Legends of the Delaware Indians and picture writing / by Richard C. Adams.

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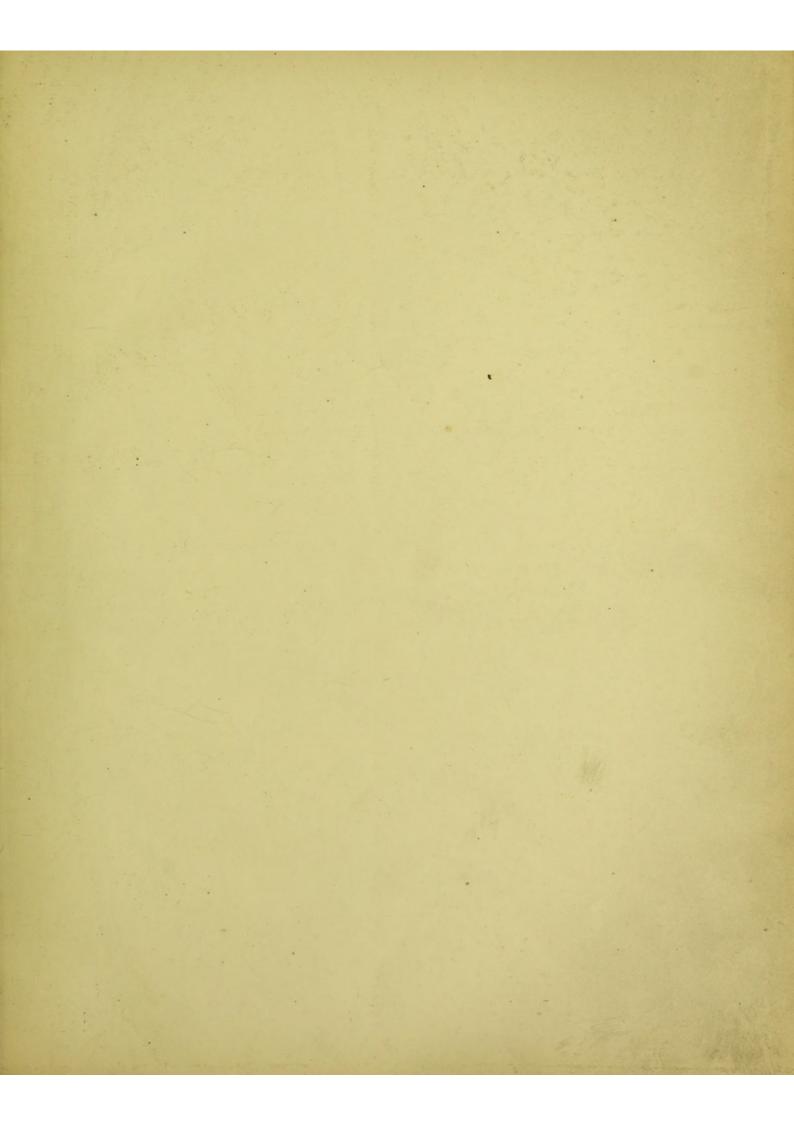
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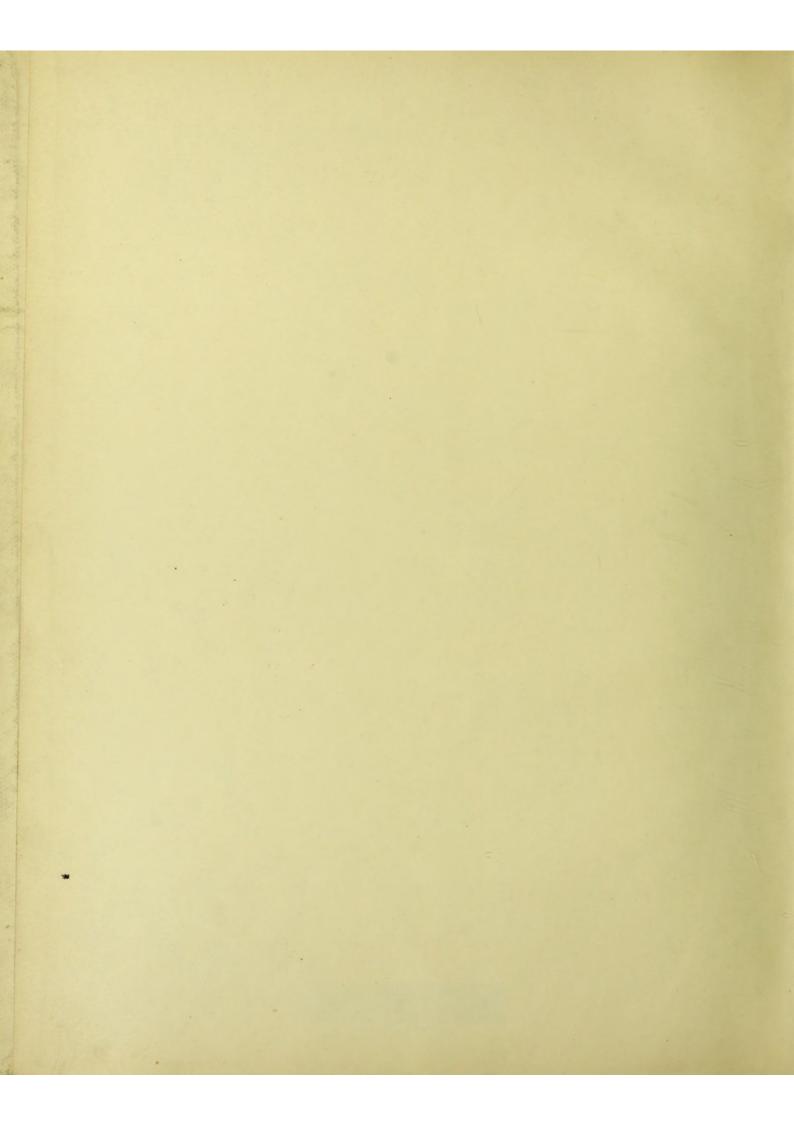
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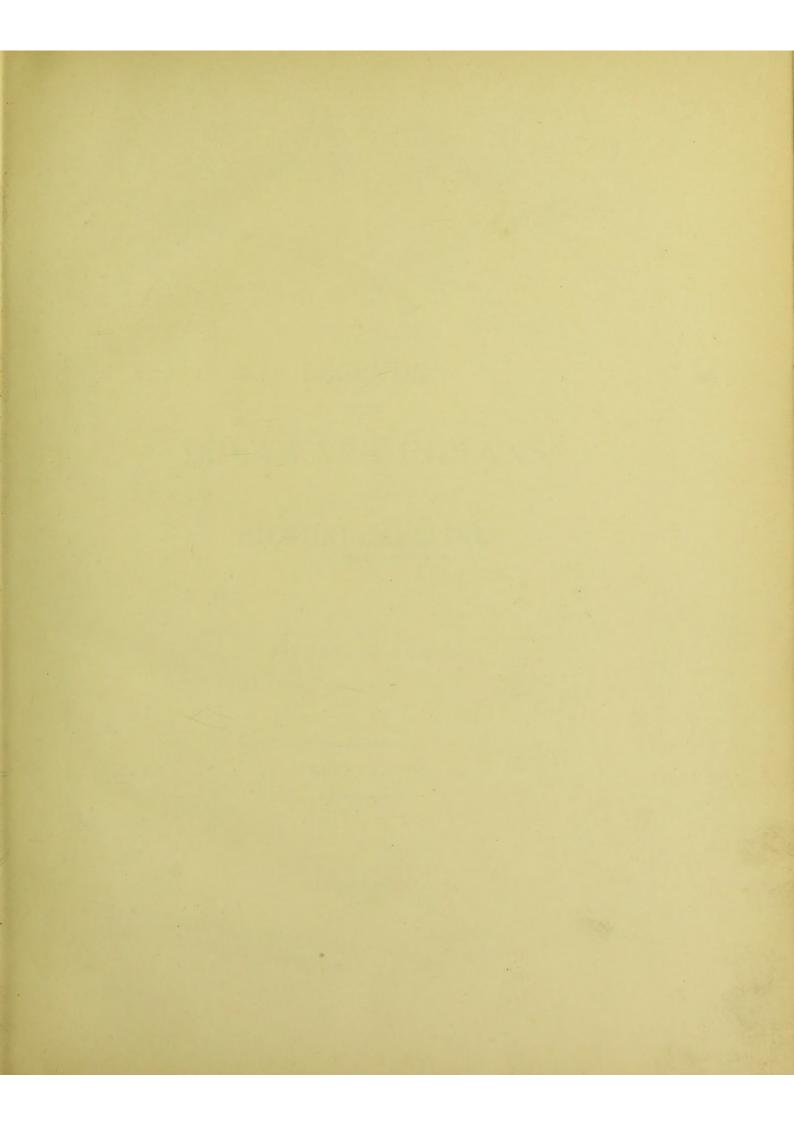
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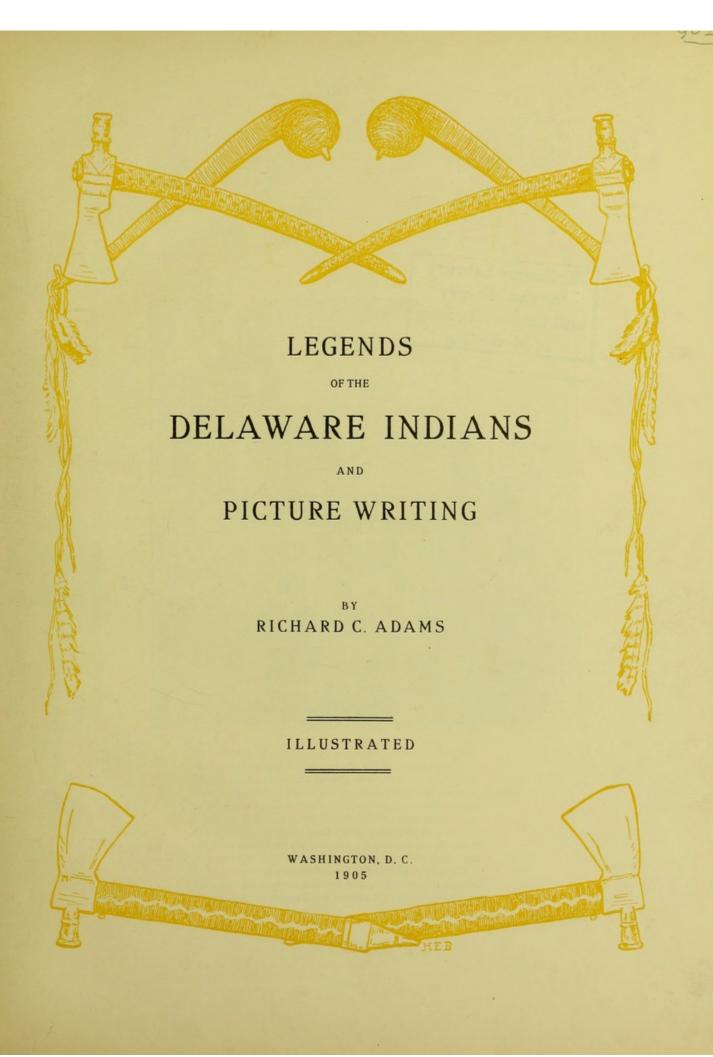
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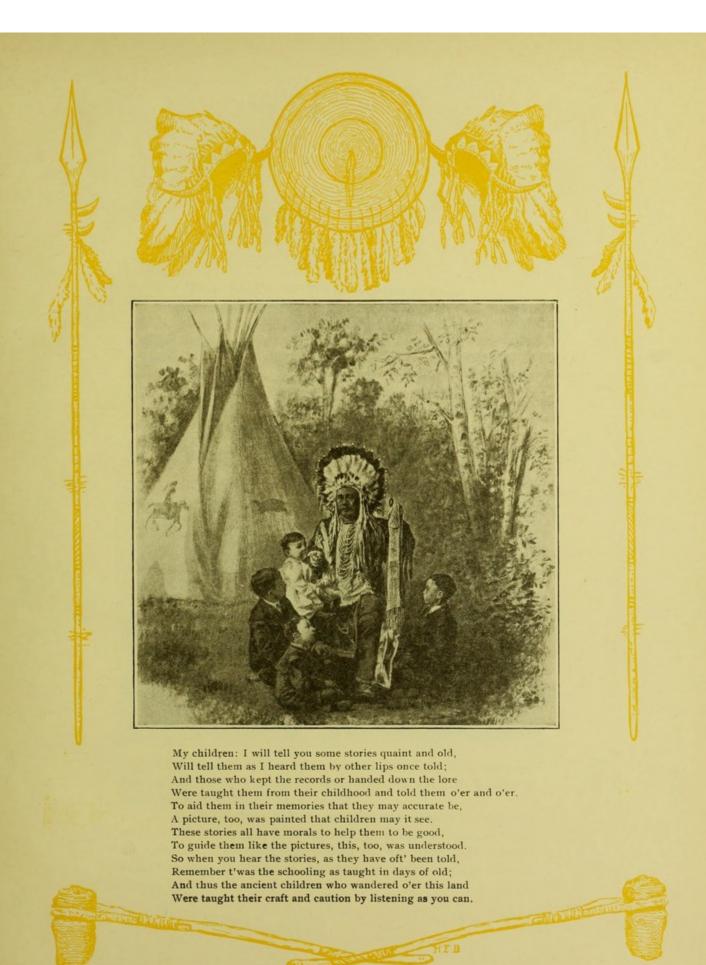
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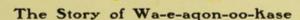


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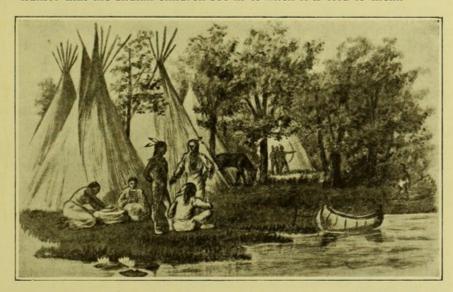
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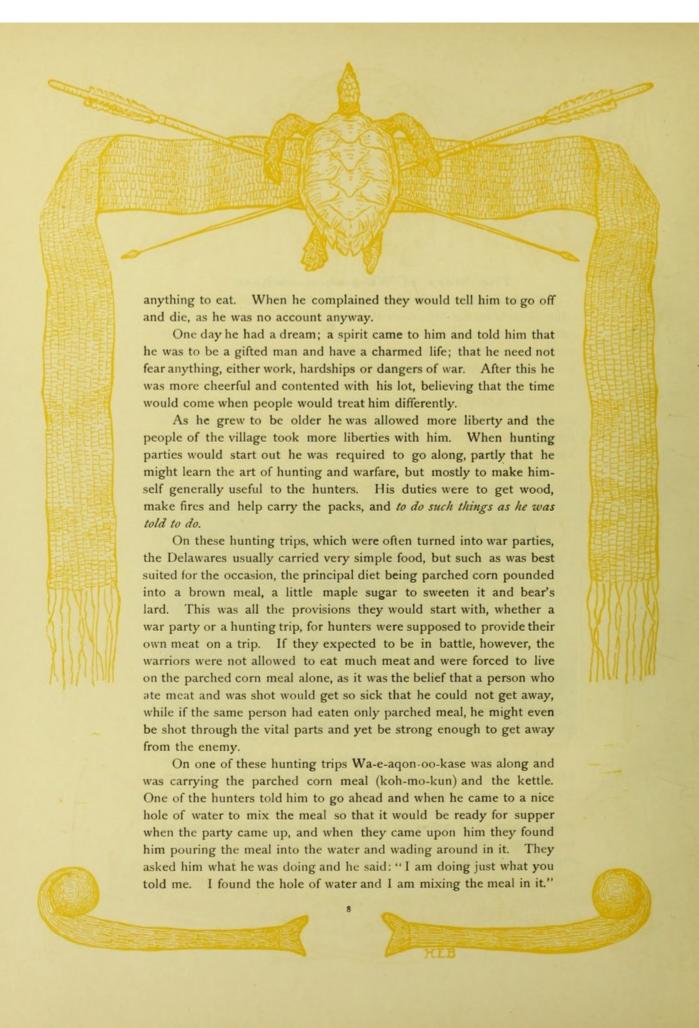
The following story is often related to the Delaware Indian chiliren to show to the little boys that they should be as careful in the selection and use of their words as they are in the selection of their arrows to shoot at a mark, for very often as much mischief is done by the wrong impression being conveyed by a sentence as there is in an arrow going astray when you most desire it to strike the mark.

The difficulty in literally translating a story from one language to another, and especially from the Indian tongue to the English, will make it hard to convey to the reader of this story the real sense of humor that the Indian children see in it when it is told to them.



Many hundred winters ago a little orphan boy, Wa-e-aqon-ookase, wandered to a Delaware Indian village that was quite a distance from the main settlement of his people.

In this village there was no one found who claimed kin with him or knew him, so he was given to some old people to raise, who had no children. These old people treated him very badly. They would make him carry all the wood and water and would give him scarcely



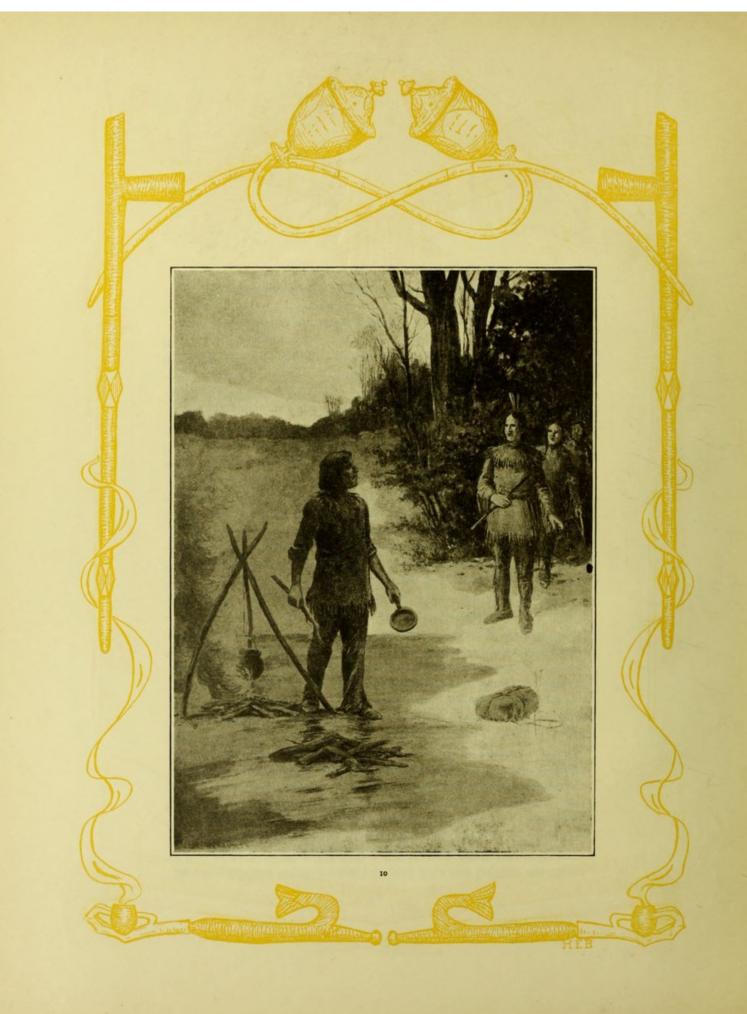
They told him that they did not intend that he should mix it all in

They told him that they did not intend that he should mix it all in that large hole of water, but that when he found the water, he should mix the meal in the vessel with the water he got from the hole. "Well," he said, "If you had told me that I would have done so."

The next morning, when they started out, they told him to carry the bear lard. One of the warriors remarked: "It would be very nice if we had a turkey to dip in this lard." The next evening when he was sent to prepare camp, the warriors were more surprised than before to see him with a live turkey dipping it in the lard, the turkey gasping for breath and trying to free itself from the bear lard and the boy constantly dipping it back into the lard. They asked him what he was doing and he replied: "Well, you said this morning when you gave me the bear lard that it would be very nice if we had a turkey to dip in it. I have caught the turkey and am making the bear lard nice." They explained to him that they did not mean a live turkey; that turkey meat was usually better when cooked in bear lard. "Well," he said: "If you had told me that I might have had the turkey cooked before I put him in the lard."

So after this the hunters concluded they would kill a bear and render the lard themselves as they were expecting soon to leave the country where there were any bears and go out on the plains where they would kill the buffalo, and they were very fond of the buffalo meat cooked in bear lard. So it was understood that all the party should scatter out in the woods and go abreast. The first one who saw a hole in a tree (of course meaning a hole that a bear could get into) was to call out so that the others could come and see if a bear could be found. Whereupon Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase was the first to call. When the men ran to see what he had found, they found him looking at a little hole in a tree, which a woodpecker had just left. He said: "Here is a very pretty hole I have found. Come and see it." They told him they were looking for a hole large enough for a bear's den. "Oh, well!" he said, "I supposed any kind of a hole would do, so it was in a tree. You did not tell me how large a one you wanted."

