

## WISDOM OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN IN SPEECH AND LEGEND.

BY ALEXANDER FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN

---

The cardinal doctrine of anthropology today,—the essential unity of all the races of man,—is susceptible of proof in several ways, but in no fashion more thoroughly, or more satisfactorily, than by reference to the reactions of all tribes and peoples, individually and collectively, to what may be termed the generic human situations and circumstances. There is a certain sort and bulk of wisdom that seems to be independent of race, color, or any other specific limiting characteristic. All over the world, men and women of the most diverse physical constitution are found to think or to do in the generically human situations what is practically *the human thing* there to think or to do. Some philosophic students of mankind would have us believe that these “generically human” situations, or sets of circumstances, to which it is possible to react in the manner indicated, are few in number,—as few, perhaps, as the seven dramatic situations, to which every successful play must, it is said, closely or remotely approach; or the equally small number (estimates vary from three to ten) of jokes, within whose limits are included all effective wit and humor. Be this as it may, there exists no race of man, that has not contributed, or could not contribute to the general stock some of the generic wisdom in question here; and certainly the American Indian is one of the world’s peoples, whose wisdom, at so many points, belongs quite in the same class with our own. The intention of the present writer is to cite and discuss briefly such “wise words” of the Red race, as might,

had they been spoken by a white man, have rightly been recorded in such a work as Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* or Bent's *Familiar Short Sayings of Great Men*.

The material here offered, collected from many sources, may be arranged roughly under the following general heads: (1) Speeches and Sayings of Celebrated Indians of a brief sort; (2) The Indian on the Frailties and Foibles of Men and Women; (3) Indian Words of Aspiration, Faith, Devotion, etc.; (4) Indian Words about the Family, Home, Love, Childhood, etc.

The discussion of another topic, "The Indian on the Race-Question" is reserved for a future occasion.

### *I. Speeches and Sayings of Celebrated Indians.*

#### 1. AMERICAN HORSE (Sioux chief, 1890).

We were made many promises, but have never heard from them since.

#### 2. APPANOOSE (a chief of the Sauks).

I am happy that two great men meet and shake hands with each other (said to Gov. Everett, in 1837, at Boston).

#### 3. BLACK HAWK (the famous chief of the Sauks and Foxes).

(a) The Great Spirit punishes those who deceive us, and my faith is now pledged (said to Col. Eustis, in 1833).

(b) I am a man and you are another (said to President Jackson, at Washington, in 1833).

#### 4. JOSEPH BRANT, OR THAYENDINAGA (a chief of the Mohawks).

(a) If your purpose is war, I am ready for you (said to Gen. Herkimer, in 1777).

(b) What! Kill a woman and child! No! That child is not an enemy to the King, not a friend to the Congress. Long before he will be big enough to do any mischief, the dispute will be settled (said to Col. Butler, at Wyoming, in 1778).

#### 5. CANONICUS (a sachem of the Narragansetts).

I have never suffered any wrong to be done to the English, since they landed, nor ever will (said to Roger Williams).

#### 6. GARANGULA, OR GRANGULA (an orator of the Onondagas, 1684).

We are born free. We depend neither on Yonondio (France) nor on Corlaer (England).

#### 7. HONAYAWUS, OR FARMER'S BROTHER (famous chief of the Senecas).

The Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind and it was still (said, in 1798, of the war of the Revolution and its close).

## 8. KEOKUK (famous chief of the Sauks).

(a) The Great Spirit has sent our brother back. Let us shake hands in friendship (said, on return of Black Hawk from captivity, in 1833).

(b) The Great Spirit, as you have said, made us the same; we only speak different languages (said to Gov. Everett, at Boston, in 1837).

(c) The heart of our great father was good; he spoke like the father of children. The Great Spirit made his heart big in council (said, at Fort Armstrong, Illinois, in 1833, on the release of Black Hawk).

## 9. LITTLE BLACK (a chief of the Winnebago).

My father, I ask nothing but a clear sky above our heads, which have been hanging down lately, and the sky has been dark, and the wind has been blowing continually and trying to blow lies in our ears, but we turn our ears from it. But when we look toward you, the weather is clear and the wind does not blow (said to Mr. Gratiot, in 1832).

## 10. LITTLE TURTLE, or MISHIKINAKWA (a chief of the Miamis).

(a) We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps; the day and the night are alike to him. And, during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace (said in council, before the battle of Presqu' Isle, in 1793).

(b) Why should not these Tartars, who resemble us, have come from America? Are there any reasons to the contrary? Or why should we not have both been born in our own country? (said to Volney, the traveler, who met him at Philadelphia, in 1797).

(c) He mistakes. I was just thinking of proposing to this man to paint us both on one board, and there I would stand face to face with him, and blackguard him to all eternity (said, while having his picture painted, of an Irishman with whom he had several jesting-bouts; the latter had begun to boast of victory).

See Drake, *Abor. Races of N. Amer.*, 15th ed. (N. Y., 1882), pp. 72-75.

## 11. LOGAN, or TABGAYEETA (famous chief of the Cayugas).

[Concerning the famous "speech of Logan," Dr. Cyrus Thomas says: "This supposed speech was probably only a memorandum written down from his statement and afterwards read before the treaty meeting at Chillicothe, at which Logan was not present." (*Handb. of Amer. Inds. North of Mexico*, vol. I, 1907, p. 772).]

The most remarkable passage of this "speech" is as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say if he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat. If he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my

love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived among you but for the injuries of one man, Col. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

See Drake, *Op. cit.*, p. 42; Yawger, *The Indian and the Pioneer* (Syracuse, 1893), Vol. I, p. 89; Jefferson, *Notes on Virginia*, etc.

12. MACKATANAMAKEE, or BLACK THUNDER (a chief of the Foxes).

(a) If this be the conduct of an enemy, I shall never be your friend (said at Portage, in 1815, to the American commissioner).

(b) Again, I call heaven and earth to witness, and I smoke this pipe in evidence of my sincerity. My only desire is that we should smoke it together,—that I should grasp your sacred hand, and I claim for myself and my tribe the protection of your country. When this pipe touches your lip, may it operate as a blessing upon all my tribe. May the smoke rise like a cloud, and carry away with it all the animosities which have arisen between us (said on the same occasion as above).

See Drake, *Op. cit.*, p. 632; Yawger, *Op. cit.*, pp. 82-84.

13. MADOKAWANDO (a sachem of the Penobscots).

We have waited a great while already, and now we expect you will say "Yes" or "No" (said to the English, in 1675).

14. MAHASKAH (a chief of the western Indians).

(a) I have not avenged the death of my father. My heart is at rest. I will go to war no more. I told General Clark, when I was last at St. Louis, that I would take this peace talk. My word is out. I will fight no more.

(b) Yes, you are my wife. I am your husband; I have been a long time from you. I am glad to see you; you are my pretty wife, and a brave man always loves a pretty woman (said, in 1824, after having been away from his wife on the road to Washington).

(c) I have buried the tomahawk. I am now a man of peace (said, in 1833, to a war-party of Iowa Indians).

15. MASSASOIT (sachem of the Wampanoags).

Am I not Massasoit, commander of the country about us? Are not such and such places mine, and the people of them? They shall take their furs to the English (said, at Pokanoket, in 1623).

## 16. METAKOOSAGA (a chief of the western Ojibwa).

Am I a dog, that I should lie? (said, in 1826, when Gov. Cass suggested that he should bind himself by an oath).

## 17. MIANTUNNUMOH (a sachem of the Narragansetts).

(a) When your people come to me, they are permitted to use their own fashions, and I expect the same liberty when I come to you (said to Gov. Dudley, in 1640).

(b) Brothers, we must be one, as the English are, or we shall soon all be destroyed (said about 1642).

## 18. MOANAHONGA (an Iowa Indian).

(a) I am ashamed to look upon the sun. I have insulted the Great Spirit by selling the bones of my fathers. It is right that I should mourn (he wore a blacked face to the day of his death).

(b) I'll go with you. A brave man dies but once. Cowards are always dying (said when surrendering to the whites).

See McKenney, *Op. cit.*, p. 181 and p. 182.

