


**JAMES ATHEARN JONES**



**TRADITIONS  
OF THE NORTH  
AMERICAN  
INDIANS**

**James Athearn Jones**

# **Traditions of the North American Indians**

Published by

**MUSAICUM**

Books

- Advanced Digital Solutions & High-Quality eBook  
Formatting -

[musaicumbooks@okpublishing.info](mailto:musaicumbooks@okpublishing.info)

2021 OK Publishing

EAN 4066338116727

# Table of Contents

[Volume 1](#)

[Volume 2](#)

[Volume 3](#)

# **VOLUME 1**

[Table of Contents](#)

## Table of Contents

INTRODUCTION.

THE MAN OF ASHES.

POMATARE, THE FLYING BEAVER.

THE ALARM OF THE GREAT SENTINEL.

THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD.

THE FALL OF THE LENAPE

THE MARRIAGE OF THE SNAIL AND THE BEAVER.

THE CHOICE OF A GOD.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BISON.

THE WAHCONDA'S SON.

THE IDOLS.

DISCOVERY OF THE UPPER WORLD.

LOVE AND WAR.

LEGENDS OF THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUNDS.

I.—AKKEEWAISEE, THE AGED.

II.—THE DELAWARE HEAVEN.

III.—THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE BLACKFOOTS.

IV.—THE STONE CANOE.

V. THE LITTLE WHITE DOVE.

VI. THE TETON'S PARADISE.

FOOTNOTES

# INTRODUCTION.

## [Table of Contents](#)

In the year 1695, a number of *savans* associated in Paris for the purpose of procuring information respecting the American Indians. They were called shortly *The Theoretical and Speculative Society of Paris*, but their title at large was *The Society for Prosecuting Researches in the Western Hemisphere, and for procuring Speculations to be made, and Theories drawn up, of the Origin and History of its Ancient and its Present Inhabitants*. The undertaking met with almost prompt and cordial support; the proudest names and the brightest lights of the age were enlisted in it. The celebrated Madame de Maintenon became the patroness, forbidding, however, the Society to speculate upon her affairs; the illustrious Duke de Rohan became the president; the Czar Peter an honorary member; and the Society was otherwise royally and nobly officered and befriended. So numerous were the applications to be received as members, that it was found necessary to establish the rule, since adopted by certain colleges, of conferring diplomas upon all who asked for them. It is stated, that there was as loud a call upon the time and attention of the publishing committee, no fewer than seven hundred papers of theories and speculations, all essentially varying, having been presented at the second weekly meeting.

It will be seen from the date that it was a very important era in speculative philosophy. Father Hennepin had just

returned from Canada, and published his *Discovery of a Large Country*, the greater part of which had remained unknown till then, and has not been seen since. Other French missionaries were daily arriving from New France, as the French possessions in America were denominated, and spreading tales, partly true, partly-false, of the wonderful things they had seen. The questions so very important and so essential to be solved, whether the ancient inhabitants of North America, the race which is supposed to be extinct, were of Malay origin, and came from Australasia, or from the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and whether the surviving race are descended from the Tartars, the Scandinavians, the Jews, or the Welsh, began to be agitated about this time, though they were not debated with the profound shrewdness and sagacity which Adair, Barton, Boudinot, and other enlightened men, have since evinced on the subject.

With a view to remove the difficulty, and solve the problem, if it were solvable, it was determined by this learned Society to dispatch forthwith to America a man, whose mind should be well stored with science, literature, and philosophy, whose constitution and habits of body should be equal to the hardships he must necessarily undergo, and who should be of a temper to despise the dangers he must of course encounter, in prolonged travels among scattered tribes of wild and barbarous Indians. It was almost impossible, the Society knew, to find a person fitted in every respect for the mission. In an age of theories, it is no easy matter to meet with a man possessed of the common elements of being, who has not submitted to the tyranny of opinion, and adopted the theory most in vogue.

