



American  
Myths & Legends



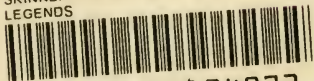


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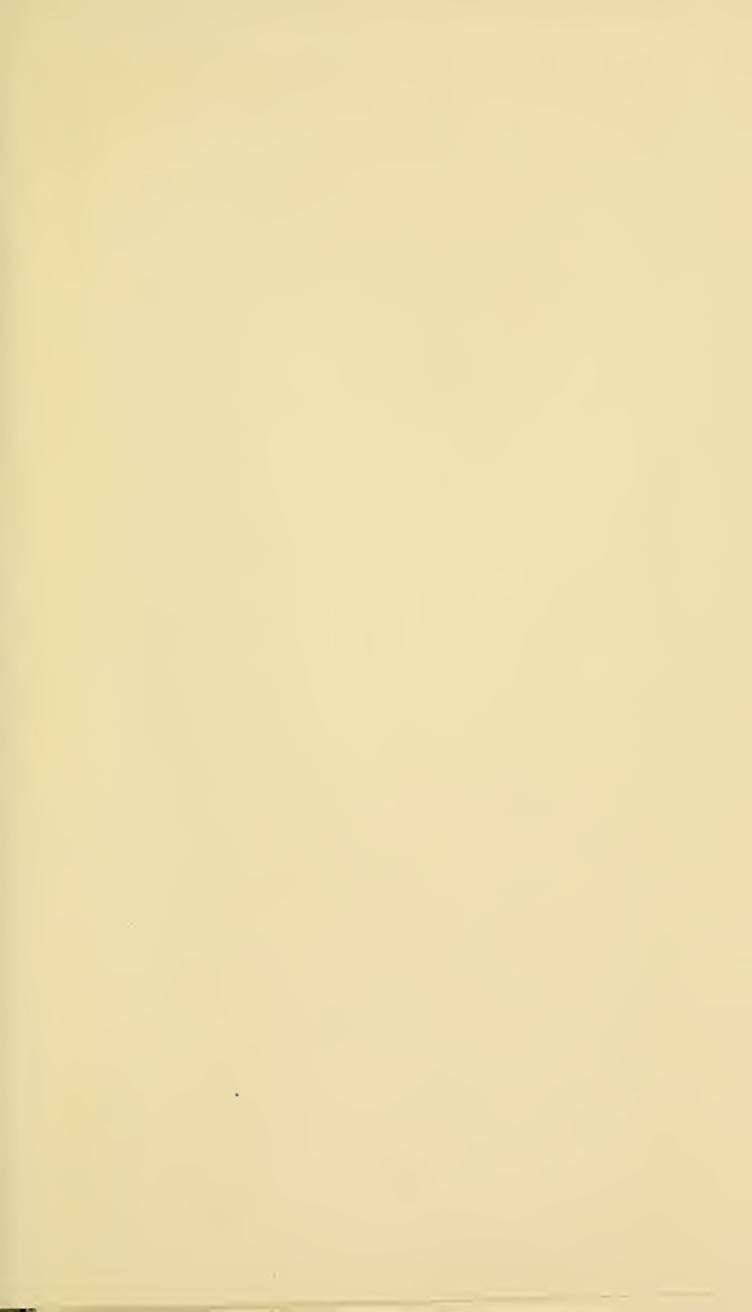


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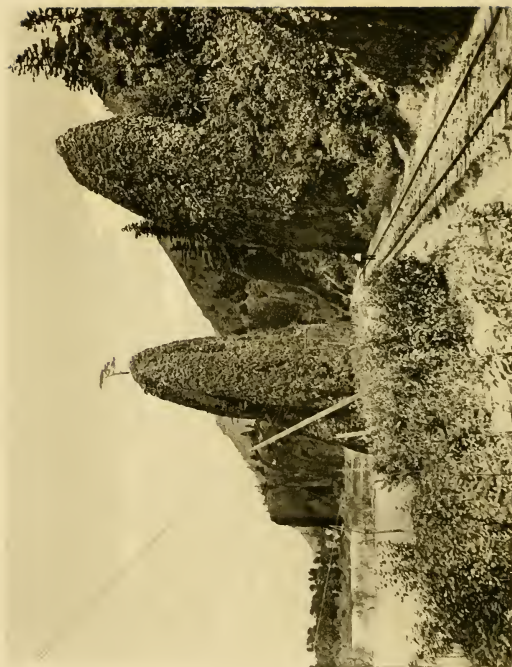


American  
Myths & Legends









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**American  
Myths & Legends**

By  
Charles M. Skinner

Vol. II.

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E.S.H.

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# Contents

Vol. II.

	PAGE
MISSISSIPPI'S CROOKED MOUNTAIN .....	11
THE LOCOPOLIS MURDER CASE .....	15
A NIGHT IN MADISON MANOR .....	17
ATALA .....	20
THE EXILES AND MANON LESCAUT .....	26
THE SINGING BONES .....	33
PHANTOM STEAMER OF RACCOURCI .....	36
FIRE-GOD OF NEOSHO .....	40
THE ARROW OF HUMAN BONE .....	42
ASHES OF THE UNFORTUNATE .....	43
TWINKLE OF A MOOSE'S EYE .....	45
SPELL TREE OF THE MUSKINGUM .....	49
MARQUETTE'S MAN-EATER .....	54
THE FISH-MAN .....	56
THE TREES OF SONG .....	58
THE BONE KNIVES .....	61
THE SMITTEN ROCK AND THE WATERS .....	64
THE PIPE-STONE QUARRIES .....	66
THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MUD ISLAND .....	70
THE PRIDE OF MOTHER KWAY .....	72
WILLOW BRANCH SAVES HER LOVER .....	76
HOW NISHISHIN BECAME A MEDICINE-MAN .....	78
THE FACE ON THE PANES .....	81

# Contents

	PAGE
THE BEAR AND THE BUCK .....	84
BEAR'S HOUSE OF THE CHEYENNE .....	87
THE RATTLESNAKE ECHO .....	90
THE SPECTRE BRIDE .....	93
CRAZY WOMAN'S CREEK .....	97
THE ENCHANTED HORSE .....	100
THE MERCY OF THE GREAT SPIRIT .....	105
THE FIRST SCALP .....	108
THE CLIMBER OF THE TETON .....	109
THE BLACKFOOT RAID .....	111
FAIRPLAY .....	116
THE SHRINE OF TAHKI .....	120
THE WALLED HERD OF COLORADO .....	122
PIKE'S PEAK AND THE FIRST MEN .....	125
THE HOUSE OF THE CANDLE .....	129
HUMBLING THE PRIDE OF THE RIPAS .....	134
NATINESTHANI'S ADVENTURES .....	136
THE ENCHANTED MESA .....	139
SACRED MOUNTAINS AND RAINBOWS .....	142
THE PANDORA OF KAIBAB .....	145
CREATION OF COLORADO CAÑON .....	146
WHY THE NAVAHOS TAKE SWEAT-BATHS .....	148
THE MOQUI SNAKE-DANCE .....	152
THE INVERTED TREE OF PECOS .....	157
THE SIEGE OF AWATOBI .....	159
WHY PIMO DOORS FACE THE SUNRISE .....	161
THE PUNISHMENT OF PRIDE .....	165
HOW PADRE CISNEROS SAVED HIS DEFENDERS .....	167
THE COST OF A LIE .....	170

# Contents

	PAGE
FORKED LIGHTNING AND THE HEALTH WATERS . . .	174
A BLACK COAT AND A RED SHIRT . . . . .	177
WHY INDIANS PAINT THEIR FACES . . . . .	180
JICARILLA CREATION MYTHS . . . . .	182
ALL'S NOT WELL ON POST SEVEN . . . . .	186
FATHER JUNIPERO'S LODGING . . . . .	189
HELEN OF THE SACRAMENTO . . . . .	195
THE GREAT SNOW . . . . .	198
THE DOG-CHILDREN . . . . .	199
TILLAMOOKS IN SKY-LAND . . . . .	202
HOW THE SKUNK GOT BACK . . . . .	206
STARVATION ON A MONUMENT . . . . .	209
THE SNAKE DEN . . . . .	210
"DEADHEADS," "CRACKERS," "HOODLUMS," AND "PANHANDLERS" . . . . .	212
PHANTOMS OF THE ATLANTIC . . . . .	217
HOW SOME PLACES WERE NAMED . . . . .	220
SOME TREES . . . . .	237
STORIED CLIFFS AND LOVERS' LEAPS . . . . .	249
STORIED WATERS . . . . .	265
SOME <sup>A</sup> SNAKES . . . . .	277
BURIED TREASURES . . . . .	284
LOST MINES . . . . .	300
THE WANDERING JEW . . . . .	324
INDIAN MERMAIDS AND FAIRIES . . . . .	330





# Illustrations

Vol. II.

	PAGE
THE NEEDLES, COLUMBIA RIVER..... <i>Frontispiece</i>	
IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS....	26
THE TETONS .....	110
PIKE'S PEAK .....	126
GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.....	146



# American Myths & Legends



## MISSISSIPPI'S CROOKED MOUNTAIN

AMONG all the native races living between the Rio Grande and the Isthmus, traditions are extant of a migration to their present home from the north and east, and that first world of theirs is variously held to be the Ohio Valley, Florida, the sunken continent of Atlantis, and the countries of the Mediterranean. "Tulan, on the far side of the sea;" "the land of shadow;" "the land of divided and still waters," are among the descriptions their elders gave of this uncertain region. The Aztecs were circumstantial, for they described their old home as a land where their fathers had much rest, where water-fowl and song-birds were plenty, where they caught large and handsome fish, where springs bubbled from the earth among groves of alder, elder, and juniper; where they

## American Myths and Legends

rode in canoes; where they planted seeds in furrows of the soil, raising many foods, like maize, beans, tomatoes, and peppers, and where stood a great hill, called "crooked mountain," or Culhuacan. An old pictograph of this height shows one slope of it precipitous, with an overhanging top, like that of the surf-shaped range at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, while its opposite side shows a gradual ascent. Surveys in Copiah County, Mississippi, have resulted in an identification, satisfactory to sundry archæologists, of the Indian mound eighteen miles southwest of Hazlehurst, as this ancient Culhuacan.

The Toltecs record the building of a tumulus in the country of floods four thousand years ago, and as this is a notable mound, standing in a plain that was buried almost every year under the waters of the Mississippi, whose ancient channel is near the hill, its identity with the "crooked mountain" of the Aztecs is not improbable. Recently a long causeway of sandstone slabs was unearthed by farmers and others who were using the stone for building purposes, just as the granite of the Egyptian pyramids,

## American Myths and Legends

temples, and colossi were used for the mean constructions of the natives. The causeway was long ago buried under the alluvium of the Mississippi freshets, and owes its preservation to that fact. It is forty miles long, extending from the mound to the great river, and is formed of blocks two and a half feet long, one and a half feet wide and a foot thick, skilfully laid in a light cement. It traversed a low country which was annually threatened by floods, and its upper blocks are worn, as by the feet of flocks and men seeking refuge from the rising of the waters on this Ararat, four hundred feet high, that is said to be Culhuacan. It may be that the mound originally contained caves or dug-outs or similar shelters, for the Aztecs tell of such places where their fathers dwelt, and of annual visits to the mountain, "while they were in Aztlan," crossing a wide water to offer sacrifices to the sun-god.

An emperor of Mexico sent messengers to this region seventy or eighty years before the Spanish discovery of America, to see if it was still peopled, and the messengers found a race that held their Aztec traditions and spoke their language. Other tribes in this region had absorbed

## American Myths and Legends

these legends, the Natchez, whose word for god was the same as the word for hill, telling how the Master of Breath, living in a cave under a height, fashioned the first men out of clay, and, heaping up some of the soil at the bottom of the flood so as to make a mound, set them on it to dry in the sun. As soon as the clay figures had toughened into men and begun to move about, he bade the waters retire to the river channels and gave the dry land to the new race. Bending Hill, as the Choctaws and Natchez called the scene of the creation, has been a fugitive mound or mountain. The name has been attached to a construction in the valley of Big Black River, and to another mound beside the road leading from Natchez to Jackson, but the Bending Hill of one tribe may be the Crooked Mountain of another. Hence, the mound in Covich County may be the seat of deluge and creation myths that have gone wide abroad and been taken into the folk-lore of nearly all the American tribes.

## American Myths and Legends

### THE LOCOPOLIS MURDER CASE

LOCOPOLIS is gone. The once thriving town is a place of empty fields. Travellers who remember hearing of it ask to have the site pointed out as they drive from Webb to Charleston, and hunters pass through its former streets, alert for deer. It was in Locopolis that a grand jury of responsible citizens found a bill against George Cook for not having the fear of God before his eyes and allowing himself to be seduced by the Devil; the proof of his sin being that with a knife, "of the value of one dollar," he did strike and stab one William H. Allen, giving one mortal wound, of which the said Allen then and there instantly died. Moreover, Cook served five years in prison for this murder, his lawyers having succeeded in bamboozling the trial-jury into the belief that the Devil had no part in the exploit, and thereby relieving Locopolis from a stigma that was not shared by other Mississippi towns.

Cook was a river man, a strong, rough fellow, a gambler and drinker, whose suit for the hand of a young woman, who eventually became Mrs.

## American Myths and Legends

William H. Allen, was rejected because of his bad habits. While in the neighborhood of Locopolis, waiting to raft some lumber down the river to New Orleans, he made sixty dollars at poker, and, running away from his work, he went to the house where his former sweetheart dwelt, hoping by the exhibition of wealth to win her from her husband and clope with her. She received him courteously, but when he tried to bring up the past, or tell his continued admiration, she became as stone. Discouraged he went away and spent his sixty dollars in liquor, drinking all of it himself. This gave him renewed confidence, and in a few days he was a suppliant once more at Mrs. Allen's side—a sodden wretch with red eyes, bloated lips, shaking hands, and dirty clothing. Probably he was too far gone in liquor to know that he was not likely to be admired. This time he was dismissed with sufficient emphasis. A few days later he met the husband. There were some bitter, taunting words, a blow, then Cook plucked out his hunting-knife, killed his rival, and threw his weapon into the Tallahatchie. He was arrested, tried, underwent his mockery of punishment, and dis-



## American Myths and Legends

appeared. Was the Devil really busy about Locomopolis in 1839, or was it the peculiar view of a Mississippi jury that led to the form of his indictment?

### A NIGHT IN MADISON MANOR

**F**OR fifty years before it was removed—as the only way to rid the neighborhood of its uncanny reputation—the Madison mansion, that fronted the bay near Mobile, Alabama, was a place of common avoidance. People who had, perforce, to spend a night near by never went within gunshot of it again, and they had tales to tell of their one experience that taxed credulity. The last company that passed the time there between two days went home as soon as it was light enough, convinced that it was an abode of devils. The responsible business-men who composed this party had been fishing in the bay, and, belated and bedraggled in a rain, had taken shelter in the rickety old house, for they set little store of faith in the yarns about mysterious sights and sounds that had so long been told about it. They had a fire a-going shortly, ate supper, and, wrapping themselves

## American Myths and Legends

in whatever they had for coats and waterproofs, tried to sleep.

So soon as they dozed they had nightmares, and all fancied the same thing—an incident of treachery and murder. Lying awake and exchanging this experience of dreams with one another, they heard the slow march of feet overhead, accompanied by groans. “Who’s there?” called one of them. And the sound stopped. But in a little while a liquid began to drip through the ceiling, and to pool and clot before the fire. It was blood. Now a door was flung open and the floor shook with the mad chase of a frightened woman by a cursing man, who ever and again wrung a cry from her by a blow. The listeners knew them for man and woman in the dark only by their voices. Footsteps appeared in the blood; those of a large man without shoes, and those of a woman with high-heeled slippers. Nothing, however, was seen.

After an hour of quiet a wild dance was heard overhead, objects were flung here and there with a crash, laughter rose into long howls, then a silence fell for some minutes, and something or somebody descended the stairs, dragging a bur-

## American Myths and Legends

den that bumped on each rotten step, was pulled through the hall and flung out at the door, falling with a thump among the weeds. The bare-footed dance was then resumed.

Toward morning the tired men were roused from a troubled sleep. The rain was ending in a thunder-storm, and the house trembled as if it was about to fall. They resolved to brave the lightning rather than stay longer. As they reached the door a green blaze filled every room with light, and a crash of thunder deafened them. One of the men saw by this flash a face that might have looked out from hell, staring at them from the landing of the stairs. What had been done in that house? None ever knew. It was built soon after the Revolution by an Englishman named Madison, who was a rich recluse. A young woman was the only other inmate, except the servants, and no visitor was allowed to see her, Mr. Madison saying that she was his daughter, and half-witted. Without a word of warning he went home to England after a residence of some years, and wrote back to an agent to sell the house. It was sold, and resold, but could never keep a tenant.

# American Myths and Legends

## ATALA

CHATEAUBRIAND'S tearful tale of "Atala" is said to have had a foundation of actual episode in the Southern wilderness during the eighteenth century. Stripped of its sentimentality—for it is one of those astonishing antiquities in which everybody begins a remark with a sigh or a sob, and goes to sleep floating in a pool of his own tears—the story relates that Chactas, a promising young Natchez, was captured near Apalachicola, Florida, by the Seminoles when on his way back to his people from St. Augustine, where he made a test of civilization and found it wanting. He was condemned to die.

Preparations for the torture had already begun—the torture that preceded death—and the taunts by which he hoped to rouse the wrath of his enemies to such a pitch as to secure for himself the blessing of a quick end had been so far successful as to gain an arrow wound in his arm, when word was received from a company of Seminoles at a little distance asking delay until the morrow, for they would be

## American Myths and Legends

present to view the captive's sufferings, and the immolation was deferred for a day.

In some manner a quantity of rum had been smuggled into camp, and the night-fires shone on a scene of disorder. Four stout rascals were appointed to watch Chactas until dawn, and in order that no movement on his part should escape them, they sat on the four thongs that bound his arms and legs to as many trees. During the night many of the women and children gathered about the prostrate youth, to jeer at him. Last of all—after the camp had for an hour been sunk in sleep and the guards, who were deeper in liquor than the others, had fallen flat to the earth and were snoring lustily—came Atala, a girl of mixed Seminole and Spanish ancestry, grave, silent, beautiful. While she appeared to be impelled by an idle curiosity, Chactas could see, after an interval, that she had drawn nearer to him. In a half-hour she had approached, by imperceptible degrees, until she was at his side. In the fire light a knife-blade glinted. He did not fear. If it meant death, it was better than the torture. If rescue—he hardly dared to hope.

## American Myths and Legends

With less noise than a leaf makes in its fall she bent over him, so as to throw the knife into shadow, and by slow and repeated drawings of the blade across the cords she severed them. The drugged and drunken sentinels slept on. With finger on her lip she tip-toed down a trail that led into the black wood, then motioned him to follow. The two were out of reach before the camp awoke and the flight was discovered. An hour's rest at dawn, a drink from a spring, a handful of wild fruit, a bandage for the hurt arm, and they hurried on beside the singing waters of the Chattahoochee. They could not feel safe until they had reached the Alabama hills and were out of the enemy's country. It was a trying time. There was no food, except a little fruit and the flesh of such birds or fish as the young man might be lucky enough to shoot, now and again, with the bow he had snatched from beside one of the sleeping Indians. A cloak of beaten bark was their only shelter.

After several days of this urgent haste the girl's strength lessened visibly. Chactas, who had from the first admired her, and now that they were in constant companionship felt him-

## American Myths and Legends

self passing under the sway of a passion such as he had never known before, proposed that they should settle for a time in some quiet place, build a shelter, and be man and wife. The girl looked at him with appeal and pain in her eyes, and begged him to keep on toward the hills. From time to time he pressed his suit, but while she protested a friendly interest in him, she begged him not to speak of love, and as each declaration seemed to fill her with anxiety and melancholy, Chactas would fall into a sad silence and they would march on through the wilderness, a little apart, each thinking of the other, each longing—for Atala had loved Chactas from the moment of their meeting.

Toward the close of a weary day smoke was seen rising on a hill ahead of them, and they found themselves, shortly, at the door of a grotto before which arose the Christian symbol of the cross. Father Aubry, the ancient man whose hermitage this was, had penetrated the savage land long before, and had won a little company of Indians to listen to his teachings and practise the simpler arts of peace. He welcomed the strangers with kindness and dignity,

## American Myths and Legends

shared his supper with them, and insisted on giving up his bed of leaves and bear-skins to Atala, who was worn with travel and whose unrest and pain had seemed to increase when she saw about her the tokens of the Christian faith.

On the next morning, when the priest and Chactas went to rouse her, she was found in agony, dying, for she had taken poison—a plant of evil property she had plucked before the cave. Chactas was in despair. He had hoped that the time was near when they should be made one through the rites of the Church, of which he knew Atala to be a communicant. It was not to be. In faltering tones, with many sobs, the girl told him his love was answered; that to live longer was impossible unless she might become his wife, and that felicity was denied to her, because of a vow exacted by her mother, who had been a religious fanatic. In gratitude for preservation from an illness, her parent had sworn to give her first-born to the Church, and when Atala was old enough to know the meaning of an oath a promise was forced from her that she would repress all earthly love,



## American Myths and Legends

live a virgin, and devote herself to prayer. The curse of this condition she realized only after meeting Chactas and marking his fortitude under gibe and injury, his strength, his grace, his clear, commanding eye.

Father Aubry chided her for resorting to a worse measure than the breaking of a promise in order to free herself from a hateful state, and told her how he might have persuaded his bishop to absolve her from her vow had she confided in him at the beginning. With a cry of joy she arose and flung herself into the arms of her lover; but her happiness was only for a moment; the poison was at work. The priest received her confession, administered the sacrament, and in a little time, with her lover's eyes gazing into hers, her hand in his, the pain had been endured, and she passed from the world.

Together the priest and the barbarian interred her mortal part in a glen among great rocks and funereal trees, and for many nights Chactas kept lonely watch beside her grave. In obedience to her last wish, her lover became a Christian; but he could not endure the sight of

## American Myths and Legends

happiness among his fellows, and, plunging into the wood once more, he sought the land of the Natchez.

### THE EXILES AND MANON LESCAUT

**T**HE French government first encouraged the emigration of women to America, and afterward enforced it. Louis XIV. wished his Western colonies to grow, and for that reason he offered substantial inducements to the colonists to get married early and often—at least, early. In 1668 a ship-load of French girls sent to Quebec to find husbands met with a rapturous welcome. Men who were late in reaching the dock had reason for repentance, because the last girl was gone within fifteen minutes after landing. Bounties were paid to young people who married, boys under twenty and girls under sixteen being especially favored, while pensions were granted to parents who had ten children, the award being increased to four hundred livres if they could show twelve or more. By the same token, all the parents who did not marry off their children in good season were fined.



IN THE OLD FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS



## American Myths and Legends

In the French colony on the Gulf of Mexico both pioneers and wives endured many privations. Bienville established himself at Dauphin Island under circumstances that brought upon him the dislike of the Indians. He called his place of settlement the Isle of Massacre, because he found there a pile of human bones; and he afterward became a somewhat expert lopper of heads himself. Near his fort, the ruin of which might still be traced at the beginning of the Revolution, was the temple of the Mobiles, where burned a sacred fire that was never allowed to go out. All of the Southern tribes went to that temple for fire. So soon as the French adventurer had established himself among the fire-worshippers the same thoughtful government that had tried to people Canada engaged in schemes for matrimonial furtherance in Louisiana. The Church first took up the matter, and sent several batches of wives for the Bienville colony. These women were warranted to be severely good. When they arrived it was evident to the consignees that they had migrated because the home interest in marriage was dull, and that their only hope was in a land where

## American Myths and Legends

opposition was slight. With every shipment the women grew older and scrawnier and uglier and sharper of tongue, until the men sent to Paris imploring the people over there to have mercy, and not to trouble themselves so much about virtue, if only they could spare a demoiselle now and then whose face would not stop the clocks. Maybe it was because of this appeal that women of no virtue were sent later. For a time the women represented all social classes, and it is said that one of the settlers in Mobile was the wife of Alexis, emperor of Russia,—that son of Peter the Great who had inherited his father's cruelty and bestiality.

The custom of transporting women to the New World continued for many years, though the cause, originally benevolent, changed from policy to punishment. Poor creatures of the streets, shop-lifters, petty thieves, women who abandoned their children, were sent to the colonies of Guiana and Louisiana, merely to be rid of them. And this brings us to the story of Manon Lescaut, that has been told to a world-wide audience by the Abbé Prevost, and that is reported in New Orleans to be founded on fact.

## American Myths and Legends

The grave of the fickle and unfortunate woman used to be pointed out in a cemetery on the edge of the city, though it was a different name from Manon's that the headstone bore. Her lover, Des Grieux, was an actual personage also, and is mentioned by that very name in old stories of New Orleans, where he arrived in 1819.

Manon was born in France during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Her family intended that she should enter a convent; but she was a girl of spirit as well as sentiment, and on meeting the handsome young Chevalier Des Grieux at an inn in Amiens, whither she had been brought by her brother, she was as quickly and as woundily hit with love for him as he for her. They sought each other secretly. Their passion was avowed. Neither could bear to think of the confinement and rigor of a convent. The young man proposed elopement. The case was urgent, for on the morrow she must elsewise enter at the iron door, never, perhaps, to emerge again. Thus it stood; on the one side a cold, forbidding duty; rather sacrifice, since a nun's life was not of her choosing; on the other side, freedom, pleasure, life, love.

## American Myths and Legends

She gave her hand and her destiny to Des Grieux. They ran away together.

For a time they were happy, much as two children might have been. But Manon was changeable, and the excuse is put forward on her behalf that the chevalier was not prepared to marry; that he had no calling, nor a sufficient income; that he was young, rash, inexperienced; that he could not give to his mistress the comforts and luxuries she might have expected, and could not introduce her to his family. The girl tired of her narrow life in narrow rooms, as she would have tired of her cell. Fatigue led to vexation, and that to quarrels and days of estrangement. No great wonder, then, that the weathercock of her apparent affections swung smartly to a change when a rich and flattering old courtier came in her way. Des Grieux's heart was wrung by her coldness, but he had had warning of what was sure to happen. She deserted him.

There was gaiety, show, even a little authority in her new relation, but no respect, no love. She was the toy, the slave of the rich man; for, while he housed her sumptuously, he visited



## American Myths and Legends

Manon only now and then, making her his boast rather than his companion. In a gaming-hall occupied by the brilliant but dissolute society in which she now moved she came face to face one evening with her former lover. He made no scene, for he had a certain self-respect and a Frenchman's regard for the proprieties; but as soon as he could gain her ear he unburdened his heart of its grief at her desertion; he charged her with perfidy, with mercenary conduct. He had hoped to make her his wife; but now—it was only the dress and the jewels that distinguished her from the creatures of the streets. Manon was at first defiant. Then she was shamed and pained. She acknowledged that his poverty had driven her away, but in leaving him she had hoped he might be better, happier, for she had been a clog upon him, and now he was free.

Whether her tears and pretty self-deprecations were intended to have that effect or not, she quickly roused in the young nobleman all the love he had felt in his happiest days in her company. The passion of jealousy gave a tang of bitterness to the sweet, but the thought

## American Myths and Legends

of rivalry made him determined to recover her. And Manon's heart thrilled anew under his avowals. She respected him the more because he had commanded and humbled her. She was made to feel the hollowness of her life, if not its iniquity, and once again she agreed to run away. Her plan was defeated by the courtier, who, finding that in her flight she had taken the jewelry he had given to her, swore out a warrant for her arrest on a charge of theft.

Des Grieux was now more passionately in love than ever. The thought that she was in prison and suffering, crowded into the company of the vilest, aroused his chivalry. He used every effort to gain her freedom; he approached the officers of justice; he even tried to secure her liberty by force, but to no avail. The old courtier had influence and a grudge. She was tried, convicted, and sentenced to exile in the New World. Though despairing almost as deeply as she, Des Grieux did not desert her. He secured a place as cabin steward on the ship that took Manon and a hundred other wretched women, and was thus enabled to reach New Orleans with her. Poor, friendless, ill, dejected,

## American Myths and Legends

the lovers were in sad case indeed; but there were no reproaches now. The end was near. While they were making their way along a path through the melancholy, serpent-infested bayous below the city, Manon, who had often stopped to rest, fell at last, fever-stricken, helpless. Their arms were drawn about each other for a long time; and so, miserably happy, Manon breathed away the last of her broken, mistaken life.

### THE SINGING BONES

**A** MAN and woman lived on the edge of a bayou below New Orleans. They were poor, very poor, and, with twenty-five children to care for, they never dared to hope that they would be even comfortably well-to-do in this world. Some of these children had appetites out of all proportion to their size, and there was not always enough food to go around. The man grumbled when this happened; yet, as he was a good father, he gave up his own share to his wife and children, pulled his hunger-belt more snugly around him, and went back to his work. After a long season of hardship he was

## American Myths and Legends

surprised on returning to his supper to find meat on his table once more. The next night there was more meat, and for several nights the meat was always ready, but always without bones.

“How is this?” he asked his wife.

“Oh, bones are heavy and of no use; so it is cheaper to buy meat without them,” the woman answered.

“But you don’t eat.”

“My teeth are bad, you know.”

“That’s so.” And dreading to fall into argument or contention with his wife, who was harsh of temper, he finished his supper in silence. When one has twenty-five children he does not count them at every meal, especially when he has enough to eat and is busy over his plate. Several days passed before the man began to miss some of the younger boys and girls, but he presumed that they were at play. At last he found only fifteen at the table. “How is this, wife?” he asked. “Where are all the other children?”

“They have fared so poorly this summer that I have sent them to their grandmother’s. The

## American Myths and Legends

change will do them good. When they come back I shall send the others."

They did not come back; and when he returned from the fields one evening the man felt so lonesome that he paused on his door-step and gave way to sad reflections. Their merry talk and laughter, their helpfulness, their play, even the bothers they put upon him—he missed them. "I wish they were home again," he sighed.

At that instant voices were heard beneath his door-stone, singing in Creole dialect:

"Our mother kills us,  
Our father eats us,  
We have no coffins,  
We are not in holy ground."

Raising the stone, the man saw beneath it a heap of bones from which the flesh had recently been stripped; and as he looked, they sang again, repeating the words he had just heard. A light broke upon him. This was all that was left of his children. He rushed to the house and in frenzied utterance taxed the woman with the murder. She tried to excuse herself; they had more children than they could keep;

## American Myths and Legends

some were not strong enough to live, any way; the man must have food, or he could not work. This did not stay him. In a fury he killed his wife, then buried his children's skeletons in coffins, and in holy ground. Ever after he lived alone and refused to touch meat.

A Louisiana negro legend.

### PHANTOM STEAMER OF RAC- COURCI

**I**N the Indian tradition, Meschebe, or Mississippi—why on earth can't it be spelled Misisipi?—arose from his bed once in seven years and attacked the low country. Then the red men fled to their mounds or artificial hills, and as nobody tried to oppose him he was kind to the land, leaving it more fertile after he had passed on. Only since the white man came in with his bridges, his levees, his walls, and the like undertakings, has he descended to quarrelling and to drowning the cabin-dwellers. He no longer waits till the seventh year to pay his visits, either, and is never more delighted than when he can slip through some pretentious piece

## American Myths and Legends

of engineering, and, in a night, create a new passage for himself. His banks are skinned with old and forgotten channels.

About twenty leagues above Baton Rouge, Louisiana, he made the Raccourci cut-off, that shortened the river nearly thirty miles. For the Mississippi is a tortuous stream. Boats may have to go thirty-five miles around to get half a mile ahead. Sometimes a planter who cannot go to the river brings the river to him, by digging a ditch across one of these necks, and in high water the map is changed over night. His farm and gardens now have a frontage on this majestic stream—if they are not washed away—and his neighbor, who formerly sent his produce to New Orleans by steamer, now sends it on a cart to the railroad, for his very wharf has been left high, dry, and distant. A ditch-cutter did not live long if the other planters caught him at his work. Not all the cut-offs are made by the ditchers; in fact, few people meddle with the course of the river in these railroad days. It is left to straighten itself. The crumbly soil that is washed down to the Gulf of Mexico, or piled on the bottom to make the

## American Myths and Legends

delta—400,000,000 tons a year—is rapidly torn to pieces in a freshet, and boats are seen gliding across what a few days before were orchards or cane-brakes.

The nineteenth century had lost but twenty-five years when the change occurred at Racourci. It happened suddenly, as usual, and had not been made known to the pilots of one of the steamers of that day which was splashing and wheezing down from Vicksburg. It was night when they entered the old channel, and a gray, drizzly night, at that. Presently they felt the grind of a new bar under their vessel. They cleared it, and in another minute had rammed a reef that was entirely out of place. Failing to dislodge it, they backed into a lot of snags and began to punch holes in the bottom. Nearly ready to cry at the many and uncalled for perplexities that had come into the steering business since their last trip, the pilots resorted to profanity as a relief to their own and the passengers' feelings and to the delight of that gentleman who is never far away when people go wrong. Finally one of the men at the helm roared, in a rage, that he was blessed



## American Myths and Legends

if he didn't hope the blinkety-blanked old ark would stay right there, in the vanishing river, and never get out. He was only a fresh-water sailor, and had never heard of the Flying Dutchman. His wish was granted. The bend was filled up so long ago that none but the oldest men recollect when it was navigable for row-boats; yet every now and again tug captains and scow hands report a strange light in that dark and winding channel—a light as of fox-fire or phosphorus; and when the weather is not too thick, and the witnesses not too sober, they add to this tale a garnish of pale form, a phantom steamer, in short, with bell ringing fune-really, engines faintly puffing, and voices using nearly forgotten "cuss-words" in plaintive tones as the form bumps and staggers this way and that, ever seeking a channel that moved away for miles in a night.

## American Myths and Legends

### FIRE-GOD OF NEOSHO

THE pretty village of Neosho, in the Ozark Hills of Missouri, perpetuates the name of the Neosho Indians who once lived thereabout. At every new moon they assembled, with ceremony and secrecy, to worship the fire-spirit near a spring which is not far from the present village. What this spirit was, and how they worshipped it, were matters they kept to themselves, as they thought, but an inquisitive white hunter, who had taken up his abode in the Ozarks and lived on good terms with the people, would not be kept in ignorance. For he followed, secretly, and was startled and impressed when at midnight the procession paused in a blasted glen lighted by a tall flame that gushed, roaring, from a cavity in the earth. He lay hid in the shadows while the Indians danced and chanted about their fire-manitou, and cried and abased themselves on the earth. Then, with solemn ceremonies, they despoiled themselves of beads and weapons, which they cast into the crater; for it is the primitive idea, in all lands, that a god is a being who requires from every

## American Myths and Legends

creature gifts and sacrifices; if not of life or health, of liberty or pleasure, at least of food, clothing, defences, and ornaments, albeit these are of no use to the deity. The watching hunter had no superstitions. He waited long after the Indians had gone home, that he might investigate; and having contrived to pick up an appetite overnight, he made this Loki of the wilderness cook a venison steak for him. For he saw that this flame was due to natural causes, and he reported, afterward, the discovery of air that would burn. Natural gas was not known as such in those days, but it was natural gas that the Indians had been worshipping. A lightning stroke, or a meteor, had probably set it afire. It burned out in Neosho after the red men began to civilize themselves and scatter abroad, but traces of flame may still be seen on the rocks.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE ARROW OF HUMAN BONE

THE Ozarks of Missouri are lonely hills, rich in metals and ornamental stone, yet little visited by white men of our day. They were the home of the Osages, until their chief defied the fates, for it had been foretold by one of their ancient medicine-men that they were to enjoy the freedom of these heights until the day when the Great Spirit should shoot an arrow of human bone through the heart of their greatest chief. Years rolled on to decades, and decades grew to centuries. The saying had been almost forgotten, when a chief came to his growth among them, strong, tall, untiring in the hunt, invincible in fight, wise in council, but unbridled in his passions. When this man arose to power among them the old men and old wives, whose memories were the libraries of their people, recalled the prophecy and feared. The brother of the chief had taken a wife of such beauty that she was famed through all the country round. Looking on her the chief resolved that she should be his. He found her an easy recreant from duty, for she admired his strength

## American Myths and Legends

and was flattered by his compliments. They met before dawn, in a thicket near a stream, and there the brother and husband found them. He knew what he was to find, and had prayed to the Great Spirit to avenge the wrong he suffered. In the morning a fisherman, going to examine his nets, passed through the thicket and almost stumbled on the bodies of the faithless wife and the chief. An arrow made of human bone had gone through both their hearts. At a little distance lay the wronged brother, dead; in his hand a stone knife unsmearcd by blood. On the very next day came white hunters, and more followed, presently. Little by little the red men gave ground before the advancing strangers until they reached the present Indian Territory, where, for a few years, they were let alone.

### ASHES OF THE UNFORTUNATE

**A**MONG the Mound Builders who lived in Arkansas and thereabouts were few weaklings. They were a large, strong, handsome race, and the reason for their bravery and robustitude was their intolerance of deformity.

## American Myths and Legends

Their crippled, their misshapen, their blind, perhaps also their criminal and idiotic, were doomed. Once in every five years the unfortunate of the tribe were assembled for a journey they well knew was to be their last. Yet, as all men were against them, escape was of little use. Among the civilized it is well known that some of the brightest and most useful men have been sickly, dwarfed, or malformed; but among a people not quite civilized—a people who encourage prize-fights, bull-fights, bird millinery, tight lacing, and war—there is but one standard of excellence: the physical.

In Stone County, Arkansas, a deep gulch cuts into the northern side of the Sherman Range, between Sycamore and Big Flat. It is filled with a jungle of vegetation, the grass growing shoulder-high, and loops of wild grape dangling from above, so that the way is hard; and not once a year is it attempted, except by hunters. Long ago a road pierced this sloping valley. It led from the settlements, near the foot, to a cave whose door was as narrow and dark as the lives of those who must enter it. For in the fifth year, when their chiefs and priests had

## American Myths and Legends

assembled those who were declared unfit to become fathers and mothers, those unhappy ones abandoned hope at that portal. Under guide of the priests they climbed the long slope, —feeling their way, limping, groping, wheezing, —and at sunset those who could see took a last look at the beautiful world they were about to leave. In the cave were fires that the priests kept constantly alive. One by one the fated ones were led into that cave. They never returned. The ash on the cave floor, in which the visitor sinks to his ankles, is human dust.

