



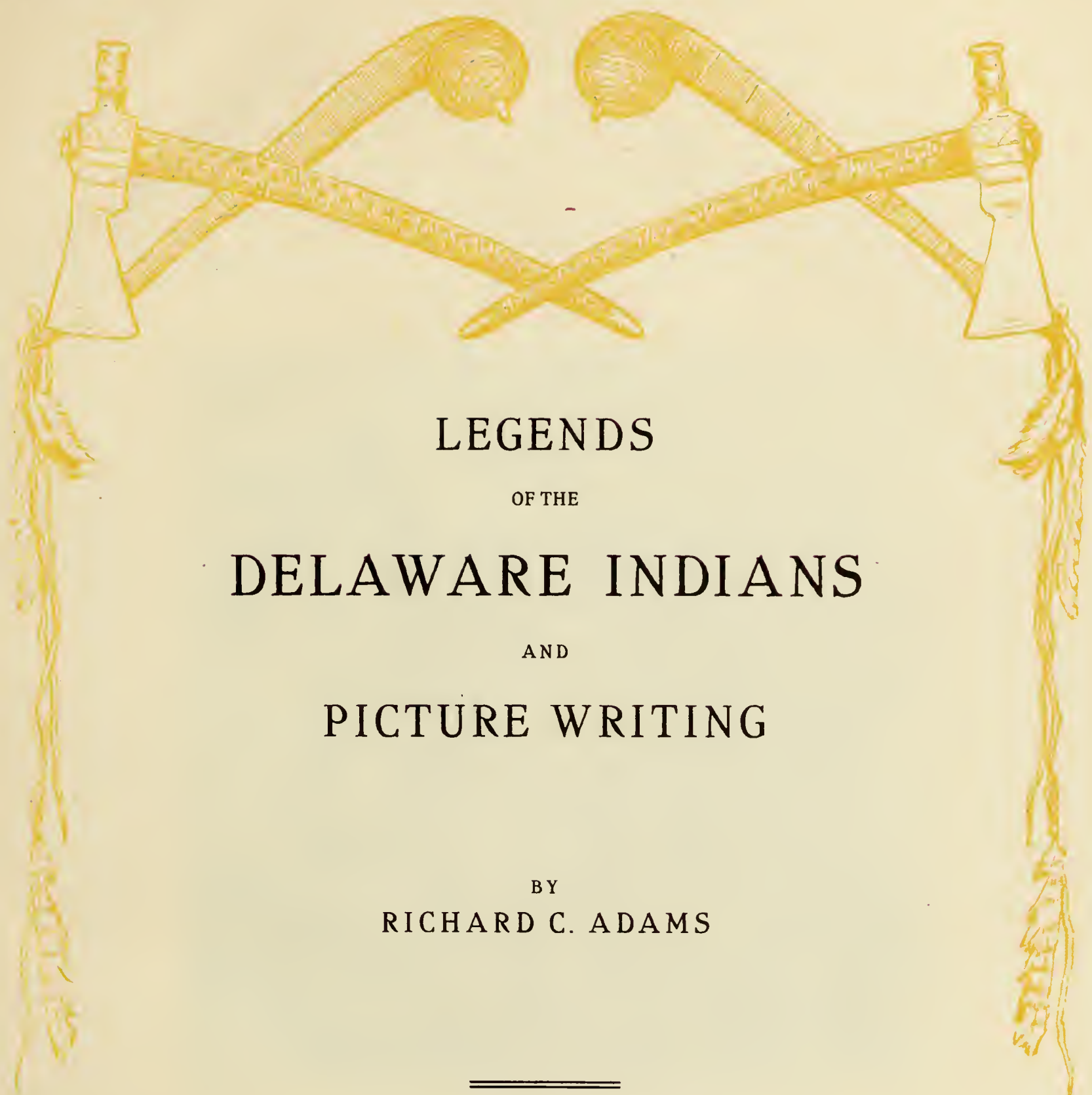
LEGENDS
OF THE
DELAWARE INDIANS
AND
PICTURE WRITING

BY HERBERT ADAMS

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BY
RICHARD C. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED

WASHINGTON, D. C.
1905



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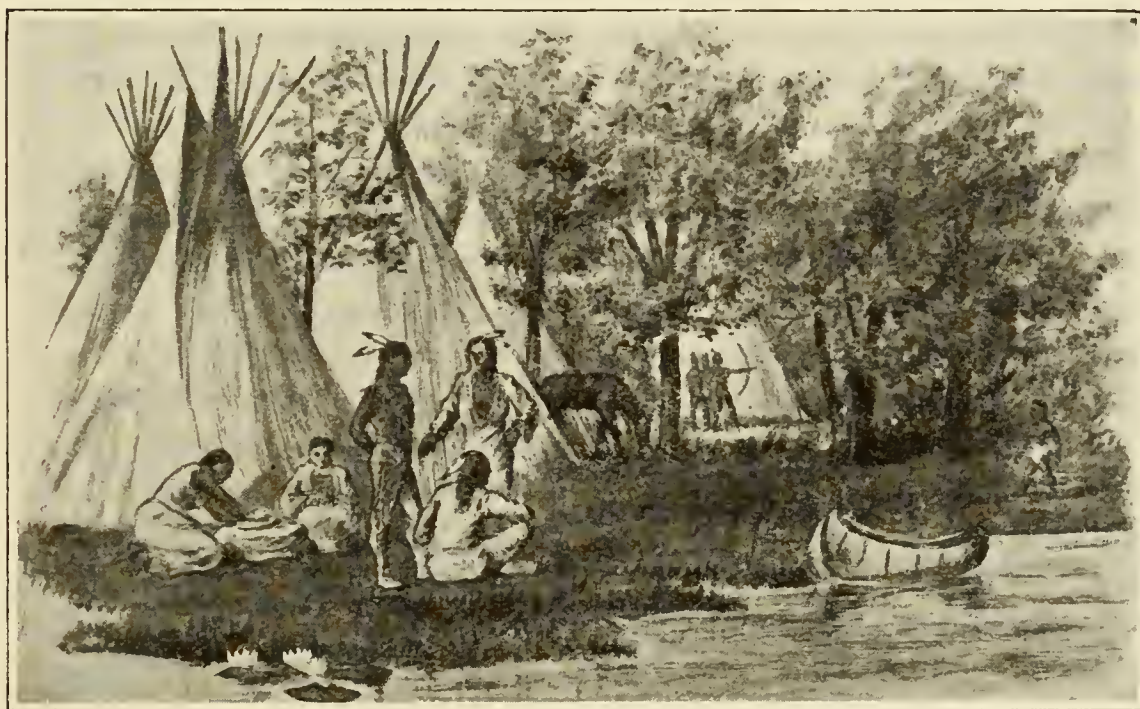


My children: I will tell you some stories quaint and old,
 Will tell them as I heard them by other lips once told;
 And those who kept the records or handed down the lore
 Were taught them from their childhood and told them o'er and o'er.
 To aid them in their memories that they may accurate be,
 A picture, too, was painted that children may it see.
 These stories all have morals to help them to be good,
 To guide them like the pictures, this, too, was understood.
 So when you hear the stories, as they have oft' been told,
 Remember t'was the schooling as taught in days of old;
 And thus the ancient children who wandered o'er this land
 Were taught their craft and caution by listening as you can.

The Story of Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase

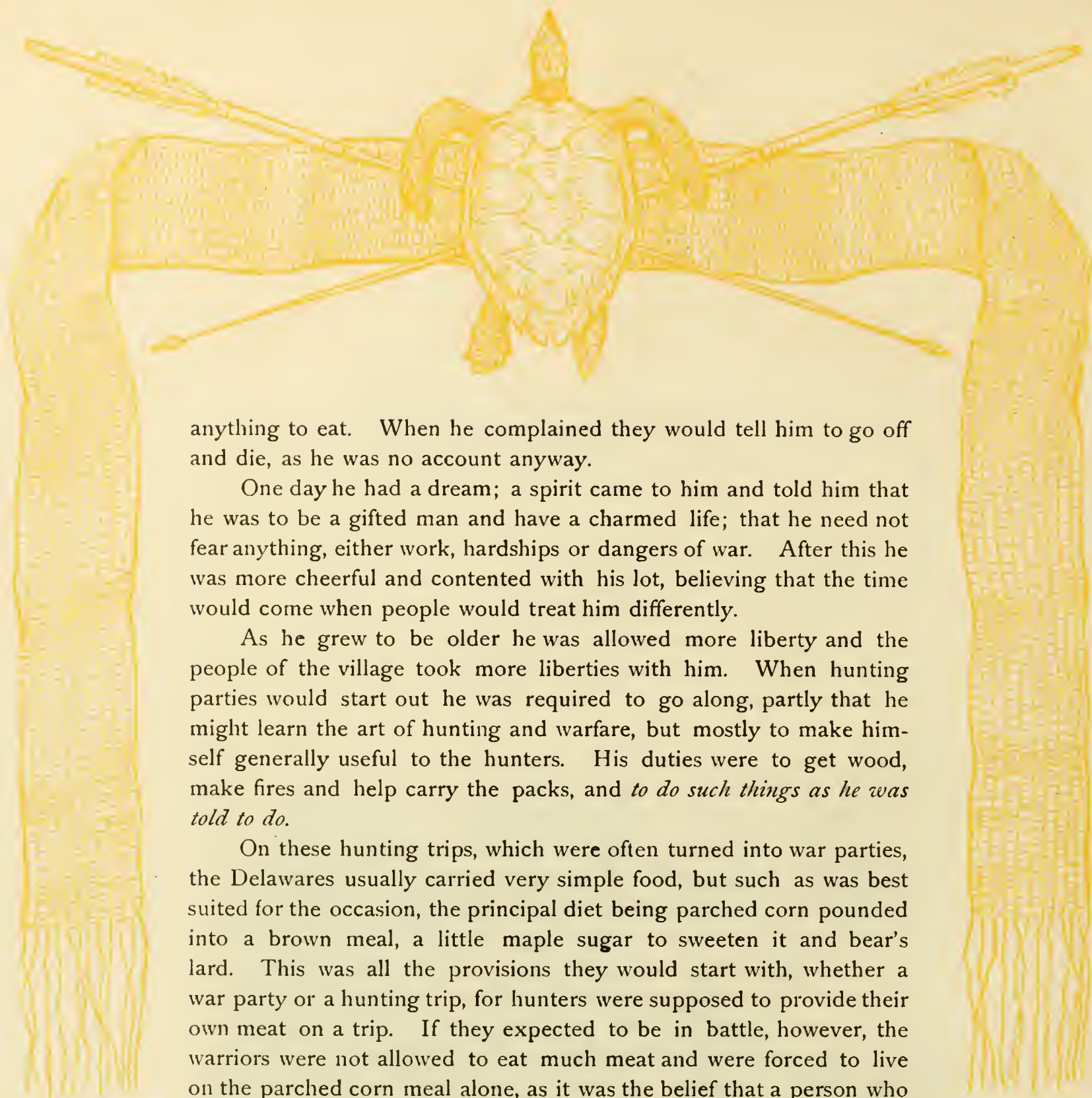
The following story is often related to the Delaware Indian children to show to the little boys that they should be as careful in the selection and use of their words as they are in the selection of their arrows to shoot at a mark, for very often as much mischief is done by the wrong impression being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

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



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

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



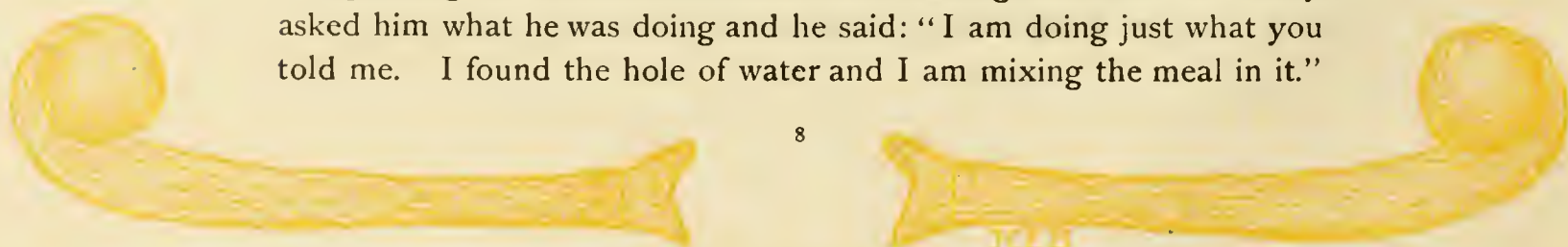
anything to eat. When he complained they would tell him to go off and die, as he was no account anyway.

One day he had a dream; a spirit came to him and told him that he was to be a gifted man and have a charmed life; that he need not fear anything, either work, hardships or dangers of war. After this he was more cheerful and contented with his lot, believing that the time would come when people would treat him differently.

As he grew to be older he was allowed more liberty and the people of the village took more liberties with him. When hunting parties would start out he was required to go along, partly that he might learn the art of hunting and warfare, but mostly to make himself generally useful to the hunters. His duties were to get wood, make fires and help carry the packs, and *to do such things as he was told to do*.

On these hunting trips, which were often turned into war parties, the Delawares usually carried very simple food, but such as was best suited for the occasion, the principal diet being parched corn pounded into a brown meal, a little maple sugar to sweeten it and bear's lard. This was all the provisions they would start with, whether a war party or a hunting trip, for hunters were supposed to provide their own meat on a trip. If they expected to be in battle, however, the warriors were not allowed to eat much meat and were forced to live on the parched corn meal alone, as it was the belief that a person who ate meat and was shot would get so sick that he could not get away, while if the same person had eaten only parched meal, he might even be shot through the vital parts and yet be strong enough to get away from the enemy.

On one of these hunting trips Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase was along and was carrying the parched corn meal (koh-mo-kun) and the kettle. One of the hunters told him to go ahead and when he came to a nice hole of water to mix the meal so that it would be ready for supper when the party came up, and when they came upon him they found him pouring the meal into the water and wading around in it. They asked him what he was doing and he said: "I am doing just what you told me. I found the hole of water and I am mixing the meal in it."



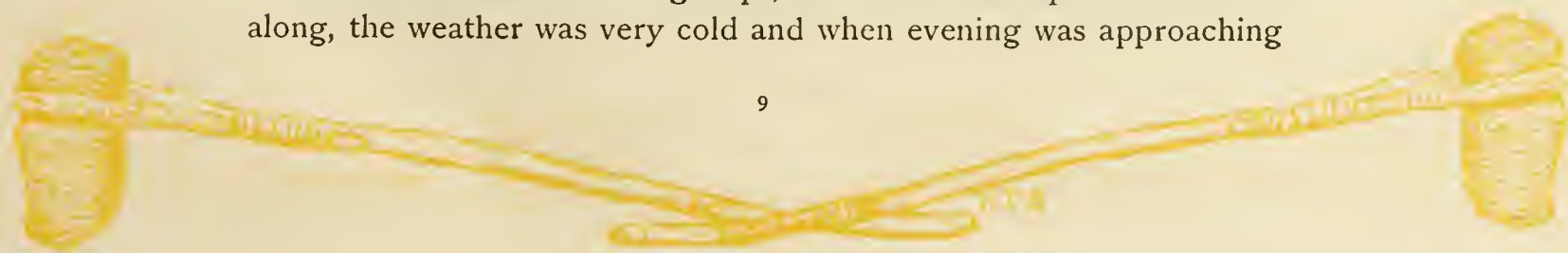


They told him that they did not intend that he should mix it all in that large hole of water, but that when he found the water, he should mix the meal in the vessel with the water he got from the hole. "Well," he said, "If you had told me that I would have done so."

