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Family Hunting Territories and Social Life of Various Algonkian Bands of the Ottawa Valley

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CHAPTER I.

FAMILY HUNTING TERRITORIES OF THE TIMISKAMING INDIANS.

Introductory.

Among the bands of Algonquins and Ojibwas in northern Ontario visited during the summer of 1913, chiefly in the interests of the Geological Survey of Canada, I spent some weeks with the Indians at the head of Lake Timiskaming, on the boundary between Ontario and the Province of Quebec.

These people are officially known as the Timiskaming band of Algonquins, numbering 241 in 1911, and located at their old headquarters in a village, North Timiskaming, 3 miles above where the Rivière des Quinze empties into Lake Timiskaming. The Timiskaming band has partially taken up farming through contact with French Canadians. Consequently the information obtained here is not of as high a grade as that secured from the Timagami band, which is of the same general type. The general results of my investigations up to this point warrant classifying the Timiskaming Indians as a branch of the Algonquin group, itself a subdivision of the Ojibwa. The Timiskaming people have, however, become greatly influenced by contact with the true Ojibwa only a few score miles to the west of them. This has resulted, through contact

and intermarriage, in the modification of some fundamental Algonquin characteristics, both in social and material life. The characteristic traits of the Algonquin group appear more genuinely in the Lac des Quinze band, about 25 miles east of the Timiskaming people, and also in the bands at the southern end of Lake Timiskaming, the Mattawa and Kipawa bands. In a general introductory paper which I am trying to prepare on the complicated ethnic affinities of the Algonkian bands to the north, more specific information will be presented on the inter-relations and areas of culture distribution of the different groups.

Although a collection of ethnological objects was made with accompanying data on material culture, especially decorative art, while visiting the Timiskaming people, this chapter will deal only with some phases of social organization. Timiskaming myths and folk-lore are published in another paper of this series. The chief object of my visit to this band was the investigation of the hunting territorial divisions which I have found to be so characteristic of all the northern tribes of the Algonkian stock so far visited.[1] I subsequently discovered that the Timiskaming Indians did not present so fruitful a field for these researches as the Timagami band of Ojibwa, where the family hunting territorial divisions and totemic clans exist side by side in the same group. For this reason I am referring the main discussion of this dual social classification to the third chapter of this paper, devoted to the Timagami band.

The Algonquin Bands.

The Timiskaming Indians may, I feel safe in saying, be definitely classified as a modified branch of the Algonquin group of the Ojibwa (Algonquin being a tribal designation distinct from, but included in, the term Algonkian, which refers to the whole linguistic stock). The modification mentioned is due to a secondary influence of the Ojibwa neighbours on the west and northwest, namely the Timagami and Matachewan bands.

[1] This statement covers the Montagnais, Naskapi, Cree, Ojibwa, Algonquin, Têtes de Boules, Penobscot, Micmac, and Wabanaki.

The Timiskaming people call themselves *Sagi·'wɑn·icəna'bi'* "Head-of-the-lake people," from their location and ancient village at the head of Lake Timiskaming. Some forty years ago there was a Hudson's Bay post there, and archæological finds on the point at the hamlet of North Timiskaming indicate an aboriginal headquarters at the same place. The term Timiskaming itself, according to native testimony, is a corruption of Algonquin *T'emia'gɑmiŋ* "deep lake". The name of the present headquarters of the band is *Oba'djonasa'giŋ* "narrow current at mouth of river," which describes the topography of the village at North Timiskaming. Lake Timiskaming bears the name *Oba'djiwana'ŋ sagəhi·'gan* "narrowed-current lake," referring chiefly to the topography at Ville Marie farther down the lake, where there was also an ancient native headquarters and later a Hudson's Bay post.

The Timiskaming Indians regard as belonging to their own dialectic and cultural group: the Lake Abitibi Indians, *Abi't·ibi· anicəna'bi* "Blue-water people"; the Grand Lake Victoria Indians, *Kətci·sa'giŋ ani'cəna'bi* "Big-outlet people"; the Quinze Lake Indians, *Ki·nɔ·'ŋgani'cəna'bi* "Long-sand-point people"; the River Desert and Maniwaki Indians, *Təgɑzi·bi'ŋ ani'cəna'bi* "Hungry-river people"; the Mattawa Indians, *Matawasi·'bi ani'cəna'bi* "Mouth-of-river people"; and the various bands along the Ottawa river, known as *Ktci·si·'bi ani'cəna'bi* "Big-river people." This embraces practically the whole of the division classified as Algonquin. Most of these bands, it may be added, possess the same general distinctions in material culture, except that the more northerly bands, of whom the Timiskaming constitute one, had no agriculture, mat-covered wigwams, porcupine quill work, ash-splint basketry, and rush matting, as the necessary materials are absent in their latitude.

Hunting Territories.

The social units composing the band are the families, which consist of individuals related by descent and blood together with other women married to the men of the family. These

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See Phonetic Key at end of paper for meaning of characters used.

families are patronymic, the family name providing a surname for the group. Individuals, of course, may have special nicknames derived from some personal characteristic, some deed, or an animal, but the classifying name of identity seems to be the family surname, the nickname being a sort of secondary modifier.

The matter, however, which constitutes the main bond of union and interest in these groups is the family hunting territory, in which all the male members share the right of hunting and fishing. These hunting "lots" or territories (*nok·i·'wak·i·* "hunting ground") are more or less fixed tracts of country whose boundaries are determined by certain rivers, ridges, lakes, or other natural landmarks, such as swamps and clumps of cedars or pines. Hunting outside of one's inherited territory was punishable occasionally by death. More often, however, trespass was punished by conjuring against the offender's life or health. Each family, as a rule, had some shaman in its ranks who could be called upon to work malefic influence upon a member of another family who was known to have intruded. In this way we can see how, in the community of old, a much involved system of cross-conjuring must have grown up, often, as the Indians themselves state, causing more or less of rivalry and feuds between certain families. Sickness in general came to be attributed to these sources, it is claimed. Permission, however, could be obtained by a man to hunt in another's territory. This happened frequently as an exchange of courtesies between families when the game supply of one or the other had become impoverished. These privileges were, nevertheless, only temporary, except in a few cases where they were obtained through marriage. It was customary, for instance, in case a family had a poor season on its own domain, for it to obtain a temporary grant of a certain lake or stream from its neighbour, so as to tide over until a better season. When it was necessary in travelling to pass through another family territory, permission was generally sought at the owner's headquarters before passing on, and if by necessity game had been killed to sustain life, the pelts were carried to the owners or delivered to them by some friend. This gave the proprietors the right in the future to do the same in the territory of their trespassers.

These arrangements were matters of tradition and were remembered in detail by the families concerned.

The rights in the hunting territories were inherited paternally. Occasionally, to adjust matters, an old man would subdivide his district among several sons, thus creating new family groups, though, of course, these would recognize mutual privileges to a certain extent. For the most part, the territories were fairly rigid and permanent. Only a few changes are remembered to have taken place within the range of tradition.

It is interesting to note that the large and attractive islands in Lake Timiskaming were common property, or more properly reserves, to be occupied and hunted on when the families came together in the spring for their social reunion. One of these, known as Chief island, is called *Ogi·ma'mini`s·i* "Chief island," and was the property of the *Mazi'nigi·`jik* family, from which the band chief was most frequently chosen. Here the chief had a regular camp and many families would, upon occasion, camp around him, using the islands, which teemed with game, for their supplies while at the gathering. The hunts which took place at these times were communal, bands of hunters driving the game from the centre of the island to the shores, where hunters were posted waiting in canoes. Then the meat obtained would become common provender for the assembly.

The chief, *ogi·ma'*, was a man chosen for life, generally from the *Mazi'nigi·`jik* family, on account of his strength and wisdom.

Economically these family territories were regulated in a very wise and interesting manner. The game was kept account of very closely, so that the proprietors knew about how abundant each kind of animal was, and hence could regulate the killing so as not to deplete the stock. Beaver were made the object of the most careful "farming," the numbers of occupants, old and young, to each "cabin" being kept count of. In certain districts, moose, or caribou, were protected during one year, in other districts the next year. The killing of game was regulated by each family according to its own rules.

Marriage was a matter determined entirely by the old people of the families. The wife went to her husband's family and lived there. The children then belonged definitely to the father's family, and inherited their hunting rights in the

paternal territory. In cases of poor seasons at home it was, however, frequent for the husband to visit his wife's people and hunt, perhaps for several winters, on his father-in-law's grounds.

When the male claimants to a territory became extinct, it was divided up among the relatives in other family groups.

It would have been desirable to obtain some explanations or myths concerning the origins of these bands, but it is safe to state that none now exist, as I questioned the elders of each group and family.

Furthermore, these family divisions are not primarily concerned with animal totemism, which exists here also, although, as will be seen further on, the totemic descent being paternal, there will be a more or less permanent association between the hunting territory bands and certain totems. The main point is, however, that the hunting territory groups have developed by inheritance through individuals, irrespective of totemic communalism, and that the hunting territory names or titles, as we might call them, have also grown out of what originally were personal nicknames. This will appear more clearly in my presentation of the Timagami material. No taboos of diet or killing are found concerning these family groups. They are purely social and economic. Again, as regards the names, it might be added that some can not be definitely translated because of their great antiquity. Moreover, some of them have originated in child's talk, for example *Ogu'cen*, which is thought to be a child's pronunciation for *ogwu'si·s* "son." Personal nicknames are very often derived from such expressions of children learning to talk.

In the above brief résumé I have defined the most important facts that I learned regarding these hunting territories among the Timiskaming people. As the main object of this chapter is not to define or discuss the phenomenon in detail, but to present the data relating specifically to this band, I will add the actual facts secured from members of the different families themselves. It is my hope in the future to fill in the gaps as far as possible, listing geographically the hunting territories and families in the various bands through a large portion of northern Canada.

Group I. Families and Hunting Territories of the Timiskaming Indians.

No.	Family Name.	Translation.	Totem.	Hunting District.	Remarks.
1	Mazi'ni·gi·'jik	"Striped coloured sky"	Kingfisher.	West of Lake Timiskaming between Matabitchuan river, Rabbit lake, and Ottertail river.	The leading family of this band usually furnishes the chief.
2	Wa'bi·gi·'jik.	"White sky."	Caribou.	Northwest of Lake Timiskaming, basin of Wabi creek.	
3	Wɑdewe·'sis.	"Game animals hunt."(?)	Kingfisher.	East of Dawson point north of Quinze river to outlet of Quinze lake.	Also known as *Mɑ'kɑde·'nin·i* "Black Man," on account of his dark colour.
4	Ogu'cen.	"Son" (derivation).	(?)	East of Lake Timiskaming, south of Quinze river to line of Ville Marie.	Family extinct in male line.
5	Ka'tci·dji.	Derivation of "small."	(?)	South of *Ogu'cen* almost to Kipawa river.	He had a brother of same name belonging to Matachewan band (family also extinct).
6	Wa·beni'e^{g}a'bi	"White Indian."	Kingfisher.	South of *Wa'bi·gi·'jik* to Bay lake.	These two were brothers who had received share of father's territory.
7	Kitci·'bi·en.	(?) "Big Pierre," or possibly derived from baby talk.	Kingfisher.	West of Lake Timiskaming to Montreal river and Bay lake.	

Group II. Encroaching Families from Neighbouring Bands Who Came to be More or Less Identified by Intermarriage or Associated with Timiskaming Band.[1]

8	Kane·'ci·o.	"Tomtit."	Loon.	West of Montreal river and Bay lake.	Timagami band, brother of *Wa'bi·mɑ'k·wa.*
9	Ka'bimi·'gwun·e.	"Row of feathers."	Loon.	Montreal river west to Rib lake, White Bear lake, and Rabbit lake. Line not definite.	Son-in-law of *Wa'bi·mɑ'k·wa*, to whom this territory first belonged, of Timagami band.
10	Wa'bi·mɑ'k·wa.	"White bear."	Loon.	From *Ka'bimi·'gwun·e* west to Lake Timagami, though properly including *Kabimi·gwun·e.*	One of the leading families of the Timagami band.
11	Cą'bedi·s.	Probably corruption of Jean Baptiste; possibly derived from baby talk.	(?)	West of *Wa'bi·gi·'jik* almost to Montreal river.	Belonged properly to Matachewan band.
12	Noca'nto.	Derivation of "nursing" in child's talk.	(?)	East of Quinze lake.	This man was of Abitibi origin, known also as Joseph Rogers.
37	Ka'tci·dji·.	Derivation of "small."		West of Blanche river and Pound lake.	Belong to Matachewan band with headquarters at Elk lake. This band is a kind of mixed Algonquin-Ojibwa band whose affinities are not well understood. No. 37 not to be confused with No. 5 of same name; it is not certain just how they were related.
38	Twen.	Possibly corruption of Antoine.		East of Elk lake and Montreal river.	
39	Wa'wi·e·'ski·zik.	"Round eye."		West of Elk lake and Montreal river.	Belongs to Matachewan band. This man was a sort of trespasser; his territory was not well defined and he often gave the other bands trouble.

[1] The Timagami band has its headquarters at Bear island, Lake Timagami, about 80 miles southwest. The Matachewan band has its headquarters at Lake Abitibi, about 160 miles north. At each of these is a post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the accompanying table, the number in the first column refers to the correspondingly numbered area in the subjoined map of hunting territories; in the second column is given the family designation or title; in the third, its explanation; the fourth gives the totem, to be discussed later; while the fifth column gives the general bounds of the territory.

In the first group, comprising seven families, are the original constituents of the Timiskaming band, so far as is now known. Some have about lost their identity through intermarriage with outsiders.

In the second group of families are given those who have become more or less affiliated with the Timiskaming band, though not originally members of it. Such attachments, due to migration and intermarriage, are always going on in these communities and must be reckoned with in any social study. Some of these families, as is noted, came originally from the Matachewan band of Ojibwas, others have come from Abitibi stock, still others from the Timagami country. The pressure on the Timiskaming territory seems to have been constantly from the west, the result of the continuous northward and eastward drift of Ojibwas from the Lake Huron and Lake Superior regions. This scheme provides us with a concrete and presumably fairly accurate illustration of how territorial encroachments occur among the natives.

Totems.

In the third column is given the totem. This represents the clan organization, which is of secondary importance in the social organization of these Indians. The family territorial groups form a much more active bond of kinship than the clan relationship. For this reason, considering the weakness of the clan institution among the other Algonquins eastward, it would seem natural to attribute the clan system here to the influence of neighbouring Ojibwas, with whom there has been considerable intermarriage.

The clan here is a group with paternal descent and the exogamic regulation. The emblem of the clan is an animal, which is called *nto'te·m* "my kin," the familiar term employed by

ethnologists. The totem is simply regarded by these Indians as an emblem of a group of people, related through their fathers, who may be encountered even in different tribes. Thus, the Timiskaming and Timagami people of the same totem consider themselves as distant relatives. There are no religious taboos entertained in connexion with the totem, nor is descent traced from it. The idea underlying the totem here seems to be, in brief, the idea of relationship between individuals who have inherited, through their fathers, a certain secondary nationality in the tribe, the emblem of which is the particular animal or totem. As may be inferred from the paternal reckoning in both the totemic and territorial groups, each hunting territory remains permanently in the same totemic group.

In the Timiskaming band are three totems distributed through the families: the Kingfisher, *ogi'cki·ma`nisi;* the Caribou, *at·i'k`;* the Rattlesnake, *cici·'kwe.* The totems of some of the other families now extinct in the male line are not known.

The same totems are found among the Timagami Indians. The fact that the families in both bands are related by marriage and descent, leads one to feel that the Timiskaming totems may have been derived directly from encroaching Ojibwa families in comparatively recent times.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY HUNTING TERRITORIES OF THE DUMOINE RIVER AND KIPAWA BANDS OF ALGONQUINS.

In this short chapter are given the family hunting territories of two bands of the Algonquin tribe, lying along the Ottawa river, eastward from the territories of the Algonquins of Timiskaming. These data, which extend our knowledge of the family claims considerably to the eastward, were obtained from Benjamin McKenzie, of the Timiskaming band, who had been raised from childhood by Po'ni·s, the proprietor of Territory 14, of the Dumoine River band. McKenzie had hunted over the whole of this territory as far as the Coulonge and had been taught the territorial bounds by his guardian as a safeguard against trespassing. As the Dumoine band has disintegrated, we have no available means of checking these boundaries. Although coming from one informant, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the information.

The Dumoine River band of Algonquins called itself *Ki·we'goma·nicɔna'bi*, "Turn-back-lake people", from the name of Lake Dumoine. They seem to have lost their separate identity. McKenzie says that they became mixed in with the Fort William Indians of the Coulonge river when he was but a young man.

As to the Kipawa band, I had some difficulty in identifying the territories with precision, as the claims have become confused owing to removal, the encroachment of the whites, and intermarriage with other Indians and with whites. The name *Ki'pɔwe* denotes a "narrows beyond which the river widens". These people are also of the Algonquin tribe and are now located near Mattawa.

Socially and economically we find the same characteristics prevailing here as in the Timiskaming and Timagami bands which are respectively treated in the first and third chapters of

this paper. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to repeat the facts concerning paternal inheritance, trespass regulations, and the conservation of game in each of the family groups.

Dumoine Band.

No.	Family Name.	Translation.	Hunting District.
13	Ya'ndəkwe.	"Changing colour clouds"	East arm of Grand Lac Dumoine east of Coulonge river, south of Height of Land.
14	Po'ni·s.	"Light."	South of preceding between Dumoine river and Coulonge river.
15	Ci·ma'gan (Simon).	"Spear."	Dumoine river east to Lake St. Patrick and south to Ottawa river.
16	Nɑk·we'gi·jik.	"Middle of the sky."	West of Dumoine river from Ottawa river north to Grassy lake.
17	Menwᵒ·'bunwe.	"Nice morning."	West of Grand Lac Dumoine from preceding district north to Height of Land.

Kipawa Band.

18	Mi'skoci·ma'gan (Antoine Simon).	"Red soldier".[1]	Ottawa river east and south from Lake Obashing (Beauchêne) to Maganasibi river.
19	Kwakwa'ni (Basil).	Derived from "kwakwa", baby talk in calling for a drink of water.	North of preceding to Kipawa river.
20	Kᵩ·'sta (Joseph).	(?)	Indefinite information gives this band a district east of Lake Kipawa.

[1] This is also "red spear" or "red-coated soldier."

CHAPTER III.

FAMILY HUNTING TERRITORIES AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE TIMAGAMI BAND OF OJIBWA.

INTRODUCTORY.

In my work among the Algonkin tribes of northern Ontario in the summer of 1913, one of my objects was to learn something of the conditions under which the characteristic family bands, with special hunting territories, exist in a region where the totemic clan organization also prevails. Consequently, from Lake Nipissing northward I followed the line of contact between the Algonquins,[1] Ojibwa, and Cree, obtaining data from the Ojibwa of the Nipissing band, the Algonquins of Timiskaming, Mattawa, and Dumoine river, and the Ojibwa of Timagami, as well as supplementary material from those of Mattagami, Matachewan post, and Lake Abitibi.

The best opportunity for investigating this social-ecomonic organization was afforded by the Ojibwa of the Timagami band located, for their summer rendezvous, at the Hudson's Bay post on Bear island in Lake Timagami. The small size of this band (ninety-five souls in 1913) enabled me to make inquiries, so far as I could plan them, on a number of points concerning the life of the individual and the social group.

As regards the history of the Timagami band itself, evidences seem to support the assumption that these people are part of a steady northward drift of Ojibwa-speaking tribes from the Great Lakes. The Timagami themselves say that their ancestors came from near Sault Ste. Marie (*Pawatiŋ* "at the rapids"). The vanguard of this migration seem to be the northerly extending bands at Matachewan post and Flying post, while the Timagami are more of a northeastern extension,

[1] Their territories lie north from Ottawa river to Grand Lake Victoria and from Lake Two Mountains westward to Lake Timiskamimg.

having pushed their way into the boundary of the Algonquins of the Timiskaming band. Intermarriage characterized the spread of the Ojibwa among other bands, while the assimilation of manufactures, customs, beliefs, and art has resulted, after a few generations, in producing intermediate types which are either fundamentally Ojibwa or superficially so. This northern and eastern pressure of the Ojibwa seems to correspond to their western and northwestern movement as recorded by Mr. Skinner.[1] The Timagami people are conscious of this tendency in their group, attributing it to the necessity of seeking new hunting grounds by crowding on the Cree and Algonquins in the more northern tracts in order to replace their own territory in the Great Lakes region now being despoiled by the white people.

I hope to extend subsequently the region covered by my territorial survey, represented in part on the accompanying map, so that as many as possible of the contiguous territorial boundaries of all the northern and northeastern tribes may be marked down. Then we shall be able to give actual boundaries not only to tribal groups but to dialects and to the distribution of elements of culture. This material may, moreover, prove to have some value in the field of Indian administration, should it ever be possible to reconstruct the boundaries of the native family claims in Ontario and Quebec.

Bands and Hunting Territories.

As might be expected, the family band with its special hunting territory (*nda'k·i·m* "my land") is of primary importance here, as it is throughout the whole region occupied by the northern Algonkian hunting tribes. The general characteristics of this social grouping have been already dealt with in the preceding chapter on the Algonquins of the Timiskaming band. It seems hardly necessary to repeat the general details of proprietorship, trespass, conservation of animal resources, and ideas of inheritance and marriage prevailing among the Timagami people, as they are substantially the same as among their previously discussed neighbours. I was, however, told that the Timagami divided their districts into quarters, each year

[1] *Notes on the Eastern Cree and Northen Saulteaux*, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. IX, Part 1, 1911, pp. 11, 117-118.

hunting in a different quarter of the family territory in rotation, leaving a tract in the centre as a sort of "bank" not to be hunted over unless forced to do so by a shortage in the other tract. At such a time the family would move into this reserve and live upon it until the other tracts had replenished themselves. The institution of the hunting territory was held to by the Timagami until quite recently. They still make some effort to regard their district boundaries. I was able, in consequence, to make a careful record of the district, clan, name, and other features of the different proprietors. For two weeks, while at Bear island, I had the heads of the families themselves engaged in marking their territories on the map which is here reproduced. The results are shown upon the map itself. It is believed that the territorial bounds there defined are as correct as it is possible to make them. The Indians themselves realized the importance of the subject, and, probably for the first time in their lives, settled matters in black and white which had formerly been merely entrusted to memory. In addition to this, a diagram census of nearly the whole Timagami band, showing the family and territorial affinities, totems, and individual names, is given. In this way the social structure of a definite band may be concretely studied.

The original Timagami families seem to have numbered twelve, the proprietary names of which are as follows:

Family Hunting Territories of the Timagami Band.

No.	Family Name.	Translation.	Totem.	Hunting District.
10	Wabimα'k'wa.	"White bear."	Loon.	East of Timagami lake to Rib, Net, White Bear, and Rabbit lakes. *Kabi·mi·'gwun·e*, his brother, who married in the Timiskaming band, had a tract eastward to mouth of Montreal river.
21	Nebəne'gwun·e.	"One side wing."	Loon.	East of Timagami lake to Rabbit lake and south to Red Cedar lake.

Family Hunting Territories of the Timagami Band—Con.

No.	Family Name.	Translation.	Totem.	Hunting District.
22	Cumca'ckiwe.	"Old body."	Caribou.	South arm of Timagami lake, west to Manitopipagi lake, south to Sturgeon river.
23	Caya'gwog^{w}zi.	"Coming up hill."	Loon.	West of Timagami lake to Obabika lake, south to Sturgeon river.
8	Kane'cjc.	"Tomtit."	Loon.	Whitefish lake east to Montreal river, south to Sandy inlet, Lake Timagami.
24	Wenda'bɑn.	"Coming dawn."	Rattlesnake.	Surrounding Lady Evelyn lake.
25	Aya'nda'ckwe.	"Sun passing across a cloud."	Kingfisher.	Obabika lake west to Sturgeon river.
26	Kamino'ckama.	"Standing solidly."	Kingfisher.	Sturgeon river east to Florence lake and north to McKee lake.
27	Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k.	"Hawk."	Rattlesnake.	Surrounding Macobe lake.
27a	Misa'bi.	"Giant man."	Beaver.	Florence lake east to Obabika lake.
28	Kohǫ'je. Pi·ku'dji·ck.	"Owl's beak." "Pile of mud."	(?)	Both sides of Montreal river north to Elk lake from Kerry lake.

[1] *Misa'bi*, who is still living, almost a centenarian, is a Georgian Bay Ojibwa who came north and married one of *Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k's* daughters many years ago. Consequently *Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k* gave him a portion of his territory in the southern part.

Family Hunting Territories of the Timagami Band—Con.

No.	Family Name.	Translation.	Totem.	Hunting District.
29	Menitcu'wac. Si·da·'we.	"Spirit man." (no meaning.)	(?)	From Mirror lake to Gowganda lake and north through Long Point lake.
30	Djɑ̄kwuni·'gan.	"Holding a child."	Kingfisher.	Smoothwater lake to Gowganda lake.
31	Pawɑ̄gi·'dɑ̄k·we	"Sun rising on top of sky."	Kingfisher.	North of Sandy lake to Duncan lake.

Hunting Territories of Other Bands Adjacent to the Timagami.

Mattagami Band.

32	Oci·'mi·git.	"Scab" (?)		Tract east of Mattagami lake.
33	Wa'pi·tɑ̄'giji.	"Braided guts."		Sandy lake west to Nebwagwissi river.
34	Pi·ta'tigoȿ.	"Waves coming toward me."		A long tract west of Sturgeon river.

Whitefish Band.

35	Ote'pando. Osa'was.	(no meaning). "Yellow."	Rattlesnake.	Had same territory west of Sturgeon river. *Osa'was* was *Ote'pando's* nephew. It is said that *Osa'was'* father was a Spaniard.
	Tci·'dji.	(no meaning).	(?)	Have no territory, since there are only several women left. Their husbands were allowed to hunt with *Nebɔne'gwun·e* of the Timagami band.

Hunting Territories of Other Bands Adjacent to the Timagami —Con.

Nipissing Band.

No.	Family Name.	Translation.	Totem.	Hunting District.
36	Ca'bogi·'jik.			Red Cedar lake south to Lake Nipissing.

Timiskaming Band.

1 Mazi'ni·gi·'jik
7 Kitci·'bien
6 Wa'bœni'cəna'bi
2 Wa'bigi·'jik
11 Cą'bədis
37 Ka'tci·dji.
38 Twen
39 Wa'wi·e·'ski·zik

(See table in Chapter I)

We can get some idea of an older order of distribution, when there were fewer hunting grounds, by considering the territories possessed by the bands a generation or so ago. It seems that many of the present districts are subdivided tracts, two or three sons of a former proprietor having received portions after the death of their father and founded new families with new proprietary names.

Thus *Wabi·mα'k·wa* (10), *Caya'gwogwsi* (23), and *Kane·'cį·c* (8) were brothers who received their allotments after the death of their father. These contiguous territories had previously formed one. *Cumca'cki·we* (22) and *Nebəne'gwun·e* (21) were also brothers who received their portions from their father. The same is true of *Wenda'bœn* (24) and *Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k* (27); of *Kami·no''kama* (26), *Djα'kwuni·gan* (30), and *Pawegi·'dœk·we* (31); and of *Pi·ta'ti·gǫs* (34), *Wapi·tα'gi·ji* (33), and *Oci·'mi·git* (32) of the Mattagami band. As will be seen by referring to the census list, the groups of brothers are necessarily of the same clans. This may account for the contiguity of clans

in the same districts where former larger hunting territories have been split up into smaller sections among sons. If it were possible to pursue the historical inquiry further back, it might appear that the founders of these northern drifting Ojibwa bands were members of a few clans of the Great Lakes Ojibwa who migrated northward in search of a better game country within the last hundred years or so.

An interesting example of how territories may be loaned in part to other families in time of need is afforded by the narrative of Second Chief Oje'cewa'kwasi·no'winini (Aleck Paul), describing his experiences while staying with the chief of the Matachewan band.

"One time I went to visit Chief Michel Batiste (of the Ca'-bədis band) at Matachewan post near Elk lake. He gave me three miles on a river in his hunting territory and told me I could hunt beaver there. I was allowed to kill any young beaver, and one big one, from each colony. He told me not to go far down the river because another man's territory began there. Said he, 'Don't go down to where you see a tract of big cedars.' And I did not go there. This grove of cedars was the measure of his boundary. Later he gave me another lake where I could hunt marten. I stayed with this chief several months and he wanted me to stay longer. Then I left and came back to my own country. Afterwards I made another visit to the territory of the Djα'kwuni·gan family (Timagami band), because this man was a friend of mine and he had often been permitted by my father to hunt on our land. He had almost been like a brother to him. Then I came back here."

Clans and Totems.