## 19. NEAPOPE (a chief of the Sauk Indians).

Make me so, and show me to the great father (said, as he lifted the ball and chain fastened to his leg, to Catlin, the artist, who was about to paint a picture of him).

## 20. NINIGRET (a sachem of the Narragansetts).

(a) For what are the Narragansetts to pay so much wampum? I know not that they are indebted to the English (said, at Boston, in 1647).

(b) My tongue shall not belie my heart. Whether the debt be paid or not, I intended it as a present to the governor (said on the same occasion, when doubt arose as to the nature of an envoy of wampum).

## 21. ONGPATONGA, or BIG ELK (a chief of the Omahas).

Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations must obey. What is past and cannot be prevented should not be grieved for (said, in an oration at the burial of a Sioux chief, in 1811).

## 22. OSCEOLA (a chief of the Seminoles).

The sun is so high! I shall remember the hour! The agent has his day,—I will have mine (said, when arrested and taken to prison, in 1837).

## 23. PEZHEKEZHUKQUASHKUM (head-chief of the Ojibwa of Walpole Id.)

How can I, who have grown old in sins and in drunkenness, break off from these things, when the white people are as bad and wicked as the Indians? (said, in answer to Rev. Peter Jones, the Indian missionary).

## 24. PHILIP, or "KING PHILIP" (a sachem of the Wampanoags).

Your governor is but a subject of King Charles of England. I shall not treat with a subject. I shall treat of peace only with the king, my broth-

er. When he comes, I am ready (said, shortly before the war of 1675, to the ambassador of the governor of Massachusetts).

25. PONTIAC (the famous Ottawa chief).

(a) I stand in the path (said, when he was told that the English were coming to seize the abandoned French posts).

(b) He cannot take my life; I have saved his (said of Capt. Rogers, whose life Pontiac had saved.)

26. PUSHMATAHA (a chief of the Choctaws).

(a) Is that all? Many good warriors get drunk (said on releasing a drunken soldier).

(b) I shall die, but you will return to our brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers and hear the birds sing, but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you shall come to your home, they will ask you, "Where is Pushmataha?" and you will say to them "He is no more." They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods (said, to some Indian friends, shortly before his death, in 1824).

(c) Father. When in my own country, I often looked towards this Council-house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble, I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, Father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now hear me speak (said, to the Secretary of War, at Washington, in 1824).

(d) I can boast and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, nor any Choctaw ever drew bow against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out (said on the same occasion as above).

See McKenney, *Hist. of the Ind. Tribes of N. America* (Phila., 1872), vol. I, pp. 189-192.

27. RED JACKET, or SAGOWEYATHA (famous orator and statesman of the Senecas).

(a) A warrior! Sir, I am an orator! I was born an orator! (said when a white man flatteringly addressed him as a warrior).

(b) I have been playing Logan (said, when, as a boy, he used to absent himself from the house, he had taken Logan as his model).

(c) Ugh! She inspired, she Jesus Christ! And not know Indian? (said of Jemima Wilkenson, who sought to convert the Indians to her doctrines).

(d) Brother, if you white men murdered the Son of the Great Spirit, we Indians had nothing to do with it, and it is none of our affair. If he had come among us, we would not have killed him; we would have treated him well. You must make amends for that crime yourselves (said to Rev. Mr. Brackenridge).

(e) Tell the *young* man that, if he wishes to see the *old* chief, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him (said, in 1820, when a young French nobleman asked him to come to Buffalo to see him).

(f) I, myself, am the man; the decided enemy of the Americans, so long as the hope of opposing them successfully remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death (said, to Gen. Lafayette, at a meeting of chiefs, when he asked about the youth who once so fiercely opposed the Americans).

(g) If the British succeed, they will take our country from us; if the Americans drive them back, *they* will claim our land by right of conquest (said during the war of 1812).

(h) Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And, above all, I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart (said to Col. Snelling).

(i) Yes! Much more than the white men, if we are to judge by their actions (said when asked if he believed in future rewards and punishments and the existence of God).

(j) The paper then tells a lie. I have it written here (placing his hand, with great dignity, upon his brow). You Yankees are born with a feather between your fingers; but your paper does not speak the truth. The Indian keeps his knowledge here,—this is the book the Great Spirit gave us,—it does not lie! (said, when putting forward his memory against an alleged written statement of the whites).

See McKenney, *Op. cit.*, pp. 17-18, p. 21, p. 22; Drake, *Op. cit.*, pp. 595-601; Yawger, *Op. cit.*, p. 37.

28. SAMOSET (an Indian of Massachusetts).

Welcome Englishmen! Welcome Englishmen! (said, in 1621, to the Pilgrims, who landed at Cape Cod).

29. SITTING BULL (a medicine-man and chief of the Sioux).

Indians! There are no Indians left now but me! (said in 1889).

30. SKENANDO (a chief of the Oneidas).

I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged has run away and left me (said shortly before his death, in 1816).

31. SMOHALLA (a "prophet" of the Wanapum Indians, 1884).

(a) You ask me to plough the ground! Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then, when I die, she will not take me to her bosom to rest. You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? Then, when I die, I cannot enter her body to be born

again. You ask me to cut grass and make hay, and sell it, and be rich like white men! But how dare I cut my mother's hair?

(b) My young men shall never work. Men who work cannot dream, and wisdom comes in dreams.

(c) Do the white teachers believe all they teach?

(d) Each one must learn for himself the highest wisdom. It cannot be taught. You have the wisdom of your race. Be content.

See James Mooney, in the *Fourteenth Ann. Rep. Bur. Amer. Ethnol.* (Washington), pp. 708-711.

32. TECUMSEH (the famous Shawnee chief).

(a) The President may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out (said, to Gen. Harrison, in 1812.)

(b) These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners. The Great Spirit above has appointed this place for us, on which to light our fires, and here we will remain. As to boundaries, the Great Spirit knows no boundaries, nor will his red children acknowledge any (said, in 1810, to the messenger of the President of the United States).

(c) It (i. e. war) is my determination; nor will I give rest to my feet, until I have united all the red men in the like resolution (said in 1810).

(d) My father? The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; and on her bosom I will repose (said, indignantly, at Vincennes, in 1810, when told, "Your father requests you to take a chair." Tecumseh, in Indian fashion, sat on the ground).

(e) Sell a country! Why not sell the air, the clouds and the great sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children?

(f) Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all (said, in council, in 1810).

See Drake, *Op. cit.*, pp. 617-620; Mooney, *Op. cit.*, pp. 680-691.

33. TEYONINHOKERAWEN, or JOHN NORTON (an educated Mohawk chief).

Sir, I shall not experience so great a change in my society, as you imagine, for I find there are savages in this country also (said, while in England in 1804-1805, to one who asked him how he liked returning to savagery).

34. TOMOCOMO, or UTTAMATOMAKIN (one of the council of Powhatan, who was sent to England).

Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sand upon the sea-shore,—for such is the number of the people of England.

35. TOOHULHULSOOTE (a "priest" of the Nez Percé Indians).

We never made any trade. Part of the Indians gave up their land. I never did. The earth is part of my body, and I never gave up the earth. So long as the earth keeps me, I want to be let alone (said, in 1877, to Gen. Howard).



## 36. WAKAUN HAKA (a chief of the Winnebagos).

(a) The Great Spirit has made the skin of the Indian red, and soap and water can not make it white.

(b) The children of the Indians are asleep, and can not be waked up (said, when asked to urge the attendance of the children of the tribe at the government schools).

See McKenney, *Op. cit.*, p. 431.

## 37. WAPELLA (a chief of the Foxes).

I am not in the habit of talking. I think. I have been thinking all day (said in 1833, when Black Hawk was liberated and returned home).

## 38. WAUB-OJEEG (a chief of the Ojibwa of Sault Ste. Marie).

Father, I have not the eyes I once had. I now am old. I think soon this great world will be hid from me. But the Great Spirit is good. I want you, father, to hear me. This young man is eyes to me, and hands, too. Will you not be good to him? (said, in his old age, when he had a young Indian attendant, and was threatened with blindness).

## 39. WEATHERFORD (a chief of the Creeks).

I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a warrior. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them bravely; if I had any warriors left, I would still fight, and contend to the last. But I have none; my people are all gone; and now I can only mourn over the misfortunes of my nation (said, to Gen. Jackson, at Fort Mimms).