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

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

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





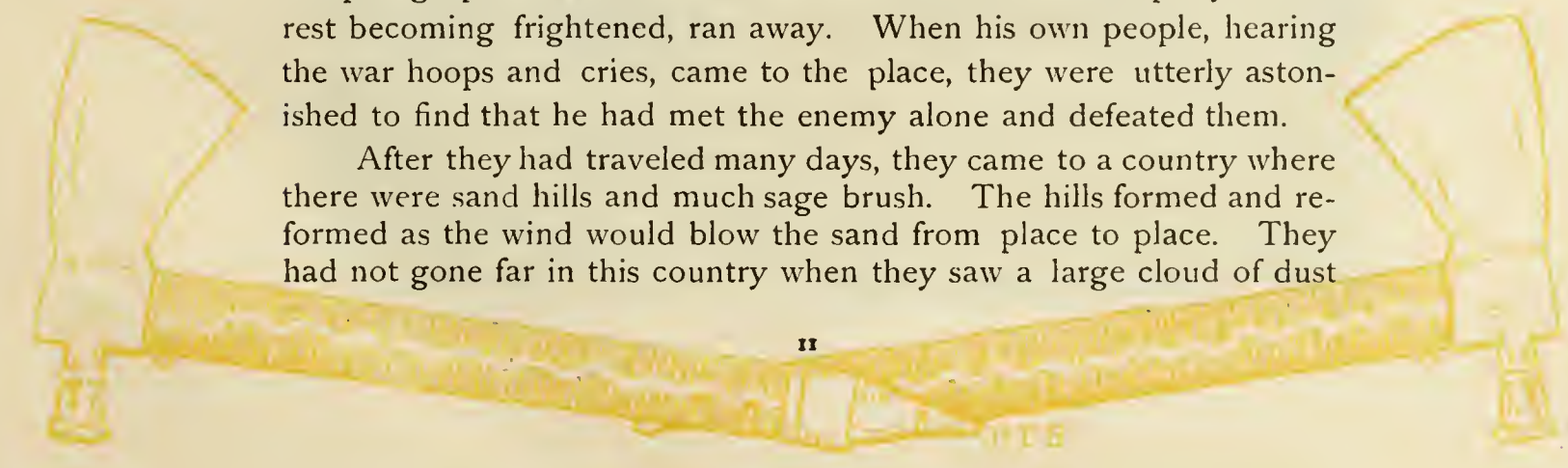


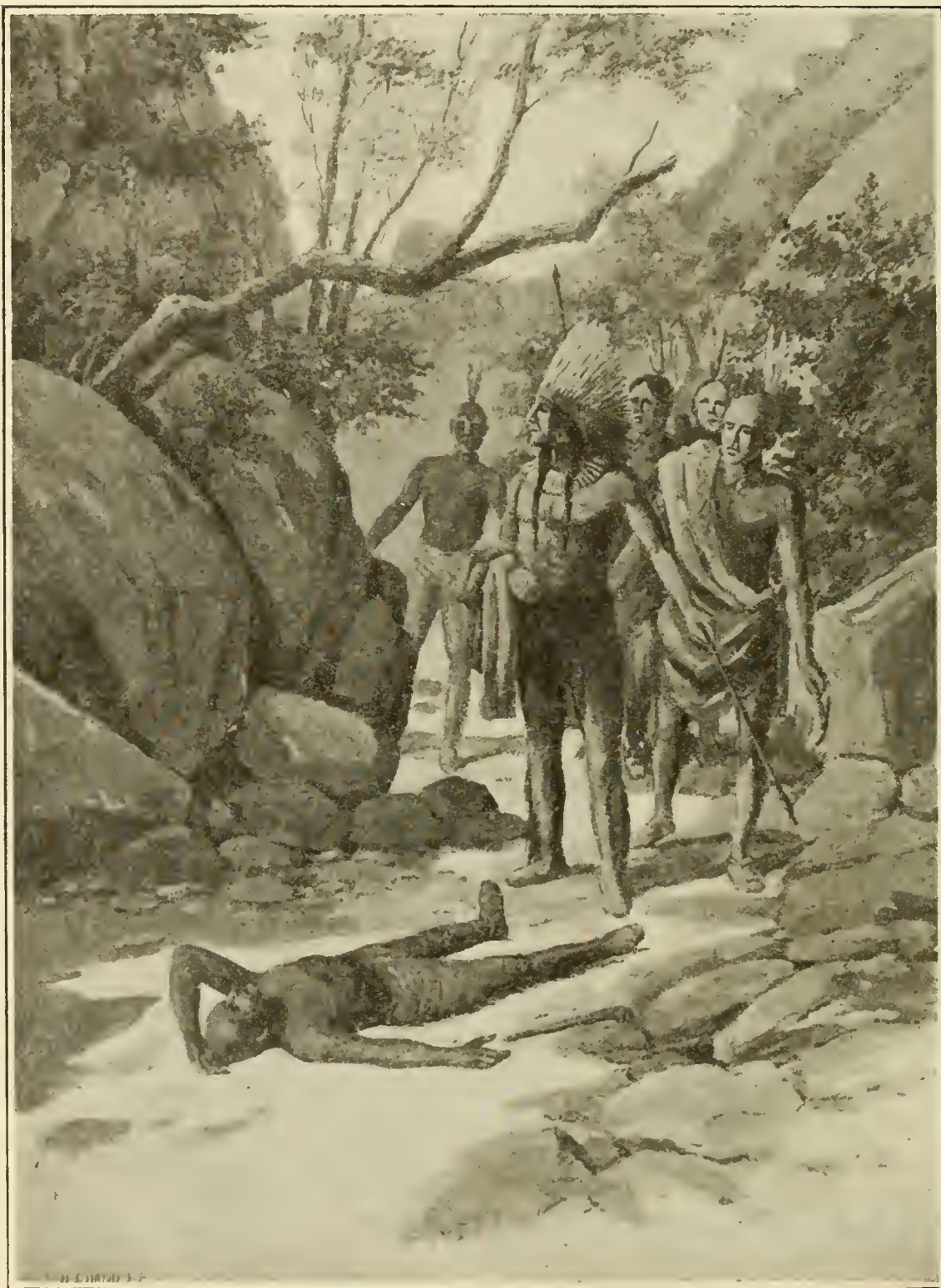
the hunters sent Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase on ahead and told him to follow a trail until he came to a very smooth, level place and there make the fires. When they overtook him, he had come to a lake which was frozen over with ice and was making a fire on the ice.

They rebuked him for making a fire on the ice, which, of course, would soon melt the ice and cause it to break, but he answered that this was the only smooth, level place he had been able to find and he was instructed to make a fire in a level place.

While the boy was not very old, not old enough to go on the war path, he was strong, used to hardships and very active, and in a few days proved to the party his ability to fight as well as to wait on the warriors. They arrived at the point at which they expected the enemy and the warriors held a council of war. The boy being present, of course heard all that was said. The enemy had been seen and was now probably a very short distance from that place, going through a mountain pass. The warriors were to go around the mountain and conceal themselves where the enemy would come along and surprise them. The boy and a few others were left behind to watch the camp equipments, but the warriors had no sooner left than the boy seized a war club and ran over the hill directly to the place where the enemy was supposed to be. Before starting he took a deer bladder, put it over his head and put some blood on the skin so that he would look as though he had just been scalped. He got just a little ahead of the enemy and lay down in their way so that they would see him as soon as they got near. When they discovered him, they were much astonished to find an Indian dead and scalped and, as they were looking at him to see if they could determine to what tribe he belonged, he sprang up and with his war club killed several of the party. The rest becoming frightened, ran away. When his own people, hearing the war hoops and cries, came to the place, they were utterly astonished to find that he had met the enemy alone and defeated them.

After they had traveled many days, they came to a country where there were sand hills and much sage brush. The hills formed and reformed as the wind would blow the sand from place to place. They had not gone far in this country when they saw a large cloud of dust



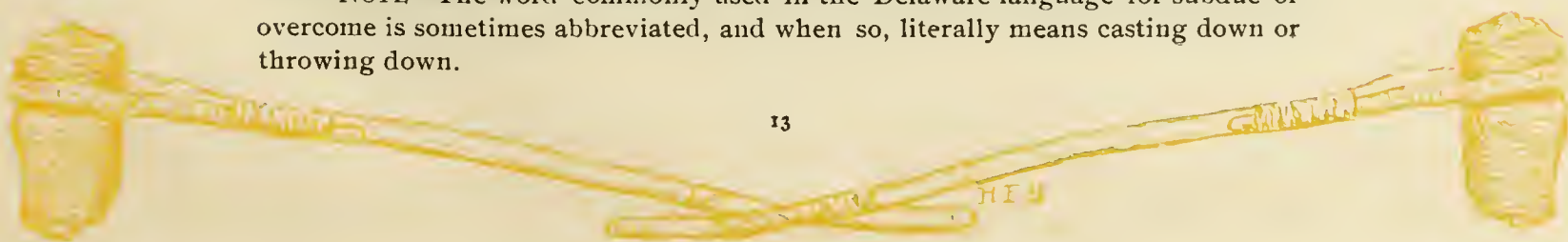


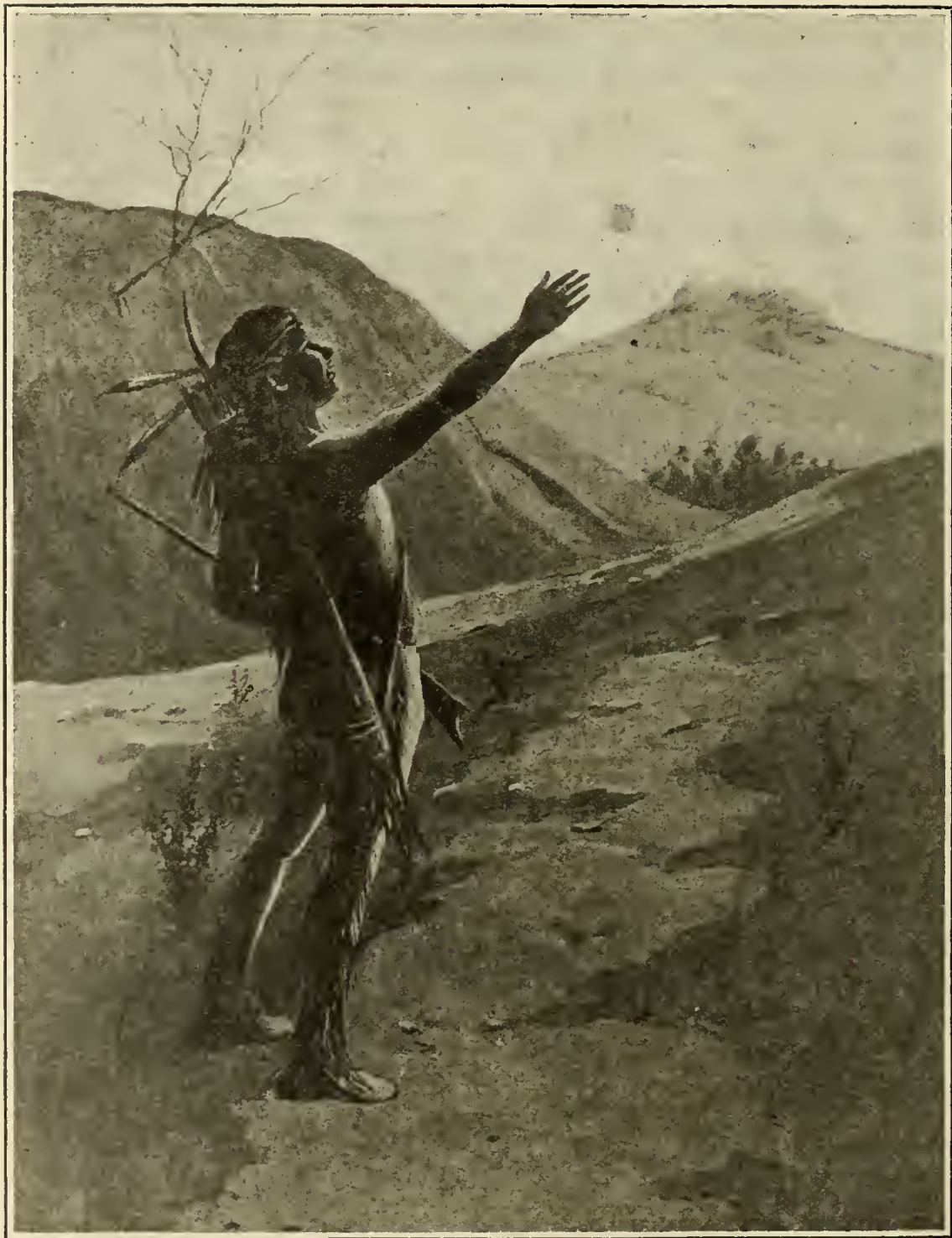


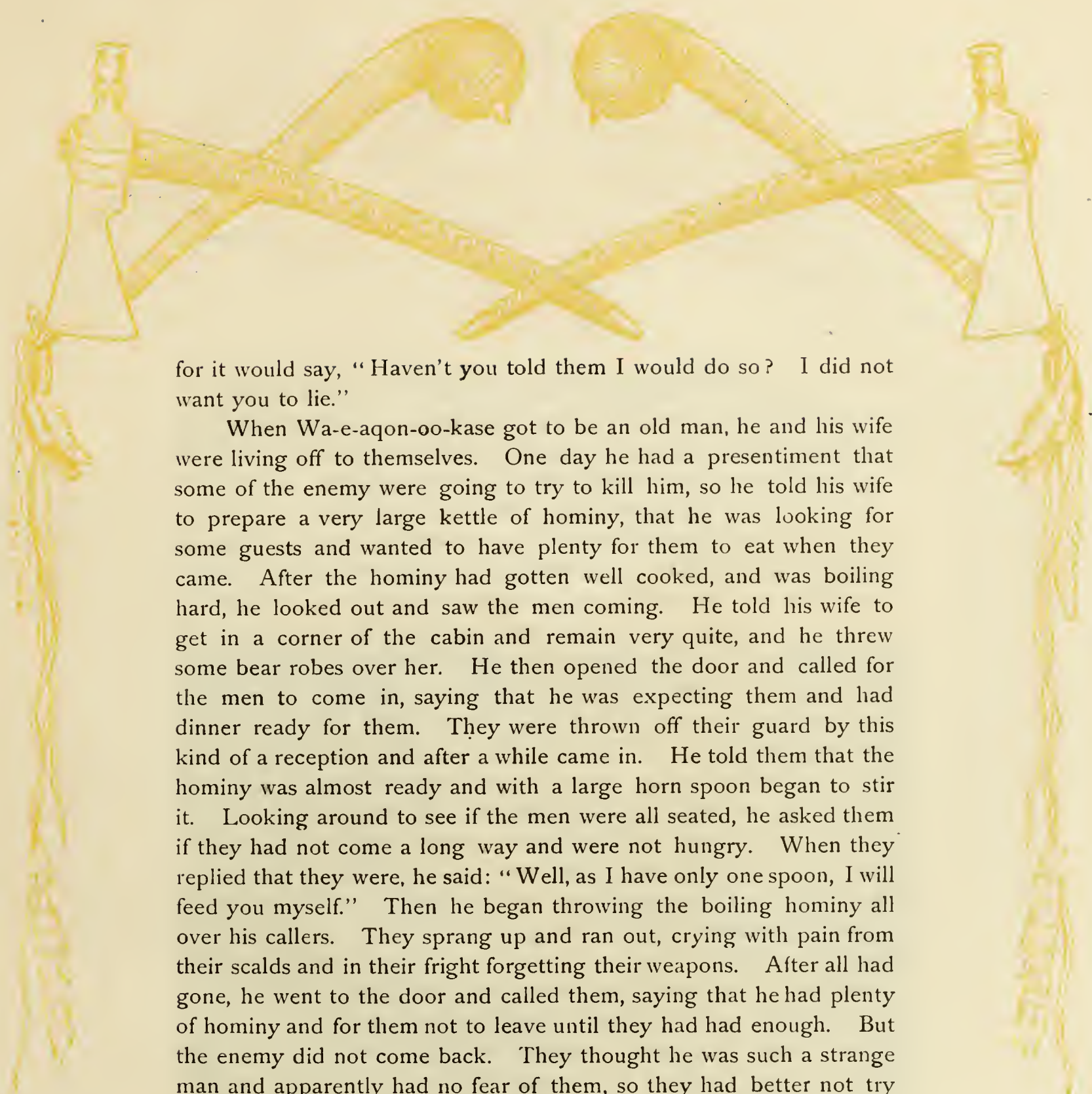
a great way off, which at first they thought was caused by a herd of buffaloes, but as they got nearer they discovered it was the enemy in large numbers. Since they were only a small party they decided that the best thing to do was to hide themselves in the sand, covering themselves up completely except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