Few of us like to be singular, and hence we often adopt opinions, which, at first, we entertain most unwillingly, but which, after we have defended a few times, we come to love most heartily. Nothing so heightens our passion for a beautiful woman as obstacles thrown in our way; nothing so confirms our admiration of a theory as shallow cavils; a weak battery raised against a besieged town always increases the courage, and heightens the resistance, of the besieged.

In respect of the person who should be sent on this honourable mission, the Society were for a long time much perplexed, and began to fear the "foundering of their hobby from want of a jockey of required weight." It was necessary that he should be deeply imbued with classic lore, and profoundly skilled in languages, because he was to "detect lingual affinities," and further, might have to read manuscripts, and decipher inscriptions, of the ancient people. He was required to be deeply conversant with military science, in all its details, for he was to report of the nature of Indian tactics, fortifications, and defensive structures; and it was essential that he should be a theologian, for he was not only to sow the Word as he went, but to gather, if possible, from the religious opinions, rites, and observances, of the nations scattered over North America, proofs of a similitude to other people, or to accumulate data for the opposite belief. It was very difficult to discover a man so eminently gifted and taught, and the Society found themselves heavily burthened with the search. Nevertheless one was at length found, imbued to a reasonable degree with the requisite qualities in the person



of M. Philippe Verdier, of the city of Nanci. They applied to him to undertake the proposed mission, and he consented, protesting, according to custom, his utter unworthiness, and his belief that France had many sons more competent to the task than himself.

M. Verdier had studied in his youth, with the view of becoming a priest, and was profoundly skilled in the learning proper for that vocation. Afterwards, when he had abandoned all thoughts of entering the priesthood, he served in Holland under Condé, and there, and in many other countries, in succeeding wars, acquired the character of a valiant soldier and expert tactician. Excellence in poetry and metaphysics came to him naturally, and a thorough acquaintance with languages, both dead and living, by laborious study and prolonged travel. He had resided some time in the Australasian islands and those of the Pacific Ocean, and had travelled over the Peninsula of Malacca and the Island of Madagascar. He had thence brought numerous things which have since been of great service to philosophers, in explaining difficulties and solving problems connected with the antiquities and history of the western aborigines. His museum of curiosities contained a feathery mantle such as were found enwrapping the American mummies, a pair of mocassins made of the rind of plants, curious carvings which were pronounced by the French *savans* to resemble much the pieces of sculpture brought by M. Jaques de Numskull from the Ohio, and a human cranium or two, to which were added a Madagascar humming-bird, and a Malacca pepper plant. From the nature of these acquisitions, he was supposed to be well qualified to decide

upon the merits of that part of the theory of the indigenous inhabitants of America, which represents the *extinct* race as descended from the Malays of eastern Asia!!!

M. Verdier was quite as well qualified to act upon the other theory. He had travelled to Tartary in the suite of the French ambassador, and resided some years at the court of the Great Khan, where he had acquired the Tartar language, and become deeply learned in the history and customs of that ancient people. He had taken numerous drawings of their physiognomy and features, and many casts of Tartar visages. With a view to learn their opinions of the Deity, and a future state, he had officiated for a full year as the conjuror or powwow of a tribe. When he returned to Europe, he brought with him a couple of human teeth, a pipe, a bow and arrow, a jackall, a wild sheep, a sharp-nosed, thievish Siberian cur, with his sleigh and harness, and a very pretty Samoyede girl, the last with a view to ascertain the peculiar cast of features and shade of complexion which should mark a half-breed, which he was so fortunate as to possess in a short time thereafter, together with a couple of copies to bestow upon his friends.

It was a singularly lucky circumstance that the learned association were apprised in season of the merits of M. Verdier. There was not another man in France so well qualified to perform the generous behests of the Society, and to prosecute their enquiries to a beneficial result. It would seem as if he had aimed his studies, directed his researches, timed his travels, and planned his occupations, with a kind of presentiment, that he should in time be called to the very task he undertook. Indeed some have said that

there was an actual precognition of it, by means of a vision, while he was yet a student in theology with the Abbé Guissot. But, the Society, upon the motion of a learned member, caused their doubts of the truth of the story to be placed upon record.