### TWINKLE OF A MOOSE'S EYE

**L**IKE the Aztecs, the Mound Builders had become debased by a religion that demanded human sacrifice. The shedding of the blood of women and children and of their best and strongest youth had made them indifferent to suffering, therefore cruel, yet not warlike. Once they had practised peaceful arts, for they were not originally so degraded a people; but the daily slaughter of their most beautiful and most able, though never of their crafty ones,

## American Myths and Legends

had demeaned the bodies of the race, lowered its courage and endurance, and made it a ready and degenerate victim of aggression. Won to the valley still known as the Miami by reports of plenty, came the Shawnee and Miami, clans of pride and strength. The Mound Builders had warning enough, but their spirit was gone. As well stay and die at the hands of an enemy as be stabbed and trussed and roasted by the priest. It was fate. Their god demanded blood. From those who would not help themselves he demanded everything. And that was the sign he gave to the destroying host when it arrived at the edge of a wood overlooking one of the largest cities of the Mound Builders; for as a Shawnee medicine-man shot a magic arrow into a cloud at twilight it gathered a ball of blue fire about its point that lighted the scene like a meteor. "It is the mark of heaven's wrath," he said, as the fire slanted downward over the roofs in the valley. "We are to do the work of the Great Spirit in putting off from the face of the earth a tribe that has grown too vile and weak to live."

At the rise of the sun the horde fell upon the



## American Myths and Legends

town; charged up its great hills of burial and defence; swarmed over the stockades; overtook the slow carts, with wheels of log-sections, drawn by buffalo, and destroyed them; fired the houses, and desolated the temple. Men, women, and children fell in the slaughter. Warm blood ran down the streets in rills; the smashing sound of stone axes and the cries and moans of those about to die resounded everywhere. It was war reduced to its lowest terms. One Shawnee was sated with it at last, and when a pretty maid was dragged from her house, that she might be butchered in the sight of the captors, he bade his fellows hold their hands. Pallenund was a chief, and they obeyed. As the men carried the girl to a tree, where she might be tied captive till the massacre was ended, a calf moose ran from the house, its eyes wild with astonishment and fear, and rubbed itself caressingly against the girl, as asking her protection. One of the Shawnees stumbled against it and knocked it down with his clenched fist. The girl gave a little cry. The animal struggled to its feet and limped away to the river.

All day the carnage lasted, and it stopped

## American Myths and Legends

when there were no more to kill. At nightfall a rain, that had been increasing for hours, had become a storm. It was told, for centuries after, that all through the night the murdered Mound Builders walked through their desolated city and with stiff, cold fingers clutched at those who had killed them; that the very scalps, hanging from the belts of the conquerors, stirred and writhed like living creatures. In one glare of lightning the wounded moose was seen on a knoll, looking down with surprised and gentle eyes. The Shawnee prophet spoke again: "The Great Spirit is angry. He has given the brutes to us for food, and has taken away their voices, so that they cannot pray or cry when we kill them. But he does not wish us to be cruel to them—to treat them as we treat enemies and men who are evil. Bring the girl here, and let her call the moose."

The girl, Opimya, was released from her bonds; and she called, again and again, for her pet and companion. After a time Palle-nund pointed to a couple of ruddy circles approaching across the river. "It is the twinkle of the moose's eye," he explained; then, leaping

## American Myths and Legends

into the water, he dragged the animal back to shore. The girl caressed it, weeping with gladness, for of all living things she had known and loved, this alone was left to her. The thunders stopped, and peace fell among the ruins. "It is a sign," cried Pallenund. "The moose shall be sacred to us henceforth, and the name of this river shall be Moos-kin-gum." The meaning of that word is "twinkle of a moose's eye." When Chief Pallenund wedded Opimya on its bank the Muskingum sparkled with eyes of light in the low sun; and the pet moose stood beside the couple, fearless of harm from any hand.

### SPELL TREE OF THE MUSKINGUM

**N**OT a hundred miles from Marietta, Ohio, the pretty Muskingum River, bending around Tick Hill, skirts also a half-moon of fertile lowland known as Federal Bottom, which is the home of sundry farmers and patriots. They call it Tick Hill because everybody who tried to farm it had to live on tick—its soil is so thin. What made it famous for miles around

## American Myths and Legends

was its Crooked Tree—so dreadfully crooked that nobody who looked at it for five minutes could see straight again for the next ten minutes. Not so crooked as the tree, but as well known, was Daddy Childs, who was said to have been in Federal Bottom forever. He was a shaggy old fellow, half clad, whose long white hair and beard made him look like a wizard, and who insisted on living, though he never was seen to work. Some of the yokels declared that there were blue lights in his cabin-window at night. One fellow had it that a severed head made of flame had arisen out of his chimney and glared at him, while drops of fire rained from its neck. Other recorders told of meeting Daddy rushing over the winter hills on a bobsled pulled by galloping oxen with blazing eyes. Still, as he had never been known to harm anybody, he was let alone.

The Civil War was drawing to a close. Federal Bottom had acquired one veteran with a game leg and a fund of anecdote. The surrounding country had also acquired an awe of Jim Crow, a half-crazed guerilla, real name unknown, who had a hatred of the North and a

## American Myths and Legends

love of horse-flesh. All his levies, when he pounced upon a farm with his tatterdemalions, were in live-stock. Everything that had four legs and could go was whipped into his herd and driven off to the Confederate camps, and in the regions where he was most regretfully known it was thought best to allow him to do as he pleased. His tall, gaunt, steely frame, his fierce eye, and his beltful of weapons inspired respect.

For all this, the people of Federal Bottom felt safe, because they realized—sometimes with regret—how inconspicuous they were. They paid little attention to Daddy Childs when he stumped through the Bottom one afternoon, waving a staff and crying to every one he met or saw in the fields, “Beware Jim Crow and his rebel rout.” They were used to his outbreaks. Daddy was more excited than usual, that was all. He crossed the Muskingum, swimming, according to one narrator; sliding over on an oil-film, according to another; passing hand over hand on the ferry-rope, according to a fisherman, and presently appeared under Crooked Tree, where he stood bawling “Jim Crow!” and making eager gestures. The hay-

## American Myths and Legends

makers kept on with their work, the housewives thumped their churns, the children romped and called in the orchards, and people said, with a sniff, "Old Daddy Childs is gettin' these yere spells oftener'n he used ter."

But what was the matter down the creek? Smoke was rising over Daddy's cabin. A dust-cloud was rolling up the road. Cheeks grew pale. Jim Crow had surely come at last. There was a hasty gathering for defence; the old soldier assumed command; the men dropped, with their scythes, squirrel-guns, and flint-lock pistols, into ditches and hollows beside the road; but as the trampling of hoofs came nearer, the army, with one accord, retired toward the river and crossed it in boats to Tick Hill, where it threw up intrenchments that were the wonder of the county for depth and strength, considering how little time the army had to make them. From this strategic point it saw the guerillas pass. There were few of them. Jim Crow, at the head of his troop, was as terrible, all by himself, as an army with banners. The home-guard fired one volley, at long range, then ducked into its fortifications. Amazing!

## American Myths and Legends

Their guns scattered shot in every corner of the township, except the bit of road along which Jim Crow was driving the farmers' horses. More amazing was the report of one defender, who kept his head out and did not wear spectacles, to the effect that the stolen plugs were going along with frog-like jumps; that horns had sprouted on some of them; that sulphur smoke came from their nostrils; that a few rolled over and over, instead of trotting, and that some flung somersaults, as long as they were in sight. Equally disquieting was the agitation of all the horses in the Bottom; for no sooner were heard the neighing, trumpeting, and clatter of the cavalcade than with one accord they gnawed their halters asunder, backed out of their stalls, kicked the stable-doors to splinters, rushed forth, joined the robber troop, and their owners saw them no more.

Now, whether Jim Crow were the Devil, or a devil, or had merely the power of a Pied Piper in drawing horses to him, is a question still discussed along the Ohio and Kentucky border; but there are sneering persons, jealous, no doubt, of the honors paid to the yeoman band that so

## American Myths and Legends

stoutly defended the homes and acres of the Bottom from the foe, who affect to believe that the whole incident amounted to no more than this: that a rogue of a horse-dealer went through the place, hoping to cheat some farmer into buying one of his sheep-necked, wind-galled, lop-eared jades, and, finding the settlement deserted, had assembled the unclaimed livestock and sold it, for a price, in Cincinnati. These doubters maintain that the army of Federal Bottom saw things as it did because it got an awful twist in its eyes through looking at Crooked Tree while Daddy Childs was "orating" there. The gallant defence of the Bottom is still recounted at the cross-roads grocery, but it is not included in the official records of the war.

### MARQUETTE'S MAN-EATER

A TALE connected with a picture on a rock beside the Mississippi, was long preserved by the Illinois, who were known by the early settlers to hold a seeming grudge against it; for whenever they paddled down the river, instead of making oblation to it, as savages



## American Myths and Legends

commonly do before any object that has been invested with superstitious meaning, they drew in their paddles, fitted arrows to their bows and shot a volley at the winged creature of Piasa or Piasau Rock. Back so far in time that the oldest in the tribe could remember only that the tale had been told to them as one of the most venerable of their memorized antiquities, the country of the Illinois was ravaged by a horrible monster that preyed upon their game, until that became too scarce for food, and it then fell upon the people. Though many attacks were made upon it, its aspect created such panic that those few warriors who stood against it were unsteady in their aim and therefore inflicted small hurts through its tough hide. They got little comfort of the honors paid to their well-picked bones.

Wassatogo, who, his people said, was bravest, fasted for several days that his ear might be clear for the message of the spirits; and they told him that the only way to rid the world of the monster was to offer himself as a sacrifice. He bade farewell to his people, yet, as became a brave man, he resolved to die in fight. Donning his war-dress and taking all his weapons, he

## American Myths and Legends

climbed Piasa Rock and waited for this Mississippi minotaur. It came, its wings clashing in thunder, fire flaming from its throat, its long tail lashing like a tree whipping in a cyclone. With growl and hiss and roar it clambered up the rock and caught Wassatogo in its talons. The Indian sank his axe deep in the creature's skull; a hundred arrows flashed from the thickets and pierced its side. It lumbered over the cliff, dead. Wassatogo was little hurt. His people were loud in their acclaim, and, after holding a feast, they painted this figure on the rock to commemorate his heroism.

### THE FISH-MAN

**I**N Wisconsin is a chain of bright waters known as the Four Lakes. Two Winnebagos who were hunting a coon followed him to Maple Bluff, on Fourth Lake, where he disappeared in a hollow tree. Feeling in the hollow of the trunk, they discovered, not the coon, but a live catfish. Suspecting that the fish was other than he appeared to be, one of the Indians refused to harm it, and was for throwing it into

## American Myths and Legends

its element; but his comrade, in the torment of long hunger, killed the creature and broiled and ate it. No sooner had the last morsel been swallowed than he felt such a thirst as never before had come to him in his life. He bent over a spring and drank it dry, without rising; then he walked on to a brook, and drank at that until it ceased to flow; finally, he waded into Fourth Lake, hoping to slake his thirst there, at all events. As soon as he entered the water to the waist his torment ceased, but on every attempt to go ashore it returned upon him, worse than ever. It was the spirit of the lake that he had eaten, and it turned him into a fish-man. The places and the people he had known now knew him no more. There he inhabits to this hour, in the shining waters. It is not merely the red men who fear to go to the shore when they hear the fish-man beating his water-drum at night; the whites who settled Maple Grove are equally in awe of him.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE TREES OF SONG

**N**EAR Lake Naghibic, at the head of Wisconsin River, is a glen where good spirits would gather, in the old days before people had thought of doubting them off from the earth, and would light their eyes in the sparkle of a spring and gladden their ears in the singing of its waters. They cast their spell of healing on it; and the red men went there when they were tired or fevered or had been hurt, and, drinking of its sweet coldness, took a fresh hold on life. Should he have the fortune to meet a spirit who would offer to him the cup, the seeker for health would return to his youth at the first draught.

For the story of the spring is this: Here lived the Chippewa girl, Wild Rose, who, falling in love with a Menominee brave captured in battle by her father, begged earnestly for his liberty. It was refused. On the day set for his death she arose, stole past the sleeping guards, cut his bonds, led him to the lake, and bade him escape in one of the canoes that rocked as lightly in the breeze of early dawn as the water lilies in the coves. He besought her to fly with him, to

## American Myths and Legends

gladden his life, to become one of his people, to see no more of war and cruelty, but be loved forever after and at peace. She confessed her love for him, yet would not be persuaded. He had her heart, but her life belonged to her father. When he paddled away toward the growing brightness it was with eyes turned backward and fixed on her with longing. She, too, watched him, crowned by the morning star, till he faded in the mists, and as the boat left the shore she began a low and mournful chant. She was still singing, rocking to and fro, when her people, having awakened and discovered the loss of their prisoner, rushed to the lake and found her there.

The father's fury was so great that he was fain to kill her, and he dealt many blows on her shoulders, which she bore in patient silence. Her relatives wished to punish her by forcing her to marry a youngster of their tribe whose attentions had been particularly distasteful to her, but here she showed unwonted stubbornness. They might beat her, they might kill her, but marry she would not, and that ended it. So, after a time, they ceased their chidings and

## American Myths and Legends

persecutions, and Wild Rose was as she had been, save that she was more silent. Every night she went to the lake, and, sitting beneath an oak, near the place where the canoe had been tied, she sang till late, alone, looking at the stars. Now and again she would stop and wait, as if for a step and a whispered voice. But they never were heard. The only listener was her father, and he went near but seldom, departing with bowed head.

As the months wore on the singing was lower and lower, more and more sad, and in a while it was not heard there any more—from lips. But above the grave of Wild Rose spread the oak, and it had learned the song. At night, when the stars shone, it crooned softly to itself the notes of grief. The firs took it up; the spirits of the lake echoed it; and so the lament of a broken heart went on and on, till the oak-tree fell. The people, even the men, would steal from the camp at night to listen, sitting or standing the while in shadow; for they dared not appear, lest the tree, hearing or seeing them, should fall silent and hold its limbs, commanding stillness even in the firs till they had gone.

## American Myths and Legends

For such is the way of trees, as every woodman who has waited and hoped on the mountains knows.

Where they buried Wild Rose the spring of life burst forth; for the spring of life is love, and her own love and life had gone into it.

### THE BONE KNIVES

**E**ARLY in the seventeenth century there was division between the Chippewas and Menominees, who had been one people. Some of the latter tribe dammed the river Wesacota, in the present State of Wisconsin, in order to prevent the sturgeon from ascending. It was to thoughtlessness and indifference that this action must be ascribed, for they wanted all the fish themselves. They had not considered their brothers, the Chippewas, whose villages lined the stream above them. So soon as the upper villages were threatened with famine through failure of the sturgeon to appear, as they had done from immemorial time, the Chippewas sent to protest against what they regarded as criminal selfishness. The messenger, a nephew of

## American Myths and Legends

the Menominee chief, was a fair-spoken fellow, a mere lad in years, and he made a temperate statement of the case, urging his relative to be more generous and considerate; but the indifference of his uncle, and the seeming reluctance of the people to destroy the dam which they had built with such unwonted labor, angered him, presently, and he used terms not proper in diplomacy. These in turn roused the ire of the Menominees, and in the end, forgetting the sanctity of his office, they seized him and thrust a sharpened deer-bone beneath his scalp, the chief saying: "That is all I can do for you."

Without a word of protest, without a wince or cry, the lad turned away and went along the river-trail to the lodges of his people. Having gathered all about him who were within sound of his voice, he uncovered his head, showing his scalp pierced, bloody, and inflamed, with the bone projecting from it, and cried: "See how they have answered us." There was a howl of rage and indignation, and men plucked knives and axes from their belts. "We must take the war-path to-morrow and repay this insult," declared the messenger. There was no voice of



## American Myths and Legends

dissent. In the morning the fighters and hunters danced and painted their faces, and, having roused their spirits to the letting of blood, they followed the young man down the river to the settlements of the Menominees. Finding the latter people unprepared, their victory was easy; but they slew only such of their relatives as offered resistance. The Menominee chief was among the first of the prisoners to be taken. He was led before the nephew he had so ill used. The young man looked at him long and sternly. "Since you are so fond of this fish," said he, "you shall keep one of them till you are dead." And plucking a long, sharp bone of a sturgeon from a kettle he forced it into the chief's throat, pressing it deep beneath the skin. Then he dismissed him, and the Chippewas set to work to destroy the dam. For a few days they fed freely on sturgeon, but in those few days the Menominees had rallied and reinforced themselves, and a long war followed, in which both sides lost heavily. But the dam was never built again.

## American Myths and Legends

### THE SMITTEN ROCK AND THE WATERS

WHEN fighting occurred on Leech Lake, Minnesota, between the United States troops and the family of Chippewas known as Pillager Indians, the legend of that body of water came to light. Far back, when the only persons in the world, except the beast-people, were a squaw and her daughter, a wicked spirit stole the girl and carried her to a stone wigwam standing in a plain. It was a rock hollowed by a large chamber and furnished with many appliances for comfort; and there she lived in idleness, until the coming of a good spirit. This spirit made his visit while the owner of the house was absent, and introduced himself by telling the girl that he had come from the god Hiawatha. He left a black stone in her hands, and disappeared. This stone she was to fashion into a spear and strike the rock house with it, at a certain place which he showed to her. The spear was made before her captor returned from hunting, so, climbing up the outside of the wigwam, she smote the rock, and water gushed

## American Myths and Legends

forth. It poured at first into a rill from the spot her spear had touched; the rill enlarged to a brook, and soon it was a river. The hollow plain flooded so fast that she had to climb actively to the summit of the stone house to escape drowning, and when she reached that point the rising stopped. The waters never went down again. Whenever the wind is high on Leech Lake—for so it was named in 1800 by Zebulon Pike, who saw a leech in it—the sound of moaning is borne through the air. It is the voice of the evil spirit who was overtaken and imprisoned by the flood and has never escaped. The girl was rescued by a canoe that guided itself to her from the shore or was propelled by invisible hands. Her wigwam is now Bear Island, and it is blessed to live upon; yet the presence of the evil one, impotent though he is, kept the red men away from Leech Lake for centuries.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE PIPE-STONE QUARRIES

TO the Indian his pipe is more than an article of comfort. It has a ceremonial value and a sanctity. It is smoked in council to promote meditation and allay fever in debate; it is passed from mouth to mouth when peace is to be ratified. Hence he carves his pipe with care, and prizes it above all other possessions except his arms. Especially does he value the pipe-bowls carved from catlinite, the hard, red clay from the reservation of the Coteau des Prairies in Minnesota, and because this pipe-stone is found there the region is free to men of all tribes. They can help themselves to the material, for it is a gift of the Great Spirit, and in order to reach it they may pass through the villages of an enemy unmolested.

One of the creation myths of the Sioux pertains to this place. The Great Spirit made the first man, Wakinyan, a Dakota, from a star; and after the floor of the sky had been split by lightning this father of the race descended on the clouds to the shore of a lake close by. As he had no weapons his maker hardened the rain-

## American Myths and Legends

bow for his use, fitted it with arrows from the lightning, and bade him kill animals for food. For many a year he roamed the prairies, slaying elk and deer and wolves; but he was filled with an uneasiness, for which he sought a cause in vain until he observed that other creatures lived in pairs and seemed happiest when with their mates. He brooded on his solitary state; he ceased to destroy the brutes, and looked on them with envy; the animals even taunted him, and one monster, Witoonti, who was half lizard and half pike, would look in at his lodge-door and dare him to shoot. Wakinyan paid no heed to him, but prayed all day long for a companion. The Great Spirit heard the prayer. He made a woman out of sunbeams, and she came to the earth on an eagle's back, dropping softly into the lake near the lodge of her husband, and so blessing the water that all who bathed in it thereafter might be young forever. So Wakinyan and his wife Cotanka (the Flute) lived cheerfully together and had good children, while Witoonti and his turtle wife begat the Omahas, who were evil. The vicious Witoonti laid many wiles for the capture of Cotanka, but to no

## American Myths and Legends

avail until, in the guise of an elk, he lured Wakinyan far into the northern wilderness; then, turning into a swan, he soared into the air, eluding his fire-arrows, and returned. It was the habit of Cotanka to bathe every day in the Winnewissa; and the wicked one and his wicked wife hid among the rocks until the woman was leaving the water, when they sprang upon her and sucked the blood from her throat. Some of it, spouting from the wound, stained the rocks about the river and dappled the pipe-stone itself. Hearing of this murder, the children of the first parents gathered from all parts of the land, determined to take the lives of the destroyers, but the Great Spirit avenged them; for he dried the waters where Witoonti and the turtle were hiding, so that the sinful beings withered and were like to perish. When they left their concealment, to search for water elsewhere, Wakinyan saw and overtook them and sent his arrows through their bodies.

Another tale repeated by the Indians is that the red of the pipe-stone is a stain of blood from a girl who was taken prisoner here after a battle between the Winnebagos and the Sioux. Her

## American Myths and Legends

captor, unable to force her consent to be his wife, killed her at the stake, and her blood painted the whole ridge.

A third tradition is that of a battle which was fought here for days so steadily that but two opposing chiefs were left. They succeeded, at last, in braining one another; but the race was saved by three Indian girls who hid under the great boulders until the battle was at an end. As perpetuators of the red people "the three maidens" are worshipped by the Indians who visit the quarries.

At Winnewissa Falls is the column of stone, thirty feet high, known, because of a rude profile, as Manitou Face, and also as Leaping Rock. It is separated from the cliff by nearly fifteen feet of space. A Sioux who had a handsome daughter promised her to the man who should be brave and strong enough to leap from the cliff to the stone and back again. An agile fellow won her, but not till many others had misjudged the distance or lost their footing and had fallen thirty feet to death on the jagged rocks below.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MUD ISLAND

**A**T Ecorces, on the Detroit, in a slow, sleepy district between the American and Canadian sides, is Mud Island. It is not much of an island. It was formerly a little bar, visible at low water, and silt and town waste had piled up earth enough against it to build on. The United States government wanted it, perhaps to bury, in case it became a nuisance to navigators, but governments move with such majestic slowness that the authorities had not learned about Mud Island officially—personally they knew all about it—when a spry Canuck rowed over, staked a claim, and began the erection of a tannery. This awoke our government, and the red-tape mills began to work. After sundry reports, hearings, references, inquiries, inspections, and surveys, the case was carried into the courts, and there it dragged on and on, in the usual spirit-destroying fashion, till a whisper got around that if a jury got a fair grip on the case it would prove an alibi against the United States and give the island to the tanner.



## American Myths and Legends

Whether the tanner had been saucy to the United States, whether his heart was so nearly broken by the lawyers that it could not endure another tug, or what was the reason for the aggressive campaign that followed, the gossips have forgotten; but they remember that on a summer morning an asthmatic tow-boat came up the river, dragging a schooner, and rousing every sleepy head in Ecorces; for it looked as if she were really about to make a landing. A staunch, well-appearing craft she was, with a bright wooden image at the bow and the American flag flapping at her peak. Not a soul was seen on board. As the tug neared Mud Island it suddenly swerved, and the schooner, driving straight ahead, drove her nose deep into the bank. The American flag flew over Mud Island. It had not been planted there by force or invasion, but by—hm!—accident. Who would dare to take it down? The contestant for the seemingly worthless bit of real estate abandoned his suit, confessed that the flat was a bar to navigation, and allowed the United States to keep on owning it and not using it. The once spick-and-span schooner long ago succumbed to

## American Myths and Legends

the frost, rain, wind, spring freshets, and winter ice. She is a ruin, and tales are told of goblins that occupy her cabin and frighten boys away. Quite possibly these goblins are fishermen or tramps.

### THE PRIDE OF MOTHER KWAY

ON the sand-dunes of Lake Superior lived old Mother Kway. They called her Mother only as they call so many old women by that endearing name, for she was not in the least bit kind, and did not treat even her daughter decently. Indeed, the people generally believed her to be a witch. This daughter of hers was pale—save for a flushed cheek—and pretty, and her hair was the wonder of all the country; for it was not coarse and black, like the locks of other Indians, but fine and golden, as if spun from sunbeams. Poor Sun Locks had rather a sorry time of it. Her mother would not listen to offers from the young braves for the girl's hand, and kept her out of sight as much as possible, often compelling her to lie concealed through the long day in a canoe or

## American Myths and Legends

box that swung on the lake's surface a few yards from shore and was kept from drifting away by a rope that was attached to a tree. One young warrior in particular had been most urgent in his suit; but Mother Kway had answered him, "You! My pretty girl marry such a common fellow? Never! She shall marry a chief."

A great gale swept the country, bending trees till they cracked with the strain, and thrashing the lake into hilly waves, tipped and ringed with froth. Mother Kway hurried to the shore to draw in the boat. Her heart was cold with fear and bitter with remorse. And well it might be; for the rope had broken, and the mere speck, receding toward the horizon, was the canoe; and Sun Locks, if she were still alive, was inside of it. With a despairing cry the old woman sank upon the ground, her witchcraft all forgotten, only her regret and love remaining. Thenceforth not a day passed, hardly a waking hour, without a prayer from her to the Master of Life, entreating that her daughter, her comfort, her pride, might be restored to her.

The Great Spirit listened; and, seeing how

## American Myths and Legends

deep was her love, he granted her petition, at last. So Sun Locks came riding to the land again in the same boat that had taken her away. But Mother Kway could not keep back the tears, when the transports of her joy had passed, for it was two years since she had seen her daughter, and in that time what a change! All the grace of youth had left her, all the spring of her step was gone; the flush of her cheek had faded; her delicate pallor was no longer blossom-like, but bilious and mature; her mouth was set with hard experience, her eye lacked light, her brows had fallen lower; worst of all, the glorious hair had become lustreless and thready, so that the sun-rays were tangled in it no longer. The girl's story was soon told: The gale had swept her to the Canadian side of the lake and had tossed her canoe almost against the lodge of a crusty hermit. Cold, wet, and hungry she begged the shelter of his tepee until she should be strong enough to attempt the journey home. He gave her shelter readily enough, for he admired her beauty; but after a time he forced her to marry him.

With the drudgery she had been compelled to

## American Myths and Legends

do in his service, with disgust at his caresses, with disappointment, homesickness, illness, frequent hunger, and neglect, she had lost not merely her beauty, but her gaiety and spirit. The water-gods sorrowed for her, and when the Master of Life gave the word they gladly aided in her escape and drew the canoe back to the sand-hills. The question that now vexed the old mother was, Would it now be possible to find a husband for her daughter, or would Sun Locks pass into a neglected age, with none to supply her with choice meat and fish, to replenish her skins and furs, to protect her in time of war? A day or so later the young fellow who had so earnestly tried to pay his court appeared on the shore. Mother Kway went to him with a labored smile. "I used to speak harshly to you, when you asked for Sun Locks. You must remember that she was young, and I loved her too much to give her up. Now she has reached a marriageable age, so——"

The young man interrupted: "I? I marry her? Is she a princess?" And he went proudly on his way. He had seen the girl. It is the fashion of the world.

## American Myths and Legends

### WILLOW BRANCH SAVES HER LOVER

**F**EARING a hard winter, and having suffered much from the attacks of the man-eating Geebis, who were half human and half devils, the people of Mackinac rolled up their wigwams and departed for the mainland, leaving Akiwasie there—to live if he could, or die if he could not, for he was not merely old, but blind. His granddaughter, Willow Branch, was left with him, for she was slight and weak, and seemed destined to an early death. All the boats had gone, and no visitor might come before spring. But visitors did come—the Geebis, bringing captives, and occupied the cave called Devils' Kitchen. Fortunately, the old man and the girl were not seen, for they were worn with hunger, and durst not even go down to the lake to drink, nor even to the Devil's Pond, close by, where the evil manitou had imprisoned a handsome squaw till such time as the pond should be filled with stones, a rock or pebble being thrown in by those who passed, as acknowledgment of a sin. The pond has since been filled, and the squaw has been restored to her husband. Shut

## American Myths and Legends

off on the one hand by the Geebis and on the other by the evil manitou, the old man and the girl suffered greatly, and in her fevered dreams Willow Branch often murmured, now asking for water, anon speaking the name of Kewenaw, her lover, who was far away at the fishing-ground at the time when the tribe had resolved to move. During one of their uneasy hours of half sleep the two were awakened by rude music and loud yells. "What do you see?" asked the old man.

The girl crept to the brink of the ledge on which they had placed their beds. Her tongue was thick with thirst. "It is the Geebis," she said, speaking faintly. "They are about to torture their prisoners. The fires are blazing. They are binding the captives. One of them—oh, grandfather, they have caught Kewenaw! He will die! Look up, Kewenaw! It is I, who love you."

Now, Willow Branch was the descendant of some wise people who could bring water from the earth. She did not know that she had this power, but it came upon her then. Straightening her wasted form, she levelled her finger at the demons, crying, "Death to you all! Let

## American Myths and Legends

water flow!" And as if the gates had been unlocked, a flood burst from the rocks; it poured into Devils' Kitchen; it swept the demons into the lake, where they were drowned, and on a great rebounding column Kewenaw was flung at her feet, unharmed. When the tribe returned it found three happy people where it had expected to find two skeletons.

### HOW NISHISHIN BECAME A MEDICINE-MAN

**I**N Mackinac there are several noted caverns and grottos,—the Cave of Skulls, for instance, where the bones of the bravest were deposited, and where the peace-loving old fellow whose parents had misnamed him Thunder Bird used to go to clear his ear, when he wanted a message from Manibozho. He found silver there, and from a mixture of silver and red clay constructed a peace-pipe of such potency that even the women of his tribe refrained from disagreeing with one another when it was smoked.

Then, there was another cave which, instead of bones, intombed for some weeks an Indian maid, whose lover turned the place to wise



## American Myths and Legends

account. The girl's father was a cantankerous reprobate who was opposed on principle to everything that everybody wanted to do or found pleasure in doing, and he naturally repelled young Nishishin when he came spooning around his premises and asked the girl to go to the dance that evening. The youngster was not dismayed. He ran away with the virgin at the first chance, and she disappeared. Nishishin was around next day, looking so innocent and cool that butter, if it had been invented, would hardly have melted in his mouth, and after four or five days it was agreed among the people that the missing girl must have fallen into the lake and drowned, or tumbled from some rock; in which belief the reprobate became more obstreperous than ever, and wanted to put the leading men to death for not seeing the calamity and preventing it. Nishishin may have uttered a few crocodile tears in public, but he chuckled to himself when there was a lack of company; and every night he arose from his couch, stole to the lake with a bundle containing food, dived into the water, and did not emerge again for three or four hours.

## American Myths and Legends

At last the cantankerous one had become so unendurable that the tribe made him bite his tongue and hold his peace of his own will or they would subdue him, with clubs, to an everlasting peace. On these terms he consented to be quiet. Now came the time for Nishishin to pat his breast and call himself "big Injun." He would do what no other man in Mackinac could do. He would visit the spirits under the water, get them to restore life to the girl in their keeping, and would bring her back, not a bit the worse for drowning. The whole company assembled at the shore to see him off. He waved his hand in farewell, made a few fine remarks about himself, and leaped into the lake. The people held their breaths till they grew purple, then let out the imprisoned air in sighs. Nishishin was done for. Five minutes passed—ten—fifteen. Oh, he was very dead! But what was this coming up through the water? A man, and a woman in his arms! They arose to the surface, and behold, they were Nishishin and his bride; he as ruddy and as well as ever; she somewhat pale, yet plump and happy. And the two were married and were almost worshipped,

## American Myths and Legends

they were so unusual. The husband became the leading medicine-man of the district. In their tepee the couple used often to snicker and whisper over the trick by which they had come to such esteem. All there is to it was this: Nishishin, while swimming, found, about six feet under water, the entrance to a roomy cave. He hid the inamorata in it, for she was a swimmer, too, and supplied her with food, fuel, and furs. It was a tedious wait, in the twilight, but they were together often, and the brilliant success in the end was worth a little hardship.

### THE FACE ON THE PANES

WHEN the rough, stout fur-trader, Donald Henderson, settled in Mackinac few other white people were thereabout. He had calculated on making a fortune early and going back across the sea, for he wanted, above all things, to give the advantages of schools and society to his daughter. It was not to be so. Miss Margaret, in the lack of other company, had much of Agemaw's, and that youngster—a full-blooded Chippewa—had so many tales to

## American Myths and Legends

tell of his home that she lived in a half-fearful, half-romantic dream. There was a dance of the dead that had been seen on the lake; there was the hunt of the blue spirits, brandishing lightning in their hands, on the night of a chief's conversion from the faith of his fathers; there was the blue woman whose body was found in a niche near Giant's Stairway—the Eve of the Indian race; there was the great cave under Red Clay Hill, where the first people had been buried, and which was walled and ceiled with amethyst, glittering wondrously in the light of torches. And there was wood and plant lore that was new to the white girl. Agemaw's keen eye saw where the Indian pipe was coming up, and made her breathe on the ground above it. Next day he led her to the spot to show how her breath had charmed the plants out of the earth. He carried flowers to her; he found the coldest, clearest springs, where she might drink; he took her on short trips in his canoe; he opened a new world to the maid.

The only white men about the place were a rough, tippling, swearing lot, bent on overreaching the Indians; there was little about

## American Myths and Legends

them to attract the regard of a young woman, and that Margaret fell in love with Agemaw, as he had done with her, is nothing wonderful. Her father had not noticed the goings-on. In fact, as the Indian was employed about the trading-post, his daily presence was a matter of course; and when it had been found that he was trusty, he was allowed to serve as a guard for the girl on her short rambles. The young people's hopes and dreams were not of long duration. So soon as his suspicion had been aroused against this candidate for the honors of son-in-law, Henderson forbade him the house and turned the key whenever he went out. That mattered little, as he discovered one night when returning from a carouse with a neighbor, for as the moon flashed out from behind a cloud it showed Agemaw lifting Margaret from a window. The two were going to elope. With a yell and an oath that brought half a dozen to his help, he pounced on the dusky lover, bound him, flung him into the lake, and left him there to drown.

And from that hour he had little joy in life; for he was compelled to see his daughter pine

## American Myths and Legends

away, become silent and strange, shrink from him in distress whenever he appeared, and show only fear when he tried, in his uncouth way, to be tender. She would sit at the window for hour after hour, watching. For Agemaw? She knew he was dead. For his ghost? The thought gave Henderson a shiver. He never saw the Indian's spirit; but when Margaret died, as she did some months after the lad's murder, her spectre could be seen looking through the window. It was said that the still, waiting face had somehow been photographed on the panes, and that the pictured glass is preserved in a Detroit household to this day. At all events, the face was there, so full of longing and reproach that Henderson quit the place. He tried to amend for his act by kindness in his last years, and even came to look on Indians as men.

### THE BEAR AND THE BUCK

**I**N the wood north of St. Ignace, upper Michigan, an old Indian sat alone, brooding over his fire. His face, framed in white hair, was grave and calm. He had but one hand. The

## American Myths and Legends

winter snow was sifting against his lodge, and the trees creaked dolefully. His meditations were broken by rapid steps outside, the door was opened, and a woman of his own age entered and nearly fell on her knees. It was her last output of strength that had brought her to his retreat. She cast her arms about his neck, smiled faintly as she heard his cry of joy and felt his embrace; then both sank to the earth with a long knife through their hearts. The man who had given this blow had followed close in the woman's steps. He stood for a few moments, looking on the dead, his face working with rage, despair, and self-reproach; then, plucking the weapon from the bodies of his victims, he smote himself in the breast and died.

The Bear, as he was called, who owned the lodge, had loved the woman in his youth, until, finding that she was gay and coquettish, though not wicked, he resigned his pretension to her hand, leaving her to be wooed, and, as he fancied, won, by his friend, The Buck, for he believed that she loved this friend the better. But The Buck, who was fiery and unreasoning, persuaded himself, and, unhappily, persuaded

## American Myths and Legends

others, that the girl was of evil life, and that The Bear had put her off because he had tired of her. On a charge of conspiring with the English against his own people, The Buck caused his friend to be arrested, and on this groundless allegation the poor fellow was condemned by a council to lose his right hand. Not until The Buck had seized this trophy, as it fell, beneath the axe, from the bloody stump, and had waved it triumphantly before the eyes of the people, did The Bear realize what a wretched creature he had befriended, and of what a lie he had been made the victim. Every one avoided the disgraced and disfigured man—every one except the girl. She, alone, stood proudly by his side, repentant of her lightness, and as The Buck approached her she waved him aside with a look of unspeakable disgust. The patience, the dignity, the silence of The Bear had won her completely. He, however, led her courteously to his rival's door and turned away, seeking only to be alone and to forget the injustice he had suffered. For years he had lived by himself, making his own weapons, despite his maimed arm, shooting and spearing his



## American Myths and Legends

own game, cooking his own food, and until he had grown old he never knew that his pain and self-denial had gone for naught; for the woman scorned The Buck, and was deaf to all his appeal and argument. Just before the end of her days the woman learned where The Bear had set up his hermitage, and there she found him. For those two there was a moment of happiness, though it was the last moment of their lives.

### BEAR'S HOUSE OF THE CHEYENNE

**A** BELIEF in the power of human beings to take on the forms of animals and to share the nature of those animals was not confined to the Europeans who invented weir-wolves, but is found among the Indians. The red men of certain tribes believe that you can change yourself into a given form by putting on the skin of the kind of beast you wish to be. The hill called Matoti,—Bear's house,—that rises near the mouth of a branch of the Cheyenne in South Dakota, is best known for its sienite boulder engraved with hieroglyphs of forgotten mean-

## American Myths and Legends

ing. This boulder is known as Twin Sisters' Lodge, the sisters being fair women who lived beneath the stone and wrote the characters on it, ages ago. It was their mission to teach their sisters above the ground to sew, make quill- and bead-work, and master the arts of the toilet, that they might make themselves desired by the stern sex. Squaws visit the stone to offer paint and beads upon it, and pray for beauty and good husbands; but the men avoid it,—for if a brave were to touch it his arm would fall, withered, to his side.

Thereby hangs a bear tale; for the punishment would be visited upon him as a vengeance for the wrong-doing of a Dakota, who, hunting over this region for deer, found what pleased him better: a pretty woman. Though she was coy, he fell soundly in love; and his appeals were so fervid that he won her heart, at last, she consenting to become his wife on condition that he would never kill a bear; for the bear was her totem. Their wedded life passed pleasantly; he brought berries to her, he followed the bees to their homes in hollow trees, and took to her as trophies of the bee chase bark boxes of rich

## American Myths and Legends

honey—fitting food for the honeymoon—and he was never more industrious in the hunt nor more generous in his success, always reserving for her the daintiest portions of the buffalo hump and tongue, the haunch of venison and antelope, the juiciest of the ducks and sage-hens.