Among the Timagami people, who are true Ojibwa, the clan groupings are still recognized, though not with the emphasis that is given them by the Ojibwa farther to the south. This is due to the fact that their trend of migration is northward, away from their sources of culture. The clans are characterized by animal totemic names. Descent is reckoned through the father. Marriage must take place outside of the clan, although

there is one case in the Timagami band of two people of the same clan who married; special provision in this case was made because the husband was a half-breed. It was thought that this outside blood would prevent a marriage between too closely related people. This idea of avoiding close marriage is explained by the Timagami people as the basis of clan exogamy.

The totem (Ndo'dem "my own emblem" seems to be as close to an analysis as the Indians can give) is regarded as an emblem which designates the group, and of which the members are proud in the same way, according to the Indians, as the Americans are proud of the eagle or the British of the lion. In the Timagami band no descent from the totem was claimed. The old men at Timagami think that the totem nickname originated from the abundance of some particular animal in the old hunting territories, which later became a mark of identity for the proprietors. No dietary taboos exist in regard to the totem nor are there any special clan rights, chiefs, or face paintings. The Timagami clans are four in number:

Maŋk "Loon"
Ogi·'cki·ma'ni·si "Kingfisher"
Ci·ci·'gwe "Rattlesnake"[1]
Ami'k' "Beaver"[2]

An outside family of Saulteaux or Cree blood has brought in the *Ka·g* "Porcupine" totem to the Timagami band, and an Indian from the Mattagami post has introduced the *At·i'k'* "Caribou" totem in recent years.

Wisana.

Another idea of some importance in the social classification of the individual is the *wi·sa'na*. This term denotes some animal which, shortly after the birth of a child, comes near the wigwam, apparently to see the baby. Sometimes its coming is delayed until the child is a year old. Practically all children

[1] The earlier southern home of the Timagami people is indicated by this totem, as there are no rattlesnakes as far north as Lake Timagami. The Indians claim the northern limit of the reptile to be French river.

[2] The Beaver clan was brought in a generation ago by a Georgian Bay Indian, Misabi, to whom a portion of territory was given by *Ke'ᵊkeᵊk* "Hawk"

	Name.	Totem.	Family.	Wi·sa'na.	Nickname.	Translation.	Remarks.
1	Frank White Bear.	Loon.	Wabi·nicα'k·wa.	Maŋgobine' cic ("loon bird")[1].	Wa'wi·egi·'jik.	"Round daylight" (Chief).	No child living.
2	Michel White Bear.	"	"	Mα'k·wa (bear).	Ome'nogi·'jik.	"Nice sky, day."	
3	Tonene.	"	"	A'jitekuje·'si. (little cross bill).	Maya'gizis Tonene.	"Right sun." (Child talk; no meaning).	Lives near Abitibi (old chief; see list of chiefs).
4	Mrs. Ogiwegono (née Tcidji).	Caribou.	Tcidji (Nebene'gwun·e).	(?)	(?)		Belongs to Whitefish Lake band.
5	John George Tcanizute (dead).	Loon.	Nebene'gwun·e.	(?)	Tca'ni·zute.	(No meaning).	
6	John George Tcanizute jun.	"	"	(?)	Pi·zi'natci·zi.	(No meaning).	Baby talk for "Crazy little fellow;" some child called him this when playing with him.
7	Angelique Tcanizute.	"	"	(?) Caca'weni·bi'si (swallow).	(none).		
8	Angele Blaney (rel. Tcanizute).	Caribou.	"	Gitci·'gitci·'gane·'cic (tomtit).	Kitci'nakwa'tci Na'u'kwegi·'jigo'-'k·we.	(No meaning; baby talk) "Noonday woman."	Married white man.
9	Agnes Blaney (half-breed).		"	Ci·ci·'p (duck).	Tca'ŋgwana'ni.	"Nose nani" (baby talk).	
10	Mrs. Petrant (née Egwuna).	Loon.	Wabi·mα'k·wa.	Wawa'ckee (red deer).	E'ndasu'tcaka'tegi·'-jiko'k·we.	"Everywhere shining sky woman."	
11	Old lady Cat.	Caribou.	Wa'bigi·'jik (Timiskaming band).	Gitci·'tcigane·'cic (tomtit).	Ko'k^{e}mαs.	"Grandmother."	One of the oldest women in band.
12	Old man Cat.	Rattlesnake.	Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k.	(?)	Pi·zi·'uw.	"Lynx."	So called by old people when he was young, because he played in the sand.
13	Michel Cat.	"	"	Wa'gue (fox).	Dα'mdαm.	(Baby talk).	So called by his children.
14	Antoine Cat.	"	"	Wabu's (rabbit).	(none).		
15	John Cat.	"	"	Caŋgweci (mink).	Tcαmα'ck.	(No meaning).	
16	Jesse Cat.	"	"	Pi·ne' (partridge).	(none).		
17	Old Pete Misa'bi.	Beaver.	Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k (shared by marriage).	Pi·ne' (partridge).	Wezau'skogi·'jik.	"Blue sky, day."	
18	Old lady Misa'bi.	Loon.	Wabi·mα'k·wa.	Kaka'bi·ci (mouse owl).	Wena'ndi·be'hutc.	"Nicely combed hair."	
19	Aleck Misa'bi.	Beaver.	Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k.	Ciŋgu'si (weasel).	Ne'nehegi·'jik.	"Fixed day," "Day arranged nicely."	
20	Frank Misa'bi.	"	"	Gwi·'ckwe (robin,)	Cima'ndi.	(No meaning; child's talk).	

[1] "Loon-bird," a small shore bird.

	Name.	Totem.	Family.	Wi·sa'na.	Nickname.	Translation.	Remarks.
21	Cabadis Misa'bi.	Beaver.	Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k.	Wawa'ckeo (deer).	(none).		
22	Louise Misa'bi.	"	"	Ehe'bik (spider).	Na'n·^{g}wac.	(Baby talk; no meaning).	
23	Juliet Misa'bi.	"	"	Mus (moose).	O'mano·'seno'k·we.	"Cloud passing well woman."	Weather names are generally derived from condition of weather at birth.
24	Moses Misa'bi	"	"	Gwi'ckwe (robin).	Meme'noga'bowetc	"Standing well."	
25	Anna Misa'bi.	"	"	Wedji·'gobineci (fisher bird).	Ki'wen'aimok·we.	"Cloud going back and forth woman."	
26	Madeline Cat.	Rattlesnake.	"	Bi·ne'cic (little bird).	Wa'tsego.	"There he is" (wa'-sago).	Derived from baby talk.
27	John Egwuna.	Caribou.	Wabi·ma'k·wa.	Ehe'bik (spider).	Ka'bea'nekwet.	"Clouds always moving."	
28	Jane Egwuna.	"	"	Mus (moose).	Paba'mapano'k·we.	"Goes around with daylight woman."	
29	Josephine Egwuna.	"	"	No'noka's (humming bird).	(none).		
30	Archie Egwuna.	"	"	Wa'guc (fox).	Ktciwa'bigun.	"Big flower."	
31	Ellen White Bear.	Loon.	"	Ogi'cki·ma'n^{x}si (kingfisher).	Mizo't·egi'jigo'k·we.	"All over sky woman."	
32	Isaac Egwuna.	Caribou.	"	No'noka's (humming bird).	Ka'gi·ge'bino's·i.	"Always be bird" (as long as they last).	That is, may he live as long as birds exist.
33	Mary Egwuna.	"	"	Gi'tcigi'tcigane'cic (tomtit).	Ni^{x}ta'wi·gan'.	"Growing ripe."	That is, day growing ripe, or mature.
34	William Picabo.	Kingfisher.	Kane'cic.		Pi·ca'bo.	"Tea water."	
35	Mrs. Lucy Picabo.	Loon.	Nebenégwun·e.	(not known).	(none).		
36	Charles Picabo.	Kingfisher.	Kane'cic.	Otci·'damu (red squirrel).	Paba'mi·gi·'jik.	"Daylight going all over."	
37	Minnie Picabo.	"	"	No'noka's (humming bird).	(none).		
38	George Picabo.	"	"	Ki'no'wena'gecj'c (white throated sparrow).	(none).		
39	Alex Paul (Chief).	"	Kamino·'kama.	At·i'k (caribou).	Oje'cewa'kwasi·no'-wini'ni.	"Noise of wind sighing through trees man."	There was a roaring wind when he was born.
40	Mrs. Lucy Paul.	Loon.	Wabi·ma'k·wa.	Gi·tca'behowe's·i ("pull eye bird," cedar bird).	Pema'si·ge'kwe.	"Moving shining sun woman."	
41	John Paul.	"	"	Miki'nak (turtle).	We'jigi·jikwe.	"Nice daylight."	His grandmother saw a turtle. They called him "Man" so he would live long. Oldest woman gave many names to children.

	Name.	Totem.	Family.	Wi·sa'na.	Nickname.	Translation.	Remarks.
42	Charles Paul.	Kingfisher.	Kamino''kama.	Mus (moose) (animal came a month late).	Wejina'be.	"Painter man."	Named after very old man, so he will live to be old.
43	Mary Angele Paul.	"	"	(no animal came).	Kwe'sqs.	"Little girl."	So called because she is only daughter.
44	Mary Ann White Bear.	Caribou.	Wabi·mα'k·wa.	Ciŋgu's (weasel).	Kisi·a'bəno'k·we.	"Quick coming daylight woman."	Abitibi band; married a Timagami man.
45	Anna Koho'je (née Egwuna).	Loon.	"	Wa'bus (rabbit).	Wabo'sek·we.	"Rabbit woman."	Married Elk Lake Indian and lives there.
46	Margaret Caya'g^{w}si.	Rattlesnake.	Caya'g^{w}si(by marriage).	Ki·ne'u (bald eagle).	Paci·'bəhowe·'k·we.	"Stabbing woman."	
47	Philomen Twen.	Caribou.	Twen.	Wa'bi·je's·i(marten).	Me'mina'wanigi·jigo'k·we.	"Happy daylight sky woman."	
48	Mrs. Antoine Cat (née Misa'bi).	Beaver.	Misa'bi.	Oka'pandji·'kuc (wren).	Ni·'ganabi·'k·we.	"Woman seated ahead."	Given by old Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k.
49	Sophia Misa'bi.	Beaver.	"	Wabu's (rabbit).	Pe''masino'k·we.	"Moving cloud woman."	
50	Nisett Misa'bi.	"	"	Wabu's (rabbit).	Ni·'bawegi·'jigo'k·we.	"Standing daylight woman."	
51	Meloise Misa'bi.	"	"	Pa''panc'ŋgəsi (small winter hawk).	Omi·'nəwa'bano'k·we.	"Coming nice daylight woman."	
52	Old man Misa'bi.			(?)	Mi·sa'bi.	"Giant."	
53	Old lady Misa'bi.	Loon.	Wabi·mα'k·wa.	Kaia'c (gull).	Ogi·ta'bano·'k·we.	"Top of daylight woman."	
54	Sophie Cat.	Rattlesnake.	Ke'^{x}ke^{x}k.	Pi·ne' (partridge).	Ktci·'kwe'sqs.	"Big girl."	Named from child's talk.
55	Joe Cat.	"	"	Tende·'s·i (bluejay).	Ktci·'kwi·'wisqs.	"Big boy."	Named from child's talk.
56	Tannas Cat.	"	"	Pa'kaha'kwan (chicken).	O'wana'nakwα't'.	"Staying good cloud."	This name was given on morning of July 9, when there was a calm and clear sky with few clouds stationary in north. Name given by old *Misa'bi*.
57	Nersis Kiwe'gono.	Kingfisher.	Djαkwαni''gan.	Ogi'cki·'ma'nisi (kingfisher).			His father was Whitefish band Indian, now dead; orphan.
58	Frances Paul (wife).	Kingfisher. (very distant relatives.)	Kami·no''kama Djαkwαni·'gan.	Wa'bus (rabbit).	Maya·wabano'k·we.	"Daylight rising on end woman'"	
59	Philip Mackenzie (husband).	"	Aya'ndαkwe.	(?)	Ta'delo.	(No meaning; baby talk).	
60	Tommy Mackenzie.	"	"	Gitci·'gitci·'kane'cjc (tomtit).	Meno'ki·'ga'bowitc.	"Nice standing land."	

	Name.	Totem.	Family.	Wi·sa'na.	Nickname.	Translation.	Remarks.
61	Henry Mackenzie.	Kingfisher (very distant relatives.)	Aya'ndɑkwe	Ni·'gik (otter).	(none).		
62	Ben Mackenzie.	"	"	Kaka'skanedji·'si (song sparrow).	(none).		
63	Flora Jane Mackenzie.	"	"	Bine'cjc (small dark blue bird).	Widjijgi·'s.	(Baby talk).	
64	Maggie (Paul) Petraut (sister of Frances Paul).	Kingfisher.	Kamino"kama.	Papa'panɑŋgsi (winter hawk).	Sa'segi·'jigo"k·we.	"Proud daylight woman."	sa'sega "well dressed."
65	Louise Egwuna.	Loon.	Wabi·mɑ'k·wa.	Pi·nē' (partridge).	Ma'ma'wegi·jigo"k·we.	"Entire daylight woman."	
66	Sandy Tcidji (her son).	Caribou.	Tci·'dji.	Muz (moose).	Wa'witc.	(No meaning; his own baby talk).	
67	Cecile Baker (half-breed).	Loon.	Wabi·mɑ'k·wa.	Omɑ'k·ɔki (toad).	Pi·ta'bano"k·we.	"Early dawn woman."	Born early in the morning.
68	Frank Baker (half-breed).	"	"	Wucɑ'gi (great blue heron).	Skwe·'nºgi·c.	"Round guts."	The child used to utter this word.
69	Walter Baker (half-breed).	"	"	Ki·no'wɔna'geci·c (white throated sparrow).	Sa'ganac.	"Englishman."	Because he is half English.
70	Mathias Nebɔne'-gwun·e.	"	Nebɔne'gwun·e.	(?)	Te·'ndu.	(No meaning; baby talk).	Old father showed the baby when two days old to his brother baby and he said "That's Te·'ndu!"
71	Alcck Mathias.	"	"	No'nokas (woodpecker).	Kiji·'bide'gi·okɔ-wini'ni.	"Going fast sky man."	Condition of sky; in addition "man," so he may grow big and strong.
72	Miles Mathias.	"	"	Ki·no'wɔnage'ci·c. (white throated sparrow).	Ma'negi·jik.	"Lots of days."	So named that he might live long.
73	Michel Mathias.	"	"	Kaka'bici (mouse owl).	Ktcimi·'guɔn.	"Big feather," "quill."	To make him grow strong and big like a quill.
74	Mary Ann White Bear (dead).	"	Wabi·mɑ'k·wa.	(?)	Ni·dja'ni·djc'.	(No meaning; baby talk).	
75	Mrs. John Tcidji.	Ki·nu'ze "Pike."	Nebɔne'gwun·e (by permission, as his daughter married John Tcidji).	Cko·'kodek (gold finch).	We'ndoki·ga'boi" kwe.	"Come to earth and stand towards daylight woman."	From Whitefish band.
76	John Tcidji (dead).	Caribou.	Nebɔne'gwun·e (by permission).	Pabi·'gomɑkɔk·i (rough-back toad).	Tci·'dji.	(No meaning).	
77	Emma Tcidji.	"	"	Ki·no'wɔnage'ci·c (white throated sparrow.)	Ka'gogca'bano'-·k·we.	"Forever daylight woman."	
78	Annie Tcidji (illegitimate).	"	"	Ca'ŋguc (mink).	(none; too young).		
79	Ned White Bear.	Loon.	Wabi·mɑ'k·wa.	Ke"ke"k (sparrow hawk).	Ni·da'wegi'jik Abi'nɔdji·'tjic.	"Both sides daylight." "Little boy."	

have this experience and treasure the name of the animal all their lives for some reason which they cannot definitely explain. The creature, it seems, is generally of the opposite sex of the child. It is looked for and expected by the mother. Practically everybody in the band knows everybody else's *wi·sa'na*. As will be seen from the census list, the *wi·sa'na* may be any kind of animal and has absolutely nothing to do with the totemic animal. The two seldom coincide. Often the child carries the name of the *wi·sa'na* until some episode in life earns for him a nickname. There is no taboo against killing the class of animal, though the actual creature that comes to visit the baby is never disturbed or molested, even though the family may be in need of food at the time and the *wi·sa'na* a desirable game animal. It seems that the *wi·sa'na* may, until we know more about it from other cognate sources, be regarded as a sort of minor individual totem. The *wi·sa'na* of each individual in the band will be found marked in the proper column in the census list following.

Census of the Timagami Band.

In the accompanying table are given the agency roll name, totem, family territorial affiliation, *wi·sa'na* or animal visitant, and individual name or nickname, with remarks, of all but one or two members of theTima gamiband:—

Naming.

When a child is born the parents make a feast and invite all the relatives. Later, when the child is about a year old, the mother generally appoints some old man or woman, selected on account of certain good qualities, to give the child a name. At this time another feast is held, during which the name-giver lifts up the infant and announces the name he has chosen for it; in a few words he or she bestows the name upon it. Then, as the food is passed around among the assembly from right to left, the child is also handed from one to the other, and each guest kisses it. This little ceremony makes public the name, which is retained without change through life, unless it should happen that some funny episode in the person's career should give rise to a nickname. It may also happen that a child grows up without ever having the naming feast given for him. Then, of course, he simply has to acquire one by being nicknamed among his relatives or associates. Names of the latter sort are, however, considered inferior.[1] Many of them are merely syllables of baby talk which grow into the names of the little tots who utter them because they sound "cute" to their folks. In the list just given the two sorts of names can readily be distinguished.

These really poetical names, among which sky and weather terms predominate, are derived from the particular time of day or night or the condition of weather prevailing when the child is born. The names are mostly composite terms combined with "man "or "woman." They not only have an aesthetic value, being euphonious as such to the Indian ear, but disclose a creditable appreciation of nature on the part of the natives.

Chieftainship.

In the native political organization of this band the head official was the chief, *ogi·'ma.* There was also a second chief,

[1] Some nicknames given to white people illustrate how the Indians seize upon some characteristic sound or trait. A Mr. Weaver was known among the Timagami people as *Ki'tci·ami`k·* "Big Beaver," by a corruption of the sound of the English name; Mr. Montgomery as *Ki'tci·pigi·u*$^{w}$ "Big Gum"; Mr. Southard as *Ki'tci·sa`wano`gi* "Big Southerner"; Mr. Woods, the H. B. co. factor, as *Ada'wewini`ni* "Store man." On account of my interest in old time lore, I eceived the nickname of *Ota'tsoke·`winini* "Story man."

ani·ke' o'gi·ma "Next to Chief," and a third official known as *mi·zi'nawe* "Man who collects (for the chief)."

Under the old regime the head chief and the second chief had about the same rank. If one was absent on a hunting expedition, or incapacitated in any way, the other would officiate. Their duty was to regulate contact between the band and neighbouring bands or tribes and the government. They were always supposed to be planning for the interests of the people in one way or another. They took care of widows and orphans and it was their duty to preach occasionally on the rules of the camp or upon topics in which they thought the people needed instruction or encouragement. In this lecturing the second chief would generally do the talking, announcing that the chief had so and so to say. Should any member of the band behave in a way that was considered offensive or detrimental to the band, in other words, do wrong, the chief would call a meeting of all the men who would discuss the matter and decide what reprimand or punishment to administer. The second chief would publicly announce the result. The first chief seems to have had some personal control, inasmuch as he could go into the family camps and warn them against this or that violation of the common welfare, whether trespass or offense. There seem to have been no clan chiefs. In time of war, it is remembered, the chief was the head. He decided the fighting policy of the band, where to camp, where to move, when to retreat, when to advance, and the like. Or, if unable to go himself, he would apportion so many men to another responsible leader, whom he might appoint as his proxy. The chief seems also to have been expected to learn conjuring in order to send his *ma'nitu* to fight against enemies or rivals.

As regards the third man in rank, the *Mi·zi'nawe*, his main duty seems to have been to collect money or provisions for feasts, councils, or for the expenses of the chief's travels in visiting wherever he might consider his presence required. Another duty of this official was to distribute meat to the families when it was brought to camp.

New chiefs were elected to office in the following way. The men of the band, forming the elective body, sat around in a circle. Some old man, serving as a master of ceremonies,

would say, "This man is going to be chief," announcing the name of some candidate who had been previously agreed upon. If the choice was agreeable to the assembly, they would reply *"ehe"*, "Yes". Then he would tell the nominee to stand up and shake his hat. After this was done, the assembly would rise, yelling "He! he!" and waving their hats over their heads in token of assent. This mode of election was followed in the case of the three officials. An old chief would often appoint his own successor, who, it seems, could be of any totem, the only restriction being that he must be a born member of the band.

In the accompanying table showing the chiefs as far back as they can be remembered by the Timagami people of to-day, we can see concretely that the officers were distributed in the different bands and totems, that chieftainship was for life, and that a man would commonly rise from the position of second chief to that of head chief upon the death of his predecessor.

Chronological[1] *List of Chiefs of the Timagami Band.*

Head Chiefs.		Second Chiefs.	
Name.	Totem.	Name.	Totem.
1. Ne'bəne'gwun·e "Feathers all over"[2], 1800-1835 (time of white man's coming).	Caribou.	Ke'ˣke'ˣk "Hawk."	Rattlesnake.
2. Ke'ˣke'ˣk "Hawk," 1835-1850.	Rattlesnake.	Ka'bemi·'gwun·e "Moving feather" (family of White Bear).	Loon.
3. Kane'ci·c "Little bird," 1850-1870 (founder of Kane'cic territory).	Loon.	To'nene (no meaning) There was no Mizi·'nawe.	Loon.

[1] All dates are approximate.

[2] Ne'bəne'gwun·e's father was chief before him. There were no white people present at that time (before 1800). He took part in "the great Ojibwa war." This may refer to the Pontiac war of 1763.

Chronological[1] *List of Chiefs of the Timagami Band—Con.*

Head Chiefs.		Second Chiefs.	
Name.	Totem.	Name.	Totem.
4. To'nene, 1870-1888; also had name of Maya'gi·zis "Right sun". (He was life chief).	Loon.	Wa'wi·egi·'jik "Round daylight" (Frank White Bear). There was no Mizi·'nawe this term.	Loon.
5. Oda'kawa'si·ge'wini'ni "Watching daylight coming to shine" (John Paul), 1888-1900 (family of Kamino'-kama).	Kingfisher.	Wa'wi·egi·'jik "Round daylight" (Frank White Bear).	Loon.
		Mizi·'nawe: Tca'ni·zu'tc (no meaning) (family of Nebane'-gwun·e).	Loon.
6. To'nene (no meaning), 1900-1910, (oldest brother of Frank White Bear).	Loon.	Frank White Bear (same as preceding).	Loon.
7. Wa'wi·egi·'jik "Round daylight" (Frank White Bear), 1910.—	Loon.	Oje'cewa'kwasi·no'winini "Sighing of wind in trees man" (Aleck Paul).	Kingfisher.

[1] All dates are approximate.

Marriage.

Unions between young people were contracted by the old folks. They would choose some young girl for a man who they thought should marry. The marriage was celebrated by no feast, dance, or ceremony, when the first wife was taken. The man would simply build a wigwam and make a canoe and household utensils. The old folks would lead the girl to the new household, where the couple would live together. Of course they would take care to have the husband and wife of a different clan, and, in their own way, would seek to combine compatible dispositions. Polygamy was in vogue among these

people. After the first wife a man would simply arrange personally with other women whom he might desire, and take them to his wigwam on his own account without any semblance of a ceremony. The Indians claim that husband and wife seldom separated in the old days, although there was no restriction against separation. The children in such a case would belong to the father. The term for husband or wife, which is used reciprocally, is *ni·wi·'tigema'gan* "the one who lives with me"; "I marry" is *ni·ni·'bau.*

Kinship Terms.

All non-vocative forms are provided with prefixed first person possessive pronouns.

English	*Ojibwa*: "my—	*Vocative*
Father	*nu'se*, *nda'dam*	*da'ta*
Mother	*niŋga'*	*dju'dju*
Grandfather	*ni·mico'məs*	*ni·jo'məsim*
Grandmother	*niŋko'komәs·im*	*ko'kɑməs*
Son	*niŋgwi's*	*niŋgwə's*
Daughter	*ninda·'nis*	
Grandson, Granddaughter	*no'ces* "grandchild"	
Brother (general term)	*ni·djki·'we* (used only by males)	
Older brother	*nisa'yes*	
Younger brother, Younger sister	*nici·'mec*	*Ka'wan* "cousin" (girl speaking)
Older sister	*nimi'ses*	*Ka'wan* "cousin" (boy speaking)
Sister (general term)	*nimi'*, *nindawe'ma* (used reciprocally by brother and sister)	
Father's brother	*nimico'mec* (also stepfather), *nici'cec* (preferable term) (also: mother's sister's husband)	

Father's sister	*ninu'cec* (preferable term) (also: mother's brother's wife; step-mother)
	nizi·'g^{w}əs
Mother's sister	*ninu'cec* (also: father's brother's wife)
Mother's brother	*nici'cec* (also: father's sister's husband)
Father's sister's son	*nidjkiweka'wan*
	ninda'wemaka'wan
Mother's sister's son	*nidjkiweka'wan* (also: mother's brother's son)
	ninda'wemaka'wan (preferable term) (also: mother's brother's daughter)
Mother's sister's daughter	*nidjkiweka'wan*
	ninda'wemaka'wan
Girl cousins (by mother's sister)	*ninda'ŋg^{w}ecec* (reciprocal)
Boy cousins	*nidjkiwekáwan* (reciprocal)
Sister's son, Sister's daughter, Brother's son, Brother's daughter	*nindo'jiməs*
Son's wife	*ni·'naha'ŋgani'ˋkwem* (lit. "my pleasing, satisfactory, woman")
Daughter's husband	*nini'ŋgwɑn* ("satisfactory man")
Father-in-law	*ni·ji'nis* (man or woman speaking)
Mother-in-law	*ni·zi'k^{w}əsis* (man or woman speaking)
Brother-in-law	*ni·'ta*
Sister-in-law	*ni·'nim*
Step-son	*niŋgwə'skaˋwan* (man or woman speaking)
Step-daughter	*ninda'niskaˋwan* (woman speaking)
	nindo'zi·mi'ˋkaˋwan (man speaking)
Adopted son, Adopted daughter	*ni·ˋta'wagiˋtcigan* (lit., "one that I brought up")

Burial.

Originally the Timagami people buried their dead largely in trees. The bodies were wrapped in blankets and clothing, sometimes encased in bark, and then placed in the branch of a spruce tree some distance from the ground. Some picturesque point in the river or lake was chosen, where it was thought they enjoyed seeing their living kin-folk passing by on their journeys. In later times tree burial seems to have been used more for the poorer class of people or for those who died in winter when the ground cannot be dug.

The people of the better class were frequently buried in the ground beneath the fireplace in the centre of the wigwam in which they had died. Then the wigwam would be moved.[1] Another method of burial was to dig a hole, line it with rocks, deposit the body therein, dressed and ornamented, provide it with bow and other available property, and cover the whole with a pile of cobble-stones brought there by the members of the family. The body was always laid upon its back. The Indians say this cairn burial was practiced to protect the body from being eaten by wild animals.

Hunter's Taboos.

Individually the men had many special taboos concerning the game which they killed. One man, for instance, when he brought home game, would always make a practice of eating certain portions, such as the head of the beaver, the knee of the caribou, or the tongue of the caribou. Sometimes he would share the privilege with his son or male relatives. Another hunter would always make a practice of eating the heart when he killed a bear. On the other hand, some hunters would never eat beaver; others would not eat the beaver's head.

These taboos are explained as having developed from individual experiences. One man, for instance, would not eat a fisher because once, when he had killed one and eaten it, although he was very fond of it, he became very sick. Another man had a dream in which he was warned not to eat beaver

[1] This reminds one of the custom found among the Muskhogean tribes.

heads. He believed that as long as he did not eat a beaver head he would continue to have good luck in finding beaver anywhere and any time. When he killed a beaver, he always cut a piece of the breast meat and ate it on the spot to preserve his power to kill beaver. Owing to the fact that some people are reluctant to divulge their secret taboo, it is difficult to get as large a collection of these as might be desired.

Hunters always placed the antlers of moose and caribou upon a trimmed tree stump, where they may be seen by passers by as an evidence of respect on the part of the slayer. To omit doing this is thought to weaken one's power as a hunter. The skulls of beaver as well as of other large animals are always placed in the branches of a tree near where they have been killed.

The bear in particular is honoured by having his skull painted with a black stripe from nose to occiput and another stripe perpendicular to this across the crown; a black spot is put in each quarter. Then a spruce tree is trimmed of bark, but left standing in its natural position; the skulls are tied to the trunk, and ribbon streamers are tacked to the top of the tree and red bands painted around the peeled portion at intervals. The bear is a much respected animal.