On one of these hunting trips, in which Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase was along, the weather was very cold and when evening was approaching



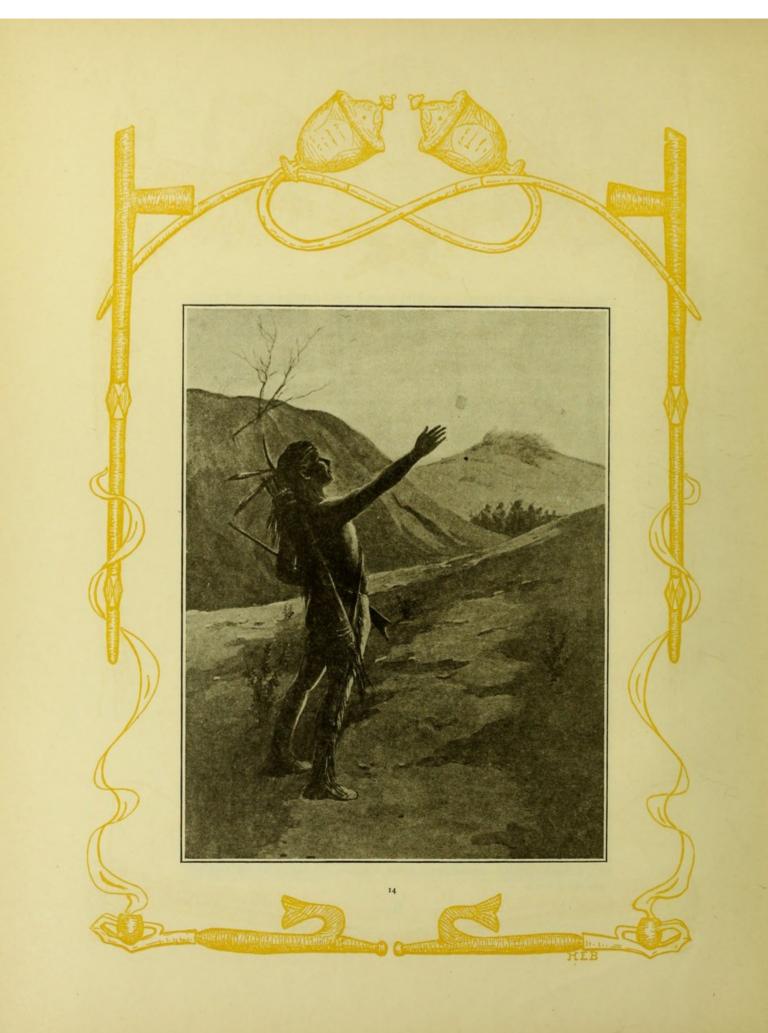
the hunters sent Wa-e-agon-oo-kase on ahead and told him to follow a trail until he came to a very smooth, level place and there make the fires. When they overtook him, he had come to a lake which was frozen over with ice and was making a fire on the ice. They rebuked him for making a fire on the ice, which, of course, would soon melt the ice and cause it to break, but he answered that this was the only smooth, level place he had been able to find and he was instructed to make a fire in a level place. While the boy was not very old, not old enough to go on the war path, he was strong, used to hardships and very active, and in a few days proved to the party his ability to fight as well as to wait on the warriors. They arrived at the point at which they expected the enemy and the warriors held a council of war. The boy being present, of course heard all that was said. The enemy had been seen and was now probably a very short distance from that place, going through a mountain pass. The warriors were to go around the mountain and conceal themselves where the enemy would come along and surprise them. The boy and a few others were left behind to watch the camp equipments, but the warriors had no sooner left than the boy seized a war club and ran over the hill directly to the place where the enemy was supposed to be. Before starting he took a deer bladder, put it over his head and put some blood on the skin so that he would look as though he had just been scalped. He got just a little ahead of the enemy and lay down in their way so that they would see him as soon as they got near. When they discovered him, they were much astonished to find an Indian dead and scalped and, as they were looking at him to see if they could determine to what tribe he belonged, he sprang up and with his war club killed several of the party. The rest becoming frightened, ran away. When his own people, hearing the war hoops and cries, came to the place, they were utterly astonished to find that he had met the enemy alone and defeated them. After they had traveled many days, they came to a country where there were sand hills and much sage brush. The hills formed and reformed as the wind would blow the sand from place to place. They had not gone far in this country when they saw a large cloud of dust



a great way off, which at first they thought was caused by a herd of buffaloes, but as they got nearer they discovered it was the enemy in large numbers. Since they were only a small party they decided that the best thing to do was to hide themselves in the sand, covering themselves up completely except for a small hole to breathe through, and let one man remain on watch with his head sticking out of the sand but covered with sage brush. It so happened that this time Wa-eagon-oo-kase was placed on watch and told to see that the enemy passed over them and then to notify the rest of the party, who were hidden and could not see. The enemy came on until they got almost to where the Delawares lay concealed and for some cause or other they divided and went on either side of the Delawares and came together beyond. Wa-e-agon-oo-kase, when he saw this, jumped up and began to call to the enemy. "Come back! My duty is to see that you pass over us. We are hid right here." When he did this, the chief brave, who was near him, said, "Now for your foolishness you must go and down* those fellows by yourself." Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase agreed and started to meet them. He seized the first one he came to and threw him down, and did likewise with the second and third, until they all seemed to think he was a foolish fellow and went laughing on their way. When he went back, the chief was angry and said, "I did not think you had so little sense. In the first place, you should not have called those people back, and then when you saw you were strong enough, you should have killed them." To this Wa-e-aqonoo-kase replied, "If you had told me, in the first place, that I was only to see them pass by, I would have let them alone. If you had told me, in the second place, that I was to kill them, I would have done so as they were completely in my power."

After Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase had grown up to be a man and people knew he was a gifted man, they would sometimes call his name to frighten children, saying that he would carry them away. He heard this and would himself make good their threats, and when rebuked

^{*}Note—The word commonly used in the Delaware language for subdue or overcome is sometimes abbreviated, and when so, literally means casting down or throwing down.

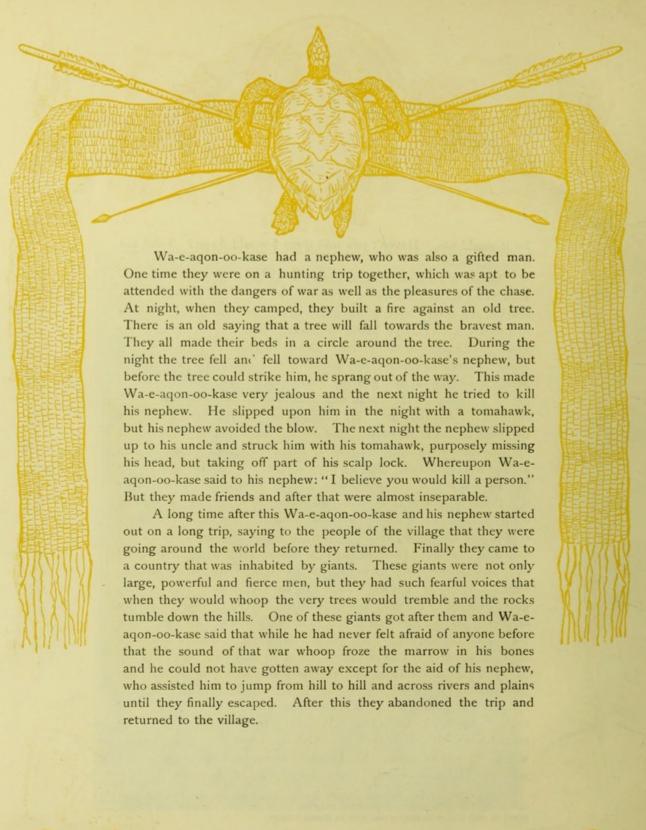


for it would say, "Haven't you told them I would do so? I did not want you to lie."

When Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase got to be an old man, he and his wife were living off to themselves. One day he had a presentiment that some of the enemy were going to try to kill him, so he told his wife to prepare a very large kettle of hominy, that he was looking for some guests and wanted to have plenty for them to eat when they came. After the hominy had gotten well cooked, and was boiling hard, he looked out and saw the men coming. He told his wife to get in a corner of the cabin and remain very quite, and he threw some bear robes over her. He then opened the door and called for the men to come in, saying that he was expecting them and had dinner ready for them. They were thrown off their guard by this kind of a reception and after a while came in. He told them that the hominy was almost ready and with a large horn spoon began to stir it. Looking around to see if the men were all seated, he asked them if they had not come a long way and were not hungry. When they replied that they were, he said: "Well, as I have only one spoon, I will feed you myself." Then he began throwing the boiling hominy all over his callers. They sprang up and ran out, crying with pain from their scalds and in their fright forgetting their weapons. After all had gone, he went to the door and called them, saying that he had plenty of hominy and for them not to leave until they had had enough. But the enemy did not come back. They thought he was such a strange man and apparently had no fear of them, so they had better not try to harm him any further, and therefore they went off and let him alone.

He was getting very old at this time and shortly after that went out with his wife to fell a tree. When the tree was almost down, he sprang toward it as if to catch it and he was never seen again, but his wife heard a voice saying that he would come back again some time when the Delawares needed him to help fight their battles.

The moral of the following story was to show that no matter what your influence, strength, power or position may be, there are others somewhere just as good as you and who may excel you in many things.

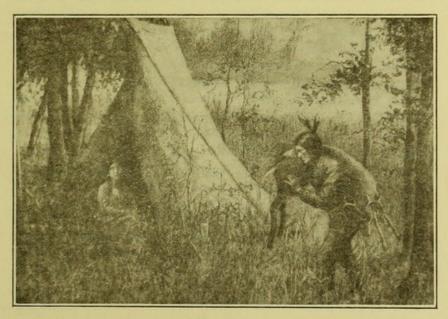






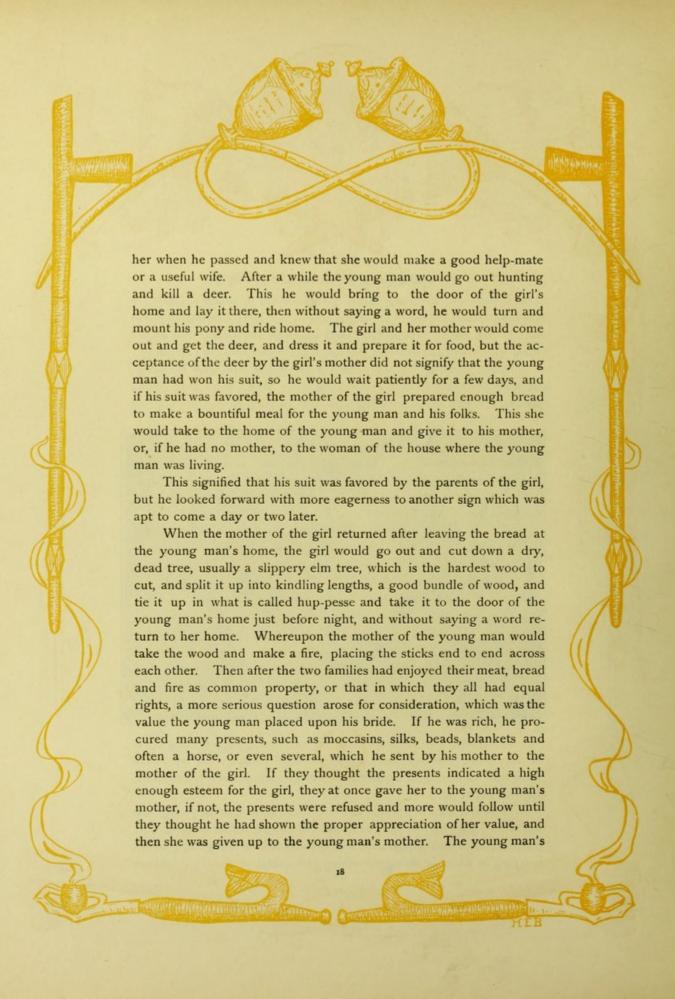
It may be interesting to know the manner in which a Delaware Indian courted and married his girl long ago. The following story was told by Mr. John Young, a full-blood Delaware Indian and now an old man, who says that when he was quite small this was the custom:

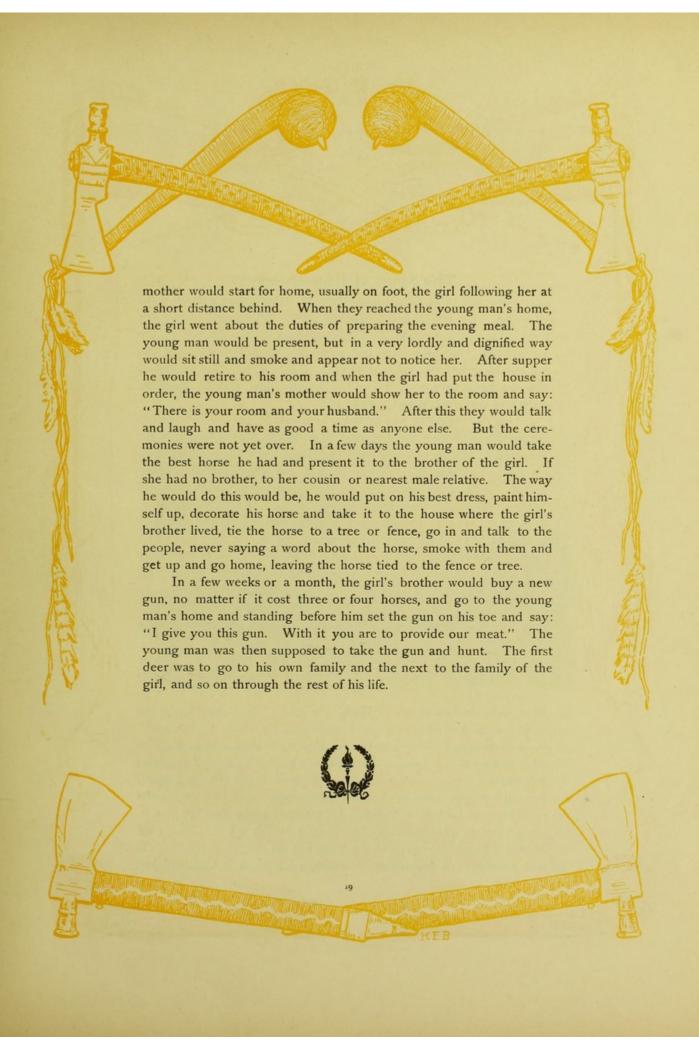
When a young Delaware Indian saw a girl who took his fancy, he paid attention to her by dressing up a little better than usual, putting on new moccasins, leggings and hunting shirt, trimming his

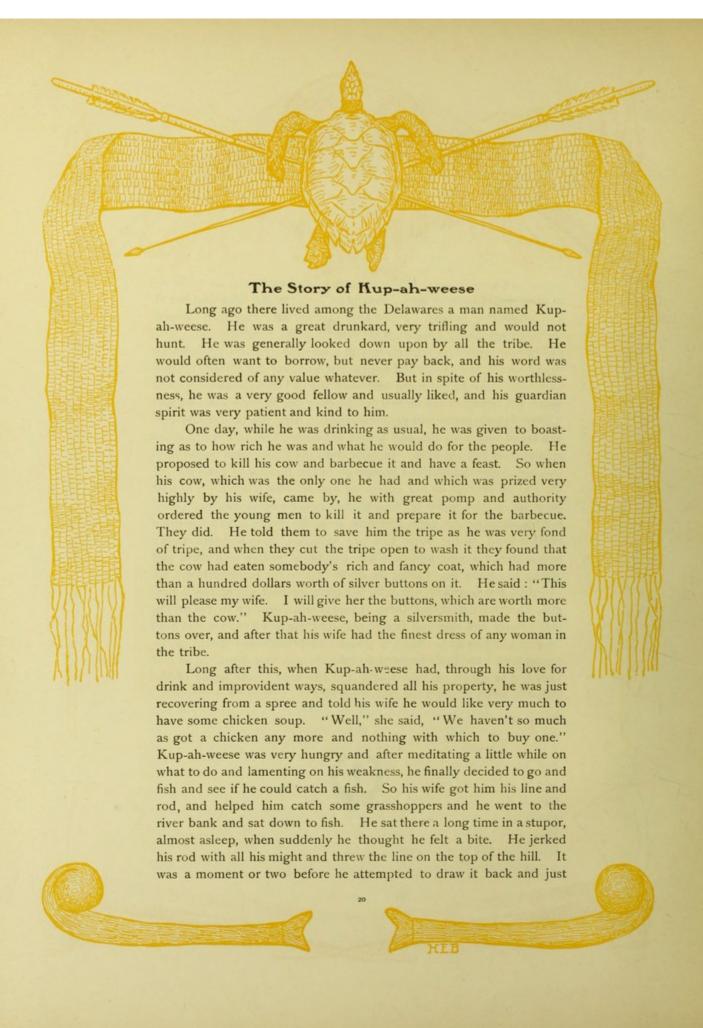


hair with feathers, painting his face and decorating his pony and occasionally going past her home, making himself conspicuous, but at the same time appearing as dignified as possible and apparently not noticing the girl at all.

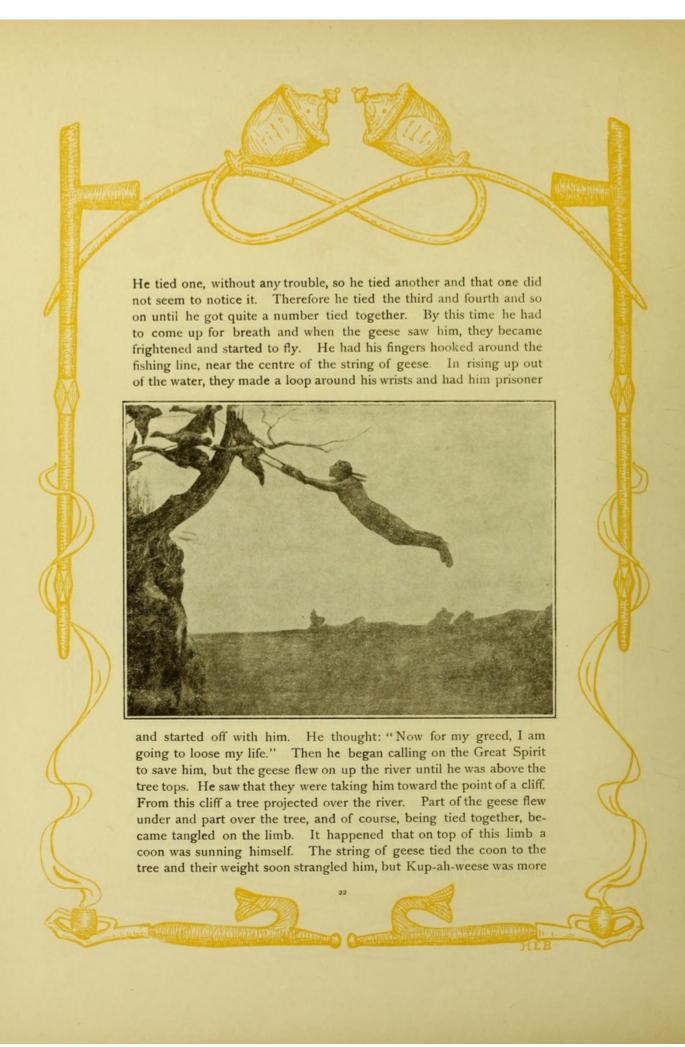
Of course the girl's people and she would know that the young man was in love with her, so the girl would soon watch for his coming, and, putting on her best appearance, would purposely be out getting wood, carrying in water or doing something else useful, so that he could see