There were times of ill-luck, as there are in all lives, and after one of those times he was returning in the twilight, hungry and out of sorts, when a bear ran past, making directly for his lodge. With the instinct of a sportsman he slipped his arrow's notch upon the bow-cord; then he remembered his promise never to slay a bear. Still, if the creature should find his wife, it would surely kill her. Promise or no promise, he would prevent that. He shot. With a human scream the bear sprang up, then fell, and as its skin unfolded he found his wife within. He cried her name in agony of spirit, but to deaf ears. She was beyond awakening. Why had she taken on that form? Was it on a good or evil errand? It could not matter now; yet for years the broken-hearted Indian stayed about the country that he might watch her shadow, in

## American Myths and Legends

bear form, as it wandered over the hill in the starlight, and address it in terms of imploring and affection.

### THE RATTLESNAKE ECHO

**I**N Bear's Gulch, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, lived Turtle Dove with her little girl, Ohoteu, and her baby boy, Sage Cock. She would leave the children together, sure that they would keep out of mischief, while she went off to gather berries, nuts, and seeds; and these absences were noted by a woman who lived on a mountain, alone, and had become a witch, out of spite because nobody had ever made an offer of marriage to her. Seeing that Sage Cock was a bright, stout youngster, she resolved to make him her husband; so, during one of the daily visits of the mother to a distant berry-patch, she ran off with him, and took him to her home. She was "no chicken," as to years, and had she waited till the little shaver had grown to manhood she would have been yet more hopelessly an old-maid than she was then. But she did not wait. She had supernatural power. She worked

## American Myths and Legends

over Sage Cock all night, mauling and stretching, and finally pulled his arms and legs to adult size. She fed him on buffalo-meat and fish, and in a few days he was as large and strong as any warrior in the hills.

Alack for her hopes! Sage Cock was a man in stature, it was true, but he remained an infant in understanding. His mind did not grow any faster than the minds of other babes. In order to hurry his education in hunting, that he might at least seem to be a man the earlier, the witch had to take him abroad, though she knew that his mother would be on the watch. So it was. Turtle Dove had the help of her brother, The Eagle, in the search, and they travelled for days together, climbing the trees for better views now and again. Once Sage Cock cried to the witch, "I hear my mother!" and indeed the voice of Turtle Dove was heard, calling across the hills. The witch pretended that it was some stranger, imitating his mother's voice that she might find and eat him. "Crawl into this skin," she urged, "and you will be safe." It was a skin that had been stripped from a huge mountain-sheep, after he had shot it, and was big

## American Myths and Legends

enough to cover them both. The seekers came closer, calling, for they had seen the two at a distance, and knew that they must be near.

Search revealing nothing, the mother and The Eagle tried strategy. They hung a dead rabbit in a tree, stripped the trunk to a height of ten or a dozen feet, hid in a thicket, and waited. As they expected, the witch put out her nose, after a time, for a breath of air, and sniffed the carrion. Her appetite, already large, was sharpened, and in a little time she stole out and tried to climb the tree; but the smoothness of the trunk and the age in the limbs of the beldam made this nearly impossible. Being desperately busy in trying to reach the rabbit, she did not see Turtle Dove and The Eagle run to the sheepskin, pull out the smooth-faced lummux who lay under it, sucking his thumb, and carry him off. So soon as they had put him back in the hollow where the witch had found him, he shrank into the same baby that he was before, and bawled for milk. The rescuers put the youngster into his sister's arms and went back to kill the witch. Suspecting that they would attempt revenge, she crept into the cast-off skin

## American Myths and Legends

of her grandfather, the rattlesnake, and lying on a ledge among the other serpents, where there was little likelihood that any one would attempt to disturb her, she mocked the call of her pursuers, and, feeling more safe and more at home in the company of reptiles than in that of human kind, she has lived in the same place ever since. She takes a pleasure in mocking people, and white men call her cry an echo. Since white men came into the country the Indians say that the rattlesnake has been talking in lower and lower tones, and may in time become altogether silent.

### THE SPECTRE BRIDE

**F**IGHTING BUFFALO, a young hunter of the Osages, left camp on the Nickanansa to sell his furs in St. Louis and to buy there some ornaments worthy to be worn by Prairie Flower, the girl who had promised to marry him, on his return. This journey, eighty or ninety years ago, was a matter of toil and difficulty, so that he was absent for about three weeks, during which time he had no news of affairs at home. When he regained the Nickanansa and had

## American Myths and Legends

neared the site of his village he quickened his pace, for there were no lodge peaks above the earth waves of the prairie, no wisps of smoke to promise the comfort of supper. Not greatly wondering at this, as he knew and shared the migratory habits of his people, he looked about to find some picture-writing that should guide him to the new village of the tribe, and was pleasantly surprised on seeing at a distance the figure of a young woman, seated among the ashes and refuse of the vanished camp, and bent, as if weeping. The pleasure of this discovery was in the recognition of the girl. It was Prairie Flower. He ran forward eagerly, and would have embraced her, but she turned her head sadly, and would not look at him.

“I have jewels and ribbons for you, my bride,” he said, tossing off his pack.

She gave a little sob.

“Where are our people?” he asked.

“Gone. Gone to the Wagrushka.”

“But you are here, alone.”

“I was waiting for you.”

“Then we will go to our people at once, and to-morrow we shall be married; and you will



## American Myths and Legends

be the most beautiful of all the girls; yes, in all the flat country."

She still averted her face. "I will carry your pack," she said. Among Indians the burdens that are not borne by horses are usually carried by women, so that this was quite the thing to do. Fighting Buffalo laughed a little as his sweetheart picked up the bundle, for it was filled with gifts that would make her happy. But why did she hide her face? and now that they had started on the march for the Wagrushka, why did she gather her cloak about her in that fashion, and cover her head, like the head of a corpse that is ready for burial? "There's no accounting for women's tempers," thought the hunter. "She will be more kind to-morrow." Plodding on through the tall grass, she following silently in his footsteps, seldom speaking, and then but quietly, they came at sunset to the new camp of the Osages and saw the blue smoke curling pleasantly above the tepees. The girl stopped. "It is better that we should not enter the camp together. You know that is the custom only with married people. I will wait for a time beneath this tree."

## American Myths and Legends

Fighting Buffalo ran on ahead, aroused the village with a joyful shout, and called greetings to his relatives, while yet a quarter of a mile away. To-morrow Prairie Flower would be his wife, and he was happy. As he went nearer he was chilled by a boding. The people were sad and silent. Even the children desisted from their play. "What ails you all?" he asked. "Has any one died since I left you?"

There was no answer. Then he addressed his sister: "Feather Cloud, go back and tell Prairie Flower to come to us."

His sister recoiled. "Do not speak like that," she murmured, with a sidelong glance toward her parents, as if she feared they might have heard her brother's words.

"Tell me, what has come over every one? Why have you moved? Why will you not bring my bride to me?"

"Prairie Flower is dead, and is buried beneath that tree."

"This is poor fun, if you intend to joke. She came with me from the Nickanansa, and brought my pack as far as that tree. Faugh! I will go after her myself."

## American Myths and Legends

He walked hastily back in the twilight, his people following at a distance. His pack lay at the tree-foot, on a new grave. With a choking cry he pressed his hands upon his heart and fell on the mound, dead.

### CRAZY WOMAN'S CREEK

**A**LMOST as early as the days of Zebulon Pike a half-breed trader appeared among the Crows on the Platte and built a house for his furs and stores beside the Big Beard, a stream which took that name because of a curious bearded grass growing along its edge. His white squaw wore a dress that fell to her feet, and tied strings around her waist, to make it small, to the wonder and amusement of the red women. Among the wares sold by this trader was a dark water that made the stomach burn and caused those who drank it to sing and dance in the village street, even dignified, inactive, elderly men, so that their wives were scandalized. The people became so fond of this drink that they sold two furs for enough to make them sleep; then, as the barrel threatened to

## American Myths and Legends

run dry and the trader feared he should not have enough left for himself, they paid three furs—four—a pony; and at last they offered to sell their squaws for a sleep, though the white wife always objected to that. Sometimes their hands shook, and they saw large snakes on the earth, with curious flapping ears, or with bristles like a porcupig, or with their tails done up in leather.

When the dark water was gone the trader told them he was going to the white man's towns for more, but the drink had weakened their minds. They declared that he must have more; that having got all their skins and ponies from them he was going to run away. It did not take long for these victims of frontier rum to lash themselves into a frenzy, in which they forced their way into the house, killed the half-breed, tore off his scalp, and danced on his body in presence of his wife. She, wild with terror, tried to run away; whereupon a man outside of the door struck her so hard that she fell, as one dead. An hour after, a squaw, passing the trader's burning house, saw by the light of the flames that the white woman still lived, rescued

## American Myths and Legends

her, and took her to a tepee where she dressed her wounds, mended her torn garments, and gave food to her.

The white squaw appeared to get well, but her mind was sick. She could not bear the sight of red men, believing that every one of them who approached her intended some violence. She made her home in a glen among the buttes, living there alone and showing herself but once a day, when she went to gather the pieces of meat that the women left for her on the bank of the Big Beard. A hunter who was chasing antelope saw her on one of these errands and pursued her for a little way, either in sport or in an earnest purpose to take her to his people and have her properly cared for. The latter is the likelier reason, for Indians believe that people whose minds are lost are under the guidance of the Great Spirit. The woman cried in fear and ran like an antelope toward the rocks. She disappeared among them and was never seen again. Since that time the Big Beard has been known as Crazy Woman's Creek.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE ENCHANTED HORSE

AMONG the Pawnees who lived on the North Platte were a woman and her grandson, so wretchedly poor that they were a source of chagrin to the tribe. Their clothing, shoes, weapons, and utensils were merely such as the others had thrown away; their robes had lost half their fur; their tepee was patched; they lived on scraps of meat that others had rejected. But the boy bade his grandmother be comforted, for when he was older he would kill buffalo, like the rest, and they should have a painted lodge, and clothing adorned with quills and fringes. In one of the frequent migrations of the tribe—a move occasioned by the disappearance of game from the neighborhood—the boy found, browsing among the refuse of the village, a sorry old horse, half blind, sore backed, lame legged, and gridiron ribbed. “He is not handsome, but he can carry our little pack,” said the old woman. So the few belongings were put on the creature’s back, and the company moved forward. An Indian is often unkind to his horse and unreasonable in the amount of

## American Myths and Legends

work he expects of him. The boy, on the contrary, considered the rickety nature of his beast and did not malign or whip him, though he was very slow and did not arrive at Court-house Rock till the lodges had been set up for half a day.

Hardly had the village been put in order before the chief gathered the men about him and said that a vast herd of buffalo had been sighted, four miles away, and among them was a spotted calf. A spotted buffalo-robe is "good medicine," conferring fortune and success on its owner, and he offered his daughter to any one of his braves who should return from the chase with the magic skin. That all might have an equal chance, the hunters would leave the village together, as in a race. The boy took his handful of crooked arrows, his cracked bow, and looked at his poor old plug of a horse. Oh, it was of no use, he sighed: the creature would fall apart if he ever tried to run. The horse turned toward him with a twinkle in his eye. "Drive me to the river and plaster me with mud," said he. This utterance in human speech scared the boy so that he almost fainted, but, stoutly col-

## American Myths and Legends

lecting his wits, he did as he had been told. "Now," continued the brute, "mount me again, and when the word is given let me have free rein."

As he took his steed to the left of the row of bucks, on their spirited mounts, they roared with laughter, for, as if dissatisfied with his natural ungainliness, the horse was now especially unhandsome, because he was caked with mud. The boy turned his head, and his heart sank for a minute. It was wretched to be poor. Then a resolution came upon him. He would beat those hunters in the race, he would bring in the spotted skin, he would marry the chief's daughter.

All were ready. "Go!" cried the chief. With a yell and much slapping and shaking of reins the line rushed forward. The men sat their ponies as if grown to their backs. It was like a charge of cavalry. Those who began to gain on the slower ones grinned and yelped in triumph; but in another moment a sharp cry of astonishment from those on the left caused all eyes to turn in that direction. Then each eye grew large and each mouth opened in amazement; for the old dun horse was passing them



## American Myths and Legends

with such ease that he seemed not to run, but rather to fly across the earth like a hawk breasting the gale and rising with outspread wings. The buffalo were sighted. Straight toward the spotted calf rode the boy, before the others had even seen it in the mass of shaggy backs, and with a single shot he killed it. While he skinned the animal his horse pranced and caracoled beside him like a colt. His age, his soreness, his blindness had disappeared.

As the boy tramped back to the village with the meat and the spotted hide bound upon the horse's back the people stared with wonder. A brave offered twelve ponies for the skin, but the lad shook his head and went on to the mean little lodge where his grandmother was waiting. She cleaned and dressed the trophy and prepared a generous meal of the meat. That evening, while he was grooming the horse, the animal spoke again: "The Sioux are coming. When they attack to-morrow mount me, gallop straight against the chief, kill him, and ride back. Do this four times, killing a Sioux at each charge. Do not go a fifth time, for you may lose me or be killed yourself." That night the

## American Myths and Legends

boy mended his weapons and painted his face; and in the morning it fell out as the horse had said. Four Sioux fell under the boy's hand, and he returned with their axes. He had proved his bravery, and some of the sturdiest fighters of the clan patted his head and spoke kindly to him. The excitement of battle had seized him and he could not resist the chance to take another life. But disaster came with the fifth attack. His brave horse fell under a Sioux arrow, and the enemy cut him into pieces, that he might never bear another Pawnee on his back.

Though the boy fled in safety to his own lines, he felt so badly over his loss that after night-fall, when the Sioux had retreated, he collected the bones of the creature and pieced them together. Then, with the spotted robe drawn over his head, he mourned his steed. A great wind arose, bringing a rain that washed away the blood and freshened the grass. The fall of water was a dull satisfaction to him. It was like tears, and the discomfort he endured was part of a just punishment for disobeying this wise and faithful animal. After he had lamented for some hours he looked up and dis-

## American Myths and Legends

covered that the severed limbs and head had arranged themselves in a life-like attitude. Then the tail moved, and presently the animal arose, walked to the boy and said, "The Great Spirit is kind. He has let me come back to life. You have had your lesson. Hereafter trust me."

In the morning the horse was as sound as ever, and during the rest of his long life he was honored by the people, while the boy established his grandmother in comfort, married the chief's daughter, and in the end became chief himself.

### THE MERCY OF THE GREAT SPIRIT

**W**HILE hunting along the Stinking Water, Wyoming, a number of Crow Indians were so delayed and troubled by a blind man who had insisted on going with the party that they told him, at last, he would have to remain in a tepee they would put up for him until they came back along the trail. They stocked the lodge with food, made a bed for him, and fastened a lariat to a peg at his door, so that by holding the end he could find his way back when he ventured out for wood and water. Next day

## American Myths and Legends

a second party rode by, and they, too, had a blind man, who consented to put up with the first that his friends might move the faster. The two sightless ones got on well together for a day or two, reciting the endless stories of their people and vaunting the deeds they had done in battle when they were young. Then they became restless; they wondered why the hunters were so late; they grumbled at their monotonous diet of dried meat. Presently their store of food became so low that they must needs cast about for a fresh supply. Said one, "We are told by the Great Spirit to hunt the buffalo. Do you suppose he would be angry if we caught fish?"

They debated this point until hunger settled the question, and, going down to the Stinking Water, they caught a large trout. While it was cooking Sakawarte, the Great Spirit, lifted it from the pot and cast it away, so that when the men poked about with sticks to know if it was soft enough for eating, and found nothing but water, each accused the other of stealing it, and shortly they were engaged in a fight. At this Sakawarte, who had been laughing, told them to be friends again; that he had tested them with

## American Myths and Legends

hunger, and found them unable to endure it. "Fish is not food for those on land," he said. "Go down to the river, put mud from the bottom on your eyes, and you shall see again."

The two men, knowing by his great voice who had spoken, thanked the god for his kindness and scrambled down the bank. They applied the mud, then shouted with delight; for their sight had truly come back to them. But they had no weapons, no game appeared, and the hunters still lingered abroad. In distress of stomach they caught and ate a second fish—with bitter repentance after, for their eyes were darkened again. Sakawarte returned to their lodge, told how sad they had made him by their weak yielding to hunger and easy breaking of the law, but gave them one more chance to recover their sight. They used the mud again, their eyes became living, and when their friends came riding back they were astonished to see those whom they had left as blind now seated before their lodge and making bows and arrows. And a feast of fresh buffalo meat was eaten to celebrate this mercy.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE FIRST SCALP

**A**NORTHERN Indian wears as many eagle-feathers as he has taken scalps, and if time and the exigencies of battle allow, he cuts the scalp from every enemy he kills. Thousands of years ago, when the red men were all one family, their first dispute arose as to who should be chief; for their old leader had died childless. Two of the strongest and coolest-headed hunters were named as successors, and each had about as large a following as the other. Politics, created by this rivalry, led to bitterness, and bitterness to blows. War began on the earth. One of these chiefs had a daughter who was admired for her beauty, and he loved her so that he had been unwilling to give her in marriage, until this era of trouble began, when he proclaimed that he would bestow her on the suitor who would prove his worth and valor by killing his foe and bringing back a proof that he had done so. An adventurous fellow resolved to win the girl. For days he lurked near the enemy's camp, in a piercing cold, and his time came on a night when a gale had driven all the

## American Myths and Legends

people to shelter. He boldly entered the tepee of the rival chief, killed him, cut off his head and started home with it. Early in the morning his crime was discovered, for a trail of foot-prints and blood-drops was seen leading from the lodge in which the headless body lay. Two hundred men started in pursuit. The murderer heard them coming; the head was heavy; he was too tired to carry it farther; with his stone knife he cut away the scalp, leaving the men in chase to discuss the ghastly relic while he fled on and gained his camp in safety. The scalp was convincing to his own chief, whose daughter he married presently, and scalping became a general practice in war from that time.

### THE CLIMBER OF THE TETON

**I**N 1898 the Grand Teton, Wyoming, was scaled for the first time by a company of white men. Its height, 13,800 feet, is less than that of a dozen mountains in the Rockies that have been ascended safely, but there are few in any land more savage in difficulties and terrible in contour. Tall as are the precipices of the

## American Myths and Legends

Matterhorn, they lack by thousands of feet the sublimity of the Teton's western rise, which for nearly two miles is vertical. The Indians have long held this peak in reverence. That is a safe emotion. The traveller who can persuade himself into a great fear of such a peak will never climb it, and if he never climbs it he avoids work. Before the white race had ever dazzled its eyes with the snows of this Alp a tribe of Indians camped in Jackson's Hole, almost in its shadow. That little valley contained game, which was to be had without much trouble; but there was nobody to fight, and the braves rusted with inaction. As an outlet for their energy and a test of courage, it was proposed that all the younger men should climb the Grand Teton. They made the attempt, but none of them reached the top. Miniwepta, belle of their company, gibed at them for their failure and said that she would show the clumsy fellows how to reach the summit. Early in the morning she slipped out of camp on a pony. Her relatives followed, in fear of some rash and tomboyish exploit on her part, until they lost the trail, at nightfall. As it became dark they saw a fire





THE TETONS



## American Myths and Legends

burning on the mountain-side. Next night another fire appeared, higher among the crags. On the third night a red spark glowed and glimmered away up on the precipice, a few hundred feet below the summit. On the fourth night no fire was seen. Miniwepta's people rode homeward in silence.

### THE BLACKFOOT RAID

THE first meeting of the Blackfeet with Spayu was near Yellowstone River. As they saw him limping toward them at nightfall they could hardly believe he was a man. He was dressed only in a ragged, discolored shirt, his long hair and beard were matted with burs and grass, his eyes burned with insane fury, he was so reduced by hunger and suffering that he was a mere parchment-covered skeleton, and a gash on his thigh and raw spots on his feet left drops of blood, ill to be spared from his thin veins, upon the earth. He mumbled and shook his head as he toiled along, and did not see the Indians till one of them put his hand, not unkindly, on his shoulder, when he cried aloud and

## American Myths and Legends

fainted. For almost a year the man remained in the Indian camp, ill and dependent at first, then grateful and confiding. He received the name of Spayu (Spaniard), and when he had learned the Blackfoot tongue he told his story: how his brother had cheated him of his inheritance; then, to have him killed or hunted out of the country, had charged him with an attack on the governor which had really been made by the wicked brother himself. Friends who knew the accusation to be a lie went to the jail at night and released the man, provided him with a horse, weapons, and food, and urged him to fly as fast and as far as possible. The wild tribes were no more kind to him than his white brother had been, for while preparing his supper at one stage in his march he was shot at by several Indians and an arrow pierced his thigh. He leaped from a bank into a turbid river and swam with the current till he was out of reach of his enemies, in whose hands he had been compelled to leave his horse, his arms, and his supplies. After quitting the stream he wandered for two days through the wilderness without food or water, with nothing to keep him warm at night

## American Myths and Legends

but the fever that was increasing in his veins, and his mind had weakened with his body when he met the Blackfeet.

The red men told him he was welcome to make his home with them; and he took them at their word, becoming, to all intents, an Indian himself, dressing as they did, hunting with the same weapons, and finally taking to himself an Indian wife. But the old injury rankled. He could not forgive the brother who had robbed him of his fortune and had tried to take his life. Several years passed before he ventured to ask his associates if they would be willing to go to New Mexico and punish the wrong-doer. The proposition was hailed with such enthusiasm, as promising scalps and plunder, that he probably lamented his reserve, since in all the time he had been refraining from his vengeance the wicked brother had been enjoying the possession of his estates.

The Indians rode southward along the Rocky range for days, living on buffalo which they killed as they advanced, but often suffering for lack of water. There were four hundred in the band and their warlike appearance frightened

## American Myths and Legends

the pueblo-dwellers whom they passed and whose gardens they despoiled of pumpkins, corn, and melons. These timid farmers pulled up their ladders so that they should not be followed into their houses, and waited in silence till the Blackfeet had moved on. The country was dry, and there were rattlesnakes, lizards, and spiders wherever they camped; but presently the raiders neared the Spanish settlements and they were at last in sight of the home of Spayu.

The early morning was fixed upon for the attack, and with a caution not to harm the women and to deliver the wicked brother alive into his hand—he would be known by his red hair—Spayu gave the war-whoop, which was echoed by all his followers, and the charge began. The cry of the oncoming host roused the people about the ranch, who emerged with guns and fired a few shots, but they were quickly killed, and the red-haired one, who had been seen to run for shelter into the large house, was followed by a dozen of the men. He caught up a sword and struck at Spayu. The blow was stopped by a club and the blade went spinning into a corner.

## American Myths and Legends

Then, face to face with the leader of the horde, the red-haired man recognized his brother and fell on his knees. Spayu smiled in a childlike way, as his manner was when most angry, and said to the Indians, "Bind him, and take him with us."

When everything had been taken from the house that they needed, or wanted, the Indians set fire to it, caught most of the horses, and rode back to the Yellowstone. They did not trouble any mesa-dwellers on the return. All day the bad brother rode silent on his horse, with the people behind and around him; every night he lay bound and silent by the fire; at every halt he listened silently to the epithets put upon him by Spayu with the smiling face, and he grew thin and weak, and his face was scored with lines of age. What punishment his captor intended for him he would never tell, but Fate took the matter into her own hands. It was winter when the Yellowstone was reached, and the river was frozen over from bank to bank. While they were crossing the ice gave way beneath the horse of the wicked brother, and, being tied to it, he could not save himself. The

## American Myths and Legends

swift waters drew him under, and that was the last. "It is best," said Spayu. "His mother was mine. I never could have killed him."

### FAIRPLAY

**R**OSIE LEE was a child of the mountains, with an eye as blue and bright as their lakes, a cheek as ruddy as the sweetbriar-bloom in their valleys, and hair that rippled as yellow sedges ripple at the stream edge when the wind rises with the sun. Her father had been a miner, and died like one—died in his boots, defending his claim. Her mother had not long outlived him, for she was worn with the work and sorrows of frontier existence; so Rosie and her brother Bob were left to fight their way in the world. This was not so hard in the old days. There was then no railroad to carry people to the Rocky Mountains, so whenever gold was struck there was an instant demand for workmen at high wages. Bob had luck in getting work, and it was not long before his sister had grown big enough to keep house for him. He moved to Denver, as soon as he could, in



## American Myths and Legends

order to put her into a school and let her take music lessons. A pretty crude town Denver was, in those first days, but the number of virtues did not fall much below the average.

Bob's partner on two or three prospecting tours was Luke Purdy, a handsome, cheery, wide-awake young fellow, and from drifting around to the Lee cabin of a morning for a cup of real coffee, Luke fell into the habit of staying there most of his spare time. Bob did not notice how his sister blushed when she heard Luke's rap at the door, nor did he notice how pale and nervous she had grown when Purdy had gone up into South Park to hunt elk for a week. It was a neighbor who opened his eyes. He went back to Rosie at once. She confessed that she loved Luke; had loved him too well; that they should have married a month before; then, with a burst of tears she implored him not to harm her lover; she was sure he would return.

Bob said not a word. He took down his pistol, a pack, a supply of bacon and hard bread, saddled his cayuse and rode off, though it lacked barely an hour of sunset. The wild foot-hills walled off the western glow as he galloped on,

## American Myths and Legends

but the moon was rising over the infinity of plain behind him; he entered the cañon, threaded it by avoiding the water reflections of the sky, saw the vast peaks of the main range rise spectral icy in the moon, and when the next day broke he lighted a few wisps of brush, cooked a strip of bacon, laid it between two squares of hard tack, ate this hurried breakfast, and rode on. In twenty-four hours he was close to the peaks and had come to a gulch where stood half a dozen shacks and where men were digging and panning in the stream that brawled along the bottom, for "color had been struck" there a few days before. His inquiries led him to a small ravine opening on the gulch. He was dismounted now, and picked his way over the loose rocks. Luke Purdy, bending eagerly over a pan of gravel he had just lifted from the water, heard his name called harshly, and looking up saw a pistol levelled at his head. It took him some seconds to make sure that the dusty figure with worn face and bloodshot eyes behind this weapon was his friend and partner, Bob. "What's wrong, lad?" he cried.

"You know what's wrong, you—— There, I

## American Myths and Legends

won't call names. Say your prayers, if you know any, for I'm going to shoot you."

"Fair play, lad! Fair play! You wouldn't murder a man in a hole, like this?"

"Make ready."

"I used to think you a fair man, Bob. Let me get my gun and we'll have it out between us, honorable."

"Were you honorable to my sister?"

"Ah, now I understand. Still, I claim fair play."

"I'll let you have your gun. Come up."

Luke scrambled up the bank, advanced a pace, and stopped. "I thought you'd be square," he said. "I'll get my pistol and change a shot with you at fifteen paces, if you say. But first, if you pepper me, I want you to give this to your sister. I was going down next Monday to give it to her myself, and marry her in style. I should have gone before, for we've done wrong—God forgive us; but when I struck it rich up here I wanted to take out dust enough to make her the gayest little bride in Denver." And he showed a leather bag that, by its size, must have held five hundred dollars in nuggets.

## American Myths and Legends

The pistol fell from Bob's hand. "You meant to do right by Rosie?" he faltered.

"As God sees us, I meant to marry her next week; but you are her brother; and if you drive me to fight, what can I do?"

"Luke, you asked for fair play a minute ago. I ask it now. Forgive me for the crime I was going to commit, and come back with me, tomorrow."

"I'll do it."

The two struck hands and were friends again. After the wedding all three went to live at the new diggings in South Park, which got the name of Fairplay fastened upon them on the day when Bob Lee did not do murder.

### THE SHRINE OF TAHKI

**H**IGH above Georgetown, Colorado, stands a rude statue in a niche. No hand placed it there, and this is the tale of it. Early in the nineteenth century the Indians of the plains and mountains came to a realizing sense of the folly of their almost constant warfare. Hundreds of lives had been uselessly lost, and detached

## American Myths and Legends

parties could not hunt in safety, such was the danger of surprise and massacre. So, with the hope of securing a permanent peace, a great convention was held where Georgetown was to stand a couple of generations later. Chief among the plainsmen was Kornukoya, while Tusenow, who led the mountain tribes, was famed for his skill in managing alliances. There was a peace; but after a constrained armistice of six years the tribes fell out upon some trifle, and trouble was resumed just where it had been left off. In the first big battle Kornukoya defeated and slew his opponent, Tusenow, and bore away his daughter, Tahki. But the mountain girl refused to be slave or wife to Kornukoya, and bore herself with such contemptuous pride that the plainsmen demanded her life. She died at the stake—died without tears or sobs or pleadings, still looking scorn on her murderers. With a thoroughness unusual in their punishments or revenges, they heaped on wood till every vestige of the body disappeared. As the last film of smoke was wafted upward the earth began to shake. Roarings, rumblings, and mighty crashes were heard.

## American Myths and Legends

The eastern face of Republican Mountain slid into the valley, piling up the mass now known as Bunker Hill, or Chimney Rock, and burying under it every one of the plains Indians. As the rock tumbled, the beaten mountaineers, looking upon the cataclysm from a distance, saw appear on the cliff the figure of their princess, pedestalled on living rock in the grotto, hundreds of feet above the valley. For a long time they paid yearly visits to the shrine of Tahki.

### THE WALLED HERD OF COLORADO

**I**N a lonely part of Colorado, seventy-five miles northwest of Meeker, famed as the scene of the deadly revenge of the Utes for the faithlessness of our government, is a valley five miles long by three in width, completely environed by rocks about six hundred feet in height that actually overhang in places. This valley is alleged to be occupied by a thousand cattle, and no man has ever set foot on the velvet turf on which they feed. The Yampa (or Bear) River rushes past the lower end under arching crags, so that there is an abundant water supply. In

## American Myths and Legends

no way could one reach the valley alive unless he were lowered by a rope or could descend in a balloon or a parachute.

In the days when the maligned and persecuted Mormons were being driven from one territory to another a company of them, flying into the wilderness, founded the village of Ashley. Among the hangers-on of the "Saints" was a family named Wyckliffe—four men of low standing, who had run off eight hundred of cattle from a distant ranch and camped near this valley, which was known to the Utes as Lower Earth, and is now said by them to be a haunt of the p'chekup, or red buffalo, as they name the cattle. The Wyckliffes halted here at evening in the hope that they would find shelter from a thunder-storm that had been brewing for several hours, but at the first bright flash and heavy peal the cattle were seized with panic. By riding rapidly around the herd, swinging lariats, and shouting, the four men kept the creatures together for a time; but as the fury of the storm increased they stampeded and swept toward the brink of the basin, pressing the riders before them or drawing them into the

## American Myths and Legends

throng. In a few minutes the cliffs were reached, and, like a red torrent, herd and riders went over. The men and horses were killed instantly; so were nearly all of the cattle, and the crumbling bones of them make a pyramid that is still thirty feet high; yet, by a miracle, a few of the last, falling on this great cushion of dead animals, survived, and in a few days they crawled down from the mound of decay and were able to eat and drink. From them have sprung the present herd. Now and again some hunter fires on them from the cliffs and kills a few, for amusement, so that the whole herd will run at the sight of a man; but, as they are not troubled by bears, wolves, or pumas, their lives are usually safe and peaceful. Some years ago a Ute, one Senejaho, who had offended his tribe by taking a Sioux woman to wife, grew so tired of the persecutions of his relatives that he quit their camp, resolved to gain the Lower Earth, or die in the attempt. Once there, he and his wife could live in comfort for the rest of their days: the herd would supply them with beef and milk, and with skins of which they could make lodges and clothing.



## American Myths and Legends

With their few belongings fastened in, they launched their dug-out on the Yampa, twelve miles above the valley. This was the only possible way of reaching it. An hour later what had once been a boat—now a mass of splinters—was whirled past the valley, and two lifeless shapes of human beings tumbled along in the rapids, just behind.

### PIKE'S PEAK AND THE FIRST MEN

THE lesser spirits, who lived near the Mississippi, found the first men—whom they had made for servants—so dull and troublesome that they destroyed them by lashing the Father of Waters into a flood. They saved earth from this drowning world, intending to build a better one, and also preserved a quantity of maize for sowing in the fresh soil. So laden they flew to the west, until they reached the edge of heaven, where the sky comes down to the hills. “You cannot bring the burdens of the world into this place,” said the greater spirits. “You must throw them down.” Thus bidden they opened their arms and the earth fell, just under the

## American Myths and Legends

door of heaven. The heap stands there to-day—  
Pike's Peak.

Some of the lesser spirits are ignorant, and fancy that they may still pass over the edge of the earth and find a better in the deeps of space; so you still see them rising in the mist at night-fall from the great river, and in their flight through the air they drop a grain of maize, ever and again, which we call a shooting star. One man caught these grains as they fell, and fed on them, and they had been made so large and fine by going near the sun that he became stronger and wiser than his fellows. As the deluge spread he was able to keep his head in the air. One of the fallen grains rooted under water and shot up a great column of green. He swam to it, broke off a joint, and dug it out into boat shape, leaving this hollowed mark on the corn-stalks for all time. You may see how they curve inward at one side. In this vessel he paddled to Pike's Peak, where his wife, whom he had also kept afloat, gave birth to a boy and girl, after which event both parents died on this Colorado Ararat from tire and privation. The greater spirits were kind to the



PIKE'S PEAK



## American Myths and Legends

infants, nursing and clothing them, making them strong, and watching over them until they went into the fertile lands and founded the nation of the Aztecs.

Ere they could do this the waters had to be drained from the prairie; and to that end the Thirst Dragon was sent out to drink them. He guzzled so long that the flood shrank to the old level of the rivers, and was still for drinking when the spirits, fearing for the world, lest he turn it into a desert, called him back. He had swollen so with water that he could not get into heaven again, and in trying to scramble through he missed his footing and tumbled. His carcass is Cheyenne Mountain; and as you look at it from Colorado Springs you note even the jags of bone on his spine. The water he had drunk gushed from his neck, and has never ceased flowing. The hill called St. Peter's Dome is the boat of the two children, in which they slid down the eastern face of Pike's Peak, along the ravine.

So deep was the interest of Manitou in these new people that he made his seat on Pike's Peak; and from that summit, more than four-

## American Myths and Legends

teen thousand feet above the sea, he looked out on their growing towns. A great face of stone, once seen on the flank of the mountain, was believed to be his. Three of the greater spirits he sent down to the new race: one to teach it to hunt, a second to show how to till the soil, the third to instruct it in religion and the making of laws. These spirits separately built the Garden of the Gods, Blair Athol, and Glen Eyrie. There came a time when long storms hid the rock face on the peak, and the people feared that Manitou was angry. Their chiefs and prophets climbed the mountain to pray that he would let his face shine on them again. Great was the commotion that night. Fire came down, half the mountain tumbled, earth shook, and the people lay prone in the dust. The rock face fell and lodged on Cameron's Cone, unharmed, for who can hurt the Manitou? So a fresh reverence and awe for the seat of God grew up among the people, greatly as they mourned the loss of their headmen in the fire-storm. The Great Spirit was never lightly besought thereafter, nor his place carelessly approached. Once the lowlanders invaded the region, but the

## American Myths and Legends

mere sight of the vast and storm-wrapped throne of the Mighty One frightened them away. If the seat were terrifying, what must be its occupant? Later the plainsmen, chasing buffalo to the hills, found themselves among the mountain people, the beloved of Manitou, and attacked them; but God from his height glared at them in such fury that they were petrified with terror; and you may see their fantastic, weather-worn remains in the images of Monument Park.

### THE HOUSE OF THE CANDLE

**C**ASTROVILLE, Texas, on the Medina River, is a place of no great size, even in our time. The census-taker may be able to award a populace of five hundred to it, and its industries are picking grapes. Two churches and a convent show how good it is, in spite of this wine-growing business. Early in its history, when it was a rough though religious hamlet, and one of the best hiding-places in the New World, because nobody ever heard of it or from it, a certain August Gauchemain—at least that was his ostensible name—appeared from no-

## American Myths and Legends

where in particular and bought a cabin on the edge of Castroville, which was nearly all edge then. He cultivated a garden of his own, and gave much of his time to it; still, although he was reticent as to his personal history, he was strangely eager for companionship, hanging about the settlement in the evening and showing a quaint thankfulness for any invitation to pass an hour in talk after nightfall. He had a child's horror of the dark. At sunset he lighted a candle in-doors that its gleam might cheer him on his return from a neighbor's; and if he was going to be absent later than twilight he carried a lantern, or would invent the most absurd excuses to secure company as far as his door.

When questioned or giped about his fondness for the light he would answer, in his uncertain English, that his eyes were weak and that he feared to stumble, as he had fallen once and badly hurt his hand. Indeed, his right hand was so scarred that he used the other when he could, even in his writing. No matter at what hour between the set and rise of the sun you looked toward Gauchemain's cabin, his light was always twinkling through the chinks and



## American Myths and Legends

window. Candles of extra length, probably intended for churches, were ordered for him by the gross at the little trading-station, and he always paid cash for them. In spite of his eccentricities Gauchemain was liked by his neighbors, and his candle-burning habit became an old story.

He had a touch of ague one evening, and a man who, by virtue of his ancient warrant as hospital-steward in the army was looked upon as the equal of any physician, went to see that he was properly dosed and housed. The two sat talking for half an hour; then, on hearing a growl of thunder, the man of medicine put on his hat, saying that he must be off to his own house before the rain came. As he opened the door a gust of wind, heralding the storm, rushed in and put out the candle. He passed out, slamming the door, but was recalled by a sharp cry within. "Hello, what's wanting?" he asked.

"My light; eet ees out," called Gauchemain.

"Is that all? Why, you'll sleep all the better without it."

"Non—non—non! R-return and light eet, eef you please."

## American Myths and Legends

“ Oh, well, if you must have it.” He went in and groped for the tinder-box. He could hear the Frenchman’s teeth chattering. Truly, he had the ague badly.

“ Peste! Ees eet zat you cannot do so leetle a ting as zat?” impatiently cried Gauchemain. “ On ze table, I say, before zose books you find eet. Ah, God! Hasten! Hasten, mon ami! I can endure not longer—not longer. Look! Look! He draw nearer of me. He will kill! Ha!”

Startled by these phrases, the attendant fumbled awkwardly in striking a light. When the candle caught the fire he looked quickly over the room. It was as he had left it, save that the man on the bed was ghastly pale and his forehead was beaded with sweat. Pulling out his flask, he pressed it to the patient’s lips and made him take a long drink. Gauchemain wiped his face with trembling hands, which he then flung with a despairing gesture upon the coverlid. He looked up into the questioning eyes that were bent on his.