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

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





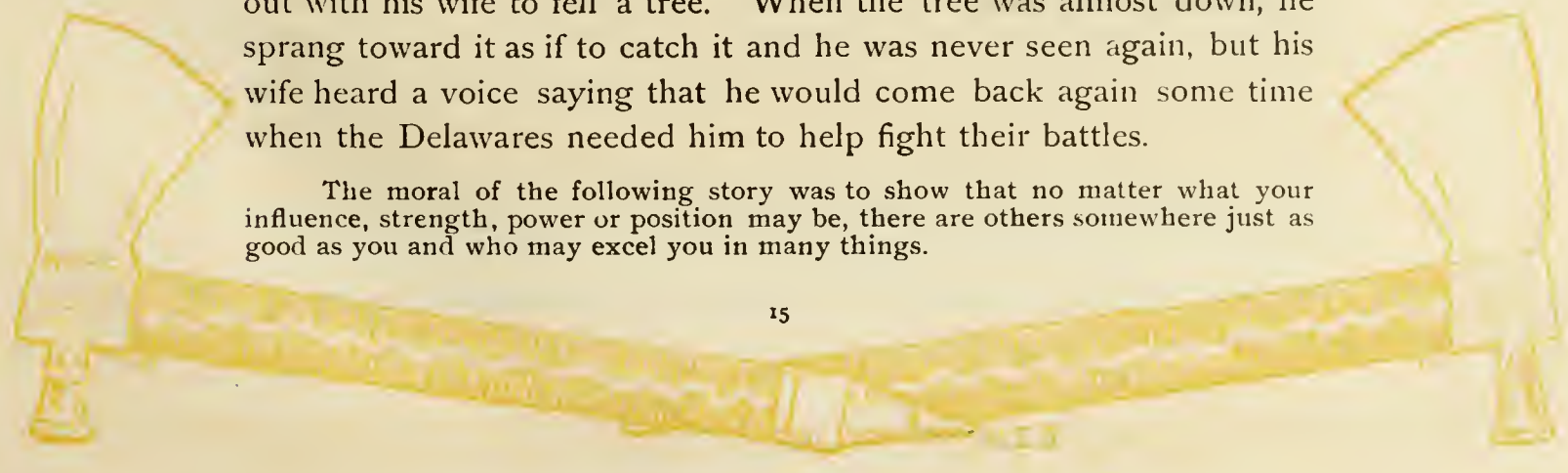


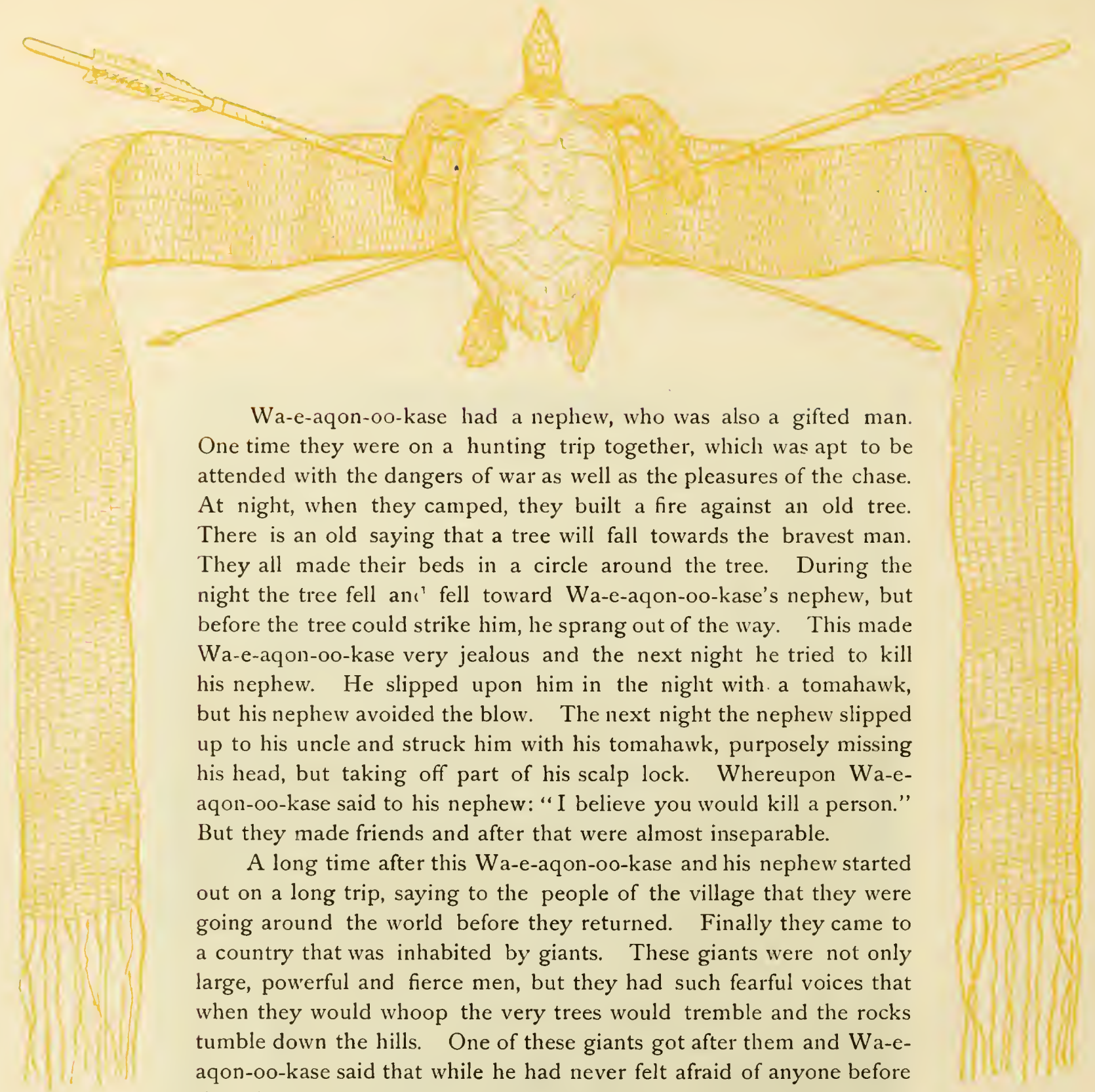
for it would say, "Haven't you told them I would do so? I did not want you to lie."

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

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

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





Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase had a nephew, who was also a gifted man. One time they were on a hunting trip together, which was apt to be attended with the dangers of war as well as the pleasures of the chase. At night, when they camped, they built a fire against an old tree. There is an old saying that a tree will fall towards the bravest man. They all made their beds in a circle around the tree. During the night the tree fell and fell toward Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase's nephew, but before the tree could strike him, he sprang out of the way. This made Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase very jealous and the next night he tried to kill his nephew. He slipped upon him in the night with a tomahawk, but his nephew avoided the blow. The next night the nephew slipped up to his uncle and struck him with his tomahawk, purposely missing his head, but taking off part of his scalp lock. Whereupon Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase said to his nephew: "I believe you would kill a person." But they made friends and after that were almost inseparable.

A long time after this Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase and his nephew started out on a long trip, saying to the people of the village that they were going around the world before they returned. Finally they came to a country that was inhabited by giants. These giants were not only large, powerful and fierce men, but they had such fearful voices that when they would whoop the very trees would tremble and the rocks tumble down the hills. One of these giants got after them and Wa-e-aqon-oo-kase said that while he had never felt afraid of anyone before that the sound of that war whoop froze the marrow in his bones and he could not have gotten away except for the aid of his nephew, who assisted him to jump from hill to hill and across rivers and plains until they finally escaped. After this they abandoned the trip and returned to the village.





A Delaware Indian Courtship

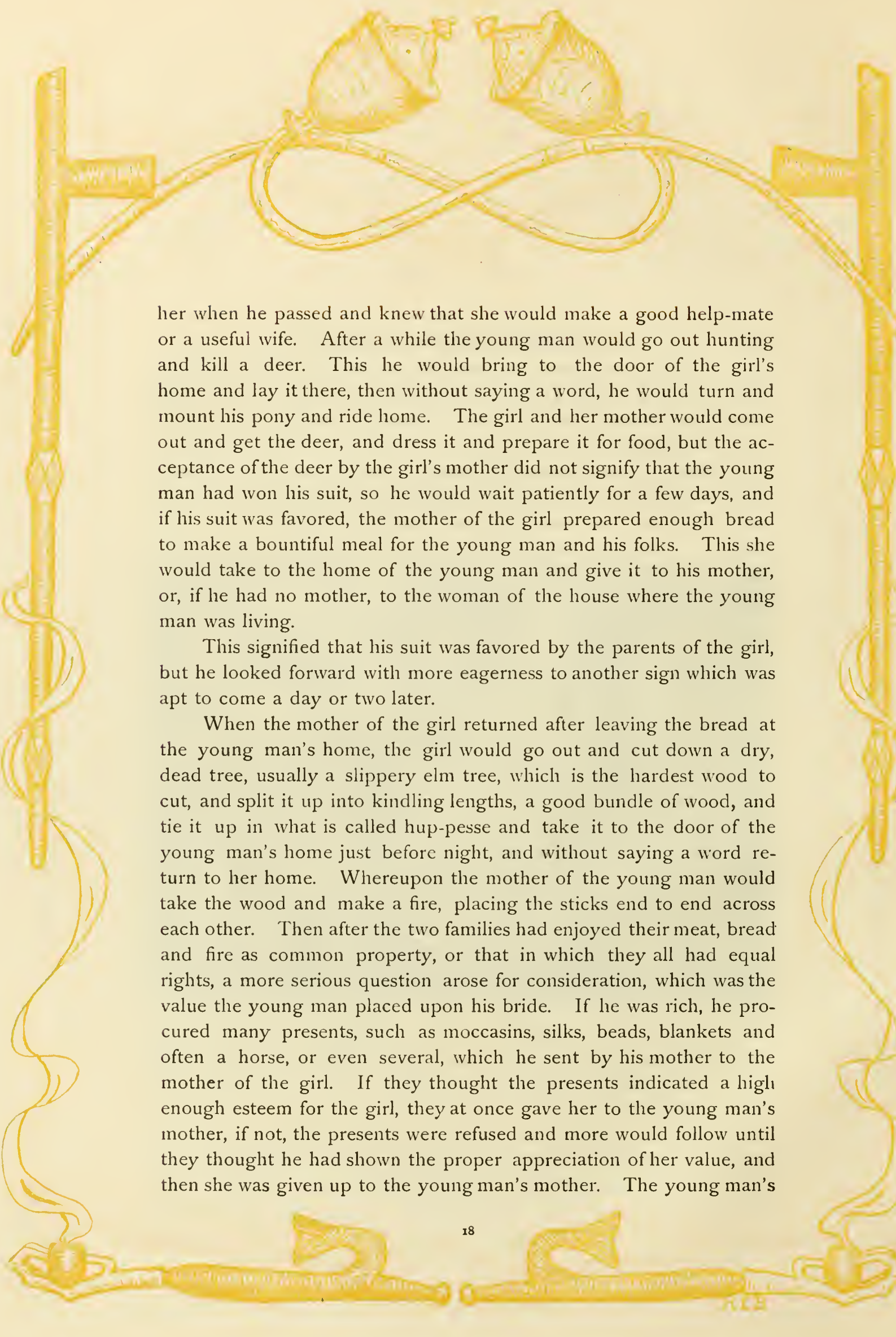
It may be interesting to know the manner in which a Delaware Indian courted and married his girl long ago. The following story was told by Mr. John Young, a full-blood Delaware Indian and now an old man, who says that when he was quite small this was the custom:

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



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

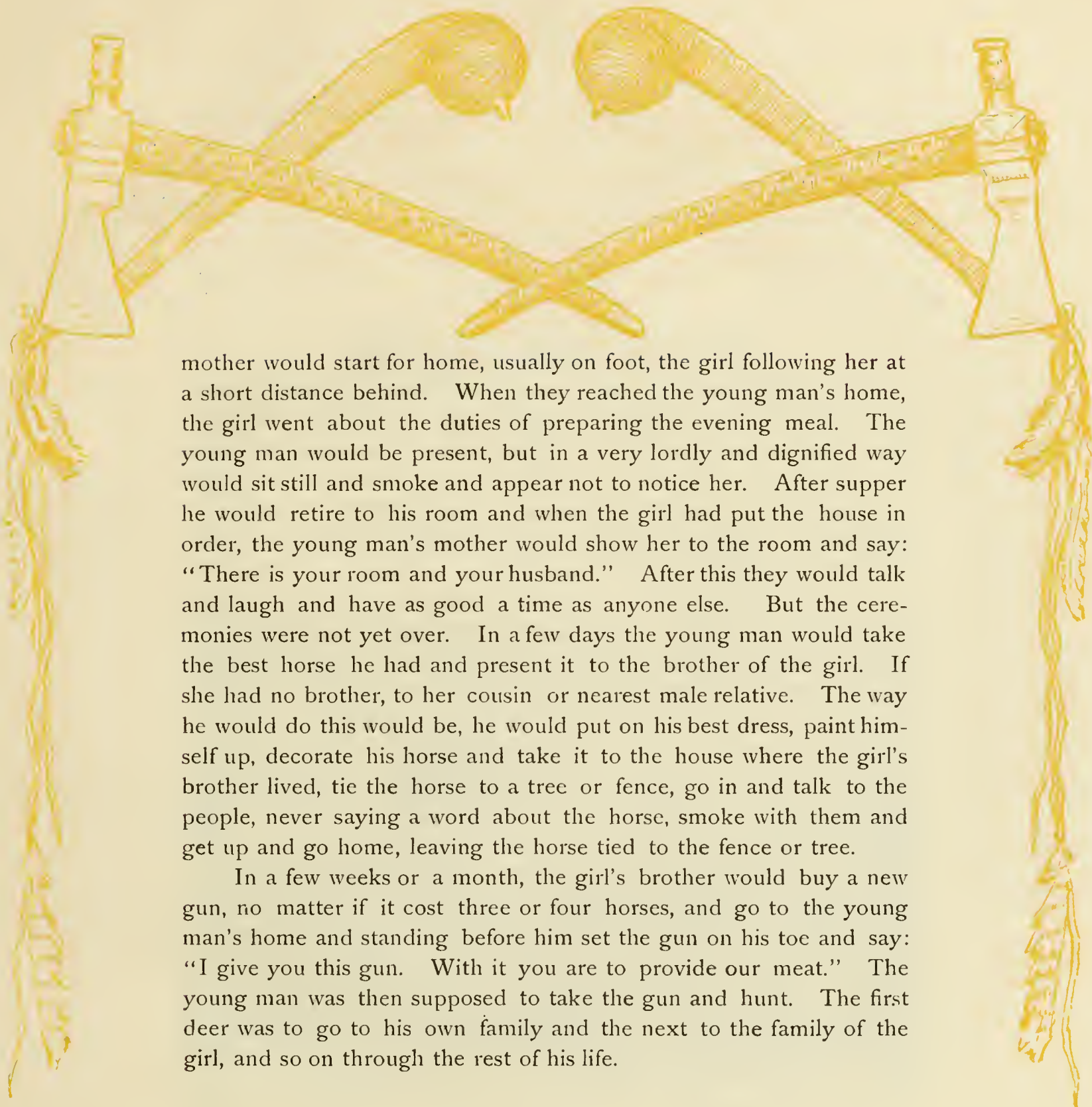
Of course the girl's people and she would know that the young man was in love with her, so the girl would soon watch for his coming, and, putting on her best appearance, would purposely be out getting wood, carrying in water or doing something else useful, so that he could see



her when he passed and knew that she would make a good help-mate or a useful wife. After a while the young man would go out hunting and kill a deer. This he would bring to the door of the girl's home and lay it there, then without saying a word, he would turn and mount his pony and ride home. The girl and her mother would come out and get the deer, and dress it and prepare it for food, but the acceptance of the deer by the girl's mother did not signify that the young man had won his suit, so he would wait patiently for a few days, and if his suit was favored, the mother of the girl prepared enough bread to make a bountiful meal for the young man and his folks. This she would take to the home of the young man and give it to his mother, or, if he had no mother, to the woman of the house where the young man was living.

This signified that his suit was favored by the parents of the girl, but he looked forward with more eagerness to another sign which was apt to come a day or two later.

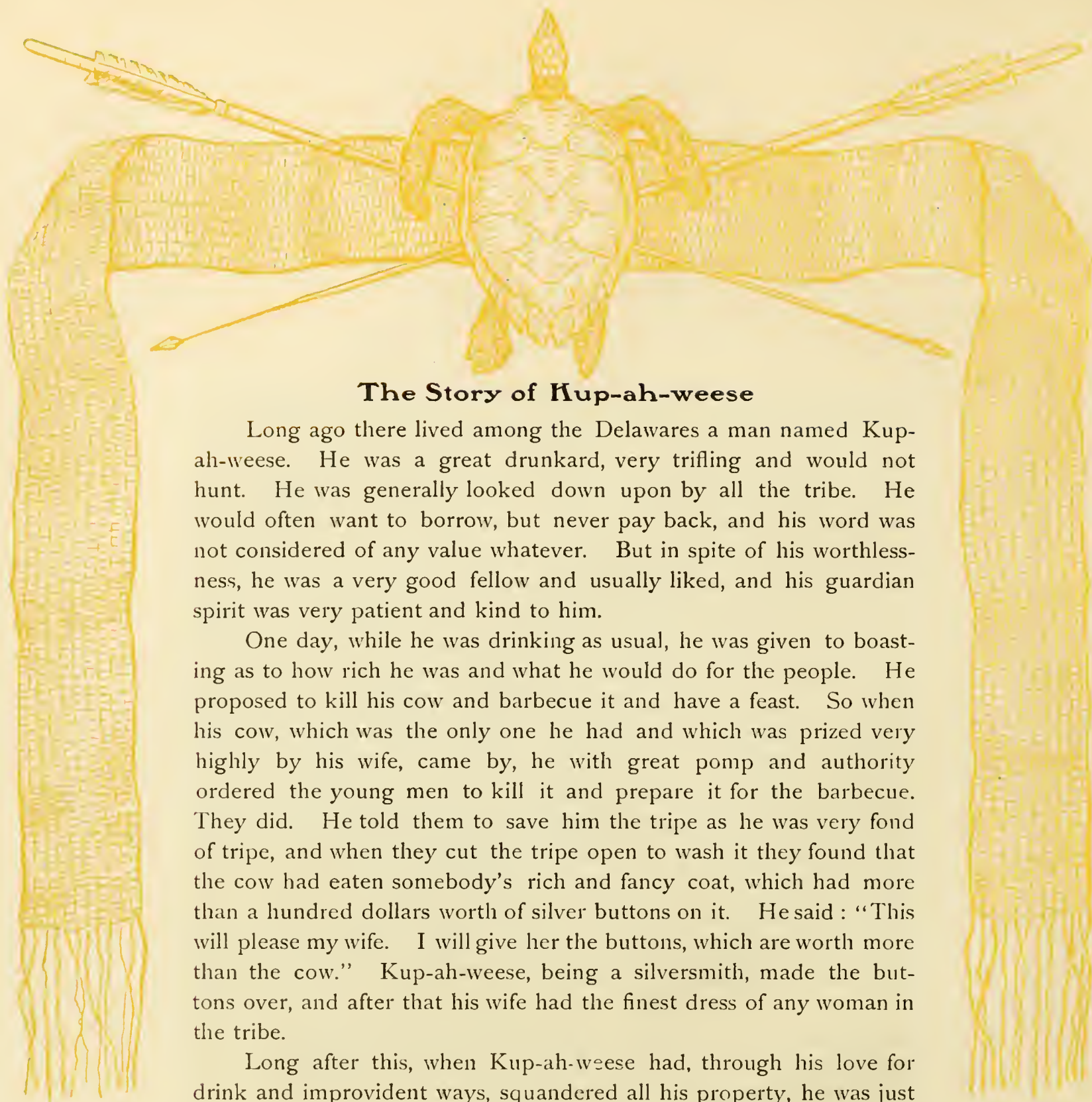
When the mother of the girl returned after leaving the bread at the young man's home, the girl would go out and cut down a dry, dead tree, usually a slippery elm tree, which is the hardest wood to cut, and split it up into kindling lengths, a good bundle of wood, and tie it up in what is called hup-pesse and take it to the door of the young man's home just before night, and without saying a word return to her home. Whereupon the mother of the young man would take the wood and make a fire, placing the sticks end to end across each other. Then after the two families had enjoyed their meat, bread and fire as common property, or that in which they all had equal rights, a more serious question arose for consideration, which was the value the young man placed upon his bride. If he was rich, he procured many presents, such as moccasins, silks, beads, blankets and often a horse, or even several, which he sent by his mother to the mother of the girl. If they thought the presents indicated a high enough esteem for the girl, they at once gave her to the young man's mother, if not, the presents were refused and more would follow until they thought he had shown the proper appreciation of her value, and then she was given up to the young man's mother. The young man's



mother would start for home, usually on foot, the girl following her at a short distance behind. When they reached the young man's home, the girl went about the duties of preparing the evening meal. The young man would be present, but in a very lordly and dignified way would sit still and smoke and appear not to notice her. After supper he would retire to his room and when the girl had put the house in order, the young man's mother would show her to the room and say: "There is your room and your husband." After this they would talk and laugh and have as good a time as anyone else. But the ceremonies were not yet over. In a few days the young man would take the best horse he had and present it to the brother of the girl. If she had no brother, to her cousin or nearest male relative. The way he would do this would be, he would put on his best dress, paint himself up, decorate his horse and take it to the house where the girl's brother lived, tie the horse to a tree or fence, go in and talk to the people, never saying a word about the horse, smoke with them and get up and go home, leaving the horse tied to the fence or tree.

In a few weeks or a month, the girl's brother would buy a new gun, no matter if it cost three or four horses, and go to the young man's home and standing before him set the gun on his toe and say: "I give you this gun. With it you are to provide our meat." The young man was then supposed to take the gun and hunt. The first deer was to go to his own family and the next to the family of the girl, and so on through the rest of his life.



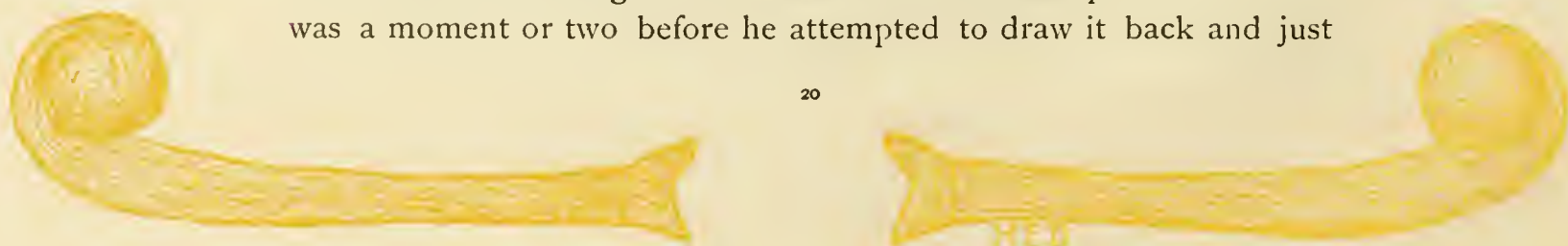


The Story of Kup-ah-weese

Long ago there lived among the Delawares a man named Kup-ah-weese. He was a great drunkard, very trifling and would not hunt. He was generally looked down upon by all the tribe. He would often want to borrow, but never pay back, and his word was not considered of any value whatever. But in spite of his worthlessness, he was a very good fellow and usually liked, and his guardian spirit was very patient and kind to him.

One day, while he was drinking as usual, he was given to boasting as to how rich he was and what he would do for the people. He proposed to kill his cow and barbecue it and have a feast. So when his cow, which was the only one he had and which was prized very highly by his wife, came by, he with great pomp and authority ordered the young men to kill it and prepare it for the barbecue. They did. He told them to save him the tripe as he was very fond of tripe, and when they cut the tripe open to wash it they found that the cow had eaten somebody's rich and fancy coat, which had more than a hundred dollars worth of silver buttons on it. He said: "This will please my wife. I will give her the buttons, which are worth more than the cow." Kup-ah-weese, being a silversmith, made the buttons over, and after that his wife had the finest dress of any woman in the tribe.

Long after this, when Kup-ah-weese had, through his love for drink and improvident ways, squandered all his property, he was just recovering from a spree and told his wife he would like very much to have some chicken soup. "Well," she said, "We haven't so much as got a chicken any more and nothing with which to buy one." Kup-ah-weese was very hungry and after meditating a little while on what to do and lamenting on his weakness, he finally decided to go and fish and see if he could catch a fish. So his wife got him his line and rod, and helped him catch some grasshoppers and he went to the river bank and sat down to fish. He sat there a long time in a stupor, almost asleep, when suddenly he thought he felt a bite. He jerked his rod with all his might and threw the line on the top of the hill. It was a moment or two before he attempted to draw it back and just

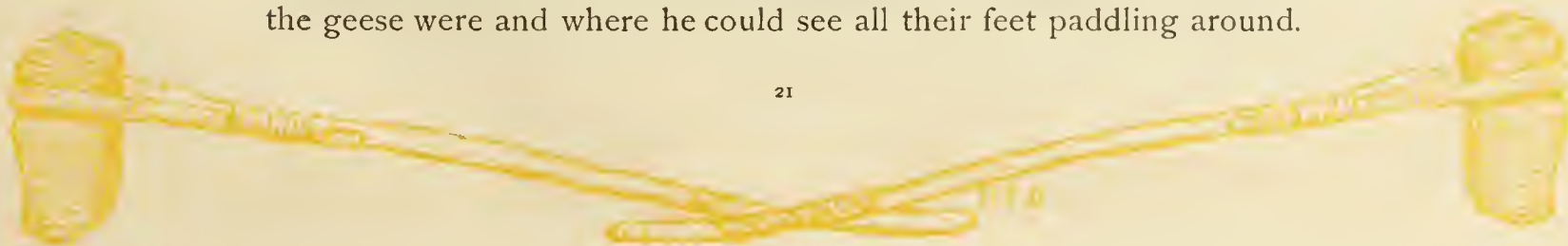




then he felt something tugging at the line with great violence. "Well," he thought, "I never knew a fish to pull on a line after it was out of the water." So holding on to his rod, he walked up the hill to see what was on the hook, the thing tugging away still with great violence. When he got to the top of the hill he was much surprised to see that a large turkey gobbler had swallowed the grasshopper and was caught on his hook, but as soon as he recovered from his surprise, he killed the turkey with a stick and started to dress it.