Previously to the departure of M. Verdier, a special meeting of the Society was called, and a committee of thirty members appointed to prepare suitable directions, in the form of interrogatories, for his guidance. They were to report on two different sets, the first (A.) which were to relate to the ancient inhabitants of the country; the second (B.) to the race who were its then possessors. After a sitting of twenty days in the hall of the Sorbonne, the Committee reported on the papers A. and B., which were accepted without debate.

#### A.

1. He was to ascertain when the tumuli, or mounds, were built, and for what use.

2. Who built them? Were they Malays? If they were Malays, did they come from Australasia, or from the Islands of the Pacific Ocean?

3. If they were not Malays, who were they? Were they Mauritanians, *vide* Postel; or Scandinavians, *vide* Busbeck; or Canaanites, *vide* Gomara, and John de Lery; or descendants of the tribes led captive by Psalmanazar, *vide* Thevet; or of Shera and Japhet, *vide* Torniel; or a colony of Romans, *vide* Marinocus; or Gauls, *vide* James Charron; or Friezelanders, *vide* Hamconius and Juffredus Petri; or Celtæ, *vide*

Abraham Milius; or Phoenicians, *vide* Le Compte; or Carthaginians, *vide* Father Acosta, &c. &c.?

4. Had this ancient people the art of embalming human bodies, or is that art of modern invention, as some pretend?

5. If M. Verdier find they are of Malay origin, he must ascertain in what year of the world they went to America, and who was their leader;

6. How long they resided there, and under which pope they were driven away or exterminated.

7. In what manner, and by what conveyance, was the transportation made? Did they cross Behring's Straits, or on the ice from Japan to California? Were the first settlers the crew of some vessel or vessels driven to the western continent by stress of winds, or were they led thither by some far-sighted captain?

8. Finally, how many ships did it take to carry them over?

Many pages of remarks, by different members, were appended to this paper. The other paper, marked B., read as follows:

## B.

1. Is the similarity of physiognomy and features between the present race of American Indians and the Asiatic Tartars strong enough to induce an unprejudiced observer to pronounce them members of the same great family of mankind, or, to speak so

as to be understood, 'does an Indian look like a Tartar?'

2. Are the coincidences of sound and signification in the languages of North America and Tartary sufficiently numerous and unequivocal to induce one to pronounce them of a common origin?

3. Do the customs and manners of the North American Indians correspond in any material degree with those of their supposed brethren, the Tartars?

4. Are there any animals, wild or domestic, tameable or untameable, in America, which are of a species known to exist at this day in Tartary? And is there any thing in the vegetable kingdom of the west which bears marks of derivation from that country?

5. Is there any reason to think these Indians descended from the Welsh? What are we to think of the voyage of Madoc and his supposed colonization of the Western continent? Upon this point M. Verdier will do well to examine their pedigrees with great care.

The committee deem it altogether impossible to particularise all the subjects upon which questions may be put, to the fair furtherance of the objects which the Society has in view in sending out M. Verdier. A great deal must be left to his discretion and judgment. Many reflections will occur to him, as he personally surveys the monuments, and becomes acquainted with the people of that continent, which does not occur to us, and perhaps never would to him but for such visit.

The Society hope every thing from the zeal, the perseverance, and the talents, of their missionary. They

hope to be able to record as a benefactor to this Society, to the kingdom, to the world, not only M. Verdier, but the gentleman who first recommended him to their notice.