“ You’ve got fever’n ague worse than any man I ever saw have it, Gauchemain.”

## American Myths and Legends

“Eet ees not ze ague. I care not for no seeckness. I rejoice of seeckness eef eet kill me. Eet ees here I suf-faire.” And he smote his heart. “Eet ees vat you call ze conscience. You are my friend. You veel not, while I live, betray me. I tell you. I feel more ease to tell you.”

Then Gauchemain told how in his own town in France he had quarrelled with a comrade. The quarrel was long, for a girl's name was mixed in it, and nothing is so bitter as love's sweetness spoiled. In the end a knife was drawn upon him. His hand was cut and lastingly disfigured. In a blind rage he wrenched the weapon from his assailant and thrust it into his heart. Leaving the body to be found by the watch, he fled to his home, gathered his effects, gained a seaport, shipped as sailor to Vera Cruz; thence he rambled northward, working, trading, adventuring, till he had reached Castroville. At first he had dreams of his dead enemy. Then the dreams came while he was awake. At last his victim haunted him through the night, his form growing in luminous clearness as the dark drew on. Gauchemain tri-

## American Myths and Legends

umphed in the discovery that the spectre could not endure the light. That is why he kept the candles burning.

Promising to return on the following day, the "doctor" went home, thoughtful and uncertain. He was delayed on the next evening until nine o'clock. Then he hurried over to the "house of the candle." For the first time in years it was dark. He knocked. No sound within. He entered; struck a light. Gauchemain lay dead, his hands clasped in appeal.

### HUMBLING THE PRIDE OF THE RIPAS

SEVERAL tribes occupied the land of Texas in peace and mutual respect, and the peace would have endured longer had not the Ripas intruded. They were mountain people, strong, proud, and warlike. They made war on all around them, seized land, stole squaws and children, and began to think that the world had been made for them alone. Among the people against whom they often battled were the Caranchuas, whom they drove far to the east, slaying their men and boys and stealing their girls

## American Myths and Legends

until the harried tribe was greatly diminished in numbers and was forced to find a refuge among the islands along the coast. This harshness of the Ripas angered the Great Spirit. He sent a messenger telling them to fall back to their own land, to kill and rob no more, and to restore the captured women to the Caranchuas; but their vanity was so swollen that they deemed themselves the equals of the gods. "No," they said; "we will not obey the Great Spirit. We will war upon him, also."

But when they would send this message to Manitou they looked about for the one who had come from him. He was nowhere to be seen. No trail was left in the sand. A bolt of lightning fell among them, and on it, riding back to earth, was the messenger. Bathed in flame he stood before them, his eyes glaring vengeance, his hands clenched over them in wrath. "It is the Great Spirit himself!" they cried. Then every one fell to the ground and begged for life. In vain. The god was inexorable. He hurled his lightnings against them, he pelted them with hail, he shook the earth, he poured down rain until the country they had taken was

## American Myths and Legends

deep in floods. In a few days the last of the Ripas was dead. Then the Great Spirit smiled. He called back the Caranchuas and gave all that land to them that lies between the Texas Colorado and the Brazos, for into these two streams he had divided the one great river that had watered this country before the flood.

### NATINESTHANI'S ADVENTURES

**N**ATINESTHANI, He-who-teaches-himself, was of all the Navahos most wrongly named, for he was a confirmed gamester, and learned nothing from defeat. He gambled away everything of his own, then borrowed and lost all the goods of his relatives, except a string of beads. He became unpopular at about that stage in his career, and decided to travel for the good of his relatives' health. Two rainbow spirits had a kindly feeling for the fellow, and they gave passage to him on their bow. They called at his door with this immense vehicle, swung its farther end in a new direction, gave the Navaho a mighty boost, and up he went on one side and down on the other, alight-

## American Myths and Legends

ing among some other friendly spirits who had prepared, for his coming, a spruce-tree, which they had hollowed into a tube, that he might close himself up inside and enjoy a safe trip down the San Juan River. He scrambled in, the end was plugged, and he started on his water journey. The Kisani, as the timber passed, were for shooting at it with spears and arrows; but when they saw a cloud settle about it with lightnings quivering and rainbows glowing they knew it to be divinely protected and allowed it to ride on. The frog, fish, beaver, otter, and others now pulled out the plug and dragged the tube under water, but Natinesthani hauled it to the surface and resumed his voyage, coming at last to the end of the San Juan, in the whirling lake of Tonihilin, where the gods gave to him a new name—Ahodiseli, He-who-floats. His pet turkey had followed him on this journey, and now, as he went ashore, it ran to him, showing signs of its affection and shaking over the earth from its wings the seeds of corn, beans, watermelons, muskmelons, and pumpkins, for it knew what an improvident fellow its master was. The Navaho thankfully planted the

## American Myths and Legends

seeds, and the turkey spread its wings over him while he slept that night. Afterward it flew away to the East, and from it have come all the tame turkeys that are on earth to-day. Here at the lake of Tonihilin lived a man-eating wizard, Deer-raiser, and he sent bears against Natinesthani, who killed them; then he went forth himself, with bland words of welcome, carrying poisoned food, which the new-comer buried; for he distrusted the old schemer at once; the wizard then offered tobacco that might have grown on the east side of Manhattan Island, so fetid and deadly was it; but the Navaho would not smoke. At last, discouraged, the old man confessed the evil of his ways, promised to mend them, and gave his daughter to Natinesthani, who accepted her with joy, for she was a good cook and clothes-maker, and not an ill-looking damsel.

He made a brief journey to his former home on the San Juan to tell of his adventures and impart wisdom; then he returned to the whirling lake; and on the farm that had been made possible through the turkey's gifts he lived happily with his wife, while old Deer-raiser



## American Myths and Legends

ceased from raising disturbances and busied himself in compounding colic medicines for the progeny.

### THE ENCHANTED MESA

**A**MONG so warlike a people as the Indians it is not surprising to find legends of wholesale massacre. Indeed, it is alleged by the story-tellers of the Caddo tribe that a cannibal company in Oklahoma surrounded their neighbors—in the most literal meaning of that term—and that the neighbors revenged themselves by surrounding the cannibals in the more usual meaning and killed them, to the last one, not a babe being spared. But not all these deaths were ill deserved, and not all, even among the fighters, came in war. Sad was the fate that befell the Acomas of New Mexico. Seventy-five miles southwest of Albuquerque stands their old home, the Mesa Encantada (the Enchanted Mesa) of Katzimo. This table of rock, covering forty acres, with a ground-plan like a figure 8, rises to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, with precipitous sides, and was

## American Myths and Legends

never scaled, within the memory of living men, until 1897. Three hundred feet above the plain was a great opening like a cathedral arch, which was the entrance to a stair leading through a crevice in the rock to the summit, where was once a town of fifteen hundred people living in this manner, after the fashion of the pueblos of this day, because of security against the Apaches. From the plain to the arch was an outer stair of stone spiring up the sides of a great column, canted against the mesa; and down to the plain came the men, every day, to work in the maize-fields and berry-patches, to hunt, and to make pottery.

It was while they were so employed that the storm occurred which broke away the outer steps, tumbling them on the heads of twenty of the men who had gathered near for shelter, and leaving three hundred women and children in their houses on the summit, cut off, as on an island, without food. All attempts of theirs to descend, and those of the men to climb, were futile, while the best archers could not shoot far enough to send pieces of game up on their arrows. The men waited below in agony, look-

## American Myths and Legends

ing up at the faces of their wives and little ones as they bent over the brink and strained their fading eyes on them. One woman, crazed by thirst, leaped off. Fewer were the faces, day by day, until at last there were none. Then the survivors gathered their few belongings and built another home on a mesa two miles distant—Acoma, city of the sky.

Before this time the Spaniards had reached this country, and in their greed for gold, which they believed to abound here, were abusing the people, although the monks who travelled with them preached a religion of love to the red men. Outraged beyond endurance, the Acomas attacked the Spaniards who had settled about the Mesa Encantada and slew every one of them, except a priest. This worthy father was in the town on the summit when the attack was made, and, believing himself pursued, he leaped from the edge; but to the marvel of none more than himself he descended through space in safety. This salvation he ascribed to his religion; but his big zarape, that opened like a parachute and buoyed him up, may have had something to do with it. The natives, believing that he pos-

## American Myths and Legends

essed supernatural power, spared his life, on condition that he ceased from preaching doctrines to them that were irrevocably associated in their minds with robbery and slaughter. Taking a squaw to wife, he lived among them in fair content thenceforward; and strangers think they discern traces of Spanish lineage in the faces of some of the Acomas. In 1897 a government exploring party, under Professor Hodge, reached the top of the Enchanted Mesa and found proof of its ancient occupancy in chips and tools of stone, pottery, and relics of masonry, as well as a part of the old trail.

### SACRED MOUNTAINS AND RAINBOWS

**S**EVEN mountains in the Navaho country were held sacred by the people because they were made by First Man and First Woman, who placed spirits and guardians on them, adorned them with shells and minerals, and stocked them with life.

They fastened Tsisnadzini (Pelado Peak, New Mexico) to the earth with a bolt of lightning, so that it should not work loose, and after

## American Myths and Legends

it had been ornamented they left Rock Crystal Boy and Rock Crystal Girl to live there.

Tsotsil (Mount San Mateo, New Mexico) they pinned to the earth with a vast stone knife thrust through it from peak to base, and when it had been fitly beautified they gave it as a home to the Boy-who-carries-one-turquoise and the Girl-who-carries-one-grain-of-corn.

Dakoslid (Mount San Francisco, Arizona) was nailed to the earth with a sunbeam. Like all the other mountains, it was decorated and was set apart as an Eden for White-corn Boy and Yellow-corn Girl.

Depentsa, in the San Juan range, Colorado, was chained with a rainbow. Its dwellers were Pollen Boy and Grasshopper Girl.

Dsilnaotil was transfixed by a sunbeam and became the home of the Boy-who-produces-goods and the Girl-who-produces-goods. It is thought that this mountain is one of the Carrizo group, but it is uncertain.

Tsolihli was held by a cord of rain; and there lived on it the Boy-who-produces-jewels and the Girl-who-produces-jewels. The place of this peak is not known.

## American Myths and Legends

Akidanastani (Hosta Butte, New Mexico) was pegged to the earth with the sacred mirage-stone; and its people were Mirage-stone Boy and Carnelian Girl.

Norse myths are suggested in some of the beliefs of the Navahos respecting the sunbeams and lightnings, for, like Odin, their divine ones could build rainbow bridges on which they could cross the tremendous chasms that rive the southwestern desert. Natural Bridge, near Fort Defiance, Arizona, is one of several of these rainbows. In a certain instance where a rainbow had been flung across a cañon to enable a Navaho hero to walk to the farther side, he set foot on it while it was still soft, and began to sink; but the god who had built it hardened it with a breath, and the man made the journey in safety. Seeing the startling color of the buttes and cañons of the West, it seems small wonder that the early men should have thought them to be rainbow built, for they are rainbow painted.

## American Myths and Legends

### THE PANDORA OF KAIBAB

ACCORDING to the Kaibabits of Arizona, the coyote, or barking wolf of our plains, is the lineal descendant of one of the first of the earth's people. There were two wolf-gods, the Cinuav brothers, to whom the goddess of the sea delivered a great bag which she had brought up from the ocean depths and which she bade them carry to the Kaibab plateau. This region is far from being regarded as a paradise by some of the white contingent in this country, but it is the best that the Kaibabits knew, and it seemed to them that a better could hardly be desired. The sea-woman told these wolf-gods that they must on no account open the bag until they had gained the plateau, for the sack was full of troubles, and if they were to free them it would be a most unhappy world—for wolves as well as others. This was true, because the objects in the bag were human beings, the founders of the principal families. His curiosity excited by the disturbances and commotions within, and the prohibition doubtless acting as an incentive to disobedience, the younger Cinuav

## American Myths and Legends

seized the chance during a resting spell to open the sack and peep in. The mischief was done. Out they came—Aztecs, Moquis, Navahos, Sioux, Apaches, Mongols, white men, scampering every which way. The elder Cinuav rebuked his brother and closed the bag as quickly as possible, trudging on with it to Kaibab, where the few who had stayed inside—because they hadn't time to get out—found a beautiful home. Those who escaped were hopelessly scattered; and among their misfortunes was that of losing the original language of the gods, each tribe starting in life with a new and unmusical speech of its own. So the coyote, the descendant of the disobedient Cinuav, has a reason for looking so bashful when he meets men.

### CREATION OF COLORADO CAÑON

**M**ANY are the legends that account for the presence of Indians on this continent, but few of these traditions have any interest of locality. The Mohaves say that anciently their people lived on terms of friendship with the negro, the white man, and their god Mulevelia,





GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO



## American Myths and Legends

whose father was the sky and his mother the earth. There were good times then. Plenty of game, fish, vegetables, and fruit; clothing and houses for all, soft furs for couches, and many kinds of tools and machinery for tilling farms, weaving, and making weapons. They even had matches in those days, and they were manufactured in shops. In the course of nature Mulevelia died, for, though a god, his earthly part was as mortal as that of mankind. Relieved of the restraint his presence had imposed, the whites and negroes fell into a frenzy like that shown by other and later people when authorities that had been feared and obeyed for centuries were suddenly removed. They rushed about doing all manner of childish mischief, and, boldly entering the houses of the Mohaves, robbed them of all they contained, including matches, and made off to other parts of the earth. Before his own house lay the dead god, awaiting cremation; but there were no matches. Mastanho, first of the red men, prayed to the stars for a flame to light the pyre, but no meteor fell, and the wolves were prowling nearer. Finally Mastanho rubbed sticks together, made

## American Myths and Legends

a flame, lighted the fuel, the corpse was incinerated, and the soul of Mulevelia sped skyward in the smoke. This happened near the present Fort Mohave. After the burning of the dead the earth was shaken by a tremendous earthquake, the mountains were riven, the terrific abyss of Colorado Cañon was created, and the river, seeking the sea by a new route, carried the precious ashes of the god to fertilize the vales below. Mastanho then divided the natives into tribes and gave to each its country.

### WHY THE NAVAHOS TAKE SWEAT-BATHS

**I**N the desert tracts of Arizona the Navahos have learned to be sparing of water. Such is their economy in the use of this fluid that they have been known to drink whiskey in place of it; and as to bathing, their abstinence has been heroic. So they have some illnesses not common in places where water is held in less reverence; and to make amends for the infrequency of washing, they roast themselves when they have acquired one or two of these diseases. Yet this

## American Myths and Legends

sweating process is a form of appeal to the Great Spirit, for as illness is caused by a devil, the Great Spirit can drive it out if the medicine-man sings and prays and capers and shakes his rattle long enough, which sometimes he can't. The little cabin in which the sick man suffers his cleansing is hardly more than three feet high, and is designed for but one patient. It is made stifling hot within by placing beside the candidate a number of stones that have been heated almost to redness in a fire, and when he has entered blankets are hung before the door in order to confine the air. He endures it as long as he can, then escapes, and after a rub down with sand is supposed to be better. At all events, he is liable to be cleaner. In the annual yebichai dance four of these sweat-houses are set about the song-house, one at each cardinal point, and the patient can hear the rattles of the medicine-man and his invocations to the god of the under-world. In this ceremony the fire that heats the stones must be pure from the under-world, and cannot, therefore, be procured from coals, matches, or gunpowder, but only from friction of the stalks of *cleome pungens*.

## American Myths and Legends

When the patient leaves the hut he leaves the devil there, so it is to be shunned thenceforth.

In the myths of this people two brothers were sent to the Sun by the dawn-goddess, whose sweet and radiant influence they invite by opening all their houses, even the sweating huts, to the east; and on reaching him they called him father, as she had directed. The Sun was less ready to accept them as children than they were to acknowledge him as a parent; at least, until he had tested their manhood. In order to find if they had strength and endurance he treated them harshly, even hurling his fiery spears at them; but a magic cloak, a gift of the dawn-goddess, enabled them to withstand his assaults. Then the Sun built four sweat-houses, one at each cardinal point on a space of earth, making them of metal, so they should be close and hot, and told the Moon to make a fire in each, which she did by applying the light from comets or "burning stars." The brothers were placed successively in each hut, yet they emerged from the ordeal cleaner and stronger than when they entered. So the Sun declared them to be his children, and he gave magic weapons to them,

## American Myths and Legends

with which to fight off the evil genii of the land. Sweat-baths, therefore, are in part reminders of this incident, and in part a function by which evil spirits are driven out of tormented bodies.

In the lore of certain other tribes the Sun is without regard for humanity or knowledge of it, and is more fierce than in the Navaho myth. The Piutes, for example, represent the Moon as the Sun's wife and the Stars as his children. Like Saturn, he eats his offspring; and they hold him in such terror that they vanish as soon as he appears after his night's sleep. He keeps himself well filled with stars, for which reason you may see his stomach as a round, glowing mass when you can see none of the rest of him. The Moon's monthly darkness is a time of mourning for the children who are thus destroyed. Now and again the Sun clutches at a star and tears it, but it escapes and flies through the heavens with its shining blood spouting out behind; and then we call the star a comet.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE MOQUI SNAKE-DANCE

**T**HE Moquis, Mokis, or Hopis, who number two thousand and occupy a desert in northeastern Arizona, are a farmer people, more quiet, dignified, and honest than the customary savages. In common with many Indians of the Southwest they may pretend a modern faith, but in reality they preserve the beliefs and ceremonials of a religion that was venerable when Coronado crossed their country, three and a half centuries ago. A relic of the conquest and pretended change of faith is seen in Pecos Church, New Mexico, which has stood on the old Santa Fé trail for three hundred years—a great brown ruin now. The Spanish friars flattered themselves that they had converted all the Indians, since the red men were always eager to defend it in case of attack by a strange tribe; but the fire that until 1850 burned on its altar was not kept there for Mary. It was for Montezuma. And these Moquis are no more Christians than were the fire-keepers of Pecos. Strange tales are told of them and of their neighbors—of powers of levitation that enabled them to float



## American Myths and Legends

in the air, or suspend a spear unsupported above their heads; of the drinking of boiling water; of the putting of boys to death by poison and calling the souls back to their bodies two days after; and of defying the poison of snakes.

For centuries the Moquis have occupied the pueblos of Walpi and Oraibi, on granite uplifts in the garish desert, and they alternate the biennial snake-dances between these towns. Two or three hundred rattlesnakes are collected from the dusty, cactus-spotted plain and heaped into a basket. As the sixty dancers, horrible in paint, chosen from the best and bravest, pass this receptacle, their chief dips into it, catches the serpents, and passes them to the men, who hold them in their teeth and in their hands, utterly unconcerned by their rattling, hissing, writhing, and striking. The mystic dance, enduring for an hour, excites the on-lookers to sing, shout, and leap, and near the end they rush forward to sprinkle sacred meal on the loathsome rattlers. This done, the dancers run down to the plain, utter a prayer, and set the creatures free. Whether the snakes are encouraged to strike at rags and bits of meat, exhausting their venom

## American Myths and Legends

before the dance begins; whether the emetic taken just after the dance is of any medicinal value; whether the tea of herbs that the dancers drink for two days before handling the serpents is a specific against poison, only a Moqui can tell, for the affair is wrapped in secrecy, and until recently few strangers were allowed to see the dance. It is said by certain plainsmen that the root of the huaco, mashed and steeped in enough mescal to cover it, is the antidote. A person is to apply this as a wash and drink all of it he can. After a week of such preparation he is supposed to be immune. The huaco is also used as a remedy, the bruised bulb being applied to the sting after it has been opened and sucked. This may be so, yet the Indians say that the curative herb is known to but three persons, the oldest priest, the oldest woman, and a neophyte, and that for either to betray the name of it would mean death. Indians of some other tribes, when bitten by snakes, bury the injured part in mud, to which they ascribe great value.

The annual blacksnake-dance, performed for five successive nights in a chamber under ground,

## American Myths and Legends

and even more repellant than the rattlesnake-dance, has been kept sacred from the whites until within two or three years. But the meaning of these ceremonies is known. They are intended as acts of appeal and homage to the snake-god, a monster rattlesnake, miles in length and hundreds of feet in waist measure, that lies coiled among the tallest of the mountains in the Southwest. It is this god who gives rain, and by this dance the people hope to propitiate him so that he will send showers to ripen their melons, beans, and corn, and fill their springs.

The common rattlesnakes, that white dwellers kill on sight, and whose bite is deadly to them, and indeed to all human beings except Moquis, are messengers of the snake-king; they carry back the prayers to him; the wind among the buttes and cañons is his hissing, and the thunder is his rattling. As the time for the dances is just before the rainy season, the appeal to the snake-god for showers is usually soon answered.

In one sense the snake-dance is a play that sets forth the tradition of the Snake and Ante-

## American Myths and Legends

lope societies or priesthoods. In this story Tiyo, a Snake-man, left his country to see why the rivers all ran toward their mouths, instead of toward their sources, and to discover where they got water enough to keep on flowing. A gift from his father was a handful of eagle's down, on which he could be carried through the air; prayer-sticks for the spider-woman, for the ruler of the six cardinal points, for the queen of shells and gems, for the sun, and for the god of the under-world who gives life to plants. The spider-woman gave a liquid to him which he was to spit on troublesome snakes and beasts, to take the fight out of them, and she rode on his ear, invisible. They visited the haunt of the giant serpent, the hills sentinelled by beasts, the manitou that guides the rain-clouds, and the old woman who every night changes to a beautiful girl; exchanged a few words with the creator, took a friendly pipe with the sun at his rising place, rode across the sky on the sun's shoulder, seeing the whole earth, and learned that rain was the most precious of things. On Tiyo's return he took lessons from the Snake and Antelope priests in singing, cutting of prayer-sticks,

## American Myths and Legends

painting of the body, and other means for making the rain fall. His chief also gave to him two girls who knew how to prevent death from rattlesnake poison, and one of these girls he gave to his brother. At night men came from the life-giving under-world and were turned into serpents, that they might hear and carry the prayers of the people back to their god. So the Snake society was organized to dance with them, wash their heads, sprinkle them with sacred meal, then to carry them back to the valley.

### THE INVERTED TREE OF PECOS

**A** PROPOS of the preceding legend, in the early twilight of the history of this land appeared Montezuma, not the emperor of that name, but a being like Manabozho, or Hiawatha, who taught to the people practical benefits, such as the building of terraced towns, of sweat-houses for the cure of diseases, planting, basket-making, and the like. In myths he sometimes appears as a good spirit, sometimes as a personation of the sun, sometimes as a rain-god,

## American Myths and Legends

sometimes as creator of the Pueblos, sometimes as their leader. Whatever he was, he was good and wise, and the people thrived under his care during their years of wandering in the southwestern desert. He built Acoma, New Mexico, and after that Pecos, New Mexico. In this latter town he planted a tree upside down and said that after he had left the Pueblos they would be tyrannized by men and the elements, for there would be slavery and drought; but they were to watch the sacred fire until the tree fell, when he would return at the head of an army of white people, would destroy their foes, and bring rain out of the clouds again. For many years the holy fire was watched. It burned in an estufa beneath the earth, each watcher serving for two days and nights without sleep, food, or drink, and sometimes dying in the dark, foul den. An enormous snake carried away the bodies. It was believed that Montezuma would step from the sun, slide down the column of smoke which arose from the sacred fire, and reappear among his people; but the watchers look vainly from their roof-tops, and it is feared that the fire has gone out. But,

## American Myths and Legends

strange to relate, the tree that Montezuma planted in Pecos fell on the entry of the United States army into Santa Fé.

### THE SIEGE OF AWATOBI

**F**OR nearly two centuries the tale of Awatobi, Arizona, was derided as myth; but the discovery of smashed human bones and ancient weapons in and about the pueblo have put an end to doubt. This was the site of a village of Tusayans, a robber people who practised sorcery, respected not their neighbors' wives, and so quarrelled among themselves that the gods were offended and withheld rain. Their own chief, Tapolo, was so discouraged and disgusted that he secretly visited the Oraibi and asked them to make an end of the Tusayans, for the good of the world. They tried, but were beaten back. In 1700 the chief made another appeal, this time to the Walpi, a stronger, shrewder tribe. He agreed to open the gate to them—the old Spanish gate built into the town wall—when they should arrive on the fourth night, and just before dawn the Walpi, who had lain

## American Myths and Legends

hid in a gulch near by, scaled the meso and poured through the door, carrying bows, arrows, axes, and bundles of greasewood. The wicked people were in their courts and houses, sleeping. In a quick scramble the invaders had mastered the situation. They shot down into the companies of Tusayans, who were hastening blindly to and fro; and when an attempt was made to take refuge in the houses, they lighted the grease-wood, threw it down the hatchways, and when it was ablaze tossed on it the red peppers that were drying on the house fronts, so that the fumes stifled all who breathed them. The last killing was done with the knife, the only ones spared being the children, such women as knew the song-prayers, and two men who were skilled in raising corn and peaches. Songs, dances, and a long feast celebrated the victory, but apart from the joy-makers, among the ruins, his face hidden in his blanket, sat Chief Tapolo.



## American Myths and Legends

### WHY PIMO DOORS FACE THE SUNRISE

**T**HE Pimos, who live near the sacred Gila, among the seven cities of Cibola, build the doors on the eastern side of their houses that they may the sooner greet their father, Montezuma, when he returns in his second incarnation. They say they are descendants of the Aztecs. On the desert of Gila Bend you see, at the top of a bare, bleak mountain, the likeness to a sleeping face, sad, sphinx-like, that is still called Montezuma. When the first pale-faces seen by the Pimos came riding down the hills they came for gold, but the Black Robes lingered among them to convert them to the white man's faith. With musket, lance, and crucifix the brave little company of Spaniards excited wonder; but the people could not understand the Black Robes, who told them that unless they believed at once in a new god they were doomed to suffer forever after death. Said the chief: "But our god is good to us, and we have our sacred country, Aztlan, with its refreshing shade, its waters, its fruits, its game. The hell you speak of is for white men. Our

## American Myths and Legends

people have no such place, for every Pimo, when he dies, becomes a tree beside the Colorado. If he was brave and good in life he is a lofty tree; if he was mean and cowardly he must be a bush that lives away down in the cañon and never sees the morning. Our women give their spirits to the clouds that shine up there, golden and silver, in the sky."

"Vile and foolish heathen," exclaimed one of the friars, "bow instantly to our angered God, and beg him and his Son and the Holy Ghost and the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, and the Blessed Saints to forgive your blasphemy."

"How are these gods better than mine? They have not threatened me, as you do. My god gives me flocks and meat and maize; he gives us victory against our enemies, and forces the Moqui and Apache to be tribute to us. His face there in the sun shines on me as brightly as on you, and makes the earth green."

A priest planted his cross before the chief. "Bow!" he said. The chief did not bow. The priest cried, "To your knees, idolater!" and struck him in the face. But for the interference of the Spanish captain the Pimos would have

## American Myths and Legends

avenged themselves on the visitors at once. As it was, a peace was managed, with some trouble, and the white men were suffered to linger in the country for a time, albeit under suspicion and dislike. On the eve of their departure it was found that one of them had wronged a girl of the Pimo tribe. She was put to death and the surrender of the culprit was demanded. At first the white men resisted; but seeing that they were far outnumbered, they resigned the fellow into the hands of the Indians, who began to torture him. While they gathered brush for the burning all were startled by a rushing, like the wind; and on looking up they saw a shining man with long hair, dressed in splendor of dyed cotton, of tropic feathers, of gold, of colored stones and shells; and he stood above the earth. They fell to their hands and knees.

“I am your father, Montezuma,” said he. “My empire is gone from me forever, and I am come but now from my city. Do not harm the white men. No good will come of it. They are to be kings of all this land. War against them will be only to your harm. Be patient, for in spite of their white skins they are your

## American Myths and Legends

brothers, and have one god, like you. They are strong and many; they will come from the land beyond the sea in millions. You are few and too ready to revenge. In a few years the temples of our people will be in ruins, and these strangers will build temples to their gods where ours had stood. Be content to till the fields and practise your arts. Live kindly together, and when the pale-face injures you, be silent. This is my sacred Aztlan, and I love it. While the Gila rolls I will watch you. When poverty and despair make life a burden to you, I shall return and take you with me to the shining houses in the sun. Set your watchmen, then, and let your doors open to the dawn. Be at peace."

As the sun went down the Pimos looked again, and only the red clouds were moving in the west. They released their prisoner and silently went homeward, across the darkening plain.

# American Myths and Legends

## THE PUNISHMENT OF PRIDE

**I**N a cañon in the Bill Williams Mountains of northern Arizona live the Ava-Supi Indians, quiet, incurious, moral, known to few and knowing fewer, a family of six hundred that fifty years ago claimed to number four thousand. They live in this lonely and nearly inaccessible place almost as their ancestors lived before them, and bury their dead in holes and caves as they did before Columbus crossed the sea, burning all the property of the defunct and never again speaking of them by name. By their own account they once occupied a great walled city on a mesa, like the Enchanted Mesa, and possibly that very rock. They prospered and increased, tilled great plains and fertile valleys, kept herds, built houses and public works, and, being filled with a sense of greatness, began to pester their neighbors. This displeased the Great Spirit, who had an equal love for all his children, and as the raids and robberies increased he shook down their mesa with an earthquake; a great light filled the sky, a mighty wind, a thousand cries of terror, a rumbling and shaking, a dark-

## American Myths and Legends

ness, then a wan whiteness in the air again, and death. Where the city had stood was a chasm in which nearly all the dwellings had disappeared, and at least half the people had vanished utterly. A part of the mesa survived the shock, but the stairs and paths to the summit had been destroyed. Those who were in the fields when this calamity occurred set to work at once to scale the rock, but days passed before they could build the frailest kind of an ascent. When at last they gained the top not one living person could be found. Starvation and thirst had taken off the few who had survived its wreck. Saddened, repentant, disheartened, the Ava-Supis left their old home and for years were a race of wanderers. Those on whom they had so lately warred attacked them on every hand. They seldom struck back. Their hope now was for peace, and having gathered seeds and roots and captured a few sheep for new farms, the Great Spirit at last had mercy on them and led them to their cañon, from which few have ever ventured since it became their home.

## American Myths and Legends

### HOW PADRE CISNEROS SAVED HIS DEFENDERS

**J**UNE 4, 1696, was long and bitterly remembered in New Mexico, for on that day the Indians in several pueblos arose against the Spanish. The whites had settled among them unasked; and their encroachments on the lands, the customs, the religion, and the rights of the natives had begotten a sullen though increasing discontent that culminated in open attack. Several priests were killed and missions and convents were set on fire. It was a harsh medicine, but it worked a cure, and the Spaniards were compelled to liberate the Indians whom they had forced into slavery at the mines. In Cochiti, not far from the ancient Santa Fé, the intent of the populace to kill their priest, Fray Alonzo de Cisneros, was defeated by the sacristan, who went to him in the night, warned him of the fate that had been planned for him, took him on his back, waded across the river, and, setting him down in the highway, bade him save himself, for the sacristan must be back at dawn or he would be suspected.

## American Myths and Legends

The priest hid in a clump of cottonwoods on a little island. As it happened, the men of San Felipe had gone out on that day, almost in mass, to hunt rabbits, and, being the sharpest eyed of all people, they soon discovered a black object moving among the trees, though they were two miles away at the time. "It is a bear," they cried. "We will have him for dinner." It was no bear, as they presently discovered. It was Padre Cisneros, who had gone to the water's edge to drink. His story astonished them, when he had told it, for they had taken no part in the uprising. It was resolved to save the clergyman; so, lest he be seen by those who were probably in search, they took off his black frock and arrayed him in their own dress of leather shirt, trousers, and moccasins, put a feather in his hair, and, wherever the costume exposed it, painted his skin with ochre. It was of no use. A party of Cochiti people met them, recognized the fugitive, and demanded that he be given up to death. This demand was refused. A fight ensued, in which the Cochiteños had the worst of it, and the priest was safely bestowed in San Felipe.



## American Myths and Legends

Next morning came a great force from half a dozen insurgent towns to take Padre Cisneros prisoner. During the night he and his friends had retired to the top of the mesa behind their village, where they could better endure a siege; for it is easier to shoot down than up, and rocks could be rolled over upon the enemy when they ventured close. The attacking force made little progress under these conditions, so they surrounded the mesa, just out of bow reach, and set a guard to keep the Christian Indians from descending to get food or drink. The San Felipeans had carried up supplies of both, but while the food gave promise of holding out for two or three weeks, the water jars were soon empty. The padre obtained, from somewhere, a scrap of paper on which he wrote something with a stick of charcoal, placed it under a stone and prayed over it for three days. Then he took it up, and lo! writing had appeared on the other side. Apparently this writing told him what to do. He called for a sharp splinter of obsidian, or volcanic glass, such as the people used for knives and spear-heads, and with it he cut his arm. Water began to run from the

## American Myths and Legends

gash—clear, refreshing. The parched company gathered and drank and drank; yet still the water flowed. They brought their jars and gourds and filled them. Four or five days later, when this supply was gone, the miracle was repeated. At last, believing that the Christians must have exhaustless resources, and that further operations against them would be useless, the Cochiteños gave up the siege and went back to their homes. Then the people descended the crag, amid rejoicings, installed as their pastor the man whom they had saved and who by a miracle had saved them, and to this day they observe the festival of the Padre Cisneros.

### THE COST OF A LIE

**W**HEN the little town of Tome, New Mexico, was planted among the cottonwoods beside the Rio Grande, the Navahos were troubling the settlers. Thus their first care was to build a mud fort, and in this they held off the raiders, for flint-locks carried farther than bows. Realizing in due time that they were getting the worst of it in these encoun-

## American Myths and Legends

ters, the hostiles became less savage and were seen less often; and when the Spanish governor succeeded in forming a pact with the Comanches, the ancient enemies of the Navahos, for a common defence against the latter, it was believed that a lasting peace had been secured. Between the governor, Don Ignacio, and the Comanche chief a strong attachment grew, and in one of the red men's visits to the town the chief's son, a boy of ten or a dozen years, was found at play with Maria, the little daughter of the governor. The girl gave promise of beauty, and the boy betokened an inheritance of his father's splendid frame, undaunted courage, shrewd mind, and qualities of leadership. Said the chief, smiling at the little ones, "Our children are friends already. Why may they not be more? When they are grown, let them be man and wife and let the palefaces and my people be joined, even as they shall be."

Whether the governor meant honestly or not, he consented, and for several years the Indians kept a practice of riding in from their country on a fixed day, with presents for the girl who was to be their queen—presents of ponies, furs,

## American Myths and Legends

embroidered skins, meat, and fruit. Well, people are not always of the same mind at forty-five that they were at thirty. Tome was somewhat of a town, now. The population had increased, the defences had been strengthened, the Navahos had retired farther and farther as farms and ranches had extended about it, and they had virtually ceased from troubling. Don Ignacio was confident that he could force the Indians to respect him without sacrificing his beloved child as a pledge of continued friendship with the Comanches. Why should he ruin her happiness by giving her into the arms of a savage, when he might presently return to Spain, rich with New-World spoil, and find a count, perhaps a prince, for a son-in-law? After a lapse of years the day came for the wedding, and with it the Comanches, gaudy in paint and feathers, the old chief and the young one—a bronzed Apollo—riding at their head. Don Ignacio met them attired in black, his head bowed, a kerchief at his eyes. “Woe is me!” he cried. “My lovely child is no more. She sleeps in the church-yard yonder.”

Astonished and sorrowful, but with a proper

## American Myths and Legends

respect for the grief of this afflicted parent, the Indians rode away. Some neighbors of theirs, who were packing goods across the Comanche country a few months later, stopped at the principal village for rest and gossip on matters in the white man's town. Incidentally some mention was made of the death of Maria. "Dead?" queried the leader of the burro train. "You do not know of what you speak. Maria is alive. We saw her four days ago." The others supported this statement.

When the 8th of September had come—the feast of St. Thomas, for whom Tome is named—the parish priest said mass before releasing his people to enjoy the racing, the cock-fighting, the target-practice, the dancing and feasting, and, truth to tell, the flirting and drinking that were to make the day one of the happiest in the year. As he lifted the host into the incense-clouded light and every head was bowed, the solemn hush was broken by a furious war-whoop. In another moment the Comanches, fully armed and in battle dress, rushed into the sacred edifice and began a general massacre. In the fifteen years since they had been last attacked the townsfolk had

## American Myths and Legends

forgotten war. They went about unarmed. They could make no defence. The venerable priest, the faithless governor, the soldiers, the traders, the farmers—every man paid with his life that day for the lie of Don Ignacio. The women and children were spared, and Maria, innocent of the deception that had cost so much, was married to the young chief after her mourning days were over. With him she passed a life of content. Ask an Indian where lies the City of the Broken Promise and he points toward Tome.

### FORKED LIGHTNING AND THE HEALTH WATERS

**A**CCORDING to their own legends, the Utes were the first people, always happy, always successful in their wars against the tribes that followed them upon the earth. Their first great chief, Forked Lightning, was loved for his mildness and justice as well as admired for his power and courage. Great, therefore, was the lamenting among his people when he was stricken with an unaccountable disease and the

## American Myths and Legends

medicine-men gave him to death, telling him that the Great Spirit wished to gather him to his fathers. Yet, to propitiate and question the god, they decided on a last sacrifice. A buffalo bull was killed, skinned, lifted to an altar of logs, and burned, the people prostrating themselves during this ceremony, while the head medicine-man, wrapped in the animal's bloody hide, communed apart. When the body had gone to ashes, he said, " Rise. The god has spoken. Our chief will not die. A big medicine is to come from the earth and cure him, and it shall be for all time for the healing of our nation. At sunrise our youngest medicine-man must shoot an arrow at the sun. We will go to it when it falls. Again he will shoot and we will follow, a hundred of our strongest bearing and guarding our chief. Day after day the arrow will be shot, and will lead our march. When at last it falls and stands upright in the earth, there will the great medicine appear, as Forked Lightning puts the fire to his peace-pipe."

And so in time they came to the cañon of the Rio de las Gallinas, near the present town of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The chief sat in the

## American Myths and Legends

entrance to the gorge and lighted his pipe. As the flame touched the tobacco a cloud passed over the sun, a far-off roaring sounded in the earth, the rocks trembled, and the people hid their faces, believing that the Great Spirit was passing and the ground was bending under his footsteps. Then came a crash and hiss as the earth opened and fountains of mud and scalding water were hurled into the air. Steam and sulphur fumes burst forth as from the centre of the globe. When the commotion had subsided the chief commanded his men to bury him to the chin in warm mud and leave him there for a day. This they did. In the evening, when he came out, he had regained not his health alone, but his youth. Indeed, he never died, for after he had lived and ruled wisely for two ordinary lifetimes, the Great Spirit sent a bird to him and bade him mount to his back and be carried to the light. Thus Forked Lightning left his people. The springs flow to this day. The Utes say that by drinking from the cold waters and bathing in the warm flow the wounds of brave men are healed; but if a coward bathes, the waters are poison to him and he dies.