See McKenney, *Op. Cit.*, p. 210.

## 40. WITTUWAMAT (a sachem of the Wampanoags).

I have another at home, wherewith I have killed both French and English, and that hath a man's face on it; and by and by these two must marry. By and by it shall see, and by and by it shall eat, but not speak (said, in 1623, while praising his knife, on the handle of which was painted a woman's face).

## 41. MISCELLANEOUS.

(a) The English claim all on one side of the river, the French claim all on the other. Where is the land of the Indians? (Delaware chiefs to British agent in 1752).

(b) We will make straight paths; but let us make peace among our neighboring tribes first, before we make this path to those afar off (Shawnee chief, at Johnson Hall conference, in 1768).

(c) Well, I don't want to be rude, but it does seem to me that you, my white brother, have been a long time in coming with that great Book and its wonderful story, to tell it to your red brothers in the woods (Cree Indian to Rev. E. R. Young).

(d) We don't know, but it must have been some very rich man (a heathen Eskimo, in reply to the question, "Who made the world?").

(e) No! You say whiskey bad. Bad one time, bad all time (Kootenay Indian, in 1891, to priest, who tried to get him to take some whiskey when sick).

(f) This is our land, and not yours (confederated tribes to the English in 1752).

(g) You have once given me life, and now I give it to you. Let me meet you no more, for I have paid the debt I owed you (Iroquois chief, fighting for the English, to his father, whom he met fighting on the side of the French).

(h) It must be made of hearts and tongues. For, when I have drunken plenty of it, my heart is a thousand strong, and I can talk, too, with astonishing freedom and rapidity (Ottawa chief, to Count Frontenac, when asked what he thought brandy was made of).

(i) I will not bid you go, neither will I bid you stay, but you may use your own discretion (a chief of the Indians of Maryland, in 1634, when asked if he was willing to have the English settle in his country).

That the American Indian knows the brevity that is the soul of wit, and is capable of the cleverest sort of repartee is apparent from the anecdotes, from all kinds of sources, that are on record. A Canadian Indian, some time after the foundation of Montreal, had imbibed too much fire-water and was discovered, aimlessly wandering about, by a white man, who inquired, "Indian lost?" and received the answer, "No! Indian not lost, wigwam lost." In one of our newspapers, not so very long ago appeared the story of a child found crying in the city streets, who, when asked if he was lost, replied, "No! I'm not lost, my house is lost." Here, both the savage and the child are one in thought. One of the tritest of all repartees is ascribed to a Sioux Indian maiden. This young woman happened to be in the hall of some educational or public institution, during an exhibition of Indian products, etc., when a lady of the typically (Boston) intellectual sort approached and said, "Are you civilized?" to which the Indian maiden replied, as sweetly as may be, "No! are you?" What could exceed in dignified laconicism the remark made by Black Hawk, chief of the Sauks and Foxes, to President Jackson, at Washington, in 1833?—"I am a man, and you are another." Brief, and pointed also, are the words of the Sioux chief, American Horse, in 1890: "We were made

many promises, but have never heard from them since"; of the Onondaga Garangula, in 1684: "We are born free; we depend neither on France, nor on England"; of Mackatananamikee, chief of the Foxes, in 1815: "If this be the conduct of an enemy, I shall never be your friend"; of Madokawando, the Penobscot sachem, in 1675: "We have waited a great while already, and now we expect you will say 'Yes' or 'No'"; of Miantunnumoh, the Narragansett sachem, in 1642: "Brothers, we must be one, as the English are, or we shall soon all be destroyed"; of Moanahonga, an Iowa Indian: "I'll go with you. A brave man dies but once. Cowards are always dying"; of Pontiac in regard to Captain Rogers: "He cannot take my life; I have saved his"; of Red Jacket, who said indignantly to the white man who had sought to flatter him by calling him a warrior: "A warrior! Sir, I am an orator! I was born an orator!" of the Sioux, Sitting Bull in 1889: "Indians! There are no Indians left but me!"

Some of the other sayings on record, for apt seizing of the situation and witty or sarcastic setting forth of it, belong with many of the wise and clever sayings of our own race. Little Turtle, a Miami chief of the latter part of the 18th century, while having his picture painted, said concerning an Irishman, with whom he had had several jesting-bouts, and who had begun to boast of victory over his Indian competitor: "He mistakes. I was just thinking of proposing to this man to paint us both on one board, and there I would stand face to face with him, and blackguard him to all eternity." Worthy to rank with Cromwell's famous observation to his portrait-painter are the words of Neapope, a chief of the Sauks, spoken to Catlin the artist, who was about to make a picture of him: "Make me so, and show me to the Great Father,"—and he lifted the ball and chain fastened to his leg. Unexpectedly soft and affectionate, —to those who have not known the Indian well, is the remark of Mahaska, a chief of the Western Indians, in 1824 (he had just returned from Washington): "Yes,

you are my wife. I am your husband; I have been a long time from you. I am glad to see you; you are my pretty wife, and a man always loves a pretty woman." Such chivalrous touches as this are to be met with again and again in the domestic life of the Indian,—and yet some, like Mr. Fink, in his book on *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*, would deny altogether to the Red Men the possession of (or the instinct of) "romantic love."

That the familiar proverb, "Do at Rome, as the Romans do," does not exhaust the possibilities of human appearances is made clear by the statement of Miantunnumoh, the Narragansett sachem, to Governor Dudley in 1640: "When your people come to me, they are permitted to use their own fashions, and I expect the same liberty, when I come to you." Among the sayings of Red Jacket, the Seneca orator and statesman is this, uttered in 1820, when a young French nobleman asked him to come to Buffalo to see him: "Tell the *young* man that, if he wishes to see the *old* chief, he may find him with his nation, where other strangers pay their respects to him; and Red Jacket will be glad to see him." More significant even, is the reply of Teyoninhoketawen (or John Norton), an educated Indian of the Mohawk tribe, made in 1805, while in England, to one who asked him how he liked returning to savagery: "Sir, I shall not experience so great a change in my society as you imagine, for I find there are savages in this country also." As an example of indignant remonstrance, the observation of Metakoosega, a chief of the Western Ojibwa, in 1826, when Governor Cass suggested that he should make oath to his statements, could hardly be exceeded: "Am I a dog, that I should lie?" As short and pithy is the question of Smohalla, the "prophet" of the Wanapum Indians, asked in 1884, of a white man who had inquired of him if he believed all the things he taught: "Do the white teachers believe all they teach?" There is wise rebuke, too, in the saying of the Fox chief Wapella (in 1833): "I am not in the habit of talking. I think."

Of comments on the coming of the missionaries and their teachings we have the inquiry of Pezhekezhikquashkum, an Ojibwa chief, made to the Rev. Peter Jones, in the early part of the nineteenth century: "How can I, who have grown old in sins and in drunkenness, break off from these things, when the white people are as bad and as wicked as the Indians?" and the observation of the bred Indian to Rev. E. R. Young: "Well, I don't want to be rude, but it does seem to me that you, my white brother, have been a long time in coming with that great Book and its wonderful story, to tell it to your red brothers in the woods." As a contribution to the literature of the "combat of father and son" *motif*, well-known in the Oriental folk-lore, may be cited the words of the Iroquois chief, fighting for the English, to his own father, whom he met on the side of the French in battle: "You have once given me life, and now I give it to you. Let me meet you no more, for I have paid the debt I owed you." Concerning whiskey, a number of interesting remarks have been made by Indians, beginning with the reply of the Ottawa chief to Count Frontenac, who had asked him what he thought brandy was made of: "It must be made of hearts and tongues. For, when I have drunken plenty of it, me heart is a thousand strong, and I can talk, too, with astonishing freedom and rapidity." Pushmataha, a chief of the Choctaws, in the first quarter of the 19th century, said, when told about a drunken soldier: "Is that all? Many good warriors get drunk!" Red Jacket's farewell remarks to Colonel Snelling deserve notice here: "Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand! And, above all, I hope, wherever you go, you may never find whiskey more than two shillings a quart." We might, perhaps, class Red Jacket among the early "anti race-suicide" advocates! The Single-Taxers find companionship in Tecumseh, who declared: "Sell a country!