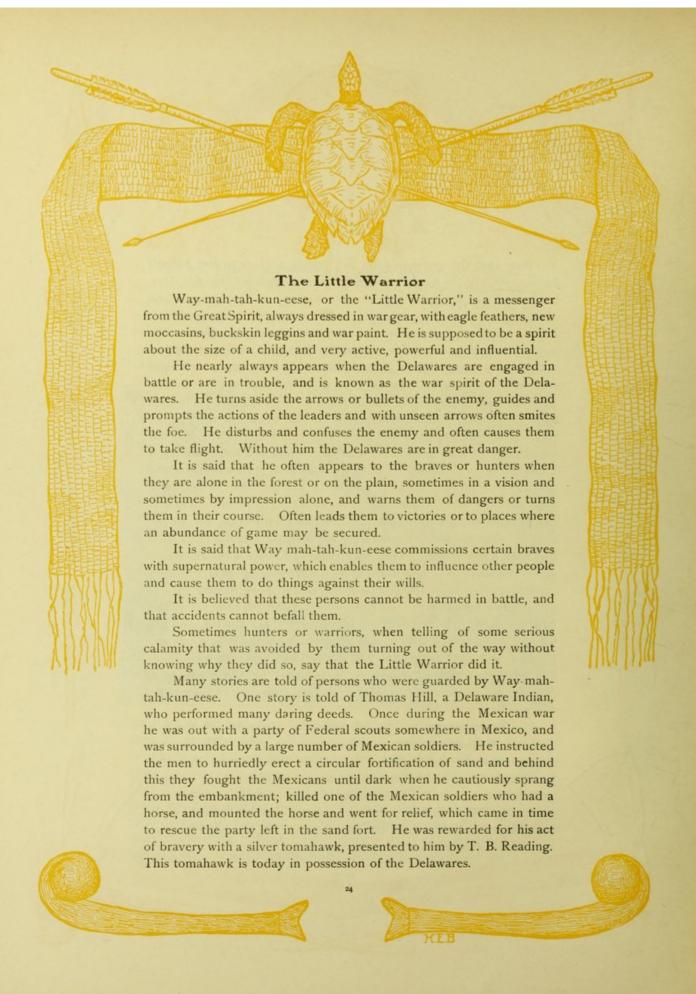


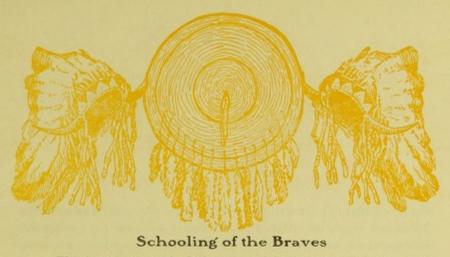






fortunate than the geese or coon, for, having a place to rest himself he soon worked his hands loose, but in the struggle fell into the river. It chanced that the water was not quite as deep as a man's head and he, falling feet first struck something in the water quite large that broke his fall. When he recovered himself, he found that the object in the water was a large fish. The largest he had ever seen, and he had fallen a long distance from the top of the cliff to the water, his weight stunned the fish, so with the aid of a pole, he rolled the fish ashore. Then he went to the top of the cliff and killed the geese. He took all he could carry and the coon and went past where the turkey gobbler was and greatly surprised his wife at his luck in fishing and she asked him: "Where is the fish? I didn't know you went hunting, I thought you went fishing." "Oh, yes," he said, "I went fishing and got a fish but it was too large for me to bring home. These birds were pestering me. I think they were making fun of me. The turkey gobbler thought he could take the bait off my hook, but he got caught. The geese were tantalizing me because I had no gun, so I tied their feet together They then thought to have a better joke on me, carried me to a cliff where a tree was hanging over, but they could not agree upon which side of the tree to pass, so they tried to go on both sides and killed this coon and tangled themselves up. When I freed myself from the line, I fell into the river, and the fish who had been enjoying it all the time and followed us up the stream was amply punished, for I fell on him and stunned him, and with a long pole I rolled him out on the dry land, and so it often is with those who try to take advantage of people in helpless condition that they themselves get into trouble. So Kup-ah-weese and his wife went to where he left the fish. This time Kup-ah-weese took the butcher knife along. The fish was so large, that they cut it open, and imagine their surprise when they found that the fish had just swallowed a bear, which had been trying to swim across the river. The bear was very fat, so they concluded they would rather have bear lard than the fish and they left the fish on the bank for the birds and took the bear home. So Kup-ah-weese and his wife had plenty of meat for the season.





The braves in each Delaware village were selected by Nehneeche-sham-ah-sete, the trainer or captain, who was usually an old man who had proven himself a warrior by training and in battle. The boys were usually selected from the poorer class of people, taking the heartiest and most apt boys that could be found, between the ages of six and eight years. These boys would be placed in the trainer's charge and would live in a lodge of their own.

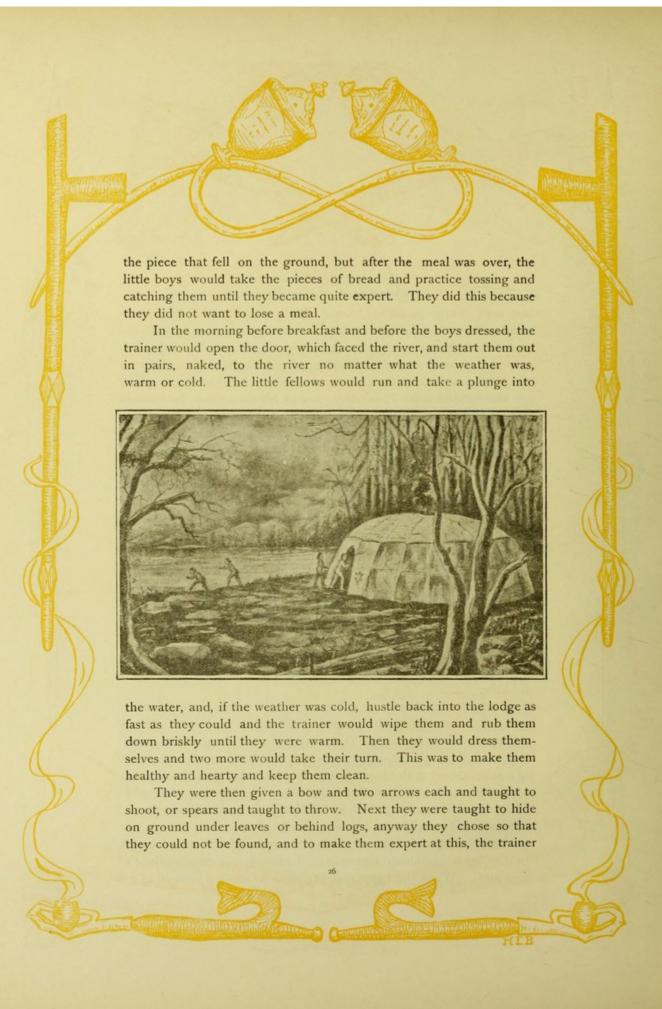
The Delaware Indians always lived in villages. The rich people would live in the centre of the village and the poorer people would live on the outskirts. Somewhere on the outskirts of the village, always near a creek or river, would be the lodge where the boys were trained. This lodge was called the Mel-um-who-ee-kahon. It was usually quite large, very dark, with no opening except the door and the place in the center for the smoke to escape, but was always a good house covered with skins instead of bark.

One man was designated to do the cooking for the boys. This was Neh-neeche-sham-ah-sete. Another was to do the hunting for them. The one who did the hunting was never to touch the flesh of the game he killed, but only to kill it and bring it to the house where the other man was to dress it and prepare it for the boys.

Two women were elected to prepare corn into meal to be used for bread for the boys, but those women were not allowed to do the cooking.

They brought the meal to the trainer and he prepared the bread by tying in corn husks the portion he allowed each boy to eat and boiling the bread in water. The meat was roasted on sticks around the fire. When the food was ready the trainer would place the boys in a row, usually a dozen or more, give each boy a sharp stick and toss him one of these dumplings or pones. The boy was required to catch it on the end of his stick. This was to make him quick and accurate, and train his eye as well as his hand.

After a boy has been in charge of a trainer for a certain length of time, he was punished if he missed the bread, by being deprived of that meal. When this happened, of course he was not allowed to eat



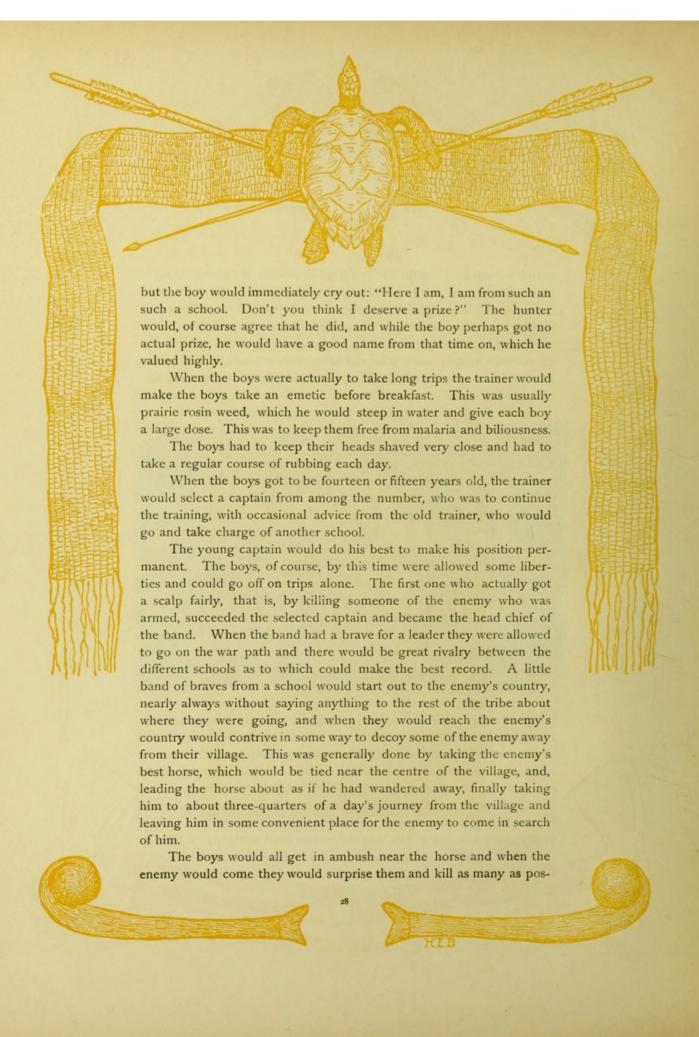
would whoop and say to the boys: "The enemy is coming, hide!"
Then everyone would run and seek cover, some lying flat on the ground and others getting behind logs or stumps. The trainer would then walk out and look for them. If he thought any of them were careless and did not try to hide, he would walk up to them and give them a few blows with a switch. This would make them try more next time, so as to escape a whipping. The trainer, of course, was the enemy who had found them in the play.

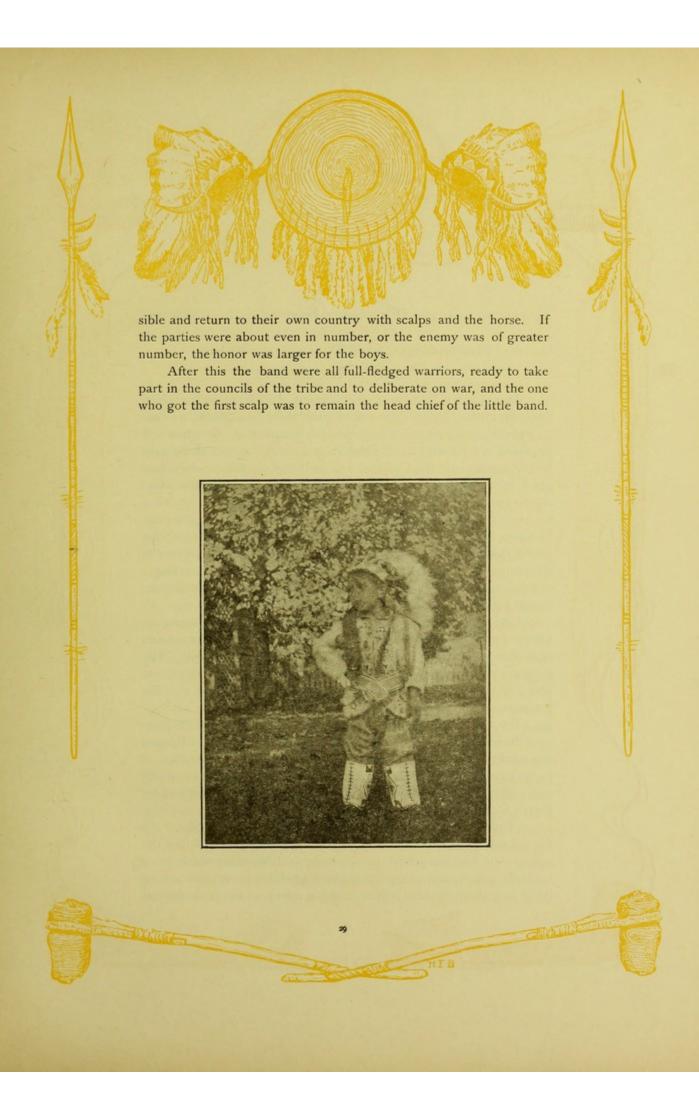
After the boys had been in school for a year or two, the trainer

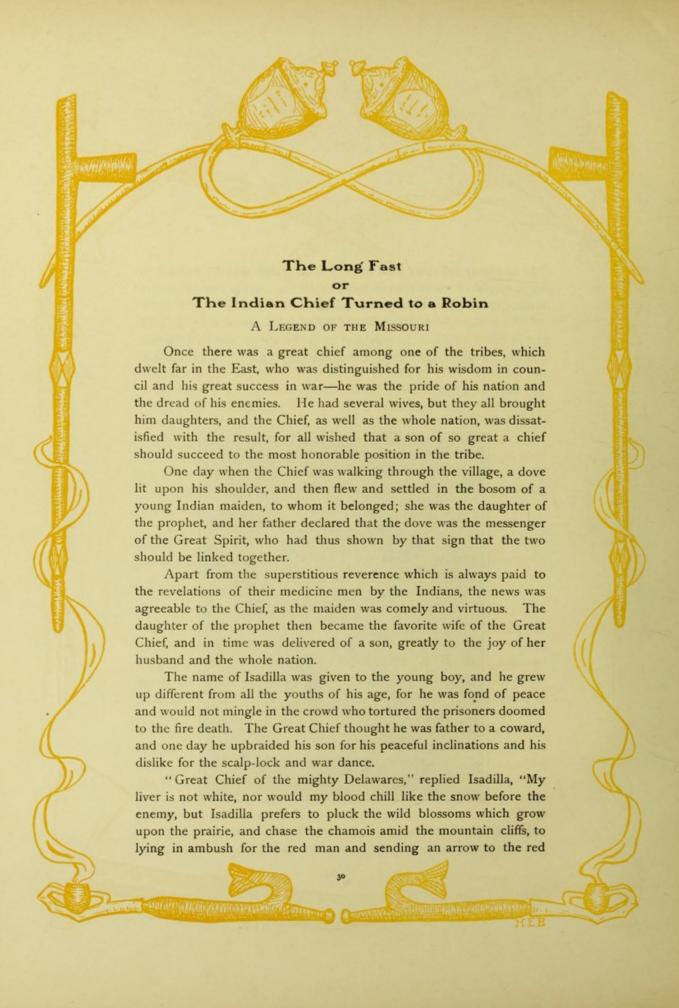
After the boys had been in school for a year or two, the trainer would say occasionally: "Well boys, we are going hunting and will be out two days. We will not take anything to eat with us for we are good hunters and are going to kill our own game." On these trips, however, they often did not get fifty yards away from the lodge. The trainer would see an imaginary deer, perhaps a stump or a colored leaf, and would say to one of the boys: "There is your game, shoot it." The little fellow would shoot and, if he missed it, he got nothing to eat. Those who hit the mark would get something to eat, but those who missed would have to do without until the trainer gave them another opportunity to try. For this reason they would practice very diligently between hunting trips so that they would not be compelled to go without something to eat.

The trainer would, once or twice a day, line the little boys up and tell them to close their mouths and hold their breath and see how far they could run without breathing. The purpose of this was to make them long-winded.

After the boys had been in school two or three years, the trainer would actually take them out on hunting trips or long tramping trips. He would offer a prize to the one who on these trips would find a hunter, not of the school but of the tribe, and slip up and surprise him. The way this was done is as follows: The trainer would point out a hunter, perhaps a mile away. They would all take great care that the hunter should not see them. A boy would slip up on the hunter, trying in every way to get closer without being observed, and finally might succeed in catching the hunter from behind. Of course the hunter would be startled and the experience might be dangerous,







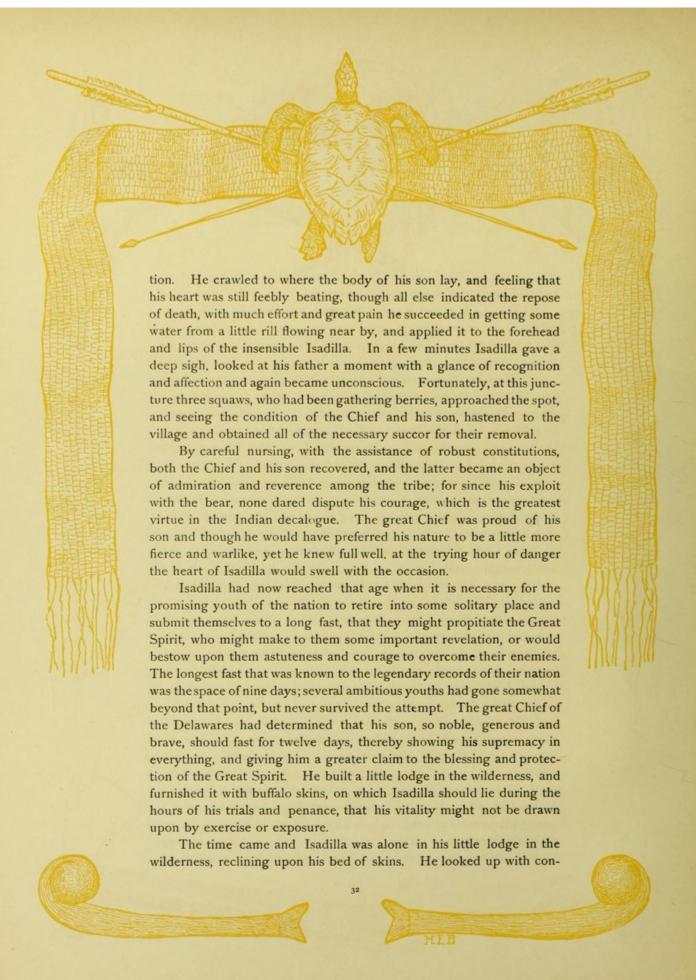
man's heart. The Great Spirit, who is the father of all the red men, has told him in his dreams to love them all."

The old Chief was about to respond angrily to the utterance of

The old Chief was about to respond angrily to the utterance of a homily so unbecoming a great warrior's son, and the future chief of a powerful tribe, when he saw a large bear approaching them, contrary to the custom of the animal, which usually avoids contact with man. The bear approached the two with angry demonstrations. The Chief had his bow and arrows and also a heavy stone instrument, made somewhat in the shape of a hatchet, and as Isadilla was unarmed, he told him to climb a tree nearby, that he might escape the danger of the conflict about to take place. The Chief then sank upon one knee and fixing a chosen arrow to his bow, aimed at the eye of the bear, when within a few feet; but the oscillating motion of the bear prevented it taking effect at the fatal point, and the point of the arrow struck the skull, which was too thick and hard to be penetrated.

The infuriated animal, giving a fearful and savage growl, rushed upon the Chief, who gave it a fearful blow with his stone hatchet, but was seized the next moment and a mortal struggle took place in the underwood. In a moment the Chief was bleeding from a hundred wounds, and the bear's mouth was already at his throat, when Isadilla, having picked up his father's hatchet, delt the bear a staggering blow over the eye, which completely destroyed it, and before the animal could recover, the blows were repeated in rapid succession until the bear fell to the earth, but, in his death agonies, succeeded in getting hold of Isadilla and larcerating him in a fearful manner, so that he lay insensible by the body of the dead bear.

The Chief was first to recover from the swoon in which he had fallen, from loss of blood, and as he saw the body of Isadilla lying beside that of the powerful beast, it was some time before he could recollect the circumstances, for it appeared almost impossible for a youth of his age to perform such an exploit. As the Chief saw the body of Isadilla, whom he thought dead, lying before him, and felt how great were his powers and how pure his filial affection, he mourned with a father's love his loss, and bitterly regretted the reproaches he had so often heaped upon a son so worthy of his honor and affec-



fidence to the Great Spirit, and felt that the light of his confidence would rest upon him, and every morning the great Chief of the Delawares visited his son, whom he encouraged to perseverance by appealing to his pride, his ambition and his noble instincts. The ninth day came and passed, and also the tenth; on the morning of the eleventh Isadilla was dying from weakness, and his full, rounded muscles had shrunken and withered from the prostrating effects of the dreadful ordeal.