Thus furnished with ample directions, and with a letter to the governor of the French possessions in Canada, M. Verdier set out upon his travels in May 1697. The Society liberally afforded him the means of conciliating the Savages, furnishing him with abundance of those articles which they were supposed to covet, such as beads, knives, &c. The ship in which he sailed had a very short passage, at least for a period when the arts of ship-building and navigation were so little understood, and landed him safely at Quebec some days before the setting-in of winter. The dignity of our traveller's mission, the high reputation of the Society under whose auspices he acted, together with his own merit, attested by strong letters of introduction, operated to procure him a most cordial and gratifying reception. All ranks joined in evincing unbounded respect both for him and his object, and in placing all possible helps within his reach. One admitted him to his museum of Indian curiosities, another presented him with a bundle of Indian manuscripts, a third took measures with the Indian chiefs for his unmolested passage through their country, a fourth instructed him in the Indian language, and taught him the peculiarities of their hundred dialects. Nor were the women behind the other sex in kindness to our traveller. He was invited to take up his abode altogether with the Ursuline nuns, with whom he rose to such high favour, that they would confess to no other during his stay in the city. The married ladies were quite as courteous as those who were

vowed to a single life, and feasted and caressed him beyond our ability or wish to describe.

He did not leave Quebec until the return of spring, when, in the prosecution of his object, he bade adieu to his pleasant quarters, and travelled into the country of the Iroquois or Five Nations. His friend, the Governor, persuaded him much to take an interpreter with him, and nominated good old father Luke Bisset for that purpose. But M. Verdier declined, trusting that the "coincidences of sound and signification," (suggested in query 2, paper B,) would free him from all difficulties on that score. He hired an Indian, who had come to Quebec to dispose of his furs, to act as his guide, and a French boy to carry his change of linen and his presents, the last named being a labour to which no Indian will submit, unless he has become an outcast from his tribe, or otherwise disgraced and dishonoured.

They set out for the country of the Iroquois in the month of May, 1698. After travelling for many weeks, at a great rate, for the Savages are inconceivably swift walkers, and can endure great fatigues, they arrived at the principal town of the Five Nations. There, and elsewhere within the limits of that confederacy, our traveller abode two full years. The public must not expect to find in this brief introduction a cursory statement, much less a minute journal of his curious observations and discoveries during that period. The Editor would make a very bad use of the confidence reposed in him, if he were to attempt either. Public curiosity, however, will be gratified, for the highly learned and philosophical reports of M. Verdier on the philology, origin, history, manners, and customs, of the Aborigines of America, will

soon be published under the eye of a competent gentleman. But, for the immediate satisfaction of those who have had their minds highly excited on the subject, and prefer to have their knowledge in advance, the Editor begs leave to observe, that these reports fully prove that the Indians of North America and the Tartars of the Eastern continent are of a common stock. The former, M. Verdier proves, by a long train of reasoning, to be descended from a Calmuck, who, in the year 622, (the year of Mahomet's flight from Mecca) married a Samoyede woman, and, with a party of his countrymen, crossed Behring's Straits to the Western Continent. The exceedingly subtle and plausible process by which he arrived at the exact year in which they crossed, and determined that the emigrants were of two different tribes—again, that the chief was tall and lean, his wife short, pousy, and thick-breathed, proved the value of trifling circumstances to the creation of beautiful theories, and with what wonderful ingenuity philosophic minds apply themselves to subjects capable of being theorised. Thus, from the circumstance that the Indian curs, when they were possessed of a bone, would snarl and show their teeth if one went near them, and even hide it in the ground rather than have it taken from them, he drew the conclusion that they were the true *canis sibericus*, which is known to possess these singular traits of canine sagacity and ferociousness. Additional proof was found in the fact, that an Indian dog of the same species bit M. Verdier in his heel, setting his teeth in precisely the same spot, where, some years before, a Tartar dog had placed his, making but a single scar. He caused an Iroquois cur to be tied by his tail to a log of wood,



and the celerity with which he drew it, yelping and screaming over a bed of ice, fully convinced M. Verdier that he was a legitimate descendant from those which perform the part of dray-horses among the Tartars. So much for canine resemblances, which one would think of little importance, yet were the chief prop to a learned theory upon this very subject, published some years ago by an erudite American gentleman.