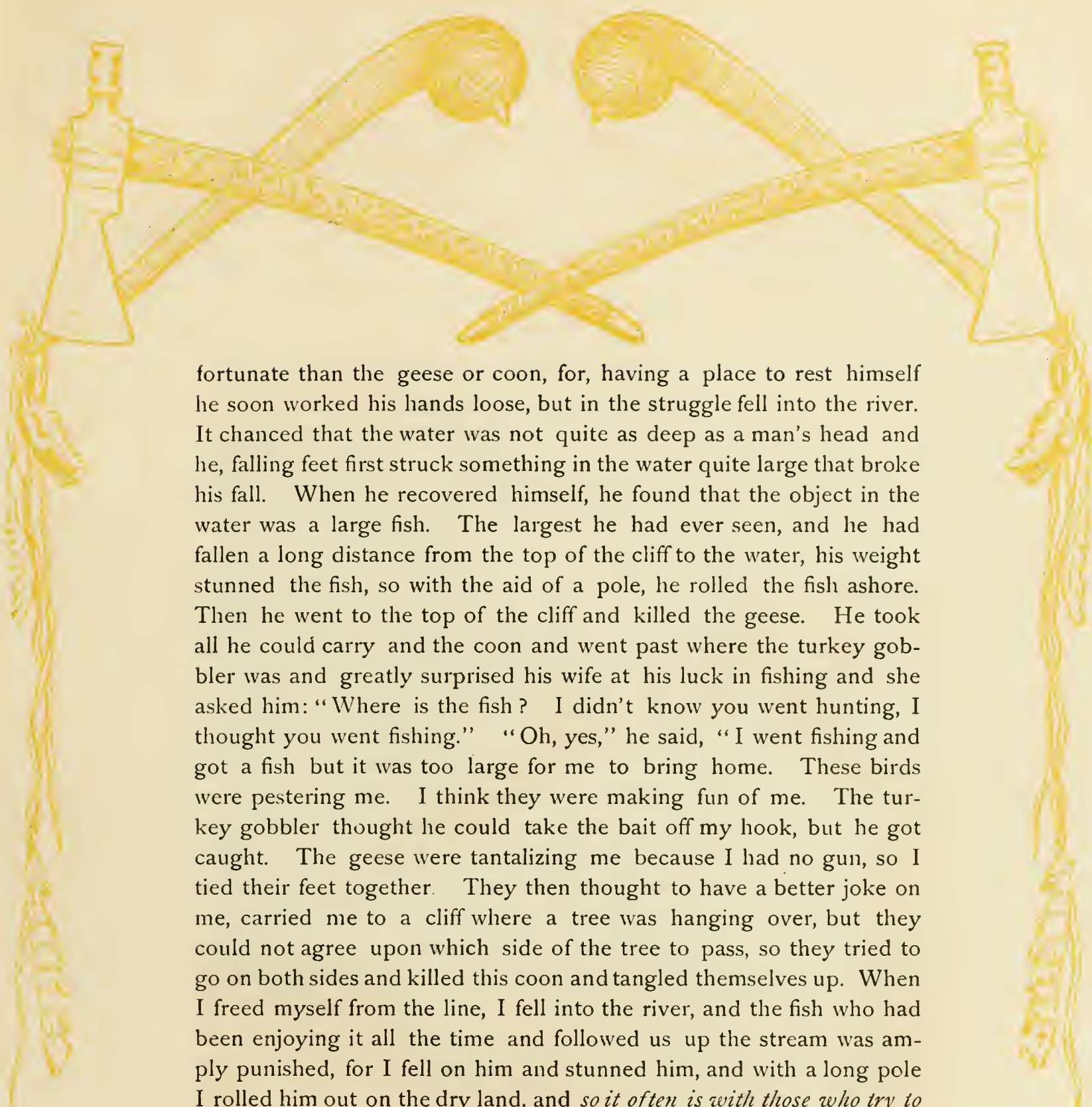
Just then he noticed a flock of geese, flying very low and towards him, so he lay down to watch them. He had neither gun nor bow and arrow with which to kill them, but still he watched them and they lit in the river right where he had been fishing. As he watched them, he wondered how he might get one of those geese. He thought: "Well I can dive well and stay under the water a long time. I will just take my fishing line and dive down in the water and tie one by the foot." He acted on his idea, slipped into the water easily, without making any noise and came nearly to the top of the water, where the geese were and where he could see all their feet paddling around.



He tied one, without any trouble, so he tied another and that one did not seem to notice it. Therefore he tied the third and fourth and so on until he got quite a number tied together. By this time he had to come up for breath and when the geese saw him, they became frightened and started to fly. He had his fingers hooked around the fishing line, near the centre of the string of geese. In rising up out of the water, they made a loop around his wrists and had him prisoner

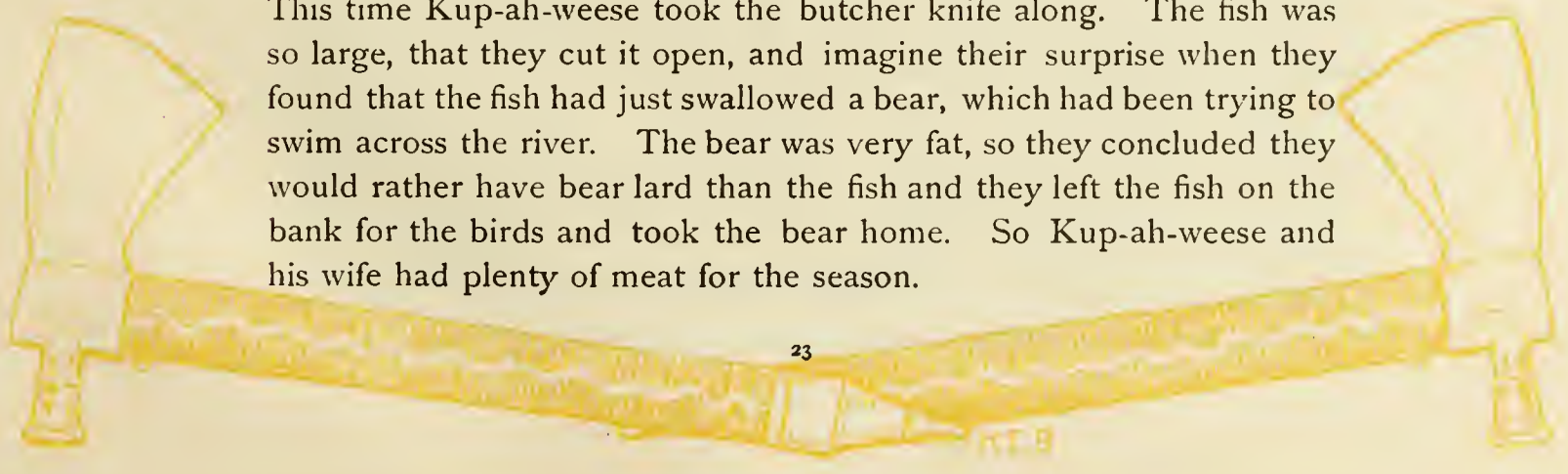


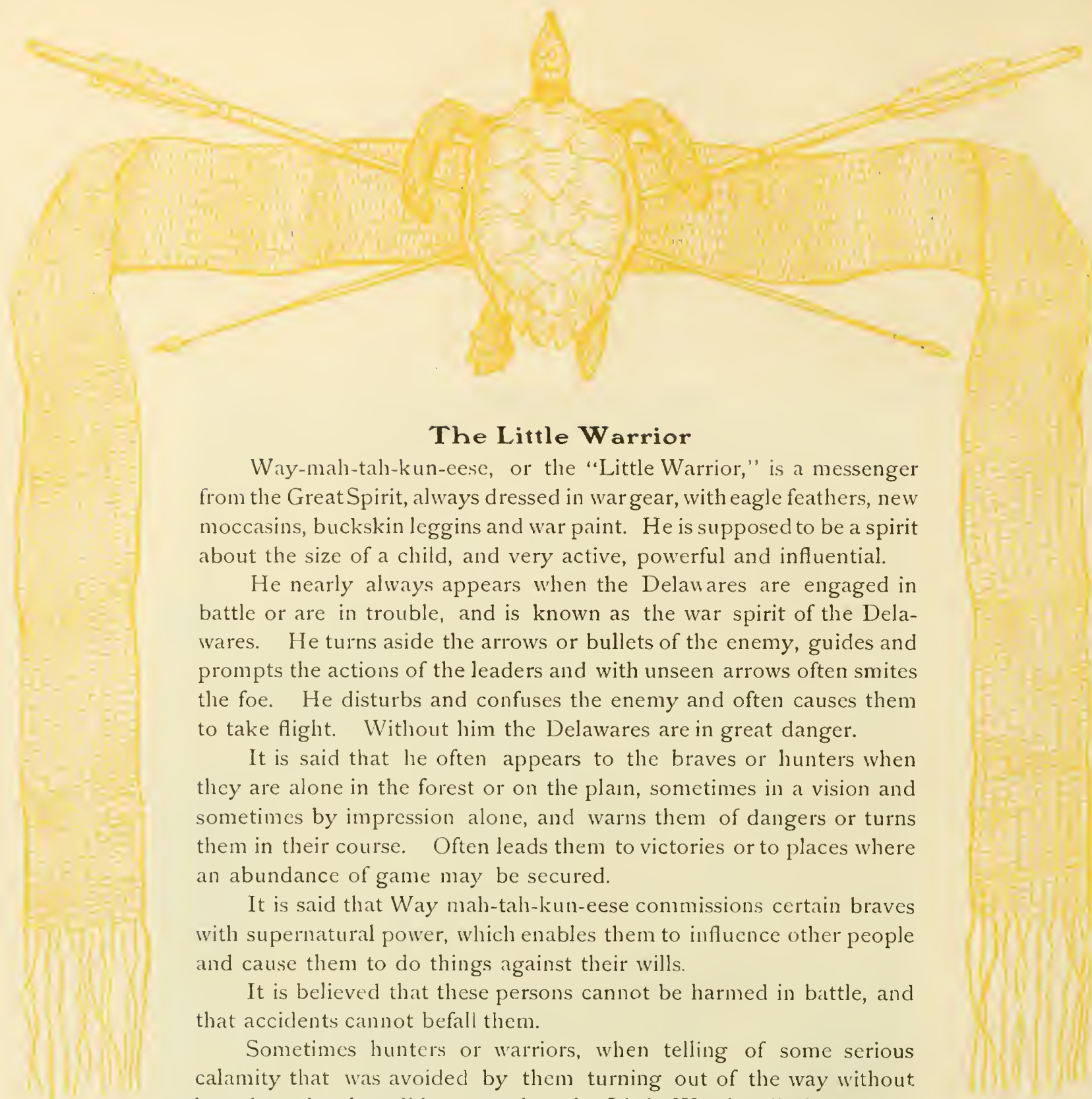
and started off with him. He thought: "Now for my greed, I am going to loose my life." Then he began calling on the Great Spirit to save him, but the geese flew on up the river until he was above the tree tops. He saw that they were taking him toward the point of a cliff. From this cliff a tree projected over the river. Part of the geese flew under and part over the tree, and of course, being tied together, became tangled on the limb. It happened that on top of this limb a coon was sunning himself. The string of geese tied the coon to the tree and their weight soon strangled him, but Kup-ah-weese was more



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

So Kup-ah-weese and his wife went to where he left the fish. This time Kup-ah-weese took the butcher knife along. The fish was so large, that they cut it open, and imagine their surprise when they found that the fish had just swallowed a bear, which had been trying to swim across the river. The bear was very fat, so they concluded they would rather have bear lard than the fish and they left the fish on the bank for the birds and took the bear home. So Kup-ah-weese and his wife had plenty of meat for the season.





The Little Warrior

Way-mah-tah-kun-ee-se, or the "Little Warrior," is a messenger from the Great Spirit, always dressed in war gear, with eagle feathers, new moccasins, buckskin leggins and war paint. He is supposed to be a spirit about the size of a child, and very active, powerful and influential.

He nearly always appears when the Delawares are engaged in battle or are in trouble, and is known as the war spirit of the Delawares. He turns aside the arrows or bullets of the enemy, guides and prompts the actions of the leaders and with unseen arrows often smites the foe. He disturbs and confuses the enemy and often causes them to take flight. Without him the Delawares are in great danger.

It is said that he often appears to the braves or hunters when they are alone in the forest or on the plain, sometimes in a vision and sometimes by impression alone, and warns them of dangers or turns them in their course. Often leads them to victories or to places where an abundance of game may be secured.

It is said that Way mah-tah-kun-ee-se commissions certain braves with supernatural power, which enables them to influence other people and cause them to do things against their wills.

It is believed that these persons cannot be harmed in battle, and that accidents cannot befall them.

Sometimes hunters or warriors, when telling of some serious calamity that was avoided by them turning out of the way without knowing why they did so, say that the Little Warrior did it.

Many stories are told of persons who were guarded by Way-mah-tah-kun-ee-se. One story is told of Thomas Hill, a Delaware Indian, who performed many daring deeds. Once during the Mexican war he was out with a party of Federal scouts somewhere in Mexico, and was surrounded by a large number of Mexican soldiers. He instructed the men to hurriedly erect a circular fortification of sand and behind this they fought the Mexicans until dark when he cautiously sprang from the embankment; killed one of the Mexican soldiers who had a horse, and mounted the horse and went for relief, which came in time to rescue the party left in the sand fort. He was rewarded for his act of bravery with a silver tomahawk, presented to him by T. B. Reading. This tomahawk is today in possession of the Delawares.



Schooling of the Braves

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

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

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

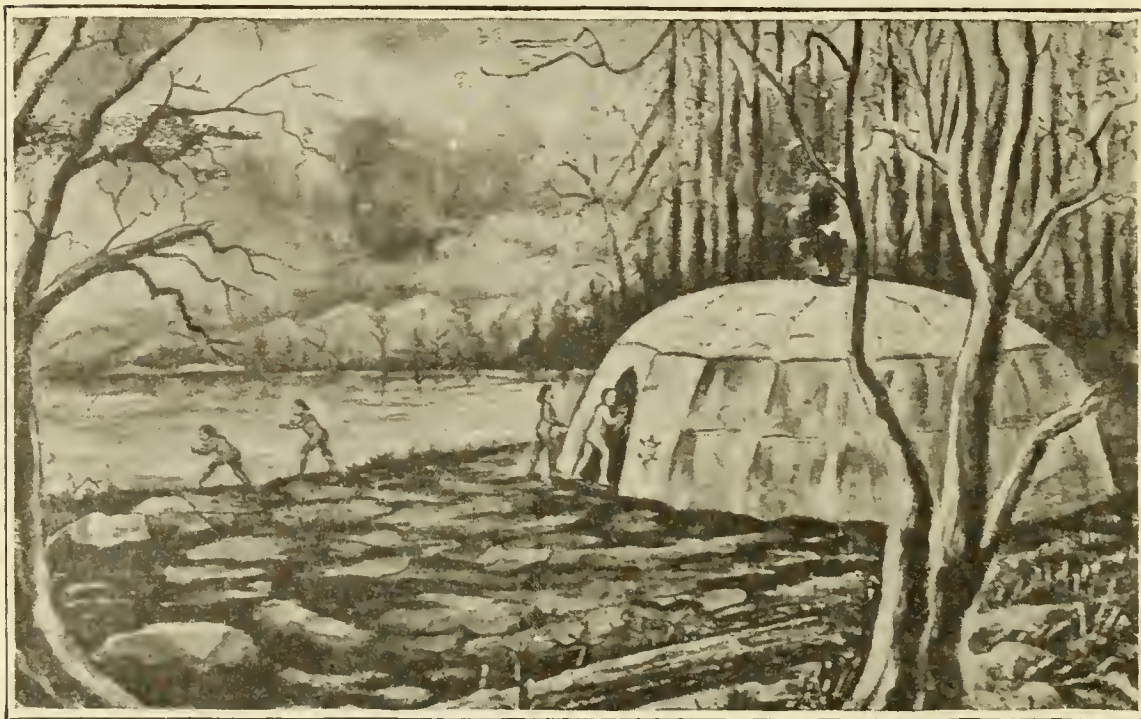
Two women were elected to prepare corn into meal to be used for bread for the boys, but those women were not allowed to do the cooking.

