having run a sharp stick through them, roast them. Thus the Ōdishkwā'gamī were continually tortured by the Nā'tōwé. The principal Ōdjíbwé lived farther on on Lake Superior. Finally, a great council was held. They said: "The Ōdishkwā'gamī are our brothers, let us go and help them." And so they came down and conquered the Mohawks, and settled this country. The Mohawk chief (they are naturally treacherous) some time afterwards came to the Ōdjíbwé chief and said: "Will you give me

¹ Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī (the grandfather) was confounded by Nāwīgíshkōké with Wānībojōō. In the "Walum Olum" (Brinton, *Lenápe Leg.*, 181), ii. 13, Nanabush is styled "grandfather of all, the grandfather of beings, the grandfather of men, the grandfather of the turtle."

² The Mississaguas believed that the earth (ā'kī) was like a platform, and at the end of it (ā'kigíshkog) there was nothing, and "you went down, down, down."

³ This tale Nāwīgíshkōké heard from her grandfather, and believes that it is historical.

⁴ Wilson, in his *Manual of the Ojebway Language*, gives *odishqudhgumme* as the Ojebway term for "an Algonquin Indian." Nāwīgíshkōké thought the word meant "people on the other side of the Lake."

your son? I like him." "I can't part with him," said the Ōdjíbwé chief. However, after long coaxing he delivered his son up to the Mohawk chief. The latter then called a great feast, killed the boy, cooked him, and served him up. To this feast the Ōdjíbwé chief and his people were invited, and came. The son's head was served up to the father. He knew it, but ate it to show his courage, and then determined to have revenge.

Soon afterwards the Ōdjíbwé chief came to the Mohawk and said: "Let me have your son; I want to adopt him." The father was not willing at first, but finally let the boy go. Then the Ōdjíbwé chief had him killed, cooked, and served up at a feast, to which the Mohawk chief and his people were invited, and came. The head of his son was served up to the Mohawk chief. When he saw it he held up his hands in horror, but ate it to show that he was brave.

Before the feast the Ōdjíbwé chief had secretly armed his men, and instructed them that at a sign from him they should all fall upon the Mohawks at the same time, and kill them at once. This they did, and the Mohawks were all killed.

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SUPERSTITIONS OF CHILDHOOD ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE following superstitions are to-day well-known to all the children of this region :—

1. When you see a shooting star, if you can make a wish before the star disappears, the wish will come true.

2. When the first star is seen at evening say :—

Star-light, star-bright,
First star seen to-night !
Wish I may, wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

3. Wish whenever you see a load of hay.

4. Wear a piece of golden-rod and you will see your love before to-morrow.

5. To find a four-leaved clover brings good luck.

6. Always turn your money when you see the new moon, and the money will double before the month is out.

7. Cut your hair when the moon is waxing, not waning.

8. Blow out the seeds of a dandelion (clocks the children call them) to see if it is time to go home. If all the seeds fly away at one breath, your mother wants you.

9. It is always necessary to carry a young baby up-stairs before you carry it down, if you wish it to have good luck.

10. Never hand a young baby through an open window, or its soul will go out that way.

11. Never cut the nails of a baby before it is three months old, or you will make it light-fingered.

12. Never watch a departing friend until he is out of sight ; it bodes you will never see him again.

13. It always brings ill luck to break a mirror.

14. If a bird fly in at a window and out again, it is seeking some one's soul.

15. It is a sign of coming death to have a dog howl at the door at night.

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TALES OF THE MISSISSAGUAS.

II.

ONE of the most curious of the legends recorded by the writer is the following¹:—

Long ago there lived two brothers:² one of them was a hunter; the other was Assemō'kaⁿ, who always stayed in the camp and did no hunting. One day Assemō'kaⁿ thought he would go away on a journey somewhere or other, and he meant to tell his brother so, when he returned from hunting, but forgot about it. He forgot it this way two or three times. Finally he said: "I'll keep saying 'Gamā'dja! gamā'dja!' (I'm going! I'm going!) over and over again until my brother comes." So he did this a long time. When his brother arrived he heard some one saying "Gamā'dja! gamā'dja!" He then saw his brother, who told him he was going away. "What do you mean?" said he to Assemō'kaⁿ. "You would not go very far before you would meet with something to lead you astray." "Well! I'm going, anyway," said Assemō'kaⁿ, and he went off.