## American Myths and Legends

### A BLACK COAT AND A RED SHIRT

FOR a few years after the Mexican war matters were in an unsettled state in the territory we had acquired from our friends of dark complexions, and in New Mexico there was no worse town than Mora. The place was a converging point for the attacks of Navahos, Apaches, Pawnees, and Comanches, who, when not fighting one another, always felt at liberty to ride in and kill a few white men; and the white man's habit of being armed and prepared made him feverish, so that his weapons were liable at any time to go off and hurt people. Mexicans of all sorts, half-breeds, American gamblers, saloon-keepers, deserters from the army, and out-and-out thieves made the larger part of the populace, and they had their own way until the decent element organized a vigilance committee and began to shoot and hang the outlaws. Criminals are usually cowards, especially when it comes to a contest with law and order, and in six months Mora was as safe and steady as Philadelphia.

Some of the more active in the vigilance com-

## American Myths and Legends

mittee then began to complain that the town was no longer interesting, and that it needed only a sewing-circle to be as tame as any village in the effete East. Their confidence was shaken by an atrocious murder, the victim being an honest old blacksmith who had earned a few dollars that day, and the assassin being, without doubt, a hard-looking stranger in a red shirt who was too poor to buy a drink just before the killing, but who was buying liquor that night as fast as the barkeeper could hand the glasses over the counter. The man in the red shirt was captured, and the vigilance committee had a brief sitting on his case. It might have been called a trial, if there had been a judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, defending lawyer, and a few sympathetic spectators. The committee was all of these. Most of the members were for putting the accused to death at once, on account of his face. No human being could wear a countenance like his and be of any mortal use in this world. A few objected that the evidence was purely circumstantial; that although the supposed murderer and his victim had been seen to leave a bar-room together, no proof could be offered

## American Myths and Legends

to show that the dead man had not given his money to the disagreeable-looking person and then, in a fit of vexation, cut his own heart out.

The chaplain of the committee shortened the debate by asking leave to converse with the prisoner, promising to report in an hour, and this permission was readily granted. This chaplain was no clergyman. It was his shaven face and his black coat—the only black coat in Mora—that gave the title to him. The vigilantes smoked and played seven-up for some time, but brightened when the chaplain re-entered the room and said, “Go on with the hanging. The man is guilty. He has made a confession, not only of this murder but of four others. As to robberies and such—why, gentlemen, we should have to hang this fellow at least twenty times before we could do justice to him.”

Yet, when the culprit was about to be swung up to the cottonwood-tree that had been indicated for this office, he stubbornly refused to confess in public. “You might as well,” said the chaplain. “You know you confessed it all to me.”

## American Myths and Legends

“ You had no business to repeat what I said. A fine priest you are, I don't think.”

“ I'm not a priest. I'm a variety actor.”

“ Holy Moses! I've been swindled! I'm an ass! I deserve it. String me up.”

So the man with the red shirt came to his end that day; but the chaplain never had another chance to pose as father-confessor for a criminal, though he kept his black coat in repair for years.

### WHY INDIANS PAINT THEIR FACES

**A** CHIEF of Apaches, who lived among the Jicarilla Hills of New Mexico many, many years ago, went off alone to hunt,—for his people were weak with famine, and there was suffering throughout the land. In those days the animals were big and strong and men were small and timid, but the chief was brave and active. He saw a deer at a long distance, patiently stalked it for a whole day, and presently drew near enough to shoot; but hunger may have unnerved his arm, or the wind may have turned his arrow, for the deer went unscathed, and the weapon pierced the flank of a panther that the

## American Myths and Legends

hunter, in the eagerness of the chase, had not seen stealing upon the deer. With a snarl of rage the beast sprang toward him, and the man fled with all his speed, calling on his grandfather, the bear, for help. The bear heard and saw that he must be prompt; so, just as the man fell from exhaustion, he scratched one foot with a claw of the other and sprinkled his blood over his grandson's prostrate form. In another moment the panther arrived, and, smelling bear's blood, turned away; for it is said that no other animal will eat bear's flesh. But, as if in token of his disgust, the panther drew his claws across the man's face, leaving two or three stripes there. When the chief regained his strength he was so grateful to the bear that he left the blood on his brow and cheeks until it dried and cracked off. Where the bear's blood had protected his skin it was light. Where the panther's claws had seamed his flesh, it was brown and dark. So, to this day, when the red man goes on the hunt or the war-path, he paints streaks of color across his face.

# American Myths and Legends

## JICARILLA CREATION MYTHS

**N**ORTHERN New Mexico was the first land, according to the Jicarillas, or Basket-Maker Apaches, whose homes are thereabout. They say that before men came to the surface of the earth they lived in a gloomy under-world where the only light was given by eagle feathers which were carried like torches. This was so feeble that they made moons with yellow paint and tried to make them stick against the rocky sky—all to no use, for a witch and wizard as constantly broke them and brushed them down. At last a sun and moon appeared, and they shot into the outer air, bumping against the roof with such force as to break a hole in it, and swinging off into space. Then the wise men and enchanters danced and sang, made medicine ceremonies, and mountains sprang up in answer to their incantations, lifting a few thousand feet every night until they almost reached the hole the sun and moon had made. Ladders were put together and extended from the topmost peak to the world we live in now, and a badger was sent up to report. He found the outer world covered

## American Myths and Legends

with water, except about the hole. When he returned, his legs were covered with mud, which accounts for their color to-day. Then the turkey went up, and he came back with the white spots on his wings that have been there ever since—foam flecks from the deluge. Then the wind appeared, offering to drive back the waters if the people would respect it and pray to it. So the first of all prayers were raised to the wind. The people then crawled out, followed by the animals. It was so strange and bright on the surface of the earth that they could not sleep, and messengers went back to consult an old woman about this—one who had been left behind. She told them it was because they had forgotten to take their lice with them. They took these animals, therefore, and have faithfully worn them ever since.

All of the first people were Apaches, the other tribes being created afterward, from willows. The lakes in the Apache country are all that remain of the flood. At first monstrous animals preyed on the people, and Jonayi, son of the Sun and Moon, went to their rescue, giving his first attention to a great elk. Passing Taos—

## American Myths and Legends

which is the heart of the world, as you may know when you feel the ground shake and pulsate there—he met the lizard, who had also suffered from the elk, and who lent his skin to the hero as an armor and concealment. Next he met the gopher, who guided him to the elk and dug a tunnel for him that he might emerge under the destroyer's body as it lay idly sprawled over the plain. The hunter trembled, for the heart of the elk was beating like rhythms of the sea; but with four arrows, sped from his bow as swiftly as he could fit them, he pierced that heart, then turned to fly. The elk struggled to its feet and gave chase, plowing open the gopher hole so fast with its antlers that Jonayi could barely keep ahead, though running at top speed. The upturned earth made those mountain groups that extend east and west. A spider, wishing to save Jonayi, closed the hole with a web, thereby diverting the attack, so that the great antlers piled up the ranges that run north and south. Then the elk died, the earth trembling in its fall. Jonayi made armor from its hide, gave the front quarters to the gopher, the hind quarters to the lizard, and carried the



## American Myths and Legends

antlers home. His mother, the Moon, knew all that had been going on, for a piece of bark arose and fell before her as the young man's danger lessened or increased. Jonayi next slew a pair of giant eagles with the elk's antlers, and struck their young on the head, so they should grow no larger. Deprived of their former strength, these birds cursed the human race, inflicting rheumatism on it, and departed.

The people now had no urgent need, except of fire to cook their food and sweat out rheumatism. It was obtained for them by the fox, who took it from the fireflies. He had wrapped bark about his tail and held it against a cluster of these insects until it was lighted, when he ran away pell-mell, the draft of air fanning the light into a blaze. All the fireflies chased him and tried to head him off, but without avail. The sparks he scattered through the country supplied the first fire to men. This fire myth is as old and wide-spread as the deluge tales and creation myths, and in every form of it the owners of the fire give chase to the thief and try to prevent the flame from being of service to men. The most august form of this tradition appears among the

## American Myths and Legends

Greeks in the tragedy of Prometheus, who, for taking fire from heaven and giving it to mankind, was chained to a peak of the Caucasus, where vultures ceaselessly tore at his liver. Various interpretations are put upon this myth, a common one being that it typifies the bringing of enlightenment to men. Persecutions of those who seek to better the fortunes and understandings of their fellows are not unknown, to be sure, but why the fire should always be stolen, instead of given, is a mystery, and the Greeks enlightened us no farther on this matter than our Indians have done.

### ALL'S NOT WELL ON POST SEVEN

**A**T the navy-yard on Mare Island, California, the marine whose sentry-go is to cover post seven would rather be elsewhere on Friday night, for the ghost sentinel is then liable to be on duty. Shortly after the second relief is posted the flesh-and-blood sentinel may hear, if the night is quiet, a soft pit-a-pat of feet behind him, as if something or somebody were stealing upon him. He turns quickly, but

## American Myths and Legends

nothing is there. After a little the pit-pat sounds again. He spins on his heel and presents his bayonet breast high—at the air. Then he begins to be conscious of his spine, and his scalp creeps on his skull. Presently eight bells are struck on the old ship “Independence.” The drowsy call of sentinels goes up from various parts of the yard, and the harried marine calls, “Post number seven, twelve o’clock, and all’s well.”

As the last word is shouted there is a groan as of some creature taking leave of its life, and a splash is heard in the water. But there is no foam on the surface, and nothing is seen. This time number seven, if he is one kind of a man, stands stupefied for awhile, then sets his teeth and resumes his tramp. If he is another and more usual kind, he flings down his rifle and “lights out” for the guard-house, arriving there white, shaky, and hysterical. Knowing what has happened, his superiors send him to the hospital for a day before condemning him to some light punishment. Whenever there is a transfer at the yard it is a Johnny-come-lately who gets post seven on Friday night. Once this mysterious

## American Myths and Legends

walker was seen. A lieutenant who was making his rounds as officer of the guard came upon it under a lamp and was challenged by it in the usual fashion. Though the face was in a shadow cast by the visor of the cap, the eyes glowed through it. The uniform was damp and mildewed, while the gun was of an old fashion and was rusty. Though astonished to find such a representative of the service on duty, the lieutenant gave the countersign and the usual command to repeat the orders of the post, which were answered in a low voice. They were orders that had been given years before, as was proved by reference to ships no longer in the yard. The lieutenant hurried on to the next post with a curious chill upon him, and shortly broke into a run. At the end of the beat he looked back and saw nobody. In the morning he ordered the sentinel who had covered post seven to report to him. "What time did I visit your post last night?" he asked.

"You didn't come at all, sir," answered the marine. It was evident at a glance that he was not the one who had challenged the officer under the light.

## American Myths and Legends

“You were on the second relief?”

“Sure, sir. Just after eight bells I heard a queer rustling in the rushes down by the water, as if somebody was going through them on hands and knees, and I stole down to see what it was. I could make out nothing. Most likely you passed me just then, sir.”

The man was evidently telling the truth. He was a “rookie,” and he had not heard that a marine who deserted from post seven one night, just after giving the “all’s well” call for eight bells, was drowned while trying to swim to Vallejo.

### FATHER JUNIPERO’S LODGING

**F**ATHER JUNIPERO, founder of the California missions, was on one of his errands of inspection and encouragement. Friar Palou, of the Franciscans, was his companion, and they were plodding over the unpathed country toward Monterey, a full day’s distance from the settlements, when night came upon them. The air was chill, there was no shelter, but their health was sound and their courage warm.

## American Myths and Legends

“Well, brother,” said the padre, “we can go no farther to-night. God is good. He will not let us come to harm. We have a loaf for supper and a cloak for a bed. The stars are coming out and the snakes are going in. We shall sleep in peace.”

“We shall sleep in peace, brother,” replied Palou. “Let us say our prayers. For I am heavy with the day’s journey.”

As if the flower-bells had tolled for vespers, the two knelt on the hillside and offered up their thanks and their petitions, asking that heaven would shelter them through the dark hours by its loving kindness and bless their work of spreading the gospel. As they arose from their knees the keen eye of Father Junipero caught a twinkle of light a half mile ahead, and he gave a little cry of surprise. “It must be white men,” he said, for it is not the red light of an Indian fire. Yet who would have thought of finding our people in this wilderness?”

Fray Palou held aloof, and his face was pale. “It is not our people,” he said. “There is no house or cabin all the way from San Juan to Monterey. Alas! Alas! It is the Devil who

## American Myths and Legends

seeks us, far from our churches. He tempts us with a hope of shelter when there is none."

"Be of better faith. We will go forward. Surely a house may have been built here since we last crossed this country."

"If your faith is strong I will follow, though I shall keep tight hold on my crucifix, and constantly repeat the Virgin's name."

A walk of a few minutes brought them to the light. It was shining, white and calm, from the window of a small, neat, adobe house, all set about with flowers. The door stood open, and the sturdy figure of a man was dark against the luminous interior as he peered into the night. When the travellers had come in sight he showed no surprise; on the contrary, he stepped from the doorway with a grave courtesy, motioned them to enter, and said: "Good friends, you are wayworn and hungry. Be pleased to become our guests. You are welcome."

With hearty thanks for this unexpected hospitality the missionaries walked into the plain but clean, sweet-smelling room. It was simply furnished and everything was distinct in a soft yet brilliant light of candles. A saintly faced,

## American Myths and Legends

lovely lady greeted them and motioned them to places at a table where a supper of bread, herbs, and wine had been prepared, and a gentle, sunny-haired boy held his mother's hand, leaned his rosy cheek against her, and smiled at them. The grave, kindly man who had made them welcome—he with the brown face and hands, the simple dress and honest way of an artisan—served the food and drink, and all spoke of the work on which the fathers were travelling. It seemed to them as if on earth there could be no other home like this, so sweet and gracious were their hosts, so low and musical their voices, so pure the air and feeling of the place. When the repast was ended they would have begged to rest on straw outside the house; but before they had put this request into words an inner door had been thrown open and they were ushered into a white chamber holding two beds, warmly though daintily covered, and with pleasant good-nights the family withdrew, leaving the fathers to their rest.

“We spoke truly when we said we should sleep in peace,” quoth Palou.

“It is as if God had turned our steps here.



## American Myths and Legends

Brother, there is such a peace in my soul as I have never felt before. It is well with the world, for heaven is kind to men."

Tired though they were, they prayed long and earnestly before they slept. In the morning, before day had broken, they awoke without a call, were bidden to another simple meal, and presently resumed their journey, after many thanks to the man, the woman, and the child for their goodness. They solemnly invoked the blessing of God on all three, and bowed low and stood awhile in silence when the family asked a blessing on them—silent because they were strangely moved and thrilled.

They had been on their way not many minutes when they encountered a muleteer of the country, who looked at them curiously. "Good-day to your reverences," he cried. "You look as happy and well fed and freshened with sleep as if you had breakfasted with his excellency the governor and had lain on goose-feathers all night."

"We have fared notably," said Palou, "for we stopped at the house yonder, and so kind a family can be found nowhere else."

## American Myths and Legends

“ At what house, pray? There is no house for miles and miles. Even the savages come into this part of the land but seldom.”

Said Father Junipero, “ It is plain that you, like ourselves, have not been here for some time. The house we have just left is yonder, by those trees—or—that is—— Why! Look, brother! It is gone.”

The dawn was whitening, and the morning star threw down one long beam on the place where that house had been; a beam such as fell from the star of Bethlehem, so that a silver mist brooded upon the site.

“ Kneel!” commanded Junipero. “ A miracle has been done. Now I know that the cottage was built by angels, and they who served us were Joseph, Mary, and Jesus. God smiles upon our work. From this hour we dedicate ourselves to it with new vigor and a firmer faith.”

# American Myths and Legends

## HELEN OF THE SACRAMENTO

FOLK-LORISTS who take their work very seriously tell us that Homer was several people and that Helen of Troy, who inspired his—or their—pen, is a moon myth, because her name means “shining;” as though it were impossible that there should be a Troy, an Achilles, an Agamemnon! There are several Helens in the world’s history, and early Americans and Hawaiians had their accounts of her, no less than the Greeks. The Wintus, who dwelt in the valley of the Sacramento and hunted as far as the slopes of Shasta, and who in half a century dwindled from ten thousand to five hundred people, have never been converted to Christianity; hence they have kept their tribal legends intact, and their version of the Helen narrative is characteristic.

The world’s first war was precipitated by Norwan (Shaking Porcupine), who appeared on earth before the present race of men came out of the ground. She lived alone in a sweat-house at Lassen’s Butte, California, where she danced all day; and, being as fair as the dawn, she was

## American Myths and Legends

much sought in marriage. The lucky suitor was Norbis (The South Dweller), son of the white-oak that forms the heavenly mansion; but she seems to have accepted him as a duty, or a matter of form, for she forgot her vows even during the wedding festivities and danced with the Tedewiu (Bird) brothers, as only careless youth can dance, not realizing that she was offending her husband and his friends by her partiality. Presently it was discovered that she and the two brothers had left the company, and then rumor came that she had run away from the bridegroom. Norbis hurried after them, but before he was within call they had crossed the Sacramento. To his demand that they should give up the woman, on pain of punishment, they called: "No; we will not do so. Norwan was not stolen by us. She came here of her free will, and if we sent her back to you, what would keep her from coming here again? She may go if she likes, but we will have no hand in sending her away."

Finding argument and appeal to be of no use, Norbis gathered his people, the Tedewiu assembled theirs, all in armor of elk-hide, and for two

## American Myths and Legends

days a battle was waged between them. Those who lived through it were hardly glad, for their relatives had been killed; they themselves were crippled and spent; throughout the fight they had not fed, and they were chilled in slush and falling snow. This took all love of battle out of the men of both sides, so that for many years there was no more fighting. It was a useless conflict, too, because Norwan went back peaceably with Norbis, the Tedewiu being so exhausted that her loss was not known to them until the second evening. The after-life of Norbis and Norwan does not appear to have been unhappy, for the wife confessed that although she did not care for her husband, and did not want to go away with him, she now saw that she was wrong. "Had I not danced with the Tedewiu brothers," she said, "I should have remained peacefully with Norbis, and there would have been no killing and no war. I went away with the brothers before I realized what I was doing."

But the first battle had been fought, and the seed of strife had been sown in the bosom of the human race. Troubles of all sorts multiplied,

## American Myths and Legends

and five years after the battle an aged Cassandra told her grandson: "It is a woman at Norwan Buli who has brought all the woe upon us. It would have been a good world but for her. Sorrow will be the lot of men hereafter, for there will never be an end to fighting on our earth."

### THE GREAT SNOW

**S**KAMGONS, in Portland Channel, had been nearly depopulated by the grizzly-bear men. Only two boys and two girls were left. They fled from the scene of slaughter and walked until they found the house of a dying shaman who foretold events and who advised them to return to the water, because salmon were plenty there. He added: "The sky is full of feathers. Get much meat and build a strong house." They went back to a river, where they built a house, bracing it against the wind and weather with poles of extra strength and number, then went out a-hunting. They came, ere long, upon a herd of mountain-goats and slaughtered many of them, sacrificing as much as they ate to the shaman, who was now dead. Then they

## American Myths and Legends

stored up wood and dressed the goat-skins for blankets. Soon the feathers began to fall—the snow-flakes—and for two months they could not leave their house. The light entered only through a hole made by the escape of warm air from their fire out of the drifts that were piled for twenty feet above their heads. When at last the sun shone down this chimney they dug their way out and began their fishing. They had reached a white, dead world. They were the only people who had survived the snow-fall, and from them are descended all the races of the earth. It took two years to melt the snow, and even then it was only the valleys that were cleared. Some of it remains on the mountain-tops to this day.

### THE DOG-CHILDREN

**T**HERE are legends which are world-wide. Among our Indian myths are parallels to the Mosaic account of the creation, the naming of the brutes, the deluge, the ark, Joshua's arrest of the sun, the fight of David and Goliath, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Jonah and the

## American Myths and Legends

whale, the revolt of Satan and his angels, and the prophecy of a final destruction of the earth by fire. But other legends are peculiar to races and continents, and the following tale is common to all our tribes, from Oregon to Greenland.

Near Skunak River lived a woman who had a dog for a lover. She did not know he was a dog, for whenever he visited her lodge he put off his hair coat, thereby seeming to become a man, and he never entered the villages by day. One night his appetite was so roused by sniffing the bones of porcupines and marmots which had been left after supper that he took his dog form again and began to gnaw them. The crunching and breaking awoke the woman, who, seeing a dog near her, turned to rouse the man. His place was empty, so she caught up a club and killed the animal. Some time after she gave birth to three pups, but like their father they could take on human shape, and did so every time she went away to gather wood or berries or roots, resuming their hairy coats and lying in the warm ashes of the fireplace when they saw her coming back. She had seen from a distance two boys and a girl playing before her lodge,



## American Myths and Legends

and she felt so certain they were her offspring that she hid close by, saw them change from dogs to children, and, springing into the lodge, seized the two dog-skins that hung there and threw them into the fire. A third she did not reach in time, for the girl had slipped into it and was a dog again. The boys never became dogs after their coats had been destroyed, but grew to be famous hunters, and their sister always went with them to rouse the game and help to catch it. Their sight and smell were wonderfully keen; they could track animals over snow and through the most tangled forest. Their house was always filled with meat, and the family could not eat it all. The Indians who had left them in fright when the dogs were born returned so soon as they heard of the success of the boys, and joined them in their hunting. Once they found and killed a herd of mountain-goats near the head of Skunak River, but not until the dog-girl had been gored to death by one of them. After the slaughter a single kid was heard crying pitifully on the top of a tall rock, and the two brothers climbed it in order to kill the little creature. As they ascended, the people

## American Myths and Legends

below could see that the rock was growing. It carried the boys and the kid so high they could never get down alive, and next day the face of the rock was streaked with blood, which you can see there to this day.

In the Athabaskan version of this legend it is a virgin who gives birth to four pups that become, after sundry adventures, the constellation of Orion.

### TILLAMOOKS IN SKY-LAND

**T**HE Tillamooks of Washington do not localize many of their traditions, though they point to three rocks on Siletz River as the first man, his wife, and his child; to a place on the Upper Nestucka, where lived Xilgo, who was three times torn to pieces by the children she had stolen, yet escaped because she had hidden her heart in her hat; and to Bald Mountain as the home of three brothers, at one time captives of Chinese or Japanese—from whom they escaped by crossing the Pacific in a whale-skin boat. These brothers brought to America three women of the tribe from over-sea, one of whom, be-

## American Myths and Legends

coming homesick, walked back across the ocean; and those who pursued her, even to the Asian shore, became friends of her people, so there was no more war between them.

On Slab Creek lived the fisher, who, having caught two salmon that had made a clinking noise in the water, found one to have taken the shape of a stone hammer and the other of an obsidian knife. From the hour when he brought these weapons to the land his people suffered, for even the skies were stormy and unkind. Impatient and enraged, his fellows roasted him before flames, like a salmon, and threw the troublesome implements upon the fire. Immediately the clouds rolled off, the sun shone out, and it was summer.

Slab Creek is also associated with two legends of the sky. Here dwelt two archers that assailed the heavens, hoping to avenge their father, who had been killed by a sky chief. One shot an arrow that stuck into the sky; the other twanged his bow—they were marvellous shots!—and his arrow-tip went into the other arrow at the notch, not far enough to split the shaft, yet far enough to hold stoutly; the next shot drove

## American Myths and Legends

the arrow into the notch of the second, and in this fashion the brothers made a chain of arrows that reached all the way down to earth. Up this wooden cord they climbed, like Jack on his beanstalk, and found in sky-land the same sort of world as this. Seeking cautiously for several days, they came at last to the lodge of the murderer chief, who, in vaunt of his act, had hung their father's head in his door. They slew him and returned to earth by the arrow chain, bringing down the dead man's wives as their own. Then, raising their father's body, they sewed his head to its proper place with a string made of inner bark of cedar, so that he came to life, dancing. His head stayed in place for many years, but it remained red, like cedar-bark,—for he was a woodpecker now.

It was another Slab Creek man who made a visit to heaven against his will. Spearing salmon in the creek one day, he found that it was growing dark as fast as if night were coming on. "A plague on this blackness!" he exclaimed at last. "What is it that keeps me from seeing the fish?" Hardly had he uttered these words ere a little creature darted from a hole that had

## American Myths and Legends

been made by lightning in a fir-tree, and, standing beside him, began to swell, tremendously. In a few minutes he was taller than the tree itself, and his skin was covered with feathers. "Now see who it is you have scolded," roared the Thunderer, for it was he. Catching the fisherman under one arm, he flew to the sky with him, his wings clashing in a way to fill the Tillamook with terror. Once the giant dropped him, but swooped down and caught him again before he could touch the earth. In the upper-world lived a race of giants, who caught whales as he had caught salmon and devoured them whole with no more ado than he made in eating a fish. These people treated him kindly and made a place for him in their homes, but he often thought upon his own land, his wives and children, and presently he made bold to ask his keeper if he might go back. The Thunderer read his thought before he had spoken, and answered it: "Your wives are well and one of them has married again."

"Faithless creature! And I have been from home only four days!" cried the man.

"When they found your cloak and spear

## American Myths and Legends

beside the creek they thought you were dead. You have been away four years."

The Tillamook descended to the earth and found it as the Thunderer had said, for one wife was gone and his children had grown. For ten days the man danced and feasted his neighbors on salmon and whale-meat—food he had brought from heaven. And the people revered him and made him shaman.

### HOW THE SKUNK GOT BACK

**A**LONG the Columbia River, just below the debouch of the Spokane, the rocky walls take on fantastic shapes, such as one finds among the Bad Lands—steeples, roofs, slides, terraces, and so on. Among these forms the Whitestone, a pale gray cone of rock five hundred feet high, is a noted landmark. The Indians say that a long time ago this height was occupied by a skunk, a wolf, and a rattlesnake. Each had his range and did not, at first, interfere with the others; and the skunk, being handsomest and most docile of the family, was liked by all the animals. In those days he had no defensive

## American Myths and Legends

apparatus, and preferred to live on comfortable terms with everybody. The wolf and the rattler were selfish creatures, and they asked one another why the rock need be divided among three when it was just about large enough for two. No good answer presenting itself, they decided to oust their fellow, and, stealing behind him while he was absorbed in contemplation of the scenery, they toppled him from the cone and saw him splash into the river. He did not drown, as they had hoped and expected, but swam and floated with the current till he had reached the mouth. In those days a famous wizard had his lodge near the river's end,—a man who knew the animals, their ways and needs,—and to him the skunk related the tale of his expulsion from Whitestone, asking for means to be revenged on his associates. The magician, in sympathy for his sufferings, conferred on him the ability to make himself as disagreeable as did either of his old comrades, but in a different way. He bestowed on him the power to secrete an acrid, burning, blinding, loud-smelling liquid, and bade him go back and try it on his partners. Encouraged to think that he had something more search-

## American Myths and Legends

ing, more terrifying, than the teeth of the wolf and the fangs of the snake, he hastened back to his old home and climbed the rock, to the surprise of the two dwellers, who had never expected to see him again. Advancing with apparently friendly intent till he arrived within ten feet of them, he faced about and sprayed his devil's incense into their faces. The snake was nearly suffocated and the wolf well-nigh blinded. Both curled up on the ground in anguish, while the skunk gave them another salute and retired to his former quarters.

So soon as they could breathe and see, the conspirators hurried down and away from White-stone, never to reappear, while the skunk made himself comfortable on the whole property. And to this day he shows his dislike of the wolf in the old fashion, while he will destroy any snake he meets.



# American Myths and Legends

## STARVATION ON A MONUMENT

OFF Cape Flattery, the northwestern corner of the United States, or, at least, of the State of Washington, stands a monument of rock about a hundred feet in height, known to the Indians as Tsar-tsar-dark. It is a wild and picturesque region that comes here to a sudden ending in deep water; the coast fretted and tunnelled by the sea and streaked by cascades; the huge Olympics, snow-topped, piled inland toward the sky; the wild-fowl, hooting and screaming on the ledges; the everlasting anthem of the Pacific echoing from the rocks. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the great white cones that loom to the eastward beacons to the canoe-men with pennants of dust by day and a glow from their craters against the heavens at night. It was a region of wonders, and many sacrifices had to be made to keep the gods and devils quiet.

Hapless, then, was a certain young hunter who had neglected to pacify the tamanouses that haunt the vicinity of Tsar-tsar-dark. A few pinches of tobacco or of killikinick, a bit of

## American Myths and Legends

squaw's embroidery, a string of wampum dropped into the sea or laid on a rock shelf would have insured his safety, but in the brashness of his youth he climbed Tsar-tsar-dark, after gull and cormorant chicks, without making oblation. The offended tamanouses made his mind soft, so that he dared not go down again. Whenever he looked below, into the wrath of the sea, his head grew sick and he clung helplessly to the rock. Birds flew by and taunted him; his comrades called; they made lines of sea-weed and tried to get them to him by means of captive gulls and strong-shot arrows; but it was of no use. On the seventh day he extended himself on the top and died. There his ghost lives and warns the Indians when dangerous storms are rising.

### THE SNAKE DEN

“THE embrace of a Klikitat girl is death,” say the Cœur d’Alene Indians. On the side of Palmer Mountain, Washington, three stones mark the graves of three Klikitat maidens who gave the reason for this proverb. They were spoils of war, taken by a Cœur d’Alene

## American Myths and Legends

band in a raid among the hills; and the captors greatly congratulated themselves, because the girls had a fame for beauty, for art in embroidery and leather work, for endurance on the march, and for skill in cooking. They were treated kindly and were awarded as wives to three young braves who were to take up their quarters for a time in a cave on Palmer Mountain. As it was soon evident that escape was impossible, the girls pretended to be reconciled to their fate, and at the feast of marriage they sang and chatted merrily. At nightfall they entered the cave to prepare it for their lords, who presently appeared and flung themselves on the couches. Instantly each girl threw a bear-skin over her husband, as in sport, and held it down with all her strength and weight. Smothered cries were heard, and the girls were flung roughly to the floor. But they had avenged their capture: they had hidden rattlesnakes in the beds, and the creatures had stung the men again and again. Each bridegroom struck his wife dead, and each then lay down to die; but a company of Klikitats was on the watch. These foemen rushed into the cave and dragged thence

## American Myths and Legends

a single survivor, whom they subsequently burned at the stake on the site of the present Fort Spokane. He told the whole story before his death. Afterward the Klikitats went back, buried the bodies of the girls, and marked their graves with the rude headstones.

### “DEADHEADS,” “CRACKERS,” “HOODLUMS,” AND “PANHANDLERS”

THESE are terms that started their careers as slang,—but if we only knew it, half of our words and most of our idioms came from the tavern, the camp, and the kennel, and whenever slang is forcible and fit we may be sure it will be in dictionaries before many years. “Deadhead,” for example, is an accepted term for one who has free entrance to theatres or concert halls, or, indeed, enjoys any privilege, such as riding on a train or boat, sending a telegram or express package, or obtaining a newspaper or magazine, without paying. Some franks and passes bear the cruelly suggestive initials, “D. H.” In the first half of the nineteenth century a new toll-road was built out of Detroit, re-

## American Myths and Legends

placing a rough plank-road leading to Elmwood Cemetery. As the burial-ground had been laid out before the toll-road was created, and a hardship was involved in refusing access to it, the owners of the road agreed to let all funeral processions pass free. A physician of the town, Dr. Pierce, stopping to pay his toll one day, remarked to the gate-keeper, "Considering the benevolent character of my profession, I ought to be allowed to travel on this road without charge."

"No, no, doctor," answered the toll-man; "we can't afford that. You send too many dead-heads through, as it is."

The incident was repeated, caught up all over the country, and "deadhead" is now colloquial, if not elegant English.

The poorer white people in the lower tier of the Atlantic States, particularly in Georgia and Florida, are known as "crackers." The source of this term is obscure, especially as it originated in the North as a gibe or a name of reproach, and it was in use in 1760. Some say that it comes from the cracking of the rifles in the Georgia woods and swamps; others that it com-

## American Myths and Legends

memorates the Southern fondness for bacon, which was supposed to be eaten in so crisp a state that it cracked between the teeth; but the simplest and likeliest reason for the name is that the Southern teamsters, who were many and who were of the poorer class, encouraged their horses along the sand wallows that were dignified by the name of roads a century ago by much cracking of long and cruel "blacksnake" whips, hence being known as "crackers."

San Francisco provided the other two words in the caption. "Hoodlum" is a name applied to those youth of our cities who idle about the saloons, loaf on street corners, break lamp-posts and windows, jeer at quiet people, talk profanity and obscenity in loud, harsh voices, insult women, and foster in their thinly furnished heads a conceit that vice is manly and ruffianism is strength. They are the class from which our tramps and criminals are largely recruited. The original hoodlums were the younger riff-raff that drifted to California during the excitement over the gold discoveries in 1849, or got themselves born there, of reprehensible parents, shortly after. In the lax state of law and morals that prevailed until

## American Myths and Legends

a representative body of men took matters into their own hands and lynched the worst offenders, they were especially obnoxious. They were drunken, thievish, noisy, and quarrelsome, and several assaults and murders were attributed to them. Foremost in a gang of these people that infested San Francisco was a stalwart bully named Muldoon, and from him they took the name of the Muldoons. After San Francisco had become settled, these fellows continued to be a vexation and a danger, and the editor of a local newspaper, wishing to urge the authorities to a smarter public defence, wrote a guarded article on the subject. Fearing to be shot, or to have his house burned or his office wrecked if he referred directly to the Muldoons, the editor thought he would be understood by the more intelligent people if he spelled the name backward. A slip of the types gave an *h* for an *n*, and the word "hoodlum" was coined. It had a rough sound that seemed to fit the rogues for whom it was intended, and has ever since been in constant use.

"Panhandler" is a word of more recent origin and applies to the greasy, whining, tippling,

## American Myths and Legends

threatening, thieving creatures who forage on the country in summer, ride to the towns on freight trains when cold weather begins, and subsist there, through the winter, on the contributions of the industrious. There was once a restaurateur in San Francisco who rejoiced—or otherwise—in the name of Mink Dusenoffer. His “caffy” did so large a business that his hired helpers felt they were entitled to larger wages, and, in order to get them, they unanimously dropped work and went on strike. Mr. Dusenoffer was not to be coerced. He went into the highways, and more especially the byways, and presently recruited “a gang of scattermouches and mulligrubbers that didn’t know bean-soup from charlotte russe,” but whom he set at work in his establishment, occasionally emphasizing his instructions with a beer-mallet. On the third night a terrible ruction broke out between the guests and the waiters. The guests were driven out, one man was shot, the landlord was beaten, the bar was looted, and the new waiters, drunk and reckless, spent the rest of the night in attacking and robbing people who were abroad unarmed. Mr. Dusenoffer’s opinion of



## American Myths and Legends

his servants was expressed in this elegant extract, which was posted the next day:

“The public is warned against the gang of slush-slingers, dish-swabbers, and panhandlers that left my place yesterday. They are thieves and murderers, and there is enough buckshot waiting for them here to blow them all to hell, where they belong.”

The troublers kept away from the “caffy” after that; but every time that an arrest was made for robbery or assault, the remark was heard, “There’s another of Mink’s panhandlers.” In about ten years the word had crossed the continent and become domesticated in the East.

### PHANTOMS OF THE ATLANTIC

**B**ESIDE the New Haven storm-ship and the “Flying Dutchman,” certain other shadow-craft sail in American waters, and the souls of unshriven sailors fly piping across the seas in the guise of petrels, or Mother Carey’s chickens, enduring purgatory and doomed never to find rest till their sins are forgiven.

## American Myths and Legends

Among the phantom ships that may be met, now and again, is the Spanish treasure-galleon aboard of which Captain Don Sandovate was killed by his mutinous sailors. As he was dying he begged the men for water, and they jeered and held it just beyond his reach. For this they are condemned to roam the Atlantic until doomsday, suffering eternally from thirst. You shall know the ship well enough, if you meet her, for a crew of skeletons will hail as you pass, and will cry for water till you are out of hearing.

In the seventeenth century a vessel had freighted at Salem, Massachusetts, for England. All was ready for her departure, the passengers were on board, and the crew were about to cast off, when a young man and woman, richly dressed, handsome, and of distinguished bearing, hurried down the wharf and asked to be taken to England. They had money and they wanted a cabin. None had ever seen them before. During the few minutes spent in talk upon this request the wind went about and blew dead ahead, so that the sailors began to feel apprehensive, and were heard grumbling about taking people on that trip who were evidently going to bring

## American Myths and Legends

bad luck to the vessel. The master yielded to the plea of the young couple, however, and on Friday, the wind being favorable once more, he set sail for the old country. She never reached England. It is thought that she went down in Massachusetts Bay, for she is occasionally seen cruising between the capes. Her hull shines in the dark, like punk; she rides through the air a foot above the water, and a row of white faces can be seen staring over the side.

An old hulk lay at her wharf in one of the Maine ports for several years—an old whaler too full of oil to sink, they said. The youngsters scrambled over her and played tag on her decks and hide-and-seek in her hold and cabins, and pretended to steer her by the rheumatic old wheel on all sorts of voyages—to the island where Crusoe lived and to the lands of Ali Baba and Liliput. Thirteen boys and girls were playing in that way on a summer afternoon when the rotten cable parted and the old ship, whose fore-foot every one supposed had grounded in half a fathom of mud, moved slowly out on the tide. At first the children cheered and laughed to feel motion in the old hull and to see the shore per-

## American Myths and Legends

spective changing, but as distance from the land grew wider they saw their danger and began to call. Several fishermen ran to the water and set their sails to the wind—in vain, for a chill gale had sprung up; then a fog covered the whitening sea, and mercifully hid the tragedy. But a mouldy shape goes by, on certain nights, in the moon, and faint, pathetic little voices call, asking that a company of children be allowed to go ashore.