Dances.

The dances of the Timagami band are mostly occasional performances which take place as an accompaniment to feasting, chief-making, welcoming strangers, and sometimes before or after the hunt. While staying at Bear island I had occasion to witness several of these dances. Those still performed are the Feast Dance, Bear Dance, Duck Dance, and a common Round Dance, while the Pipe Dance is now obsolete.

The Feast Dance (*mɑ'guce uci`m·o*) is a celebration in honour of someone who has provided a feast for the camp. The guests are invited in the afternoon, and the food is shared from a common place where it has been spread upon the ground, each guest being provided with his eating utensils. Tobacco is distributed after the feast. When evening comes on, the chief performs the Feast Dance in honor of the donor. He

wears some extra apparel and carries a drum in his hand to accompany his singing. When I saw the dance, the chief had a woven rabbit skin robe over his head and shoulders. While singing the Feast Song, inserting a few words at times in honour of the feast maker and drumming, he dances before the assembly. Soon he threads his way in and out amongst the people, continuing his song, and when he has gone through the ranks of the spectators he dances back to the feast ground and ends his dance.

The Bear Dance (*mɑk·wə'cim·o*) is a rather simple performance in which the men and women, in no particular order form a large circle, with the leader at their head. Several of the men carry rattles made of tin cans containing pebbles. The circle of dancers led by the chief, who carries a drum and sings the Bear Dance song, then starts around counter-clockwise. The leader sometimes dances backwards, turns around, stoops, and in other ways imitates the bear. Generally some attempt is made nowadays by the leader and the men who rattle to wear Indian costume in part, donning feathers, blankets, or bead-work. The circling keeps up until the song is finished. The idea of this dance seems to be to honour the bear by imitating him.

The Duck Dance (*Ci·ci·'pci`m·o*) is another performance of which the Timagami are quite fond. It seems to have been influenced by European dances. The orchestra consists, generally, of a violin upon which some old reel or hornpipe or French jig is played. Formerly, they used the drum. The dance begins with two files of partners, the men on one side and the women on the other, side by side. All facing the musician, they begin walking backward and forward together. After doing this three or four times, the men swerve to their right and the women to their left, circle around and meet again at the head of the line. Then the partners hold hands, forming a bridge, and the couple behind passes under the bridge, takes position in front of the first couple, also holding hands, while the next couple then has to pass under two hand bridges and fall in place before the preceding ones. The whole company resumes its original position in this way by passing under the bridge and forming a new link in its lower end. This circling

and bridging is done several times. The next figure changes altogether. From the parallel line formation side by side the first couple faces right about and starts to thread in, first to the right and the left of each of the other couples as they in turn come to the head of the line and follow the first couple toward the rear. The whole movement simply becomes a swerving chain figure in which each couple alternately passes to the right and to the left of the one coming toward it. Sometimes a modern waltz turn or two is introduced between these movements. On the whole, this is said to come from the native Duck Dance in which the object was to represent the movements of a flock of drakes and ducks. At the end of the dance the performers all quack two or three times. This is purely a pleasure dance.

The common Round Dance is an outdoor performance generally performed at the camp. One man sings any one of a set of tunes, which seem to be mostly improvisations in which humorous passages are often introduced, accompanying himself upon a drum which is suspended from the branches of a tree. The dancers form a circle, generally with the men at the head of the line, some carrying rattles. Then they begin trotting around to the left quite close together, in time to the music. There is very little form to the dance. It seems to be for the most part merely a form of amusement in which women and children join in for the sake of excitement. At irregular intervals the dancers may face right about and circle in the opposite direction a few turns.

The Pipe Dance (*upwaɔ'·'ganahwe'cim·o*) used to be performed when visiting other bands. This differed only from the one already described in that the dancers form the figure outline of a pipe while dancing. This is no longer performed.

Upon the occasion of a feast which I gave to the Indians at Bear island, they performed the Feast Dance and went through the others, after which there were speeches by the chiefs and myself. Then pipes and tobacco were passed around. After another dance or two the assembly dispersed. On the next day more tobacco was distributed and another Round Dance given.

Phonetic Key.

a, as in *father*, of medium length; *a·*, lengthened.

e, open; *ɛ·*, long as in North German *Bär*.

e·, longer than *e* and close in quality.

i and *i·*, short and long in close vowels.

o, close and of medium length.

o·, longer than *o* and with lips more protruded, almost like *au* of English *taut*.

ɑ, dulled form of short *a*, like *u* of English *but*.

ə, short obscure vowel of uncertain quality.

b—p, bilabial stops varying between true sonant and intermediate surd-sonant.

d—*t*, alveolar stops varying between true sonant and intermediate surd-sonant.

g—*k*, medial palatal stops varying between true sonant and intermediate surd-sonant.

s and *z*, surd and sonant dorsal sibilant pronounced with tip of tongue deflected to lower alveolar (applies only to Timiskaming Algonquin; in Timagami Ojibwa *s* and *z* are normal).

c and *j*, surd and sonant sibilant corresponding respectively to English *sh* and *z* of *azure*.

tc and *dj*, surd and sonant sibilant affricative corresponding respectively to English *ch* and *j*.

m, as in English.

n, as in English.

ŋ, palatal nasal like *ng* of English *sing*.

w, as in English.

v, as in English.

h, as in English.

^{w} (following *g*), aspirated semi-closure of lips.

$^{'}$, nasalized vowel.

$^{`}$, aspiration following vowel or consonant.

^{x}, very weak surd guttural spirant (found only in Timagami Ojibwa).

$^{·}$, denotes that preceding vowel or consonant is long.

$^{'}$, main stress.

$_{`}$, secondary stress.

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Myths and Folk-lore of the Timiskaming Algonquin and Timagami Ojibwa

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CHAPTER I.

MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF THE TIMISKAMING ALGONQUIN.

INTRODUCTION.

A few fairly typical Algonquin myths relating the exploits of Wiske·djak were taken down in the summer of 1913 from Benjamin Mackenzie of the Timiskaming band. He had learned them when a young man from Algonquins near Dumoine lake[1] at the head of Dumoine river. These versions are also current at Timiskaming, as I found by testing a few incidents with other informants, who, however, knew only of fragments. These myths also are not considered entirely complete.

The trickster-transformer Wiske·djak "meat bird" is the personified Canada Jay or "Whisky Jack" (Perisoreus sp.). He is not in the least altruistic, though he seems to have in mind some provision for the Indians, as appears more particularly in story number 4. For the most part his transformations are semi-accidental. It seems hardly worth while at the present time to comment in detail on the transformer concept here, as it is my intention to pursue investigations further in this general

[1] This band is known locally as *Ki·we·'gomani'cəna'bi* "Turn back lake Indians." Their rendezvous was at Fort William. Their range extended around Lake Dumoine and down Dumoine river to the Ottawa river.

area, in which the transformer appears under various titles. At Timagami, for instance, he is called Nenebuc or *wi·ske·'*; at Mattagami, he is We·'micuze·'hwa or Nenebuc. The name Wiske·djak and its variants seem to be more or less characteristic of the Algonquin bands, in which respect they resemble the Cree.[1] A secondary hero personage here is Ci'ŋgəbis, the Horned Grebe (*Colymbus auritus*).

It is important to note, in dealing with myths in this area, that the scenes of the trickster-transformer's adventures always lay in well known localities within the territory of the band among which the story is told. These vary considerably, so that the stories have to be gathered independently from each band before any thorough comparison can be attempted. In these myths the scene of action commences with Dumoine lake, *Ki·we·'goma* "Turn-back lake." The other geographical references are as follows. The beaver's cabin in the first story is a high round-topped mountain near the lake. Then came Coulonge river and Pembroke lakes. The Calumet chutes are below Allumette island in Ottawa river; they are called *Apwa'ganiba'utək* "Pipe rapids," because the stone at that place is suitable for making pipes and was there sought by the Indians for this purpose. The big river referred to is Ottawa river, *Ki'tcisi·'bi* "big river," down which Wiske·djak's course seems to have been. Other general qualities of the transformer attributed to him by the Indians were given by the informant and appear at the end of the cycle.

Wiske·djak Cycle.

(1) *Wiske·djak Pursues the Beaver.*

Wiske·djak was travelling about looking for adventures. He never succeeded in anything he tried to do. He never did well and was always hungry. In his travels he came to *Ki·we·'goma* "Turn-back lake" (Dumoine lake). Now he even had no canoe, but he was a great swimmer. When he came to *Ki·we·'goma*, he found it even too big to swim, so he started to

[1] Cf. A. B. Skinner, *Notes on the Eastern Cree and Northern Saulteaux*, Anth. Papers of Amer. Mus. of Nat. Hist., N.Y., vol. IX, pt. i, 1911.

walk around it. He wanted to hunt beaver. On one side of the lake, he came to a round, high mountain that looked like a beaver-lodge. In front of it he found deep water, just as there is in front of a beaver lodge. And a little way off shore was a little island with many grasses; just as the beaver provides a winter supply of greens for himself near his lodge, so this island he supposed to be the beaver's winter supply and the mountain his lodge. Wiske·djak wanted to get this great beaver, but did not know how to get at him. Then he thought of draining the lake, so he went way around to the lower end and broke away the dam so that the water would run off. Soon the water began to go, and Wiske·djak lingered about, waiting for it to get low enough to get at the beaver. Pretty soon he took a nap. When he woke up, it was rather late and he hurried back to the mountain only to find that the beaver had gone. Now he thought the beaver might have escaped over the dam with the water, so he started back, and sure enough he saw the beaver going over the dam. "Now," said he, "I lost my beaver." He followed hard after him and had lots of trouble to keep up.

He followed him past Coulonge river and Pembroke lakes. But when the beaver reached Calumet chutes, he was afraid to go through and took to the portage. Then Wiske·djak saw him and chased him harder over the portage. When he got to the lower end, he lost sight of the beaver and started back up river (Ottawa river). When he got to the upper end of the portage, he saw fresh tracks. "Well," said he, "there has been somebody here. I wonder if I could trace him. We might have something to eat." Then he followed the track to the lower end of the portage where he had already been, but nobody was there. So he went back to the upper end of the portage and there saw more fresh tracks leading to the lower end. These he followed to where he had been twice before, but saw no beaver. He then discovered that they were his own tracks he had been following and gave it up. The tracks back and forth can be seen plainly to-day imprinted in the stone of Calumet portage, which the Indians call Wiske·djak tracks. After this he started off on another trip.

(2) *Wiske·djak Kills the Bear and Gets his Head Fastened in the Skull.*

Wiske·djak was always in trouble. One time he was going along the shore of a big lake carrying a big pail. He felt very hungry and was looking for something to eat. Pretty soon he saw a lot of clumps of high-bush cranberries and commenced to eat from one little clump to another. Then he remembered his pail. Said he, "If I could pick my pail full, I would have a good supply to last me a long while." So he began filling his pail, and as he went on he got into some big clumps. Suddenly he saw a big Bear sitting down among some bushes, every little while rubbing his eyes and picking out his paws as though something was hurting his eyes. Wiske·djak watched him a while and thought how nice it would be to kill him. What a big supply of food he would have then to fill his pail with! So he went up to the bear and said, "Hello, Bear! What's the matter with you?" The Bear answered, "Oh! my eyes are so sore, and I can't see where to go. I just wish somebody would help me." "Well, come along with me. I will help you. I know where to get some fine medicine that will fix you up all right." "Very well," said the bear.

Wiske·djak led him off to a big bunch of cranberries. There he gathered a lot of berries and crushed them in his hands. Then he told the Bear to open his eyes so that he could put the medicine on. "It may hurt you when I put this medicine in, but it will cure you, so don't mind it." Then Wiske·djak began to rub the cranberry juice into the Bear's eyes. The Bear began to roar and tear around with the pain, making a great time. "But never mind," said Wiske·djak. "It may hurt, but it will cure you." In the meantime he hunted around and got two big stones, and while the Bear was blinded with the pain, began pounding him on the head with the stones. He had a hard fight all over the berry-patch, but finally succeeded and killed the Bear. Then Wiske·djak went back to where he had left his pail and got his knife. He skinned the bear and cut him up. He put some of the pieces into his pail to make a bouillon. Then he got sticks and made a fire for the cooking. Next he got some birch bark peeled off and cleaned a big space

near the fire, spreading the birch bark to put the meat on. He stuck the pieces of meat on sharp sticks. When they were well roasted, he spread them on the bark to cool off before eating them. He left the bear's head for the last, then he began to eat lots of the bear's fat and the meat. He had a great big pile of it. He sat down to enjoy his meal.

Now, just as he was ready to begin, the wind began to blow a little, and at the same time from above came a little cry, "Whun!" He looked around, because it bothered him, but could not see anything, so he started to eat again. Then the same little cry sounded again, "Whun!" and he stopped to look around, but couldn't see anything. The third time he started to eat, the same cry sounded, and then he got up and hunted for the cause, for it bothered him and was spoiling his good time. When he looked up, he saw a tree that had been blown down, resting in the crotch of another tree over him that rubbed when the wind blew and made this noise. Said Wiske·djak, "You had better stop that noise until I get through eating. I don't like it at all." "Oh!" said the tree, "I have to do it. I can't stop it." Whenever Wiske·djak started to eat again, the wind blew a little. Then Wiske·djak climbed the tree and put his hands in between the tree and the crotch to stop the rubbing, and when the wind blew a little the space spread and closed again. It pinned his hands in the crotch and held him fast. "Let me go! Let me go!" he begged of the tree. "I must get down to my meat." But the only answer he got was, "No," and there he stayed.

Pretty soon when he looked down, he saw a Squirrel come and take some of his meat. He shouted for him to go away without any success. Next came the Marten, then the Fisher, then some Wildcats, then Ravens, and in fact all kinds of animals came and began to eat up his supply of meat. He tried to drive them away, but couldn't. The more he shouted at them, the more they danced and sang and ran off mocking him. They carried away all his pieces of meat to their dens, but didn't touch the pail of grease. By the time all the meat was gone, a little breeze arose and the tree let him go. When he got down, all was cleared away. There were not even bones enough for

bouillon. There was only the grease in the pail. "Well," said he, "I'll have grease anyway."

The Bear's bladder was hanging in some willow trees where he had thrown it when he had cut him up. And he went over and filled the bladder with the grease, so that he could cool it. He tied the neck of the bladder so that it would hold the grease. "Now," said he to himself, "even if they have taken all my meat and bones, I'll have the grease. I'll just tie it by a string to a stick and let it float in the river until it is cool, and then I'll make a good meal of that anyway." So he tied the bladder of grease to a stick and let it swing in the current of the river to cool it. A Muskrat came along. "Kwe, Muskrat! Where are you going?" said Wiske·djak. "Oh! anywhere," answered the Muskrat. "Well, then, come work for me," said Wiske·djak. "Come, tie this bladder on your tail and swim further out in the deep water where it is cold and cool it for me. Don't swim too fast and go easy or you might break the bladder and spill my grease." "All right," said the Muskrat, "I will do it for you and you will tell me how fast to go." Then Wiske·djak tied it to his tail and the Muskrat started off with it. He made a plan meanwhile. The Muskrat swam way out. "Hold on," said Wiske·djak, "you're going too fast." But the Muskrat swam farther and when he got far enough, he snapped the string with his tail, broke the bladder, and dove out of sight. The grease spread all over the water. Wiske·djak cried and ran out into the water and tried to scoop up the grease in his hands to save some of it, but it all escaped him.

When he had lost his grease, he thought of his bouillon, and went back to his pail, but when he got there, he found that the Wolverine had come and eaten it all up. Then he searched about to see if he could even find a small bone. There was not a thing left. After a while he saw a string of little ants going back and forth from under a log. "I wonder what they are doing," thought he. "Maybe they have something hidden under there." He followed them and looked under the log, and there were the ants eating away on the Bear's skull, devouring the brains. "If I could get in there myself, I could get some of those brains," said he. He tried different ways to reach in, but could not get at it. "If I could only put my head in

that hole, I could eat some. I wish my head was as small as a snake's head, then I could get it in." Then his head began to get small like a snake's head and he poked it inside the skull and began eating a great snack. He licked the skull clean and said, "Well, I had a meal. Now, if I could only get up and out, I would be all right." But when he tried to get his head clear of the skull, he could not, because his head had turned back to its original size and was fast inside the skull. He couldn't see where he was going.

Then he sat down on a log, thinking what to do next. "If I knock my head against a rock, I might break my own head." Then he thought of the Indians and started off in search of a camp to get help. He was blinded by the skull and could not see where he was going. Soon he banged against a tree. "What's your name?" he asked of the tree. "Maple," was the answer. "Well, I'm in high ground. I won't find any people camping way up here." Soon he banged against another tree. What's your name?" he asked. "Beech," was the answer. "I'm still in high ground," said he; "I must strike lower ground." Soon he banged against another tree and asked its name. It answered, "White-pine." "Still in high ground," said he, "but getting lower." The next tree he bumped against proved to be a red pine. "Still in high ground. No Indian camp here." At last he banged against a balsam and then a spruce. "I am getting on low ground now," said he. Pretty soon he got into ragged bush and struck a rough-bark tree. "What's your name?" he asked. "Cedar," said the tree. "Aha! Now I'm in low ground and may strike a camp at last." He went on and soon got into very tight bush and struck an alder. "Aha! Now, I am close to a lake. I will soon find a camp." Next he got tangled up in knee-high twigs. He asked them what their name was and they told him willows. He said, "Am I near a lake?" "Yes," they answered. "Can you see people?" "Yes, up at yonder point there is a camp," they answered. "Is it far?" he asked. "No, not far," said they. So he went on and got into something still lower. "What's your name?" he asked. "Grass," was the answer. Now he walked on and got into water, deeper and deeper. "If the people would only see me, I would be all right," said he. Next he started to swim.

He splashed about and made a noise to attract the people if any were about. Suddenly he remembered about the skull on his head and said, "If the people see me, they might think that I'm a bear and try to kill me." So he swam on.

Sure enough the Indians saw him. They recognized Wiske·djak by his antics and thought he was trying to play some trick on them, so they laughed about it and quietly paddled up close to him. They pretended they thought he was a bear and made out as though they were going to kill him. Wiske·djak swam as hard as he could for his life. "Hand me my axe," said one of the Indians, "till I kill him." "Stand aside till I shoot him with my arrow," said another." "Hurry up, paddle hard or we'll lose him," said a third. They all kept shouting and making a great pretence to get after him, all the time laughing at Wiske·djak and splashing with their paddles as though trying to keep up with him. Wiske·djak all the time struggled ahead in great fear, expecting any moment to be killed. At last he got across the lake on the other shore and his feet struck bottom. He landed on a flat rock with the Indians behind him. Suddenly he slipped and fell on his head. The bear skull cracked and fell off and left his head free. Then he saw the Indians. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! cried he. "I'm Wiske·djak." Then he took to the bush and escaped.

(3) *Wiske·djak Invites the Ducks to a Dance.*

Wiske·djak was always hungry. One time, in the autumn of the year, he noticed the flocks of ducks flying south and how fat they were. Then he made up his mind to try and get some for a good supply against the winter. He decided to make a big dance among the birds in the autumn and to invite all the ducks and geese to come, so that he could kill them. Then he set to work and built a big wigwam and cleaned a nice place around the outside. He built a little fire in the middle of the wigwam and fixed a nice space all around it for the dance to take place. Then he made his door of birch bark, so that the centre stick, which keeps the bark spread, extended over the ends of the bark and kept it from opening inwards. Now, everything was about ready, so he went to see a Duck and said to him, "Soon,

now, you will be going away south to be gone all winter and not to come back until next spring. It will be a long time before I will see you again, so I want to get up a dance for you all. You go and invite all your friends—the Ducks, the Geese and the others who go south." "All right," said the Duck.

So he got ready and went back to his wigwam to wait for the company. To help invite the birds, he sat down in front of it and got his drum and rattle and began singing a song of invitation.

As the ducks came flying by overhead, they heard his song and came down to join the party. He sang his song and told them, "You are going away to be gone until next spring, and I won't see you for a long time, so I want to get up a dance for you all, before you go." A lot of them came down and he gathered a crowd outside. Then he said, "Now, let us go inside and have our good time," and he opened the door and they all went in. Then he fixed the small fire in the middle so that it would just give enough light to see a little. "Now," said he, "you must obey the rule of this dance and do whatever you are told when you hear the order." He sat down on one side of the fire near the door and they all began dancing around. They got well mixed up before long—the geese, ducks, loons, and all kinds of birds, and Ciŋgəbis[1] was there too. When he got them warmed up to the dance, they all got mixed up and soon Wiske·djak said, "Now, you must all close your eyes and not open them until I give the word." Then they obeyed and kept on dancing with their eyes closed. Then, while their eyes were closed, Wiske·djak got up and began wringing the neck of one after another. The noise of the dancing prevented them from hearing what he was doing.

Pretty soon, Ciŋgəbis began to suspect that Wiske·djak was moving around, so he danced over into a dark corner where Wiske·djak could not see him and opened one of his eyes a little to peep out. There he saw Wiske·djak going among the dancers, wringing their necks, and he called out, "Wiske·djak is killing you! Fly!" Then they opened their eyes and saw what was happening and took wing and flew away. But little

[1] Ciŋgəbis is the grebe, a well known character in Ojibwa mythology, sharing the trickster exploits of Wiske·djak. He appears again as the quasi-hero of a subsequent story in this cycle.

Ciŋgəbis was way up in the corner. When the birds rushed for the door, Ciŋgəbis got there last. Wiske·djak jumped at him and gave him a kick behind that knocked him out of shape. Then he kicked him out of the door and cried, "Now go, you little rascal." Ciŋgəbis flew off. Ever since then he has been out of shape. His feet are so far back that he cannot walk on land. Wiske·djak did not eat the ducks he had killed after all. He was a curious lad, that Wiske·djak. (I wasn't with him any longer. I left him there.)[1]

(4) *Wiske·djak Anum Suum Urit and Originates Rock-weed and Red Willow from the Scabs.*

Now Wiske·djak went on after he had kicked Ciŋgəbis. He saw the flocks of birds rising in the sky and flying overhead for the south to where it is warmer. When he lost sight of them, he went back into his wigwam and looked over what birds he had killed. He wondered how he could cook them best, so they would taste good. Then he made up his mind to build a big fire outside his wigwam. When he got the fire well started, he got a stick and sharpened its point; then with this he loosened up the ground all around and under the fire. When the fire burned down, it left the sand red hot round about, and the holes too. Then, where the holes were, he stuck the fowl head-first with their feathers all on just as he had killed them, leaving their feet sticking out above the ground. Then he put on more fire to roast them well in the hot sand. He stayed up part of the night tending his fire, until he grew drowsy. "Now," said he, "I'll take a little sleep while my birds are cooking in the sand." But he grew uneasy lest somebody might come while he was sleeping and steal his birds. Now Wiske·djak had the power to make anything answer him when he spoke to it, no matter what it might be. So he decided to lie down in a clear space facing the lake where people would come in a canoe if any were around. He lay down ano suo lacui adverso, resting on his knees and elbows. "Now," declared he, "I'm going to have a little sleep. You watch and tell me when you see any

[1] Formal way of ending a narration; the narrator is assumed to have been a spectator. The informant temporarily discontinued his story here.

Indians, if they should come in a canoe. Wake me up if you see anybody." So he went to sleep. After a while anus ejus clamavit, saying that an Indian was coming. Wiske·djak jumped up and looked around everywhere, but could not see anybody. So he lay down again and ano suo idem dixit ut antea. But just as he was going to sleep, anus iterum clamavit, saying that a canoe was approaching from around the point. Wiske·djak jumped up again and looked all around, but he could not see any canoe. He then grew angry and anum suum vehementes objurgavit and warned it not to tell any more lies, as he wanted to go to sleep. Then he lay down and fell asleep again.

Now this time there were some Indians coming around the point in a canoe and they saw the smoke from Wiske·djak's fire on the shore of the lake. Seeing something strange-looking near the fire—they could not well make out what—they paddled near. As they drifted quietly in shore, looking sharp to see what curious creature it might be, they came quite close. One of the Indians said, "Look out, it might be Wiske·djak up to some more of his mischief." So one of the men went ashore and said, "I'll go see who it is and what he is doing." Then he went up the shore to where Wiske·djak was crouching asleep and looked at him. He then found out who it was, Wiske·djak, and saw the fire burning, but couldn't see anything cooking. But at last he examined the fire-place and saw the fowls' legs sticking out of the sand around the fire. He stepped closer to the fire and saw that they were the legs of all kinds of ducks and geese. Then he went down to the water and told the rest of the men what he had found. Said they, "We will all go up and take Wiske·djak's ducks and geese out of the sand and play a trick on him." So they got out of the canoe and took their paddles. They dug up all the fowl with the paddles and twisted the legs off them. The legs they stuck back in the sand just as Wiske·djak had placed them. They then took the ducks and geese and started off as fast as possible before Wiske·djak should wake up and see them.

Pretty soon Wiske·djak did wake up, as he had slept enough. He got up and looked about. Nobody was around and things

looked quiet. "I guess my food is pretty well cooked by this time," said he. Then he pulled up one of the duck legs from the sand, and ate the meat on the shank. He went all around pulling the fowls' legs out of the sand and eating them. "They are very well done to pull off so easily. Oh, they must be nice and tender!" thought he. The only thing he noticed was that the legs came very freely from the sand. "They must be very well cooked to come out of the sand so freely." He took a digging stick and commenced to dig them out. He commenced shovelling away the sand where one of his ducks was, but found the hole empty, and he dug all around in the sand but found they were all taken away. He could not find one bird. At last he got tired of searching and then ano suo dixit, "So I thought I left you to watch for me while I was asleep!" Et anus [1]respondit, "When I was watching for you and woke you up, you were not satisfied. You gave me a scolding. So when the Indians did come, I thought I would leave you to do your own watching."

Then Wiske·djak grew angry and planned anum suum castigare. He got wood and made another big fire. He got it burning well until there were a lot of red coals. "Now, ano suo dixit, "I'll give you a little punishment for letting my ducks and geese go to the Indians." He went over to the fire and straddled his legs over the fire-place, sitting over the red coals. Anum suum paulum urere incepit ut eum castigaret, but he stood the pain the fire gave him. Soon his flesh commenced sizzling, making a sputtering noise "Tsii!" as it roasted nicely. He heard it squealing. "You can squeal all you like till you get enough of a scorching," ano suo dixit Wiske·djak. When he thought it was burnt enough, he got up and started walking off. He started off to look for something else to do, ano suo maxime dolente.

He wandered across swamps and mountains and around lakes, suffering with his burns. All at once he came upon a little flock of partridges newly hatched, and their mother was away. "Kwe!" said Wiske·djak, "What are you doing here?" "Nothing," said the little Partridges, "just staying here." "Where is your mother?" asked Wiske·djak. "Away hunting," replied they. "What's your name?" he asked of one. Each

[1] Ejus.

little Partridge told him its name until he came to the last, the youngest one. "What's your name?" he demanded. "Kuck-uŋge·'siṣ, suddenly frightened!" answered the little Partridge. "Oh you!" said Wiske·djak, "what can you frighten?" Then he took a lump of soft mud and threw it over all the young Partridges, so that he almost covered them with the dirty mud. "What can you frighten now?" said he. Then he left and walked along until he came to a high mountain. He was getting very sore from his burns and anus [1]maxime doluit. When he climbed to the top of the mountain he found a nice breeze blowing across it. He found a high rock swept by the cooling breeze. "Now," thought he to himself, "if I can find a nice place on the highest of these rocks I can rest myself and let the cool breeze cool my burns." So he searched around the mountain until he came to a place clear of trees where there was a great chasm below, hundreds of feet deep, with a nice cool breeze coming over. Here he lay down right on the edge where most of the breeze was. He found the wind very good. He got relief from his suffering burns. His pains had been so bad and he had walked so far that he was very tired and sleepy. Soon he was fast asleep on the brink of the cliff.

By this time the old Partridge had got home to his young and found them all covered with black mud. The old Partridge said to his young, "What has happened to you? Where did you go? Anywhere?" "No," they answered, "nowhere." "Well, what did this?" he asked. "Well, Wiske·djak came along to-day after you went away. He commenced asking us questions and we answered him as well as we could. He asked us our names and we all told him. But one, our youngest brother, was the last to be asked, and when he told his name Wiske·djak got angry and said, 'What could you frighten?' Then he got mud and threw it over us and left us in this mess." So the old Partridge was angry. He cleaned the young ones up, washed and dried them, and gave them their food which he had brought back for them. Then he asked them which way Wiske·djak went and they showed him the direction. Then the old Partridge took the trail the little ones showed him and followed Wiske·djak across the swamps, over the mountains, and around the lakes. He tracked him to the big high mountains. He

[1] Ejus.

kept on until he reached the high rock of the cliff, and there he saw Wiske·djak lying on the edge of the rock sleeping soundly. The old Partridge went alongside of him on the upper side of the rock, above him. He spread his wings and went right up close to Wiske·djak's ears, and shouted, screeched, and clapped his wings. Wiske·djak woke up with a start and jumped up. He saw something above him making a terrible noise and took such a fright that he fell over the edge of the rock. "Now," said the old Partridge, "you will know better what *Kuckuŋge·'sis* is now."