Before long he heard a noise, — the noise of trees lodged rubbing against one another (sēbākwut=squeak of tree). He thought it very nice, and said, "I want to be that, let me have that!" But the tree said: "Oh, no! I am not comfortable, it is a bad place to be in." For, whenever the wind came on, the tree had to squeak and make a noise, ī-īū! ī-īū! But Assemō'kaⁿ would have it, and took the place of the tree. So the tree lay on Assemō'kaⁿ's breast, and when the wind came he had to cry out for the pain. But his brother knew all about it soon and came after him. "It's just as I told you," said he to Assemō'kaⁿ, and released him.

Assemō'kaⁿ went on again. Soon he came to a river, where he saw a stick (mītig) on end in the mud, moving about with the current and making a noise. He thought this was nice, too, and so he took the place of the stick. His brother had to follow after him and take him out, but told him that he would not help him again.

Assemō'kaⁿ then went on farther and came to a village. Here all the people were dead except two children (ābinō'djīyug), — a little boy and a little girl. Assemō'kaⁿ asked what had happened to the people who were dead. The children, who were lamenting, told him

¹ This legend Nāwīgishkōkē stated that she heard when a little girl. It is an *Adisō'kan*, "a story without truth in it," as she expressed it in English. An Indian version was also obtained.

² The name of one of the brothers, Assemō'kaⁿ, means "tobacco-maker." The narrator said of him, "He was not a clever or very bright man, but he knew enough to make tobacco;" how or when, she could not say.

that a wicked old woman (mindimō'yish) and her daughter had killed them. The way she killed them was this. She had asked them to get for her the white loon (wābīmang^k) that dwelt in the middle of sea (imāⁿ gitchigitchigāming). Not one of them was able to do this, so she killed them one after the other. The children told Assemō'kaⁿ that the old woman would come back soon to set them the same task, and that they would have to die also. But Assemō'kaⁿ caught the white loon, and gave it to the children. He told them to show it to the old woman when she came, and to ask her if she were able to get the chipmunk's horn¹ (gitchigwīngwis éshkon). The old woman came and the children showed her the white loon, at which she was greatly surprised, and said it must have got there itself.

The children then asked her to get the chipmunk's horn. "You talk old-fashioned (kākitā wīgishwāwuk)," said she to them, and threw down some deers' horns, pretending that it was the chipmunk's horn. As she could not perform the task, Assemō'kaⁿ killed her.² He then made a little bow-and-arrows (mītigwābisun ; pīkwukōns) for the boy, and told him to shoot up in the air and to tell the dead people to rise. He shot into the air three times, and each time he said: "Gibitchinō'nim ōnī'shkoḡ! (Get up, the arrow is going to fall on you)." The first time he shot the arrow into the air, the people stirred a little and began to gape, and after the third time they rose up.

A large number of legends cluster around Wā'nībozh'ū, as the Mississaguas call Nānībozhu or Nanabush, the culture-hero of the Ōtchīpwē. Of the great deluge legend in which this hero figures, only the following fragment was procured at Scugog: —

Opī'dush kīmō'shkā,ongk ī-ū ākī ōgimāwundjīan Wā'nībozhū'
 And when there was a flood on the earth he gathered together Nanabush
 āwessiā'un. Kībō'siād imāⁿ ōtchīmāning mīdúsh kīpākītināt
 the animals. He got in in there in his boat, and then he let go
 īnī'ū wādjáshkwun. Wādjáshk kikwok mīdúsh kībī'tod ā'kī
 him the muskrat. The muskrat diving and then he brought up earth
 ōnīndjig.
 in his paw.

Another brief story tells of the ten men who went to visit Nanabush in the land of the sun-down; when they reached it after many days' journeying, they found the game so plentiful that the porcupines were crawling all over Nanabush.

Kīmā'dāwug mītáswī īnī'nīwug apungīshimuk ōkīōtisawan.
 Wee going ten men to sun-down they arrived.

¹ To get this it was necessary to go to the end of the earth (ākī gi'shkoḡ).

² The narrator was not absolutely sure that the old woman was killed by Assemō'kaⁿ.

Kibātiyīnut andawāndjigwāun mīgkō imaⁿ papāmōsenut
 There were many they hunted there walked about
 ōshtigwā'ning Wa'nibozhū'.
 on his head of Nanabush.