Why not sell the air, the clouds and the great sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of His children?" And no one has seen the limitations of new religions and the pretended renaissances of older prophets and deities more than Red Jacket, who said, in reference to Jemima Wilkenson, who sought to convert the Indians to her doctrines: "Ugh! she inspired, she Jesus. Christ! And not know Indian!"

Examples of figures of speech occurring in the utterances of Indians are the following. In 1798, Honayawus, or Farmer's Brother, a Seneca chief, said of the war of the Revolution and its close: "The Great Spirit spoke to the whirlwind and it was still"; Little Black, a Winnebago chief, said to Mr. Gratiot in 1832: "My father, I ask nothing but a clear sky above our heads, which have been hanging down lately, and the sky has been dark, and the wind has been blowing continually and trying to blow lies in our ears, but we turn our ears from it. But when we look toward you, the weather is clear, and the wind does not blow"; in the course of his remarks to the American commissioner, at Portage, in 1815, Mackateananamikee, a chief of the Foxes, said: "May the smoke [of this pipe] rise like a cloud, and carry away with it all the animosities which have arisen between us"; Pushmataha, the Choctaw chief, said in reference to his approaching death: "They will hear the tidings like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods"; Skenando, an Oneida chief, said, in 1816: "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged has gone away and left me"; Wakaunhaka, a chief of the Winnebagos, said, when asked to urge the attendance of the children of his tribe at the government schools: "The children of the Indians are asleep, and can not be waked up." Specially worthy of note are the words of the Choctaw chief Pushmataha to the Secretary of War, at Washington, in 1824: "I can boast and say, and tell the truth, that none of my fathers, or grandfathers, nor

any Choctaw, ever drew bow against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws, and there is no danger of their slipping out." This is a figure, the direct opposite of "hands across the sea." A figure of an entirely different sort occurs in another speech of this same chief: "I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, Father [the Secretary of War], I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face, and now, hear me speak."

Doubtless, if we had more complete records of the speeches of the orators of various Indian tribes, we should meet with many more of these interesting figures. But of the longer speeches, such, *e. g.*, as the famous one of Logan, we have at best only a white man's recollection (or perhaps redaction), and not a true text with all its native stylistic peculiarities. We have, however, just as much as we have of some of the sayings of the great ones of classic antiquity.

## II. *The Indian on the Frailties and Foibles of Men and Women.*

In the legends, myths and stories of the North American Indians we meet with many items that can be classed appropriately under this rubric. The creation-legends, in particular, furnish us with many examples; also fire-side tales, etc. That the Indian has seized upon the chief "human" situations, and treated them essentially as we do, with the addition, perhaps, of a little more "poetic justice," will be evident from the material cited below.

1. *The Descent of Man.* In a creation-legend of the Miwok Indians of California, reported by the late Stephen Powers, we have a good example of what happened when each one of the animals sought to create man in his own image, but all were outwitted by the cunning coyote. This legend suggests comparison in some re-

spects with the *Bestiaria* of the Middle Ages in Europe, the *Parliament of Fowls*, and the like. The story might almost pass for a satire on the importance of the individual. The legend is as follows:

After the Coyote (mountain-wolf) had finished all the work of the world and the inferior creatures, he called a council of them to deliberate on the creation of man. They sat down in an open space in the forest, all in a circle with the Mountain-Lion at the head. On his right sat the Grizzly Bear, next the Cinnamon Bear, and so on around, according to the rank, ending with the little Mouse, which sat at the Lion's left.

The Lion was the first to speak, and he declared he should like to see Man created with a mighty voice like himself, wherewith he could frighten all animals. For the rest, he would have him well-covered with hair, terrible fangs in his jaws, strong talons, etc.

The Grizzly Bear said it was ridiculous to have such a voice as his neighbor, for he was always roaring with it, and scared away the very prey he wished to capture. He said the Man ought to have prodigious strength, and move about silently but very swiftly, if necessary, and be able to grip his prey without making a noise.

The Buck said that the Man would look very foolish, in his way of thinking, unless he had a magnificent pair of antlers on his head to fight with. He also thought it was very absurd to roar so loudly, and he would pay less attention to the Man's throat than he would to his ears and eyes, for he would have the first like a spider's web and the second like fire.

The Mountain-Sheep protested he never could see what sense there was in such antlers, branching every way, only to get caught in the thickets. If the Man had horns, mostly rolled up, they would be like a stone on each side of his head, giving it weight, and enabling him to butt a great deal harder.

When it came to the Coyote's turn to speak, he declared all these were the stupidest speeches he ever heard, and that he could hardly keep awake while listening to such a pack of noodles and nincompoops. Every one of them wanted to make the Man like himself. They might just as well take one of their own cubs and call it a man. As for himself, he was not the best animal that could be made, and he could make one better than himself or any other. Of course, the man would have to be like himself in having four legs, five fingers, etc. It was well enough to have a voice like the Lion, only the man need not roar all the while with it. The Grizzly Bear had also some good points, one of which was the shape of his feet, which enabled him easily to stand erect; and he was in favor, therefore, of making the Man's feet nearly like the Grizzly's. The Grizzly was also happy in having no tail, for he had learned from his own experience that that organ was only a harbor for fleas. The Buck's eyes and ears were pretty good, perhaps better than his own. Then there was the Fish, which was naked, and which he envied, because hair was a bur-



den most of the year; and he, therefore, favored a Man without hair. His claws ought to be as long as the Eagle's so that he could hold things in them. But, after all, with all their separate gifts, they must acknowledge that there was no animal besides himself that had wit enough to supply the Man; and he should be obliged, therefore, to make him like himself in that respect also,—cunning and crafty.

After the Coyote had made an end, the Beaver said he never heard such twaddle and nonsense in his life. No tail, indeed! He would make a Man with a broad flat tail so that he could haul mud and sand on it. The Owl said all the animals seemed to have lost their senses; none of them wanted to give the Man wings. For himself, he could not see of what use anything on earth could be to himself without wings.

The Mole said it was perfect folly to talk about wings, for with them the Man would be certain to bump his head against the sky. Besides that, if he had eyes and wings both, he would get his eyes burnt out by flying too near the sun; but, without eyes, he could burrow in the cool soft earth, and be happy.

Last of all, the little Mouse squeaked out that he would make a Man with eyes, of course, so he could see what he was eating; and, as for burrowing in the ground, that was absurd.

So the animals disagreed among themselves, and the council broke up in a row. The Coyote flew at the Beaver and nipped a piece out of his cheek; the Owl jumped on top of the Coyote's head, and commenced lifting his scalp, and there was a high time.

Every animal set to work to make a Man according to his own ideas; and, taking a lump of earth, each one commenced moulding it like himself; but the Coyote began to make one like that he had described in the council.

It was so late before they fell to work, that night-fall came on before anyone had finished his model, and they all lay down and fell asleep. But the cunning Coyote staid awake and worked hard on his model all night. When all the other animals were sound asleep, he went around and discharged water on their models, and so spoiled them. In the morning, early, he finished his model and gave it life long before the others could make new models; and thus it was that Man was made by the Coyote.

See S. Powers, in *Contrib. to N. Ameri. Ethnol.*, vol. III (Washington, 1877), pp. 358-360.

2. *The Social Compact.* . . Father De Smet, under date of October 30, 1845, records a most interesting legend of the Blackfoot Indians concerning the relations of men and women, which belongs to the literature of "feminism." The concluding paragraph testifies amply to the existence of "suffragettes" among these Indians of the Plains. The story runs thus:

I encamped on the banks of two lakes to the east of the Rocky Mountains, which the Blackfeet call the *lake of men* and the *lake of women*. According to their traditions, from the first of these issued a band of young men, handsome and vigorous, but poor and naked. From the second an equal number of ingenious and industrious young women, who constructed houses and made themselves clothing. They lived a long time separate and unknown to each other, until the great Manitou, Wizákéschak (Wisaketchak), or Old Man (still invoked by the Blackfeet) visited them. He taught them to slay animals in the chase, but they were yet ignorant of the art of dressing skins.