So poor Wiske·djak tumbled down the cliff, banging and sliding on his hind-quarters, and scraped all the scabs off his burns. When he fell to the bottom of the rocky cliff, he lay stunned for some time, but after a while he arose. He started to crawl away on his hands and knees. Soon he saw a lake at the bottom of the cliff. His sores pained him very badly. Thought he to himself, "There's a nice lake; now I'll go down there and cool myself in the water." He started crawling toward the shore. Before he came to the edge of the water there were a lot of low willows he had to crawl through. As he went over them, he looked back where he had come and saw all his blood from the sores stuck on to the willow twigs. Then said he, "Now you young willows will be called 'red willows' from this time on. And when the Indians get short of tobacco they will cut you and scrape the bark off you and dry you and use you to smoke for their tobacco." He looked up higher toward the rocks where he fell down. There he saw his scabs sticking to the rocks where he had stuck, some large, some small. Said he to the rocks, "You will hold on to these scabs. Don't ever let go. And when the Indians are hard put to it for something to eat, you will give them some of my scabs and tell them to wash them in cold water and boil them with rabbit meat or any kind of meat or fish. It will furnish them with fine soup, those small ones. And now the biggest scabs—you can tell them that if they have any kind of oil they can oil them a little and roast them before the fire and that it will give them good nourishment when they are hard put to it for something to eat." So from that time the Indians have used red willow bark to smoke and the "rock weed" to eat when they have needed

them.[1] By this time anus Wiske·djaki magnopere doluit and he thought he would go into the water for a while and cool his burns.

So I had some travelling to do and I left him there, and I don't know where he went.

(5) *Wiske·djak Disguises himself as a Lynx.*

One time in winter Wiske·djak was going along and fell upon an Indian's trail. He followed the tracks of the snowshoes and soon came to a place where the Indian had set his rabbit snares. Wiske·djak saw the rabbits in the snares. He followed on and finally came to where a Lynx was caught in a snare. He thought it was a very curious looking creature. The Lynx's eyes were bulging out from being choked in the snare, and his teeth showed. Now Wiske·djak admired the Lynx's bulging eyes. "Don't you think your eyes are very pretty?" he asked the Lynx. "No, not very," answered the Lynx, because every thing living or dead had to reply when Wiske·djak asked it a question. Wiske·djak was very eager to get pretty eyes like the Lynx's, so he made a fire and roasted the poor Lynx to get its skin off. Then Wiske·djak took out his own eyes and pulled the Lynx's skin on over his own head, so that the bulging eyes of the Lynx fitted into his own eye sockets.

Then Wiske·djak went on his travels, very well pleased with his looks. But he found out that with the Lynx's eyes he could only see well at night. So after a while he became dissatisfied with the new eyes, but he had thrown his own away, so he had to make the best of it. He could only travel at night on account of his new eyes. So he had to make his living on rabbits, stealing them from the Indians' snares. They were all he could get. One day, as he was going along, he stopped and looked at his tracks. Then he discovered that his paws were big and broad and so spread out when he walked that they resembled snowshoes. They were so broad that he could walk over the snow without snowshoes. So he went on.

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[1] The Indians often use the red willow bark to mix with tobacco. It is called *məskwa'bi·'mij* "red willow tree." The yellow spots seen on the red of the bark are where Wiske·djak, in walking over them, got them between his legs and left yellow matter in the blood from the scabs. The "rock weed," *wa'kwund* (rock tripe) is often eaten in the bush when other foods fail. It is scraped off the rocks with a flat stick into a blanket, then washed and boiled and eaten. The water becomes a little slimy, but it makes a nourishing soup.

One day he decided to watch the Indians, so he sat down on a log near a hunter's path and waited for someone to come along. He waited all night and part of the day. Finally some Indians came along the path to visit their rabbit snares. As they passed they found the rabbits stolen from all their snares, but they did not mind it very much. Some time after, one of the Indians' little children came along the trail and saw Wiske·djak with his big face and bulging eyes sitting on the stump. The child ran back to camp and told his parents that he saw a big wildcat with bulging eyes staring at him from a stump. Then the father of the child took his "arrow-head club,"[1] and went to where the child said he saw the wildcat. Then he started clubbing Wiske·djak to kill him. The fight was getting pretty bad, when Wiske·djak cried out, "Hold on, hold on! it isn't a lynx, it is Wiske·djak that you are pounding to death!" And Wiske·djak tore off the lynx skin, and pitched it away. Then he took to the bush. That's the last I saw of him.

(6) *Wiske·djak's Love Affair.*

Wiske·jdak never got married to a woman. But he pretended to get married. One time he dressed himself like a woman, with skirts, and tried to deceive a young man, so that he thought Wiske·djak was his wife. Wiske·djak pretended to be jealous of the man when he went away. The other people knew that it was Wiske·djak all the time and laughed to themselves and made fun of the pair. The young man lived with Wiske·djak for some time, thinking it was his wife. But the other people made fun of the young man so much that at last he left Wiske·djak. Several times he got young men to live with him as their wife, but at last they all left him and he went away by himself. He was a queer fellow, that Wiske·djak. He never got married because he would not be bothered with a woman, as he had to be travelling all the time.

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[1] *Pαgwa'k·wut pugəma'gan* "arrow-head hammer," an old style of war club with a stone set in a big wooden head attached to a handle and swung by a thong from the warrior's elbow to leave his hand free.

(7) *Ciŋgəbis.*

Ciŋgəbis was a remarkable fellow, a wonderful diver who could stay underneath the water all day if he wanted to. He was married and lived with his wife's people. One time he had some kind of a dispute with them and they would not give in to him. So he said he would go away. As it was winter time, there was a water hole in the ice on the lake, and he went down and slid into the water and disappeared. His relatives spent all day hunting for him along the shores, thinking he might come up along the edge, but he did not. Then they went home and gave him up. In a few months, when his wife's brothers were out on the lake in their canoe, they spied a little duck swimming a long way off, and paddled up to him. This was Ciŋgəbis. When they got near, they recognized him and asked him, "Are you not Ciŋgəbis?" "Yes," said he. "We thought you were drowned. Are you coming back again?" "No," said he, and fluttered his wings and sank out of sight, leaving only his bill above the water, which they could not see. This time he stayed under all day, and when night came, he left the country. His wife's people thought he was either dead or gone.

Then Ciŋgəbis travelled to another village, where he heard there was a beautiful girl. When he saw her all dressed up in fine clothes, new and beaded, he wanted to marry her, and asked her parents for her. "Who are you?" they asked him. "I am Ciŋgəbis," said he. "Why, we heard you were drowned," said they. "It is not true. Here I am. I am Ciŋgəbis and alive." "You cannot be Ciŋgəbis, because there is only one Ciŋgəbis, and we heard he was drowned. But if you are, you cannot marry the girl, because you have another wife.'" Now Ciŋgəbis wanted the girl and stayed in the camp. He would not leave. So that night they put one of the girl's brothers to sleep alongside of him, so that he could not secretly get to the wigwam where the girls slept. During the night he talked with the brother and told him that he would show them how he could stay under water if they would give him the girl. The next morning the young man told his parents about it and they talked it over. They thought it might be good for their boys to know how to stay under water, and at last gave their consent. So they gave

Ciŋgəbis the girl, and the next day went out on the lake to see him dive. The whole family got in the canoe and they paddled out to the middle of the lake. "Now," said he, "let me out here." Then he slid into the water and with his body stiff sank slowly until he was out of sight. Then he struck out under water and reached the shore where he hid under some rushes, just leaving his bill above the water. His nostrils were at the end of his bill, so he could breathe with only a bit above water. They waited for him half the day and, though the water was calm, could not see him, so they gave him up and went home. That night he came back, to their surprise.

They planned to go out again the next day and see him dive again. The next day they went out and Ciŋgəbis dove again and swam among some reeds. He got under one lying flat, and pushed it just a little above the water so that his nostrils were out of water, yet covered by the stem of the rush. There he stayed a couple of hours out of sight. When they were about to leave again, Ciŋgəbis shouted, "He! Here I am. Can you see me?" They looked all around but could not see him. Then he came up in sight and went back to the canoe. He explained how his nostrils were out at the end of his bill and how he got under the reeds and hid there. Then he explained how in the winter time he could dive through an air hole in the ice and swim to where the rushes grew up through the ice, pull down one of the stalks, and put his bill in the opening and get all the air he wanted. Said he, "I can stay there a week or a month, if I want, only I get hungry. Then I dive to the bottom and eat some little mussels and things on the bottom and come up to the hole again. In that way I can get along under the ice all winter if I like." That is how he did.

Now, before long, his first wife's family heard that Ciŋgəbis was alive and living with another woman. They got angry and began to conjure to bring sickness upon his new wife and her family. When his new wife and her people heard of this, they were angry at Ciŋgəbis and wanted him to go away. But he would not consent. At last he made an offer, because his mother-in-law wanted her daughter to leave him. He told them that he would give up his new wife and her family if they would succeed in getting her away from him unknown to him.

When they heard this, they began planning. For a whole year they thought of different plans. At last the old mother-in-law said she had a plan, and told everyone in the family to help her get up a big dance and invite all the people to come. Ciŋgəbis was very jealous of his wife and had his camp apart from the others, lest some man might take a fancy to his wife and take her away. His jealousy was known everywhere and he never let her out of sight. Knowing this, the old mother-in-law made her plan. She sent a special invitation to Ciŋgəbis and his wife and told her sons to try to get him to come. Now Ciŋgəbis suspected some trick and told his wife not to go to the dance. "If I have to go, you must stay here at home and not move away from the wigwam."

When the night of the dance came, they got everything ready—the drum and rattles, and everybody was coming from every camp. They prepared a kind of drink out of boiled bark and herbs with tobacco juice in it, that would make people dizzy when they drank it. Ciŋgəbis did not want to go to the dance at first, but everybody coaxed him until he started. But he told his wife to stay at home and not leave for anything. Now this was just what the old woman depended on, because she knew how jealous Ciŋgəbis was. When the dance began, everybody began drinking some of the strong herb liquor and it went to their heads and made them feel good, and dizzy. The old woman told her sons to keep Ciŋgəbis well supplied with the drink and not let to him leave until late. She then waited until the dancing was well started and everybody was warmed up to it. Then she quietly slipped away when she saw that Ciŋgəbis was dancing hard and feeling good with the drink. He had almost forgotten about his wife and what might happen. The old woman went off into the woods to where there was a dead spruce stump that was full of ants. She cut off the stump and got a piece about the length of a person. The ants are asleep in the cold of night and will not rouse when disturbed. The stump she took with her to Ciŋgəbis' wigwam and quietly called to her daughter inside. "Come, daughter, I have come to take you home away from Ciŋgəbis," she whispered. "You get up out of bed and leave everything as it is." "All right," said the girl, and she packed up a few of her things and came out.

Then the old woman took the stump full of ants in and put it beneath the rabbitskin blanket, covered it up just like the girl's figure sleeping there, and the two then fled to the mother's camp.

Ciŋgəbis stayed late at the dance. He drank a great deal of the liquor and got pretty dizzy before he thought about going home. At last he left the dance and started for his wigwam. He entered quietly. "Are you asleep?" he asked of his wife. There was no answer. "Aha! that's good," said he. "I'll let her sleep and then there will be no danger of her being carried away tonight, as I am very sleepy with my weariness and cannot keep awake to watch her tonight. That's good; she is sound asleep." And he felt her blanket and found what he thought was her figure beneath the rabbitskin. Then he lay down quietly beside her, so as not to awaken her, and pretty soon was fast asleep.

Before long some of the ants got warmed up by his body and began crawling over him. "Oh! what's that crawling over me! Do you know what it is that is creeping over us?" he asked his wife, and gave the stump another poke with his elbow. No answer. "Well, you are asleep yet. But that's good. There won't be any danger of your walking about the camp attracting the other men while I am asleep. But oh! how those things bite. I wonder what they are!" Then he dozed off again and was awakened again by the ants stinging him. He managed to bear it all night, and in the morning woke up suddenly, all bitten up. He jumped up, threw off the rabbitskin blanket, and instead of his wife there lay the old rotten spruce stump swarming with ants.

(8) *Remarks About Wiske·djak.*

Timiskaming Algonquin Text.

wiske·djak	wi·'egiskenda'go	zi'gobɑn	igi·'bi·	
Wiske·djak	was always doing mischief,	it is said,	in his lifetime	
wi·'gipəma'tɑzi·matc	anicəna'bi	mɔ·'jak	ano'tcke·'gon	
living among	the Indians,	always	everything	
ogi·'jini'gwuna'dji·an	wi·'djini'cəna'bin'	i'yanotc	mɔ·'jɑk	
doing what he could teasing	his countrymen Indians.	Everywhere	always	

ki·'bəba'ma·'dəzitc e'ji· ani'cənabe·ka'nik ki·bəba'ndə
going about during his life wherever there were Indians. going about

mi·'gucka'djiatc wi·'djənicəna'bi owi·'etenda'go zi'gobœn
teasing his countrymen. He was funny, it is said,

sa'wi·na'nawe i·yeja'nawe ega u·jo'dji·ma'nəs·ik
at the same time to have him about for all that. He had no canoe;

mɔ·'jœk ki·gmita'zəga·'mɛ·tc kenowekwa·'s·e ki·'bəba aye'ja
always he walked about the land a great distance, going here and about there.

ke'gat' enigu'k'kami·ga'g^{i} ak·i'ŋg ki·no'ndaga'newe
Almost travelled over the whole world on earth. We heard tell of him

ki·'bəba mi·gu'cka'dzitc kaye'ga'k·i'nəge'gon ogi·'gəcki't·on
going about doing mischief. He had everything so that it would answer him

tci·a'nəmit·a'g^{w}ət·o'tc mi'ti'g·on' nibi·' awe''si·zœ'n'
when he spoke to it; trees, water, animals,

ano'tc awi·'œn' awe'gwe'nəc·ə'n' ogi·'nəkwe''ta'gon'
and all other small creatures would reply to him

i·gœno'nac mi·'sœmi'i'k təba'dji·mœ'k wiske·djak.
when he spoke. That is as much as can be told of Wiske·djak.

Free Translation.

Wiske·djak was always doing mischief in his lifetime among the Indians, so it is said. He was always doing everything he could to plague his countrymen, the Indians. He spent his life going about everywhere where there were Indians, to tease them and play mischief among them. Because he was so funny, it was thought good to have him going about in spite of his mischief. He had no canoe, so he always walked about, going great distances here and there and everywhere, until he had travelled almost all over the world, where he was heard of doing his mischievous pranks. He had the power to make everything in creation answer him when he spoke to it; trees, water, animals, and all the other little creatures would reply to him when he spoke. That is all that can be said of Wiske·djak.

(9) *Further Comment on Wiske·djak.*

Wiske·djak, "meat bird," was a great mischief maker. He was always a roamer, always hungry. He used to visit from one

family of Indians to another, but he never liked to stay long with one, so soon he would move away and go near other people. He was always looking for trouble and got it too, but in spite of all he was never killed. Indeed, nobody ever wanted to kill him, even though he was causing so much mischief, because the people liked to have him around. So he never came to an end. All of Wiske·djak's pranks were done at different times long ago, not all one after another at one time, as it might seem. He is still living somewhere, but he is very quiet now, as we don't hear of him doing anything new nowadays.

Timiskaming Folk-Lore.

(1)

Wi'ndigo: a man-eating creature who roams through woods devouring luckless victims. He is believed to have commenced as a hunter who became lost in the bush, and lost all his provisions and clothing. Then he preyed upon anything he could find, like an animal.

(2)

Pa·'guk': a creature of bones, a skeleton, that clatters through the forest, making a great rattling and squeaking noise. When this is heard, it is understood as an omen that some friend will be lost. *Pa·'guk'* is accounted for by the story of a hunter who got starved out in the bush. Before he died he wished that his life and the strength of his flesh might be transferred to his bones. He got his wish, and his strength went into his bones when his flesh fell away. Whenever he wished, he could fly through the air as though on wings.

(3)

The constellation *Ursa Major* (Great Bear or Dipper) is called *wədji·'g* "fisher" or "black cat" (*Mustela pennanti*). The four main stars of the group form the body of the animal; the stars trailing behind (the handle of the dipper) represent the fisher's

tail, the bend showing the bent tail of the animal. The story accounts for the presence of the fisher in the sky, relating how the various animals tried to reach the north star, but eventually froze to death. The fisher is still trying to reach it and he is the nearest, but he only keeps going round and round it (representing the revolution of the constellation about the North Star) without being able to get there.

(4)

The *Northern Lights* are called *wa'ṭ·e* "illumination" (reduplicated *wawa'ṭ·e* is "lightning" from thunder). They are caused by the waves splashing against the rocky shores of the northern seas (James bay), which produce a sort of reflected glow. The seething noise which is sometimes heard when the aurora is visible is attributed to the grinding of the rocks and gravel along the shore of the sea driven by the action of water and wind in the north.

The Indians here think that within two days after the aurora is seen they will get a heavy wind storm. They also state that wild geese require a day and a night to reach Lake Timiskaming from James bay when they migrate, thus showing the speed of the wind by comparison.

(5)

The *Rainbow* is called *wədɑ'gwanəbi·san* "forms from the water," since the phenomenon is believed to be caused by the mist from breakers on some great body of water, just as a rainbow will appear above the spray along the seashore or hanging in the mist above some waterfalls.

(6)

The *Milky Way* is *bine's·imi·k·ɑn* 'bird's path," because it is by the Milky Way that the fowl and birds follow their northward or southward course in their migrations. It guides them southward in the autumn and back again in the spring. Less frequently the Milky Way is called *dji·ba'imi·k·ɑn* "spirit path" over which the spirits of the dead are thought to journey.

(7)

To see a *white animal* is a sign of bad luck to a hunter. "Once a man went hunting. After he had been travelling all day and taken a few animals, he saw a bear that was half black and half white. Then he said to himself, 'I must not hunt any more this trip. If I do, some harm will come to my family.' So he went home."—"If a hunter sees an albino animal he must stop hunting or evil will befall him or some member of his family."

(8)

To find a *dwarfed animal* is an omen of misfortune. "Once two men were out on a long hunting trip. Soon after they had begun trapping, they found a dwarfed beaver in one of the traps. It was not small because it was young, but they could see it was an old one, but much undersized. When the older of the two men saw this, he said, 'We must go home at once and give up hunting because something is wrong at home.' Although they had been gone only a short time, they turned back, and when they got home, they found that one of his sons was dead and that the family was waiting to bury him."

(9)

To foretell what kind of animals will be killed the next day by men just before going hunting, a *partridge breast bone* is burnt or scorched before the fire. The shape of the scorched portion suggests, by a vague resemblance, the form of some animal.

(10)

The tips of the *wings of birds* that are killed for food are preserved about the camp for good luck, or, as they say, "to ask for more luck." Some hunters also preserve the *skulls* of all the game they kill. "If they throw these parts of the animals away, they won't be able to find what creatures they may look for afterward."

(11)

If *blue bottle flies* are killed it will bring rain.

(12)

If, in winter, *rabbit's hair* is thrown into the smoke of a fire, as it rises in the heat toward the sky, it will cause snow the next day. Children are scolded when they do these things at the wrong time.

(13)

In the *body of a fish* are various bones which the Indians liken to different utensils and tools in the hunter's outfit. There is a gun, spear, bow and arrow, knife, paddle, sled, snowshoe, awl, etc. This is merely a saying.

(14)

Another idea is that a "*left-handed person* is clever, because he fools people by the way he does things."

(15) *Bear Feast.*

The following description of the ceremony attending the eating of a bear is based on the accounts of three participants.

When a bear has been killed, the families in the neighbourhood assemble at a camp conveniently near. The hunter who has killed the bear becomes the host of the occasion, which is called *mɑ'gwɑce'* "feast." Slabs of birch bark are spread upon a clear space of ground to serve as a sort of table. The carcass is then butchered, the head being cut off, including the first vertebra, the long piece of breast fat is also cut off with the head, so that the two remain together. The head with this mass of breast fat is then put into a separate cooking vessel. Then the birch bark slabs, often 12 feet long, forming the cover of some wigwam, are covered with the cut up portions of the meat. Birch bark dishes are placed for each participant on the bark, with extra dishes for the gravy. The grease from the cooking vessels is

then collected and put into a separate vessel to cool, so that it will be thick enough to drink. When the meat has been boiled properly, all the guests are seated at their places around the bark spread. Often they have a dance around it at this time. Before they begin to eat, the chief goes around to each guest and with a big wooden spoon, holding about a cupful and a half, gives each a spoonful of grease. Then they begin to eat.

When the feast is about half through, the chief gets up and decorates the bear's head with bright coloured ribbons about six inches long attached to little cedar sticks about four inches long, with their ends split to hold the ribbons. These ribbon streamers are stuck into the fat and about the head. Then the head itself is impaled on a stick and, carrying this in his hand, the chief dances twice around the company, singing a tune to a burden of syllables. After this performance the chief plants the stick with the head upon it in the middle of the spread before all the guests, where it is left. Then they finish eating.

After the feast the oldest and most venerable man in the camp is presented with the head and the attached breast fat, which he may either take home or distribute over again to the company. After the feast is over the chief must go around and consume what grease is left. This is to demonstrate his capacity as a man and hearty eater. After all is over, the lower jaw bone is tied to the skull in its proper position and black stripes are painted on the skull. This is then put on the stub end of a branch of a tree facing from some prominent point toward the river or lake, near the water's edge. Here it can be seen by passers by as a reminder of the place and occasion of the bear feast.

The Indians themselves can give little comment on the meaning or reason of this ceremony, except that it is done from respect to the bear and satisfaction in securing a bountiful supply of meat. It belongs to the variously expressed series of bear rites widespread among the northern tribes.

(16) *Legend of Iroquois Falls.*

Once long ago a war party of Iroquois came north into this country to fight the Indians at Abitibi. On the way they captured an old woman and took her with them to guide them.

When they were on Abitibi river they drew near the big falls there without knowing it. The old woman was made to stay in the first canoe. When she knew they were nearing the falls she slowed up so that the flotilla of canoes became bunched. The approach to the falls is very much concealed. All of a sudden they found themselves upon the brink of the falls, and before they could help themselves they all went over. The old woman was lost with the rest in saving her people from being massacred by the Iroquois.[1]

[1] It is a most remarkable thing that practically the same legend is found among all the northern and eastern Algonkians: Cree, Montagnais, Abenaki, Penobscot, Malecite.

CHAPTER II.

MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF THE TIMAGAMI OJIBWA.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following pages are presented the myths and items of folk-lore related by various informants through Aleck Paul, the second chief of the Timagami band of Ojibwa. I present them without any comparisons with other mythologies at this time, as we may expect before long to have more northern Algonkian mythology available for study and analysis.

(1) NENEBUC, THE TRANSFORMER.

(a) *The Magic Birth of Nenebuc and his Four Brothers.*[1]

There were two people living, a man and his wife, who had an only daughter. When she was twelve years old, the age of puberty, she was taken over a hill and was kept there in a camp alone for twelve days, neither eating nor drinking, in order that she might have a dream.[2] If she should eat or drink, she would have no dream. If, while she was dreaming, a panther came alone, she would be very strong. So her parents kept her there. The girl dreamed of the sun, so she could not look at the sun any more, for if she did so, she would have to go away from her parents and live with the sun. When the girl had had this dream, she went back to her parents and her father asked her, "What have you been dreaming?" "I am very sorry, but I have dreamed of the sun, so I cannot ever look at the sun again," replied his daughter. "Well, now it is too bad, but you mustn't look at the sun," said her father. "You stay here all the time. Don't look at the sun, that's all."

[1] This is the version of the Kingfisher clan of the Timagami band.
[2] This refers to the old custom of seclusion during puberty.

The girl used to get water at the shore and stay there a long time. One day in March, she went to the water hole, broke the ice and looked into the water. In so doing, she made a mistake, for there was no cloud in the sky and the sun was shining brightly near the horizon, so that, early in the morning, she looked at the sun.[1] She brought the water back in a birch bark pail and placed it inside the wigwam, but she could not sit down. "What is the matter?" said her father. "Why, I looked at the sun," answered his daughter. "Well, good-bye, you've got to live with the sun now," said her father. Then the girl and her parents shook hands and she went away to live with the sun, and is there yet. Before she went away she said to her father, "You will see your grandchildren before long." Then she told him to put his wooden dish upside down before the fire and to leave it there four days and four nights and to look under it every morning. Then she went to live with the sun.

So the old man put the dish upside down before the fire. The first morning he lifted the edge of the dish, looked under, and there he saw Nenebuc, the child of the sun, sitting. The next morning he did the same thing and he saw Nenebuc's brother sitting with him. He kept doing this the third, fourth, and fifth mornings, until there were Nenebuc and his four brothers all sitting under the dish. Then the old man picked up the dish. One of the brothers, the second brother, had horns on his head and the old man said to him, "You won't stay here. You go to the west." Then he sent one brother to the east, one to the south, and one to the north. So Nenebuc, the eldest of the five, was left. The old man told him to attend to the world and to keep the winds going just right lest the water get stagnant and bad. Then Nenebuc stayed, and his four brothers started to the four parts of the earth.

One day Nenebuc asked his grandfather, "Where have I been born? Had I a mother like other people?" His grandfather would not tell him, but his grandmother told him that he had been found. This appeared queer to Nenebuc and he thought to himself, "The other people have mothers, but I have none. I must find out." So he took a whetstone and, scraping it on a

[1] By doing so she became pregnant. Magical conception occurs in the culture-hero story of the Algonkian, Iroquoian, and Yuchi tribes.

rock, he asked it, "Have I any mother?" "Yes, you have a mother," replied the whetstone and then it told him his story. Then Nenebuc told his grandfather, "I have a mother and four brothers besides. The whetstone told me so."

Soon Nenebuc began growing larger and he thought it strange that he had not been sent out into the world like his brothers, so he asked his grandfather for what reason he had kept him. His grandfather told him that he had kept him at home so that when he became old and feeble Nenebuc would be able to help him, cut wood for him, and hunt for him. This satisfied Nenebuc and he used to help his grandfather in many ways, spearing fish for him in calm days, hunting for him, and doing many other things. He never got into any mischief and he grew very fast.

(b) *Nenebuc Tempers the Wind.*

One summer Nenebuc was unable to get fish for the whole summer on account of the high winds. The people almost starved, and then Nenebuc became very angry. He did not like to see his grandfather starving and his anger was aroused against the West Wind for blowing so much. So he told his grandfather that he was going to kill the West Wind for this, but the old man said to him, "Don't kill him. Make him let the wind blow a while and then stop, so that everything will be all right, but don't kill him." "Well, I won't be long away and I'll punish my brother", replied Nenebuc.

So he went away and finally met his brother, the one with the two horns, who lived in the west. Nenebuc hammered him soundly with a club and broke one of his horns. This hurt him, but did not kill him. Then Nenebuc said, "Don't blow so hard any more. You don't care for your grandfather, but I do and I fear he and the people will starve." Then he arranged things with his brother and went back. After this he went fishing and found it calm with only a little puff of wind now and then. Then the West Wind told his three brothers not to blow, for if they did Nenebuc would come and kill them. The winds became frightened at this and did not blow at all, and because of this the water grew thick and stagnant and Nenebuc was

unable to fish. Then his grandfather said, "We are going to die. There is no wind and the water is bad. Did you kill the West Wind?" "No," said Nenebuc. "I will go and see him and tell him to send the wind once in a while, not too often but just right." So Nenebuc went to his brother, the West Wind, and said to him, "I came here to tell you that I want a little wind once in a while, but not too much." Then everything was arranged satisfactorily. Shortly after this Nenebuc's grandparents died and were heard of no more.[1]

(c) *Nenebuc Starts Travelling, Anum Suum Castigat for Deceiving Him, Changes the Colour of the Partridge Family, and Originates Rock Tripe from his Scabs for the Benefit of the People.*

Now Nenebuc grew up and was alone. He was a man and began to travel. He knew all kinds of things concerning the trees, the world, and everything which his grandfather had taught him. He set out on his first journey and went toward the mountains. In one day's walk he climbed over three great mountains, something that no man could do. When he reached the top of the first mountain he found a goose and killed it. In like manner he killed a goose on the tops of the second and third mountains. Then he went down to the lake below. He was very, very tired from his first day's journey. He made a fire with his bow-drill[2] and put his geese in the sand, which he had heated to bake them in. He buried them with their legs sticking out. He lay down by the fire and ano suo dixit to watch the geese while he slept, so that no one would steal them. Just as he was dozing off to sleep, anus ejus dixit, "Somebody's coming for your geese!" and Nenebuc jumped up. Sed anus ejus eum deci piebat. It did this three or four times. At last Nenebuc grew angry. He took a club and anum suum percussit and told it not to do that again. Then he went to sleep. Some people came along and stole the geese, but left the legs sticking in the same place.