Several legends refer to Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī (vol. ii. p. 146). One of these accounts for the black legs of the fox thus:—

Mīdúsh Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī andāwa'ndjigā'wun ōníngwānan
 And W. hunted his son-in-law
 mīdúsh kābishīwad. Mīdúsh ōtā'pīnin ōmúkussinun ōníngwanara
 and camped. And then he took his moccasins his son-in-law's
 ōtā'ssun kaye'tush mīdúsh kīzhógīshun ōmúkussinun ōníngwanan ;
 his leggings and then he burnt his moccasins his son-in-law's ;
 wīnītush īnī'ū ōmúkussinun kīzhógīshun īnī'ū mīdúsh akukā'dja
 and he those moccasins he burnt the same and then coal
 kīsīnīgwūnung ōkāting, mīdúsh ī'ū kīwagwóshīwit. Mīdúsh ī'ū
 he rubbed on his leg. And then he became a fox. And this
 āndjī mákatawānik āw wagwósh ōkā'dun.
 is why are black the fox his legs.

This story,¹ somewhat condensed in the Indian version, is freely as follows: Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī did not like his son-in-law. One day they were out hunting together, and on camping placed their leggings and moccasins by the fire to dry. W. changed the places of the moccasins. Afterwards he threw what he thought were his son's moccasins and leggings into the fire. In the morning the young man rose, found his own moccasins, and put them on. W. tried to make out that they were his, but he had forgotten that he had changed the places of the moccasins before he burned what he thought were his son's. So W. was forced to go barefooted and barelegged. He then blackened his legs and feet with a coal, and thus the foxes have black legs to this day.

Another legend² of Wāmīshī'wdjākīwā'nsī is this: W. hated his son-in-law. One day he went with him to a little island, and abandoned him there. W. then went off in his canoe. W. made his canoe go without paddling. He used to lie on his back and tap on the cross-piece with his hands (Pan! pan! was the noise he made), and the canoe used to go right along. Meanwhile his son-in-law had changed himself into a young gull (Kāyáshkōns), and, flying over the canoe, dropped some of his excrement (mitchinigit) on W.'s breast. W. said, "Mīsukwō ādjitchigēwod kāyáshkōnsug kātebīssi nīwā'-

¹ This brief legend is probably all that Nāwīgīshkōkē remembered of the Mississagua story corresponding to the tale of "Mishosha the Magician," given by Mrs. Jameson (*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, iii. p. 96, etc.), but there are some curious divergences.

² For a similar legend, with somewhat different incidents, see Mrs. Jameson (*Op. cit.*, pp. 101, 110).

tchin (That's the way the young gulls do when they have their bellies full)," and went on in his canoe. In the mean time the son-in-law made haste and got home before W. When W. arrived he saw his son-in-law there, and was greatly astonished.

Long ago the Mississaguas had many love-songs and war-songs; now they are nearly all forgotten. Nāwīgīshkōkē, however, remembered some she had heard in her childhood days. Some, she said, were sung during the Revolutionary War, and were old even then. The songs consist usually of but one or two lines, repeated as often as the singer chooses:—

A. Dancing Song. A favorite dancing song of the Mississaguas in olden times had for its vocal part the repetition of:—

Ē-yō-kō-ō! Ē-yō-kō-ō! etc.

B. Raven Song:—

Kākā'kī wāwī wisīniung

The raven (s) are feeding

Ānībādīnóngā.

On the hill-side.

The raven (kākā'kī) feeds upon corpses in war-time. The warrior sings, representing the raven as feeding upon his body, while the rest sit around listening, or dance. This song was sung during the American War of Independence, and according to Nāwīgīshkōkē the "hill-side" was Boston (!).

C. White Bone Song:—

Kítchimō'kōman ōdōdānong

(Of the) Americans in the town

Wāwsīgīnēshinon.

The white bones lie.

The warrior, in his song, represents his bones as lying in the place where the battle was. This also dates from the Revolution.

D. Warrior's Parting Song:—

Gāgō māwīmēshikan,

Do not weep

Ekwāwīyane nībōyāna.

woman (at our) death.

This is not properly a Mississagua song. Nāwīgīshkōkē said that it was sung by the Ōtchīpwé of Manitoulin Island, as they passed through Lake Simcoe during the Revolutionary War.