His inquiries concerning the other object of his mission were as deep, and his conclusions as profitable. It may be remembered, that the principal aim of the Society in sending M. Verdier to America, was to ascertain who were its primitive inhabitants, and the builders of the stupendous mounds found there. Having, by severe study, mastered the Indian language and its numerous dialects, he assumed the dress of a chief, and set out for the Ohio. He took with him seven Indian chiefs belonging to the Seneca tribe, great warriors, great talkers, and great smokers, who could live seven days without food, and feast the next seven without intermission. Their names, rendered into English, were The Flying Medicine, The Hollow Bear, The Little Dish, The Wicked Cow, The Black Mocassins, The Big Thief, and The Guard of the Red Arrows. The party were provided with parched corn and jerked beef, the common hunting provisions of the Indians. Though filled with pacific intentions, and meaning to rely for safety principally on the calumet, or pipe of peace, they nevertheless went completely armed. It would have ill suited Indian ideas of dignity and honour had they left behind what they believe to be the essential emblems of both.

Three years were spent by M. Verdier in surveying the country west of the Alleghany mountains. In that time he visited and examined all the mounds or *tumuli*, "deciphered a great many *resemblances* of inscriptions," and penetrated into many saltpetre caves in search of mummies and triune idols. He succeeded in proving to his own satisfaction, and, as we shall see, to that of his employers, that the tumuli were erected for burying-places; that their builders were Malays who chartered the ship Argo from Jason, and came over from the Sandwich Islands in the ninth year of pope Boniface the third; that they had the art of embalming in nitre, and were adepts at making triune idols. They were idolaters, worshippers, he was convinced, of Brahma and his Hindoo brothers. He was puzzled for a while to tell what became of them finally; nor were his doubts cleared up until he travelled into Mexico. A residence of a few months among the Aztecas of that region convinced him that they were, to use the words of an eminent American philosopher, whose cogitations upon this subject have been read from Labrador to Tobolsk, "descendants of the extinct race." He examined the pyramids of Cholula, which agreed in all respects with the works in Ohio, and thence argued that the Malays who built the former were also the builders of the latter.

Though M. Verdier had been very industrious, and had theorised and speculated himself almost into insanity, he thought he had not done enough to secure a gracious reception at home. With a view to make himself master of all which could aid him in preparing his report, he determined to call a general meeting of the Indian tribes, in

order to acquire a knowledge of their traditional lore, and it is from this period that he seems to have laboured to a more useful purpose than that of making "velvet purses of sows' ears, and twisting ropes of sand." The shafts of ridicule may with propriety be levelled at all attempts to ascertain the origin of the American Indians, but their Traditions are their history and learning, and therefore entitled to respectful consideration. He dispatched messengers to all the tribes far and near, with the information that a grand council would be held at Machilimakinak, i.e. a great place for turtles, in the moon next after the gathering of the corn, at which they were invited to attend and offer sacrifices to the Great Spirit. They were especially requested to bring with them their story-tellers as well as their *pow-wows*, or priests, with whom M. Verdier was anxious to confer. Nothing more fully proves the excellence of his heart than his willingness to meet and confer, as the phrase of our day is, with "ministers of a different denomination." But M. Verdier was a charitable man, and partook of none of that bigotry laid often unjustly to the charge of Roman Catholics. He believed that many went to heaven who denied the infallibility of the pope; and feared that many took the downward road who made that dogma the standard of their faith.

As the time fixed for the convening of the grand council approached, Indians were observed in every direction proceeding to the rendezvous. Never within the memory of the Indian had there been so full a council. There were plenipotentiaries from many of the New England tribes, from some who lived far down the Mississippi, and others who