When Nenebuc awoke, anum suum interrogavit, "Did any one come?" "I don't know," anus ejus respondit. "As soon as

[1] An episode strikingly similar to one found among the Penobscot and other Eastern Algonkians.
[2] Fire drill.

you fell asleep, I slept. I don't know." Nenebuc then pulled up the legs of the geese and found nothing else. "It's well cooked," said he. He made a big fire. "Now I'll punish you," ano suo dixit and he held it over the fire. "*Tcị̈'ịị*!" clamavit anus ejus. "You can cry all you want to. I'll punish you," said Nenebuc, ano suo strepitum urendi faciente. He didn't feel the burns then. Then he started walking.

Next day he felt a little sick and anus ejus scabi osus fuit. In walking he got turned around and saw his own tracks. "Somebody's passed here," he said to himself, when he saw them. Then he saw some kind of meat lying on the ground, and he tasted it. "Somebody had some meat here," he said. Then the little bird *Gitci'gi'tci gane'cịc*[1] (Tom-tit) cried out, "Nenebuc scabies suas edit!" "Oh no, those are not my scabs. Some old woman passed by and left some dry meat," said he. But at last he discovered se scabies suas edisse, but even then he didn't care. He kept on walking and felt very sick.

By and by he came upon a brood of young partridges and said, "Where is your mother?" "Our mother is away," said they. "What's your names?" They answered "*Kɑckuŋge's·i*" ("Jump out and frighten"). Nenebuc turned around upon hearing this and super totam familiam defaecavit. Up to this time the Partridges had been white, but after this they have always been brown.

Then Nenebuc went to a high bluff near by. He was tired, sick, and hungry, and he lay upon the bluff sleeping. Partridge came home and said to his young when he saw what Nenebuc had done to them, "Who did this?" "A man came along and asked us our name and, when we told him '*Kɑckuŋge's·i*,' super nos defaecavit. He said he wasn't frightened by us." And so the young Partridges told their father where Nenebuc had gone. The old Partridge followed his tracks until he came to where Nenebuc lay on the cliff. He saw him lying right on the edge, so he walked up slowly to him and then suddenly buzzed his wings, and Nenebuc jumped up and fell over the cliff. As he slid down, anum suum in lapidibus scabit and all the scabs rubbed off. As he lay on the ground he saw the scabs and said,

[1] Onomapoetic term in diminutive.

"These Indians will call this *wa·'kwant*[1] and when they go hungry they can make soup for themselves, these Ojibwa, forever." Then he was cured.

(d) *Nenebuc Prepares a Feast and Gets Caught Between Two Trees, While the Animals Receive a Distribution of Fat.*

After this Nenebuc began travelling again. One time he feasted a lot of animals. He had killed a big bear, which was very fat and he began cooking it, having made a fire with his bow-drill. When he was ready to spread his meat, he heard two trees scraping together, swayed by the wind. He didn't like this noise while he was having his feast and he thought he could stop it. He climbed up one of the trees and when he reached the spot where the two trees were scraping, his foot got caught in a crack between the trees and he could not free himself.

When the first animal guest came along and saw Nenebuc in the tree, he, the Beaver, said "Come on to the feast, Nenebuc is caught and can't stop us." And then the other animals came. The Beaver jumped into the grease and ate it, and the Otter did the same, and that is why they are so fat in the belly. The Beaver scooped up the grease and smeared it on himself, and that is the reason why he is so fat now. All the small animals came and got fat for themselves. Last of all the animals came the Rabbit, when nearly all the grease was gone—only a little left. So he put some on the nape of his neck and some on his groin and for this reason he has only a little fat in those places. So all the animals got their fat except Rabbit. Then they all went, and poor Nenebuc got free at last. He looked around and found a bear's skull that was all cleaned except for the brain, and there was only a little of that left, but he couldn't get at it. Then he wished himself to be changed into an ant in order to get into the skull and get enough to eat, for there was only about an ant's meal left.

(e) *Nenebuc Gets Caught in the Bear's Skull.*

Then he became an ant and entered the skull. When he had enough he turned back into a man, but he had his head inside

[1] Rock-tripe, an edible fungus made into soup and eaten in time of famine. Nenebuc had this experience on a ledge near the eastern shore of Smoothwater lake (see map).

the skull; this allowed him to walk but not to see. On account of this he had no idea where he was. Then he felt the trees. He said to one, "What are you?" It answered, "Cedar." He kept doing this with all the trees in order to keep his course. When he got too near the shore, he knew it by the kind of trees he met. So he kept on walking and the only tree that did not answer promptly was the black spruce, and that said, "I'm *Se·'se·ga'ndɑk*" (black spruce). Then Nenebuc knew he was on low ground. He came to a lake, but he did not know how large it was, as he couldn't see. He started to swim across. An Ojibwa was paddling on the lake with his family and he heard someone calling, "Hey! There's a bear swimming across the lake." Nenebuc became frightened at this and the Ojibwa then said, "He's getting near the shore now." So Nenebuc swam faster, and as he could understand the Ojibwa language, he guided himself by the cries. He landed on a smooth rock, slipped and broke the bear's skull, which fell off his head. Then the Ojibwa cried out, "That's no bear! That's Nenebuc!" Nenebuc was all right, now that he could see, so he ran off, as he didn't want to stay with these people.

(f) *Nenebuc Wounds the Giant Lynx, Disguises Himself in a Toad's Skin, and Finally Slays Her.*

He had his bow and arrow with him, and as he went along he saw a great snake.[1] He shot it with his arrow. He came to a big lake with a nice, sandy shore, where he saw Lions[2] (*mici·'bi-zi'w* "giant lynx"). He couldn't shoot them with his arrow as they were too far away, nor was there any place where he could hide himself until they came to sun themselves by the shore, when they felt too cold in the water. Finally he hit upon a plan. He took some birch bark from a rotten stump, rolled it into a hollow cylinder, and placed it, like a wigwam, near the shore. He got inside and made a little hole in the bark through which to shoot and kill the Lions.

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[1] This big snake became a high rocky ridge on the portage south of Smoothwater lake (see map above referred to).

[2] The lake is Smoothwater lake, *Cɣcawa'gami* "smooth lake" (see map above referred to). This is the scene of the world transformation.

When the Lions saw the thing on the beach, they grew curious to find out what this strange thing was on the beach that was not there the day before. So they sent a big snake to twist around it and to try to upset it, but the snake did not succeed in doing this, for Nenebuc stood too firm. So the Lions came ashore upon the sand and Nenebuc shot one of them with his arrow—a she-lion, the wife of the Lion chief. He did not kill her, but wounded her badly in the side, and the flint arrow point stayed in the wound. She was very badly wounded and went back to a hole which led to a cave in a big rock where she lived.[1] Nenebuc was sorry that he had not killed the Lion queen.

As he went along the shore, the next morning, he heard someone singing and shaking a rattle. Nenebuc stood there wondering and waiting, and pretty soon he saw an old woman making the song. So he went across to see her, and when they met, he asked her, "What are you doing?" "I'm a doctor," she answered. "The queen of the Lions has been shot by Nenebuc and I am going to cure her." She didn't know that it was Nenebuc to whom she was talking, for she was too old. So Nenebuc told her, "Let me hear you singing. Is that what you are going to do to cure her?" "Yes, I will sing and then pull out that arrow." The Lions had sent for her at the foot of the lake to cure the queen. Nenebuc picked up a club and killed her, saying, "You are no doctor (*macki·ki·'winini`k·we* 'medicine-person woman') at all." Then he discovered that she was no person at all, but a big toad (*oma'kak·i.`*). So he skinned her and put on the skin. The skin had a hole in the groin, and as he had no needle to sew it up with, his scrotum hung out when he put it on himself. This did not worry Nenebuc, for he thought, "It will be all right, unless they notice me too closely." So he walked past the cave in which the Lions lived and kept singing and rattling all the time.

When the young lions heard him, they said, "There's the old medicine woman coming." They were very glad to think that their mother would be cured. So they opened the door in the rock and Nenebuc went in, and one of the daughters came to

[1] The cave is in a high bluff on the west shore of Smoothwater lake. On the eastern shore is where Nenebuc fell down the rocks and made wa'kwan.

meet him and said, "Come in, old woman." They were very much pleased. Nenebuc said, "Don't shut the doors. Leave them open, as the queen needs plenty of fresh air!"[1] Then he said, "I'm hungry. I've had a long walk and I'm tired." Then they gave him a good meal first. While he was eating, he sat with open legs and the children cried out, "Look at the old woman with testicles hanging out!" But the older ones told them to be silent, as they thought some old women had testicles.

When he had finished eating, Nenebuc said, "Don't watch me. I'm going to pull out the arrow point. You will hear her suffering and me singing, but don't look until you hear her stop suffering. Then she will be cured, and the arrow point will be out. So don't look, for I am going to cure her." Then he began rattling and singing, and, as he did so, he shoved the arrow point farther into the wound of the queen in order to kill her. When she yelled, her people thought that the hurt was caused in pulling it out. At last one of the little lion children peeped and saw Nenebuc pushing the arrow farther in. He told his sister, "That's Nenebuc himself inside!" Then Nenebuc ran outside and the Queen Lion was dying. Nenebuc had difficulty to clear himself. He pulled off the toad skin and tried to climb up the rock.

(g) *The Giant Lynx Causes the World Flood and Gathers the Animals on a Raft; Muskrat Dives for Earth, which Nenebuc Transforms into a New World.*

As soon as the queen died, a giant stream poured out of the cave and the lake began rising. "That is going to flood the world and be the end," said Nenebuc. So he cut trees and made a kind of raft.[2] So he had his raft ready, and the end of the world came. He couldn't see any trees, water covered everything, and he made the flood. He saw all kinds of animals swimming toward his raft and he took them on. "Come on, come on," he cried, "and stay here." For he wanted to save them, so that after the flood there would be all kinds of animals. The animals stayed on the raft with him for a long while. Some time after

[1] The medicine people always do that now.

[2] *Abi'ndəsa'gan* "something to sit or lie on the water with." The event occurred near the previously mentioned cave.

this he made a rope of roots and tied it to the Beaver's tail, telling him to dive and to try and reach the land underneath. He knew the water would get lower afterwards. The Beaver couldn't reach the land and he came up to the surface of the water again.

Seven days after this he allowed the Muskrat to try and bring the land. Muskrat dove and they waited for a long time, but he didn't come up. This Muskrat doubled up and put his nose into the hair of his breast which enabled him to breathe by the bubbles clinging there. By doing this he could rest and dive still deeper. At last he used up all the air in his breast hair and could only grab a little piece of mud. Then he started up to the surface of the water, but drowned before he reached the raft. Nenebuc pulled the Muskrat in and he still was holding the mud. Nenebuc said, "I am going to dry this. As soon as it is dry, you can all run around again and have this world." So he dried it, but not entirely, and that is the reason why some parts of the world are swampy and wet, while others are dry like this. So the animals had the earth again and the world was made.

(h) *Nenebuc Sends Crow Out, for Disobedience Changes Him Black and Gull Partly Black, then Retires to the West, until he Will Return Again.*

Nenebuc knew the world was round like a ball, but he didn't know how large it was. He was sitting down, tired. So he said to Crow, "Go fly around the world and don't eat until you come back again. If you do, we will know it." Crow at that time was white. Crow had to do as he was told, because Nenebuc was chief of all men and animals. So Crow started and flew and flew along the salt water beach. Soon he became very hungry and wondered how far he was away from Nenebuc. One morning he was flying along the shore and he saw an old dead fish. He was so hungry that he tasted a little bit of it, and finally made a meal of it. When he finished eating, he found he had turned black. This is the way Crow became black.

When Crow reached the place from which he started out, he found Nenebuc and all the animals waiting for him. He told Nenebuc that he had eaten, and then Nenebuc said to Gull,

"You go try. Do the same and don't eat until you come here." So Gull went. When he got to the same place at which Crow had felt hungry, Gull felt hungry. One morning he saw the same dead fish. He thought, "Well, I musn't eat it, for if I do, I'll be as black as Crow." He took one mouthful and started flying. When Gull returned, Nenebuc could see a little black on his wings, so he said, "Gull has had a mouthful too."

Then he told Owl, "You go and try to go around the world this time. If you eat, you won't change colour but remain the same colour as you are now. But if you eat, you won't come back here." So Owl started flying. He came to the same lake, saw the dead fish and finished it. He ate a good meal and never returned.[1] But he didn't change colour.

Then Nenebuc let all the animals go from the raft. He started west and is there yet, lying on his back, singing and hammering at his wigwam poles, in place of drumming, all the time. He will stay there until he gets up again three years before the end of the world, when he will travel all over the world to see the animals and the Ojibwa again. He will not die until the end of the world.

(2) Nenebuc Fragment.[2]

Once the Goose met Nenebuc and gave him two wings. He told him that if he flapped them he could fly with them, but that he must not look downwards while he flew. So Nenebuc took the wings and began flying. When he got very far up, he wondered how high he was and looked down. Then he tumbled down and down until he fell into a big hollow stump where he couldn't get out. Soon two girls came along with an axe to get some wood and began cutting at the hollow pine in which Nenebuc was. They cut a hole and Nenebuc kept quiet, for he was hoping they would free him. When they looked in the hole, they saw his belly and they pulled out a hair. They went back to camp and told their father, "Here is a porcupine quill we

[1] This is called *Koko'kowikwe'tɯɔk* "Owl bay," now known as Kokoko bay, the north-eastern arm of Lake Timagami (see map). The event occurred on the western shore of the bay.

[2] This fragment has probably come from some neighbouring band of Ojibwa, possibly Mattagami.

found in a tree." The old man looked at it and, laughing, said, "That's not a porcupine quill, that's a hair from Nenebuc's groin!"

(3) Nenebuc Transforms the Bear.[1]

Nenebuc in his tracks encountered the great Bear that killed and ate the Indians—so many of them that they feared they would all be killed. So Nenebuc went to the Bear and said, "You are eating so many of the Indians that they will all be gone soon. Now I am going to make you small and harmless." Then he made him into the Squirrel and turned the Squirrel into the Bear, and the Bear, now in Squirrel's shape, felt so badly that he cried until his eyebrows turned grey. That is the reason why to this day squirrels have grey eyelids.

"Now," said Nenebuc, "what will you eat?" The Bear, now a Squirrel, said he would continue to eat people, but he was so small that he could not do anything. "That is good," said Nenebuc. "Now you can't do any harm to the Indians. But you had better change your food. Just run up that black-spruce tree and taste the acorn seeds and then see whether you want to eat people any more. You are too small to eat people as you used to do." So the Squirrel ran up the black-spruce tree and tasted the sweet seed of the cone. He liked it so well, it tasted so sweet, that he chose this for his food and said that he would not want anything better any more. That is his food to-day.

(4) Wemicus.

Wemicus had a very large family. Many of his children had married the different animals who lived in various parts of the surrounding country. By and by he had nearly all kinds of animals for his sons-in-law, and there were still a great many children left in his family. When winter came, Wemicus was unable to support his family, as there were too many of them. They were all living in one wigwam.

One day Wemicus said to his wife, "We are all very hungry. I might go and see one of our sons-in-law; he might have some

[1] This is a fragment of the culture-hero cycle of the Mattagami band of Ojibwa, which has become known among the Timagami people, but does not form a part of their own version.

food." Next morning he started out. Wemicus always tried to imitate the actions of everybody he saw. When he reached the home of his son-in-law Ninicip (Black Duck) he saw that he also had a large family. Ninicip was inside of his wigwam, and when he saw Wemicus coming, he told his wife, "You had better begin to get ready for company and boil water in the stone pail." Then he jumped up upon the cross poles in his wigwam[1] and in vas lapidum sub se[2] defaecavit, telling his wife to stir up the contents of the pot. Wemicus apparently saw nothing of this. Then one of the children of Ninicip took spoons and, dipping them in the pot, said, "Soup, soup, soup, rice soup." Wemicus tasted the soup, thought it tasted good, and decided that after this he would make soup in the same manner.

The next morning, when Wemicus started for home, he was given some rice soup to take home to his children. Before leaving the wigwam of Ninicip, however, Wemicus had purposely left behind one of his mittens. One of the children saw the mitten and Ninicip's wife sent the child to return it, bidding him not to go too close to Wemicus but to throw him the mitten. The child did the bidding of his mother and, when the mitten was thrown to Wemicus, he said, "Ask your father to come and see me," and he named a certain day. On the way back home Wemicus thought, "I wonder what this soup tastes like when it is cold. I must try it. My children don't need any of it, so I might as well eat it all." So he ate all of the soup. When he reached his wigwam he said, "Ninicip and his family are starving also. To-morrow he will come to see us and perhaps he will bring us something. We had better fix up our wigwam." Then they fixed up the wigwam in the same manner as that of Ninicip. The next day Ninicip came and they gave him the best place. Wemicus said to his wife, "We'll get ready to eat now. Put some water in the stone pail." "There is no use putting any water in the pail," answered his wife, "we have nothing to cook." "Well, bring the pail, anyway, and get some spoons," said Wemicus. When the water began boiling, Wemicus jumped up on the cross-poles, in vas defaecavit, all over his children and the inside of the wigwam. Then Ninicip went out. His wife

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[1] Every wigwam has horizontal poles crossing near the smoke hole. This is a drying rack and support for the pot hook.

[2] The Ojibwa formerely cooked in stone vessels as well as in birch bark.

scolded Wemicus, saying, "You always do something like that. You must have seen someone do that." Then Wemicus kept quiet and everything had to be cleaned up. The wife then invited Ninicip to come in again and he told her that he would fix up the meal. Igituo interum in vas defaecavit and they had good rice soup, and everyone, even Wemicus, had a good meal. The following morning Ninicip made soup for the family again and then went home. Soon Wemicus and his family were starving again and Wemicus said, "I must go and see my son-in-law, Muskrat. He lives not far away." "All right," said his wife and Wemicus set out. When he had almost reached Muskrat's home, the little Muskrat children called out, "Our grandfather is coming." Wemicus told Muskrat that he was starving and Muskrat said to his wife, "You had better make a fire in the hot sand." So the fire was made, and Muskrat went out with a big sack made out of hide and returned with the sack full of ice, which he dumped into the hot ashes. Wemicus expected that it would explode but it only cooked nicely. Wemicus wondered what it was. Soon Muskrat said, "We are ready now," and they took off the sand and there were a lot of nicely baked potatoes. Wemicus thought that was an easy way in which to live—just to get ice for potatoes.

Next morning Wemicus started out for home and left his mitten behind as he had done with Ninicip. Muskrat's wife sent a child after him and told the child, "Don't go too close to Wemicus. He's always in mischief." Everything happened as before. The child threw the mitten to Wemicus and Wemicus sent an invitation to Muskrat to come to his home the next day. As Wemicus went on his way he had some potatoes which Muskrat had given him for his family. Half way home he rested and thought he would eat the potatoes, as they looked very good. So he ate every one. "I am the one who works hard," he said to himself. "My family can wait until Muskrat comes." When he reached home he told his wife, "Muskrat is also starving. I brought nothing. Muskrat is coming tomorrow to see us." Next day Muskrat came and they put him on the opposite side of the wigwam. Wemicus said, "We have nothing much, but, wife, make a fire in the hot sand." The wife answered, "I suppose you saw somebody else do something. Don't

you try any more mischief." But he made his wife make the fire. He then went out and returned with the sack full of ice, which he dumped on the fire. The sack blew up all over everybody and put out the fire. Then his wife said, "I suppose you saw someone do that again." She made another fire and Muskrat said, "Give me that bag." He went out and brought back the sack full of ice, dumped and buried it in the fire, and, after a while, they got the potatoes. All of them had a good meal. The next morning, before Muskrat left, he got them another bag of potatoes.

Wemicus does not work, although his family is so large. Well, pretty soon the whole family was starving again. Then said Wemicus, "I must go and see Meme (pileated woodpecker), my son-in-law." He went into the bush and when he reached Meme's wigwam he found a large white pine in back of it. He noticed that Meme had a sharp pointed nose. He saw that Meme had not much to live on, but nevertheless Meme told his wife to get the cooking pail ready. Then Meme began climbing the pine tree, which was at the back of his wigwam, and began pecking in the trunk with his nose. Pretty soon he came down with a raccoon.[1] When Wemicus saw this, he thought, "That is a great thing; I must try it." Meme burned off the hair and cleaned the raccoon, and shared the meat on a stick to each one. Wemicus received the best part, as he was the grandfather.

The next morning they had another raccoon to eat. Then everything happened as before. Wemicus was given a raccoon to take home. He left his mitten behind, and sent an invitation to Meme to visit him the next day. On the way home Wemicus thought to himself, "I wonder how this raccoon tastes cold." So he ate the entire raccoon. When he got home, he told his wife that Meme was starving but that he was coming to visit them the following day. They put the wigwam in order and Wemicus fixed up a big pine like that belonging to Meme and cut two pieces of wood, which he pointed and shoved into his nose to imitate Meme. When Meme came along he saw Wemicus sitting there with sticks in his nose. Wemicus told his wife, as usual, to prepare for supper, and she told him that they had nothing. When she had the water boiling in the pail,

[1] A very scarce animal in northern Ontario.

Wemicus climbed up the tree and pecked upon it in imitation of Meme. He fell down, however, and drove the sticks into his head. He fell into the fire, but after a while he gained consciousness. Then Meme stepped out of the wigwam, climbed the tree, and brought down a raccoon. And then the whole family had a good supper. Next morning Meme got another raccoon and left it for the family, and then went home.

Still Wemicus did nothing and the family was again in a starving condition. Then said Wemicus, "I have some more sons-in-law and one is close. I will go and see him; he will help me until open water.[1] I will go and see Skunk." So he set out to visit Skunk. Wemicus was pretty hungry and Skunk was farther off than the rest of the sons-in-law, but he finally reached his home. Wemicus found Skunk's water hole[2] and saw a great quantity of oil in it. He knew that Skunk must have killed a great deal of game. So he went into Skunk's wigwam and saw a great quantity of food. Skunk said, "We don't have much. It is long since I hunted. But come outside." There Wemicus saw a piece of ground fenced in. Skunk then produced a little birch bark horn[3] and said, "What will you have?" Skunk now blew on his horn and all kinds of game came inside the enclosure. Skunk deinde pepedit and killed whatever kind Wemicus wanted. They then skinned what he killed and fried it for supper.

In the morning Skunk said to Wemicus, "I'll give you three shots and a horn. You can make a fence for yourself. This horn will last forever, as long as you don't lose it. If you do, it will be bad." Then Skunk gave Wemicus three shots to be used in the future, and he did this urinando super eum to load him up three times. He did not give him any food, because he would be able to get enough for himself. Then Wemicus thought, "Now I am going to do something." As Wemicus was on his way home he said to himself, "I wonder if it will go off!" So, just as he was passing a tree stump, pepedit at the stump and blew it up. "That's fine, but I have only two more shots left," said he. Later he tried the same thing and then only had one

[1] The Indians often had much trouble to get food in the winter and looked forward eagerly to spring, when the ice leaves the rivers, making "open water," thus enabling them to seek new hunting places.

[2] An opening in the ice near the camp for the supply of water in winter.

[3] An affair resembling a megaphone or moose call.

left. A little while after this he saw a big pine tree, and thought he would try a shot at this. So he blew up the pine tree, and so used up all his shots.

When he reached his wigwam, he showed his wife the horn which Skunk had given him, saying, "Skunk gave me that." Then he built a large fence of poles. He told his wife to hold the horn and stay near by, while he got a club to kill the game with. Then he blew on the horn and the fence was filled with bear, deer, and all kinds of animals. Although he had no shots left, Wemicus managed to kill one caribou, and his wife was very happy. He cut the fat from the breast of the caribou, made a fire, and got some grease from it. He then spilled the caribou grease in his water hole in order to deceive Skunk and make him believe that he had a great quantity of meat. Not long after this Skunk started out to visit Wemicus and, on his way, he passed the three stumps which Wemicus had blown up and knew that he had no more shots left. When he rached Wemicus's water hole he said, "I guess he got one any way." When he came to the wigwam, he found that Wemicus and his family had hardly any meat left, so he said to Wemicus, "Come out and let me see your fence." They went out and Wemicus blew his horn, and inside the fence it became full of game. Skunk pepedit and killed all of them, and then Wemicus and his family had plenty. Skunk stayed over night and departed the next morning.

Wemicus had another son-in-law who was a man. This man's wife, the daughter of Wemicus, had had a great many husbands, because Wemicus had put them to so many different tests that they had been all killed off except this one. He, however, had succeeded in outwitting Wemicus in every scheme that he tried on him. Wemicus and this man hunted beaver in the spring of the year by driving them all day with dogs. The man's wife warned him before they started out to hunt, saying, "Look out for my father; he might burn your moccasins in camp. That's what he did to my other husbands."[1] That night in camp Wemicus said, "I didn't tell you the name of this lake. It is called 'burnt moccasins lake.'" When the man

[1] By doing this he would prevent them from travelling and cause them to freeze or starve to death.

heard this, he thought that Wemicus was up to some sort of mischief and was going to burn his moccasins. Their moccasins were hanging up before a fire to dry and, while Wemicus was not looking, the man changed the places of Wemicus' moccasins and his own, and then went to sleep. Soon the man awoke and saw Wemicus get up and throw his own moccasins into the fire. Wemicus then said, "Say! something is burning; it is your moccasins." Then the man answered, "No, not mine, but yours." So Wemicus had no moccasins, and the ground was covered with snow. After this had happened the man slept with his moccasins on.

The next morning the man started on and left Wemicus there with no shoes. Wemicus started to work. He got a big boulder, made a fire, and placed the boulder in it until it became red hot. He then wrapped his feet with spruce boughs and pushed the boulder ahead of him in order to melt the snow. In this way he managed to walk on the boughs. Then he began to sing, "Spruce is warm, spruce is warm." When the man reached home he told his wife what had happened. "I hope Wemicus will die," she said. A little while after this they heard Wemicus coming along singing, "Spruce is warm, spruce is warm." He came into the wigwam and, as he was the head man, they were obliged to get his meal ready.

The ice was getting bad by this time, so they stayed in camp a while. Soon Wemicus told his son-in-law, "We'd better go sliding." He then went to a hill where there were some very poisonous snakes. The man's wife warned her husband of these snakes and gave him a split stick holding a certain kind of magic tobacco, which she told him to hold in front of him so that the snakes would not hurt him. Then the two men went sliding. At the top of the hill Wemicus said, "Follow me," for he intended to pass close by the snakes' lair. So when they slid, Wemicus passed safely and the man held his stick with the tobacco in it in front of him, thus preventing the snakes from biting him. The man then told Wemicus that he enjoyed the sliding.

The following day Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "We had better go to another place." When she heard this, the wife told her husband that, as it was getting summer, Wemicus had in

his head many poisonous lizards instead of lice. She said, "He will tell you to pick lice from his head and crack them in your teeth. But take low-bush cranberries and crack them instead." So the man took cranberries along with him. Wemicus took his son-in-law to a valley with a great ravine in it. He said, "I wonder if anybody can jump across this?" "Surely," said the young man, "I can." Then the young man said, "Closer," and the ravine narrowed and he jumped across easily. When Wemicus tried, the young man said "Widen," and Wemicus fell into the ravine. But it did not kill him, and when he made his way to the top again, he said, "You have beaten me." Then they went on.

They came to a place of hot sand and Wemicus said, "You must look for lice in my head." "All right father," replied the son-in-law. So Wemicus lay down and the man started to pick the lice. He took the cranberries from inside his shirt and each time he pretended to catch a louse, he cracked a cranberry and threw it on the ground, and so Wemicus got fooled a second time that day. Then they went home and Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "There are a whole lot of eggs on that rocky island where the gulls are. We will go get the eggs, come back, and have an egg supper." As Wemicus was the head man, his son-in-law had to obey him.

So they started out in their canoe and soon came to the rocky island. Wemicus stayed in the canoe and told the man to go ashore and to bring the eggs back with him and fill the canoe. When the man reached the shore, Wemicus told him to go farther back on the island, saying, "That's where the former husbands got their eggs, there are their bones." He then started the canoe off in the water by singing, without using his paddle. Then Wemicus told the gulls to eat the man, saying to them, "I give you him to eat." The gulls started to fly about the man, but the man had his paddle with him and he killed one of the gulls with it. He then took the gulls' wings and fastened them on himself, filled his shirt with eggs, and started flying over the lake by the aid of the wings.