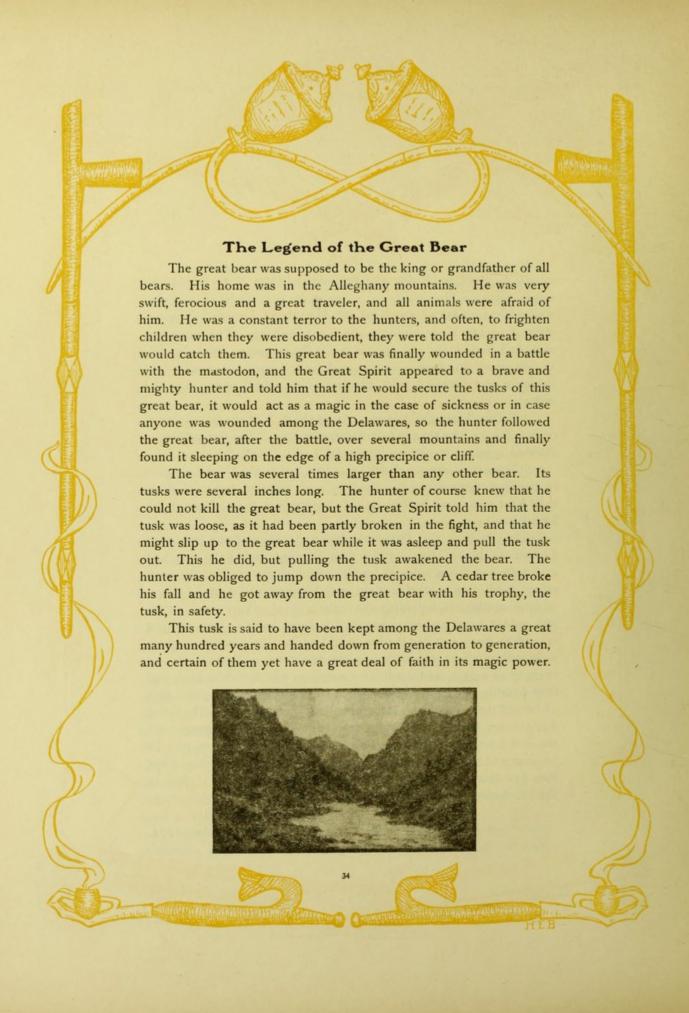
"Father," said the almost expiring youth, "I have fasted eleven days, a longer time than man ever fasted before. The Great Spirit is satisfied; give me something to eat that I may not die."

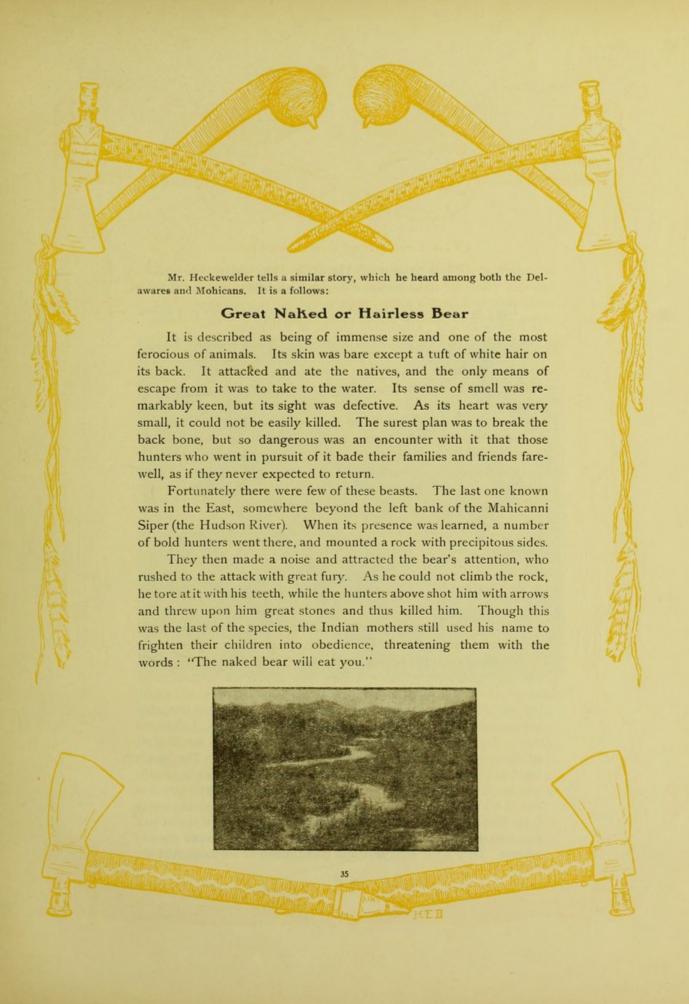
"Tomorrow, my son, I will bring you, before the bright sun rises in the East, some venison, cooked by your mother; fast until then, that your name may become mighty among the great chiefs of the Delawares."

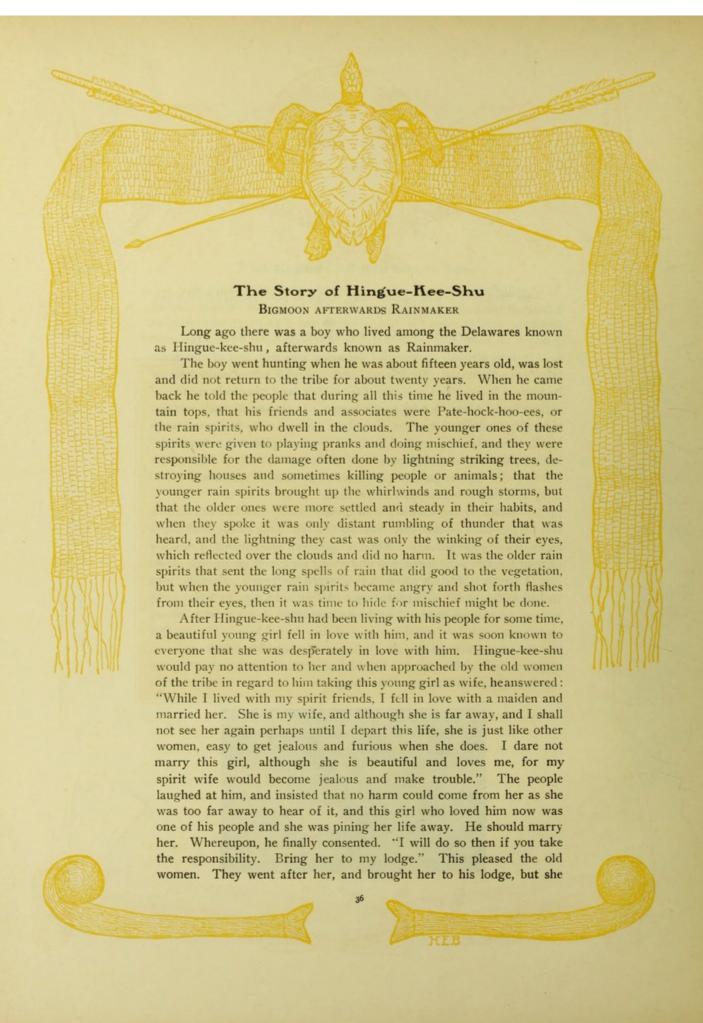
The Chief of the Delawares departed, proud of the fame that Isadilla would acquire, and the next morning before the sun had arisen, he was at the lodge of Isadilla with a good supply of the most savory food, but a strange sight met his view as he stood a few minutes motionless, regarding the scene within. There was a youth with golden wings and most beautiful features, having a halo of light around his head, painting the breast of Isadilla with vermillion and his body with a brown color; then in a moment the winged youth was changed to a dove, and Isadilla to a strange and beautiful bird, and they both flew through the door to a tree and the strange bird thus addressed the Chief of the Delawares: "Father, farewell. The Great Spirit, when he saw I was dying from hunger, sent a messenger for me, and I am changed to this bird. I will always preserve my love for man and will build and carol near his dwelling." The two birds then flew away, but every morning the robin, during the lifetime of the Chief, sang from the large oak tree that overhung his wigwam.

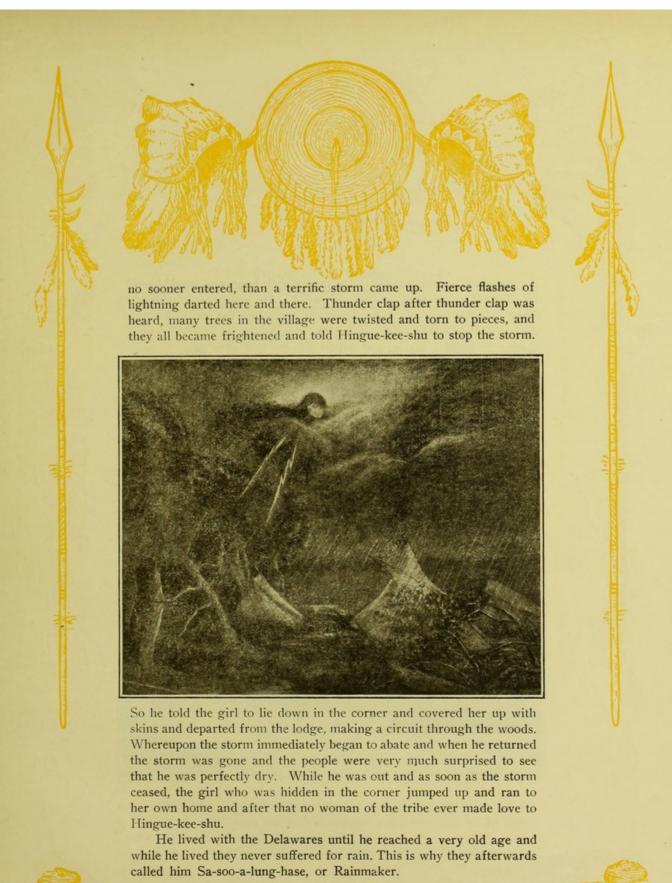
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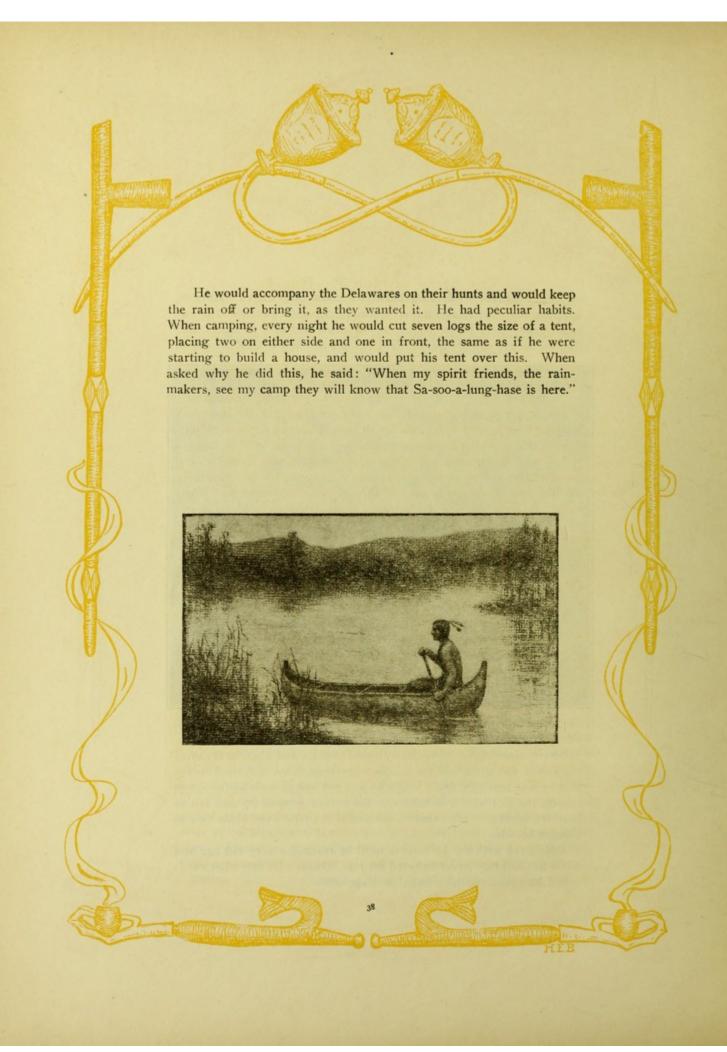
London, 1874.

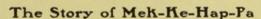






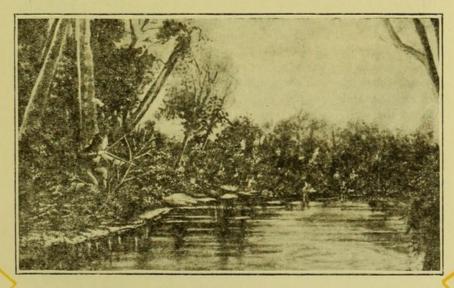






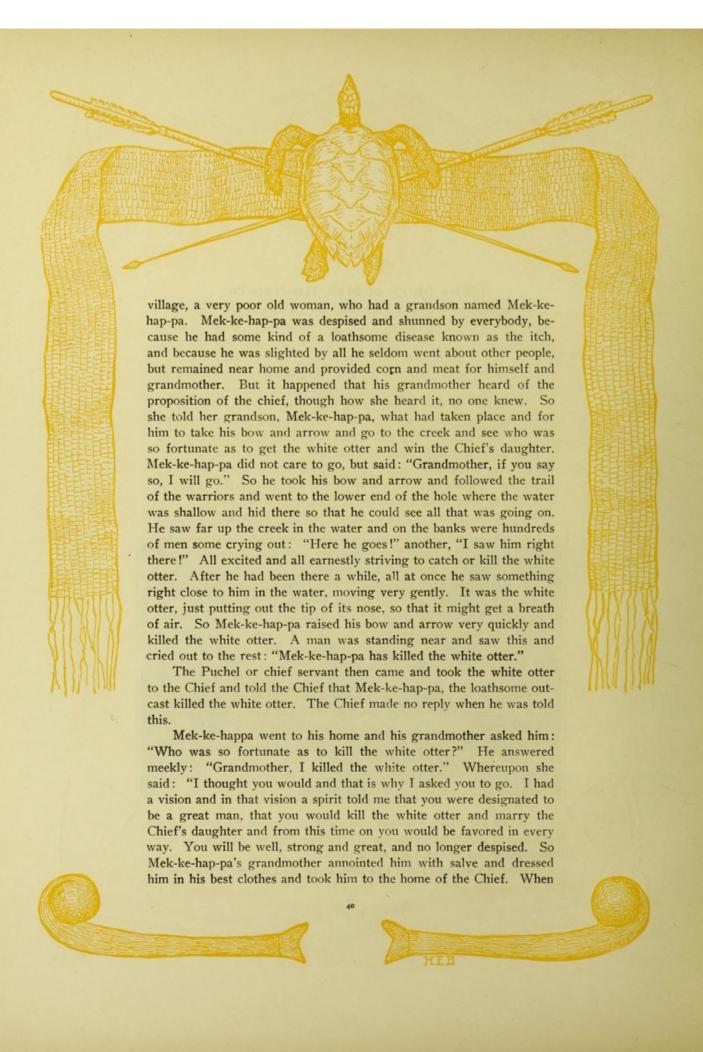
Long before the time of Tammany, the Delawares had a Sachem or head chief by the name of Sax-kees. Sax-kees had six beautiful daughters, and as he was exceedingly rich and a very dignified man, there was no young brave that dared make love to his daughters, so, to encourage the young men and keep his daughters from becoming oldmaids, he hit on a novel plan of marrying off one of them.

He called together all the young men, warriors and medicine men of the tribe and said to them: "On a certain creek not far from here is a long deep hole of water and in that hole of water a white otter lives. I want all you young men, warriors and medicine men to make a test of your shrewdness, talent and art, by going to-day to this hole of water and altogether surround it and try to kill or catch the white otter, and the one who sends to me the skin of this white otter that I may make a tobacco pouch of it, may select from my six daughters, a wife."

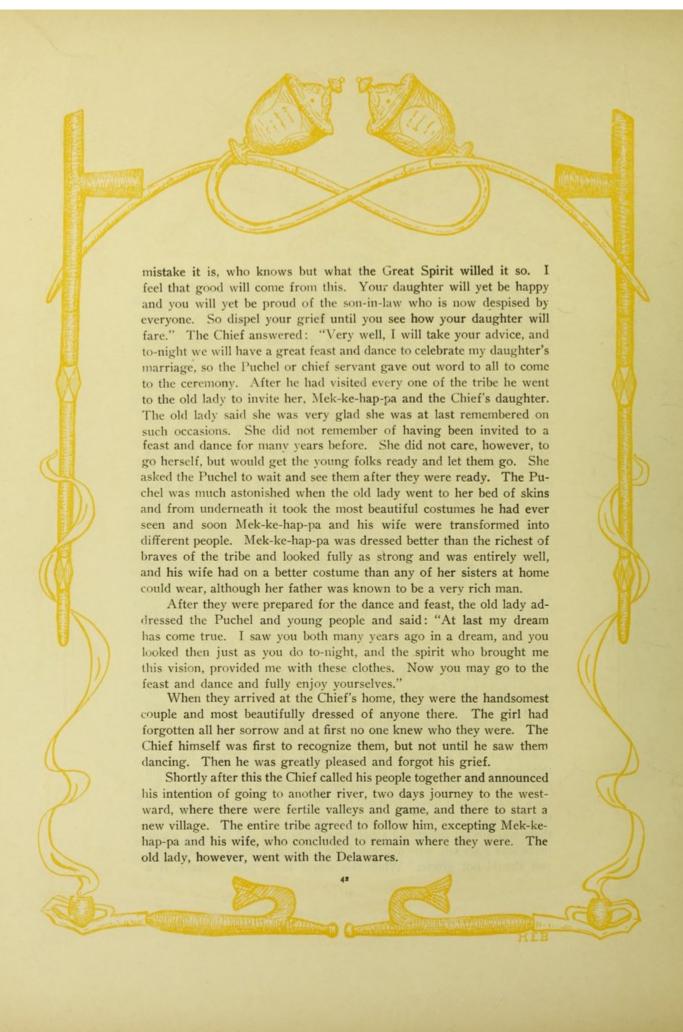


So all the young warriors and medicine men of the tribe left for the hole of water, each hoping and expecting that he might be the fortunate one to kill or catch the white otter.

Now it happened about this time, there lived in the outskirts of the



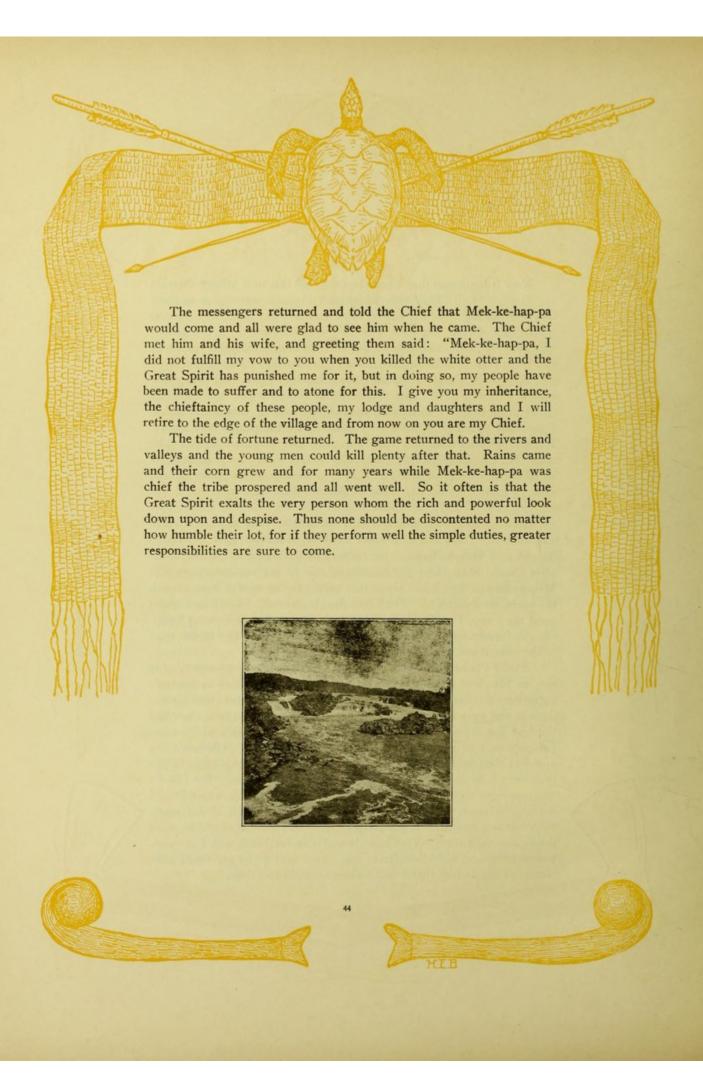
they arrived at the Chief's lodge and knocked they were bidden to enter, and the old lady addressed the Chief: "My Chief, we have heard of your vows. We know you are an honorable man and keep them. Mek-ke-hap-pa killed the white otter and I have brought him for your son-in-law, for you have said, that the man who killed the white otted should marry one of your daughters." The Chief dropped his head and made no reply. After he studied a long time, he finally spoke to the old woman and said: "Yes, that was my promise and I will keep it, although I fear my daughter will soon be afflicted with the same loathsome disease your grandson has and with it she may die. So saying, he called his oldest daughter to come in. When she came in, he said: "My child, I made a vow and by it I have given you to this young man, Mek-ke-hap-pa. The Great Spirit alone knows what will become of you. I fear that you will die with sores, but, my word is pledged and I must keep it." (Yet the Chief was not keeping his word altogether, for he had said that the man who killed the white otter, should have the choice of his daughters.) The girl began to cry and said: "Well, I will go and prepare my best dress and go with Mek-ke-hap-pa," but the Chief said "No, you go as you are." By this time all were weeping. The Chief and his daughter, because of the misfortune caused by his vow, Mek-ke-hap-pa and his grandmother because their feelings had been wounded by the Chief considering it a disgrace to have his daughter marry Mak-kehap-pa. Outside of the Chief's lodge a large crowd had gathered, so when the old lady led forth her grandson and the Chief's daughter, they all hung their heads, some with grief and some with shame and looked on no one as they passed through the crowd. After they had gone the Chief went to the door of his lodge to look after them, when he saw in his yard a great crowd assembled. Tears were in his eyes, thinking of his unfortunate child and he said: "My people, I would like to talk to you, but I am heart-broken and sad and cannot do so. By a foolish vow I have given my daughter up to a worthless man, for this I am much grieved." Saying this, he wept bitterly, but it happened there was among the crowd a noted medicine man and prophet, whose name was Kun-sah, who addressed the Chief as follows: "My chief, you should not grieve. While this seems to be your mistake, if a

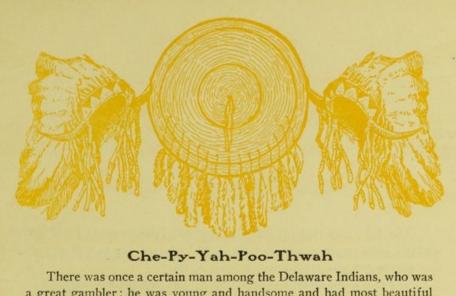


Now it happened that when they reached this new village drought and famine set in. They raised nothing and game was scarce so there was distress and want instead of happiness and plenty as they had expected, but during this time Mek-ke-hap-pa never forgot his grandmother. He had a bountiful supply of corn and killed plenty of game and from time to time would take his grandmother all she needed.