### HOW SOME PLACES WERE NAMED

**A**MERICAN town names lack character, as a rule. There is a preponderance of Smithvilles and Jonesburgs, and names are duplicated beyond all reason, there being in this country no less than 237 Washingtons,—to say nothing of counties, which bear the name, nor of “Corners,” “Villes,” “Mills” and “Centres,” 44 of the Washington villages and townships being found in the one State of Ohio,—108 Lincolns, 28 Brooklyns, 18 Bostons, 23 Albanys, 21 Hartfords, 65 Waynes, 75 Harrisons, and 137 Libertys, 25 of which are in Ohio. In certain

## American Myths and Legends

remote districts, as among the Maine woods, a few townships are known by their old map numbers, and you learn that Bill Brown's gone over to Number Four to get in his hay, or that Si Puffer's mother is comin' over from Number Thirty-Six to get her teeth filled. By delving among the maps, however, a good many names may be unearthed, aside from the usually admirable Indian names, that are unconventional and remarkable, and some of them are adapted from the names of families that, in turn, perpetuate quaint incidents. The founder of the Bull-Smith family, of Smithtown, Long Island, was a friend of the Nissiquogue Indians, whose chief told him that he might take all the land he could encircle in a day's ride, if he bestrode a bull instead of a horse. Smith rode the bull so long and hard on that day that the animal died.

New Jersey's share of oddities is large. In that State we find this array: Tillietudelum, Opanghanaugh, Hell's Kitchen, Good Intent, Ragtown, Breakfast Point, Camp Gaw, Polify, Radix, Pluckemin, Pocktown, Succasunna, Scrabbletown, Scrapetown, Slabtown, Samptown, Snufftown, Harmony, Allamuchy, Solitude,

## American Myths and Legends

Frogtown, Boardville, Blazing Star, Cutalosa, Cinnaminson, Absecon, Far Hills, Short Hills, Flyat, Unexpected Bog, Kalarama, Roundabout, Oney's Hat, Hackle Barney, Wakeake, Boss Road, Jahokeyville, Cheesquakes, Hen's Foot, Barley Sheaf, Wheat Sheaf, Griffetown, Griggstown, Groonsville, English Corners, Ebenezer, Blue Ball, Bivalve, Manunka Chunk, Packnack, Wollyfield, Wickatunk, Yaughoo, Waughorow, Polecat Tavern, Zingaem, Stringtown, Monkeytown, Turtletown, Hogtown, Goosetown, Peacocktown, Skunktown, Postertown, Batstoe, Atco, Snake Hill, Bone Hill, Bamber, Blue Anchor, Ringoes, Rustic, Rural Place, Buckshutem, Totowa, Duty Neck, Boxisticus, Parsippany, Warbasse, and Sodom. A humorist who alleges familiarity with the subject intimates that some names in New Jersey must have been given for their peculiar unfitness; that Pelletville hasn't a drug store; that Recklesstown is as calm as a cemetery; that Bargaintown would be dear at any price; that Roundabout has four straight roads; that Small Lots is mostly one large one; that Comical Corner is dismal, and Deacon's godless; that Jumping Point is as steady as a

## American Myths and Legends

coach. We are entitled to have doubts when we are told that Beatyestown is Irish; that Boilsville was named in commemoration of Sufferin' Job Hitchins, who stood it as long as he could and then died there; that six of the most ancient settlers named Feebletown for themselves, just before they shuffled off the coil; but it is conceivable that Brontzmansville and Brotzmanville were so called by two factions of a family that had divided on a question of spelling; that Double Trouble took its name for a similar reason, and that Gin Point, Whiskey Lane, and Jugtown indicate an ancient thirst among their citizens. One resident of Bum Tavern was so disgusted by his post-office address that he brought an annual suit to compel his fellows to change it; but they always bought him off with a drink, until one year they defended the suit and he left the place in wrath. A farmer having put up a sign beside the road, "No Right of Way Here," became known as Old No Right, and when a hamlet sprang up near his estate the name of No Right compassed it. It was short, easy, unusual, and the people decided to keep it; but ink and sorrow have been vainly expended since

## American Myths and Legends

then, for the official who prepared the papers of incorporation was not a college graduate. He remembered a superfluous ough in though and dough, and when the place got upon the map it was Naughtright. In the darkness of a thunder-storm a man wearing the astonishing name of Smith drove off the road, capsized his wagon, killed his span of horses, and so conferred on the spot the name of Smith's Turn-Out. Beebe Run is alleged to record the rapid time made by one Beebe after he had carelessly investigated a bee-hive, and Beetown tells where the trouble began. Long ago a clerk in a country store became so renowned for the airs he put on that the farmers, in sarcasm, called it the clerk's store. In the course of events this self-sufficient youth became the boss of that establishment, and justified his vanity by making it of more account than the village. When a name was chosen for the place it was almost sure to be what the country roundabout had called it for a long time—Clerk's Store. And that is what it is.

These little histories are unimportant, if true; but they show how easy it is to fix some kind of a name upon a place that nine-tenths of its



## American Myths and Legends

later residents will scorn and repudiate, but will not, fortunately, be able to cast aside for a smug commonplace. Nevertheless, the quaint names are slowly disappearing, and people seldom name their estates, as they used to do in Maryland, for example, where a hundred years ago one found such odd little farms as *The Unexpected Discovery*, *Hug Me Snug*, *With Little I Am Content*, *Here is Life Without Care and Love Without Fear*, and *My Sweet Girl, My Friend, and Pitcher*.

Wawayanda, the great grant in Orange County, New York, that was made to a white man named Denn, in 1710, is said not to be an Indian word, though it sounds authentic. When Denn went into this country to buy land he asked Chief Rambout how much he would swap for two and a half gallons of whiskey. The chief, who was at that moment overlooking his territory from the top of a bluff, waved his arms in such a way as to include most of the landscape and answered, in the best English he knew, "Way, way yonder." Denn sent for the whiskey, Rambout had a glorious spree, in which it is not recorded that he was self-possessed enough to kill

## American Myths and Legends

anybody, and the Yankee acquired eighty square miles of unbroken wilderness, thinly peopled by savages, bear, deer, and snakes. It is said that there was a red man whose name was Wa-Wa-Wanda, but he appears not to have been a real-estate dealer, and his means of subsistence were gained from running a cider-mill in Port Jervis.

Denn, being detained in the East after his purchase until he feared that his right to the land would lapse, sent Sarah Wells, an orphan of sixteen, who had just worked out her freedom, to take possession in his name, and as a fee gave her a hundred acres of it. With an Indian guide she started for this almost unknown region. Her misgivings grew to fear when at noon the savage stopped her horse and looked curiously into her face. Visions of outrage, captivity, and death arose before her; but the guide, noting her pallor and tears, bent and picked a spray of flowers, which he gave to her. No words were needed. She smiled, blushed, and from that day was known among the Indians as Bunch of Blossoms. They learned to love and trust her, for she visited their sick and old, and carried

## American Myths and Legends

fruits and flowers to them, continuing her kind acts after her marriage to William Bull and until her death, at an advanced age.

As for names in other States, a volume could be made of oddities. Thus, in Kentucky, which takes itself seriously, may be found Ink, Ingie-rubber, Tywhoppity, Possum Trot, Dog Walk, Frog Level, Bully Boy, Slaughter House, Misery Mount, Maiden Blush, Tipsey Creek, Rabbit Hash, Riddlemerock, Ransome Free, Buncombe Bog, Ubetyou, Uno, Unit, Democrat, Digitout, Fossil Fork, Rat's Nest, Eighty-eight, Sunset, Limberneck, Hickorynut, Holy Haunt, Tinkley-turn, Lovelyville, Batchtown, Whangdoodle, Whereaway, Crickmorecrack, Cæsar's Ghost, Mud, Money, Gold Buckle, Goosebone, Silver Dust, Beefburg, Buzzards' Roost, and Tipple-tub.

Indiana presents, in Clark County alone, such instances as Carpet Alley, Chicken Run, Rat Row, Sausage Row, The Dump, Devil's Backbone, Pin Hook, Hog Trough, Tintown, Mud Lick, Bedbug Flats, World's Fair, Jenny Lind, Pig's Eye, Olive Branch, Pollywog, Ten Cent, Last Chance, Indian Sofa, and Wash Board.

## American Myths and Legends

Staid New York has its Doodletown, Painted Post, Good Ground, Arkport, Short Tract, Hale's Eddy, Poney Hollow, Deposit, and Manor, while it revels in the scriptural and classic, as witness Rome, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Babylon, Elmira, Palmyra, Attica, Ithaca, Albion, Caledonia, Hannibal, Seneca, Virgil, Marathon, Smyrna, Ephrata, Phœnicia, Carthage, Corinth, Cairo, Athens, Goshen, Philadelphia, Gilboa, Carmel, and Bethel. It is not among the names fixed by scholars, with a desire to "show off," that we find much of interest, but rather among the Doodletowns that are indigenou to the soil. Some of these, however, have been twisted out of resemblance to their former selves. Tuckahoe, for instance, is commonly accepted as an Indian word, yet it is said to be a corruption of Turkey Knoll, as wild turkeys once abounded there.

Pennsylvania, though a religious commonwealth, has its Brandywine and Jollytown, and it celebrates persons, memories, and events in Cornplanter, Shinglehouse, Skinner's Eddy, Hop Bottom, Ariel, Plymouth Meeting, Chickies, New Freedom,—just over the line from the former slave State, Maryland,—Rail Road, Burnt

## American Myths and Legends

Cabins, Mann's Chance, Scalp Level, Shanksville, Fairchance, Pleasant Unity, Smicksburg, Warrior's Mark, High Spire, and Ringtown. Mast Hope was the site of the last big pine cut in the Delaware Valley, the noble forests of that region having been ruthlessly slaughtered and rafted down the river. In 1786 a couple of lumbermen agreed to supply a white-pine mast for a United States frigate for one hundred dollars, but it was to be long and strong. No suitable tree was found near the river until Tom Quick, a noted Indian fighter, told them of a fine tree near Big Eddy. Said one of the choppers, "Good! We have hope for the mast, yet." They found it, floated it to Philadelphia, and it became the main mast of the frigate "Constitution"—"Old Ironsides" was her common name. Relatives of the wood-cutters settled near the spot where the noble tree had been felled, and in memory of it they called their village Mast Hope.

Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is said to perpetuate the disgust of an Indian who lived thereabout and who greatly desired a male heir. Eight or ten girls had been born to him, when another

## American Myths and Legends

little arrival was one day announced. A white trader met him a day or two after, and asked, "Well, Lo, is it a boy this time?"

The Indian grunted, "Ugh! She boy 'gain." And the transition to Sheboygan was held to be natural.

Puritans were not absolutely in control when the names of capes, hills, and rivers were applied in Maine. Had they been we should probably have had no Pull-and-be-damned Point on the Penobscot and the Kennebec, even though the current at ebb-tide off those capes is so stiff that the oarsman uses nearly as much profanity as muscle in making head against it. Equally dreadful to polite ears, but less self-explanatory, is Hell-before-breakfast Cove, in Sysladobsis Lake. This name may have been a pure or impure invention of the mind belonging to some outcast who drank whiskey in a prohibition State and perhaps referred to an inability to buy a cocktail before the morning meal. It is not so explained, however. Sam Hall, who bestowed the name, no more meant to do it than did Antony Van Corlaer when he named Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and whose fate was similar to that

## American Myths and Legends

which overtook Sam many years after. Hall had been stripping bark in the woods for a new tannery in Princeton, and a fleet of scows laden with this merchandise had been tied at the cove while the crew went ashore to boil their coffee and fry flap-jacks. During the preparations a boat that had been carelessly tied broke loose and drifted away from shore. Hall discovered this truancy first, and, kicking off his clothes, leaped into the water and swam toward the craft. His comrades called him back. "No," he shouted, "I'll fetch back that boat or go to hell before breakfast." A cloud darkened the view for a moment, and one spectator declared that a strange shape came up from the lake bottom in the shadow. When the sun shone again Sam Hall had disappeared, and forever.

These Down-Easters were hard put to it for a name that should fitly express the loneliness, bleakness, and chill of the eastern end of Washington County, Maine. It was called Puduch, Mink Hole, Suckersville, and Hardscrabble, as successive alleviations of the original name of Skunk's Misery. Captain Sam Bailey lost his life in making the sixth change of name in a

## American Myths and Legends

century, for he knew the right from the wrong channel to Lubec so well that he became careless, and one hazy morning he tried to go in by the shallow and rocky pass, not observing that he was several points out of his proper course. There was a bump, a crash,—for a heavy swell was running,—and Bailey and his crew never set foot ashore again. So Bailey's Mistake made its appearance on the map. A farmer named Curran found that the herring of the shallows made good French sardines; and as he became rich and revered through this discovery, a seventh change, to Curran's Inlet, is projected.

Other places, better known, have suffered changes quite as marked, as instance the famous and respected name of Kearsarge—respected because it has been borne by sturdy fighting-machines of our navy. It is not Indian, nor even English. It is a lazy man's way of saying, "Hezekiah Sargent's Hill." This mountain, in southern New Hampshire, was owned, in the long ago, by a farmer of that name. After a while it was known as 'Kiah Sarg'nt's; later, when Sargent had been forgotten, as Kiar-sarge's; then, finally, as we call it now. As if



## American Myths and Legends

it were not enough to have one mountain of that name in the State, the big dome in North Conway, rightly known as Pequawket, and so called in the ballad of Lovewell's Fight, was dubbed Kearsarge likewise, to the subsequent confusion of tourists.

Indian names are borne by about half of our States. The commonly accepted meanings of all the names are here set down:

Alabama is an Indian word, signifying "Here we rest;" which was the phrase uttered by an old hunter when he reached the spring at Huntsville.

Alaska is Indian, and means "great country."

Arizona (Spanish) means "arid zone."

Arkansas is adapted from Kansas and is said to be a European change. The State was peopled by a branch of the Kansas tribe that was especially skilful with the bow, or arc,—hence, Arc-Kansas.

California is Spanish, and means, according to one guesser, "success;" but the heats encountered by those who named it, as they crossed the baking deserts in the ascent from Mexico, make "hot furnace" (*caliente fornello*) more likely.

## American Myths and Legends

Carolina (Latin) is named for Charles I. (Carolus) of England.

Colorado (Spanish) means "colored," or "ruddy," the name being suggested by the muddy waters of the Colorado River, though equally justified by the bizarre and startling red of the buttes and mountains.

Connecticut, or Quonectecut, is Indian for "long river."

Dakota (Indian) means "leagued."

Delaware was named for Lord De La War, who was the first to explore the bay of that name.

Florida (Spanish) means "flowers." When the Spanish saw it for the first time on Pascua Florida, or the Passover of Flowers (Easter), they were surprised at the size and brilliancy of the blossoms on the shore.

Georgia perpetuates the name of King George II. of England.

Idaho (Indian) signifies "gem of the mountains."

Illinois (Indian) means "real men."

Indiana is English. It stands merely for Indian.

## American Myths and Legends

Iowa (Indian) means "drowsy."

Kansas (Indian), applied originally to the river of that name, is "smoky water."

Kentucky (Indian) means "head of the river."

Louisiana (French) commemorates Louis XIV. of France.

Maine (English) was called in the original charter "the mayne land of New England."

Maryland (English) was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

Massachusetts (Indian) means "near the great hills."

Michigan (Indian) probably means "great lake," though the claim is made that it signifies "fish weir."

Minnesota (Indian) is "cloudy water."

Mississippi (Indian) is "father of waters." In this case, as in that of Minnesota, it is the Mississippi River that is referred to.

Missouri (Indian) is the name of the river, and means "muddy water."

Montana (Spanish, properly *Montaña*) is "mountain."

Nebraska (Indian) is "shallow water."

## American Myths and Legends

Nevada (Spanish) is "snow white." Its snowy mountains justify the name.

New Hampshire (English) is named for the shire of Hants, or Hampshire County, England.

New Jersey (English) is named for the island of Jersey in the British Channel.

New Mexico (Aztec) perpetuates the name of Mextli, the Aztec god of war.

New York (English) was named for the Duke of York, to whom it was given.

Ohio (Indian) is "great land."

Oklahoma (Indian) is "beautiful land."

Oregon (Indian) is "great western river."

Pennsylvania (English and Latin) means "Penn's woods."

Rhode Island (English) is named for the Isle of Rhodes.

Tennessee (Indian) is "river with a big bend."

Texas (Indian) means "friends."

Utah (Indian) is the name of a tribe that occupied the Great Basin.

Vermont (French, *verd mont*) is "green mountain."

## American Myths and Legends

Virginia (Latin) commemorates the virgin queen, Elizabeth.

Wisconsin (Indian) is "flowing westward."

Wyoming (Indian) means "large plains."

### SOME TREES

THE storms and the vandals have spared several of our famous trees, and the places and memories of others are affectionately marked and kept. King Philip's oak, aged a thousand years, stands in Wrentham, Massachusetts, and an elm in Rutland, in the same State, is called the Central Tree, because it marks the centre of Massachusetts. Another famous elm, three centuries old, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, bears the name of Washington, for, standing in the road before it, the father of his country assumed command of the American army. Boston had in its Common a tree long known as the Old Elm. Tradition invested it with terrors that died when gas-lamps began to stud the famous park. If there is anything that a spook dislikes it is gas and electric lights. There were reports of buried treasure beneath its roots,

## American Myths and Legends

of thieves and cut-throats gibbeted in its boughs, of witches that gathered to dance and prank about its sturdy trunk, and its loss was widely lamented when it was blown down in our centennial year. Under it two gallants fought a duel, in 1728, that resulted fatally, and because of that crime a law was passed forbidding the use of arms in the settlement of private quarrels, under penalty of being buried in the road like a suicide, with a stake through the heart, in case of death; and of being exhibited on the gallows, with a rope about the neck, in case death did not result, this public disgrace being followed by a year's imprisonment.

Another tree of punishment is the Whipping Post Oak in Glastonbury, Connecticut, to which the wicked were tied for physical reprehension even so late as the nineteenth century. Glastonbury also has its Great Oak, which has been known for at least two hundred and seventy years. Connecticut's most famous tree, however, was the Charter Oak, of Hartford, which perished in a gale in 1854, at the age of full six centuries. More than a century and a half before its fall the proud, tyrannical Andros went

## American Myths and Legends

to the present capital of the State to demand the surrender of the charter of Connecticut. The reluctant people discussed the matter with him in the assembly hall by candle-light. As he reached for the precious document, which lay in a box on a table before him, the lights were suddenly blown out. In the darkness and confusion Captain Wadsworth seized the warrant of his colony's liberty, and, running out of the hall, thrust the paper into a hole in this tree, which was large enough for a child to hide in. It was recovered when the need came. After the tree had been overturned its timber was wrought into canes, chairs, bedsteads, boats, and houses, and the relics passed into the hands of loyal Yankees and penny-turning speculators all over the Nutmeg State.

Philadelphia had its Treaty Tree, which was blown down in 1810, in its youth of two hundred and thirty-eight years. Under the branches of this wide-spreading elm William Penn made his agreement to live with the Indians in peace and fairness; and so he did, to the general surprise and admiration.

The Tory Tulip Tree, on Broad River, South

## American Myths and Legends

Carolina, was so called because ten Tories were hanged upon it after the battle of King's Mountain. Another noted relic was the Council Tree, in Charleston, in the same State, a noble magnolia with a spread of two hundred feet and a gorgeous spring array of blossoms. In its shade General Lincoln held a council with the people of the city during the siege by the British. In 1849 it was sold to a too usual sort of person who, though born in its shadow, chopped it down forthwith and did his cooking with it.

New York had another person of this kind, who rammed and felled the Stuyvesant pear-tree with his dray, in 1867. This tree, which stood at the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, was planted by old Governor Stuyvesant,—Hard-Headed Peter,—who brought it to this country from Holland. It bloomed and fruited every year until the yahoo destroyed it. Gates's Weeping Willow was another noted object in the same hot and treeless city.

Opposite West Point, on the Hudson, stood a willow that had reached its prime on the outbreak of the Revolution. Among the few soft spots in the nature of Benedict Arnold was a



## American Myths and Legends

liking for these graceful trees with their fountains of pale green. This, especially, he loved, and would cross the river to brood and meditate in its shadow. After he had betrayed West Point to the enemy and was in flight to the ship which was to carry him to a place of safety he gave an affectionate pat to the bark of this willow as he passed. The people of that district said that it withered and blackened from that hour, and though it lingered for years it never regained its pride and greenness.

In Babylon, Long Island, another unfortunate tree has never recovered from the disgrace of sheltering "Tom" Paine, the infidel. From the day the unbeliever sat beneath its branches it has sunk toward the earth and hung its branches low.

Back of Yonkers, New York, is the "dark hollow" which is haunted by a stranger who fell overboard and who goes about oddly costumed, wearing a long boot on one leg and a short one on the other. Beside this stranger one may meet a shadow band of counterfeiterers who made away with a girl here one summer, the body of their victim being identified and buried here by her

## American Myths and Legends

lover. The valley is also frequented by the shade of a Yankee who hanged himself when he reached the bottom of his flask, for he could not endure to think on the hideous drought that was to follow. This spectre goes among the farmers pleading for cider. The big walnut-tree to which he tied the strangling rope stands in the hollow to this day.

Other noted trees are the aged chestnut in Summit, New Jersey, which was used as a gallows for a British spy during the Revolution—at least, according to tradition; Fox's Oak, in Flushing, New York; Mad Anthony Wayne's black walnut, at Haverstraw, New York; the aged sycamore of Vacluse, Rhode Island; the Big Tree, of Geneseo, New York—an oak of a thousand years; Pontiac's whitewood, in Detroit, Michigan; the cypress in the Dismal Swamp that sheltered Washington for a night in his boyhood; the pecan-tree in New Orleans, durably spotted with the blood of the British General Pakenham, and the Balm of Gilead at Fort Edward, New York, which survived the fire in which General Putnam won distinction by quenching the flames on the roof of the magazine.

## American Myths and Legends

Also near Fort Edward is the Jennie McRea tree—a decayed trunk that marks the spot where the girl was killed in 1777. It was alleged that the locusts and katydids in and about this tree chirped her name for years after the tragedy. Miss McRea, the daughter of a New Jersey clergyman, was in love with an officer in the army of Burgoyne—a young American who had sided against his own people. She was on her way to join him when a couple of Indians, doubtless hoping for ransom, abducted her, though they were in Burgoyne's service. While dragging the girl along the road the savages were fired upon by an indignant soldier, but the bullet failed of its mark and struck the unfortunate Jennie herself. The Indians hastily tore off the scalp and ran away to the British camp, where the lover, recognizing the dark tresses, would have put them to the sword, but that their story of the accidental nature of her death was borne out by others. In a second version the red men quarrelled over the possession of the young woman, and one killed her that she might not fall into the hands of the other. It was said that they had already looted the property of her

## American Myths and Legends

father, though he was a royalist. Another narrative presents the Indians merely as guides who were leading Jennie, in her bridal dress, to her lover, when they were fired upon, through some mistake. This gives color to the tradition that the lover made no complaint against the red men and attempted no punishment. He bought the scalp from them and carried it beneath his coat. It does not, however, warrant the story that the Indians were doomed never again to succeed in war, and that when they sought death in battle the pale form of their victim passed before them and warded off bullets and arrows. The lover was heart-broken. He fought stoutly, but vainly, in battle, and when the British were finally beaten he flung himself desperately against the swords of his own troop, receiving a few slight injuries. He forsook the field, resigned his commission, and from being one of the gayest, most care-free men in the army, became silent and gloomy, observing the death-day of his fiancée, so long as he survived her, by silent meditation in a chamber from which all others were locked out.

Ball's lake is a widening on the Santee River,

## American Myths and Legends

South Carolina, near St. Stephen's. Its marshy shores offered a secure hiding-place for Marion, "the Swamp Fox," during the Revolution, and soldiers wearing red coats who undertook expeditions into this apparently unpeopled and malarial country held their lives in their hands, and often had to open their hands. In 1780, while Marion was foraging hereabout, he heard of the coming of Tarleton with fifty-three of the king's troopers and twenty Tories, on some errand of mischief. This errand came to naught, whatever it was, for Bonneau, one of Marion's captains, led forty of his men into the brush and waited. False dispatches had been juggled to the enemy, leading him to think there were no Americans within fifty miles; so as the British advanced they did so carelessly, with song and talk and clatter of sabres and accoutrements. They had paused to water their horses at Sandy Lake, when the hoot of an owl was heard in the wood, then a yell, and twenty rifles spoke, another volley enfilading them as they leaped into their saddles and galloped away. Bonneau and ten followers were at their heels, plying sabres, and as a result of the ambush twenty-six prisoners

## American Myths and Legends

were taken, though eighteen of them were hurt, and five of the enemy lay dead. A thing that puzzled Bonneau was that his pet mare had been shot under a Tory rider. This was explained when one of his troopers came in driving before him at the sword's point one Jacques Sprat, commonly known thereabout as Jack Sprat, a surly French and Indian half-breed of less than doubtful loyalty to his American neighbors on the Santee, and more than doubtful honesty. It was found that he had visited Bonneau's stable on the night before, and had run off his stock into Tarleton's camp. Other evidence was offered to show that he had been looting houses and playing the spy, and in this last capacity he was deemed to be worthy of death. The court-martial was held near the river, under a cypress one hundred and fifty feet high that has ever since borne the name of the Gallows Tree. Till then it was green and full of strength, but it began to lose its branches on that day. It was resolved that Jack Sprat must hang himself, with the alternative of being burned to death. An agile trooper climbed to an upper limb and tied the rope to it, letting the noose dangle

## American Myths and Legends

before a lower one to which the condemned man was ordered to ascend. He made no protest. He was too much of an Indian for that, and he knew there was no hope. Twice in his ascent he paused and looked down. Ten guns were pointed at him. He put the rope around his neck, wavered, stumbled, then fell. The company rode off in silence. For months the ghastly object that had been a robber and spy hung from the Gallows Tree. Finally a hunter, who wanted to show his cleverness, cut it down with a bullet, and it was buried without a funeral.

A cyclone that swept the Miami Valley, Ohio, one Fourth of July—possibly roused by the fierce thunderings and incessant poppings of our annual feast—tipped over an ancient oak and thereby disclosed a tragedy. In a hollow of this tree, which had extended down for ten feet from the fork of its principal limbs, was a human skeleton in shreds of uniform with military buttons. From the time-stained papers found in a pocket-book it was learned that the dead man was Roger Vanderburg, of Pennsylvania, once a captain in the Revolutionary army, afterward in service against the Indians, who wounded and

## American Myths and Legends

captured him, November 3, 1791. He escaped from the savages, and in spite of a broken arm managed to gain this hollow, by the aid of a sapling that slanted against it, and leaped in, just in time to elude observation by the savages who were on his trail. The cavity was deeper than he had supposed, and, unable to extricate himself, he had died of starvation. In the half-dark and the chill he managed to make entries in a sort of diary for eleven days. One of them reads thus: "November 10. Five days without food. When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery. It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. God pity me." The tale of "Lost Sir Massingberd," by James Payn, which was written several years before the skeleton's discovery, contains a similar incident, and the news of the tree-fall in Miami caused the novelist to cry out against Nature's acts of plagiarism.



# American Myths and Legends

## STORIED CLIFFS AND LOVERS' LEAPS

**O**BSOLETE and unnecessary as this form of suicide appears to be, it is of interest to learn that so lately as 1897 two young people whose marriage had been opposed climbed one hundred and sixty feet to the brink of a precipice in Bon Air, Tennessee, and leaped down together, finding instant death at the bottom. The objecting parent was within fifteen feet of them when they went over the edge. The frequency of this performance in traditionary and less conventional times therefore seems more possible than in these days when it is so easy to elope with the Only Other One by stage or boat or train.

Not all of the leaps in story were those of lovers, however. Visitors to Sebago Lake, Maine, know the Images—a mass of rocks jutting sixty feet above the water, which, just at their feet, is over twelve fathoms deep. Captain Frye, making his escape from a company of Indians, leaped from the Images down this dizzy depth, kept his head uppermost in his

## American Myths and Legends

fall, and, rising unhurt to the surface, struck out for Frye's Island, where he hid in Hawthorne's Cave—since named in honor of the romancer—and abode there until he could leave the region without being seen. This argues courage, quickness, and address, but the commoner story of high places is a disclosure of disappointment, recklessness, and despair. A type of it relates to Pinkham Notch, in the White Mountains. Here lived an Indian who had chosen a husband for his daughter with a usual disregard of her rights and wishes, but she sued so long and earnestly in her own behalf and in that of the young man on whom she had set her heart that it was agreed to give the lover a chance by leaving the decision to skill. The rivals were to shoot at a mark and the winner was to have the girl. Whether it was through nervousness or lack of practice matters little, but the youth who should have been the victor went oftenest wide of the mark, and when the people gathered about the wrong one to offer congratulations, the lovers, by a common impulse, stole away from the company together. Not many seconds elapsed before their absence

## American Myths and Legends

was noticed, and with angry cries the men set off in pursuit. The couple joined hands and ran at top speed through the wood. They reached the brink of Crystal Cascade, on Ellis River. To go back was impossible, for the followers were close at hand. In each other's arms they flung themselves from the brink, and there one often sees their misty forms tossing in the spray.

Purgatory, the sounding chasm in the rock at Newport, Rhode Island, has been associated in a dim tradition with a leap, but the Indian tale was different. It was that long before the white man's day a jealous husband killed his squaw near this spot. His brutality offended the Great Spirit, who rifted the stone as we see it to-day and flung the murderer into the ravine. The spots of iron-stain on the ledges are the blood of the twain, and the hollow moaning of the waves is the man's voice in lamentation for his crime.

Strangest of the lovers' leaps was that of a young man and woman who had been wandering hand in hand along the Hudson Palisades. Opposite Inwood they disappeared over the

## American Myths and Legends

edge, in sight of their companions; but when the others ran to see if they were still alive there was nowhere any sign of them. The grass had not been bruised. Fishermen in boats below had been looking up and had neither seen nor heard any unusual sight or sound. Had the offended manitou struck this last blow at the intruding whites before resigning his rocky throne forever?

Sam's Point, at Aisokawasting, in the Shawangunks, bears the first name of Sam Gonsalus, a persecuted young citizen of the vicinage, who, having been hotly chased by Indians, leaped over the forty-foot cliff at this place and escaped, though he bore scratches and bruises for many moons as mementos of his adventure.

Long Island has the three footprints made by the last chief of the Montauks, who, despairing for his people after the white men had begun their inroads, took one step at Orient, a second on Shelter Island, a third on Montauk Point, and leaped thence into the Atlantic.

On Brandywine Creek, below Reading, Pennsylvania, is Deborah's Rock, that once a year, in the middle of the winter and the middle of the

## American Myths and Legends

night, becomes a thing of terror to certain persons thereabout, by reason of the wails and cries that seem to come from it. In spite of her name, Deborah was an Indian girl who lived near this place in the Revolutionary days and who had exchanged vows with one Donald Kingston, a Scotch peddler who had appeared among the Indians, trading cheap trinkets for their furs. The young Chief Ironhawk had chosen the girl for his wife, and her preference for this cozening white stranger maddened him with jealousy.

Knowing how vindictive her people could be, Deborah warned Kingston to go quickly to a neighboring settlement and she would follow that night, as soon as the camp was quiet. She was watched, however, and when she stole from her wigwam Ironhawk was moving stealthily after. Her quick ear caught the sound of pursuing footsteps. There was one moment of hope when a figure arose in her path, for even in the starlight she recognized her lover. Before she could speak to him an arrow hissed by her head, and Donald fell, lifeless, at her feet. A desperate terror came upon her then. Hardly

## American Myths and Legends

knowing and not caring whither she went, she climbed the rock, sixty feet above the stream, and, hearing Ironhawk still behind her, no longer slinking through the wood but pressing onward to lay hands upon her, she uttered the cry that still echoes from the cliff and flung herself into the creek.

Beside the cliff known as Lover's Leap in Mackinac is Arched Rock, where the moon's daughter, Adikemaig, awaited every evening the return of Siskowit, the sun's son, who had gone to battle. It was the first time in nearly six weeks that there had been a war, so that both sides were spoiling for a fight; and the contest was sharp and long. Siskowit's delay in returning encouraged The Climber, a rival for the hand of Adikemaig, to attempt her abduction. He and his friends tracked her to the waiting-place, crept through the bushes, and were about to lay hold upon her when, seeing her danger, she called loudly to Siskowit and leaped to certain death. It was one of Fate's ironies that her lover, with his party, was at that moment urging his canoe across the lake, glad in his victories. A half-hour later a mist broke and

## American Myths and Legends

he sprang ashore with a cheery hail to his sweetheart. What was that on the rock—blood? And that mangled form? Adikemaig! Some feet above was the body of The Climber, who in reaching toward the girl had slipped, fallen, and been impaled on the broken limb of a blood-maple—a tree which has ever since been the first to redden in the fall. Siskowit understood. He picked up the girl's embroidered blanket from the earth, and, holding it to his heart, sang his death-song as he climbed the cliff. The sun veiled his face in cloud. As the young man leaped a shower of lightning fell from the sky, battered the rock, and tumbled a mass of earth, stones, and trees upon the bodies, also closing the gate to the hall of spirits but leaving the arch as a monument of the tragedy.

The deep rift on the government land at Mackinac, known simply as the Crack, is the door to the under-world. A giant wished to go down there to see the spirits, but the Great Spirit cased his hands in stone, thus cementing him to the brink, where he hangs forever. Five great fingers of limestone are seen clinging to the earth, and if one steps on them the giant

## American Myths and Legends

curses him with illness, blindness, crosses in love, or loss of money.

Kalamazoo is named for two lovers, Kahla, a young hunter, and his sweetheart, Mahzoo, a basket weaver. She used, after her day's work, to sit in the fork of an elm overhanging the river and wait his coming. A fortnight before the time set for their marriage he was killed by an accident in the hunt, and the girl, despairing, flung herself from the elm and was found floating there next day. And the wind and the ripples often speak the names of the lovers that have been united in death—Kahlamahzoo.

To Leaping Rock, near the peace-pipe quarry, Minnesota, came a band of Sioux to play their games of daring and address. One of the number attempted to spring from the cliff across to this isolated butte; but he failed in strength, or wrongly guessed the width of the chasm, for he went down to his death.

Shadow Falls, Minnesota, take their name because they are haunted by the wailing shade of old Chaska. He chased his daughter, Nopa, over their brink when, in a delirium of longing, she had cried the name of her white lover, whose



## American Myths and Legends

step she fancied she could hear among the leaves below.

Among the Castellated Rocks of southwest Wisconsin is a cliff over which a love-lorn white girl leaped to her death; and Nigger Head, near Platteville, in the same State, is a place of evil name,—for it is the rock from which a girl—one Marietta, whose other name is lost—made a fatal jump. She could not endure the thought of union with a man whom her relatives were determined she should wed, but whom she suspected of the murder of his rival, her lover. Her body was never found after the fall. This is a haunted neighborhood, and some of the fiends that skulk about the woods may have spirited it away before it touched the earth. Shapes are seen in this country on stormy nights, and knocks at their doors startle the quiet people. When the lightnings play the Head is seen, in the momentary glare, to wrinkle itself into a face; and other rocks join by hundreds in its thunderous laughter.

Overhanging Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, at a height of six hundred feet, is the rock called the Turk's Head. Opposite to it is an eyrie of

## American Myths and Legends

eagles. A Frenchman and an Indian were rivals for the hand of an Indian girl who lived near the Head, and her own preference was for the white man; but her father, wishing his tribe-fellow to have at least a chance to win her, promised that the girl should become the wife of the one who should bring to his lodge the new brood of eaglets from the rock. The Frenchman was first to scale the height; and seeing that there was no longer a chance to win the girl by fair means, the Indian, who was close behind, struck a treacherous blow and hurled the white man into the lake. The girl leaped from the Turk's Head before her father's eyes; and the lovers, united in death, linger about the water, their canoe oftenest appearing in the mists on still, cold nights. This was a place of many dead, and was usually avoided by the Indians, for in a great battle here hundreds had pitched over the cliffs, and for centuries the cries of conflict were to be heard in windy weather.

Independence Rock, near the right bank of the Sweetwater, Wyoming, was a conspicuous mark in the westward emigration over the Salt

## American Myths and Legends

Lake trail. The first Americans that crossed the continent by way of the Platte Valley, under Thorp, celebrated the Fourth of July at the foot of this granite uplift. Hence its name. It bore many Indian pictographs, names of hunters and trappers, and Father De Smet carved "I. H. S." on its face. Near it lived Crouching Panther, chief of the Pawnees, a big, strong, kindly fellow who had taken a great liking to Antelope, the prettiest damsel in the North Platte country. He would lie on a hill-side, hidden in the brush, watching her by the hour as she went about her work among the lodges below; and when he killed a deer or a buffalo the tenderest steak and the best piece of the tongue were for her. That they should be married was quite in order. On the night before the wedding the village was surprised by the ancient enemies of the Pawnees, the Sioux, who killed many of the unready people, took several prisoners, including Antelope, and rode away toward their retreats in the Medicine Bow Mountains. The prisoners were to be tortured and put to death, those of their captors who had lost sons and brothers in the raid being privileged to apply the torch. Arrived

## American Myths and Legends

at what appeared to be a safe and secluded spot, they had bound the unfortunates and gathered brush and wood for their immolation, when a ringing war-whoop startled them, and before an active defence could be prepared Crouching Panther with a band of followers dashed among them, plied spears and axes right and left, seized Antelope by the wrists almost at the moment when the slash of an axe had cut her bonds, swung her into the saddle, rescued several other of the captives and pushed them upon the backs of led horses, and were off in a minute. The Sioux, however, were in force, and they were not the sort of people to endure tamely an assault like this. They were quickly in pursuit, and although the other Pawnees escaped, Crouching Panther and Antelope, who were mounted on the fleetest and strongest horse in the company, were overtaken at Independence Rock. Realizing that his steed could go no farther, the young man caught the girl about the waist and scrambled up the height, so closely followed that he clove the skulls of half a dozen of the more rash and bitter of his enemies who tried to take him alive. At the top he paused and looked

## American Myths and Legends

about. Escape was hopeless. It was a choice between instant extinction and a lingering, ignominious death at the stake. Seizing Antelope in a close embrace and burying her face on his shoulder, that she might not guess his intent, he moved slowly to the edge of the precipice. Then, crying with a mighty voice, "The spirits of a hundred Pawnees follow their leader to the happy hunting-grounds," he sprang from the rock with Antelope in his arms. The bodies fell from ledge to ledge, and hawks and eagles gathered there next day.