hunted in the shade of the Rocky Mountains—to say nothing of those who came from the regions of Polar ice. Their lodges covered a thousand acres. The spot selected for their encampment was a *prairie* of almost boundless extent, having on one side a forest impervious save to an Indian hunter. This forest abounded with game, and vast herds of buffaloes were feeding on the skirts of the *prairie*. It may be observed in passing, that sites for the temporary sojourn of the Savages are always chosen with reference to facilities for the prosecution of the chase, and for obtaining water and fuel. That, selected in this case, afforded each of these in abundance, and to our traveller a prospect as replete with natural beauty as it was with novelty. He beheld, stretched out before him, a green meadow extending farther than the eye could reach, diversified only by groupes of Indian bark huts, and parties of hunters going to or returning from the chase—of women employed in the various duties imposed upon them in savage life, and children playing at the simple games of savage childhood. There, was a hunter, stately and tall, his eye like the eagle's, and his foot like the antelope's, cautiously approaching an angle of the grove, where his wary eye detected a deer; here, a proud chief, his crest surmounted by an eagle's feather, haranguing the warriors of his tribe with far more dignity and grace than Alexander displayed in giving audience to the Scythian ambassadors, or Hannibal in his address to his army before the battle of Cannæ. It was a novel scene to M. Verdier, and he enjoyed it with all the zest of a profound and philosophic observer of human character.

When the nations were all assembled, Shongo Tongo, or the Big Horse, a chief of the Ottoes, rose, and said:—

"Father, you see before you the warriors of many nations. All the red men of the land are gathered together in the great plain where no trees grow. They have come at your bidding, and at your bidding have buried their war-clubs. They forget that they have been enemies. They smoke in the calumet of peace, and are friends because you wish them to be so. Is it well?

"My father, your children will dance before your tent. It is thus we honour the brave. It is thus we honour the stranger."

To this speech, M. Verdier returned a suitable answer, adapting his words to their simple comprehension, yet using the metaphorical style so common among them. He was glad, he told them, that "words of peace were in their mouths; that there was a mild sky, and that the winds were low. He wished it was always so."

They heard him without giving any tokens of approbation, for it is very uncommon for the Indian to bestow such upon an orator. When he had finished his speech, their wild dances commenced by the striking up of their instrumental and vocal music. The instruments were a gong made of a large keg, over one of the ends of which was stretched a skin which was struck by a small stick, and an instrument consisting of a stick of firm wood, notched like a saw, over the teeth of which a smaller stick was rubbed forcibly backward and forward. They had besides

rattles made of strings of deer's hoofs, and also parts of the intestines of an animal inflated, inclosing small stones, which produced a sound like pebbles in a small gourd. With these, rude as they were, very good time was preserved with the vocal performers, seated around them, and by all the natives as they sat, in the inflection of their bodies, or the movements of their limbs. After the lapse of a little time, three individuals leaped up and danced around for a few minutes; then, at a concerted signal from the master of the ceremonies, the music ceased, and they retired to their seats uttering a loud noise, which, by patting the mouth rapidly with the hand, was broken into a succession of sounds, somewhat like the hurried barking of a dog. In the intervals of dancing, a warrior would step forward, and, striking the flagstaff they had erected with a stick or a whip, would recount his martial deeds. This ceremony was called *striking the post*, and whatever was then said might be relied upon as truth, for the custom bound every warrior to expose the falsehood of the *striker*, and disgrace him for exaggeration if he indulged in it.

A tall, grey-headed chief rose, and, after lashing the post with his whip, commenced the narration of his exploits. He was succeeded by a young and ardent warrior, whose soul apparently was full of poetry, and burning with love of martial glory. After walking leisurely twice or thrice around the post, he quickened his step, and broke out into the following wild song of boasting and triumph:—

Down I took my spear, my tough spear—  
Down I took my bow, my good bow,  
Fill'd my quiver with sharp arrows,

Slung my hatchet to my shoulder.  
Forth I wander'd to the wild wood.  
Who comes yonder?  
Red his forehead with the war-paint—  
Ha! I know him by his feather—  
Leader of the Ottawas,  
Eagle of his warlike nation,  
And he comes to dip that feather  
In a vanquish'd Maqua's blood.