Finally the Chief called the people together again and said: "My people, I fear I have made a mistake in bringing you here and the Great Spirit is angry with us because of my mistake. If I am to blame, I am ready to resign in favor of anyone whom the people may name.' The people answered that they were not able to name anyone who could fill his place, but the Chief was still grieved and discontented, so he consulted his daughters. Then the voungest one spoke up and said: "Father, since you have mentioned these things to us, I will tell you of my dream, in which a spirit told me, that you should take me home. I asked the spirit, what he meant by that, and the answer was, that the Chief did not fulfill his vow, when he gave his oldest daughter to Mek-ke-hap-pa, for he said that whoever killed the white otter should have the right to choose one of his six daughters. If Mek-ke-hap-pa had been given this privilege, he would have chosen the youngest daughter." The Chief then answered: "I will then make good my vow. I will send for Mek-ke-hap-pa and give him my lodge, my chieftaincy and my daughters and I myself will retire to the edge of the village and he shall be my chief.

So the Puchel was sent with some of the head warriors summoning him to his chief. When the messengers arrived at Mek-ke-hap-pa's lodge they did not find him at home, but his wife met them and invited them in and gave them a bountiful meal. This was something they had not had for a long time. After dinner the messengers told Mek-ke-hap-pa's wife of the trouble and famine the tribe was suffering from and that the Chief had summoned Mek-ke-hap-pa to his lodge. While they were talking Mek-ke-hap-pa came and greeted them. The Chief's message was soon delivered to him and Mek-ke-hap-pa replied: "I am always ready to answer the summons of my Chief. I am ready to divide my wealth with my people, but I fear the Chief would want me to live with them. This has always been my home and I am contented here, and would prefer to stay, but I will do as my Chief bids. You may say to him that I will be there within two days."





There was once a certain man among the Delaware Indians, who was a great gambler; he was young and handsome and had most beautiful eyes, so beautiful and bright that everyone who saw them could not help admire them.

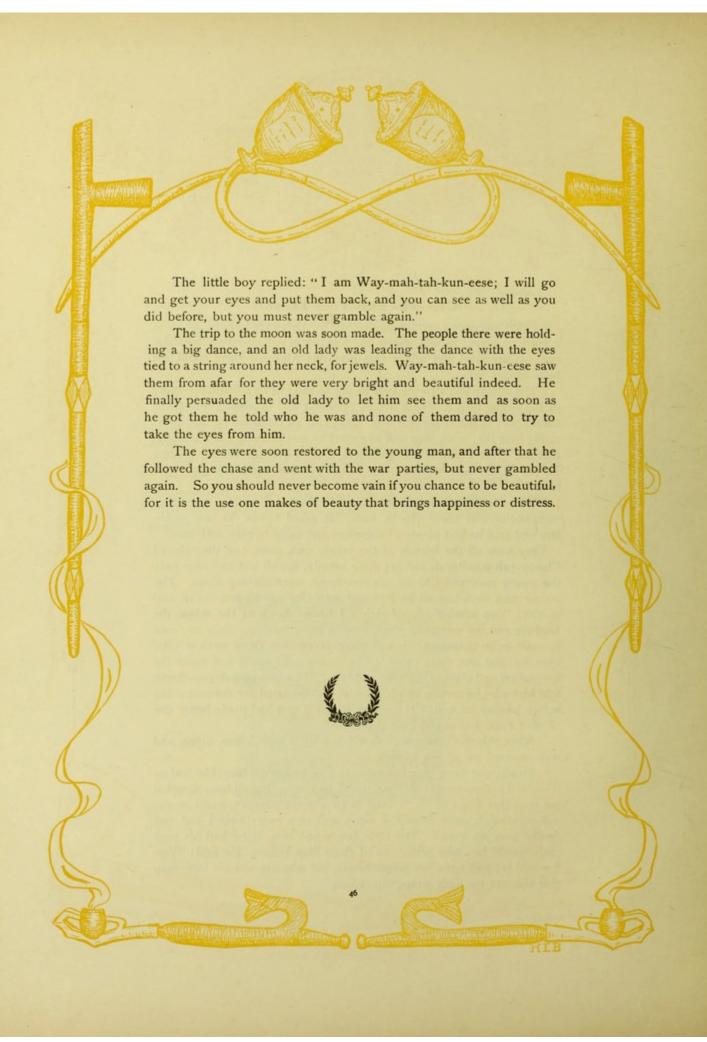
His beauty and alluring eyes he put to bad use by influencing many of the young men to lead a life of gambling and indolence, instead of taking part in the chase and war. So great an influence he was exercising over the young men and so expert he was becoming at gambling, that the great Chief of the gamblers, Che-py-yah-poo-thwah, became jealous of him and left his home in the moon to come and play with him.

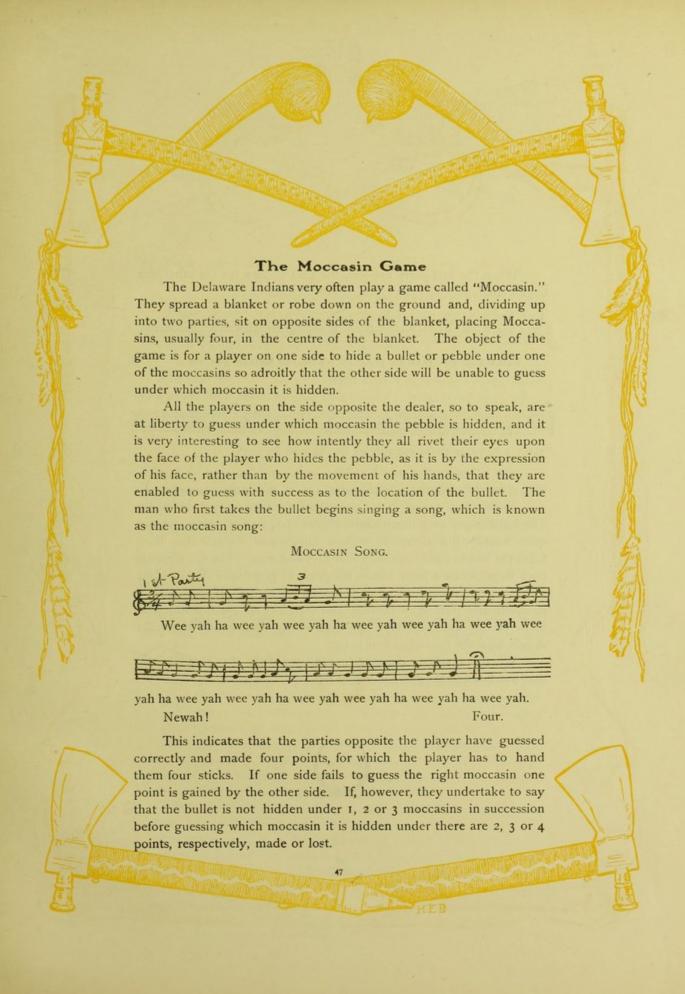
When Che-py-yah-poo-thwah came he looked just like any other man and no one knew who he was. He asked to see the best gamblers and said he had plenty of wampum and came to play with men.

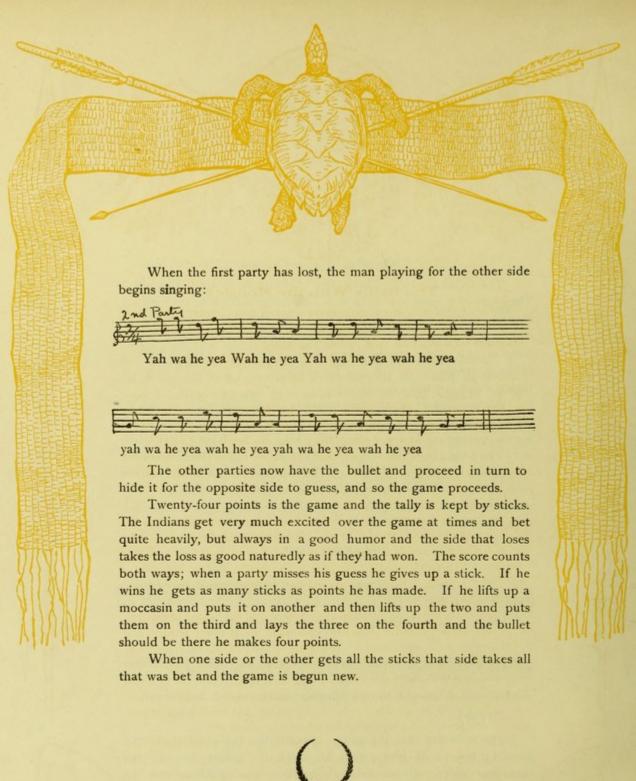
Very soon all the friends of the young man came, and they played Che-py-yah-poo-thwah and bet quite heavily, but all lost and soon only the young man and Che-py-yah-poo-thwah were playing alone. The young man soon lost all he had and then Che-py-yah-poo-thwah said to him: "See what a pile of riches I have. Look at the robes, the feathers and the wampum. See, here is more wampum than any man in your tribe possesses. I will stake everything there against your eyes, on just one more game." The young man could not resist the temptation and played the game and lost. Then Che-py-yah-poo-thwah told him who he was and took his eyes and departed for the moon, but before leaving he said: "My young friend if you had made better use of your eyes, you would have them still."

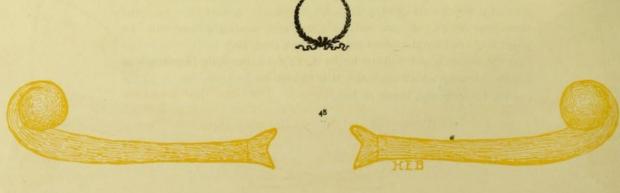
After this the young man dwelt in a little bark house, alone, and was deserted by all his friends.

Finally one day a little boy came to him, and asked him if he had no friends. He answered: "No; one time I had many, but all have deserted me now that I am blind. I used to be a great gambler, and Che-py-yah-poo-thwah came from the moon and won everything I had and finally won my eyes." The little boy asked him, if he had his eyes back, would he make better use of them than before. He said: "Yes, I would try and serve my people better, but who are you my little man that you ask me such strange questions."











When the world was young, there lived in this country many huge Monsters, some who dwelt in the sea, some who roved over the land, and some who lived on land and in the water.

The grandfather of these Monsters was greater than them all and exceedingly wise. He invaded every known region of the world, respected no one's right and preyed upon every living creature. Neither sea nor mountains, nor marshes could stop him, and he was a terror to all living things. When he crossed the mountains he made tracks on the stones, and in many places his tracks can be found to-day.

The people were much distressed and called to the Great Spirit for strength to fight the Monster. The Great Spirit told the Chiefs and head men that it was not always bone and muscle that overcame difficulties, but more times brains.

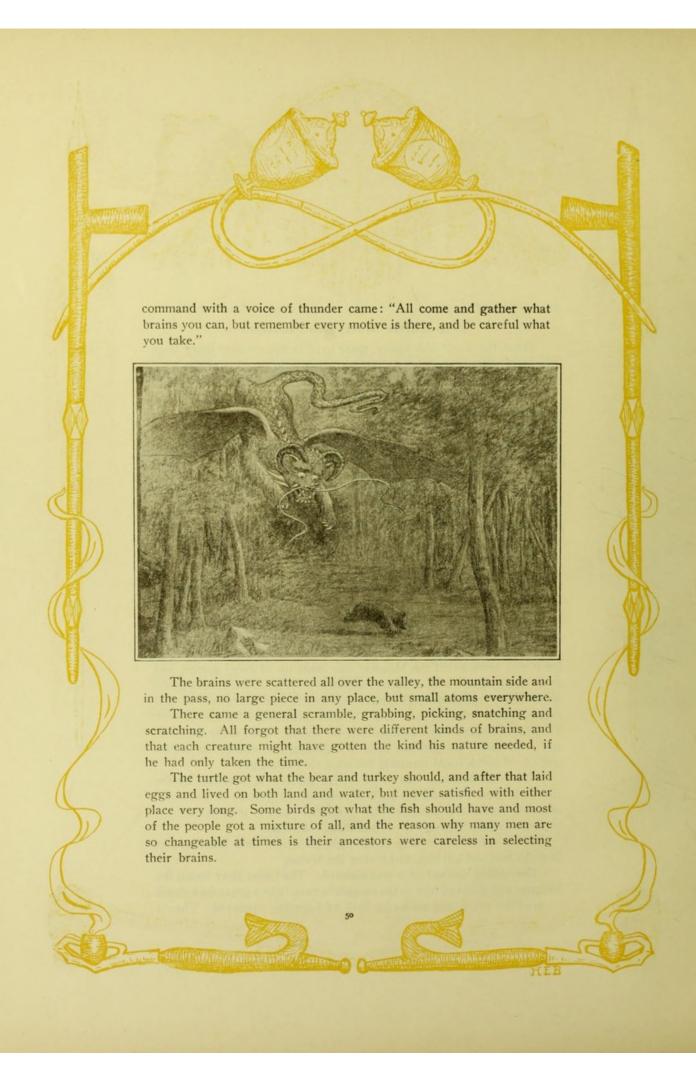
So a general council was called and all tribes met, and it was decided that the Monster should die and his brains divided among all who had taken part in killing him. The Great Bear came to the council and said that the animals would take part in the battle, and would want a share of the brains. So it was agreed that both man and beast would fight the Monster.

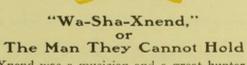
Then, there arose the question as to how would the brains be divided, for it was known that the Monster was made up of every nature, and every desire, good, evil, wisdom, foolishness, love, kindness, friendship, wrath, envy, jealousy, truthfulness and deceit, and every motive that ever was, and different parts of the brains represented different motives. The Rain Manitou was consulted, and he said he would strike the monster with one of his greatest bolts of lightning and scatter his brains. and all creatures could scramble for what they could get.

The Rain Manitou was to sit on the top of the mountain by the side of a Great Pass, all the Indians and animals were to be concealed on either side of the pass, and the Great Bear was to go and dare the Monster to fight him, and then run through the Pass.

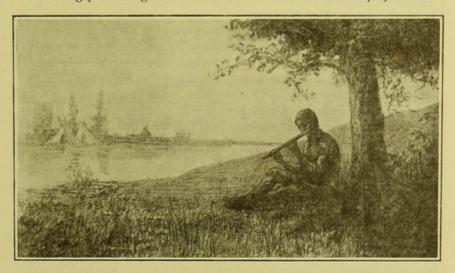
When the Monster came to the right place, the Rain Manitou was to strike him and kill him, and scatter the brains.

Everything worked as it was planned. The Great Bear found the Monster and decoyed him to the mountain pass, then a great dark cloud covered the place, and an awful flash of lightning appeared. Then a





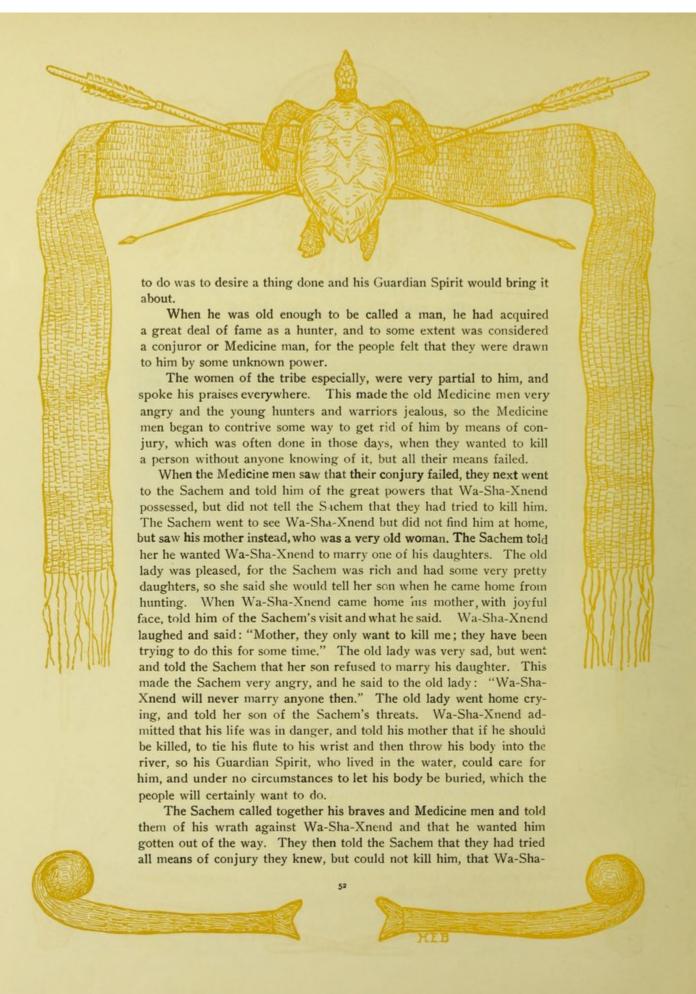
Wa-Sha-Xnend was a musician and a great hunter, who lived in times long past and gone. For hours and hours he would play on his



flute which was made of cedar wood. Sometimes he would stop and sing, as if he was talking to someone. He learned, while a small boy a secret of the medicine men, which came to him while he was playing the flute.

It was this: "All are possessed of certain influences, although they may not know it. Some derive their power from one source and some from another. When we know in what way we are strong and from where we get the power, all we need then is firmness and bravery to succeed. If we fail, it is not because our Guardian Spirit is not faithful, but because we listen to voices of our enemies and not to our own Guardian Spirit who would lead us aright."

Wa-Sha-Xnend's guardian spirit came from the water Manitou, and by the use of his flute he could summon his Guardian Spirit to him, and receive from him great power, which he could use to influence both man and beast. So great was his power, that many times all he had





Xnend was brave and watchful, and it would be dangerous to try to kill him, besides he was very popular, and his friends would avenge his murder. While they were trying to solve the problem, a woman came to the Sachem and told him she could kill him if they would wait until a certain time. The woman was a very untidy, good-fornothing woman, who lived alone and was believed to be a witch, so the Sachem agreed to let her try.