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

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

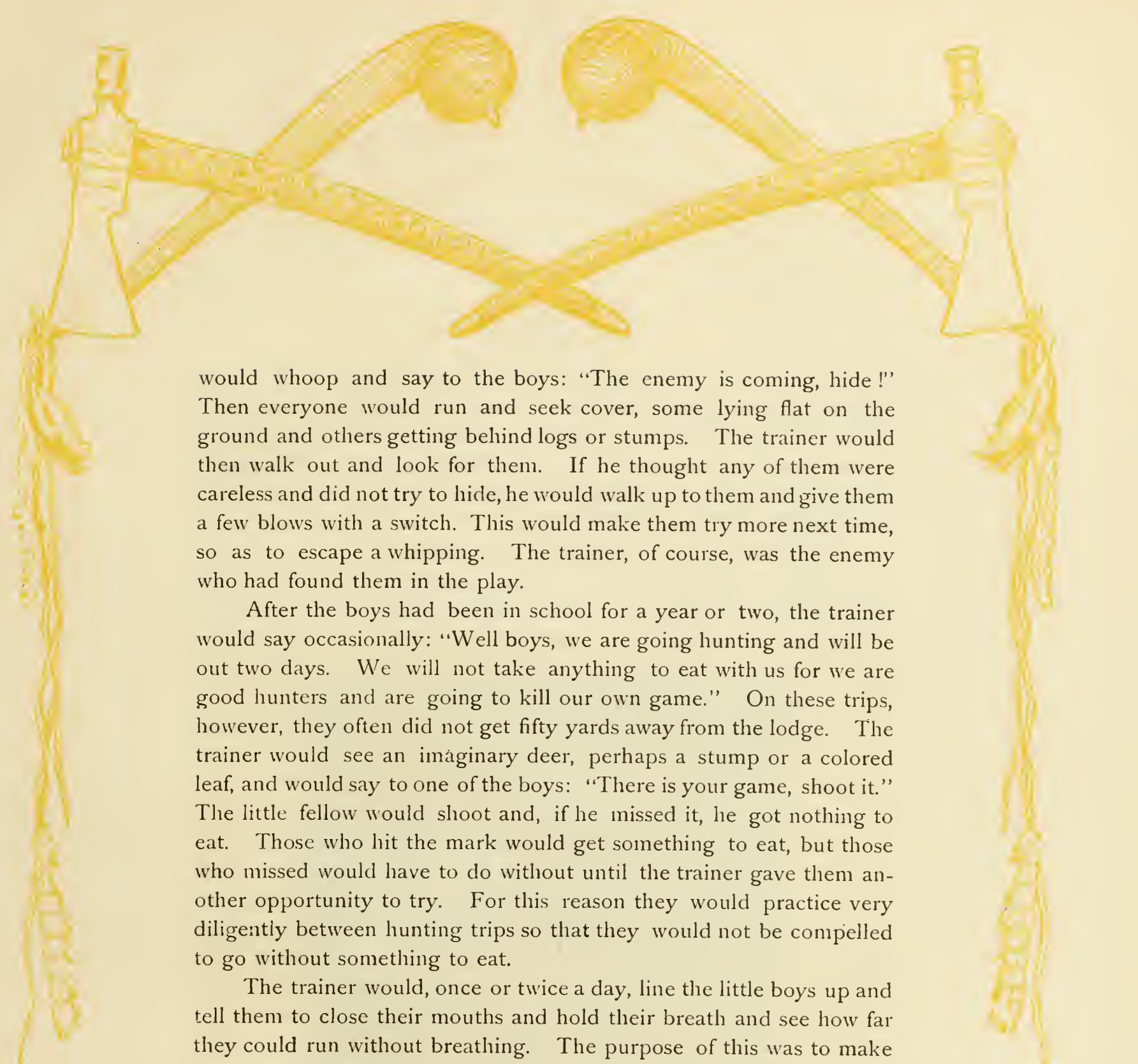
the piece that fell on the ground, but after the meal was over, the little boys would take the pieces of bread and practice tossing and catching them until they became quite expert. They did this because they did not want to lose a meal.

In the morning before breakfast and before the boys dressed, the trainer would open the door, which faced the river, and start them out in pairs, naked, to the river no matter what the weather was, warm or cold. The little fellows would run and take a plunge into



the water, and, if the weather was cold, hustle back into the lodge as fast as they could and the trainer would wipe them and rub them down briskly until they were warm. Then they would dress themselves and two more would take their turn. This was to make them healthy and hearty and keep them clean.

They were then given a bow and two arrows each and taught to shoot, or spears and taught to throw. Next they were taught to hide on ground under leaves or behind logs, anyway they chose so that they could not be found, and to make them expert at this, the trainer

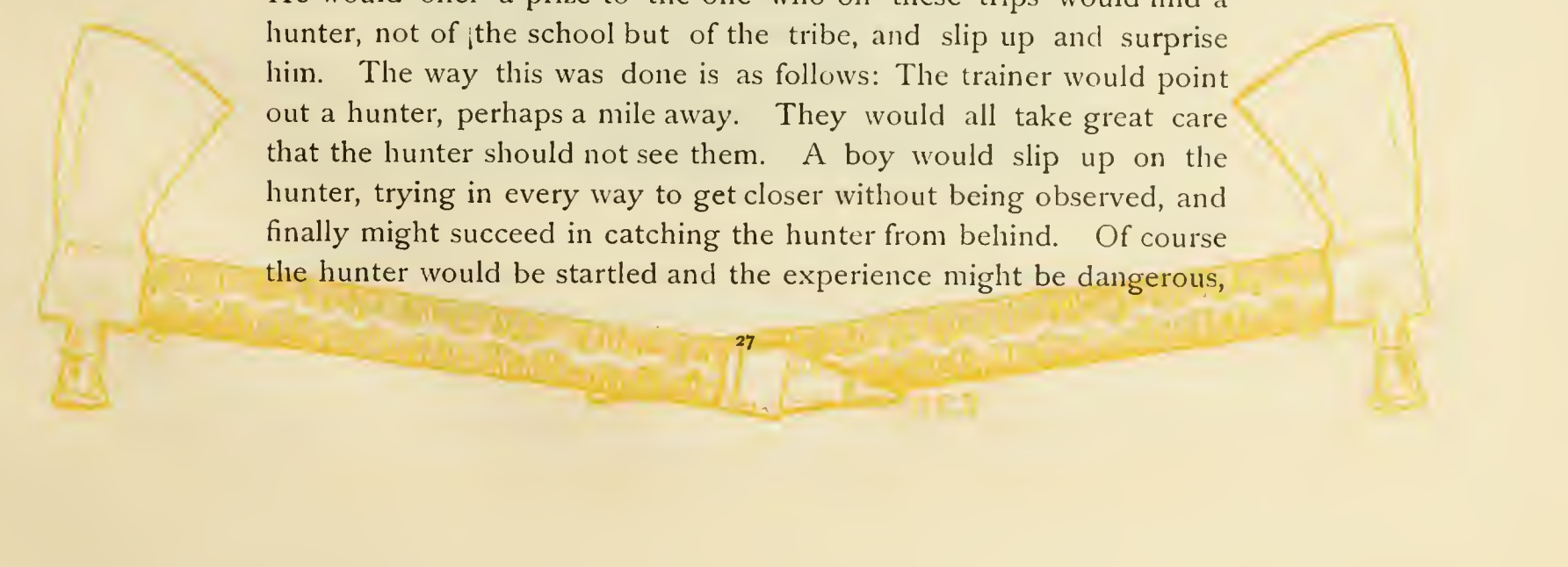


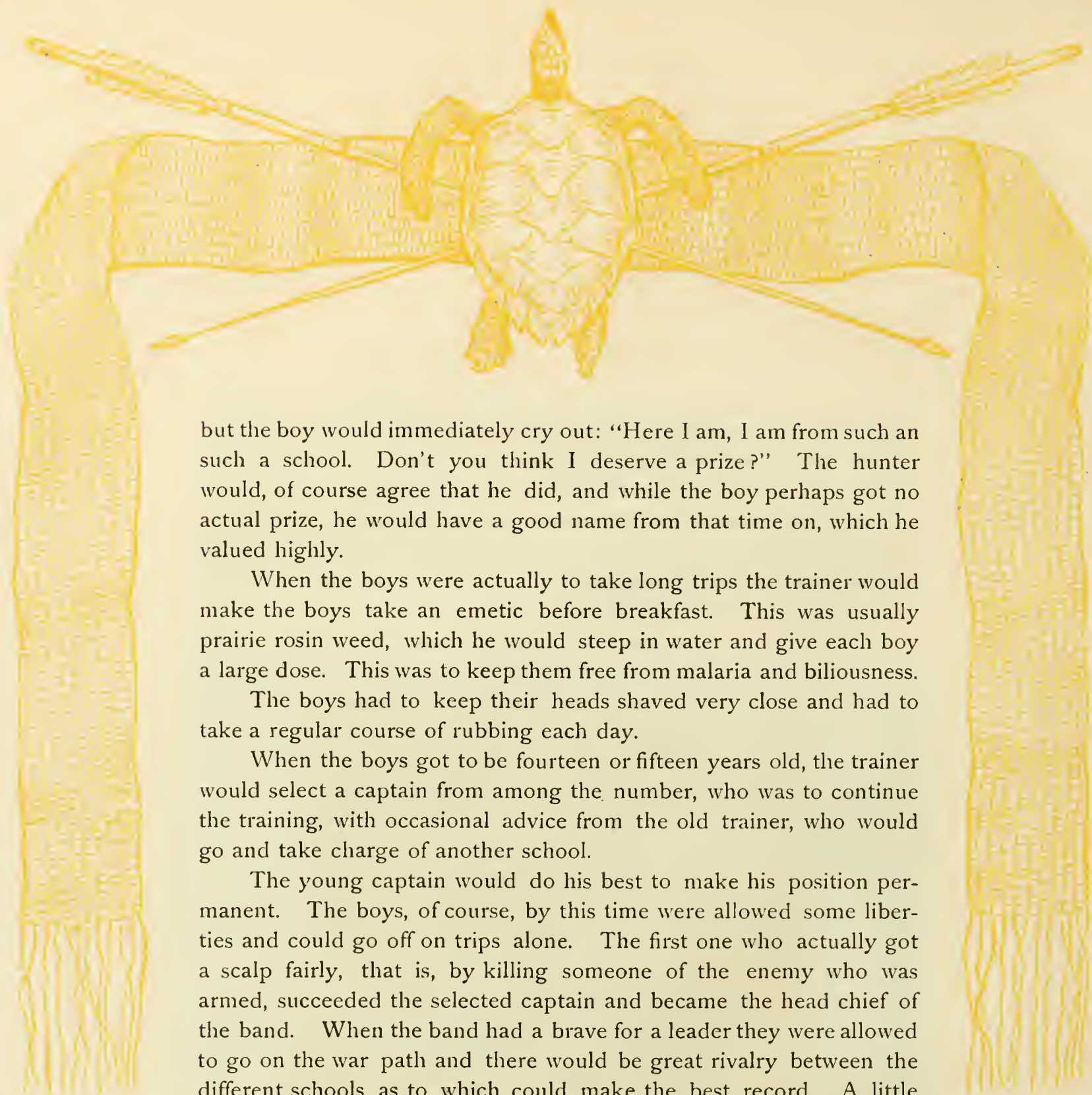
would whoop and say to the boys: "The enemy is coming, hide!" Then everyone would run and seek cover, some lying flat on the ground and others getting behind logs or stumps. The trainer would then walk out and look for them. If he thought any of them were careless and did not try to hide, he would walk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

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

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

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





but the boy would immediately cry out: "Here I am, I am from such an such a school. Don't you think I deserve a prize?" The hunter would, of course agree that he did, and while the boy perhaps got no actual prize, he would have a good name from that time on, which he valued highly.

When the boys were actually to take long trips the trainer would make the boys take an emetic before breakfast. This was usually prairie rosin weed, which he would steep in water and give each boy a large dose. This was to keep them free from malaria and biliousness.

The boys had to keep their heads shaved very close and had to take a regular course of rubbing each day.

When the boys got to be fourteen or fifteen years old, the trainer would select a captain from among the number, who was to continue the training, with occasional advice from the old trainer, who would go and take charge of another school.

The young captain would do his best to make his position permanent. The boys, of course, by this time were allowed some liberties and could go off on trips alone. The first one who actually got a scalp fairly, that is, by killing someone of the enemy who was armed, succeeded the selected captain and became the head chief of the band. When the band had a brave for a leader they were allowed to go on the war path and there would be great rivalry between the different schools as to which could make the best record. A little band of braves from a school would start out to the enemy's country, nearly always without saying anything to the rest of the tribe about where they were going, and when they would reach the enemy's country would contrive in some way to decoy some of the enemy away from their village. This was generally done by taking the enemy's best horse, which would be tied near the centre of the village, and, leading the horse about as if he had wandered away, finally taking him to about three-quarters of a day's journey from the village and leaving him in some convenient place for the enemy to come in search of him.

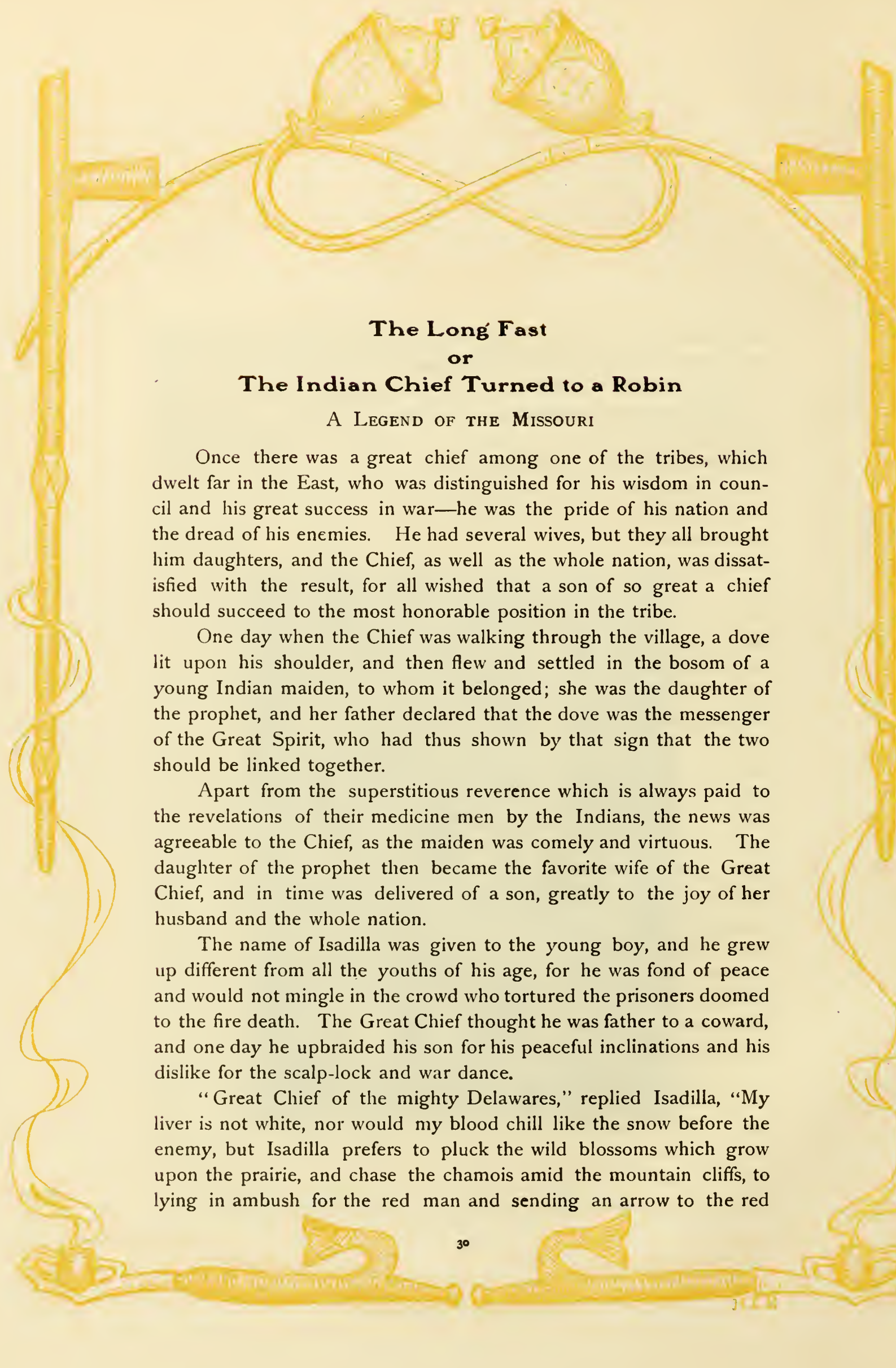
The boys would all get in ambush near the horse and when the enemy would come they would surprise them and kill as many as pos-



sible and return to their own country with scalps and the horse. If the parties were about even in number, or the enemy was of greater number, the honor was larger for the boys.