When he reached the middle of the lake, he saw Wemicus going along and singing to himself. Wemicus, looking up, saw his son-in-law but mistook him for a gull. Then the man flew

over him and defecated in his face, and Wemicus said, "Gull's excrement always smells like that when they have eaten a man." The man flew back to camp and told his wife to cook the eggs, and he told his children to play with the wings. When Wemicus reached the camp, he saw the children playing with the wings and said, "Where did you get those wings?" "From father," was the reply. "Your father? Why, the gulls ate him!" Then he went to the wigwam and there he saw the man smoking. Then Wemicus thought it very strange how the man could have gotten home, but no one told him how it had been done. Thought he, "I must try another scheme to do away with him."

One day Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "We'd better make two canoes of birch-bark, one for you and one for me. We'd better get bark." So they started off for birch-bark. They cut a tree almost through and Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "You sit on that side and I'll sit on this." He wanted the tree to fall on him and kill him. Wemicus said, "You say, 'Fall on my father-in-law,' and I'll say, 'Fall on my son-in-law', and whoever says it too slowly or makes a mistake will be the one on whom it will fall." But Wemicus made the first mistake, and the tree fell on him and crushed him. However, Wemicus was a manitu[1] and was not hurt. They went home with the bark and made the two canoes. After they were made, Wemicus said to his son-in-law, "Well, we'll have a race in our two canoes, a sailing race." Wemicus made a big bark sail, but the man did not make any, as he was afraid of upsetting. They started the race. Wemicus went very fast and the man called after him, "Oh, you are beating me." He kept on fooling and encouraging Wemicus, until the wind upset Wemicus' canoe and that was the end of Wemicus. When the man sailed over the spot where Wemicus had upset, he saw a big pike (*ki·nų'je*) there, into which Wemicus had been transformed when the canoe upset. This is the origin of the pike.

(5) Cinɣibis.

At the time of which my story speaks people were camping just as we are here. In the winter time they used birch bark

[1] Magic.

wigwams. All animals could then talk together. Two girls, who were very foolish, talked foolishly and were in no respect like the other girls of their tribe, made their bed out-of-doors, and slept right out under the stars. The very fact that they slept outside during the winter proves how foolish they were.

One of these girls asked the other, "With what star would you like to sleep, the white one or the red one?" The other girl answered, "I'd like to sleep with the red star." "Oh, that's all right," said the first one, "I would like to sleep with the white star. He's the younger; the red is the older." Then the two girls fell asleep. When they awoke, they found themselves in another world, the star world. There were four of them there, the two girls and the two stars who had become men. The white star was very, very old and was grey-headed, while the younger was red-headed. He was the red star. The girls stayed a long time in this star world, and the one who had chosen the white star was very sorry, for he was so old.

There was an old woman up in this world who sat over a hole in the sky, and, whenever she moved, she showed them the hole and said, "That's where you came from." They looked down through and saw their people playing down below, and then the girls grew very sorry and very homesick. One evening, near sunset, the old woman moved a little way from the hole.[1]

The younger girl heard the noise of the *mite'win* down below. When it was almost daylight, the old woman sat over the hole again and the noise of *mite'win* stopped; it was her spirit that made the noise. She was the guardian of the *mite'win*.

One morning the old woman told the girls, "If you want to go down from where you came from, we will let you down, but get to work and gather roots to make a string-made rope, twisted. The two of you make coils of rope as high as your heads when you are sitting. Two coils will be enough." The girls worked for days until they had accomplished this. They made plenty of rope and tied it to a big basket. They then got into the basket and the people of the star world lowered them down. They descended right into an Eagle's nest, but the people above

[1] The hole is a circle composed of seven stars (Pleiades). This was the first *mite'win* or "conjuring" lodge. Seven poles are necessary to build this lodge. Unless seven are used, the conjurer's tent will not rock. The old woman tends the *mite'win*. When she moves from the hole, there is sure to be *mite'win* somewhere here below. The stars form the rim of the hole through which she lowered the two girls.

thought the girls were on the ground and stopped lowering them. They were obliged to stay in the nest, because they could do nothing to help themselves.

Said one, "We'll have to stay here until some one comes to get us." Bear passed by. The girls cried out, "Bear, come and get us. You are going to get married sometime. Now is your chance!" Bear thought, "They are not very good-looking women." He pretended to climb up and then said, "I can't climb up any further." And he went away, for the girls didn't suit him. Next came Lynx. The girls cried out again, "Lynx, come up and get us. You will go after women some day!" Lynx answered, "I can't, for I have no claws," and he went away. Then an ugly-looking man, Wolverine, passed and the girls spoke to him. "Hey, Wolverine, come and get us." Wolverine started to climb up, for he thought it a very fortunate thing to have these women and was very glad. When he reached them, they placed their hair ribbons in the nest. Then Wolverine agreed to take one girl at a time, so he took the first one down and went back for the next. Then Wolverine went away with his two wives and enjoyed himself greatly, as he was ugly and nobody else would have him. They went far into the woods, and then they sat down and began to talk. "Oh!" cried one of the girls, "I forgot my hair ribbons." Then Wolverine said, "I will run back for it." And he started off to get the hair ribbons. Then the girls hid and told the trees, whenever Wolverine should come back and whistle for them, to anwser him by whistling. Wolverine soon returned and began to whistle for his wives, and the trees all around him whistled in answer. Wolverine, realizing that he had been tricked, gave up the search and departed very angry.

The girls continued through the woods until they came to a big marsh, late in the afternoon. There they saw a big birch bark house. Everything around the house was very clean, the poles were scraped clean of their bark and were perfectly white, while there was neither smoke nor ashes to be seen anywhere. The girls looked at this and said, "The person who lives here must be very clean; we have never seen such a clean house." There was no dry or green wood lying around, but inside the house they saw a fire-place and plenty of hay. One girl said

to the other, "We'd better cut a little wood." So they cut wood and made the fire in case the man came home late. By this time, the ice was beginning to break. Late in the evening they heard someone crying out, "Who spoiled my wigwam? Who made smoke and ashes?" The owner of the wigwam didn't know who had done this, so he came in and looked at the two girls. He then cut all the wood. This man was Woodpecker (Meme "pileated woodpecker"). Woodpecker made a fire of the hay, which was beaver hay. It gave no smoke to stain the wigwam and burned as well as wood. He brought in two nice beavers which belonged to him, and gave one to the girls, saying, "You can have this." He then cooked the other one for himself. He showed the girls where to sleep and since the place where they were to sleep was not near him, they knew that he would not marry either of them.

Next morning, after breakfast, he said to them, "Go! Don't stay here. You go that way and you will find a big river. There you'll find lots of people and maybe you'll get married." So the girls went on. They left Woodpecker and he is there yet. They came to the big river and beheld canoes and all kinds of people passing. First they saw White Duck (*wa'bəci·p*). He was a good looking man, and as he passed them in his canoe, the girls said to him, "Put us in your canoe, you are going to get married sometime." White Duck answered, "My canoe is too small. Other people are coming; they will marry you." And he passed on. Next came Fish Duck (*azi'k*), a good looking man. They cried out, "Put us in your canoe, you are going to get married anyway." "No, my canoe is too small," replied Fish Duck. A great many people passed, but all of them said that their canoes were too small, so the girls had to stay where they were. The people were passing to the mouth of the creek where the village of the chief was. At last came Black Duck (*ni'nicip*). He was also nice looking. "Come over and get us; you will get married sometime," cried the girls. "No, My canoe is too small. Ciŋgibis is coming soon and he will marry you." He was going to be the last person to pass. At last Ciŋgibis came along.

When they saw him, one of the girls said, "He is a very ugly man, but we will go in his canoe and, when we get to the village,

we'll get rid of him." So they called out to him, "Come over and get us; you will get married anyway." Ciŋgibis was very glad to have two wives, so he paddled over and got the two girls. They said, "Your canoe is a very small canoe." "Oh no," said Ciŋgibis, "my canoe is a magic canoe. It is enough." So the girls got into the canoe and they went down the stream. By and by one girl said, "I'm getting hungry." "Well," said Ciŋgibis, "not far down is a nice rock and there we will have lunch. You can pull roots for lunch." So Ciŋgibis and the two girls went ashore and pulled roots and made a string out of them. "That's enough," said Ciŋgibis to one of the girls. "Tie the string to my leg and I'll dive for something to eat. When you see the string jerk, pull me up." They did this, and he dove into the water. When the girls saw the string jerk, they pulled him up and he brought with him a big beaver. They skinned and cooked the beaver for lunch; then Ciŋgibis and his two wives continued their journey. Soon Ciŋgibis said, "Well, we are not far from the village now. I am going to place my caribou snare." He meant rabbit when he said caribou. So he placed his snares. He then told the girls, "At the village your sister-in-law will come down to see you. Maŋg (Loon) is the name of the chief of the village. But we won't camp near them; we'll camp a little to one side." They went down the river until they came to the mouth, and at that point they saw the wigwams.

All the people yelled when they saw Ciŋgibis, for he was a great man, although he was the ugliest one among them. They cried, "Ee Ciŋgibis! He has two wives." So they all laughed and the sister of Ciŋgibis came to shake hands with his two wives. Then Ciŋgibis pitched his wigwam. Soon a man who was a second chief came to Ciŋgibis and said, "Chief Maŋg wants to see you. He is going to have a dance tonight." Ciŋgibis said to his wives, "Stay here and don't go to the dance. There are too many nice-looking men there." On account of this the two wives became angry with him. Ciŋgibis put on his best clothes and went to the dance.

By and by the wives heard drumming and fine voices singing. So they decided to go and peep in at the dancers if Ciŋgibis should not see them. They did this and peeped in through

the bark, and there they saw Loon singing. He was a fine-looking man with a fine voice and fine clothes. Ciŋgibis was beside Loon, looking exceedingly ugly in contrast to him. The wives said, "It is a shame that Loon is so good-looking." They then went back to camp and put two stumps in the place where they were to sleep, covered them with blankets and ran off.

Ciŋgibis came back from the dance and, thinking that he was sleeping with his two wives, he lay down between the two stumps and fell asleep. But his two wives went to sleep with Chief Loon. By and by ants began to bite Ciŋgibis and he scolded his wives, saying, "Don't do that." At last he discovered the stumps and threw them out. At daybreak he went to the chief's wigwam and there, sleeping with the Chief, he saw his two wives. "You are a dead man for this!" said Ciŋgibis.

He then went to his grandmother. "What do you want?" asked she. "I want a chisel and a flint." "What do you want with them, grandchild? Are you going to be in mischief again?" said the grandmother. However, she gave them to him, and Ciŋgibis tied two flints to his feet and placed the chisel in the fire to make it red hot. Then he asked for some eagle feathers (but this was a *wiskeˈdjak* (Canadian Jay) feather). He got them and placed them on his head. When the ice chisel became red hot, the old grandmother said, "Say, Ciŋgibis, don't do any mischief again," but Ciŋgibis picked up the chisel and ran away with it to the wigwam of Loon.

Loon always slept with his mouth open. When Ciŋgibis reached the wigwam, he found every one in it asleep. He shoved the chisel into Loon's open mouth, killing him, ran off to his canoe, jumped into it, and paddled away to his snares. He did this so that no one would suspect that he had killed their chief. This is the reason why the Loon always has a black mouth—from where he was burned. Ciŋgibis found a rabbit in his snare. He placed the blood of the rabbit in some hay and tied the hay to his stomach.

When he returned to the camp, the people were mourning for Loon. Ciŋgibis came in slowly. The second chief said, "Cigŋibis will be very sorry when he hears that Chief Loon is dead. He was his great friend. We must tell him before he arrives." Then the people called to Ciŋgibis, "Ee Ciŋgibis, the

chief is dead." "What!" said Ciŋgibis, "the chief is dead!" Then he drew out his knife and pierced the hay full of rabbit blood. The blood ran out and all the people thought that he had killed himself. Ciŋgibis then dived into the water and the people came out in their canoes to look for him. They saw the rabbit blood upon the water and gave up looking for him. After a few days, they made another chief, Goose (*nixka'*), since both Loon and Ciŋgibis were dead.

Ten days after this had happened, early in the morning the people heard somebody singing near the shore three times, "Who killed our chief? I am the one." They awoke Chief Goose and he exclaimed, "I was thinking that that Ciŋgibis was in all kinds of mischief. So we must try to kill him." Accordingly he sent all the men after him in canoes. When Ciŋgibis dived, they could only see his feathers which his grandmother had given him, but they could not catch him. Ciŋgibis said to them, "You are all spirits. Drink all this water and you will get me." Then the Ducks and Geese drank all the lake dry and chased Ciŋgibis among the rocks, and thought that they would catch him. "No, no," laughed Ciŋgibis, "I know some more tricks yet." So he ran about and kicked the rocks with the flints his grandmother had given him, which were fastened to his feet, and water began flowing out and finally covered everything. The people who were pursuing him had to swim for their lives. They all became ducks. This is the origin of all the ducks. When the people left their canoes, they were obliged to swim and so they are swimming yet.

(6) Beaver Gives a Feast.

All the animals, once upon a time, were camped together—the Beaver, the Otter, the Muskrat, and the others. Their chief was Beaver. Every once in a while he would give a big feast, build a big wigwam, and invite all the men and women to come in and eat with him. He would tell them, "Well, I want to give a feast." Then they would come in, sit around the inside of his big wigwam and pass the food around from one to the other. He would provide lots of grease in birch-bark dishes. Now, one time, when he gave one of his feasts, Beaver cut his grease

supply into cakes which he served around to his guests. Every time he passed a cake to a guest, pepedit. Indeed, every time he moved, pepedit, or when he would go and cut a new block of grease.[1] Now every time the Beaver broke wind, the Otter laughed. He did not seem to know that this would offend the Beaver, because he was a little foolish. The other guests told the Otter, "You mustn't laugh when Beaver does that; he is our chief." Despite this, every time they went to a feast, castore pedente, the Otter laughed at him.

So one time the Beaver sent a man to invite all the people to another feast. He sent the messages all through the camp. Now the people told the Otter this time, "You must not come; you never keep your mouth shut; you always laugh. If you only knew enough to keep still like the rest of us, it would be all right, but you had better stay home." "Oh well, all right," said the Otter, "I'll stay back." All went to the feast except the Otter. But he asked the others, "You will have to bring my share to me, since I can't come. Tell the chief to send me my share." The others agreed and went to attend the feast; but they asked him, "How big a piece of grease do you want?" The Otter replied, "Bring me a piece the size of my forearm. (The otter has a very small forearm.) When the guests arrived at the feast, the Beaver chief saw that the Otter was not with them. Said he, "Where, indeed, is Otter? I like him because he is so funny." They informed him that the Otter had not come, but that he wanted the chief to send him a piece of grease as large as his forearm. The Beaver cut a piece that size and sent it to the Otter; that is all the Otter got. He did not get very much because he had such a short forearm. That is the end of my story.

(7) Tcaka·bịs.

Tcaka·bịs lived with his grandmother. One time he made a long journey and was away for quite a while. He came to where there were some giant women who were scraping frozen beaver skins, *"kạc, kạc."* He returned home and told his grandmother, "I heard the giant women scraping beaver hides."

[1] Etiam hodie castor saepe pedit.

"Don't go near them," said his grandmother. And she repeated this warning often to Tcaka·bịs.

However, one day he returned to where he had heard the giant women, and when he reached the lake, there they were, chasing beaver on the ice. When he came up, they knew him and cried out, "Ee, come on, come on, Tcaka·bịs!" So he went over to them and they said, "There is a beaver here and you must pull him up." Tcaka·bịs was small and they thought the beaver would pull him through the hole into the ice. But he caught hold of the beaver's tail and pulled him through all right. Then they asked him to stay with them, but he went away after he had stolen the big beaver tail, six feet long, and went back to his grandmother. When he got home, he showed her the tail, and she asked, "Did you steal it?" "No, no," answered he. Then he made a door for their wigwam out of the tail.

Soon the giant woman came to where he lived and called. "Tcaka·bịs, you are a dead man!" They came for the purpose of eating Tcaka·bịs and his grandmother. Then the grandmother said, "I told you not to go there. Now they say you are a dead man." But Tcaka·bịs said, "Don't be afraid, grandmother. I will take care of you." Then he took his witch stone[1] and threw it up inside the wigwam, and the whole wigwam turned to stone except a little hole in the top for the smoke to come through. The stone was so thick that they were unable to hear the giant women pounding on the outside. Then the giant women went away and Tcaka·bịs lay inside of the wigwam in safety. But he felt a little sick, because he had eaten too much beaver fat.

Some time after this, Tcaka·bịs went back again to the giant women and found them pounding up and boiling moose bones to make soup. As he came up, one of the giant women seized him and threw him into the pot. There he stayed for a long time, boiling and circling round and round in the pot, but still he was alive. At last, when the giant women needed grease, they dipped up Tcaka·bịs with a wooden spoon and threw him outside. Then Tcaka·bịs went back to his grandmother. He was very thin, because he had been boiled so long, nothing but skin and bones. That's the end; he was a small fellow.

[1] *Kcki·'man*, a magic fetish which will secure the owner his wish.

(8) Aniwɔ·ye,[1] the Giant Skunk, and the Origin of Skunks.

Aniwɔ·ye was the monster Skunk. He used to travel all over this world, trying to find the Ojibwa. He hunted them to kill them. He often took the form of a man. Whenever he would encounter people, he would approach them et pepedit towards their camp with his back to them, killing the people malo ejus odore. In those days there was no other sickness. That was the only sickness which people had to kill them.

Once upon a time in a camp where there were lots of people, hunters of a big band, they beheld the tracks of Aniwɔ·ye near one of their trails. It was winter time. When they saw these tracks, they turned back from their object because they were afraid Aniwɔ·ye would see their own tracks and follow them to camp and kill all their people. On this account they started off in every direction in order to lead Aniwɔ·ye away from the camp and so save their own people and possibly themselves. Said they, "We will go to Big Fisher lake, where the Big Fisher lives." So they started off. But there was one old woman who could hardly see. She could not travel with them, so they had to leave her, as nobody could carry her.

Soon Aniwɔ·ye found their trails and followed them, and soon he came to the wigwam in which the people had left the old woman. He looked in the door and saw her sitting near the fire. "Where are all your people?" he asked her. "They have gone away," she answered. "They saw Aniwɔ·ye's track and departed. But I am too old. I can't see, I can't walk; so they left me here." This poor old woman thought it was a young man who spoke to her; she did not know, indeed, that it was Aniwɔ·ye himself. Then Aniwɔ·ye spoke, "If you can't walk, I can cure you, so that you will be as well and strong as you ever were." So he turned his back to her et pepedit. He blew the wigwam and the old woman all to pieces.

Then Aniwɔ·ye followed on the trail of the people. When he had tracked them to Big Fisher lake, he could see right across the lake, because there was no island in the way, and there, on the other side, he saw where Big Fisher lived. The people had arrived here after a hard trip and begged Big Fisher for

[1] Also called *Mici·'ci·ga'k* "Monster Skunk".

protection from Aniwɔ'ye. So fast had they travelled that some of the old people, unable to keep up with the younger ones, had died of their efforts to hurry. Those who had reached Big Fisher's camp kept watching for Aniwɔ'ye to appear across the lake on their tracks. At last they saw him emerge on the lake and come towards them. All the way along this pursuit, when he had found the people who had died on the march, he pulled at them to see if they were dead. Now, when Aniwɔ'ye appeared Big Fisher said to the people, "We will go to meet him. You men go ahead and I will hide behind you. So we will approach him until we get almost within his range. Do not let him see me, sed cum anum suum nobis verteret, spread apart and let me pass you to the front. While his back is turned to us, we will fix him." They did as they were told, and the band started forward to meet Aniwɔ'ye, who also approached them slowly.

When they were near enough ut odore ejus attingerentur, Aniwɔ'ye turned slowly. When his back was toward them, et cum pediturus esset, they opened ranks and Big Fisher ran forth et prius anum Aniwɔ'yei cepit quam hic pedere posset. He pinched anum ejus dure. "Ayu!" exclaimed Aniwɔ'ye. "Ayu, ayu! Let go of me! Non iterum pedam!" But Big Fisher held on and would not let go. They struggled for some time, but Big Fisher held fast, and at last Aniwɔ'ye died because he could not discharge. He died and they were all exceedingly glad, rejoicing that he was done for. So they cut him up into small bits and scattered the bits all about. Immediately these turned into little skunks which ran off into the bush. That was the end of Aniwɔ'ye, the Monster Skunk, but there are plenty of small skunks now.

(9) The Man Who Transformed a Doll into a Woman and Followed Her into the World Above.

There was once a man. He was hunting. He had his own wigwam, where he lived with an old man and an old woman who called him grandchild. He did not even know his father and mother. He had never seen young people, so when he became about twenty years old, he began to think that he ought to get himself a wife. So he started out and travelled all over,

but could not find one. At last, one day, he took a piece of wood and tried to carve for himself a big doll. He worked hard and after a while he made it so nearly perfect that it could speak a little. It was a female, but it did not seem to be complete quite yet.

Said the doll to him, "Put me in your wigwam, cover me up, and do not look at me for three days. Be sure not to look, because if you do, I won't be here."

"All right," said he; and placed his doll in his wigwam. To remove himself from the temptation of breaking her rule he went away by himself and stayed the first night. The next afternoon he came back and began wondering to himself. "If I sleep here," thought he, "I might, indeed, be tempted to look." The more he pondered, the more he weakened. At last, he decided to take a little look. He peeped inside the wigwam and saw a very nice-looking young girl seated there. Then, gaining control of himself, he hurried away and camped again that night alone. The third day he came back again to look at his wife. When he came near the camp, he went to the water-hole.[1] There he saw a woman's track going away from the water-hole. Thought he to himself, "Alas! my wife has gone." He walked up to the wigwam, looked in, and found that the woman had actually gone.[2]

He now decided to follow her. He went to the woods, cut a piece of cedar, and made himself a bow and a lot of arrows. The next day he started—this was two days after the woman had left. Then he walked very fast, starting early in the morning. Soon he came to a small lake lying still and frozen. When he reached the edge of the ice, he shot an arrow across, then he sped so fast that he reached the other side of the lake before the arrow got there. Before noon-time he came to where a camp was located, and going up to it, beheld an old woman cooking there. "Oh, my grandchild," said she, "don't stand there looking in the door. Come in and eat." So he went in. Then he asked her whether she had seen a woman pass there. She answered, "Yesterday, about noon." And the old woman gave him a mess of corn and said, "My dear grandchild, it is very hard

[1] In winter-time, the Indians keep a hole chopped through the ice near their camp for the water supply.

[2] If he had obeyed her and not looked until the third day, she would still have been there.

where you are going. Many people have tried to go where your road leads; but they have never gotten there, for many creatures are seeking their lives. But I will help you." Then she gave him a leg-bone of a lynx. "When you are in trouble, you may need this," she told him. Then he started on, following the tracks of his woman. Every time he came to a lake, he shot an arrow across and sped before it as he had done at first. He was fast indeed.

Soon he came to another wigwam and peeped into this as he had done into the first. An old woman who was cooking inside spoke to him, as had the first, and invited him to come in and eat. Then he asked her when she had seen the woman pass by. "A little after noon time," she replied. Now, by this, he knew that he had not gained very much. As before, he ate a little snack of corn and the old woman said to him, "Where you are going will be a very hard trip for you. Many people try it, but never succeed. They die." And she, too, gave him a lynx bone and told him, as the other had done, that it would help him in time of need on his journey; and he started on again, doing the same at every lake, until it began to grow late in the day. He had been going so fast that he felt very tired.

By and by he came to another camp and peeped in, as before, asked the same question, and was received in the same way. After he had eaten here, the old woman gave him a squirrel's tail to help him overcome the dangers which she warned him against. Said she, "From now on you won't see any more camps. Walk very fast now. Soon you will see a big tree with a square trunk, which will reach very far up into the sky. Now you won't see any trail, but look carefully around. That is where your wife climbed up. There are, indeed, steps cut into the trunk, but you will not be able to see them. To you it will look smooth."

So he proceeded on his way and soon came to the place she had spoken about. There was the big tree, but no tracks were in sight. Around the base he saw lots of bones, bones of people who had tried to climb but had fallen down and died. He was bewildered. Then suddenly he recollected the bones the old women had given him. Taking one in each hand, like a pick, he began climbing up the great tree. At last he ascended so

high that the bones began to wear away. When they were so short that he could hardly use them, he looked down. He had gone so high that he could neither see the world beneath nor the end of the tree in the sky above. Now his bones were too short to help him, but he had his bow on his back. He could hardly hold on any longer, so he cried and yelled for help, but nobody could hear him. Soon he heard a spirit nearby which murmured to him, "Close your eyes and look through the tree. You will see steps to climb on." Then he did as the voice said and perceived steps. He placed his feet in them and started running up. But now he made another mistake, he did not keep his eyes closed. When he looked, lo! he found himself back to where he had begun to climb the steps, holding on with his worn-out bones. Then he bethought himself of the squirrel's tail, and at the same moment found himself transformed into a squirrel. He found that he could run up the great tree by tapping his tail on the trunk at each step. At last he came to a hole in the sky, in the middle of which the great tree protruded. A wide space, however, surrounded the tree, separating it from the edge of the sky. It would be necessary for him to jump across from the trunk to this edge. He made a great effort and sprang for the edge, but he just managed to catch on at the line of his waist; his upper parts, which reached above the edge, at once became human; his lower parts, extending below the edge, remained in the form of the squirrel.

Then he beheld his wife coming across the surface of this upper world toward him. Said she, "You should not have come here, because, after all your trouble, you will die anyway." She took hold of him and made shift to raise him. Then she pulled him out after teasing him a little while. "Now," she said to him, "we always play ball up here. There are men here whom you will meet. They are your brothers-in-law. They will want you to play ball. If they beat you in the game, they will kill you; but if you beat them, you will survive."

Then she led him away to a village, where they saw a lot of great White Bears. This was the great White Bear's home and his family. Now the old Bear arranged a contest for the stranger. Said he, "You take this ball and go around the edge of this world, running. One of these Bears will race with you,

to see who gets back here first." So they started. The Bear took the ball in his mouth and, as soon as he started running, the man jumped upon his back and shook his ears, which made the Bear drop the ball. Then he threw the ball ahead. In this way, repeating the trick, they went around the world, and the man succeeded in getting back first. When he reached the starting point, the Bears said, "You seem to be a pretty good man; but there are still more tricks for you to perform. If you win, you can stay."

And they all went out together and came to a big rock. One of the White Bears tried to move this rock, and with a great effort he succeeded in moving it a little. "Now, you try," said they, "and if you can't move it, you are a dead man." Then the man took his bow and arrow and shot it at the rock. The rock immediately broke into fragments. "Indeed, you are a great man, our brother-in-law, and can stay here and hunt and live with us," said the old White Bear. Then the old Bear told him, after a while, that he had better go and hunt, or he would grow lonesome in his new life. By this time they had grown to like him very much.

One afternoon, late, he started off to hunt. Everything that he met seemed strange to him in this new world. Soon he came to a lake with a little ice on it, and when he walked out he beheld tracks of some animal. Soon he came to a place where a big wooden mallet lay on the ice. He thought to himself that somebody had lost this mallet. Then he took it by the handle and hammered on the ice. Immediately the hammer fell through. Up from the hole in the ice a red otter emerged. He killed the red otter. Then he went on with the hammer to another place. There he tried again, and this time got a blue otter. He tried again at another place and got a black otter, which was like the otters of this world. So, taking his load of otters, he went home to display what he thought was a pretty good hunt. He carried his game in a bag of leather. When he got to his wigwam, he shoved his bag in the entrance ahead of him, so that his wife could open it and see what he had brought.[1] Thought she to herself, when she saw the game-bag,

[1] It is the custom for a hunter returning to hand his game-bag to his wife before he enters the wigwam, without speaking, so that she can see for herself whether he has had good luck or not.

"I wonder if he will show himself to be a good hunter." She saw some blood on the bag. Opening it, she beheld the otters, Now the man had made a mistake, for these were tame otters and belonged to the Bears. She went out crying to her people, "This man has killed our otters!". When the old White Bear heard about the news, he said to his family, "We should have told this man about our otters, because he didn't know. On this account it is all right." He said no more, because he was afraid of the magic possessed by his new son-in-law.

(10) Ayas·e and the Origin of Bats.

The Ayas·e family was a large family. They lived in a camp. Very often they used to go picking berries, for their country was a rocky country where berries abounded. Very often some of the berry-pickers would get lost and never be found again. It was thought that some creature made a prey of them and ate them.