Wizákéschak conducted them to the dwelling of the young women, who received their guests with dances and cries of joy. Shoes, leggings, shirts, and robes, garnished with porcupine quills, were presented them. Each young woman selected her guest, and presented him with a dish of seeds and roots; the men, desiring to contribute to the entertainment, sought the chase, and returned loaded with game.

The women liked the meat, and admired the strength, skill and bravery of the hunters. The men were equally delighted with the beauty of their trappings, and admired the industry of the women. Both parties began to think they were necessary to each other, and Wizákéschak presided at the solemn compact in which it was agreed that the men should become the protectors of the women, and provide all necessaries for their support; whilst all other family cares would devolve on the women.

The Blackfeet squaws often bitterly complain of the astonishing folly of their mothers in accepting such a proposition, declaring, if the compact were yet to be made, they would arrange it in a very different manner.

See Chittenden and Richardson's *Life, Letters, and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, S. J.*, 1801-1872 (N. Y. 1905), vol. II, pp. 525-526. Also Father De Smet's *Letters*, etc.

It is easy to see that the Blackfeet are thoroughly human on the most human of all subjects. The theory of the utter helplessness of the original males, might be set off against Kipling's view that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

3. "*It is not good that man should be alone.*" In our own Bible, inherited from the wisdom of the Semitic peoples of Asia Minor, we read the word of the Lord: "It is not good that the man should be alone." Not a few Indian legends state the same thing. In a legend of the Pawnee Indians occurs the following:

Then he (Atius, the creator) made one man like the men of to-day. When this man had been created, he said to himself, "How is it now?

There is still something that does not quite please me." Then Atius made a woman, and set her by the man, and the man said, "You knew why I was not pleased. You knew what I wanted. Now I can walk the earth in gladness."

See George B. Grinnell, in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. VI, p. 123.

4. "*It is not good that the woman should be alone.*" These same Pawnee Indians, however, are rather open-minded, for in another creation-legend, it is a woman, who is created first, and to whom the primal loneliness is attributed. Part of a myth of the Pawnees of Oklahoma runs thus:

After Tirawa had created the sun, moon, stars, the heavens, the earth and all things upon the earth, he spoke, and, at the sound of his voice, a woman appeared upon the earth. Tirawa spoke to the gods in the heavens, and asked them what he should do to make the woman happy and that she might give increase. The Moon spoke and said, "All things that you have made you have made in pairs, as the Heavens and the Earth, the Sun and the Moon. Give a mate to the woman, so that the pair may live together and help one another in life. Tirawa made a man and sent him to the woman; then he said: "Now I will speak to both of you. I give you the earth. You shall call the earth 'mother.' The heavens you shall call 'father.' You shall also call the moon 'mother,' for she rises in the east; and you shall call the sun 'father,' for he rises in the east. In time you, woman, shall be known as 'mother,' and the man shall be known as 'father.' I give you the sun to give you light. The moon will also give you light. The earth I give you, and you are to call her 'mother,' for she gives birth to all things. The timber that shall grow upon the earth you shall make use of in many ways. Some of the trees will have fruit upon them. Shrubs will grow from the ground and they will have berries upon them. All these things I give you and you shall eat of them. Never forget to call the earth 'mother,' for you are to live upon her. You must love her, for you must walk upon her. I will now show you how to build a lodge, so that you will not be cold or get wet from the rain. . . . I make you to live in the lodge, and you shall increase, but you are not to live forever. You are to die and will be placed under the ground again. You and your children must always remember that I gave you life, but you are to return to the earth again.

G. A. Dorsey. *The Pawnee Mythology, Pt. I* (Carneg. Inst., Washington, 1906), pp. 13-14.

The "lecture" of Tirawa is, perhaps, quite as good and effective as many of the discourses delivered to-day

at our "Mothers' Meetings" and "Parent-Teachers' Associations" by those professionally engaged in the "uplift" of the masses.

5. "*The Gospel of Work.*" Many uncivilized peoples appear to be thoroughly familiar with the "efficiency" campaign that has run riot among ourselves of recent years, in which the value and normality of evolutionary "rest" and "idleness" has been altogether forgotten, and it has been assumed that anyone not at work is a criminal or a degenerate, or has the making of one or both. Like our modern philosophers, some Indians have held with the Rev. Isaac C. Watts,

"For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

A legend of the Wyandots (Iroquoian stock) of Anderson (Ont.) informs us:

When the Brothers were preparing the land for the Indians to live in, the manner of their work was that, as often as the Good Brother made or designed anything for the benefit of mankind, the Bad Brother objected, and devised something to counteract the good intention, so far as he could. Thus, when the Good Brother made rivers for the Indians to journey on, it was his design that each river should have a two-fold current (or, rather, perhaps, a double channel), in which the streams should flow in opposite directions. Thus the Indians would be able always to float easily downstream. This convenient arrangement did not please the Bad Brother. He maintained that it would be too good for the people. 'Let them at least,' he said, 'have to work one way up-stream.' He was not content merely to defeat his brother's design of the return current, but he created, at the same time, rapids and cataracts for the further delay and danger of voyagers.

See H. Hale in *Journ. Amer. Folk-Lore*, vol. I (1888) p. 182.

The Menomini Indians, a branch of the great Algonkian stock, have the following story concerning Manabush, their culture-hero:

When Manabush ventured empty-handed from his hunting trip, he and his grandmother, Nokomis, gathered together all their effects, moved away from the place where they had dwelt, and built a new wigwam among the trees in the new locality.

These trees were maples, and the grandmother of Manabush said to him, "Now, my grandson, you go into the woods and gather for me some pieces of birch-bark; I am going to make sugar." So Manabush went into the

woods and gathered some strips of birch-bark, which he took back to the wigwam, where his grandmother had cut some pieces of bark to make thread for sewing together pieces of birch-bark to make vessels to contain the sugar.

The grandmother of Manabush then went from tree to tree, cutting a small hole into the bark of each and inserting into each cut a small piece of wood over which the sap ran into the vessels placed beneath. Manabush followed his grandmother from tree to tree, watching her, and looking for the sap to drop into the vessels, but none was to be seen. When she had gone round among the trees, and cut holes for as many vessels as she had made, Manabush went back, and, looking into the vessels, saw that all of them had suddenly become half full of thick syrup.

Manabush dipped his finger into the syrup, and tasted it. Finding it sweet, he said, "My grandmother, this is all very good, but it will not do to have these trees produce syrup in this manner. The people will not have any work, if they make sugar so easily; they must cut wood to boil the syrup for several nights, and to keep them occupied that they may not get into bad habits; I will change all this."

So Manabush climbed to the very top of one of the trees, when he took his hand and scattered water all over the maples, like rain, so that the sugar should dissolve and flow from the trees in the form of sap. This is why the uncles of Manabush and their descendants always have to work hard when they want to make sugar. Wood must be cut, vessels must be made, and the sap that is collected must be boiled for a long time, otherwise the people would spend too much time in idleness.

See W. J. Hoffman in *Fourteenth Ann. Rep. Bureau of Ethnology*. (Washington), pp. 173-174.

We are justified in believing that many Indians have as little belief as have many of our race in the theory of "making things hard," which today threatens again to assume control of our educational processes and institutions.

6. *Why Rain is Wet.* This is a question, which, according to widespread advertisements, can be answered by reference to the *Children's Encyclopedia*, a work that guarantees to ease the young mind in a hundred other ways. This legend (in part) of the Caddo Indians of Louisiana, containing a primitive philosophy of "coming in out of the wet," is just as informing and interesting as many of the answers to be found in books of the sort just mentioned. And it has a hygienic twist as well, besides allowing Coyote to pose as a conservator of the family. One can also see that in those days among

the Caddos "pure democracy," with the referendum and the recall, must have been in full flourish.

In the beginning of the world there were many, many people, and the people held councils to decide how things should be. There was one man named Coyote, who always had something to say on every subject. At one council this question came up: "How and what kind of rain should be in the world?" One of the men said that it should rain in the form of lead balls, which would be very dangerous, and so, when the rain came, the people would have to stay at home. Then Coyote arose from his seat and said: "If it should rain nothing but lead, it would be very dangerous for my people, because they do not stay at home very much; and, as for myself, I might be carrying a big deer to my family to eat, when the rain begins to fall, and I would certainly be killed. I say, let it rain in drops of water. Then we can be caught out in the rain, and get very wet, but we will soon be dry again, and the wetting will be good for us." The people accepted Coyote's suggestion, and so it is that it rains in the form of water.