Then I pois'd my tough ash spear,  
Then I bent my pride of bows,  
From my quiver drew an arrow,  
Rais'd my war-cry—ha! he falls!  
From his crest I took the feather,  
From his crown I tore the scalp-lock.  
Shout his friends their cry of vengeance—  
What avails it? are they eagles?  
Nought else may o'ertake the Maqua.

Came the Hurons to our border—  
Hurons from the Lake of Thunder—  
Hurons far renown'd for valour—  
Forth I went with six to meet them:  
In my cabin hang ten scalp-locks.  
Should I fear a mortal warrior?  
No—a Maqua never trembles.

Why should I fear?  
I never told a lie,  
Kind have I been to father and to mother,

I never turn'd my back upon a foe.  
I slew my people's enemies—  
Why should I fear to die?  
Let the flame be kindled round me,  
Let them tear my flesh with pincers,  
Probe me with a burning arrow,  
I can teach a coward Mingo  
How a valiant man should die.

These were not exactly the kind of tales which M. Verdier had crossed the ocean and threaded the forest to hear, but he patiently awaited their conclusion. At a signal from a venerated chief, their martial narratives were dropped, and all retired to their seats. The dance was succeeded by a feast, of which the chiefs and warriors, together with their guest, first partook, and afterwards the men of inferior note. Before a mouthful was tasted, however, the best and juiciest pieces of the deer were selected as an offering to the Great Spirit. They were not laid upon the fire till the priest had been called to the performance of certain rites and ceremonies by the following hymn, chanted in their peculiarly solemn and impressive manner:—

#### INDIAN HYMN, OR INVOCATION.

From the wilderness we bring  
The fat buck we have slain,  
We have laid him on the coals:  
Lord of Life!  
Lord of Life!  
We have opened the door,



That the smoke may ascend  
To thy nostrils, and please thee,  
Great Master of Breath,  
Of our breath!

We will call the wise priest—  
He will come!  
He will come!  
He will utter thy name with his lips;  
He will ask that thy hand may be light  
On our race, in thy wrath,  
In thy wrath!

When the priest had performed certain ceremonies over the holocaust, he retired, and the hymn was resumed as follows:—

We have call'd the wise priest—  
He has come!  
He has come!  
He has utter'd thy name with his lips,  
He has open'd his breast to thine eye,  
He has ask'd that thy hand may be light  
On our race, in thy wrath,  
In thy wrath.

Hear us, Master of Breath!  
Nor destroy,  
Nor destroy:  
If thou wieldest the bolt of thy rage,  
If thou callest thy thunder to shake,  
If thou biddest thy lightning to smite,

We must pass to the feast of the worm,  
Of the worm.

Oh! grant us our prayers,  
Lord of life!  
Lord of life!  
Make us victors o'er every foe,  
Make us strong in the den of the bear,  
Make us swift in the haunts of the buck,  
Great Master of Breath,  
Of our breath!

When the feast and sacrifices were concluded, M. Verdier rose and addressed the assembly in these words:

"Brothers and warriors, I have come from a far country to listen to the words of an Indian's mouth. I have left behind me my father, and my mother, and my wife, and my children, and the burial-places of my ancestors, and the council-fire of my great chief, and the temples of the Master of Life, to dwell with the Indians in their wigwams, to go with them to the chase, to feast with them, to talk with them, to offer sacrifices with them. I knew the dangers I must encounter before I could enter their habitations. I knew how dreadful was the rage of the Great Ocean, and how dismal the howling of the winds upon it, in the season of darkness, but I said I will despise the dangers, for I want to look upon the face of the red man, and smoke with him in the calumet of peace.

"Brothers and warriors, I am here—I am glad I came. I have seen the red man—I love him. And I have called together all the red men of the land, that I may learn more of their thoughts and love them more; that I may be able to carry back to my sons, and to the chiefs and the warriors of my own land, proofs of their wisdom, and sagacity, and valour.

"Brothers and warriors, the history of the red man is found only in his traditions, it exists but in his memory. Will you instruct me in those traditions? Will you relate to me the tales which have been handed down to you from old times—the traditions which tell of the great actions of your fathers, of the favours, and mercies, and punishments, of the Great Spirit? These are the things I would hear. I came hither to hear them. The Great Spirit forbid you should refuse my request!"