One time one of the Ayas·e men was travelling. On his way he came across a kind of cabin of rock, from the top of which smoke was rising and in front of which a number of human skulls hung in the opening. Now this Ayas·e managed to enter. By being very careful and not touching the skulls, he gained the inside of the rock house without making any noise. These skulls were put there to rattle when anybody tried to pass. Whén Ayas·e got inside, he beheld two old blind women. As soon as they became aware of his presence, one of them said, "We had better begin to cook something and we will find out if Ayas·e is passing here." Now these old women had some grease in a bark dish and one of them put some of the grease in a cooking pail. When she did this, Ayas·e pulled it out with his hand and ate it. Then she took the spoon to taste her grease, but found it gone. So she put another lump in the dish. Ayas·e took this, and when she started to dip it up, it, too, was gone. This happened three or four times. At last the old woman said, "Ayas·e must have passed; somebody told us that Ayas·e was going to pass. He must have passed now." Then she took a stick which she used to poke the fire with and began feeling all around, poking in the corners of the

wigwam to find if Ayas·e were there. Every time she came near poking him, he moved to another part of the wigwam, so she could not reach him. Pretty soon she touched him with the poker and then he took off his coat of fisher-skin which he was wearing and threw in into the door-way. The old women jumped up and when they felt the fur coat they thought it was Ayas·e trying to escape through the door. Now these old women had a sharp pointed bone at each elbow. With this pointed bone they began stabbing the fur coat in their haste to kill Ayas·e, and pretty soon in their blind fury they fell to stabbing each other, each one thinking she was stabbing Ayas·e. They killed each other. One of the old women said before she died, "I believe you hit me by mistake." It was too late; they both died.

Now Ayas·e in the wigwam sat down and looked at them a long time. Then he dragged them outside and looked at them a long time. All around the wigwam he saw the men's and women's bones, the bones of the victims of these two old blind women. Then he knew that all of his lost people had been killed by the old women and eaten. They were cannibals in the shape of monster bats, large enough to kill and eat people. Then Ayas·e took their bodies and cut them up into small pieces. These he threw into the air and they sailed off, transformed into small bats as we see them to-day. I did not see any more.

(11) Origin of the Constellation Fisher (Ursa Major).[1]

The Fisher (*mustela pennanti*) was living somewhere in this world. Nobody knows where. Now in those times they had no summer. It was winter, winter all the time. They knew that summer existed somewhere, but it never came to them, although they wanted it very much.

Now, once upon a time a man captured some little birds which are called *ni·bənis·e* "summer (guardian) birds." He tied them in bundles and kept them with him all the time. That was the reason why it was continually winter, for so long as he held these birds, they could not bring summer to the

[1] The constellation Ursa Major is called *wətci·'gan·αŋg* "Fishing Star." The story accounts for this constellation name.

North Country. The people pondered very much how to go about freeing these birds from the creature who kept them. At last somebody discovered where this creature lived, and they decided that some one would go and try to free the Summer-birds. Now the Fresh-water Herring lived in the same wigwam with the man who kept the Summer-birds.

The Fisher at last decided to go and free the birds, so that summer would come. He travelled a long while and reached the wigwam where the captor and the Herring lived. When he went in, he found the Herring alone. He captured the Herring and put some pitch on his mouth, so that he could not cry out. Then Fisher took the bundles of birds and tried to break the bindings, so that he could free them. Using his teeth at last he tore open the bundles and the Summer-birds flew free into the air. Then the pitch broke from the Herring's mouth and he cried out, "Fisher breaks the bundle! The Summer-birds! Fisher breaks the bundles with his teeth! The Summer-birds!" Two or three times he cried out, until their captor heard him. Then he came up running, but when he arrived, the Fisher and the Summer-birds were already far away.

The Fisher ran very fast to save himself. His pursuer had a bow and arrow with which he was going to kill him, but the Fisher sprang into the sky and climbed way up, with the hunter following behind him, still trying to shoot him with his bow and arrow. All he succeeded in shooting, however, was his tail, which is broken where it was wounded.[1] Although they chased him continually, they never got him.

(12) The Young Loon.

Once in the autumn of the year, when the birds were ready to fly to the south for the winter, a young Loon was unable to fly far enough to go with the rest of the birds. So he said to his mother, "I cannot go back south with you, as I am not strong enough. But I will stay here all winter in this place, and in the spring, when you come back, I will meet you here at this very spot. When you come back and find me here, it will be on a misty morning." So they all flew away to the south, and

[1] This is the bend in the handle of the Great Dipper. The small star Alcor in this constellation is the wound.

the young Loon was left behind for the winter. The mother was very sad because she had to leave him and because he was not strong enough to go with them.

In the spring time, when the ice is breaking up in the lake, and it becomes misty, the Indians say, "The Loon is coming back from her winter sojourn in the South."

(13) The Giant Pike.

At that time there were two people living who got married and had some daughters and sons. These grew up and married. One of the sons married and had children, two sons. The grandfather of these died. Then the father and mother died, and left the children with only their grandmother to look after them. At this time they were big enough to shoot bows and arrows and to go in a canoe with their grandmother to set the night lines[1] for fish. They lived only by fishing, because the grandmother was too old to do anything else.

So these two boys used to play around, shooting bows and arrows for fun, just as the Ojibwa boys do now. They used to play near a lake. Then their grandmother would say to them, "Don't swim in that lake. There is a big pike in there and he might swallow you." The older boy believed his grandmother, but the younger did not. So one day, while they were playing, the younger boy by mistake shot his arrow out in the lake. He could see it floating on the surface, so he took off his clothes to swim to it. But his brother said, "You know what grandmother told you. The big pike might swallow you." But the boy started to swim nevertheless, saying, "*Koga'miko*" ("swallowed in the water") with each stroke that his arms took. When he called this out, the big pike came and swallowed him.

His brother began crying and ran back to his grandmother in the wigwam, saying, "My little brother is *koga'miko*, 'swallowed in the water'." Then his grandmother began crying and the two were crying together. Soon after this they again

[1] Night lines are set for lake fish. The hook of bone formerly was fastened into a shank of wood and this tied to a line by a leather leader which the teeth of the fish could not sever. Then the line was fastened to another line adjoining the two float sticks by a knot and wrapping, which would pay out after a little jerk. The float sticks were anchored by a stone. The bait was tied to the hook, which later was kept horizontal by a line running from the leader to a pin stuck in the bait. This ingenious device is shown in Figure 1. As the story mentions, when the float sticks are together it is a sign that a fish is on the hook.

set their night lines. When they looked toward the lake, three days later, they saw the float sticks together and the boy said, "We have a fish." But the grandmother cried and would not look toward the lake where her grandson had died. But soon she went along in the canoe, crying, and pulled in the line. At the end was a very large fish, and they could see that his stomach was full of something. He was so large that they could scarcely pull him into the canoe. However, they managed

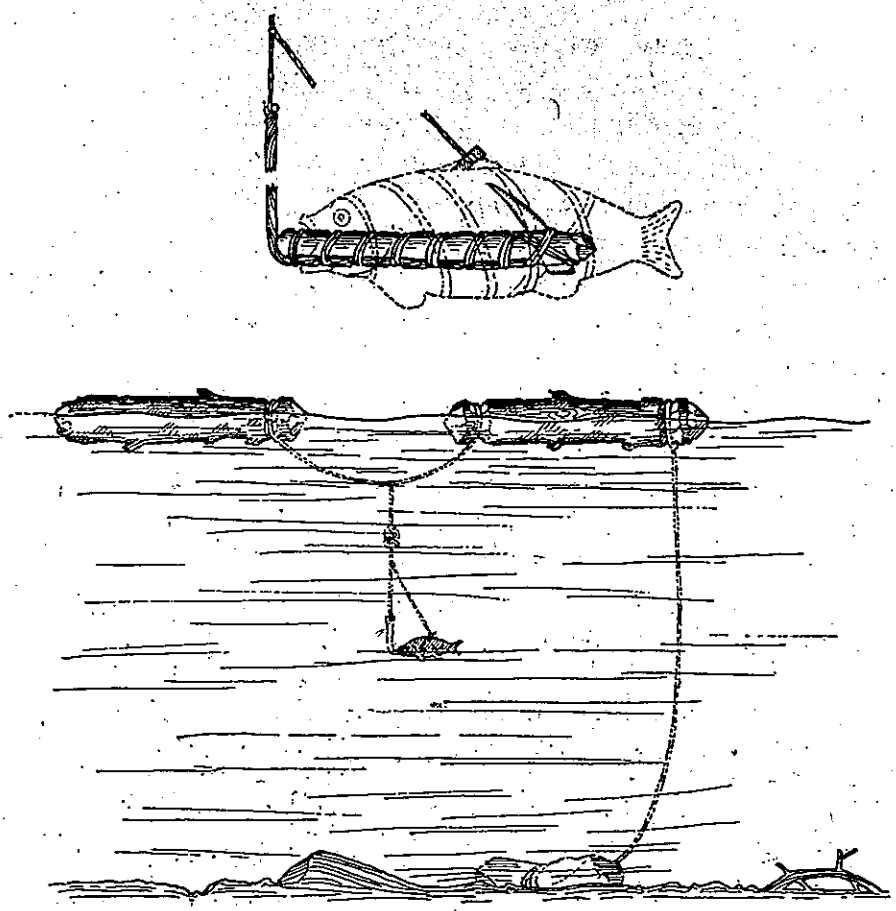

Figure 1. Night set-line.

to get him in and then they paddled to the shore and dragged the fish to a place where they could conveniently clean it. They cut his belly, which was distended, and out jumped the younger brother. "I'm scalded with the intestines! (*Ninbabe'nəs,*)"[1] he cried. "I'm scalded. I've been here three

[1] Archaic form.

days." He was already beginning to be digested. The grandmother was very glad to get her grandson back again. That is the end.

(14) Lynx and His Two Wives.

There was a time when Lynx had two wives, the one a Rabbit and the other a Marten. The three lived in a wigwam. At this time Lynx drove beaver during the winter time.[1] Rabbit was a very good hunter. But Lynx this winter had very poor luck and they became very hungry. Lynx beat his wives because they couldn't find the beaver. He said to them, "If you don't get some beaver for me, I'll eat both of you." At this they became very much frightened. So Rabbit went to a beaver place, and putting a stick in the hole, she felt a beaver in it. Then Rabbit went home and told Marten, and they both were glad to get a beaver and save their lives. Then they both went back to the hole. While Rabbit was pulling the beaver out of the hole and had hold of his hind quarters, Lynx came along and tickled Rabbit, so that she let go and the beaver escaped. Lynx was bent on mischief. He said, "If you don't get some beaver, I'll kill you tonight."

Rabbit and Marten went home and burrowed a tunnel in the snow, inside the wigwam. Then they both went into a hole to hide and closed the hole behind them. When Lynx reached home, he was unable to find his wives, but he knew they were somewhere near. So he began to pull up testes suos in se and then he began dancing.[2] He said to himself, "When they hear this funny thing, they will laugh." Pretty soon Marten laughed, and Lynx, digging her out of the hole, killed and ate her. Soon he grew hungry and tried the same trick. But Rabbit was very much afraid and would not laugh. Lynx kept on doing this for some time and finally gave it up. He sat near the fire and cut his belly open, taking out some of his intestines which he roasted and ate. At last, when he had eaten all his intestines, he came to his heart. When he pulled at this, "Huk, huk"! it made a noise. At last he jerked and pulled

[1] To drive beaver is to hunt them by driving them from their cabins beneath the ice.

[2] At this time Lynx testes habuit just like those of animals, but now they are like those of the cat, invisible.

at it so hard that he died. This is the end. But all the grandchildren of Lynx have testicles as they are to-day.

(15) Story of Seal Rock in Lake Timagami.

Once upon a time, on a small island in Lake Timagami, some people went ashore, and one of the women left her baby in a cradle-board on a rock, while she went a short distance off. When she came back, the baby was gone; it had been taken by a big manitu (magic) seal who lived in a rock and he had taken the child inside with him. The child's father was also a manitu, so he began burrowing and digging into the rock for his baby and he dug a channel. This hole is there yet. When he reached the baby, it was dead, and the seal was gone. It had dived and crossed two miles under water to Seal island and gone into a big rock there. He dove and followed, as he was *mi·te·'* and came to the big rock where the seal had gone in. With his chisel he split the rock, but the seal escaped. The rock is there yet, split down the centre.

(16) Rabbit, Lynx, and Fisher.

At the time of which my story speaks Lynx and Fisher had the same sharp nose and face. Fisher used to jump right through a big boulder as high as a man whenever he wanted to. One day he told Lynx to try to beat him and jump through. So Lynx tried to do it and smashed his face flat, as it is now. He went away very sore. Soon he met Rabbit. "Kwe, kwe," Lynx asked Rabbit, "where are you going?" Rabbit answered, "I am going to the short flat-faced country." Lynx did not understand the joke, and he let Rabbit pass.

Lynx went on and came to a stream into whose waters he looked, and saw some flints. He tried to reach some to pick them up and beheld himself in the water. He discovered how ugly he was. "I'm so ugly. That is what Rabbit meant when he met me. I'll fix him." So he went back, struck Rabbit's trail, and followed him. So he followed the trail until it went into a hole in the snow under a bush. Lynx looked in and saw Rabbit sitting there, reading. He asked Rabbit, "Has anybody

been passing here lately Hee!" Rabbit made no answer. Lynx asked this question twice and at last Rabbit spoke, "Tsc tsc, it's Sunday to-day." Lynx asked the same question again and received the same reply. Then Rabbit said, "Why don't you go around and find his track?". When Lynx went around, Rabbit ran out and off. When Lynx saw him run, he chased him and caught him.

"Can you talk English?" said Lynx. "Yes," answered Rabbit. "Well, can't you talk white?" "Yes," answered Rabbit. "Well, if you don't talk white, I'll kill you." So Rabbit had to talk white. "Well, what do you call 'fire' in English." "*Waya'kabi·'te*" (people sitting around a fire), answered Rabbit. "How do they say 'axe' there?" "*Me'matowes'iŋg*" ("noise of chopping"). "What do you call knife?" asked Lynx. "*Taya'tacki·'wəgis·e*" ("sliced meat"), answered Rabbit. "You are a liar", said Lynx. "*Ki·niŋgwa'zəm*, you are a liar." And he killed Rabbit.

(17) Snaring the Sun.

There was once a boy who used to set his snares for his living. One day he saw a track where the snow was melted, and after a while he decided to set his snares there and catch the animal that made the tracks. So he set his snare and went away. That track was the sun's track, and when the sun came by next day, it got caught. The sun didn't rise the next day and there was steady darkness. The people began to be puzzled. "Where did you set your snare?" they asked him. He told them, and they went to look. There they saw the sun caught, but no one could go near enough to loosen it A number of animals tried to do this, but they all got burned. At last the Beaver-mouse managed to cut it with his teeth and freed it. But his teeth got burned with the heat, and so they are brown to this day, but the sun is here and we have the daylight.

(18) Homo Excrementi.

There were a number of people camping, and one man was camping by himself. He was a young man and he tried to get

his neighbour's daughter to marry him, but she wouldn't have him, saying that he was not good enough. And so the young man went back and forth trying to get a wife.

Then the people went away to another place to camp, as it was getting spring, but the young man stayed back. He was full of *mite'win*.[1] He planned to have revenge upon the girl who would not have him. He collected omne excrementum quod invenire potuit and made it into the shape of a man. He was determined to settle with the girls who had refused him, for he was full of revenge. When he had made the man alive, he sent him to where the girls were camping. The new creature was frozen nice and hard, he was nice-looking, and he could talk.

And so Homo excrementi came, early in the morning, crunching through the snow to where the girls were in camp. When they saw him coming, they cried, "Somebody's coming. Make a fire." And when he reached the camp every one received him in fine style, as he was such a nice fellow. "Where do you come from? Who is your father?" they asked him. "Humpback," said he. "Who is your mother?" "Flat-set excrementum," answered he. But the old people did not understand him. He was unable to stay near the fire long, for fear he would melt. They wished him to stay at the camp, but he couldn't, so he hurried away.

Then one of the girls who had refused the young man in marriage followed him and he led her a long chase. She began to feel it grow warmer (it was April) and soon she found one of his mittens and later his hat. At last it became so warm that she came to the place where he had melted altogether et ibi erat agger excrementi. When she examined the hat, internum ejus excrementi illitum invenit. So she went back home saying, "Good for him, he's melted. I'm glad he is melted." She couldn't catch him anyway, so she was angry.

So young girls should not try always to get a nice-looking man, but take the man selected for them. The old people tell them this story for a lesson, lest they lose a good man, though not so handsome, to get a "stinker."

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[1] Conjurer's magic.

(19) The Origin of Snakes.

A man was one time walking along and came to a lake which he wanted to cross. But he had no canoe, and so he walked along the shore until he saw a big Snake lying in the water with his head on the shore. "Will you carry me across?" asked the hunter. "Yes," answered the Snake. "But it looks cloudy and I am afraid of the lightning, so you must tell me if it thunders while we are crossing." The hunter got on the Snake's back and they started to swim across the lake. As they went along, thunder began rumbling, "*kax kax*," and the lightning flashed. "*Mah, mah*, listen!" said the Snake in fear. "I hear something." Just as they reached the shore, when the hunter could leap to safety, a stroke of lightning hit the Snake and broke him into numberless pieces, which began swimming about and finally came to land. The great Snake was not killed, but his pieces turned into small snakes which we see all about to-day.

(20) Muskrat Warns the Beaver.

The Muskrat, Beaver, Dog, and some Ojibwa were companions and hunters. They were real people who could talk to one another. They started out one day and came to a small lake and there they saw Beaver houses and families. It was early in the winter. They said, "That's a good lake to drive the beaver, as it's all rocky and they can't escape. The season is right, so we will come tomorrow with dogs." The Beavers were in their houses and they saw the Indians, but they couldn't hear the talking. The Muskrat heard, however, and went to the Beaver and told them. "You must look out for yourselves, uncles. Those Indians say you are very easy to catch." Now the Muskrat had stayed outside the Indians' wigwam and listened to what they were saying, until his feet got so cold that he could stay no longer. So that this was all that he had heard to tell his uncle the Beaver.

The next morning the Indians came to the lake and broke the Beaver's houses, and the big Beaver told the young ones, "When you see a dog passing, whistle." So the young Beavers went to different places under the ice and when they saw a dog

passing, they whistled and all were thus caught and killed by the men. But the big Beaver didn't whistle, and he escaped. The Indians said, "Where's the big Beaver?" Then they went back and had a big feast on those they had caught. In those days people used to cut a flat bone from the hind foot of the beaver and throw it into the water, so that the dogs wouldn't get it. These hunters, however, made a mistake and forgot to save that bone. They lost it.[1]

So the Indians had their feast, and when they threw the bones into the water, one of the little Beavers came back to life and went back to his parents. He said to them, "I had a fine time, father. They hung me over the fire, and I danced for them." Shortly all the Beavers came back, but one of them said, "I'm very sick, father. They didn't use me right." This was the Beaver whose bone from his hind foot the hunters had lost. He was very sore and disgusted and showed his father the fresh mark of his foot where the flat bone was lost, when they asked him what was the matter. The Beavers did not like this and they became angry. So nowadays the Indians tell the young boys neither to talk about the Beavers, nor the prospects of a hunt before attacking a beaver colony, lest the Muskrat hear them and tell the Beaver. And also, when the hunting dogs suddenly go off from camp and run over the ice, the hunters say the dogs hear the beavers whistling.

(21) Story of a Hunter.

There were two men living in a camp with two women and the rest of the band. On a cold day in winter one of the men said he was going to track a moose, and left on his snowshoes. He said he would be back by night. He was gone all day and by night he had not returned, so his wife began to think that possibly he had shot a moose, but, as he had taken his axe with him, he might have cut himself in some way. They waited until morning and then, taking up his trail, they tracked him to where he had shot a moose and farther on to where he had skinned it. The meat was there, but the skin was gone. Look-

[1] They used to suspend the beaver by a swinging string and roast him, saving all the bones from the dogs in order to throw them into the lake, as they thought that there would be just as many beavers there again in the autumn as the number of bones thrown in. This story explains the ceremonial treatment of beaver remains.

ing around they saw a fire not far off. When they reached the fire they discovered that the hunter had rolled himself up in the green hide to sleep, and during the night it had frozen around him and he had been unable to get out. They thawed out the skin and all went back to camp.

(22) A Timagami Story.

Once there were a man and his wife living in a bark wigwam. The wife grew very fond of another man et voluit copulare cum eo sine cognitione mariti sui. They finally hit upon a plan. She cut a small hole in the bark near her bedding ut ille cum ea nocte copulare posset. She slept near the hole et omne bene factum est, sed maritus tandem invenit quid fieret. So one night he ordered his wife to change places with him when they slept, et cum venisset amator, maritus penem ejus abscidit per orificium positum. Tunc membrum virile cepit, without telling his wife what had happened, and went off on a moose hunt. He killed a moose and took its intestine end [described like an appendix], secuit penem in fragmenta, mixed these with fat, and made a smoked sausage out of the whole.[1] Then he went home and gave it to his wife to eat. When she had eaten it, he said, "Nunc edisti penem amatoris tui."

(23) Story of a Fast Runner.

Once a hunter was so quick of foot that when he shot his arrow at a beaver plunging into the lake from the shore, he would run down, catch the beaver by the tail before the arrow got to it, and hold it until the arrow struck. He was a fast runner, indeed.

(24) The Hunter and the Seven Deer.

There once was a hunter who lived in a camp. The summer had been very dry and the whole country was on fire. He stayed in his camp, however, although the smoke was so thick that no one could see any distance. One day he saw seven deer walking along, each holding the other's tail in its mouth. The

[1] This intestine sausage is a great delicacy among the Indians.

leader alone could see, and he was guiding the others. So he killed the leader and then took hold of the second deer's nose, and so lead them all to his camp alive, where he butchered them.

(25) Story of a Conjurer.

There was a conjurer (*mi·te'w*),[1] whose name was Gitcikwe'we ("buzzing noise"), his wife Pi·dje'kwe[2] and their children, camping at a lake in a wigwam. There was a large lake to the west of where they were camping full of islands. It was a long portage from the wigwam to this lake.

One evening, while Gitcikwe'we was sitting in his wigwam, he became very much frightened. He saw nothing in particular that frightened him, but on account of his *mi·te'w* feeling he became afraid and knew that something was coming. At dusk he gathered up his blankets and jumped into his canoe with his family, and they floated on the lake beside the camp, all night long. When he went back to the wigwam in the morning, he found that a Windigo[3] had been there and had smashed his wigwam.

Then the family started to take the portage which led across to the big lake containing the islands. When Gitcikwe'we took the portage, he sent his wife and children ahead and told them to hurry on as fast as they could, while he would follow behind with the canoe. He said, "When you hear 'Meat bird' (Wiske·djak[4]) flying above you, that means 'Hurry', for the Windigo is coming behind to catch you. That will be your warning." They reached the other end of the portage and got into the canoe and paddled out to one of the islands to a place where the end of the portage, from which they had just come out, was lost to view. They were safe there, as the Windigo, having no canoe, could not cross. After Gitcikwe'we put up his camp, he said to his wife, "I am not yet satisfied. I must beat that Windigo, because he will bother us all winter, and then we will starve, for I cannot hunt while staying at camp all the time, watching out for you and the children."

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[1] One of the ranks of shamans.
[2] *Mi·te'kwe*, "medicine woman".
[3] A cannibal monster.
[4] Gitcikwe'we intended to assume this guise.

Then he made his *mi·te'o* wigwam with its seven poles and covered it with bark.[1] He went into it and it began to work and move, while a band of spirits could be heard singing inside.[2] Then Windigo came there and Gitcikwe'we said to his wife, "We will clinch him and take him away out west where he came from." When he clinched him, the conjuring wigwam shook and made a noise like thunder, and the children fainted from fright, for they knew their father was inside. When they recovered consciousness, everything was still in the wigwam, and their father had gone out west, taking his captive with him. A little while after this the wigwam started to move again and Gitcikwe'we was back again from his trip out west. He said to his family, "We will be all right now. I took him back west. He is very sick from his fright but he will stay there now."

There was another *mi·te'* Indian one day's journey from where Gitcikwe'we was camping. This Indian was so full of *mi·te'* also that, while he was asleep, he heard Windigo passing overhead with a great moaning noise as if he were in pain. No other people heard it except this man, because they were not *mi·te'*.

Next morning Gitcikwe'we awoke and found that it was a fine day with no wind to bother, and the whole family was happy to think of passing another winter. Shortly after they had gotten up, they heard a great noise of shouting in the direction of the end of the portage from where they had come and which was just lost to view. When Gitcikwe'we heard this, he loaded his flint lock gun to shoot Windigo, for he thought he had come back and was making the noise and concluded that that was the only way to get rid of him. He and his wife got into the canoe for this purpose. When they turned the point, they saw a young man standing right in the portage. It was Gitcikwe'we's wife's nephew. He had left his canoe at the other end of the portage, as it was so long to carry it, and he was expecting his aunt to take him across in her canoe. So he got into the canoe and the three of them returned to camp.[3]

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[1] Seven poles are always required for this kind of a wigwam. See story of Ciŋgibis.
[2] The usual procedure of the conjurer.
[3] This is related as a true story. One of Gitcikwe'we's daughters is still living in the Timagami band; she is known as *Pi·dje''kwe.*

(26) Legend of Obabika Lake.

Obabika lake is called *Ma'nitu Pi·pa'gi·*, "Spirit Echo." On the eastern shore of this lake is a great rock where a Manitu is believed to live. Whenever anyone makes a noise in the vicinity, the Manitu becomes angry and growls. His plaints, the Indians believe, can be clearly heard when he is offended. The Ojibwa never go near there when they can avoid it; and they seldom throw a stone in the lake, splash their paddles, or shoot their guns near its shores.

(27) Iroquois Pictographs.

"The Iroquois used to come here to fight the Ojibwa because the Americans had driven them from their homes in the States and the Iroquois had to seek new countries beyond the settlements in the North. In their excursions, when they got far from home, they cut and painted pictures in the rocks on river or lake shores, so that their friends, if they ever penetrated so far, would know that their own people had been there before them. The characters of these pictures would tell what had happened, so that if the advance party never returned to their people, some record would at least be left behind of their journey."[1]

The Ojibwa attributed nearly all pictographs to the Iroquois. On Lady Evelyn lake are a number of such figures, showing animals and men in canoes.

(28) An Iroquois Legend.

At that time there were people living, four in number: a woman, a young baby who could hardly walk, and two sons who were grown-up men. Their father had died and the family lived together in a wigwam. It was winter and the sons had two rabbit snares' trails, one to the east and the other to the north, and they went to different lines on different days. The mother would attend to the snares and leave the baby, wrapped in a rabbit skin blanket, alone in the camp, while the two sons

[1] Quoted verbatim from Chief Aleck Paul.

would hunt and look around for game, having only bows and arrows.

When they came home in the evening, they would sometimes bring with them spruce partridge and other kinds of partridge. Their mother used to bring home partridges also, but she had no bow or arrows, and the men wondered how she did it, because she often brought home as many as ten birds. They could not understand how she was able to do better than they; so they asked her, "What did you do it with?" They never went with their mother to where she had her snares, but they were continually asking her how she caught the partridges. She answered, "I cut a pole, put a string there on the end, and catch them by the neck, since I have no bow." But they didn't believe her, as they often saw arrow wounds in the partridges' breasts. They looked at these wounds and said, "Somebody must have shot them for you. Was it not the Iroquois?" "No," answered the mother, "I caught them with a pole snare and poked them with a stick in order to bloat them with blood, so they will make more bouillon." But still they didn't believe her and they said to each other, "Mother doesn't like to tell us. Some Iroquois, I guess, are going to kill us. We'll fool our mother and these Iroquois. When we go to bed, we'll sleep with our baby."

So that night they said to their mother, "We want to sleep with our brother the baby, on his side of the wigwam." They dried their moccasins, put them on, and also put on rabbit skin blankets, for they were preparing to run out during the night. They had discovered a place the day before where trees had fallen down and snow had covered them, thus making a tunnel. So that night they rolled their little brother up in a blanket and left early in the night, unknown to their mother. When they left, the Iroquois were getting closer. The mother awoke and cried out, "*Madja'wak* they are going!" She did this to help the Iroquois find them. The Iroquois followed them on snowshoes, but the sons made a great number of branch trails in order to deceive them.

The three finally reached their windfall tunnel and there they stayed and waited for the Iroquois. At daylight the Iroquois took up the trail and followed until they finally reached them.

The three in the cave could hear the Iroquois talking above them. One of the Iroquois dug a hole in the snow above the tunnel and peeped down to see if the three were there. As one by one the Iroquois looked through the hole, the sons shot them, the arrow falling back through the hole so that they could use it again. They killed nearly all of them, and at last no more Iroquois faces appeared above the hole, but the sons could hear crying. Finally they decided to come out, and one of the sons went out first to look around, but he could see no one. They then started back to the wigwam, following the Iroquois tracks, but they only saw two trails. One of the sons went a little ahead and the other followed behind with the baby.