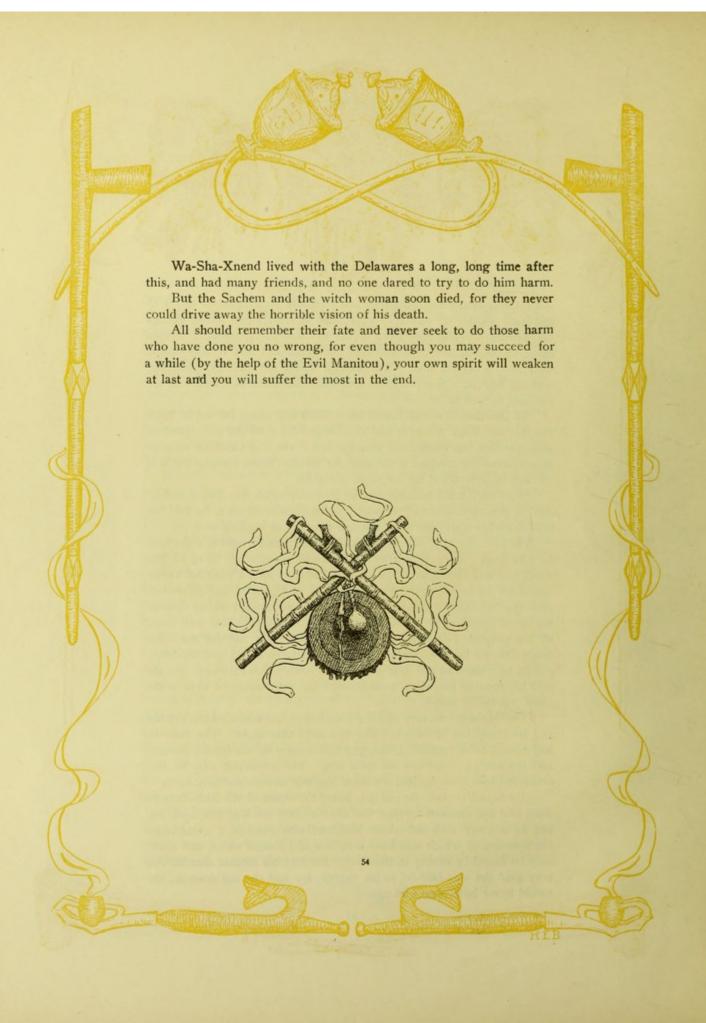
All this time Wa-Sha-Xnend knew what was going on, but he knew too that the water Manitou had greater powers than the evil Manitou, who guarded the witch, and that he was brave and steadfast enough to overcome his enemies in the end, for malice cannot conquer right if we will bravely stand up for right ourselves.

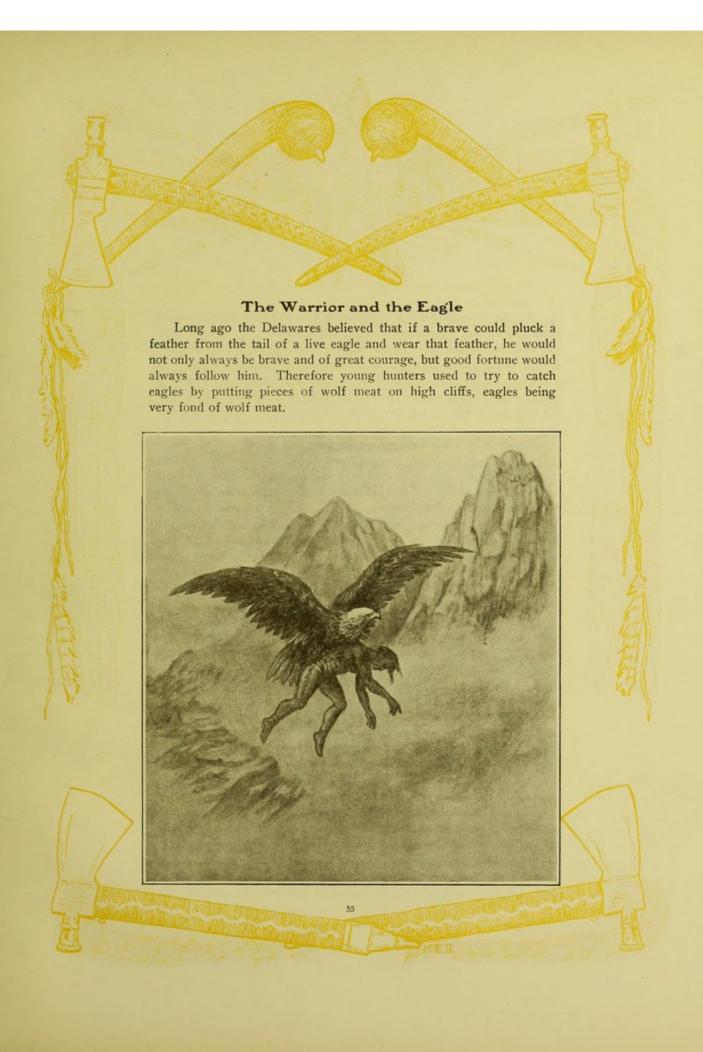
Wa-Sha-Xnend told his mother that the witch was going to succeed in getting him out of the way, and that she must do as he told her to do with his body; she must not lose courage or hesitate at all.

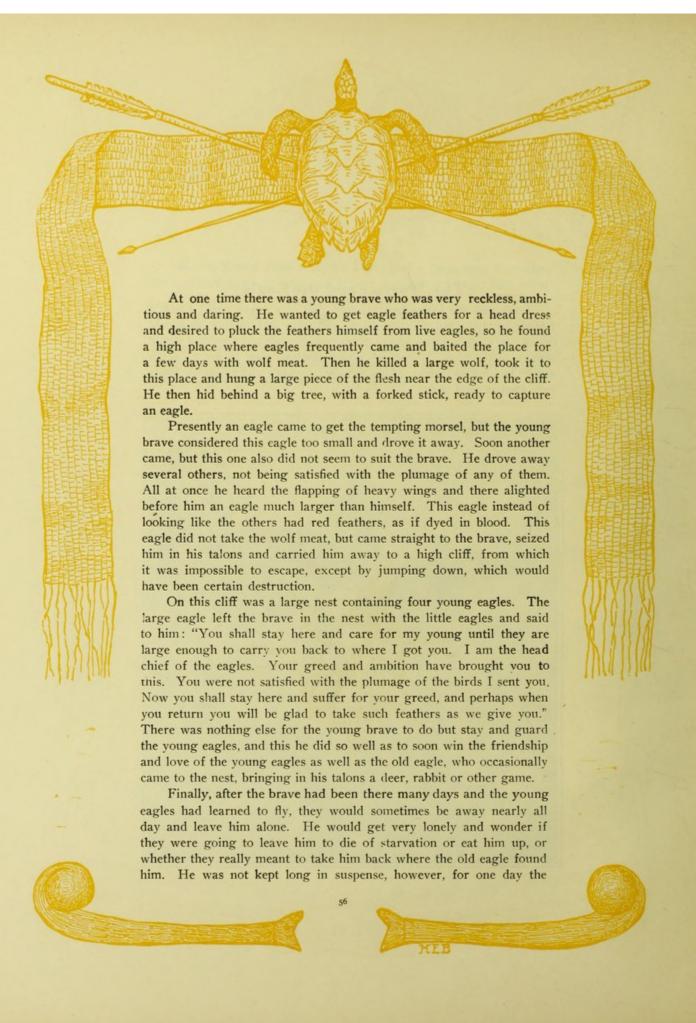
The next morning when Wa-Sha-Xnend's mother went to wake him, he was dead. Very soon after the Sachem came to see him, for the witch had told him he would be dead, and when he heard Wa-Sha-Xnend was dead, he seemed very much surprised and grieved and offered to give Wa-Sha-Xnend a magnificent funeral and himself would furnish the burial dress, as he was a great hunter, and besides was well loved by the people. But Wa-Sha-Xnend's mother said she did not want honors shown her son, for she believed him to be killed, and therefore should be treated as one who was killed—simply thrown away. So she tied his flute to his wrist, took him by the feet, dragged him to the river and threw him in.

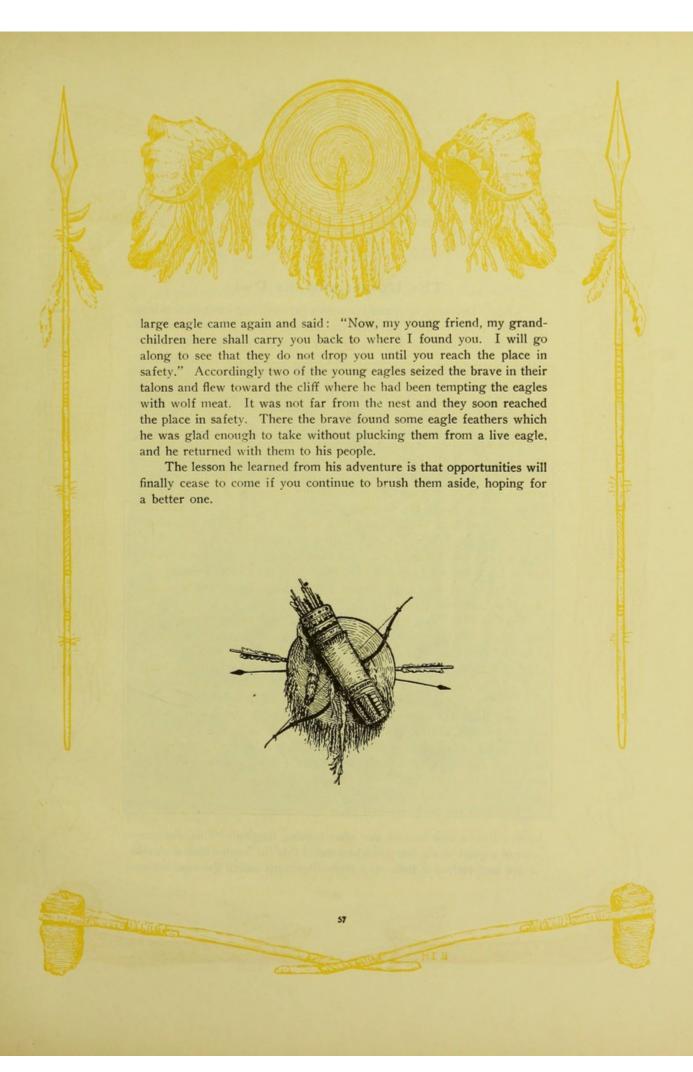
The Sachem was very much astonished at this action of the mother and he could not drive away the vision of that sight. The man he had caused to be murdered, dragged to the river by his frantic mother, and thrown away as one would a dog. He wondered why he had murdered him when he had not done him nor anyone else any harm.

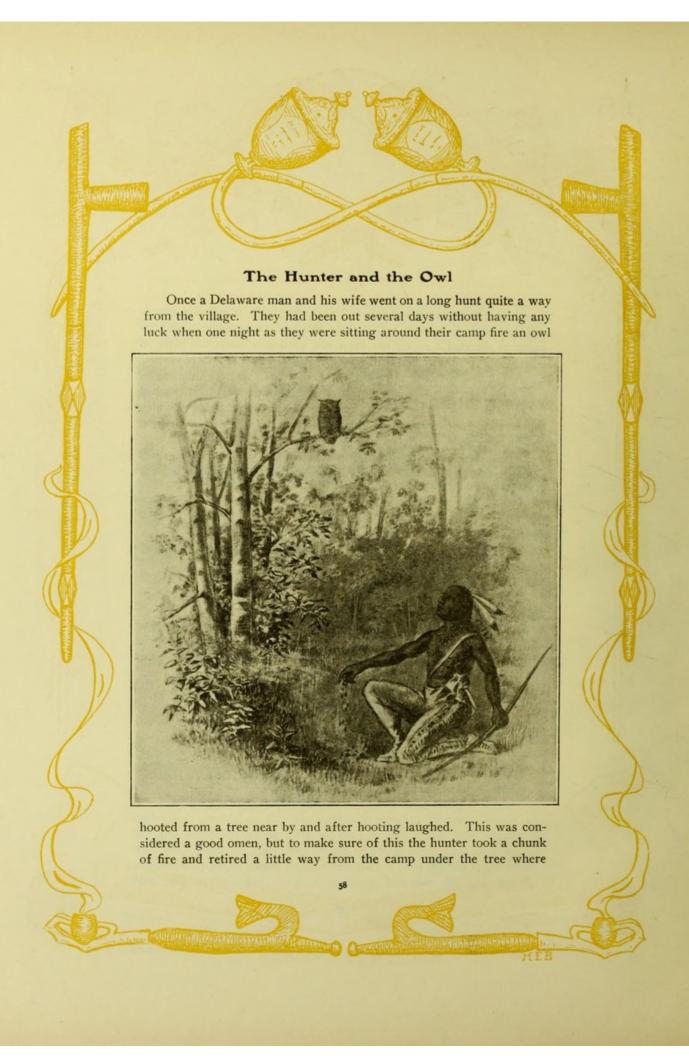
Six days after this, the old lady heard the music of Wa-Sha-Xnend's flute, and she shouted for joy, for after all her son was not dead, but had been away with the water Manitou, who lived in a great cave, the entrance of which was known to Wa-Sha-Xnend alone, and could only be found by diving in the river. He told his mother that he was very glad she was faithful to his charge, for had she not done so, she would never have seen him again.

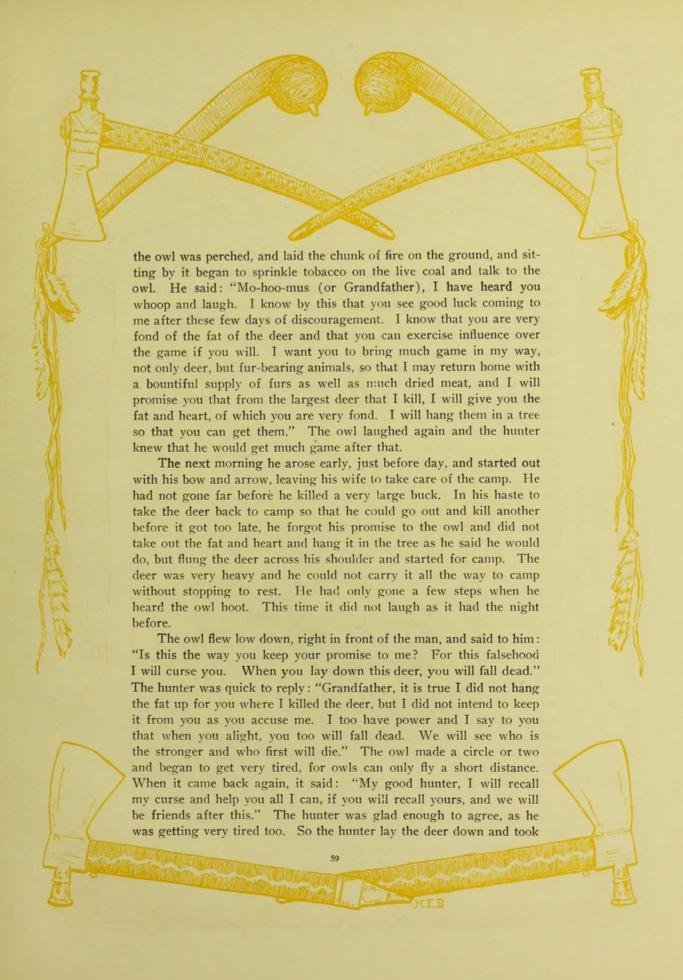


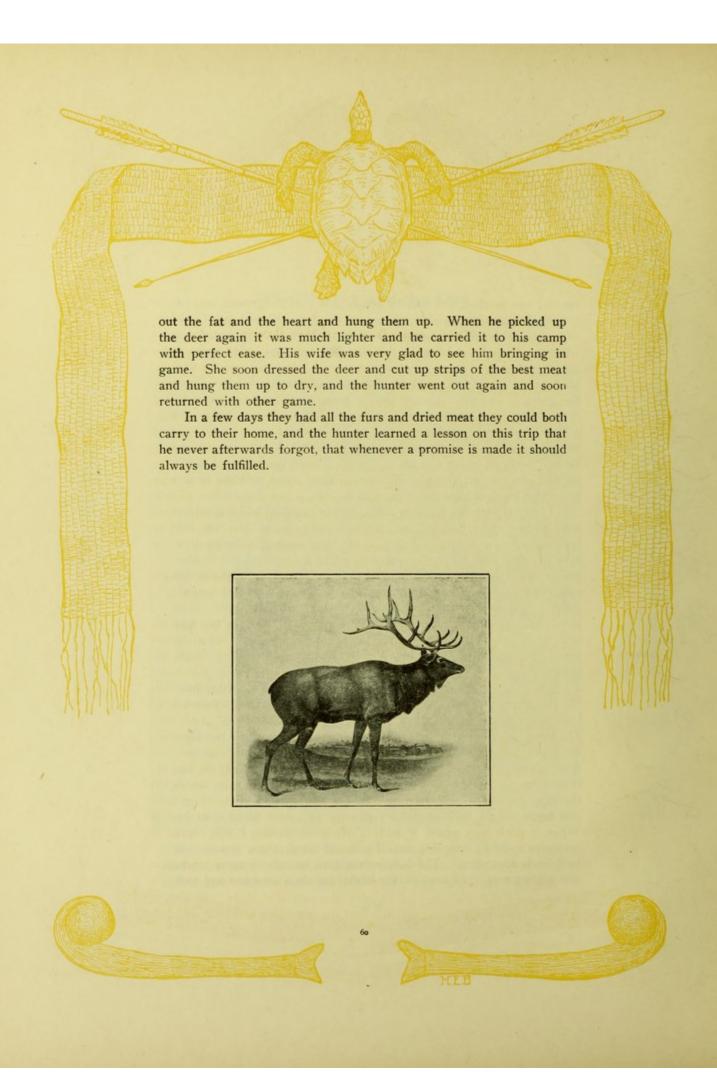












The Little Boy and the Bears

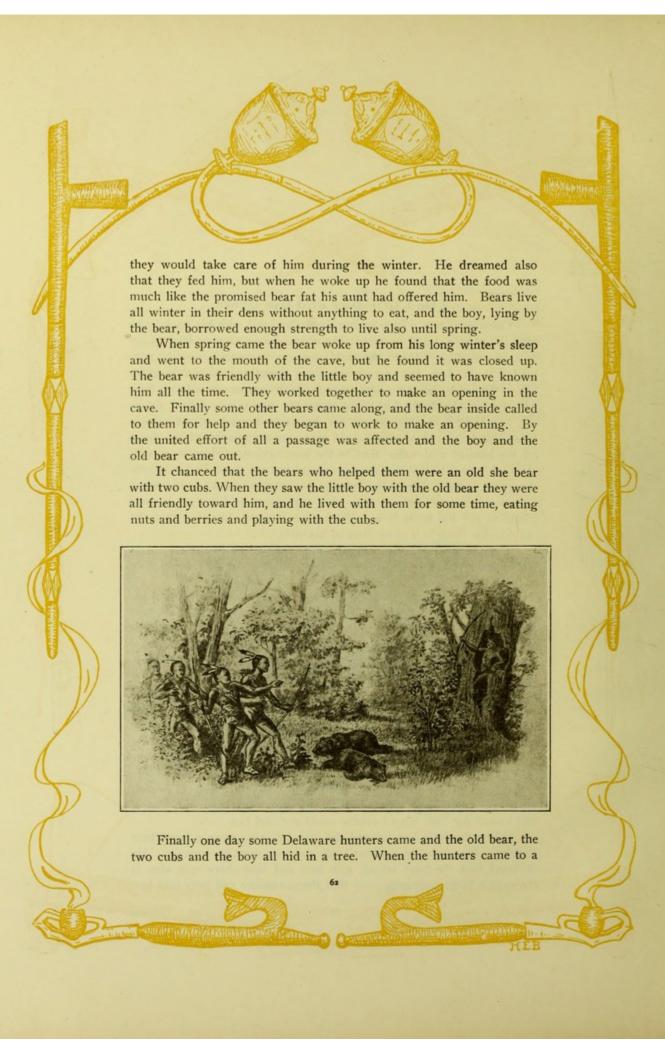
Once there was a little orphan boy who lived with his uncle, who was an old hunter and warrior. The old warrior was very fond of the boy, but his wife disliked the child and was mean to him. She pretended to like him, but was always doing something to vex or worry him. When she would cook hominy, which was seasoned with bear fat, she would ask the boy if he wanted a nice piece of bear fat to eat. Of course the boy, eager for the sweet morsel, would answer "Yes," and the old woman would take out a spoonful of the foam off the hominy and offer that to the boy, saying: "Here is a nice piece of bear fat." When the boy would put the foam in his mouth, there was nothing there. He scarcely got anything to eat except when his uncle was present and saw what was given to him, yet he was afraid to tell his uncle how badly he was treated, knowing that the old warrior thought a great deal of his wife.