Near Las Vegas, New Mexico, is a hill topped by a spire known as Starvation Rock. An Aztec, who had wandered into this region, fell in love with a girl of the Glorieta tribe; and, his suit having thriven, he persuaded her to elope with him. This led to international complications and to a raid by a band of the nearer Aztecs into the territory of the Glorietas. An absurd raid it was, for the band was quickly surrounded on this hill, and, although it fortified the summit for a long resistance, it was so hopelessly outnumbered that it hardly dared to fight. Every messenger who was sent down to the valleys to treat for

## American Myths and Legends

peace was killed, and, being unable to obtain food or water, the others perished, miserably. Last of all to die were the young Aztec and his bride, who had caused all this disturbance. They scaled the rock to its highest point and there expired, in a mutual embrace, just as the victorious Glorietas entered the fort.

A cliff several hundred feet high, on White River, Utah, is known as the Place of the Death-Song. When the Brulés occupied this ground a girl of their tribe was bought by an Ogalalla, who paid six horses for her. To the disgust of her father she refused to marry the stranger, and that very night attempted to run away with a friend of her youth who had not three ponies with which to bless himself. They were caught, the young man's career was stopped by an arrow, and the girl was—in short—spanked. Pretending to be converted to the matrimonial views of her parent, she arrayed herself next morning in her best clothes, put flowers into her hair, and gave farewell to her friends. Then, while the Ogalalla waited for her to share in the ceremonies that would make him hers and her his, the girl stole away to the cliff-top and sang her

## American Myths and Legends

death-song. Her people arrived just as she took the fatal leap. One of them grasped her skirt; but it tore, leaving him with a fragment of it in his hands. And the Ogalalla demanded the return of his horses.

There is one rock of Indian suicide that was not a lover's leap. It is on the side of the Argentinian Hills, Washington, and overhangs the Spokane River. On its face has been cut the word, *Minne-wah-wah*. This was the name of a Christian woman of the Spokane tribe who had been promised in wedlock to a Flathead. Unfortunately, this fellow had conceived a dislike to the religious faith of his fiancée, and he expressed it by killing Father and Mother Whitman, the missionaries who had taught her at Waitipeii. The woman was filled with disgust and loathing. "I will not be the wife of a man so cruel," she said. "Though my skin is red, my heart is white, like the hearts of the good Whitmans." Her people nevertheless urged the marriage, because it was believed that political advantages would come from a closer union of the Spokanes and Flatheads; and, believing that there was no escape from the hated union,

## American Myths and Legends

Minne-wah-wah climbed the cliff and stepped from its brink. Her lover, who had been suffering agonies of remorse and apprehension, survived but three days the shock and sorrow of her fall.

The castle-like building that stood on the haunted rock at Santa Barbara, California, was the home of a stern old Spaniard, Luis Gonzales, and his daughter, Innocenca. One of their neighbors was a less stern countryman of this Don, a hearty old sea captain, Rafael de la Guerra, whose son Roderigo often visited the castle and told the little Innocenca of the wonderful lands and queer people he had seen when he had gone on long voyages with his father. When Roderigo had grown to a tall and stalwart fellow with a down on his lip, and Innocenca was a blooming maid of eighteen, the usual happened: they fell desperately in love and were engaged to one another, secretly. During a long absence of the lad in the Brazils, old Gonzales discovered this attachment and flew into a grand wrath. His daughter, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Castile, wed a sailor? Never! So when the sailor returned he



## American Myths and Legends

had no admission at the castle. He would have found a way to reach his love but for a girl of a near village who had much admired and hoped to win him, and who, to put distance between these two, had rumored in the ear of Innocenca that the young man had found a sweetheart in Rio Janeiro and was going back there as soon as possible. Innocenca proved to be an easy victim of this falsehood. Without a farewell to her father, she flung herself from an upper window to the beach. Her corpse afterward lay in the big hall, with candles set about the head. In the small hours, when the watchers were nodding and old Gonzales was on his knees in his study, a sudden gale, rushing through an open window, blew a tapestry against one of the lights. In a minute the building was in flames, its ruin being complete in a quarter of an hour, when the fire had reached a secret magazine.

### STORIED WATERS

**S**WAN ISLAND was one of three in Saco Pond. The red men lived there because they were secure from their enemies and the spot

## American Myths and Legends

was beautiful. Their prophet had told of a time when the Indians would be forced to leave this land of lakes and hills, and that day would come when the Great Spirit should beat down Swan Island in a cyclone. The moon of leaves had come again. White men had multiplied. The deer were seeking new ground west of the Agiochooks. A terrific tempest broke one night, with whirling winds. In the morning Swan Island had been washed away. And sadly the red men took up their march toward the setting sun.

As an example of the way in which legends sometimes grow, mention may be made of the little body of water about which Thomas Nelson Page wrote his tale of "No Haid Pawn." No-Head Pond was so called because, being fed by unseen springs, it had no seeming source, or head; but the negroes on Mr. Page's plantation imagined a circumstance to fit the name, and were afraid of their own invention; for their "harnt" was a headless ghost.

Kitchitakipi Spring, near Manistique, in northern Michigan, is two hundred feet across and ten fathoms deep—a great bowl, filled with

## American Myths and Legends

water so clear that the little craters at the bottom through which it is supplied are seen distinctly. Like the water of the Great Lakes, this is pure, cold, and green, shading from pale beryl to deepest emerald. The Ojibways tell of two men who were rivals for the hand of a pretty girl of their people, and who fell into a dissension when the maid announced her choice of the two. The unsuccessful wooer was a malignant rascal, for he gave a slow poison to the damsel. She did not die, but drooped and weakened; her eye lost its light, her cheek its color, and, tormented by the thought that her lover would turn from her fading charms, she prayed for death. The lover was faithful and in despair until on the night when the spirit of Kitchitakipi appeared in his tepee and said to him: "I am the spirit of the healing water. Take your loved one this night and follow me. I will go before you as a firefly. Let the maiden drink and she shall be cured." The young man did as he was told. He bore the girl in his arms for many miles, and at last reached the refreshing waters, not knowing that his rival was stealthily following on his trail. The girl drank and was well.

## American Myths and Legends

The treacherous one, faint with thirst, stole to the edge of the pool a few minutes later, buried his face in the water, and drank, eagerly. But they who he supposed had drawn out of sight were close at hand. With a cat-like bound the successful suitor was upon him, and before he had time to catch at a root or draw a weapon had hurled him into the spring. The sides are steep, and wherever he tried to land the other pushed him back, until, exhausted, he sank to the bottom, his face staring up in a maniac rage. It had been said that an eagle with green feathers perished here, and people with a lively fancy see its outstretched wings on the sands; but the Ojibways say it is the hate in the drowned man's heart that turned the water green.

Among the woods of Mackinac was a pool wherein one might see visions—if he had drunk of witch-broth. Ishkodah, a bride, had so longed for her husband while he was on the war-path that, disobeying her dead father's command to keep a modest silence, to trust her lord, and make his lodge pleasant against his return, she went to a hag who dealt in spells

## American Myths and Legends

and who gave a draught to her from a dream-cup. This old creature had two cups: one of good dreams and one of bad ones. She had quarrelled with Ishkodah's father, and her hate had passed to the daughter, whose wedded happiness and health she grudged. So, telling her to drink and go to the wishing-spring, where she would see her brave, she offered the cup of evil dreams; and the young woman drank of it, innocently. Then at the water-side, in the dark of the wood, a picture painted itself on the pool—her husband, at the feet of a young woman of brighter beauty than her own. There came a grip of pain about her heart, her brain was hot and aching, and her eyes were swollen and half blinded. Thus tortured she was fain to stagger to her home again, where, lying on the earth, she breathed a prayer to the Great Spirit to forgive her curiosity; for in another vision she now saw the truth, and knew her husband innocent. In the morning the war-party arrived after its two moons' absence in a war of conquest. The braves were gay and vaunted their success. The young husband hurried to his tepee. They tried to keep him from entering. There was a sound

## American Myths and Legends

of wailing. No need for any to speak. He knew the worst. Forcing his way past the people, he entered his home. Ishkodah was lying cold and still on her couch. A white pigeon murmured on a branch above. It was her soul, calling him. He closed the door that he might be alone with her, lay down at her side, placed her hand on his bare breast, and the death-cold entered slowly till it touched his heart. Then two white pigeons flew toward the sun.

The spring at Fountain Cave, near St. Paul, Minnesota, was only for the Sioux; at least, so they declared. Their anger was roused when they found that a Chippewa, or Ojibway, had been drinking from it; and, what was worse, he had been keeping tryst there with one of their girls. They set upon him, of course; but he had been prepared for their coming. He put his sweetheart into a canoe, leaped in after her, and paddled down the stream. An arrow between his shoulders disabled him for a little, compelling the girl to seize the oar and push on to safety. After she had nursed him back to health the two were married.

A popular resort for the people of St. Paul

## American Myths and Legends

and Minneapolis is White Bear Lake. An albino or polar bear, who had got his latitude mixed, visited this spot and hurried on a courtship by crushing together, in a cotton-press embrace, two Indian lovers who were spooning on the shore. The youth was tooting on his bone-flute and the maid was leaning against him, listening, and wondering how such an artist could care for such a human girl as herself. Her parents having forbidden her to speak to this young man, both of them had resolved to marry on the very day when they were grown up. The bear was their mascot. Wriggling out from his grip, but seeing the peril of his mistress, the lover left her there while he went up-town for his knife, as, being in hourly expectation of murder, he made it a practice to go about unarmed. Then he returned to the lake where the bear was still fondling the girl, and sampling her arms with his teeth. He stabbed the animal to death, peeled off his white skin, which served him ever after as a door-mat, and arose so far in the estimation of the maiden's family that the old folks bashfully consented to be his parents-in-law. So the whole tribe danced, stuffed itself with bear-

## American Myths and Legends

meat, and attended the prettiest June wedding of the season.

In the middle of the Jackson farm, near Danville, Kentucky, is a sink-hole made by a collapse in a cave-roof, for in this limestone country caves are many, though few of them have been opened and explored. This sink-hole, twenty-five by forty feet, contains water enough to swim in, and is, therefore, one of the hundreds of "bottomless" ponds that are known in every State and country. It is given out that a negro, driving a yoke of oxen to drink at this spring, was astonished to see them sink into the sand and disappear; but a moment later he was yelling with terror, for the cart on which he was riding had tilted forward and was slowly sliding toward the black crater in the centre. Several slaves ran to the rescue, but as they had no planks or ropes, and the driver could not swim, the tragedy was not averted. An evil influence is believed to haunt the place, and to this day the farmers call it the gate to hell.

It is the spring which supplies Huntsville with water that has lent its name to a whole State. An Indian, weary with his hunting and parched



## American Myths and Legends

with thirst, came upon this pool at the day's close and sank gratefully on the grass at its edge, saying "Alabama," which means "Here we rest." And this warm and fragrant region has been a land of rest and plenty to this day.

Blue Spring, eight miles from the settlement of Eureka Springs, Missouri, marks the site of a Spanish mine. It fills an old shaft, and down the valley are the ruins of a mill that was built to wash the ore. In their digging and blasting the miners freed an underground torrent fifteen hundred feet below the pit entrance. A vast roar was heard; a column of water spouted from the cutting; it tossed men, timbers, and tools high in air, and the flood washed away the mill and the cabins the miners had lived in. The water no longer gushes in this fashion, but it has poured steadily from the spring, blue and cold, ever since that fatal day.

The Weursenawapka, a branch of the Cheyenne River, rises in Wyoming, in the side of a mountain of the same name. The Sioux say that while hunting in that country a large number of their people were ambushed by the Scarred Arms, or Cheyennes, only six of them escaping.

## American Myths and Legends

These men fled to the mountains, where they found, at the head of a tortuous glen, a large cave with a gravel floor and a clear spring issuing from a corner; and here they agreed to stay in hiding until their enemies should give over the search. As they talked together a dim form advanced from the recesses of the cavern—a withered woman of great age. “You are come,” she croaked, “and it is time. I am of your people, a Sioux. You hide from the Scarred Arms. It was they who stole me from my lodge, years ago; and, like you, I escaped to this cave, where the mountain manitou has kept me in a drowse till my countrymen should wake me. There is no need to stay in hiding longer. Go. Attack the enemy. They sleep at the foot of the mountain. You shall kill and scalp them, every one, and so avenge your brothers.” The men did as she had bidden them. Thirty-five scalps were theirs that night. Shortly after their whole tribe arose against the Cheyennes and drove them to the plains. Then all the warriors went to worship at the cave where the old woman had been seen; but the stone walls had come down and closed the door. The spring

## American Myths and Legends

bubbled from a niche. Always after, when passing, the Sioux made offerings to the spirit of the place.

The Diggers—those unhappy Indians who in early reports were said to live on roots and clay—tell of a dead pine in Homer Lake, in the California Sierras. Once a year it turns around, setting free a water manitou who has been buried beneath its roots. This genius lifts himself to the surface, fills his lungs with air, and gazes into the sun—where the good have gone. Should the monster's glance fall on any man within a mile, that unhappy one will be irresistibly drawn into the lake and will become his food. When the Indians first reached this valley it was filled to the mountain-brim with water. They settled among the peaks and would have lived in content had not the manitou of the place disturbed and affrighted them by his threats and depredations. His conduct became so annoying after a time that they prayed the Great Spirit to exile or punish him; and the decree went forth from the sky that the manitou was to drink water from the lake, tramp to the Pacific, vomit it into the sea, and keep up these excursions until all the

## American Myths and Legends

lake was gone except enough for the residents to drink from. This done, he imprisoned the genius in the mud, beneath the sunken pine, and bade him stay forever, save for his minute of air and light in January.

In Southern California is a region of volcanic waste and swamp where fumaroles hiss and geysers boil. Here is found a pool of natural ink. It is an acre in extent, heavy, viscous, foul smelling, and covered with a crust of ash. The Indians believe it to be nearly a thousand feet in depth, and although few people have penetrated this desert, the lake has claimed its victims. This is hell, say the natives, and the black pool consists of the blood of the wicked, who are boiled in the springs and torn in the craters where withering, sulphurous air blows forth dust and rock at each eruption. Scores of bad men have gone to their doom in the thick flood—a realization of Dante's lake of pitch.

Two remarkable springs flowed into the Shatemuc, or Hudson. One was situated near its mouth, on the island of Manhatta, or Manhattan. This name is a corruption of the Indian word Manitou, or spirit, for before sky-scrapers

## American Myths and Legends

and saloons covered the island it was the abode of a powerful god who lived in a garden of joys, somewhere near its centre, and would watch by days together the pretty movement of the fish in his favorite spring. These fish were red and white, like copper and silver, and they moved through the water like floating flowers. Henry Hudson scared away the happy people, and even the god of the island took flight to the wilderness north of Lake Ontario, where he still lives. It is commonly supposed that the Indians had their first fire-water from Hudson and his crew, but some of them told the explorer, when they had recovered speech, that the Shatemuc had its source in a spring of liquor, far away among the hills, and it was the effect of this liquor that made the stream run crooked. Can it be that this was the reputation of Saratoga water?

### SOME SNAKES

**I**N a round-up of celebrated serpents, that one cannot be omitted who belongs in the Chain Lakes of Washington County, Maine—most of

## American Myths and Legends

the time. For years he has been known to the Passamaquoddies, and has become almost a source of pride, for he is the only reliable man-eater and horse-eater in his bailiwick. In old days, when an Indian had been found guilty of murder, theft, or flirting with the wrong woman, his fellow-townsmen avoided making a mess around the camp by taking him to Chain Lakes, driving him into the mud to his knees, and so leaving him. Next day he was gone, which proved that the snake had eaten him. This shocking creature is as large around as a barrel, is fifty feet long, covered with thick plates, like a sturgeon, and leaves a trail in a damp place like that of a pine log drawn by oxen. And as if his teeth were not trouble enough to his victims, he eats axes, with their helves on, that lumbermen leave carelessly lying about the neighborhood; from which peculiar taste it is argued that he has a gizzard, like a bird, and that the axes grind his meat. One of the freaks of this creature is to stir about in winter, when the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero, smash the ice in the lakes with his head, take the air, view the scenery, munch a few pike and

## American Myths and Legends

muskrats, then go below again, unless he sees large game at a distance, when he wriggles off, sneezing and blowing, to fasten on it for a comfortable meal. Even within seven or eight years this now venerable terror has been known to rise through the ice, to the consternation of fishermen who were trying, at that unreasonable time, to lift a few pickerel, and to absorb those persons as a toad absorbs flies, while several busy wood-cutters have been also nabbed at their work and borne down to a surprising and disagreeable death.

Some of the reports of the sea-serpent have been so circumstantial that 'long-shore scientists have asked one another, during the pauses in a game of craps or the stowing of beer into the human hold, if it were possible that the plesiosaurus had overstayed himself—had survived, after being given up for dead a million years ago. What else could it have been that Captain Donovan and his crew saw in the summer of 1898, when they were crossing the weedy calms of the Sargasso Sea? This is a part of the Atlantic so little visited that not one sailor in ten thousand can swear, of his own knowledge,

## American Myths and Legends

that it is not inhabited by camels. When the strange denizen came to the surface he was a quarter of a mile away, but his mate presently appeared a stone's-throw in front of the steamer, and a smaller one then popped up, close to the ship. Number one was forty feet long, had a shaggy mane, a big fin, a large head, a long bill, and blew water from its mouth as a man does in swimming. Number two was better worth while, for he was two hundred feet long, had a fin like a sail, and rolled the water before him in a wave six feet high. The little fellow, a dozen feet long, had a fin and four large flippers.

A certain professor, then living in Provincetown, says that the sea-serpent came ashore on Cape Cod, several years ago, and went to Pasture Pond for a drink of fresh water. The witness hid in the beach-plum bushes and saw it clearly. It was a lovely creature, three hundred feet long, covered with red, green, and blue scales, and it had three green eyes and three red ones. Its mouth held four rows of teeth, and on the end of its nose was an upright horn eight feet high. The local scientists have



## American Myths and Legends

never found any hole into which he could have withdrawn, yet the professor is certain that he did not see him crawl back into the sea. To these diverse facts he certified before a notary, adding that he "was not unduly excited by liquor, or otherwise." Yet, how a man could have looked upon that sight and not become excited, passes comprehension.

Thompson's Lake, Illinois, has a serpent at least a hundred feet long, with large scales, changeable eyes, and green whiskers. It wallows about in the corn-fields now and then, leaving a trail ten feet wide.

It took a railroad, a military garrison, a school-teacher for little Indians, and several other enlightening agencies to suppress the serpent that flourished for centuries in Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and that made its farewell appearance in 1896. And all were willing to have him go—all but the redoubtable advertising agent for the railroad. According to the Indian belief, this serpent was brought down in polar ice; and he lived here to stop a hole in the bottom of the lake with his tail, that the water might not run out; but it is now believed

## American Myths and Legends

that he slipped through and drifted away to sea. The lake has subsided since he went away. One serpent quite like him was seen off the Norway coast soon after his departure from fresh waters, and this led to the simultaneous formation by the hardy Norsemen of a total-abstinence society and a sea-serpent-catching association. The Indians called this particular Devil's Lake—for there are others—Minnewaukan: water of the bad spirit, or haunted water; and to those who knew the snake the name was none too strong, for he was eighty or ninety feet in length, had a green skin, ragged fins, bristling scales, alligator jaws, white horns, and red eyes. As he had a habit of coming to the top at sunset, the glare of the low sun in his soup-plate optics made them appear like furnace-mouths. At times he would swim along in a dignified fashion, at others he would roll like a porpoise, and again he would churn the water to foam with lashings of his tail. White men did not stimulate his appetite, but an Indian who ventured out upon the lake in a canoe was lost. Materialists say that this monster, as well as the phantom steamer plying on the water, is a creation

## American Myths and Legends

of the mirage which every now and then lifts the Turtle Mountains into sight, though they are seventy miles away on the Canada line. But a mirage never creates a swell, and it never eats Indians.

The champion serpent of the world is that of lovely Tahoe, in California. At least, a citizen connected with a brass band, and otherwise qualified to make affidavits, says so. The man was an early settler on the west shore, who had bought a gun and a setter dog and who spent his time in hunting. On a November day, just after the war, he started out for grouse, searching along the creeks which empty into the lake, when quail, rabbits, coyotes, deer, bears, and other creatures came hurrying out of a cañon and ran past him without paying the least attention to his gun, especially as he was too startled to use it, while his dog sat down and wept audibly. After a time came a sound of crashing timber, and the dog, tucking his tail between his legs, remembered an engagement. Our hunter climbed into a spruce, in which he was sheltered from view by the foliage, and, clinging to the trunk, with his hair on end and his back sweat-

## American Myths and Legends

ing ice-water, he saw a snake sauntering toward the lake. Now and then the creature would raise his head fifty or sixty feet, to look about him; but seeing no mastodons to eat, he loitered on. His head was fourteen feet wide, his blazing black eyes were eight inches across and stuck out four inches from his head, his body was twenty feet thick at the widest part and six hundred feet long. His back was black, his sides and belly a dull orange. As he lazily crawled forward the snake snapped down young trees without appearing to be pricked or discommoded by the stumps, and bowlders weighing a quarter of a ton were moved aside like pebbles. The monster reached the water, slid into it, and swam toward the foot of the lake, where he disappeared. He was afterward seen by Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, both of whom are living stills.

### BURIED TREASURES

**J**IM DOLLIVER, a rich but ignorant timber- and mill-owner, buried forty-two thousand dollars in gold between The Forks and Murphy's, up in Maine, because he believed that

## American Myths and Legends

Canuck and half-breed robbers had skulked behind him down the French trail from Montreal, where he had turned his notes, checks, shares, and bonds into sovereigns. This fancy that he was to be attacked drove him mad, and he died battling with imaginary thieves. His heirs offered three-quarters of the money to whoever should find it, and spent three thousand dollars in efforts to discover its whereabouts. For twenty years frauds who had visions, and frauds who had divining rods, tramped over the country, digging, uselessly. It was estimated that twelve thousand days of work were done, and thirty thousand tons of earth turned over. In 1898 it was reported that a man in Montreal had died and left sixty thousand dollars to charity, "in partial atonement for the grievous sin" of robbing Dolliver's hoard. He had followed him and had seen him secrete the money in a stump.

Plum Island, off the Massachusetts coast, was a hiding-place of pirate money, and rumors every now and again ran along the shore that a privateer had been seen, her sails spattered with blood and a row of villain countenances grinning

## American Myths and Legends

over the bulwarks. It was the manner of this vessel to run straight for Plum Island in an easterly gale, without reefing a point, and just as the chance fisherman closed his eyes, swore a prayer, and listened for the crash, behold, there was no crash! for, lifting his lids, the spectator would see the ship slide straight on, out of the sea, over the beach, and melt, like a cloud, near a certain rock. Then he knew that he had seen but a vision of timbers and men that had been under the water for many a long year. Among the witnesses to this mysterious landing was a certain deacon from a town on the Merrimac, who, putting this and that together, concluded that the treasure was hidden near the place where the ship disappeared. He marked the spot, engaged some courageous companions, and dug over the earth. Presently a human jaw was thrown out. Aha! It had belonged to the pirate, who was always killed that his ghost might guard the treasure. Then a pick went deeper, and a jingling was heard; the guineas at last! All hands dug, as for life. A layer of clay was cut through, disclosing an ancient hollow, and the treasure—at least a

## American Myths and Legends

bushel of clam-shells. And the pirate ship never touched again at Plum Island.

The pirate Bellamy, in his ship, the "Whydah," had taken seven prizes in the spring of 1717, and was watching Massachusetts Bay for more; but a tremendous gale blowing up, he thought it for the safety of all seven to run in for shelter at Provincetown. The captain of a captured snow offered to lead him in, if he could have men enough to work ship, and Bellamy put half a dozen or so of his cut-throats aboard. The Cape Cod skipper allowed to these rascals a free access to the rum-cask, and when they were helpless he threw a burning tar-barrel into the sea, which floated across Wellfleet Bar; then he kept on his way in the dark, while the robbers, thinking to follow the beacon, struck on the bar and went to pieces. Our spry skipper got his own vessel safely into port, delivered his blackguards to the constable, and saw them snugly hanged in Boston. One of the pirates from the "Whydah" who gained the shore, "a man of very singular and frightful aspect," lived near Wellfleet until his death, and it was rumored that he was always supplied with money, having

## American Myths and Legends

gone secretly to the wreck, recovered some pounds of gold, and buried it near his cabin. Money was found here for a long time after, and when Thoreau visited the Cape, in 1849, his sharp eyes discovered a French crown piece in the sand.

Fire Island acts as a breakwater, keeping the south shore of Long Island from devastation by Atlantic storms. This lonely strip, forty miles long and less than a mile wide, took its name from an ancient custom of lighting signals to notify the bay men over on Long Island that whales were coming or that a ship was in peril. Many disasters have occurred here, and not a year goes by in which some stanch vessel does not leave her bones upon the beach. One such ship went ashore at Southampton, empty of people and with dollars enough in boxes in her cabin to make comfortable the first man who boarded her. It was never known whence she came, or why she had been abandoned. In another instance the buccaneers on shore lured seventeen buccaneers afloat by false beacons and rifled the clothing of the drowned bodies, burying the plunder in a hollow, where a pot of it,



## American Myths and Legends

in good doubloons, was found by an old beach-comber, years after. Other ill-got wealth had been hoarded in Watch Hill, near Patchogue, in the guard of blacksnakes that hissed when disturbed. At Fireplace, Fiddletown, Pickety Rough, and thereabout, strange calls and whistlings of unseen creatures were heard just before the occurrence of wrecks and drownings, the unseen ones having landed from a fog-and-shadow ship that haunted the coast,—the vision of one that Kidd had scuttled. It was known that money had been buried on Montauk Point, and blood spilled over it to enchant and keep it; and certain tough old bay men swore that the same thing had happened on Fire Island; that they had seen, from the protection of dunes and cedars, five men go ashore from a queer, black vessel, and bury a chest, only four of the men returning. Some seekers for this chest were alarmed by a skeleton, holding a dagger like a blue flame, that circled about them, nearer and nearer, till they dropped their spades and Bible and ran away.

Stillman's Cave, in the Ramapo Hills back of Haverstraw, New York, perpetuates the name

## American Myths and Legends

if not the memory of a Revolutionary privateer who was born in the neighborhood and eventually hanged somewhere else. He was often seen going to and from the cave, and it is believed that he hid his money there, under a flat rock. There is reason to believe that little or none of it is left, for a couple of Indians who lived near Haverstraw after the Revolution were in the habit of visiting the hills together; and they always had coin in their pockets when they returned.

Sharp's Island, sixty acres in extent, in Chesapeake Bay, should have borne the name of Valiant, a French lad who was the best known of its several owners. One rumor had it that he had found a pot of gold on the mainland, and had invested a part of it in this real estate. However he came by it, he lived here for a time, and spent his days in hunting. Once, while roving about with his gun, seeking the life of some uncomplaining thing, a movement in the shrubbery drew his attention from the birds, and he saw, in a heavy shade, the figure of a man who was bending down an apple bough as if to hide himself. The hunter aimed the gun at the

## American Myths and Legends

unknown and bade him come out into the light, adding his opinion of trespassers and poachers; but even as he talked the man was gone, though he had not seen him move nor had the apple branches stirred this time. In talking over this occurrence Valiant learned from the neighbors that Kidd had buried money on the island; hence, this must have been a visitor from the other world, come to declare the place of it. He treated the ghost more courteously at the second meeting, which took place soon after, and was rewarded for his forbearance by learning from the lips of the phantom where he was to dig. Indeed, the object came out of the tree-shadows into the starlight and stood on the spot, in view of Valiant and his mother. Unhappily, the woman was not impressed with the dignity of ghosts. The key to her smoke-house had been lost a little while before, and her first thought was that the mysterious being from the other world might have spirited it away. She told her son, in a whisper, to ask if he knew what had become of it. The spectre deigned no reply. The shadow of a frown wrinkled its uncertain countenance; that was all. It moved solemnly

## American Myths and Legends

forward, pointed down, and melted away from sight. Next day young Valiant dug up two heavy stones where the ghost had stood, and beneath them found—no treasure, but a spring of cool water that has never ceased to flow and that never lowers in depth by an inch. Madame Valiant's question offended the spirit, so that it deceived them, as a punishment. Yet, as Valiant became mysteriously rich thereafter, it may be that he left his mother at home during a succeeding interview, and that he chanced upon Kidd's treasure, after all.

Poe's tale of "The Gold Bug" is said to have been suggested by this incident: In the eighteenth century one of the wooded islands off the Virginia coast was named Teach, in honor (!) of the famous pirate, better known as Blackbeard. It was rumored that he had buried gold in the sands of it. On the opposite mainland lived a rich widow, known as Mrs. Hetty, whose faithful slave, Ben, tramping over the island, came upon an iron chest which had been bared by the waves and so rotted by sea water that with a kick he broke in the end of it. The old man was startled, on looking in, to see that it was

## American Myths and Legends

half filled with jewelry and silver crucifixes. He carried perhaps a quarter of his find to Mrs. Hetty, after marking the place of the chest with brush and a sapling; and long and loudly did she rejoice over the discovery. She would not let old Ben go after any more, lest he might reward himself by keeping one of the coins; nor would she trust her brother nor her son. The riches should all be hers. Before she had made ready to go to the island a storm came up, and it lasted five days. Ben's brush and saplings were washed away, and nothing remained to indicate where the chest had been sunk under a fresh accumulation of sand. Mrs. Hetty lamented her misfortune more grievously than if she had never seen the gold, for her true character was now developing,—she was stingy, suspicious, and unjust. She had handled ill-gotten wealth, which carried a curse with it. The burial-place was never found again, but the poor slave never rested from that hour till his dying day; for his mistress was constantly goading him to renew the search. Sometimes she would take a shovel and help him, and this exercise in the open air made her tough, and undesirably

## American Myths and Legends

prolonged her life. Not even the prospect of more gold added to her happiness or softened the asperity of her nature. She was a sour, scolding, grasping creature to the end, and the fishermen of the coast have drawn a moral from her case; for, when one among them exhibits a mean or miserly trait, they say: "He has rubbed his hands against Hetty's iron chest."

A famous treasure was hidden on what was formerly called Money Island, at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River, Florida, by the buccaneer Don Juan Felipe. Having placed it there, he departed on another murdering expedition; and, as his frame was judiciously loaded with bullets on that trip, he never returned for his hoard. Recently a company of eight hunters made a landing on the island with a view to sounding the sands for pots or chests of gold. They found a weathered board fastened to a bay bush, on which was written, "Boodle gone, 1889." Whether a joker or a finder had written this did not matter to them, but the wealth of the Spanish pirate never came to the surface for the seeking.

Where the Cumberland runs between tall

## American Myths and Legends

banks as it enters Tennessee, a fierce battle was fought between the Creeks and Choctaws, hundreds of their bones being ploughed to the surface when the farmers first broke ground, long after. A vestige of the beaten tribe that found temporary shelter in a cave, high above the river, had been starved out of that position by the patient enemy, who squatted on the shore below and who also intercepted and slew such of the party as appeared in daylight, when they made a sally from an outlet a mile away. The corpses of these last victims were allowed to remain where they fell; and as the party of extermination wished to join the body of the tribe, now setting off to look for trouble in the northern country, the dead were not rifled of all their ornaments. Among these personal decorations were beads of gold from the mines of Georgia. Centuries later, when white men had taken the land, a legend was revived among them of a jar of this gold that either the owners or some white robber had hidden in the ground near the Indian burial-place. An enterprising farmer undertook to find it. There was but one time when it was safe to dig for such things, and that

## American Myths and Legends

was when the moon was full in October. This fact his long-dead great-grandsire had imparted to him, in a vision, and had likewise indicated the place. The farmer set about his work with energy, and at midnight his spade clicked against an earthen jar. It was heavy. He stooped to lift it, when the mouth of the pit was darkened and a rain of arrows fell upon him. He was cut and scratched in twenty places. With yells of pain and fright he scrambled out and found safety in his house. In the morning there were prints of moccasined feet, and a stone arrow-head lay on the earth he had thrown out; but there was no sign of the jar. He moved out of the neighborhood soon after.

On another bluff on this river, in Tennessee, at a narrow point that is passed by steamers, is a cave where, in the last century, a company of traders hid their money and goods in order that they might not be hampered in their flight when they were beset by Indians. It is said that they were chased into Kentucky and there killed by the savages. At least, it is believed that they never came back. The last recorded attempt to recover the treasure was that of an



## American Myths and Legends

innocent farmer, who was persuaded by a new-found friend to undertake the job. The farmer was lowered into the cave and the rope was then pulled up, leaving the poor fellow to get out as best he might, while the friend scampered away on the farmer's horse. The cries of the abandoned one were heard by some boatmen, and he was rescued after having endured about twenty-four hours of isolation from his kind, not to mention abstinence from victuals and whiskey.

On Detroit Island, Lake Michigan, a carousing Frenchman lived for several years with the daughter of an enemy who was seeking him far and wide, to take his life. A band of ruffing, pilfering ne'er-do-weels, his associates, having found cause of quarrel in his unfair division of money unfairly gained, resolved to give him a sound drubbing. He got wind of this, buried the gold that had caused the dispute, exacted of his mistress a promise that she would watch it till his return, and fled in the dark. Either he met the man who should have been his father-in-law, or he fell victim to a beast or revengeful Indian; or maybe he died of starvation or fever in the wilderness; because he

## American Myths and Legends

never returned for his money, and it is guarded yet by the shadow of the woman.

On three successive nights a Sauk Indian was awakened by a spirit that said it would be good for him to visit an island in the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Wisconsin. The third appearance resolved him. The current of the Wisconsin was rapid, and by allowing his canoe to drift he reached the place, a hundred miles away, within twenty-four hours. He found there a dying man, a hermit with tattered clothes and white, neglected beard, to whom he ministered, and who, in return, told him he would reveal a place where a treasure had been hidden. The ancient one had, in his youth, guided a white traveller's boat into that region. A Spaniard, one of the crew, passing for a French voyageur, led a revolt, killed the traveller, seized his effects,—including a considerable amount of money,—and, darkness having fallen, he anchored close in the lee of a cliff. The hermit, sickened and afraid, leaped ashore and escaped; and within an hour the face of the precipice, loosened by the firing and uproar of the mutiny, fell, with hideous tumult, crushing the boat and

## American Myths and Legends

all on board of it. The Sauk awaited, with Indian stoicism, the sequel to this happening, but it was never told. Exhausted with the effort of his relation, the old man drew his last breath, and the Indian returned to his lodge, chiding himself that he had not sooner obeyed the spirit.

During the Civil War Quantrell's guerillas raided Lawrence, Kansas, and galloped off with a bagful of money and silver belonging to its citizens, which they buried near Independence, Missouri, intending to go back and resurrect it when they were in less peril and less busy. Several efforts have been made to recover the money, but the seekers in each case report that they were confronted by spectral shapes in Confederate butternut; that blue lights flashed and capered among the bushes, and that on grounding their picks and shovels they received a shock, as if from an electric battery. There was a fiction in the neighborhood that a woman was immune from these oppositions, and, excited by the hope of a great and immediate gain, one plucky adventurer in skirts decided to make the attempt to unearth the treasure. As she struck her spade into the ground a dazzling spark

## American Myths and Legends

leaped from the soil, and she fell backward, as if struck. Two men who had urged this performance, having failed conspicuously on a prior occasion themselves, dragged her away to a carriage; and as they did so a hundred lights danced into the air, as if in a mad delight of victory.

Though piracy never flourished so extensively in our western as in our eastern waters, there were evil-doers who troubled the Pacific ports; and they, too, acquired the unaccountable habit of banking their earnings in sand and wells and caves. The government reservation of Goat Island, near San Francisco, is one of the places on which they bestowed their wealth. Eight skeletons were found there in 1899, the rumor being that they were the remains of pirates who had been killed, after the usual fashion, to guard the gold.

### LOST MINES

**N**EXT in amount to the gold that has been hidden and forgotten is the gold found and lost again by various adventurers during the

## American Myths and Legends

nineteenth century; and if time were money, it has been so lavishly squandered in the search that the seekers must become millionaires before they will ever be repaid for their outlay. Every Western State has its lost mine, as every Atlantic State has a part of Kidd's or Blackbeard's treasure.

Few of the pleasers who visit Shohola Glen, Pennsylvania, hear of the treasure-cave, or mine, as it may be, that was entered from some cranny in the ravine, another entrance being in Panther Brook Glen, a mile away. The Indian path, running parallel with the Delaware and crossing the Shohola, has never been obliterated; and this fact, together with the occasional appearance of a civilized red man from some one of the Eastern reservations, has led to the belief that the original owners still know the whereabouts of the treasure and draw upon it when they have need. In that part of the country it was reported, over a century ago, that the Indians were fighting with silver-headed arrows and silver bullets. A chief, who for some reason wished to impress a friendly settler named Helm with his resources, blindfolded him that he might not

## American Myths and Legends

know the path, took him into the cave, removed the bandage from his eyes, and enjoyed his astonishment, for the flash of a torch showed piles of crude silver about the floor. Then the settler's eyes were covered again, and he was led out through the other door. Helm devoted his life to the search for that cave, and married a squaw that he might gain the good will of the tribe; but she never dared to tell him what possibly she did not know, till she was on her death-bed. Then her attempt to talk loudly enough for Helm to hear—for he had grown deaf—exhausted her, and he went to his own grave a disappointed man.

A company was once formed to seek the treasure in the Shawangunk Mountains, west of the Hudson River. It paid in twelve thousand five hundred dollars and then spent several years and some more money in hunting for the treasurer—because he said he needed just that amount in his business, and nobody ever found where his business was carried on. This sad incident did not prevent the company, as individuals, from resuming the search for the coin and jewels that old Ninety-Nine had hidden

## American Myths and Legends

somewhere back of Port Ben, Port Ewen, or Port Hickson. Why was this venerable settler called Ninety-Nine? Maybe he was ninety-nine years old when he died, or maybe he died in 1799. Maybe he was drunk ninety-nine days at a time. Whether he was Indian, Spaniard, or a mixture of both—even that cannot be learned now. It is only remembered that he used to go down to the villages to buy rum; that when filled with the joy of intoxication he would pull gold and pearls from his pockets and scatter them among the people, roaring with laughter to see the Dutchmen bump their heads together in the scramble for this treasure. Nobody ever found where he lived, because when he began his homeward march he always carried two large pistols. On one of his periodicals Benny Depew, of Mamakating, who was his companion in these sprees, exacted a promise from him that he would show where his funds were kept; and as Benny was an honest, idle, hard-drinking, pipe-smoking, bowl-playing, wench-loving citizen, without a bit of treachery, envy, or ambition in his make-up, he had his wish. Ninety-Nine led him a day's journey into the heart of the

## American Myths and Legends

Shawagunks, to the edge of a lake, where he blindfolded him tightly, and, after an hour's farther walking, removed the cloth. Benny found himself in a cave adorned with rugs, tapestries, pictures, and statuary and lighted by many candles. Gold was heaped carelessly about the floor; casks of gems stood against the rocky wall. Ninety-Nine ran diamonds and rubies through his fingers as if they were pebbles. Before Benny could recover speech he was blindfolded again, led to a crest overlooking the Mamakating Valley, and there Ninety-Nine bade him good-bye, turned away, and was never seen again.