See G. A. Dorsey, *Op. cit.*, p. 26.

6a. *Why Snow is Cold.* From the Maidu Indians of Northeastern California we have another story of the type of the previous one, "The Wolf makes Snow Cold," a myth recorded by Professor R. B. Dixon.

Wolf and his wife lived toward the southwest. They had a daughter, who was married and had many children. The children were out playing, when it began to snow. It kept snowing until the snow was up to people's knees. Then it cleared off. Next morning the children went out and began to play. They made a great deal of noise, shouting and calling to each other, as they played in front of their grandfather's house. The children played all day, and next morning they began again. Toward night the old Wolf grew angry. He wanted to sleep, but the children kept him awake. It was the first time the children had ever seen snow, that was why they made so much noise. Wolf said to his wife, "I will teach these children something." Then he went outside the house, and urinated in the snow, all about the camp. That made the snow cold; before, it had been warm. The children played about a while; but their fingers and toes soon got cold, and they went into their mother's house to warm themselves, and cried. Then Wolf went back into the house and went to sleep. That is the way he spoiled the snow.

See R. B. Dixon, in *Bull. Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, 1902, vol. XVII, p. 101.

In our "civilization", we, too, have "Old Wolves" who suffer from insomnia and play just as mean tricks upon little children.

7. *The Ignorant Housekeeper.* The story of the Cherokee Indians here cited is really as good as anything that has appeared on this subject in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, or anything that has been revealed in the adventures of Hashimura Togo, the Japanese servant, in the wilds of American culture. Surely, the Indian has here treated an ancient topic in a humanly humorous way. The story runs:

An old man whose wife had died lived alone with his son. One day he said to the young man, "We need a cook here, so you had better get married." So the young man got a wife and brought her home. Then his father said, "Now we must work together and do all we can to help her. You go hunting and bring in the meat, and I'll look after the corn and beans, and then she can cook." The young man went into the woods to look for a deer and his father went out into the field to attend to the corn. When they came home at night they were hungry, and the young woman set out a bowl of walnut hominy before them. It looked queer, somehow, and, when the old man examined it, he found that the walnuts had been put in whole. "Why didn't you shell the walnuts and then beat up the kernels?" said he to the young woman. "I didn't know they had to be shelled," she replied. Then the old man said, "You think about marrying, and you don't know how to cook." And he sent her away.

See James Mooney, "Myths of the Cherokee," *19th Ann. Rep. Bur. Ethnol.* (Washington), p. 397.

8. *The two old men who killed each other.* This topic occurs among several Indian tribes and the stories told are often quite as good as those which a similar *motif* has furnished to the literature of the civilized races of mankind. One of the stories comes from the Cherokee Indians, and is to the following effect:

Two old men went hunting, One had an eye drawn down, and was called Uk-kunagita, "Eye-drawn-down." The other had an arm twisted out of shape, and was called Uk-kusuntsuti, "Bent-bow-shape." They killed a deer and cooked the meat in a pot. The second old man dipped a piece of bread into the soup and smacked his lips as he ate it. "Is it good?" said the first old man. Said the other, "Hayu! uk-kwunagisti, —Yes, sir! It will draw down one's eye." Thought the first old man to himself, "He means me." So he dipped a piece of bread in the pot, and smacked his lips as he tasted it. "Do you find it good?" said the other old man. Said his comrade, "Hayu! uk-usuntsutet—Yes sir! It will twist up one's arm." Thought the second old man, "He means me."

So he got very angry and struck the first old man, and then they fought, until each killed the other.

See Mooney, *Ibid.*, p. 800.

With this belongs "The Bear and the Two Old Men," a story of the Arapaho Indians:

Two old men were sleeping in a tent with their backs to the fire. A bear came in, saw them, and, taking a burning stick from the fire, touched one of them on the back. "Stop your foolishness," said the man who had been burned. "It must have been a spark. I did not touch you," said the other. The bear was outside laughing. After a time he came in again and burned the other's back. "Stop that," said the old man; "you are trying to do what you mistakenly think I have done to you." The other denied it; they grew angry and took up stone mauls and began to fight. The bear went off laughing.

See G. A. Dorsey and A. L. Kroeber, *Arapaho Traditions*, (Chicago, 1903), p. 227.

8a. *The Shadow in the Water*. Our famous story of the Fox and the Shadow of the grapes in the water has an interesting counterpart in the following tale of "Old Man (a culture-hero) sees Berries in the Water," belonging to the Blackfoot Indians:

One day, an old man, standing on the bank of a stream, saw in the water some reflections of berries growing on the bank. He thought them to be real berries; so he dived into the water, but could find no berries. As soon as he was back upon the bank again, he saw them; so he dived one time after another, and finally tied rocks to his legs, that he might stay down longer. Then he nearly drowned. At last he was very tired, and, finding a shady place under a bush, he lay down to rest. Now, looking up, he saw the berries hanging over his head. Now he was very angry. He picked up a club, and beat the berry-bushes until there was but one berry left. This is the reason why the people to this day beat berries from the bushes.

See C. Wissler and C. D. Duval, in *Anthrop. Papers. Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist.*, 1908, vol. II, p. 29.

In some respects the Indian tale is an improvement on the Old World one. The ending is better, perhaps, than Æsop, and more generic.

9. *Indian Abderites*. In the following tale of the Creek Indians of Taskigi, we have evidence that the Red Men are not without their fund of humorous stories



concerning the stupidity of man. Indeed, this Creek legend might well have appeared, with appropriate illustrations, in *Fliegende Blätter*, the German comic journal, which has made so much fun at the expense of the hunter, and paid so much attention to the jocoseria of the animal world. Its sarcasm might also be of some use to many of the hunters of our day and generation, who, when they are in the woods of Maine, sometimes turn out to be unable to distinguish between a deer and a man. All races, seemingly, have their Abderites. This story runs:

A long time ago people were very stupid. There were two hunters who started out for turkeys. They had never seen a turkey or a deer, but they had been told about them. As they went along, a grasshopper flew up between them, when they were about a hundred yards apart. Neither of the men knew what a turkey looked like. The grasshopper flew a little way, then alighted on one of the foolish hunters. It alighted on his breast. Now, the man whistled to his companion, and then called to him. He pointed to the grasshopper on his breast. Now, the other man saw the grasshopper on his friend's breast and thought it was a turkey. So he shot at it and killed it. He killed the man, too.

See F. G. Speck, "The Creek Indians of Taskigi Town," in *Memoirs Amer. Anthropol. Assoc.*, vol. II, p. 158.

10. *The Man outwitted by the Child.* This very human *motif* has been treated again and again by the Indian, and in a way as interesting and as satisfactory, as by any writer of the white race. In a very simple form the theme occurs, in a brief legend of the Ojibwa (or Chippewa) Indians concerning the discomfiture of their culture-hero, Manabozho:

One day Manabozho appeared upon the earth in an ill-humor. Walking along, he espied a little child sitting in the sun, curled up with his toe in his mouth. Somewhat surprised at this, and being of a dauntless and boastful nature, he set himself down beside the child; and, picking up his own toe, he essayed to place it in his mouth, after the manner of the child. He could not do it. In spite of all twisting and turning, his toe could not be brought to reach his mouth. As he was getting up, in great discomfiture, to get away, he heard a laugh behind him, and did no more boasting that day, for he had been outwitted by a little child.

See E. R. Emerson, *Indian Myths* (Boston, 1884), p. 366, and Leland, *Op. cit.*

But what might be styled the *magnum opus* of the Indians on this topic, is the legend of the Penobscot Indians of Maine, accounting for the origin of the "crowing" of babies. This remarkable human document deserves a place in all the collections of choice literature concerning the beginnings of the individual and the racial life. It might be called "The Bachelor and the Baby," and its reflections upon the unmarried male are as appropriate for white as they were for red Americans. This delightful story runs thus, as reported by Leland:

Now it came to pass when Glooskap (the culture-hero of these Indians) had conquered all his enemies, even the *Kewahqu'*, who were giants and sorcerers, and the *m'teoulin*, who were magicians, and the *Pamola*, who is the evil spirit of the night air, and all manner of ghosts, witches, devils, cannibals, and goblins, that he thought upon what he had done, and wondered if his work was at an end.