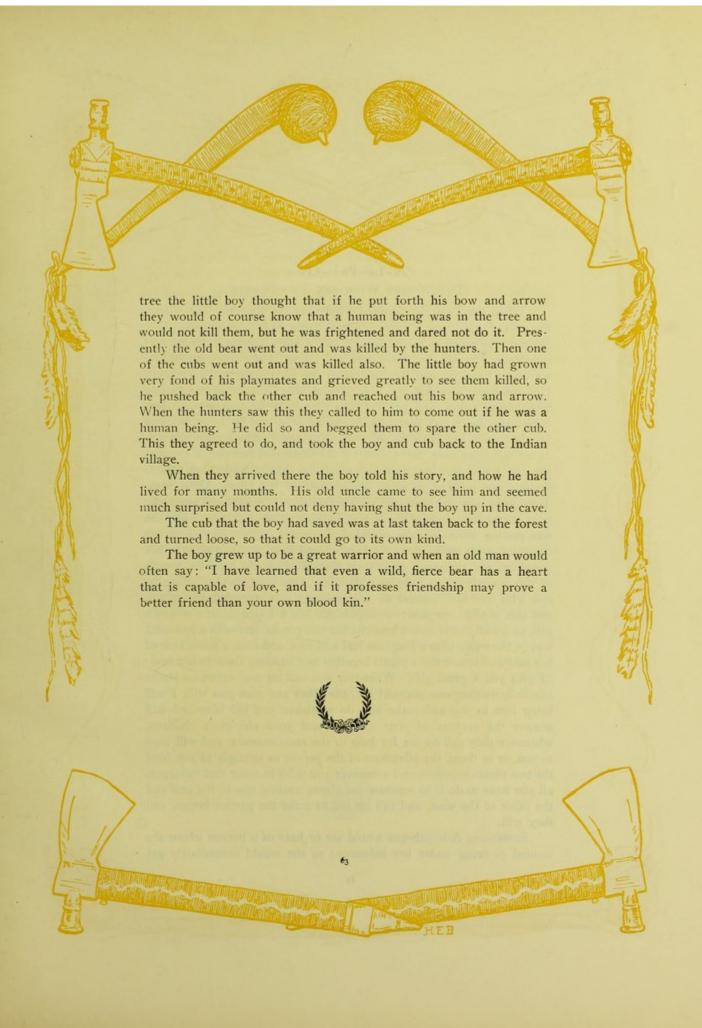
The old warrior, however, was not deceived as to the treatment his nephew was receiving and grieved greatly over not being able to provide for the boy better.

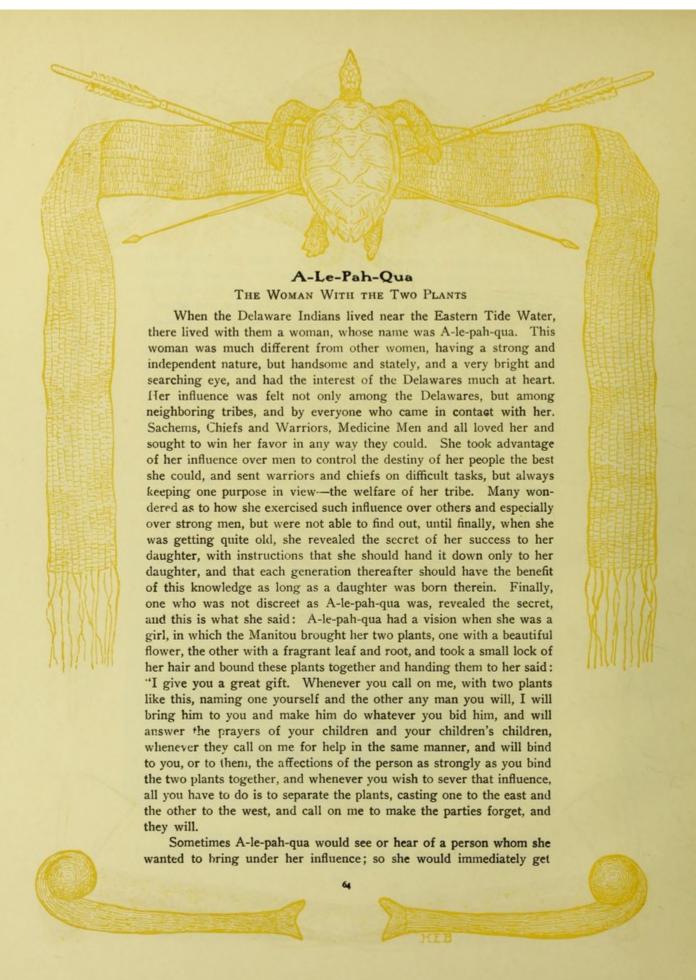
One winter day he took the boy hunting. The little boy had his small bow and arrow and his uncle had a large bow. After they had gone quite a distance from home they came to a cave in which the hunter thought bears were wintering. It is generally known that bears go into caves in the fall and sleep all winter. He told the little boy to enter the cave and scare the bear out and he would then kill it When the boy went into the cave the old hunter rolled a large stone across the mouth of the cave, thus preventing the boy from getting out, and went on his way very sorrowful, but feeling that the boy would soon be out of his misery as the bears would certainly eat him up.

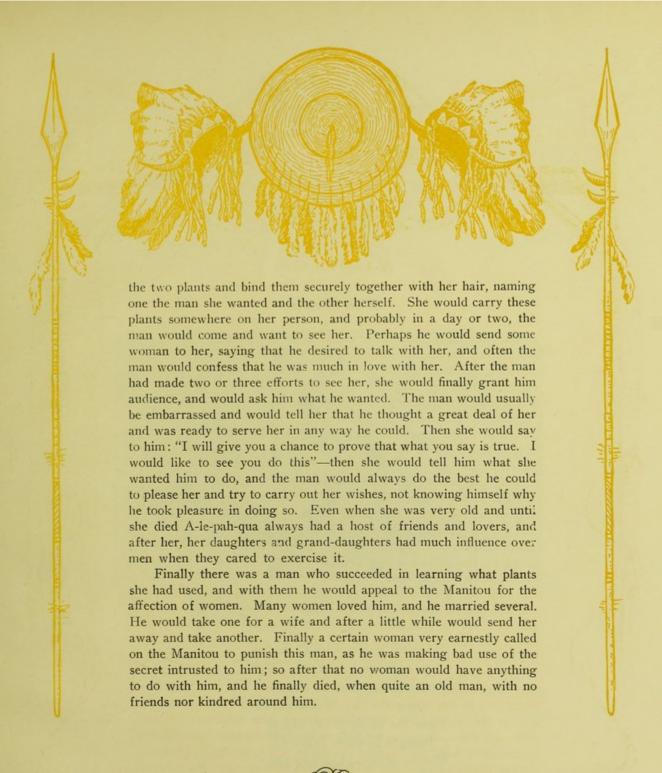
When the old warrior reached home he asked his wife where the little boy was. She said she did not know and had not seen him. "Well," the hunter replied, "I thought he would be here, as he left me a long while ago." They told all the people that the boy was lost and looked for him, but of course could not find him.

When the little boy entered the cave he came upon a large bear sleeping. He nestled by the bear's side and soon went to sleep also. He dreamed that the bear talked with him and that there was also in the cave a large porcupine, and that the porcupine and bear told him

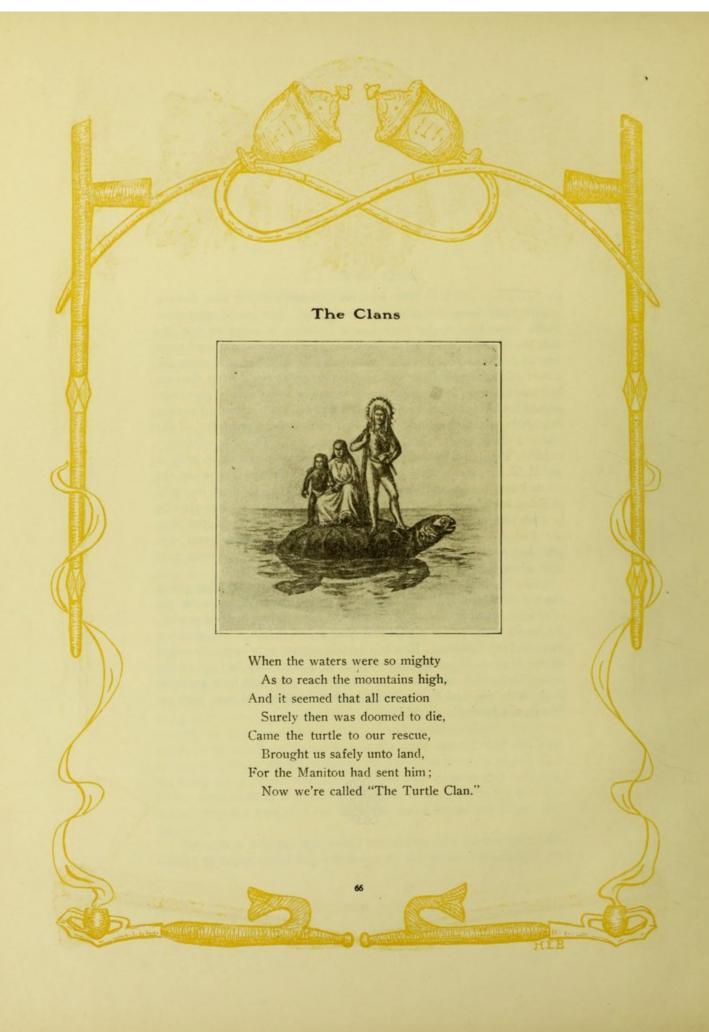


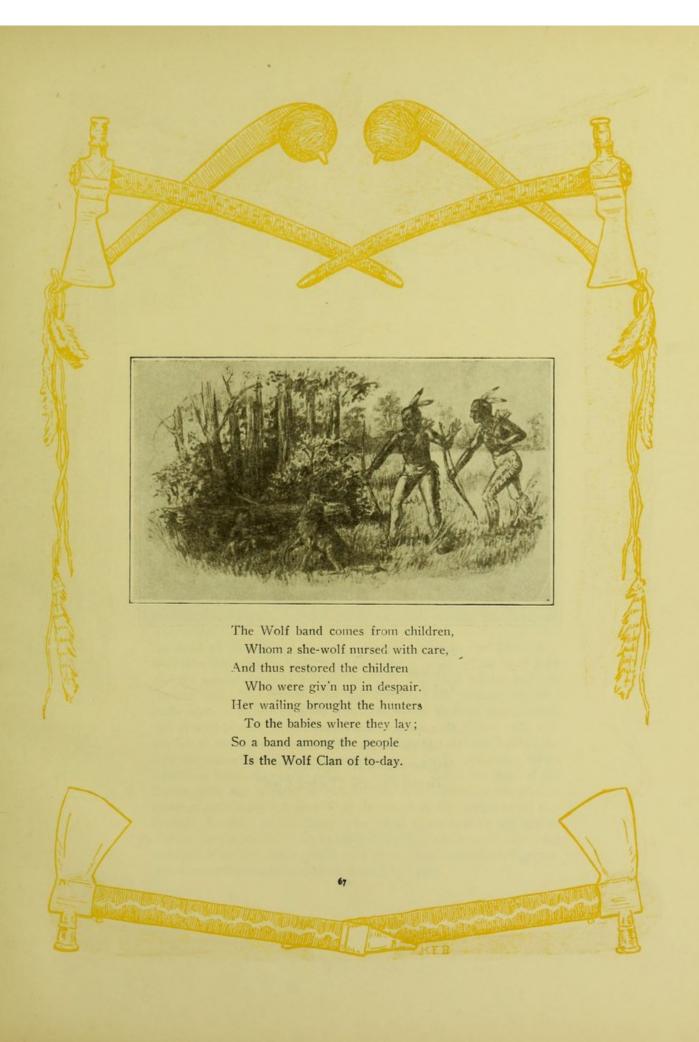


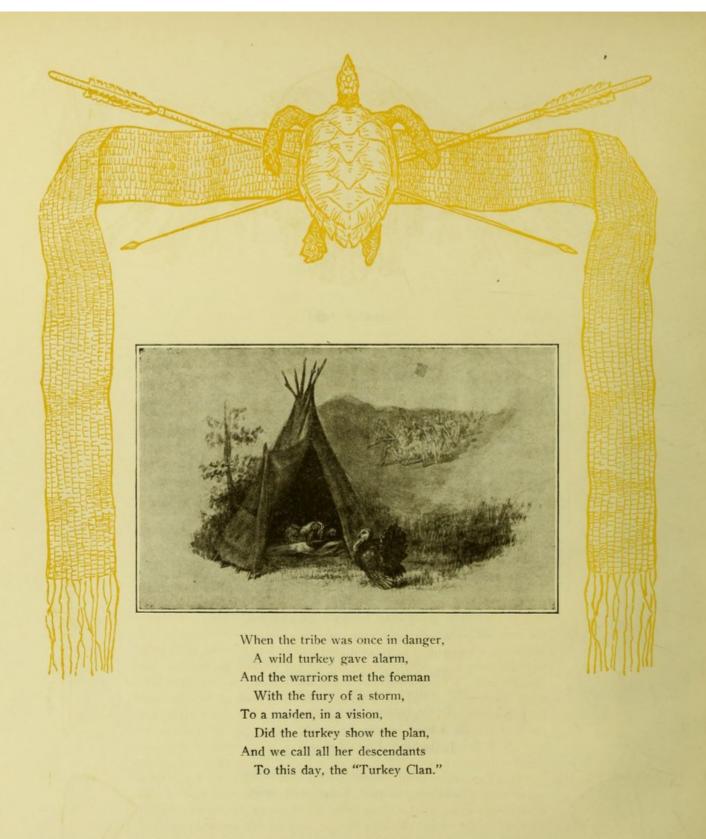


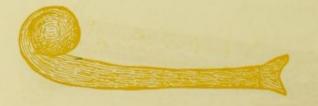




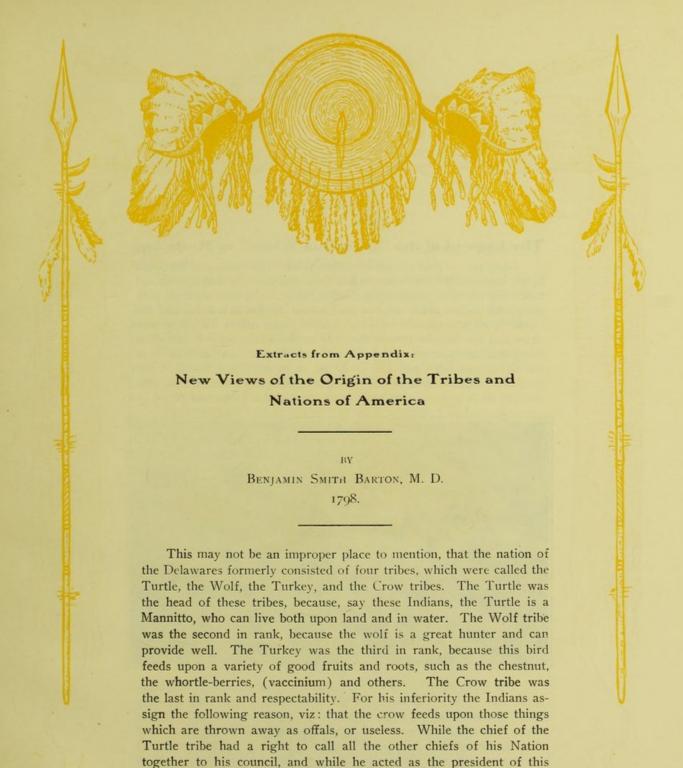




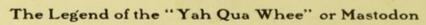




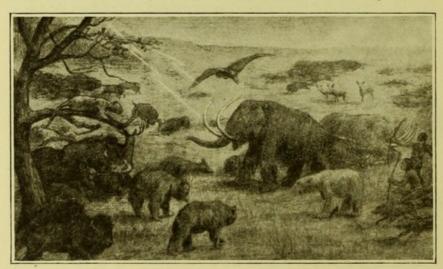




council, the chief of the Crow tribe could never rise to any higher dignity, in the nation, than to that of lighting the council-pipe, and handing it to the other chiefs and councillors assembled together.

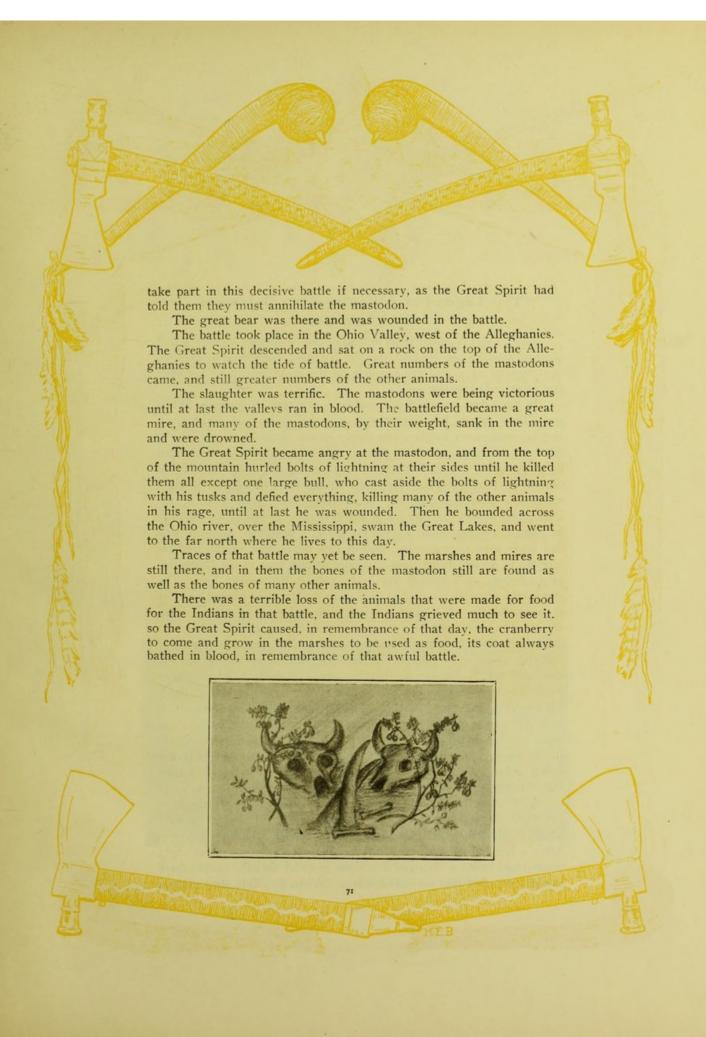


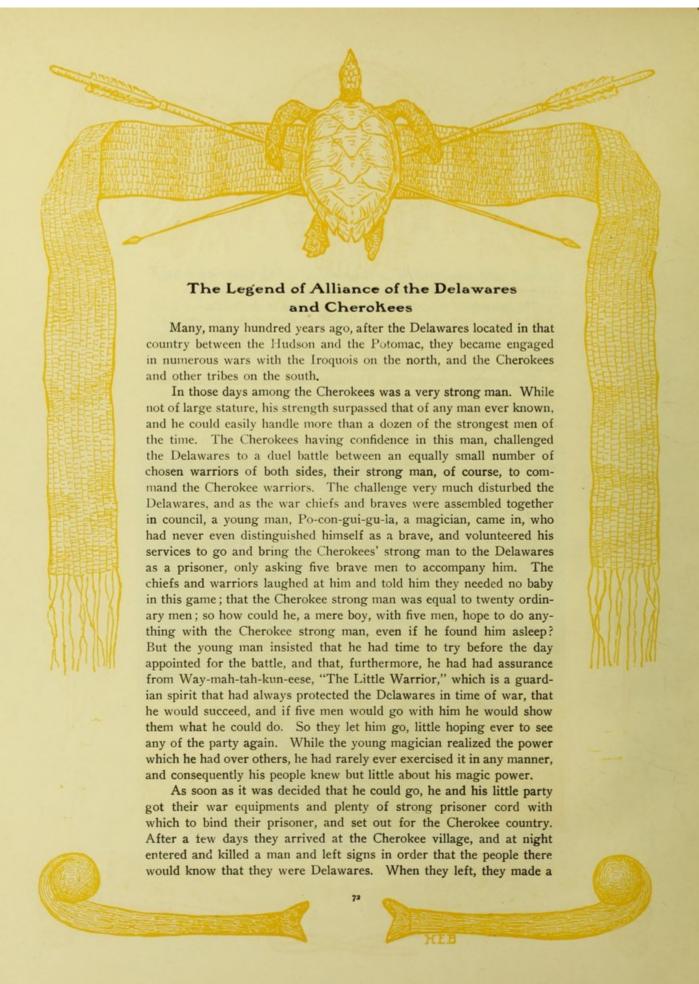
Long ago, in time almost forgotten, when the Indians and the Great Spirit knew each other better, when the Great Spirit would appear and talk with the wise men of the Nation, and they would counsel with the people; when every warrior understood the art of nature, and the Great Spirit was pleased with his children; long before the white man came and the Indians turned their ear to the white man's God; when every warrior believed that bravery, truth, honesty and charity were the virtues necessary to take him to the happy hunting-grounds; when the Indians were obedient and the Great Spirit was interested in their welfare there were mighty beasts that roamed the forest and plains.