After this the band were all full-fledged warriors, ready to take part in the councils of the tribe and to deliberate on war, and the one who got the first scalp was to remain the head chief of the little band.





The Long Fast or The Indian Chief Turned to a Robin

A LEGEND OF THE MISSOURI

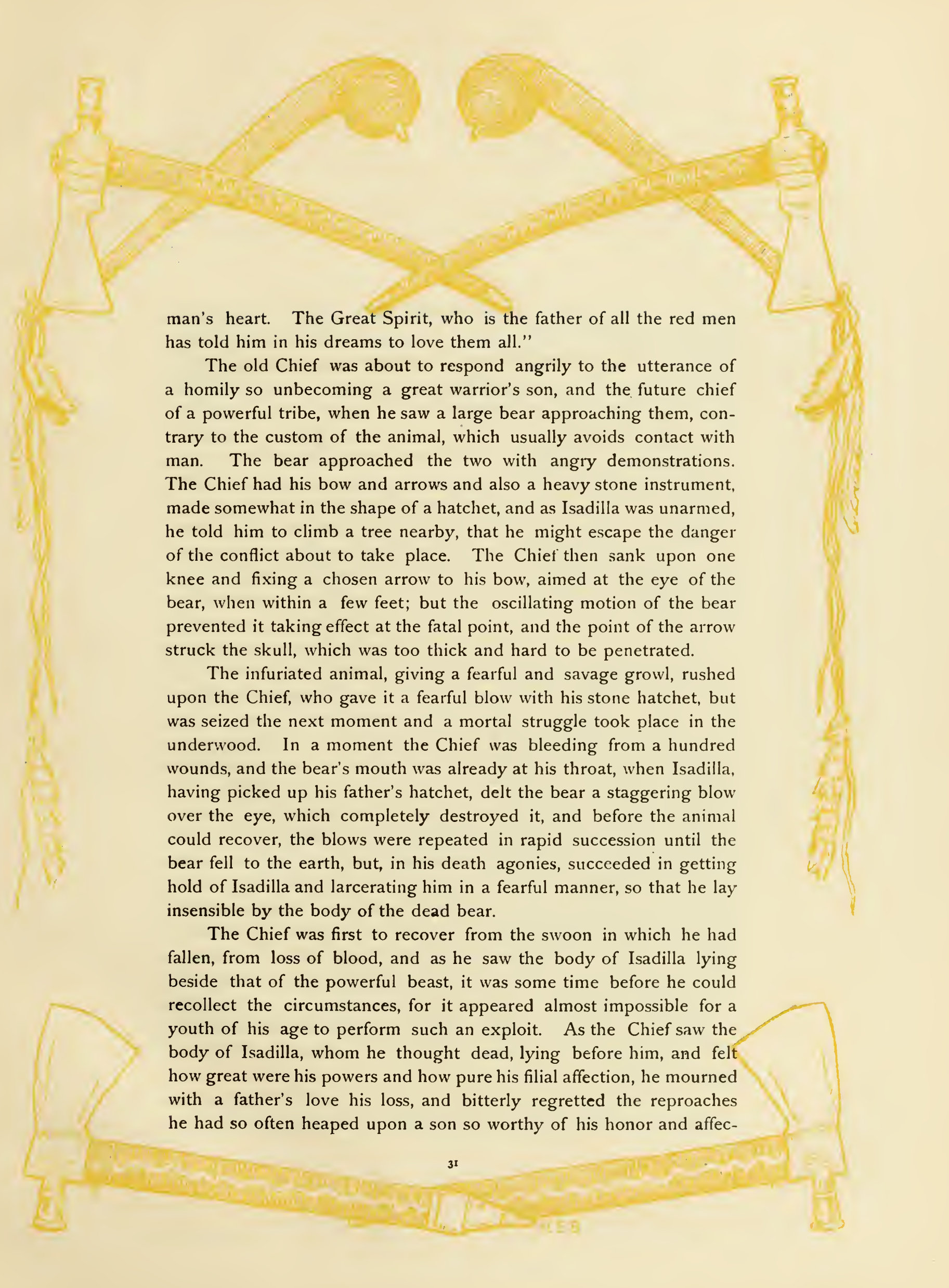
Once there was a great chief among one of the tribes, which dwelt far in the East, who was distinguished for his wisdom in council and his great success in war—he was the pride of his nation and the dread of his enemies. He had several wives, but they all brought him daughters, and the Chief, as well as the whole nation, was dissatisfied with the result, for all wished that a son of so great a chief should succeed to the most honorable position in the tribe.

One day when the Chief was walking through the village, a dove lit upon his shoulder, and then flew and settled in the bosom of a young Indian maiden, to whom it belonged; she was the daughter of the prophet, and her father declared that the dove was the messenger of the Great Spirit, who had thus shown by that sign that the two should be linked together.

Apart from the superstitious reverence which is always paid to the revelations of their medicine men by the Indians, the news was agreeable to the Chief, as the maiden was comely and virtuous. The daughter of the prophet then became the favorite wife of the Great Chief, and in time was delivered of a son, greatly to the joy of her husband and the whole nation.

The name of Isadilla was given to the young boy, and he grew up different from all the youths of his age, for he was fond of peace and would not mingle in the crowd who tortured the prisoners doomed to the fire death. The Great Chief thought he was father to a coward, and one day he upbraided his son for his peaceful inclinations and his dislike for the scalp-lock and war dance.

“Great Chief of the mighty Delawares,” replied Isadilla, “My liver is not white, nor would my blood chill like the snow before the enemy, but Isadilla prefers to pluck the wild blossoms which grow upon the prairie, and chase the chamois amid the mountain cliffs, to lying in ambush for the red man and sending an arrow to the red

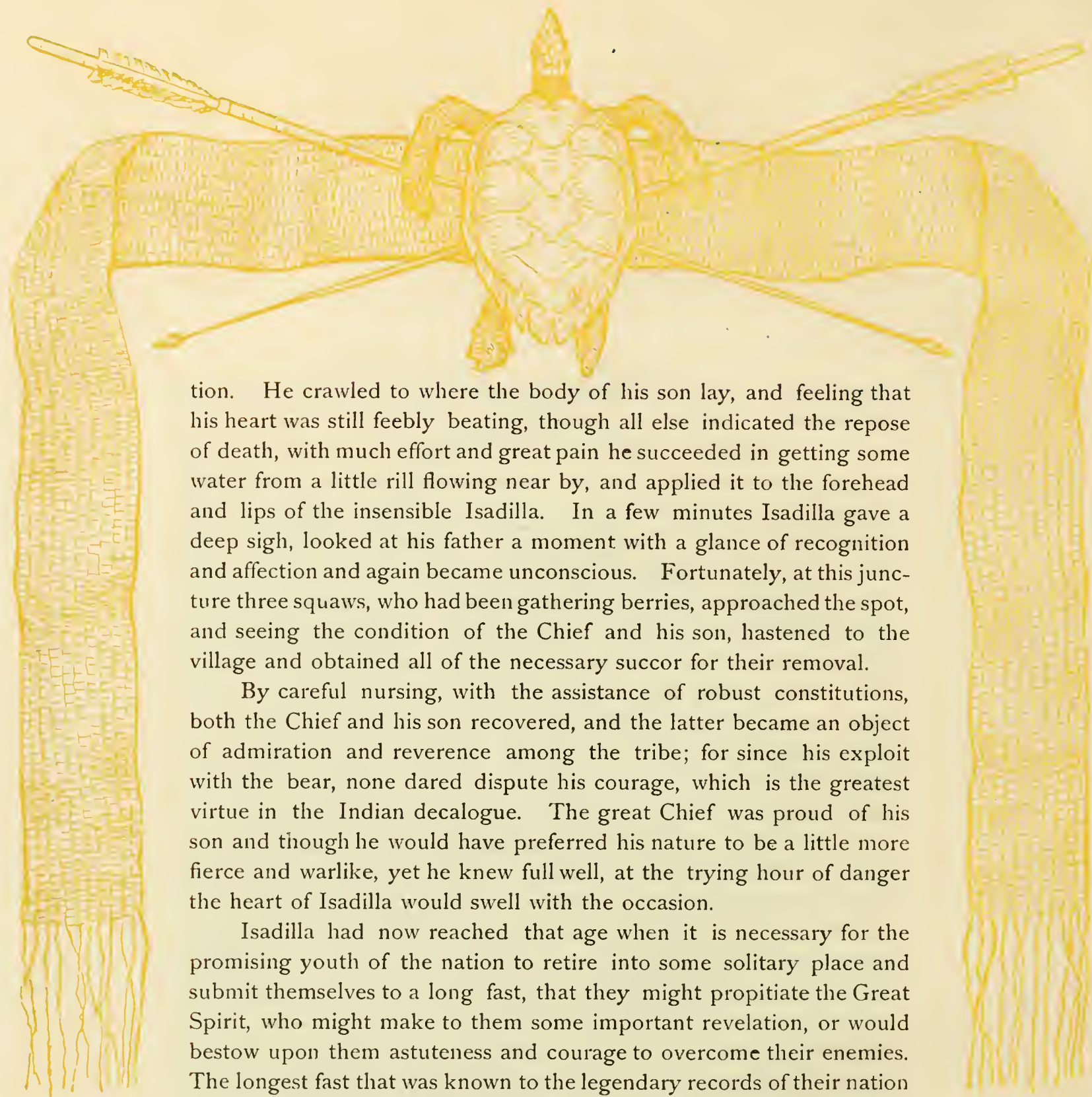


man's heart. The Great Spirit, who is the father of all the red men has told him in his dreams to love them all."

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

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

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

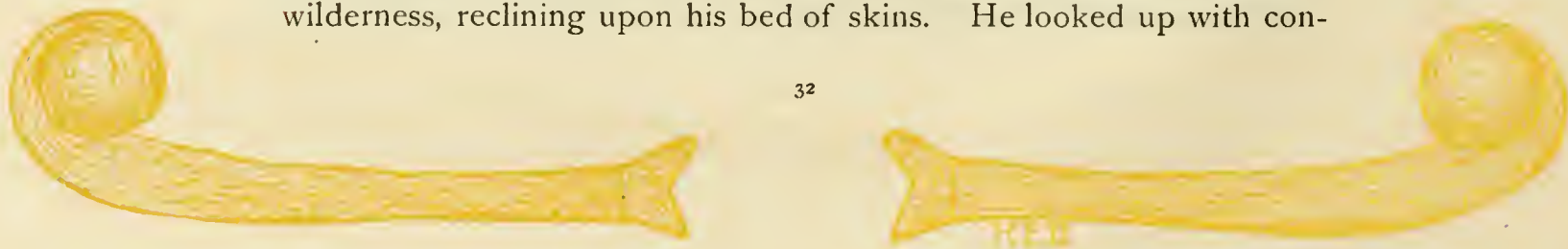


tion. He crawled to where the body of his son lay, and feeling that his heart was still feebly beating, though all else indicated the repose of death, with much effort and great pain he succeeded in getting some water from a little rill flowing near by, and applied it to the forehead and lips of the insensible Isadilla. In a few minutes Isadilla gave a deep sigh, looked at his father a moment with a glance of recognition and affection and again became unconscious. Fortunately, at this juncture three squaws, who had been gathering berries, approached the spot, and seeing the condition of the Chief and his son, hastened to the village and obtained all of the necessary succor for their removal.

By careful nursing, with the assistance of robust constitutions, both the Chief and his son recovered, and the latter became an object of admiration and reverence among the tribe; for since his exploit with the bear, none dared dispute his courage, which is the greatest virtue in the Indian decalogue. The great Chief was proud of his son and though he would have preferred his nature to be a little more fierce and warlike, yet he knew full well, at the trying hour of danger the heart of Isadilla would swell with the occasion.

Isadilla had now reached that age when it is necessary for the promising youth of the nation to retire into some solitary place and submit themselves to a long fast, that they might propitiate the Great Spirit, who might make to them some important revelation, or would bestow upon them astuteness and courage to overcome their enemies. The longest fast that was known to the legendary records of their nation was the space of nine days; several ambitious youths had gone somewhat beyond that point, but never survived the attempt. The great Chief of the Delawares had determined that his son, so noble, generous and brave, should fast for twelve days, thereby showing his supremacy in everything, and giving him a greater claim to the blessing and protection of the Great Spirit. He built a little lodge in the wilderness, and furnished it with buffalo skins, on which Isadilla should lie during the hours of his trials and penance, that his vitality might not be drawn upon by exercise or exposure.