E. Love Song:—

Mākatāwānikwāpun

A black-haired (girl)

Kwāwīsiwawītikamākūpun.

I wanted to marry.

F. Love Song:—

Mākatāwākamīkwāpun

A black-eyed (girl)

Kwāwisiwawitīkamākwīpun,

I wanted to marry.

A curious confirmation of the Mississagua legend relating to the Mohawks (vol. ii. p. 146) is found in Parkman ("Pontiac," i. p. 7), who cites a Penobscot Indian as stating that an ancient tradition of his people represents the Mohawks as destroying a village, killing the men and women, and "roasting the small children on forked sticks, like apples, before the fire."

The Mississaguas of Scugog have preserved the names of the original settlers of the island. Long ago two men came to the mouth of the Lindsay River, looking for game; when they reached the island they found plenty of game and settled there. They were brothers-in-law. One was named *Gwīngwīsh* (Meat-bird), of the *wā'bi-gan* (clay) totem; the other *Nīka* (Wild-geese), of the *ātīk* (elk) totem. In connection with names, the Mississaguas have not that aversion to the name of a dead man which characterizes many tribes. Rather, they desire to perpetuate the name, and even to confer it upon strangers. While at the island the writer received the name of *Pā'mīgī'sīgwāshkum* (the sun bringing the day), which he afterwards discovered had formerly been borne by a chief of the tribe. Mrs. Bolin, or *Nāwīgīshkōkē*, was often selected to name children of the village; to one little girl she gave the pleasing name of *Nōnō-kāsequā* (i. e., humming-bird woman). The name of the old chief at Scugog is *Gīchibīnēsh* (Big Bird), his wife *Nāwākwēns* (the sun at noon), his brother *Shāwanōsh* (sailing from the south). Mrs. Bolin's husband's Indian name is *Ōgimābinēsh* (Chief Bird); their sons are *Nāwākwāhum* (Middle Thunder) and *Nīshīshī'bis* (Young Lion). Other names of Indians were *Ondāsige* (Moon in last quarter), *Ōsāwā'nīmī'ki* (Yellow Thunder), and *Asāwbanung* (Stars in a cluster). *Sā'gīnīshau* (outlet of a small creek), a bachelor, seems to be a butt for Indian wit. He is represented as having gone off to a certain spot and built a lot of little "camps." He built fires, etc., and passed his time trying to make people believe he was not alone. He used to laugh and talk, and pretend that he had people living there. John Bolin (*Ōgimābinēsh*), while purchasing bread at the store for his son, said with a laugh, "Tom is a bachelor, lonely, he need bread."

Long ago, when a bridge was being made at the Narrows of Lake Simcoe (Mīdjīkāming), an old man called "Shilling" by the English because he wore a medal, sacrificed tobacco to appease the lion (mīshībīshī) which the Mississaguas believed lived there. His In-

dian name was *Nībinōnakwot*¹ (summer cloud). When Mrs. Bolin was a child, there was a great medicine-feast held at Lake Simcoe. At it an old man named *Ōsāwaship* (yellow duck) boiled a dog, and the spectators ate it. In times past an old Potawatomi, from the United States, acted as a medicine-man on Scugog Island. This was before 1845. He used the *shishigwan* (rattle), and the usual arts of the conjuror.

A very curious legend of the Mississaguas is recorded by Mr. John Dunne.² As it deals with the subject of lechery, the text is given in Latin. The story will bear comparison with the tradition of the daimon of lechery current among certain Iroquois tribes, and noticed by Mr. Hewitt in the "American Anthropologist" (vol. ii. p. 346). The daimon in the Mississagua legend is a beautiful woman, to whom her victims are irresistibly attracted, and into whose body they ultimately disappear entirely. The victims are four brothers. The hero is a fifth brother, who ultimately kills the daimon. The scene is somewhere near the western end of Lake Ontario, in a region into which the eldest brother, on setting out on a journey, had forbidden the rest to penetrate.

The writer has obtained from Rev. Allen Salt (a Mississagua) a long text of the Nanabush legend, which, together with some variants, he hopes to publish before long.

A. F. Chamberlain.

¹ I find this name occurring in a French-Mississagua manuscript dating from about 1801-1803.

² *Trans. of Royal Irish Academy*, vol. ix. (1803) pp. 125-127.