And he said this to a certain woman. But she replied, "Not so fast, Master, for there yet remains one whom no one has ever conquered or got the better of in any way, and who will remain unconquered to the end of time." "And who is he?" inquired the Master.

"It is the mighty Wasis," she replied, "and there he sits; and I warn you that if you meddle with him you will be in sore trouble."

Now Wasis was the Baby. And he sat on the floor sucking a piece of maple-sugar, greatly contented, troubling no one.

As the Lord of Men and Beasts had never married or had a child, he knew nought of the way of managing children. Therefore, he was quite certain, as is the wont of such people, that he knew all about it.

So he turned to Baby, with a bewitching smile, and bade him come to him. Then Baby smiled again, but did not budge. And then Master spake sweetly, and made his voice like that of the summer bird, but it was of no avail, for Wasis sat still and sucked his maple sugar.

Then the Master frowned and spoke terribly, and ordered Wasis to come crawling to him immediately. And Baby burst out into crying and yelling, but did not move for all that.

Then since he could do but one thing more, the Master had recourse to magic. He used his most awful spells, and sang the songs which raise the dead and scare the devils. And Wasis sat and looked on admiringly, and seemed to find it very interesting, but all the same he never moved an inch.

So Glooskap gave it up in despair, and Wasis, sitting on the floor in the sunshine, went *goo! goo!* and crowed.

And to this day, when you see a babe well contented, going *goo! goo!* and crowing, and no one can tell why, know that it is because he remem-

bers the time when he overcame the Master, who had conquered all the world. For of all the beings that have ever been since the beginning, Baby is alone the invincible one.

See Charles G. Leland, *The Algonquin Legends of New England* (Boston, 1885), pp. 120-122.

Has any genial devotee of "Child-Study" written or sung of the might of infancy in better fashion than this. And who has ever "taken down," the bachelor in more effective style? Where else can he learn how much bigger than the greatest bachelor is the littlest baby?

### III. *Indian Words of Aspiration, Faith, Devotion, etc.*

As representing the "higher thought" of some of the American Indians north of Mexico, the following prayers, ceremonial addresses and like expressions of the religious and moral feelings, may be cited. It has been noted by more than one observer that some of this material invites comparison with the outpouring of the Hebrew soul, which, in refined and ennobled form, finds place in our English Bible. The brief prayers of the Indians often have a touch of "nature-study" about them, while others are quite feeling human. The address of the Arapaho priest on "Medicine Night" is a good short sermon, as, indeed, are others delivered on like occasions by the priests of other tribes. The Karok Indian woman's farewell to the child may have been "improved" by the recorder, but the ideas therein are not at all beyond the thoughts of such primitive people. In the sacrifice-prayer of the Pawnee Indian, the appeal to all living things occurs.

#### 1. SONG OF A KIOWA INDIAN IN THE "GHOST DANCE."

My father has pity on me.  
I have eyes like my father's,  
I have hands like my father's,  
I have legs like my father's,  
I have a form like my father's.

See Mooney, *Op. cit.*, p. 1086.

#### 2. SONG OF A KIOWA INDIAN IN THE "GHOST DANCE."

That wind, that wind,  
Shakes my tipi' (tent), shakes my tipi,

And sings a song for me,  
And sings a song for me.

See *Ibid.*, p. 1087.

3. SONG OF THE NORTHERN ARAPAHO INDIANS REFERRING TO THE  
"MESSIAH" OF THE "GHOST DANCE."

My children, my children,  
It is I who wear the morning star on my head,  
It is I who wear the morning star on my head;  
I show it to my children,  
I show it to my children,  
Says the father,  
Says the father.

See *Ibid.*, p. 1007.

4. SPEECH MADE BY PRIEST AT THE ARAPAHO SUN-DANCE TO ALL THE  
PEOPLE IN THE OFFERINGS-LODGE.

Listen, my young people! I am here to tell you that this is Medicine Night. From this time on, until the last moment of the dance, you must do your best to extend your gifted powers to comfort and relieve your grandchildren. Set your thoughts on the gods in the heavens. Be careful not to omit any detail of the painting. Tell your grandchildren the particular place that they must look. Help them, and give things to attract the supernatural beings. Let everyone come into the lodge and keep up the spirit, and sing the songs which our forefathers used to sing. You know what this Medicine Night means. Make a joyful noise for us. Give music to our Father-Above.

See G. A. Dorsey, *The Arapaho Sun-Dance* (Chicago, 1903), p. 138.

5. PRAYER OF THE DIRECTING PRIEST AT THE SUN-DANCE OF THE  
ARAPAHO INDIANS.

It is the time of day, my Father, Man-Above, that we call upon you for your assistance. We are helpers in every way; so, my guardians, Four-Old-Men, listen, watch and guide me aright! Your first painting of our former children I am going to imitate, for the cleansing and purifying of sins and sickness. Will you please give us good days during this ceremony? Let this paint which we are about to use upon these young children be the light of this tribe! Let your roads of good prospect shine upon us! Give more light during the day for vegetation, for our stock, for ourselves! My dear, ancient Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Rabbit-tipi People, Sun-Dance Lodge-Makers, Sun-Dance Old-Men, Sun-Dance Old-Women, Sun-Dance Children,—let your spirits come closer to us! Guide us straight, that we may do works in harmony with you! I know that I am young, but this was the way which you showed me, and it is the desire that this lodge, about to be made, shall be the painting (cleansing) for all people, and that it will bring prosperity and happiness.

See *Ibid.*, p. 90.

6. PART OF THE PRAYER OF A SHAMAN OF THE NAVAHO INDIANS (the gods of peace have brought the spiritual man to the home of the corporeal man, where the two elements are happily united, and in the language of the prayer, all "is restored in beauty").

The world before me is restored in beauty,  
 The world behind me is restored in beauty,  
 The world below me is restored in beauty,  
 The world above me is restored in beauty,  
 All things around me are restored in beauty,  
 My voice is restored in beauty,  
 It is restored in beauty,  
 It is restored in beauty,  
 It is restored in beauty,  
 It is restored in beauty.

See W. Matthews, in the *American Anthropologist*, vol. I, 1888, pp. 149-171.

7. PRAYER OF PRIEST BEFORE THE "STAR SOCIETY" AT THE SUN-DANCE OF THE ARAPAHO INDIANS.

My Grandfather, Light of the World; Old-Woman-Night, my Grandmother,—I stand here before this people, old and young. May whatever they undertake to do in this ceremony, and may their desires and wishes and anxieties in their everyday life meet with your approval; may the growing corn not fail them, and may everything that they put in the ground mature, in order that they may have food and nourishment for their children and friends. May whatever light comes from above, and also the rain, be strengthening to them, that they may live on the earth under your protection. May they make friends with the neighboring tribes, and especially with the white people. May the tribe be free from all crimes, and may they be good people!

See Dorsey, *Op. cit.*, p. 36.

8. WORDS WHISPERED INTO THE EAR OF A DEAD CHILD BY A WOMAN OF THE KAROK INDIANS (California), before it is buried.

O, my darling, my dear one, good-bye! Never more shall your little hands softly clasp these old withered cheeks, and your pretty feet shall print the moist earth around my cabin never more. You are going on a long journey in the spirit-land, and you must go alone, for none of us can go with you. Listen, then, to the words which I speak to you, and heed them well, for I speak the truth.

In the spirit-land are two roads. One of them is a path of roses, and it leads to the Happy Western Land, beyond the great water, where you shall see your dear mother. The other is a path strewn with thorns and briars, and leads, I know not whither, to an evil and dark land, full of deadly serpents, where you wander forever. O dear child, choose you the path of roses, which leads to the Happy Western Land, a fair and sunny land, beautiful as the morning. And may the great Kareya (K.

is a sort of primitive Jesus) help you to walk in it to the end, for your little, tender feet must walk alone. O darling, my dear one, good-bye! See S. Powers, in *Contrib. to N. Amer. Ethnol.*, vol. III (Washington, 1877), p. 34.