Devil's Den, on Beebe River, is called by the farmers of Campton, New Hampshire, a hiding-place of Kidd's treasure, but that is nonsense. Kidd knew of places enough along the coast to conceal his money in, without tramping through a hundred miles of wilderness to find a cave. The truth is that in 1830 a woman dreamed of gold and silver in the granite, and a few rich "ignamusses" supplied dollars enough to blow holes in the solid rock. The hole at Campton was large enough to hold all the money that



## American Myths and Legends

could be spared. The organizer of the company that was built upon a dream escaped, and the farmers learned wisdom—which is commonly held to be cheap at any price.

A much-quoted tradition pertains to the Lost Cabin Mine, of Montana, Wyoming, or southern Alberta. A Frenchman arrived in Helena, when that place was young, carrying with him a goodly weight of gold-dust. He had found placer mines, he said, richer than any ever known before. Thousands of dollars' worth of metal could be washed out in the sluice-boxes daily. The news created the usual disturbance—and hope. Every man who was foot-loose packed his traps and prepared to follow the Frenchman. Before that discoverer had enjoyed one satisfactory week of intoxication he was seized with a fatal illness. A moment before his death he whispered, "Blackfoot country. Two small lakes. Cabin between them I built." This was uncertain. It may have meant the forest land in which the Big Blackfoot rises, or it may have meant the country occupied by the Blackfoot Indians, which included the plains at the eastern foot of the Rockies, all the way from the Mis-

## American Myths and Legends

souri to the South Saskatchewan. There is no way to find out save by hunting, and the hunt is still going on.

This is one version, for according to one of a different tenor the mine was found in the fifties by three Yankees, who built a log house there and fortified it with a stockade. Two of the men were killed by Indians, and the third, arriving at Fort Laramie starved and crazy, told of the discovery, and died. At one time two hundred men were searching for the place.

Mohave County, Arizona, has a Spanish gold-mine that was abandoned in 1824, when some hostile Indians killed a number of the settlers and filled up the shaft with broken rock—a strange story, for that means work. But, while the story is hard to believe, the mine is said to have been re-discovered.

Another of the properties that are not yet paying dividends is the Lost Cross. Its history goes back to Father De Smet, the Jesuit missionary who tried so diligently to introduce white men's morals among the Indians. He had been living for several years in the American Fur Company's post at the mouth of Marias River,

## American Myths and Legends

and had so subdued the red people of the neighborhood that he believed the time had come when he might do a like service for the more warlike tribes of the North. He persuaded six of the woodmen and hunters at the fort to leave their work and pilot him to the Canadian settlements. They were all French-Canadians, and faithful subjects of the Church. Ascending the valley of the Teton they reached the trail that for hundreds of years had been used by the native tribes in their journeys north and southward, and this they followed to Mountain Fort, a Hudson Bay Company post on the Saskatchewan. Somewhere on the route they killed a buffalo so fat that the pot in which his flesh was boiled became very greasy. One of the voyagers took it to a stream, and, picking up a handful of sand, began to scour it. After a little he noticed in the pot some yellow grains, and, searching the stream-bed, he discovered flakes and nuggets of gold. Excited and jubilant, he rushed to his companions, who proposed that they should hurry back to Marias River, get mining tools, and then return and work the placer. A wooden cross was erected on a butte two hundred paces

## American Myths and Legends

back from the creek, to mark the spot. But sore was the disappointment when Father De Smet addressed them in this fashion: "My children, gold has been the cause of nearly all crime and misery. Think of the trouble that would follow if you were to start to mine it here. In a few months this peaceful country would be overrun with desperate men. They would destroy the herds of game we see on every hand. They would fight and kill the savages, who would resent the invasion and the destruction of their food supply. And these are your people! You are married to women whose brothers and sisters you would doom to destruction should you work this ground. Nor can I see that by digging gold you benefit yourselves. As you have lived before, in peace and plenty, so you can continue. You may still trap the beaver, the otter, the wolf, and kill game for your families. But the Church forbids you to mine this gold. It forbids you to mention the discovery we have made. Some time, should the Church be pressed, she may take this gold to defend herself against the wicked; but should that day never come, let us bury deep in our bosoms the locality of this treasure."

## American Myths and Legends

After this exordium he made every member of the party swear never to reveal the mine nor work it in his own behalf. This oath was sorrowfully but obediently taken at the foot of the cross, and the company jogged along northward, toward the bleak plains. The men kept the secret; but they did not keep silence, and the mine's existence was revealed through their grumbling and their accusation that the Church was keeping them poor. Many visitors to that region have searched for it, but none have been successful.

One lost placer is somewhere on the Missouri. At the close of the Civil War a miner named Keise boarded a steamer at Fort Copeland, with three thousand dollars in gold-dust that he said he had found down the river, where there was plenty more of it. Getting two or three friends at Fort Benton to join him, they built a flat-boat, stocked it with tools, provisions, and arms, for the country was filled with hostile Indians, and put off down the muddy stream. A bend covered with cottonwood soon hid them from sight of the company at Fort Benton, and they were never seen of white men again. The shores

## American Myths and Legends

have been searched for six hundred miles for traces of them, but without result.

In 1868 an Arickaree Indian made a careless remark in one of the settlements about a treasure that his people had secreted "at the foot of a cloud" in the Blackfoot Reservation on the northern edge of Montana. A few glasses of liquor made him more talkative, and in a week a band of thirteen white men had set off for the north, leaving before their neighbors were astir, because they did not wish to make the picnic too general. About four days later they were in sight of a bleak, purple hill with a dark wood at the foot of it. From the heart of this wood arose a cloud, always vanishing a hundred feet or so in the air yet continually renewed below. Said the leader: "The old 'Ree allowed that when his people owned this country they were skeered of that cloud. They thought the Great Spirit had wrapped himself in it and was liable to be ugly if they didn't keep him smoothed with presents. They learned that gold was valuable, though it ain't no use to an Injun, so once a year they scratched a lot of nuggets together, out of some place we want to find one of these days,

## American Myths and Legends

and piled 'em yonder, where the cloud comes up. We've got to reach that cloud." It was hard going. The forest was dense, and the way was choked with fallen timber. The air grew strangely moist and warm. There were evil odors abroad. "Hi! Look there!" cried one of the party. "It's a palm-tree! A palm-tree, in Montana!" The vegetation had become rank and ferns now carpeted the shade. Presently they came to a space of half an acre, bare of vegetation, with a ledge near the middle of it, and on that ledge a shining heap of gold in nuggets ranging from the size of filberts to that of apples. With a shout of joy the men dismounted and rushed with open hands toward the treasure. They had gone but a few feet when the ground surface gave way and they plunged to the knees into sulphurous mud. A little beyond them a great bubble of slime burst, and a wisp of cloud arose. After floundering for some seconds, the leader said: "There's a ridge of solid ground reaching to that ledge, if we can find it. Turn back." But they could not turn back. Slowly the hot mud had drawn them in, and, after a wild fight to escape, they sank

## American Myths and Legends

below the surface. Only the leader, who used his comrades' heads as stepping-stones, and one of the company who had remained with the horses reached their homes again. There, where the cloud comes up, the treasure waits to-day.

In the southwest corner of New Mexico is the "home of gold," or Montezuma's mine—a solid vein, going down to the centre of the earth. Across its crest a river thirty feet wide pours into spray, keeping the brink polished to a blinding brightness. A few white men have seen it. José Alvaray, the last of them, made friends with the red tribes that lived near the treasure, and was at last permitted to behold the wonder. He tried to go back to his people and get their help to develop this noblest of all mines; but, suspecting his intent, the Indians chased and slew him, and kept the secret closer; for they believe that when Montezuma returns from the sunrise, to drive the white intruders from the land, he will demand all of his gold. This treasure, more rich by far than any in the fables of the East, is said to lie in a valley like the Yosemite—a terrific chasm from three thousand to five thousand feet deep, with not a shelf for



## American Myths and Legends

foothold on the mountain walls around it. The stream that pours over the ledge of Mother Gold, as it is called, falls through a cañon at one end of the valley and at the other end disappears in an immense black cavern. This cave is the only entrance to the place, and its secret is known to the descendants of Montezuma's guards—who watch it to this day—and to none other. Indeed, but three men know all of its winding passages and can traverse its dark and slippery miles in safety. When one of the trio dies the survivors select a third to share and perpetuate the secret. The valley floor is as green as emerald, butterflies of great size and lustrous color are forever fluttering through it, and birds of brilliant plumage and sweet song nest in its trees. The river is as pure as crystal, and the skies that hang above are radiant and deep. But the man who, once in a hundred years, comes out upon the edge of the chasm sees nothing of its beauty. He hears no song of birds, no chime of water; no sward of flowers are there for him; he has eyes only for the golden reefs and boulders blazing in the sun or glowing in the moon.

## American Myths and Legends

This appears to be related to the Mine of the Fathers, which belonged to the Spanish priests in Santa Clara, and was rumored to be the richest of all the silver mines in possession of the Church, at least in New Spain. It was somewhere among the Sangre de Cristo peaks of Colorado, and was worked by unpaid, Christianized, and discontented Pueblos, who toiled with a severity they were unused to, in order to escape the torture in this world and the eternal suffering in the next that had been promised to them if they disobeyed. In 1680 the natives reached the end of fear with the end of patience, and a wholesale massacre of the Spaniards followed. The mine was deserted; its pits were filled or hidden by the angry Indians; the trails leading thither were destroyed and overgrown with weeds and sage-brush. When the Spaniards ventured back into that country, after years of terror and longing, not one white person could be found who knew the mine; not one Indian could be forced by rack or thumb-screw to tell of it. And it is said that when a white man shall find it again the curse of Montezuma shall be upon him.

## American Myths and Legends

Although the Seven Cities of Cibola were mere adobe towns of no great wealth such as Coronado dreamed of, the belief in the Gran Quivira, where he was to find riches, is not yet dead. Tales of a mine anywhere within fifty miles of Pecos are listened to, and it was said by an old herder at the close of the eighteenth century that some people who had been idling about Mazano, Arizona, and had been notoriously poor, emerged without warning as millionaires of the most dazzling kind. It was alleged that the treasure which the first explorers had stripped from the Indians was buried in three places, and that near the largest hoard were sunk three church-bells. Within a few years a dressed stone and a box three feet square, flanked by earthen vessels—containing nothing but dirt, however—were exhumed by two prospectors near the Ledington Spring, Arizona.

In northern New Mexico the lucky man may some day find again the White Cement Mine. Its discoverer was a battered '49er from down East—one White, who arrived with a sack of ore at Horse Head Gulch on a summer evening and made a commotion by his exhibit of specimens.

## American Myths and Legends

The rock was a whitish, cement-like substance, sparkling with flakes of metal. In a few hours it was rumored that the rock had assayed a thousand ounces of gold to the ton, and a committee of residents courteously informed the new-comer that he was enjoying too much luck to keep; that he could have his choice of dying with his boots on, right then, or of leading the populace of Horse Head Gulch to the new field. White said it was a long way off, and he couldn't exactly remember how you got there, but under persuasion of several guns he said he would be willing to try. In the morning he set off at the head of a hopeful congregation, and for two days the company had the hardest kind of a time, climbing snowy mountains, crossing cañons, blundering through sage and lava deserts, and bringing up, near the boundary of Colorado, several men short. Two-thirds of the party had gone back, used up. At nightfall, while supper was cooking beside a brook, White told the men that he had his bearings; that the Cement Mine was a matter of only thirty-five miles to the northwest. Another day's march would take them there, and then they would be the richest

## American Myths and Legends

miners in the world. There was great enthusiasm, but the men were too nearly worn out to whoop long. They presently rolled themselves in their blankets for a night's rest—all but White. He was so nervous he could not sleep, he said. The thought of such enormous wealth within reach was too much for him. He would go down the cañon and see if his horse was safely picketed for the night. In the morning White and the horse were missing. The men were wild with wrath, and had they overtaken him the discoverer of the Cement Mine would have become food for the coyotes. He had too long a start, however, and although scores of men kept up the search for the mine, no other specimens like his were ever found. Three years later White turned up at Salt Lake and lent sixty thousand dollars to a rancher of Provo, but he never called for it. Like his mine, old White was a mystery.

There are the Stuart Placers, in Colorado; the Peaks Mine, in Utah; the Lundy, in Nevada, and the mines of the San Juan country, Colorado, found by six men, of whom but one, a man named Packer, survived to tell of the

## American Myths and Legends

discovery, and he was sent to prison for life on a charge of murdering the other five. Whether he killed them in order to keep his secret and take all the wealth, or whether they died in the severe winter while lost among the mountains, are questions that were argued on the trial; but however it may have been, most people in that region believed he had kept himself alive by eating the flesh of his dead comrades while the winter lasted.

It is not only treasure buried by men which is so closely guarded by supernatural beings that it is hopeless to seek it, but treasure in the rocks, likewise. One such instance refers to Granite Mountain, Oregon. Among the early wanderers in this sunset land was a man from Nebraska, who was seeking a home-site on the coast, but who struck gold at the foot of this mountain, and, although pressed by the approach of winter and unprovided with tools, washed out six hundred dollars in a bread-pan before he left the place—left it to die, for he was struck with an incurable disease and lived but a few weeks longer. Before dying he described the spot to a friend, who prepared to search for the mine as

## American Myths and Legends

soon as the weather and the trails permitted, but who reached Portland only to die in his turn. An old miner, to whom the sketches and descriptions were transmitted, found a companion, secured a grub-stake, and together they started for Granite Mountain. The companion had reached its foot when his rifle burst, disfiguring him for life. After carrying him to a village for treatment the old miner resumed his search for the placer. But the spell was still upon it. Two weeks later his dead body was found at the foot of Granite Mountain.

Death Valley, the abomination of desolation, contains the lost Breyfogle, and also the Gun-sight Mine, found in 1854—by one of the five survivors of a party of thirty-two that attempted to cross this desert—and lost again, directly. This man had broken his gun-sight, and picking up a bit of the pale gray, soft, metallic-looking rock that was scattered about the earth, he whittled out a peg which he fixed to his rifle. After he had reached a settlement a veteran miner, noticing this substitute for steel, asked him where it had been found, for it was pure silver. The young man had not marked the spot, and

## American Myths and Legends

though expedition after expedition dared the withering heat, the choking dust, the noxious insects, and the lack of vegetation and water, the place of the Gun-sight Mine is still a mystery.

The gold-mine in San Diego, California, opened, nobody knows how long ago, and stumbled upon in 1894 by a couple of Mexicans, will not be worked until Americans have "located" it again, for the "greasers" found it peopled by Spanish ghosts, and they fled in mortal terror, leaving their picks and shovels behind them.

A man suffering doubly under the name of Smith and the necessity of wearing a wooden leg, leaves the name of Peg Leg Smith to a spot that many people yearn to put their feet upon. His mine is in a desert in Southern California, and the ore that he packed to Los Angeles in 1868 assayed, in some specimens, eight thousand dollars to the ton. He vanished from the face of the earth, with possible help from Indians, and several men who have tried to place his mine have perished of thirst in that hot, salt, waterless region.

Lost Valley, in the Santa Lucia Mountains of California, has been watched for nearly half



## American Myths and Legends

a century by people who lacked other business. A gold-mine was known to a Spanish priest and a few Indians, but except that the working was near three pines, there was nothing to fix the spot. One by one the red men began to die mysteriously, keeping their secret. The last one who seemed to have had access to the mine was burned to ashes in his hut. Nobody kept track of the priest. Every stranger and prospector who entered Lost Valley had spies and adventurers on his trail, though often he did not know it.

Farther south, in Lower California, are the Vallagrana silver-mines, a ledge of silver traceable for a third of a mile along the face of a cliff, and shown to a political refugee in 1850 by Indians, who first exacted a promise that the place should not be revealed by him to any other, for they did not wish white men to enter their country. The promise was kept for a year. Vallagrana then led a party of five men into the mountains to buy or steal the silver. He never led them out again. None of the company returned.

At a celebration of Mexican independence in Los Angeles, California, in the early fifties

## American Myths and Legends

nobody cut more of a dash than Martin Flores. He made as brave a show in the dances, at the bear-baiting, and the bull-fights as anybody in the town, for he was lithe, handsome, dressed like a don, and more than one heart was set a-fluttering as he passed. Indeed, he had planned an elopement that very night; but while the evening was still young he heard news that spoiled his gallantries and sent him elsewhere; he had been proclaimed as a robber and a murderer. The rough, good-natured sheriff scouted the idea at first, yet he could not disobey a court order, and, taking two or three men, he began the chase. Only the sheriff knew the name of the man who had been accused. The others were implicitly to obey his orders. Hearing his pursuers behind him, Martin drew his horse aside and waited till they had passed. His rifle was on his saddle, a pistol in his holster, a knife in his sheath. There was gold in his saddle-bags and his belt. Turning aside and pushing toward the hills in the belief that the chase had kept on, he had gone not a dozen miles before his attent ear heard in the fog ahead of him the thud of horses' feet. Instantly he dismounted,

## American Myths and Legends

drew aside and wrapped his zarape about his horse's head, to keep him silent. A gust stirred the fog, and for one brief moment this phantom of a man was seen. It was enough. The sheriff had recognized him. "Halt!" he cried. "Give up, without a fight, or it will be the worse for you." Then the fog closed again, and the posse heard a bounding mount. Flores was off at a gallop. One of the men fired. The ball flattened itself against the gold slugs concealed about the waist of the fugitive. It was to be a long chase now, and all settled down to their work. For miles the Mexican's fleet broncho gained steadily, and at last all but one of the pursuers had fallen out. This man, Lane, had chased Flores into Rodeo Cañon and had come close behind him. The moon was shining now, and Flores turned with pistol raised. Then, with a gesture of surprise, he exclaimed, "What! It is a friend? Lane!"

A report echoed up the cañon. Lane had not heard, or, having heard, was too excited to realize what had been said. He had fired, and Flores tumbled from his saddle. Running forward with the smoking weapon in his hand, Lane

## American Myths and Legends

scanned the prostrate man. "Flores!" he cried. "My God! How is this? They told me we were hunting a thief and murderer."

"Yes? They called me that? I took back only what my guardian had stolen from me. He had sold everything—my houses, my farm—and was about to run away. I met him at the pond. Ha! Tell Florinda I loved her, and—Mother Mary have mercy!" He clutched at his breast. "And my money! Lane! My money! It is here—here—in Rodeo Cañon—hid—here——" His eyes half closed, he gasped a few times, he was dead. Lane fell ill with remorse after his return to Los Angeles. And the gold? The superstitious ones declare that Flores's ghost seeks it with a green lantern on certain nights in the year.

### THE WANDERING JEW

UP one of the narrow streets of Jerusalem comes a throng, jeering, howling, striking at a man who is led to death—a gentle, patient man whose red-brown locks and beard are drabbed with crimson that drips from a wreath of

## American Myths and Legends

thorns, whose torn robe is streaked with blood from whip-cuts on his back, whose bare feet bleed on the sharp stones, and who bends under the burden of a cross. "Down with the false king!" "Crucify him!" "Put the dog to death!" "Where is the power you say you have?" "Give us a gem from your crown." "They have dyed your majesty's robe in spots." "Why don't you make your slaves carry your throne?" As if he did not hear all this, the bleeding man struggled on, a few infantry in the glitter of Roman armor now and then pushing back the rabble when it pressed too close, but otherwise showing the soldier's mechanical obedience to duty without thought as to who should suffer.

Beside the way was the shop of Ahasuerus, a poor cobbler, who had risen from his bench when the clamor of the throng came to his ear, and was eagerly watching the strange procession as it approached. Staggering with weakness, the sufferer was about to sink upon the man's door-step, to rest for an instant and gain his breath, but the cobbler struck him, and cried, "Go on, thou Christ! Go on!"

## American Myths and Legends

Jesus looked into his face with an air of infinite sadness, and said, "It is thou who shalt go on, till the end of time."

With a vague dismay smiting into his soul, the Jew dropped upon his bench and gazed vacantly into the street as the mob went clamoring and clattering by. Then, with a hope that Christ might unsay the curse, he ran after. The cross could be seen above the turbans and the helmets, the spears and cudgels, but he could not press through the throng to speak to him who bore it. Calvary was reached, the spikes were driven through the hands and feet, the cross was planted on the hill-top. Presently came the darkness, the storm, the falling fire, the earthquake, the rising of the dead, and in an ecstasy of terror and remorse the Jew rushed forth into the desert, never to know peace or rest again. In his nineteen centuries of wandering he has visited every part of the world, but never stays long in any place. He never smiles, his tears have dried, a stony despair in his face is softened by an appealing look; he speaks little, but often prays when alone, for he is a Christian now; his racial avarice is gone; he accepts no gifts.

## American Myths and Legends

In the withering blasts of the Arctics, in the blighting tropic sun, in storm and flood, in day and dark, in crowds and solitudes he must still seek rest in vain; he must still go forward. Wrecked, buffeted, desolate, hopeless, he can only suffer; he cannot die.

Just when, where, or how often the Wandering Jew has crossed the United States it is not known, though localized legends in Canada recall his flight through that country since the French settlement. Several of the Indian tribes record the appearance of pale and lonely men, and the Diggers of California were frightened at different times by white men whom they took to be the spirits of their dead. In Peru there were tales of a deathless man, and in legends of the eastern and northern aborigines we find men who resisted death in every form and whom burning and beheading could not affect. Eugene Sue, in his novel, "The Wandering Jew," finds the victim of the curse at Bering Strait and also mentions the Rocky Mountains and Charlestown. Possibly he had heard of Peter Rugg, who is Boston's Ahasuerus. Vague reports from the Dutch settlements in Pennsylvania allude to the

## American Myths and Legends

flight of men on horseback through the country at night, but the more usual belief is that the Jew goes afoot and leaves the impress of a cross where his feet touch soft ground. On his brow is stamped a red cross, which he conceals under a black bandage. In some places his arrival is known by violent storms, blistering desert winds, the outbreak of riots and revolutions, the appearance of epidemics and calamity in every form, so that when a sudden gale springs up the mother will gather her children about the fire and say, "The Wandering Jew is going by."

Knowing that he carries misfortune with him, his anguish is the deeper; for always in a widespread suffering the people of his race, the Hebrews, will be victims no less than the Gentiles. Here and there he has been detained and made to tell his story, which has always found credence. He speaks English perfectly; indeed, he knows all tongues and dresses in the fashion of the country in which he finds himself. Once in a hundred years he is overcome by faintness, and when he recovers his youth is renewed; at least, he finds himself at a seeming age of thirty, as on the day when he repelled Christ. His



## American Myths and Legends

sufferings have often inspired pity, even among people who were enemies of the Israelites, and farmers will sometimes leave two harrows in the field, one on the other, with teeth downward, in a belief that near them the despairing man can rest for a whole night. In one form of the tradition Ahasuerus met Herodias, who, for demanding the head of John the Baptist, was also condemned to live till the day of judgment, and the two, joining their prayers for death, obtained mercy; for they aged unspeakably at that moment, and breathed their last.

The Wandering Jew is commonly held to symbolize the dispersion of the Hebrew race, and he is associated with beliefs that have come down from the Middle Ages and betray the hate of European peoples for these keen and thrifty traders and money-lenders; such beliefs as that in the seven whistlers, or seven geese, whose calling is a portent of disaster, and who are Jews compelled to wear this shape because they helped to raise the cross; the assembly of Jews at witch-sabbaths on mountain-tops; their compacts with Satan to take their souls hereafter, if only they shall have wealth on earth; their

## American Myths and Legends

secret torture and eating of children; their ability to carry filth and contagion into Christian lands. The tradition is not uniform. In one version the Jew is Cartaphilus, door-keeper for Pilate. Having struck Christ on the neck and bidden him walk faster, Christ answered: "I go, but thou shalt wait until I return."

Other of his names are Michob Ader, Malchus, Butadaeus, and Isaac Laquedem. An ancient form of the legend represents Samiri, sculptor of the golden calf, going about the earth like a beast, shunned and abhorred. Cain was also named as a perpetual wanderer, and it was said that Judas Iscariot was long unable to die. His mother, having learned in a dream that he would "kill his father and sell his God," flung him into the sea, but he was rescued, became a page to Pilate, and, after Christ's death, wandered in anguish for centuries.

### INDIAN MERMAIDS AND FAIRIES

**T**HE Indians are a serious people; but while their symbols and fictions contain much that repels the civilized imagination, much of

## American Myths and Legends

killing, fighting, and robbery, they have many of the gentler sort, and some are absolute poetry. Students of their myths are sure to be impressed, before they have carried their researches far, with the likeness of some of these legends to the traditions that have come to us from Greece, from Israel, from Egypt, and from India. There is, for example, a myth that is prevalent over half the world, if not the whole of it, in which a person is translated from his element into either water, air, or fire, and usually seeks to draw others after him, either by force or love. We have stories of mermen and mermaids, firmly believed by navigators of the South Seas, and no more doubted by Columbus than he doubted his vane or his needle. We have tales of tritons, nymphs, and sirens from the Greek; Undine and Melusina are types of somewhat later date; and no longer ago than 1782 one Venant St. Germain reported that he had seen a mermaid on Lake Superior at the south end of the Paté. It was of the size of a seven-year-old child, brown of skin and woolly as to hair. He wanted to shoot it, but the Indians who were rowing his canoe cried, in alarm, that it was a water-god,

## American Myths and Legends

and if injured would fearfully revenge itself. Apparently it had read the thought of the adventurer, or had learned to know a rifle when it saw one, for within a couple of hours a storm broke, and for three days there was a downpour with violent gales.

An Alaskan tribe tells that it crossed the sea under the lead of a man-fish, with green hair and beard, who charmed the whole company with his singing.

The Canadian Indians relate that a member of the Ottawa tribe, while lounging beside a stream, was confronted by an undoubted mermaid that arose through the water and begged him to help her to the land. Her long hair hung dripping over her shoulders, her blue eyes looked pleadingly into his. Would he not take her to his people? She was weary of being half a fish and wanted to be all human, but this might be only if she was wedded. The Ottawa, moved by her appeal, took her home, doubtless in his arms, for the substitution of fish-tails for feet would have been a sore hinderance in walking through the woods. He adopted her, found a husband for her, in time—an Adirondack youth

## American Myths and Legends

—and on their marriage the dusky Undine received a soul. But the people did not like her. They held her in distrust. In the end the Ottawas and Adirondacks fought about her. Their war continued until all of the latter tribe had perished; all save one, who, wandering beside the Mississippi at St. Anthony's Falls, into which she had been thrown by her vexed and vexatious relatives-in-law, was seen by her and pulled beneath the water to her home; for she had become a mermaid once more. The Minnesota lumbermen have made the river so turbid that one seldom sees her nowadays.

Battaa, a Nisqually girl, of Puget Sound, was plagued by lovers. She had charm and gentleness, and she had prospects, and it was the latter that kept suitors hanging about the premises; for her father was rich in dogs, boats, arms, skins, and ornaments, and fathers cannot live forever. Battao was kind to these gentlemen, though she could not help yawning in the middle of their most impassioned declarations—they were such old stories. There came to the village, one summer, a tall stranger, of noble presence, who had been far beyond the moun-

## American Myths and Legends

tains and far beyond the sea. He had tales to tell of other lands, and sights and adventures so strange that even the old medicine-man forgot himself and listened with the same breathless interest as did the boy at his feet. To Battao this stranger stood for all that was daring and splendid. She was touched by a new emotion. She admired him. She was restless when he was absent, happy when he was near. On a morning when a warm, luminous mist hung over the sound, the stranger, who had been strolling and talking with her, looked into her face with a smile, then, without further word, walked off on the surface of the water toward Fox Island, and disappeared in the fog. The girl was naturally startled and frightened; and as day after day went by and he did not return, a sadness weighed upon her which she tried to dissipate by visits to the island. Every morning she would be rowed across from the mainland, where she lived, and there she would sit, hours together, running beach-sand and pebbles through her fingers, just as she had done a thousand times during their talks. The agates thus sifted out as she watched the sea with longing eyes fell in the odd forms

## American Myths and Legends

which visitors to the island have noticed. On one of these excursions her boat came to a sudden stop, as if it had been driven into mud. The oarsmen made the water foam with their paddles, but the canoe advanced not a foot. Leaning over the side to discover the cause of this detention, Battao saw the smiling face of her lover through the clear tide, far below; saw his arms outstretched to embrace her, and his voice came faint, telling her that he could not return to land, but begging her to join him and be happy in his splendid caves. She hesitated. She tried to persuade herself into doubts. It might be a phantom that called and beckoned. But at last she bade the rowers put back and tell her father that she would return in five days; then, in an access of longing, she spread her arms and leaped into the water. There were loud lamentings as the liberated canoe returned to land, for the boatmen believed they should see her never more. Great, then, was the gladness of all her people when, on the fifth day from her seeming death, she arose, radiant, from the sound, and ran up the beach to her father's lodge. In five days she returned to the sea; and from that

## American Myths and Legends

time, for several years, she divided her years between her lover and her people. She was enchanted now; more gentle, more beautiful than ever, more affectionate and thoughtful withal, for if a storm were arising, or any mishap threatened, she would appear from the waves and cry a warning. But when all of her friends had died, the ties of earth no longer held her, and she went beneath the sea to live in joy forever.

It is at the Great Lakes that we discover a complement to this tale. Near what is now Gros Carp, Michigan, lived the hunter Kandawagonosh, the stay of his father and mother in their age. Heavy were their hearts on the day when his canoe washed ashore and was found broken among the rocks; for by this token they knew he was at the bottom of the lake—the cold, unsounded water that never gave up its dead. Yet in love and the hope of his spirit's freedom they built a memorial grave for him, and under its roof placed his knife, arrows, bow, kettle, and paint, also burying his dog alive, so that if his soul did return it would find the outfit for the journey to the happy hunting-grounds, and



## American Myths and Legends

would guess how the old couple had lamented. The weapons and kettle were not disturbed, and in due time the old people took their way to the shadow-land together. Kandawagonosh remained at the bottom of the lake—but not dead. A water-spirit had seen and loved him. It was she who broke his canoe and drew him down, down to the grottos of crystal and green below; she who inflamed his heart with an equal love, and kept him there in a long content. Kandawagonosh had not forgotten the upper-world, however. He remembered, with moments of longing, the friends in his village, and he had misgivings when he pictured his parents weak and old. There were twinges almost like jealousy as he thought of his place being taken by others, of his name forgotten among those who had often spoken it. Ah, yes; he wanted his freedom. He wearied of constant happiness. “Let me go back to the earth for a day and see my parents,” he pleaded. “They will need my help; for winter is coming on again, and they are growing feeble.” “You shall go back to the sunlight for a time,” consented the mermaid. “We will wait for you, our children and

## American Myths and Legends

I. Look: here is a box of bark. Keep it always fast to your belt and bring it back, unopened. If you take off the cover you will never see this home in the green water-world again." They embraced, and the man arose swiftly through the lake. Brighter and brighter it grew, until at last his head was above the surface and he saw once more the wooded shores and the blue sky and felt the burn of the sun. In a few strokes he reached the land. His way of breathing changed so that he could inhale air again, and he stood long on the rocks in an abandon of delight at being once more in the world of men. Of men? His parents—were they still alive? He parted the branches and plunged into the wood. He could not remember trees of such size, or in such groupings. Strange! Where his people had camped there was not so much as a clearing. Where his father's tepee had stood a pine of several years' growth moved its arms and whispered in the wind. And what was this? A grave? He bent close, for there was a sudden cloud on his sight, and examined the symbols and the weapons that were half buried in the mould. The grave was his own! Hark! What

## American Myths and Legends.

was that? Somewhere down in the earth an animal was scratching and whining. It sounded like a dog. Puzzled and troubled he sank upon the mound, and while brooding on these changes he unconsciously turned in his fingers the box his water-wife had made. The cover came off. A cloud poured from it in the shape of the mermaid, who looked at him with reproach and sorrow in her face. He sprang up and tried to embrace the vision; but it melted into air, before he could touch it. His cry of remorse had hardly ceased when his dog burst, panting, from the grave, seized him by the throat, and forced him beneath the ground. For, without knowing it, he had been in the water for a life-time; and when he sat upon the grave all those years together had fallen upon him in an instant, and he was too old to live.

Caribou Island, Lake Superior, was once known as the Isle of the Golden Sands, because of the shining particles found on its beaches—particles now believed to have been of copper. Oddly enough, the red men seem to have forgotten the use of this metal for a time, and to have reverted to the clumsy, less easily and less

## American Myths and Legends

certainly fashioned arms and implements of the Stone Age. Possibly the copper districts fell under an evil name and were avoided because of the injury worked to the people through cooking in rusted copper pots, for savages are seldom cleanly; and it may be that the drinking supply in some districts was affected by the copper to an even dangerous degree. We know that the Indians once worked the mines; that they fashioned tools, knives, axes, and spears with skill and art; that they probably hardened the metal somewhat as the ancient Britons did, and that the mines were then abandoned. Of this Isle of the Golden Sands the belief presently obtained among the natives that it was a haunted land; that it was not anchored to the bottom of the fresh-water sea, but drifted at the whim of the wind, or of Misibizi, the water-god, or of the mermen—the memogovisioois—who have hair reaching to the waist and are always under water. Four men visited the island, long years after it had been abandoned, and having killed a hare or two, they cooked the meat in birch-bark pails by casting heated stones into the water. While they sat at dinner a fog fell about them,

## American Myths and Legends

and lynxes and hares peered out of it, seeming to take on such size that the men, remembering the stories of enchantment, were struck with terror and scrambled into their canoe. They had already loaded this vessel with arrow-points and axes of copper they had found on the island, for they had seen relics of this kind before and knew their value; hence their fright was the worse when a great voice called out of the mist, "What thieves are carrying off the toys and cradle of my children?" Though they were Indians, and full of courage, this utterance paralyzed them for the nonce, and in truth one of them sank to the bottom of the canoe and died, a sacrifice to Misibizi. Such, at least, is the red man's tradition, though a Jesuit father believes that the discomfiture of the visitors came from the poisoning of their meat by the use of copper "stones" to heat the water.

Among the great dunes, Les Grandes Sables, on the south shore of Lake Superior, lived the pukwujinee, the Indian fairies—playful, roguish, good-natured folk, who loved to prank about in the moonlight and who, if too closely watched by fishermen off-shore, would scamper

## American Myths and Legends

into the manito wak—the spirit-wood—and disappear. Often their footprints were found in the sand, marks that might have been made by the feet of little children; and on warm, still days in early autumn the hunter resting beneath a pine heard high voices, babbling merrily or singing. He said to himself it was the bees or the flies, for on such days, as you drowse at a wood's edge, you shall hear those insect voices, musical, gentle, and mysterious, telling secrets you may never learn. But it was not bees or flies the Indian heard; it was the pukwujinee. He knew it when he roused from his nap and heard the snickering in the leaves; for they had plucked a feather from his hair, they had un-winged his arrows, they had pilfered a piece of skin from his coat, they had stained with a plant-juice the haunch of venison he was carrying home. Leelinaw, daughter of a chief who lived in the dune country, was fond of lonely walks. She knew things about the trees, the rocks, the insects, and the stars that were not known to the medicine-men; and with eyes a-dream, in simple trust, she would venture into places where the hunters dared not go. Once she was absent

## American Myths and Legends

from the village all day, and on her return in the evening she told of strange people, like children, who had taken her with them into the heart of the forest and sang and danced and fed her on new and delicate food. In the darkness of that night her father walked long beside the waves, and her mother gave herself to tears; for both feared that Leelinaw had been with the pukwujinee and had been made as one of themselves. If so, she would never marry with the tribe. Their anxiety did not grow less with years. She remained small and slender, with feet that fitted into the prints which were left on the sands at night; and her bright, innocent eyes were often turned to the sky or across the great water, and she would be absorbed in thought. She did not cry with admiration when her people returned from the war-path with fresh scalps hanging at their belts, nor when the hunters came with deer. She lived on maize and roots and fruit, and was often found seated on the turf, talking to the squirrels and woodchucks, plaiting strands of her hair for nests and giving them to waiting birds, feeding honey to the butterflies, or whispering to the flowers

## American Myths and Legends

and trees. People laughed when she declared, with an angry flush, that the animals had as good a right to live as they, or the Master of Life would not have made them; and that the shedding of the blood of one another by men was folly, so long as they had room enough in which to live apart, at peace. And her parents sorrowed afresh, for only the pukwujinee could be such heretics. She often spoke of the sand-hills that were far away, under the sunset—hills like the dunes, but higher and bright in ceaseless sunshine and a fadeless carpet of flowers. There never was crying nor fighting nor trouble among those hills; no hunting, no death; only love and kindness, and she longed to go there. The little people she had seen in the wood—they might be messengers from that land. Puzzled by such fancies, the people did as people always do with ideas beyond their minds; laughed at them. So she learned to hold her peace, and lived more to herself than ever. Though in stature she remained a child, her beauty and gentleness touched the heart of one young hunter, and he sued for her hand, albeit he had some doubt if she would make the best of housekeepers; for



## American Myths and Legends

as she did not eat meat she might spoil his in the cooking. Her father, hoping that marriage would break her of dreaming with open eyes, bring her to her senses, and release her from the spell that had been cast on her in the spirit-wood, consented—which in Indian is equivalent to commanded—and the girl was arrayed for the bridal. She dressed in her finest clothes, with many embroideries of shells and quills, braided her hair, put wild-flowers in it, and gathered a bouquet of blossoms and pine-tree sprays. All declared that so pretty a bride was never seen before in the dune country, and her parents embraced her proudly. She asked the leave of all to take one more walk alone in her old playground near the wood, and the permission was given with a caution to return early. She never returned. A fisherman had seen one of the puk-wujininee come out of the wood—he claimed even to recognize him in the twilight as the Fairy of the Green Pines, the tallest of his tribe—and lead the maiden tenderly away. Pine plumes nodded on his head, and he placed a spray of them in his bride's hair. They have gone to the far sand-hills, the people say.