The Yah Qua Whee or mastodon that was placed here for the benefit of the Indians was intended as a beast of burden, and to make itself generally useful to the Indians. This beast rebelled. It was fierce, powerful and invincible, its skin being so strong and hard that the sharpest spears and arrows could scarcely penetrate it. It made war against all other animals that dwelt in the woods and on the plains which the Great Spirit had created to be used as meat for his children—the Indians.

A final battle was fought and all the beasts of the plains and forests arrayed themselves against the mastodon. The Indians were also to

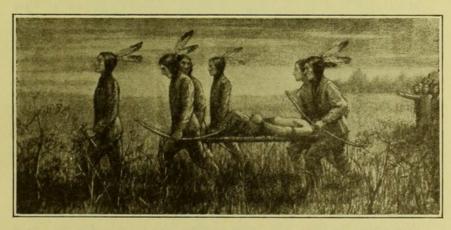




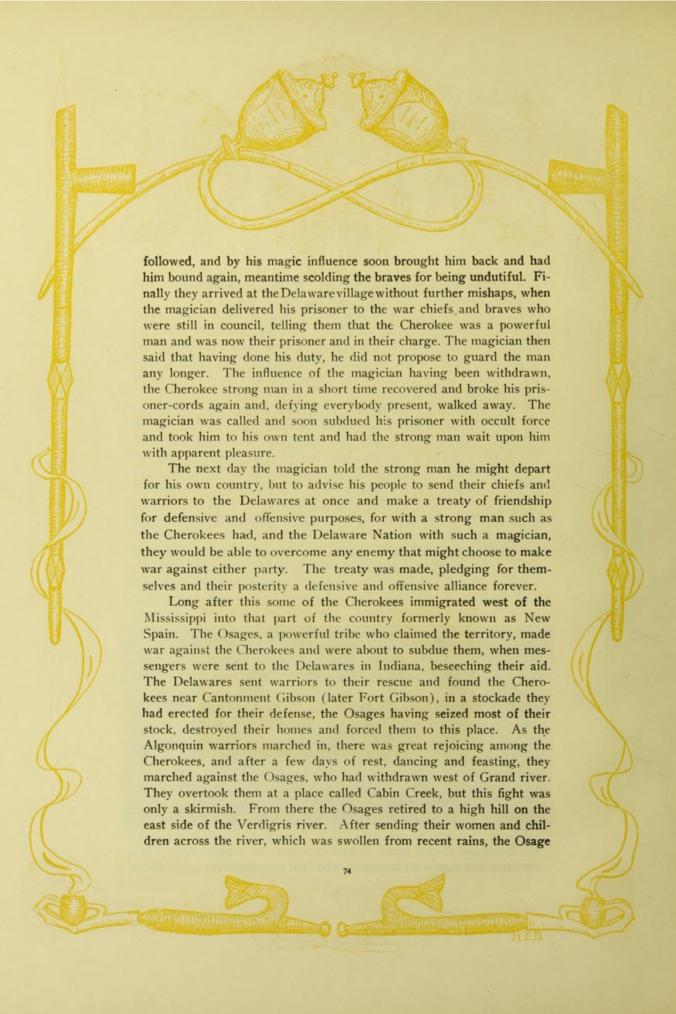
plain trail so that they could easily be followed. The Cherokees next morning discovered what had happened, and that only six men were in the party. They therefore sent the strong man with a dozen braves to follow and capture the offenders. This was what the Delaware magician wanted, and when his pursuers came upon him, which was in an open space, he left his escort a little behind, concealed in some undergrowth, and approached the Cherokees, who soon came under the influence of his power.

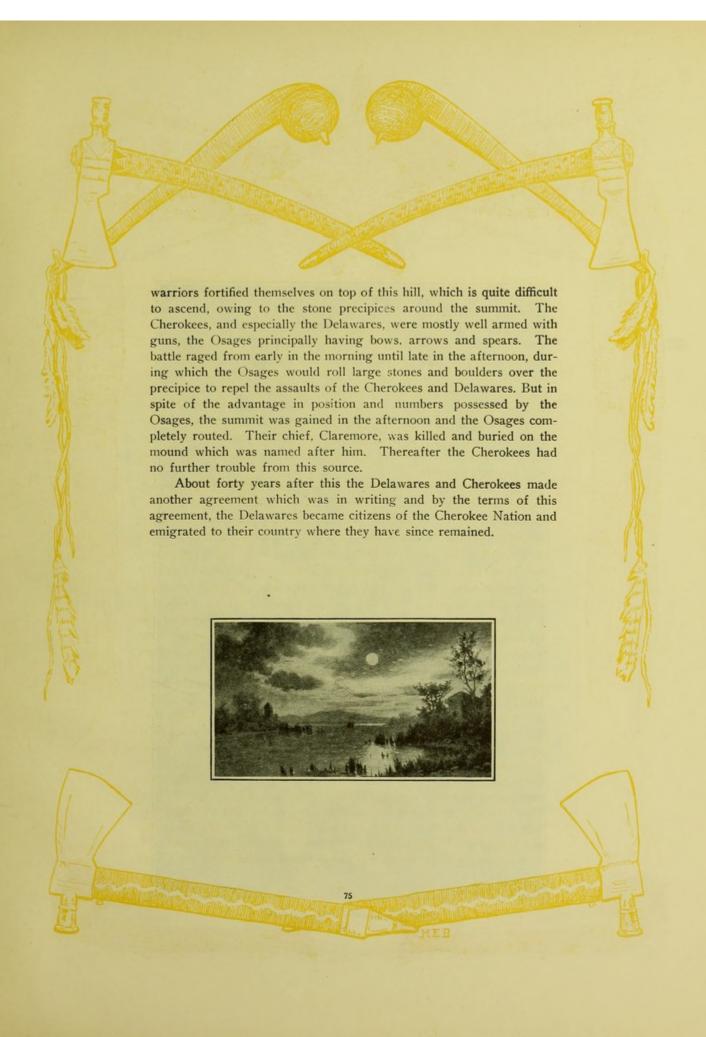
He permitted the strong man to advance further than the rest of his warriors, and when he was quite a distance away from them the Delaware magician cast a spell over him also. While thus under his complete control he called his men (the five Delawares) to him and told them to bind the strong man and place him on a litter to bear him to the Delawares. The Cherokee escort stood terrified and helplessiv looking on. They, of course, soon returned to the tribe and told the Cherokees what had become of their leader, and that none had dared to follow.

The Delaware magician kept the strong man under his influence until early the next morning, when he left him with the five warriors with instructions that they guard him carefully, while he retired to rest. The strong man recovered from the influence, broke the prison-



er's cords and started home. The five braves ran for their lives when they saw him regain his strength. The Delaware magician immediately









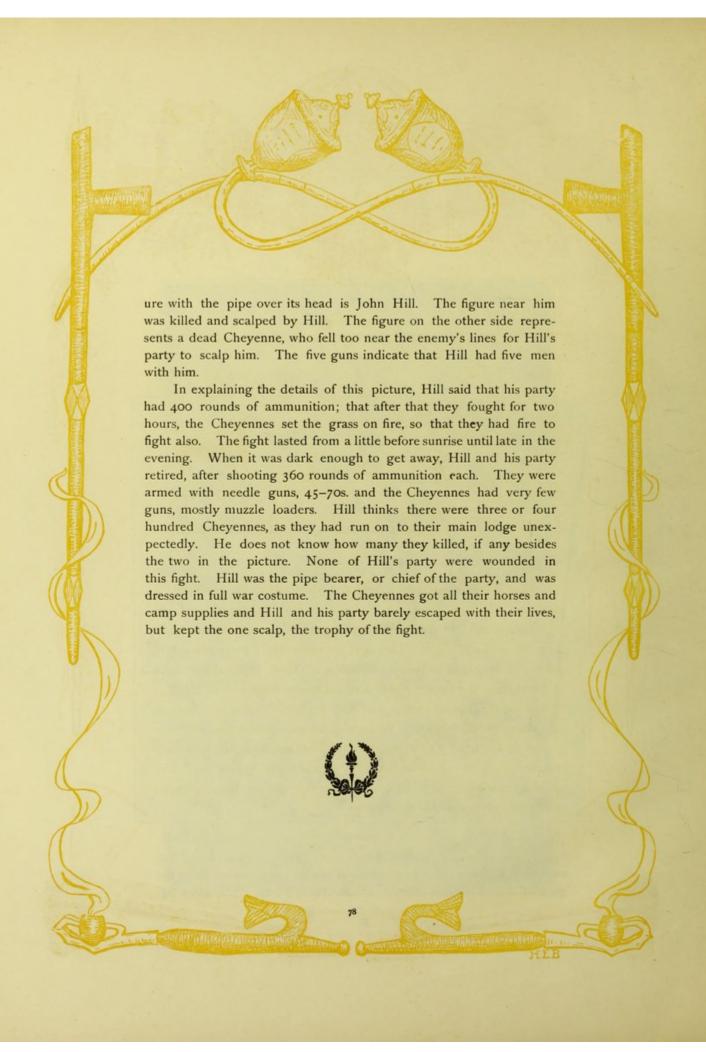
The following is the autobiography of John Hill. It will give the reader some idea of how the Indian Records are kept.

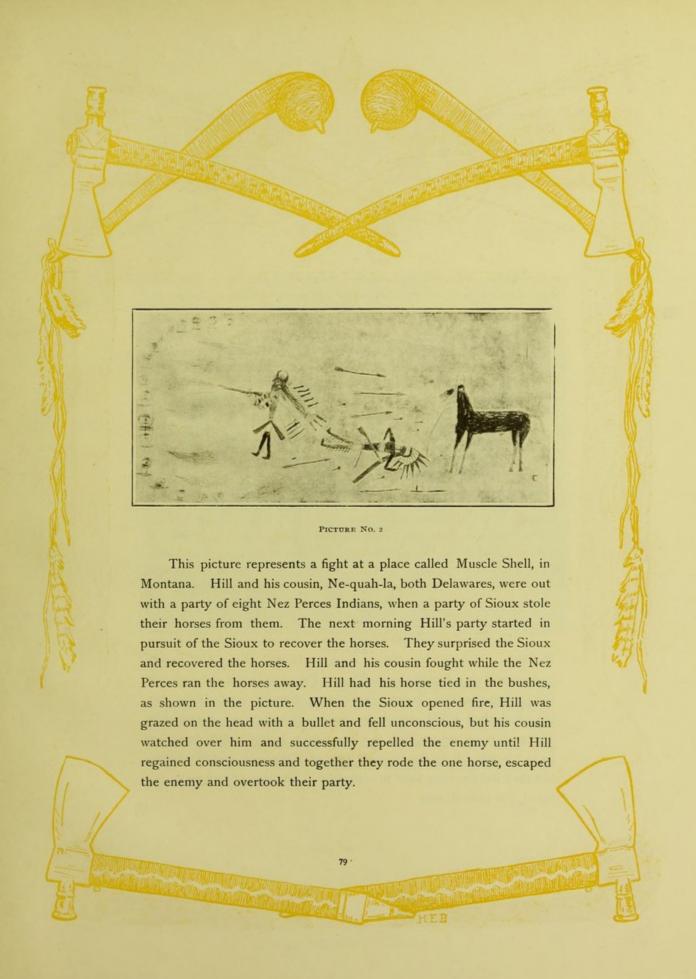
This picture represents John Hill and five other indians surrounded by Cheyennes at Little Big Horn River, Mont. The Cheyennes are shown in the picture as a circle of eyes, indicating that they are in



PICTURE No. 1

hiding. They are shooting at Hill's party, who are in a cove. Between the circle of eyes and the cove is smoke, some coming from the guns of the Cheyennes and some from Hill's party. The large fig-

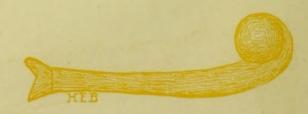






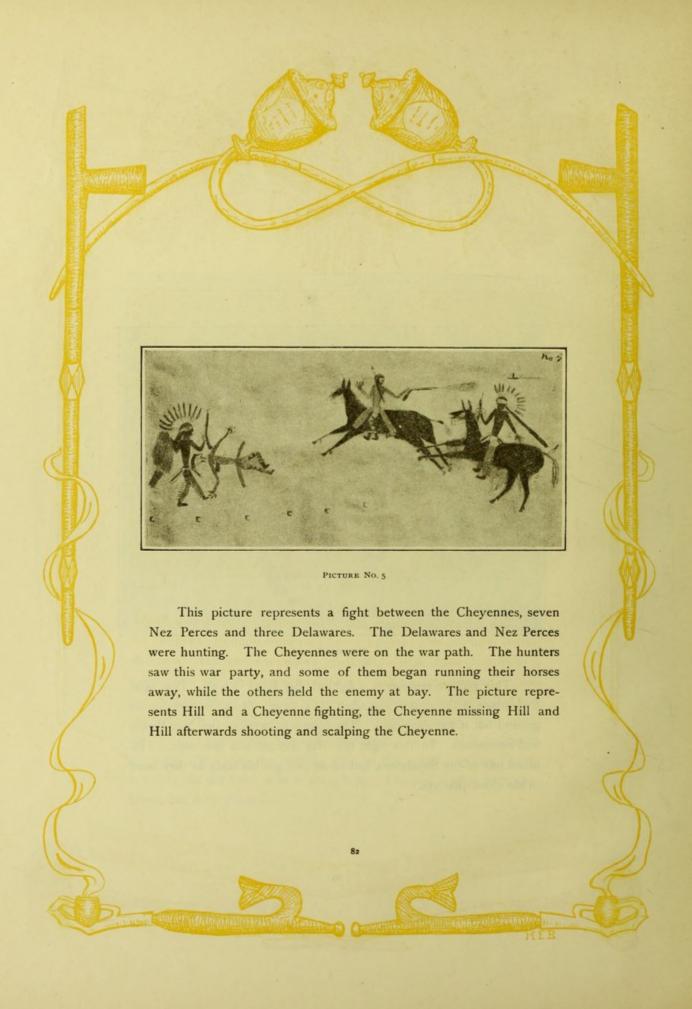
This picture represents a fight near a place called Stinking Water, Montana. Hill and his cousin, Ne-quah-la, with three Nez Perces, had started on a hunting expedition. They ran into a camp of hostile Indians (Snakes), which resulted in a skirmish or brief fight, during which they killed one of the Snakes and captured two women. The picture represents Hill and the Snake Indian. Hill has taken away the pistol from the Snake. One of Hill's men shot the Snake, but they did not have time to scalp him. The two women were captured, but turned loose.

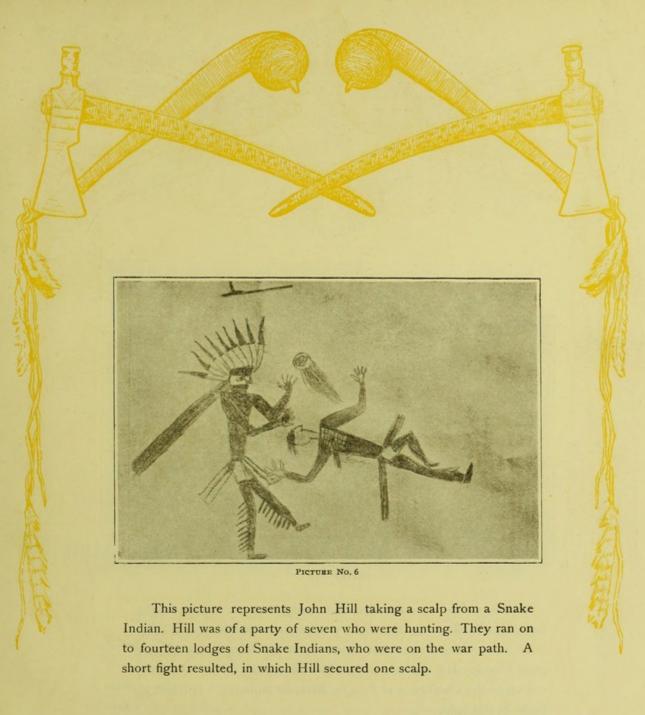


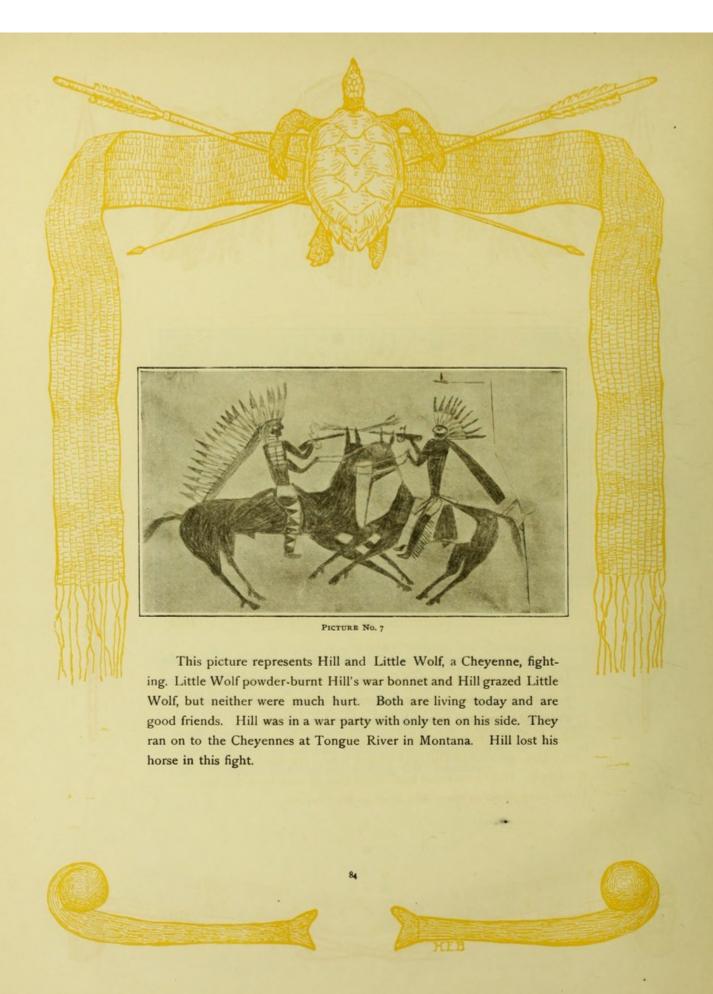


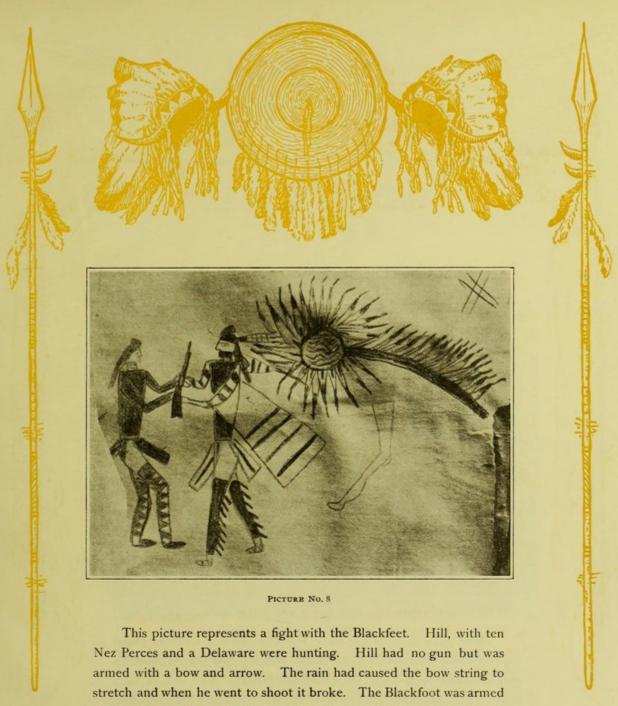


This picture represents a fight at Big Horn River. This fight took place in the winter, just after New Year. No snow was on the ground but it was very cold. The fight was between the Nez Perces and Shoshones. In this fight the Nez Perces lost two men. Hill killed one of the Shoshones, but could not get his scalp as they were in too close quarters.









with a gun and shot at Hill, but missed him. Another man shot the Blackfoot. Hill has the war bonnet yet that he took from this Indian. There were about as many Blackfeet as Nez Perces.