9. PRAYER OF A PAWNEE INDIAN BEFORE OFFERING UP HIS HORSE AS A SACRIFICE IN DISTRESS.

My Father, dwelling in all places, it is through you that I am living. Perhaps it was through you that this man put me in this condition. You are the Ruler. Nothing is impossible to you. If you see fit, take this trouble away from me. Now, you, all fish of the rivers, and you, all birds of the air, and all animals that move upon the earth, and you, O Sun! I present to you this animal. You birds in the air, and you animals upon the earth, we are related; we are all alike in this respect, that one Ruler made us all. You see me, how unhappy I am. If you have any power, intercede for me.

See G. B. Grinnell, in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. VI, 1893, pp. 113-130.

10. A. WAR-SONG OF THE PAWNEE INDIANS.

Let us see, is this real,  
 Let us see, is this real,  
 Let us see, is this real,  
 Let us see, is this real,  
 This life I am living?  
 Ye gods who dwell everywhere,  
 Let us see, is this real,  
 This life I am living?

See D. G. Brinton, *Essays of an Americanist* (Philadelphia, 1890), p. 292.

V. *Indian Words about the Family, Home, Love, Childhood, etc.*

Very few people of our own race and stage of culture seem to appreciate the extent to which the so-called "lower race" are capable of feeling and giving tender and beautiful expression to the emotions and sentiments bound up with the experiences of family and domestic life. Like the Englishman who failed to find a word for "home" in the language of his Gallic neighbor, and, therefore, to the day of his death, looked upon him as more or less of a barbarian, our (often pitiful) lack of knowledge concerning the language and customs of the Indians leads us, mistakenly, to believe them devoid of

the fundamental traits of love and affection, in their higher reaches at least. But who can read (much more, hear sung in its proper setting) the Navaho "Song of the House," or listen to the Omaha "medicine man's" prayer before the tent of the new-born child, without believing that the togetherness of man and woman, and the co-operation with human life and its activities of all things in sky, air, earth, and sea, are ideas with which the Indian mind is altogether familiar. The little "Fire-Prayer" of the Navaho woman and the Cherokee doctor's "Birth-Incantation," like the Sioux Indian mother's "Song" (after seeing her dead boy in a dream), reveal a sympathetic and tender appreciation of childhood, heartily welcome wherever human beings exist. Humanly human, too, are the words of the Omaha parent to his grandson, the prayer of the priest of the Indians of the Sia Pueblo before the unborn child. Reading these primitive documents, all must agree that the Indian is one with men and women, wherever they may be found,—men at the highest moments of the great races of all time.

1. "SONG OF THE HOUSE" (sung by the "old man of the songs," or shaman, at the dedication of a house, or "house-warming," among the Navaho Indians).

Rising Sun! When you shall shine,  
Make this house happy.  
Beautify it with your beams;  
Make this house happy.

God of Dawn! Your white blessings spread;  
Make this house happy.  
Guard the doorway from all evil;  
Make this house happy.

(Spirit of) White Corn! Abide herein;  
Make this house happy.

Soft Wealth (i. e. skins, blankets, etc.) may this hut cover much;  
Make this house happy.

Male (i. e. heavy) Rain! Your virtues send;  
Make this house happy.

Corn Pollen! Bestow content;  
Make this house happy.

May peace around this family dwell;  
Make this house happy.

See A. M. Stephen, in the *American Anthropologist*,  
vol. VI, 1893, p. 353.

2. TRADITIONAL PRAYER (of a Navaho Indian woman, as she sprinkles an offering of meal on the fire, at the dedication of her house).

Burn serenely, my fire.  
May peace surround my fire.  
My fire prepares my children's food;  
May it be sweet, and make them happy.

See A. M. Stephen, *Loc. cit.*, p. 352.

3. WORDS OF OMAHA TO GRANDSON.

My grandson! It is hard to lose one's mother, to see one's children die, but the sorest trial that can come to a man is to have his wife lie dead.

My grandson, before she came to you, no one was so willing to bring water for you; now that she has gone, you will miss her care. If you have ever spoken harshly to her, the words will come back to you, and bring you tears.

No one is so near, no one can be so dear as a wife; when she dies, her husband's joy dies with her.

My grandson! Old men, who have gone, have taught me this, I am old. I have felt the things. I know the truth of what I say.

See Miss Alice C. Fletcher, in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. II, 1889, p. 226.

4. PRAYER (repeated in a low tone by the priest of the Indians of the Sia Pueblo, at the natal ceremonies, before the mother is delivered of her child).

Here is the child's sand-bed. May the child have good thoughts and know its mother-earth, the giver of food. May it have good thoughts, and grow from childhood to manhood. May the child be beautiful and happy. Here is the child's bed; may the child be beautiful and happy. Ashes-man, let me make good medicine for the child. We will receive the child into our arms, that it may be contented and happy. May it grow from childhood to manhood. May its know its mother Utset (U. was the first created woman), the Kopsishtala, and its mother-earth. May the child have good thoughts, and grow from childhood to manhood. May it be beautiful and happy.

See Mrs. M. C. Stevenson, in the *Eleventh Ann. Rep. Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*, 1889 (Washington, 1890), p. 134.

5. A "BIRTH-INCANTATION" (or Formula, used by the "doctor" among the Cherokee Indians, when the mother is about to give birth to a child).



Little boy, little boy, hurry, hurry, come out, come out!  
 Little boy, hurry! A bow, a bow (i. e. the characteristic of a warrior)!  
 Let's see who'll get it, let's see who'll get it!  
 Little girl, little girl, hurry, hurry, come out, come out!  
 Little girl, hurry! A meal-sifter, a meal-sifter (the characteristic of a woman)! Let's see who'll get it, let's see who'll get it!

See James Mooney, in the *Seventh Ann. Rep. Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*, p. 364.

6. PRAYER OF A SIOUX INDIAN GRANDMOTHER, (at first offering made by little boy).

O, Great Mystery, we hear thy voice in the rushing waters below us! We hear thy whisper in the great oaks above! Our spirits are refreshed with thy breath from within this cave. O, hear our prayer! Behold this little boy and bless him! Make him a warrior and a hunter as great as thou didst make his father and grandfather.

See C. A. Eastman, *Old Indian Days* (N. Y., 1907), p. 311.

7. SONG COMPOSED BY A SIOUX INDIAN MOTHER (who saw her dead child in a dream).

I made moccasins for him,  
 I made moccasins for him,  
 For I love him,  
 For I love him.  
 To take to the orphan,  
 To take to the orphan.  
 Soon I shall see my child,  
 Soon I shall see my child,  
 Says your mother,  
 Says your mother.

See James Mooney, in the *Fourteenth Ann. Rep. Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*, p. 1074.

8. PRAYER OF AN OMAHA "MEDICINE MAN," OR "MAN OF MYSTERY"  
 (at the door of the tent where lies the infant child on the eighth day after birth, the "medicine man" is summoned by the parents).

Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens;  
 I bid ye hear me!  
 Into your midst has come a new life.  
 Consent ye, I implore!  
 Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the first hill (i. e. infancy)!

Ho! Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye that move in the air;  
 I bid ye hear me!  
 Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, I implore!

Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the second hill  
(i. e. youth)!

Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses, all ye of the earth;  
I bid ye hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, I implore!

Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the third hill (i. e.  
manhood)!

Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly in the air;

I bid ye hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that dwell in the forest;

Ho! Ye Insects, that creep among the grasses and burrow in the ground;

I bid ye hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, I implore!

Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the fourth hill  
(i. e. old age.)

Ho! All ye of the heavens; all ye of the air; all ye of the earth;

I bid ye hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!

Make its path smooth, then shall it travel beyond the four hills!

See F. La Flesche, in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. XVIII, 1905, p. 273.

An unprejudiced consideration of all these "wise words" of the North American Indians will show that, fundamentally and generically, he is "a man as we are men," and in the great situations of life has thought and done much as we have thought and done. Truly, the races of man are but one, after all.

Copyright of Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society is the property of American Antiquarian Society and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.