When M. Verdier had finished his speech, Meshewa, a young warrior of the Shawano nation, rose and said:

"Brothers and warriors, I am a little man, no higher than the shoulder of my brother Meshepeshe, yet I must speak, the Great Spirit bids me speak. He says to me, Wild Horse, rise and relate a tradition of your nation. I will relate this tradition, but I will tell you no lie. Who is there that ever saw Meshewa look upon the ground, or hold his hand before his eyes, when he told his story? He looks up bold as an eagle, he opens his mouth fearlessly, and they who hear his words write them down on the green leaf of their memory.

"Brothers and chiefs, we have here with us a man, whose face is of the colour of the skin of a plucked plover—he listens. He has come, as he has told you, from a land which lies beyond the Great Salt Lake. I believe him, for he does not hide his face, or look ashamed when he speaks.

"Chiefs and brothers, this man was once a warrior, but, when he was no higher than the tree of twelve moons, he offered sacrifice in his own country to the Great Spirit, and knew all the rites proper to be observed in his worship. When the winter snows are rushing to the embrace of the Great River, and the birds have returned to their bowers, and the sap is recruiting the soul of the thirsty tree, he will go to his wife and children, who live very far towards the morning sun. The woman with the bright eyes will come out of her wigwam to meet him, and will ask him if he has brought back his heart. His son will climb to his knee, and weep to have the traditions of our country told him. Our brother will not fear to answer the questions of the woman, for he is prudent and wise. And shall we not teach him to still the cry of the boy? We shall.

"Brothers and chiefs, the stranger loves to hear our words, ask him if he does not. He desires that our mouths should open, and repeat the stories which have been told us by our fathers, and the fathers and mothers of our fathers—stories of deeds which were done when the oak trees, now dying of age, were saplings no higher than my knee. Shall he hear them?

He shall. The Good Spirit bids us speak, but he bids us speak only truth. If we lie he will be angry with us, and will give us up to our enemies, or the beasts of prey. He will spoil our harvests. And when were deer ever found in the hunting-path of the liar?

"Brothers and chiefs, I am young. The sprout from the seed of the oak, planted on the day I was born, yet bends to the earth with the weight of the wild cat. The knees of my father are not feeble with age, nor is his hair thin or white. My mother has a young panther in her lodge, she gives it her own milk. Yet I will tell you a story. It is a tale of my nation, a tale of an old day, delivered from father to son till it has reached my time. Listen!"

The youthful chief then rose, and related the Shawano tradition, entitled "The Man of Ashes."

---

# THE MAN OF ASHES.

## Table of Contents

A great while ago, the Shawanos nation took up the war-talk against the Walkullas, who lived on their own lands, on the borders of the Great Salt Lake<sup>1</sup>, and near the Burning Water<sup>2</sup>. Part of the nation were not well pleased with the war. The head chief and the counsellors said the Walkullas were very brave and cunning, and the priests said their god was mightier than ours. The old and experienced warriors said the counsellors were wise, and had spoken well; but the Mad Buffalo(1), and the young warriors, and all who wished for war, would not listen to their words. They said that our fathers had beaten their fathers in many battles, and that the Shawanos were as brave and strong now as they ever were, and the Walkullas much weaker and more cowardly. They said, the old and timid, the faint heart, and the failing knee, might stay at home and take care of the women and children, and sleep and dream of those who had never dared bend a bow, or look upon a painted cheek, or listen to a war-whoop; while the young warriors went to war, and drank much blood. And, when two moons were gone, they would come back with many prisoners and scalps, and have a great feast, and eat Walkullas roasted in the fire. The arguments of the fiery young orators prevailed with all the youthful warriors; but the elder and wiser listened to the priests and the counsellors, and remained in their villages, to see the leaf fall and the grass grow, and to gather in the nut and follow the trail of the deer.