When they reached their wigwam, they found it smashed to pieces and the poles flattened out. Their mother was killed and the Iroquois had cut off her breasts and made babiche strings[1] of it. These two Iroquois who were left had made a tripod of sticks and had wound the skin all the way around it. Then they had gone and were never seen again. The mother had agreed with the Iroquois that they were not to kill her if she didn't tell her sons of their whereabouts.

Timagami Folk-Lore.

(1)

It is not proper to tell stories in summer, lest one die; but, if stories are told, they must be told for ten successive evenings in order to prevent the evil.

(2)

In order to foretell the sex of the child about to be born, the first vertebra of a moose or deer may be used. The appearance of one side of this bone resembles a man's face, while the other resembles a woman's. The seeker for information may place this bone on top of his head and let it drop to the ground. Whichever face turns upward like a die indicates the sex of the child. This bone is called *uta'backo'k·e* "back neck-bone".

[1] Thongs of rawhide.

(3)

A little device to bring rain: suck the flat side of a green leaf until it snaps, or slap one hand with the palm of the other, holding the leaf in the fist of the first.

(4)

Northern Lights: *Wase'tibik·an*, "light of night."

(5)

Bine'·s·i·wi·mi·'k·`an, "birds' path". This is the Milky Way, which is believed to be the guide to the birds in their spring and autumn migrations.

(6)

Wətα'gwanobi·`s·an "mist from the water" (?). This is the rainbow, which is thought to be caused by mist generated in the air by waves of some great sea.

(The Matachewan Indians of Montreal river call the rainbow *Ani'miki·unujea`bi* "thunder's legging string"!.

(7)

The *whippoorwill* (*wa'hone·`s·i*) is very rarely heard in Bear island, although the bird frequents some parts of the lake. Its cry is considered an omen of ill fortune or of death. Another idea connected with the whippoorwill's cry is that it is the signal cry of the Iroquois (*Ma'djina`dowes·i* "bad Iroquois," referring to the tribes of the League as distinct from those of Caughnawaga) and that it indicates the proximity of enemies.

(8)

When robins (*gwi·'ckwe*) sing noticeably during the day it is a sign of coming rain. The toad's (*omα'k·αki*) song in the daytime has the same portent.

(9)

To kill *blue-bottle flies* will bring rain.

(10)

If anyone finds or sees a live mole it is a sign that some member of the family will die soon. Moles are very rare in the Timagami neighbourhood and quite a stir is raised when one is encountered.

(11)

Hiccoughing is a sign that the victim has been stealing something. If it is true and the victim is accused of it, he will stop hiccoughing from fright.

(12)

If a child is *born feet first* he is gifted with curing powers for people with sore backs. They let him jump on the patient's back.

(13)

The method of *cooking squirrels* (*dji·'to'mǫ*) has an influence upon the weather forces. Squirrels are usually cooked by splitting the carcass, after it has been skinned, and roasting it in the flames until done. Should the animal, however, be boiled instead, it will bring rain. When rain is needed, squirrels are boiled purposely to bring it.

(14)

To bring on a *snowstorm* an infant is allowed to make its moccasin print in the snow.

(15)

If an *infant warms its hands* before the fire, it is a sure sign of cold weather coming.

(16)

A *red sunset* with red clouds is a sign of wind.

(17)

A *whirling buzzer*, made by spinning a bone or wooden disk on a string operated by the two hands, will cause the wind to rise.

(18)

A *divination device* is used before the hunt to foretell what kind of game is going to be killed. It is as follows. The metacarpal bone of a beaver's hind leg, with its sinew covering, is taken and cut nearly through, so that it will break easily.

This is stuck upright in the ground near the fire and a series of lines radiating from it are traced in the ashes or ground, each line being named for some game animal: moose, beaver, caribou, deer, bear, otter, martin, fisher, etc. Then, as the heat shrinks the sinew, it breaks the bone at the cut and the upper piece points along one of the lines marked. This answers what kind of game is going to be gotten. The lines sometimes also are used to denote the direction to be followed to get the animals designated.

(A variation of this operation was noted from the Mattagami band. Here a stick is used instead of a beaver bone and the base of the stick is burned. When this falls, it denotes the direction to be taken to secure game).

(19) *Supernatural Creatures.*

Pa·'gαk. This is a personification of a human skeleton without the flesh, which wanders about the country. When he travels, he goes as fast as he thinks. When he wishes himself to be in a place, he is there as soon as he thinks of it. When he is heard by the people, it is a sign that someone will die. It is thought that he is heard occasionally three times in succession, making his peculiar noise, once at the horizon, once at the zenith, and again at the opposite horizon.

Me·'megwe·'s·i. A species of creature which lives in the high remote ledges. They are small and have hair growing all over their bodies. The Indians think they are like monkeys, judging from specimens of the latter they have seen in the picture-books. These dwarf-like creatures have ugly faces and seek to hide them when they meet with people. A little narrative of a meeting with these creatures is told by some Timagami Indians who had been to Lake Timiskaming. The Indians were passing the high ledge of rock a few miles below Haileybury, where the water was very deep and where they had set their nets. They found that somebody had been stealing fish. They proceeded to watch the nets and soon saw three *Me·'megwe·'s·i* come out astride of an old log for a canoe, using sticks for paddles. The Indians pursued them, the fairies meanwhile hiding their faces. Finally the Indians caught one. Then one Indian said, "Look behind!" When the fairy turned quickly they got a glimpse of how ugly he was. The Indians then took a knife from this fairy and the rest disappeared, riding their log through the rock wall to the inside, where they could be heard crying, as this was where they lived. The Indians then threw the knife at the rock and it went right through to the inside to its owner.

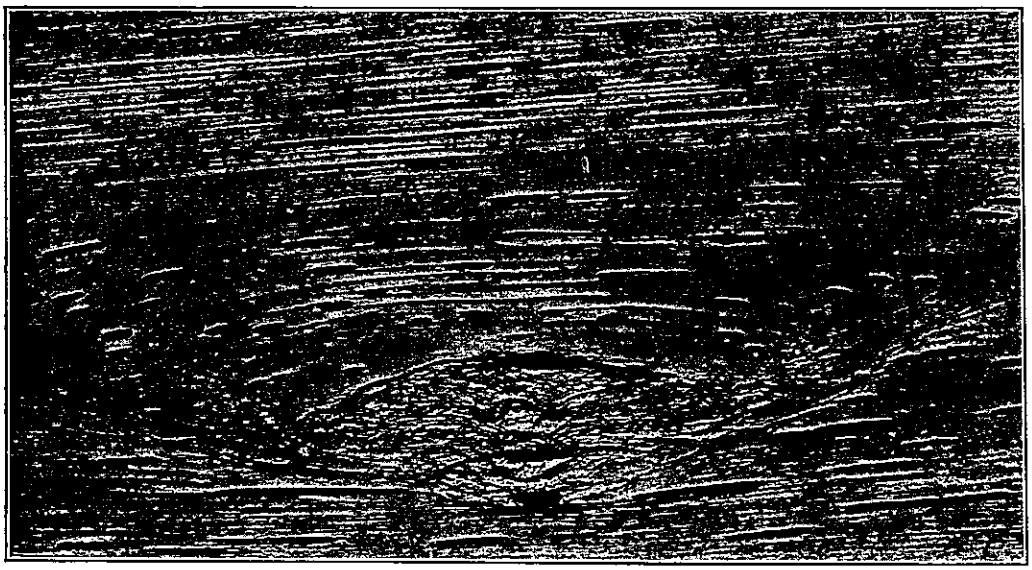

Figure 2. Markings on birch bark.

Appendix: Notes on Timagami Folk-Lore.

(By Neil C. Fergusson.)

[*Note.*

Under date of August 30, 1913, Mr. Neil C. Fergusson, Timagami Fire Ranger, wrote from Bear island, Lake Timagami: "While at Bear Island I met Mr. Speck, who was gathering Indian lore and legends for the Victoria Memorial Museum. His work interested me greatly." He then proceeds to communicate some folk-lore material which he had himself collected from Timagami Indians. This, kindly put by Mr. Fergusson at the disposal of the Geological Survey, is here added as a supplement to Dr. Speck's own data.

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(1) *Whisky Jack and the Markings on Birch Bark.*

"One Indian told me a few incidents about Whisky Jack (Anglicised form of native Wiske·djak) and ended by saying that he had seen the outline of that strange personage imprinted on a rock along the Ottawa river. He said that the markings on the birch bark were caused by Whisky Jack when he struck the bark, which was once clear, with a balsam bough and then threw a bird at the tree. Hence the knots give the appearance of a bird with outstretched wings, as seen on the enclosed piece of bark (see Figure 2)."

(2) *The Two Girls, Hell-Diver, and Loon.*[1]

Once upon a time two girls who were out in the woods climbed a tall spruce tree, but when they wanted to descend, they found that it was impossible. Just then a Moose passed near the tree

[1] Mr. Fergusson writes: "Another Indian told me some stories that he had heard from his grandmother, who could speak the Ojibwa tongue. I will write out the one that I thought most interesting." The story given by Mr. Fergusson is evidently a close variant of the second part of No. 5 of Dr. Speck's Timagami series.

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and both girls called to him for help. The Moose, however, passed on without aiding them. Likewise a Deer, an Otter, and a Lynx all went by, but from none did they receive any help. At last a Wolverine came along and listened to the girls' entreaties. He finally climbed the tree and brought the girls safely to the ground, after which all three walked along together. The girls didn't wish the Wolverine as a companion, so one of them said that she had dropped her hair-ribbon near the spruce tree and asked the unwelcome companion to go back for it, saying that they would wait where they were until he returned. The kind Wolverine went off on his errand, and, as soon as he was out of sight, the two girls made their departure. So the Wolverine came back and saw no girls. He heard a whistle and went in that direction. Then he heard another whistle behind him, and so on, but still he failed to find the girls, for the trees were whistling one after another in order to fool the poor Wolverine. The Wolverine went his own way, feeling very much grieved.

The girls walked on swiftly until they came to a little wigwam built in the bush. It was a very pretty wigwam and looked so inviting to the tired girls that they went inside to rest. Soon a Bird, who was the owner, came along and demanded their business in his wigwam. They told him that they had lost their way, so he gave them a cup of tea and directed them on their journey. The girls travelled on and came at last to a river at the end of which was a lake. A Beaver was paddling his canoe down the stream, but wouldn't take the girls in. Next a Loon, who was the king of all water animals, came along in his canoe, but he also refused to take them with him. Finally a "Hell-diver" came paddling by. He was very kind and took the two girls down to the lake where he dwelt and told them that they might sleep in his wigwam that night. He gave them some blankets and then went out on business.

The girls, however, couldn't go to sleep, for they heard music and knew that a dance must be going on. They got out of their bed and went to the house where they heard the music. Looking in at the window, they saw the Loon playing the fiddle and all the dancers enjoying themselves, so they returned to their bed and placed two logs under the blankets to deceive

their kind friend, the "Hell-diver," into thinking that they were still where he had left them.

While the two girls were dancing, the "Hell-diver" returned and lay down under the blankets, but the logs happened to be partly rotten and were filled with ants, so that it wasn't long before he discovered the trick that had been played on him. At once he went to the Loon's house, thinking that the girls had been to the dance. All was dark in the house, as the dancers had left, but he could see that the two girls and the Loon were lying there asleep. The Loon was snoring with his mouth wide open. The "Hell-diver" was seized with anger and went swiftly back to his wigwam, where he heated a piece of iron until it was red hot. He hastened with this to the Loon's house and crammed it down the sleeper's mouth.

Knowing that he had killed the Loon and that the murder would soon be discovered on the next day, he made ready to go on a hunting trip and told his old grandmother that he'd be back on the following evening. When the murdered Loon was discovered, his murderer was far away in the bush and had already caught one deer in his trap. He filled a portion of its entrails with blood and hung it around his neck, then started for home. As his canoe neared the village in the evening, all the people ran down to the water's edge and cried, "Our chief is dead!" The "Hell-diver" pulled his knife and cut the bladder of blood which hung about his neck, upsetting the canoe at the same time. The people lamented, saying, "We shouldn't have told the 'Hell-diver,' for he has killed himself from grief."

But far out in the middle of the lake the "Hell-diver" came swimming to the surface and called aloud. "It was I who killed our king, the Loon." Revenge took hold of all the people and they at once gave chase, but were unable to catch the murderer, and, as darkness was upon them, they said, "We will build a dam and in the morning, when the lake is dry, we will catch him." In the morning the lake was dry and all the villagers went in pursuit. The chase was a long one and the 'Hell-diver' was in the last stages of fatigue when he ran to the dam and quickly kicked it down. The waters came running in and all the people were turned into water animals, but became friends with one another.

Phonetic Key.

a, as in *father*, of medium length; *a·*, lengthened.
e, open; *ɛ·*, long as in North German *Bär*.
e·, longer than *e* and close in quality.
i and *i·*, short and long close vowels.
o, close and of medium length.
ɔ·, longer than *o* and with lips more protruded, almost like *au* of English *taut*.
ɑ, dulled form of short *a*, like *u* of English *but*.
ə, short obscure vowel of uncertain quality.

b-p, bilabial stops varying between true sonant and intermediate surd-sonant.
d-t, alveolar stops varying between true sonant and intermediate surd-sonant.
g-k, medial palatal stops varying between true sonant and intermediate surd-sonant.
s and *z*, surd and sonant dorsal sibilant pronounced with tip of tongue deflected to lower alveolar (applies only to Timiskaming Algonquin; in Timagami Ojibwa *s* and *z* are normal).
c and *j*, surd and sonant sibilant corresponding respectively to English *sh* and *z* of *azure*.
tc and *dj*, surd and sonant sibilant affricative corresponding respectively to English *ch* and *j*.
x, voiceless palatal spirant like *ch* of German *Bach*.
m, as in English.
n, as in English.
ŋ, palatal nasal like *ng* of English *sing*.
w, as in English.
y, as in English.
h, as in English.

˙ nasalized vowel.
ʿ, aspiration following vowel or consonant.
ː, denotes that preceding vowel or consonant is long.
ˈ, main stress.
ˌ, secondary stress.

LIST OF RECENT REPORTS OF GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

Since 1910, reports issued by the Geological Survey have been called memoirs and have been numbered Memoir 1, Memoir 2, etc. Owing to delays incidental to the publishing of reports and their accompanying maps, not all of the reports have been called memoirs, and the memoirs have not been issued in the order of their assigned numbers and, therefore, the following list has been prepared to prevent any misconceptions arising on this account. The titles of all other important publications of the Geological Survey are incorporated in this list.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1910.

REPORTS.

Report on a geological reconnaissance of the region traversed by the National Transcontinental railway between Lake Nipigon and Clay lake, Ont.—by W. H. Collins. No. 1059.

Report on the geological position and characteristics of the oil-shale deposits of Canada—by R. W. Ells. No. 1107.

A reconnaissance across the Mackenzie mountains on the Pelly, Ross, and Gravel rivers, Yukon and North West Territories—by Joseph Keele. No. 1097.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1909. No. 1120.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 1. *No. 1, Geological Series.* Geology of the Nipigon basin, Ontario —by Alfred W. G. Wilson.

MEMOIR 2. *No. 2, Geological Series.* Geology and ore deposits of Hedley mining district, British Columbia—by Charles Camsell.

MEMOIR 3. *No. 3, Geological Series.* Palæoniscid fishes from the Albert shales of New Brunswick—by Lawrence M. Lambe.

MEMOIR 5. *No. 4, Geological Series.* Preliminary memoir on the Lewes and Nordesnkiöld Rivers coal district, Yukon Territory—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 6. *No. 5, Geological Series.* Geology of the Haliburton and Bancroft areas, Province of Ontario—by Frank D. Adams and Alfred E. Barlow.

MEMOIR 7. *No. 6, Geological Series.* Geology of St. Bruno mountain, province of Quebec—by John A. Dresser.

MEMOIRS—TOPOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 11. *No. 1, Topographical Series.* Triangulation and spirit levelling of Vancouver island, B.C., 1909—by R. H. Chapman.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1911.

REPORTS.

Report on a traverse through the southern part of the North West Territories, from Lac Seul to Cat lake, in 1902—by Alfred W. G. Wilson. No. 1006.

Report on a part of the North West Territories drained by the Winisk and Upper Attawapiskat rivers—by W. McInnes. No. 1080.

Report on the geology of an area adjoining the east side of Lake Timiskaming—by Morley E. Wilson. No. 1064.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1910. No. 1170.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 4. *No. 7, Geological Series.* Geological reconnaissance along the line of the National Transcontinental railway in western Quebec—by W. J. Wilson.

MEMOIR 8. *No. 8, Geological Series.* The Edmonton coal field, Alberta—by D. B. Dowling.

MEMOIR 9. *No. 9, Geological Series.* Bighorn coal basin, Alberta—by G. S Malloch.

MEMOIR 10. *No. 10, Geological Series.* An instrumental survey of the shore-lines of the extinct lakes Algonquin and Nipissing in southwestern Ontario—by J. W. Goldthwait.

MEMOIR 12. *No. 11, Geological Series.* Insects from the Tertiary lake deposits of the southern interior of British Columbia, collected by Mr. Lawrence M. Lambe, in 1906—by Anton Handlirsch.

MEMOIR 15. *No. 12, Geological Series.* On a Trenton Echinoderm fauna at Kirkfield, Ontario—by Frank Springer.

MEMOIR 16. *No. 13, Geological Series.* The clay and shale deposits of Nova Scotia and portions of New Brunswick—by Heinrich Ries assisted by Joseph Keele.

MEMOIRS—BIOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 14. *No. 1, Bioligocal Series.* New species of shells collected by Mr. John Macoun at Barkley sound, Vancouver island, British Columbia—by William H. Dall and Paul Bartsch.

Memoris and Reports Published During 1912.

REPORTS.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1911. No. 1218.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 13. *No. 14, Geological Series.* Southern Vancouver island—by Charles H. Clapp.

MEMOIR 21. *No. 15, Geological Series.* The geology and ore deposits of Phoenix, Boundary district, British Columbia—by O. E. LeRoy.

MEMOIR 24. *No. 16, Geological Series.* Preliminary report on the clay and shale deposits of the western provinces—by Heinrich Ries and Joseph Keele.

MEMOIR 27. *No. 17, Geological Series.* Report of the Commission appointed to investigate Turtle mountain, Frank, Alberta, 1911.

MEMOIR 28. *No. 18, Geological Series.* The Geology of Steeprock lake, Ontario—by Andrew C. Lawson. Notes on fossils from limestone of Steeprock lake, Ontario—by Charles D. Walcott.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1913.

REPORTS, ETC.

Museum Bulletin No. 1: contains articles Nos. 1 to 12 of the Geological Series of Museum Bulletins, articles Nos. 1 to 3 of the Biological Series of Museum Bulletins, and article No. 1 of the Anthropological Series of Museum Bulletins.

Guide Book No. 1. Excursions in eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, parts 1 and 2.

Guide Book No. 2. Excursions in the Eastern Townships of Quebec and the eastern part of Ontario.

Guide Book No. 3. Excursions in the neighbourhood of Montreal and Ottawa.

Guide Book No. 4. Excursions in southwestern Ontario.

Guide Book No. 5. Excursions in the western peninsula of Ontario and Manitoulin island.

Guide Book No. 8. Toronto to Victoria and return *via* Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways: parts 1, 2, and 3.

Guide Book No. 9. Toronto to Victoria and return *via* Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific, and National Transcontinental railways.

Guide Book No. 10. Excursions in Northern British Columbia and Yukon Territory and along the north Pacific coast.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 17. *No. 28, Geological Series.* Geology and economic resources of the Larder Lake district, Ont., and adjoining portions of Pontiac county, Que.—by Morley E. Wilson.

MEMOIR 18. *No. 19, Geological Series.* Bathurst district, New Brunswick—by G. A. Young.

MEMOIR 26. *No. 34, Geological Series.* Geology and mineral deposits of the Tulameen district, B.C.—by C. Camsell.

MEMOIR 29. *No. 32, Geological Series.* Oil and gas prospects of the northwest provinces of Canada—by W. Malcolm.

MEMOIR 31. *No. 20, Geological Series.* Wheaton district, Yukon Territory—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 33. *No. 30, Geological Series.* The geology of Gowganda mining Division—by W. H. Collins.

MEMOIR 35. *No. 29, Geological Series.* Reconnaissance along the National Transcontinental railway in southern Quebec—by John A. Dresser.

MEMOIR 37. *No. 22, Geological Series.* Portions of Atlin district, B.C.—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 38. *No. 31, Geological Series.* Geology of the North American Cordillera at the forty-ninth parallel, Parts 1 and II—by Reginald Aldworth Daly.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1914.

REPORTS, ETC.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1912. No. 1305.

Museum Bulletins Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, and 8 contain articles Nos. 13 to 22 of the Geological Series of Museum Bulletins, article No. 2 of the Anthropoligical Series, and article No. 4 of the Biological Series of Museum Bulletins.

Prospector's Handbook No. 1: Notes on radium-bearing minerals—by Wyatt Malcolm.

MUSEUM GUIDE BOOKS.

The archæological collection from the southern interior of British Columbia—by Harlan I. Smith. No. 1290.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 23. *No. 23, Geological Series.* Geology of the Coast and islands between the Strait of Georgia and Queen Charlotte sound B.C.—by J. Austen Bancroft.

MEMOIR 25. *No. 21, Geological Series.* Report on the clay and shale deposits of the western provinces (Part II)—by Heinrich Ries and Joseph Keele.

MEMOIR 30. *No. 40, Geological Series.* The basins of Nelson and Churchill rivers—by William McInnes.

MEMOIR 20. *No. 41, Geological Series.* Gold fields of Nova Scotia—by W. Malcolm.

MEMOIR 36. *No. 33, Geological Series.* Geology of the Victoria and Saanich map-areas, Vancouver island, B.C.—by C. H. Clapp.

MEMOIR 52. *No. 42, Geological Series.* Geological notes to accompany map of Sheep River gas and oil field, Alberta—by D. B. Dowling.

MEMOIR 43. *No. 36, Geological Series.* St. Hilaire (Beloeil) and Rougemont mountains, Quebec—by J. J. O'Neill.

MEMOIR 44. *No. 37, Geological Series.* Clay and shale deposits of New Brunswick—by J. Keele.

MEMOIR 22. *No. 27, Geological Series.* Preliminary report on the serpentines and associated rocks, in southern Quebec—by J. A. Dresser.

MEMOIR 32. *No. 25, Geological Series.* Portions of Portland Canal and Skeena Mining divisions, Skeena district, B.C.—by R. G. McConnell.

MEMOIR 47. *No. 39, Geological Series.* Clay and shale deposits of the western provinces, Part III—by Heinrich Ries.

MEMOIR 40. *No. 24, Geological Series.* The Archæan geology of Rainy lake—by Andrew C. Lawson.

MEMOIR 19. *No. 26, Geological Series.* Geology of Mother Lode and Sunset mines, Boundary district, B.C.—by O. E. LeRoy.

MEMOIR 39. *No. 35, Geological Series.* Kewagama Lake map-area, Quebec—by M. E. Wilson.

MEMOIR 51. *No. 43, Geological Series.* Geology of the Nanaimo map-area—by C. H. Clapp.

MEMOIR 61. *No. 45, Geological Series.* Moose Mountain district, southern Alberta (second edition)—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 41. *No. 38, Geological Series.* The "Fern Ledges" Carboniferous flora of St. John, New Brunswick—by Marie C. Stopes.

MEMOIR 53. *No. 44, Geological Series.* Coal fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and eastern British Columbia (revised edition)—by D. B. Dowling.

MEMOIR 55. *No. 46, Geological Series.* Geology of Field map-area, Alberta and British Columbia—by John A. Allan.

MEMOIRS—ANTHROPOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 48. *No. 2, Anthropological Series.* Some myths and tales of the Ojibwa of southeastern Ontario—collected by Paul Radin.

MEMOIR 45. *No. 3, Anthropological Series.* The inviting-in feast of the Alaska Eskimo—by E. W. Hawkes.

MEMOIR 49. *No. 4, Anthropological Series.* Malecite tales—by W. H. Mechling.

MEMOIR 42. *No. 1, Anthropological Series.* The double curve motive in northeastern Algonkian art—by Frank G. Speck.

MEMOIRS—BIOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 54. *No. 2, Biological Series.* Annotated list of flowering plants and ferns of Point Pelee, Ont., and neighbouring districts—by C. K. Dodge.

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Memoirs and Reports Published During 1915.

REPORTS, ETC.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1913, No. 1359.

Report from Anthropological Division. Separate from Summary Report 1913.

Report from Topographical Division. Separate from Summary Report 1913.

Museum Bulletin No. 6. *No. 3, Anthropological Series.* Pre-historic and present commerce among the Artic Coast Eskimo—N. Stefansson.

Museum Bulletin No. 9. *No. 4, Anthropological Series.* The glenoid fossa in the skull of the Eskimo—F. H. S. Knowles.

Museum Bulletin No. 13. *No. 5, Biological Series.* The double crested cormorant (*Phalacrocorax auritus*). Its relation to the salmon industries on the Gulf of St. Lawrence—P. A. Taverner.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 58. *No. 48, Geological Series.* Texada island—by R. G. McConnell.

MEMOIR 60. *No. 47, Geological Series.* Arisaig-Antigonish district—by M. Y. Williams.

MEMOIR 67. *No. 49, Geological Series.* The Yukon-Alaska Boundary between Porcupine and Yukon rivers—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 59. *No. 55, Geological Series.* Coal fields and coal resources of Canada—by D. B. Dowling.

MEMOIR 50. *No. 51, Geological Series.* Upper White River District, Yukon —by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 66. *No. 54, Geological Series.* Clay and shale deposits of the western provinces, Part V—by J. Keele.

MEMOIR 65. *No. 53, Geological Series.* Clay and shale deposits of the western provinces, Part IV—by H. Ries.

MEMOIR 56. *No. 56, Geological Series.* Geology of Franklin mining camp B.C.—by Chas. W. Drysdale.

MEMOIR 64. *No. 52, Geological Series.* Preliminary report on the clay and shale deposits of the Province of Quebec—by J. Keele.

MEMOIR 57. *No. 50, Geological Series.* Corundum, its occurrence, distribution, exploitation, and uses—by A. E. Barlow.

Memoirs and Reports in Press, May 8, 1915.

MEMOIR 62. *No. 5, Anthropological Series.* Abnormal types of speech in Nootka—by E. Sapir.

MEMOIR 63. *No. 6, Anthropological Series.* Noun reduplication in Comox, a Salish language of Vancouver island—by E. Sapir.

MEMOIR 46. *No. 7, Anthropological Series.* Classification of Iroquoian radicals with subjective pronominal prefixes— C. M. Barbeau.

MEMOIR 70. *No. 8, Anthropological Series.* Family hunting territories and social life of the various Algonkian bands of the Ottawa valley—by F. G. Speck.

MEMOIR 71. *No. 9, Anthropological Series.* Myths and folk-lore of the Timiskaming Algonquin and Timagami Ojibwa—by F. G. Speck.

MEMOIR 69. No. *57, Geological Series.* Coal fields of British Columbia—by D. B. Dowling.

MEMOIR 34. *No. 63, Geological Series.* The Devonian of southwestern Ontario—by C. R. Stauffer.

MEMOIR 73. *No. 58, Geological Series.* The Pleistocene and Recent deposits of the island of Montreal—by J. Stansfield.

MEMOIR 68. *No. 59, Geological Series.* A geological reconnaissance between Golden and Kamloops, B.C., along the line of the Canadian Pacific railway—by R. A. Daly.

MEMOIR 72. *No. 60, Geological Series.* The artesian wells of Montreal—by C. L. Cumming.

MEMOIR 74. *No. 61, Geological Series.* A list of Canadian mineral occurrences—by R. A. A. Johnston.

MEMOIR 75. *No. 10, Anthropological Series.* Decorative art of Indian tribes of Connecticut—Frank G. Speck.

MEMOIR 76. *No. 62, Geological Series.* Geology of the Cranbrook map-area—by S. J. Schofield.

Summary Report for the calendar year 1914.

Museum Bulletin No. 10. *No. 5, Anthropological Series.* The social organization of the Winnebago Indians—by P. Radin.

Museum Bulletin No. 11. *No. 23, Geological Series.* Physiography of the Beaverdell map-area and the southern part of the Interior plateaus, B.C.—by Leopold Reinecke.

Museum Bulletin No. 12. *No. 24, Geological Series.* On Eoceratops canadensis, gen. nov., with remarks on other genera of Cretaceous horned dinosaurs—by L. M. Lambe.

Museum Bulletin No. 14. *No. 25, Geological Series.* The occurrence of Glacial drift on the Magdalen islands—by J. W. Goldthwait.