The time came and Isadilla was alone in his little lodge in the wilderness, reclining upon his bed of skins. He looked up with con-





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

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

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

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

M. HOPEWELL,
London, 1874.



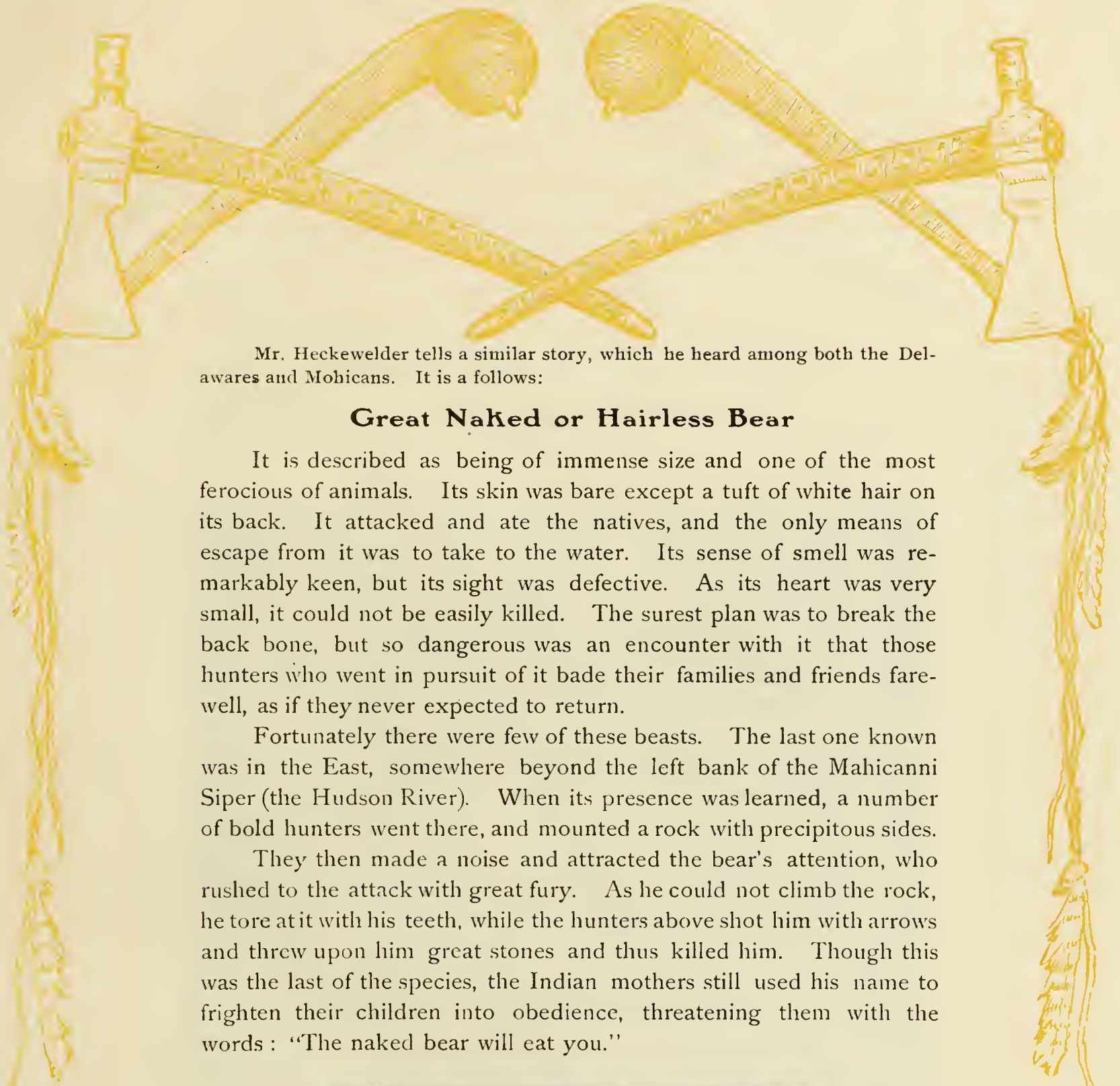
The Legend of the Great Bear

The great bear was supposed to be the king or grandfather of all bears. His home was in the Alleghany mountains. He was very swift, ferocious and a great traveler, and all animals were afraid of him. He was a constant terror to the hunters, and often, to frighten children when they were disobedient, they were told the great bear would catch them. This great bear was finally wounded in a battle with the mastodon, and the Great Spirit appeared to a brave and mighty hunter and told him that if he would secure the tusks of this great bear, it would act as a magic in the case of sickness or in case anyone was wounded among the Delawares, so the hunter followed the great bear, after the battle, over several mountains and finally found it sleeping on the edge of a high precipice or cliff.

The bear was several times larger than any other bear. Its tusks were several inches long. The hunter of course knew that he could not kill the great bear, but the Great Spirit told him that the tusk was loose, as it had been partly broken in the fight, and that he might slip up to the great bear while it was asleep and pull the tusk out. This he did, but pulling the tusk awakened the bear. The hunter was obliged to jump down the precipice. A cedar tree broke his fall and he got away from the great bear with his trophy, the tusk, in safety.

This tusk is said to have been kept among the Delawares a great many hundred years and handed down from generation to generation, and certain of them yet have a great deal of faith in its magic power.





Mr. Heckewelder tells a similar story, which he heard among both the Delawares and Mohicans. It is as follows:

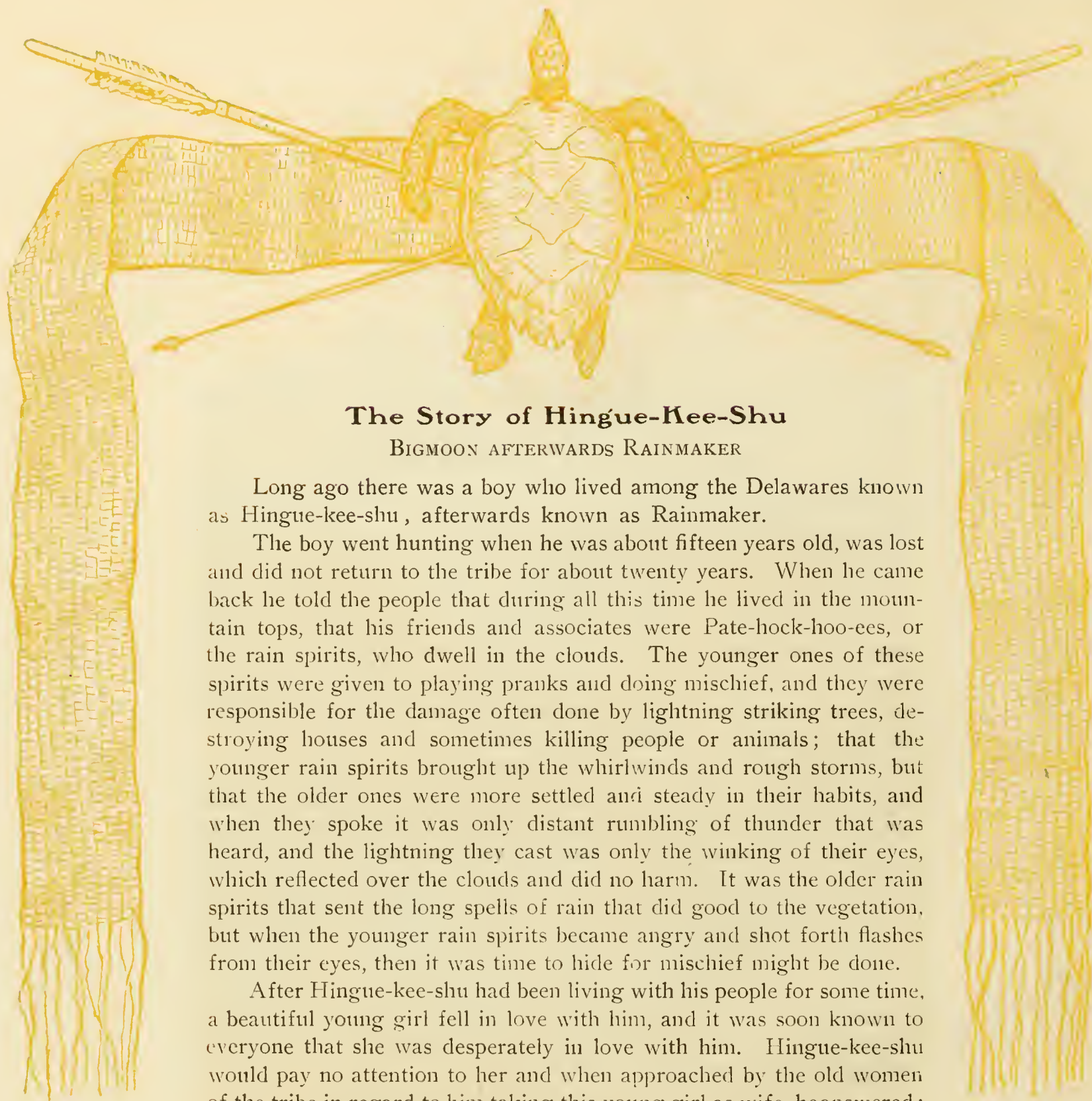
Great Naked or Hairless Bear

It is described as being of immense size and one of the most ferocious of animals. Its skin was bare except a tuft of white hair on its back. It attacked and ate the natives, and the only means of escape from it was to take to the water. Its sense of smell was remarkably keen, but its sight was defective. As its heart was very small, it could not be easily killed. The surest plan was to break the back bone, but so dangerous was an encounter with it that those hunters who went in pursuit of it bade their families and friends farewell, as if they never expected to return.

Fortunately there were few of these beasts. The last one known was in the East, somewhere beyond the left bank of the Mahicanni Siper (the Hudson River). When its presence was learned, a number of bold hunters went there, and mounted a rock with precipitous sides.

They then made a noise and attracted the bear's attention, who rushed to the attack with great fury. As he could not climb the rock, he tore at it with his teeth, while the hunters above shot him with arrows and threw upon him great stones and thus killed him. Though this was the last of the species, the Indian mothers still used his name to frighten their children into obedience, threatening them with the words: "The naked bear will eat you."





The Story of Hingue-Kee-Shu

BIGMOON AFTERWARDS RAINMAKER

Long ago there was a boy who lived among the Delawares known as Hingue-kee-shu, afterwards known as Rainmaker.

The boy went hunting when he was about fifteen years old, was lost and did not return to the tribe for about twenty years. When he came back he told the people that during all this time he lived in the mountain tops, that his friends and associates were Pate-hock-hoo-ees, or the rain spirits, who dwell in the clouds. The younger ones of these spirits were given to playing pranks and doing mischief, and they were responsible for the damage often done by lightning striking trees, destroying houses and sometimes killing people or animals; that the younger rain spirits brought up the whirlwinds and rough storms, but that the older ones were more settled and steady in their habits, and when they spoke it was only distant rumbling of thunder that was heard, and the lightning they cast was only the winking of their eyes, which reflected over the clouds and did no harm. It was the older rain spirits that sent the long spells of rain that did good to the vegetation, but when the younger rain spirits became angry and shot forth flashes from their eyes, then it was time to hide for mischief might be done.

After Hingue-kee-shu had been living with his people for some time, a beautiful young girl fell in love with him, and it was soon known to everyone that she was desperately in love with him. Hingue-kee-shu would pay no attention to her and when approached by the old women of the tribe in regard to him taking this young girl as wife, he answered: "While I lived with my spirit friends, I fell in love with a maiden and married her. She is my wife, and although she is far away, and I shall not see her again perhaps until I depart this life, she is just like other women, easy to get jealous and furious when she does. I dare not marry this girl, although she is beautiful and loves me, for my spirit wife would become jealous and make trouble." The people laughed at him, and insisted that no harm could come from her as she was too far away to hear of it, and this girl who loved him now was one of his people and she was pining her life away. He should marry her. Whereupon, he finally consented. "I will do so then if you take the responsibility. Bring her to my lodge." This pleased the old women. They went after her, and brought her to his lodge, but she



no sooner entered, than a terrific storm came up. Fierce flashes of lightning darted here and there. Thunder clap after thunder clap was heard, many trees in the village were twisted and torn to pieces, and they all became frightened and told Hingue-kee-shu to stop the storm.



So he told the girl to lie down in the corner and covered her up with skins and departed from the lodge, making a circuit through the woods. Whereupon the storm immediately began to abate and when he returned the storm was gone and the people were very much surprised to see that he was perfectly dry. While he was out and as soon as the storm ceased, the girl who was hidden in the corner jumped up and ran to her own home and after that no woman of the tribe ever made love to Hingue-kee-shu.

He lived with the Delawares until he reached a very old age and while he lived they never suffered for rain. This is why they afterwards called him Sa-soo-a-lung-hase, or Rainmaker.

He would accompany the Delawares on their hunts and would keep the rain off or bring it, as they wanted it. He had peculiar habits. When camping, every night he would cut seven logs the size of a tent, placing two on either side and one in front, the same as if he were starting to build a house, and would put his tent over this. When asked why he did this, he said: "When my spirit friends, the rain-makers, see my camp they will know that Sa-soo-a-lung-hase is here."



The Story of Mek-Ke-Hap-Pa

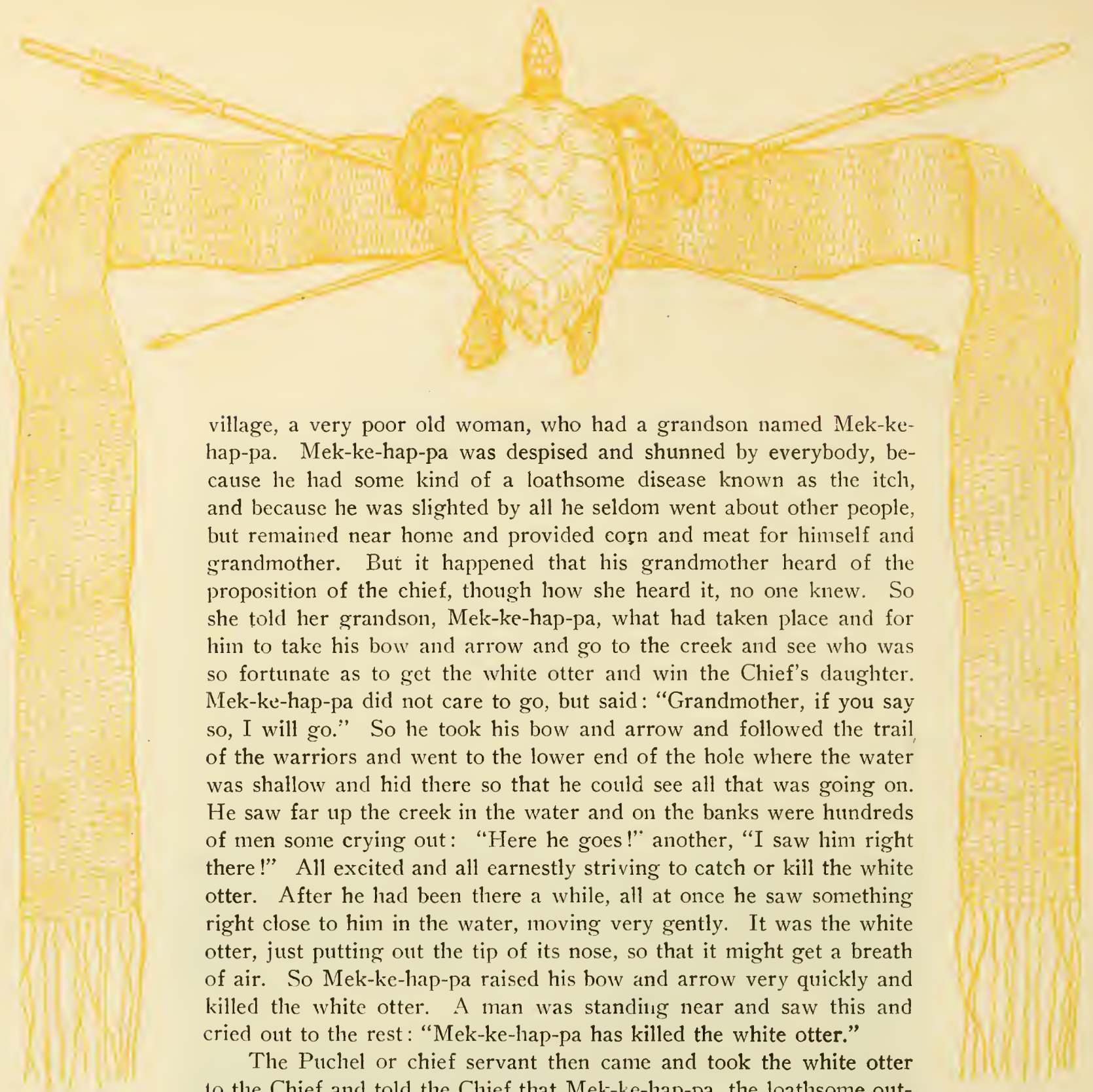
Long before the time of Tammany, the Delawares had a Sachem or head chief by the name of Sax-kees. Sax-kees had six beautiful daughters, and as he was exceedingly rich and a very dignified man, there was no young brave that dared make love to his daughters, so, to encourage the young men and keep his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

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



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

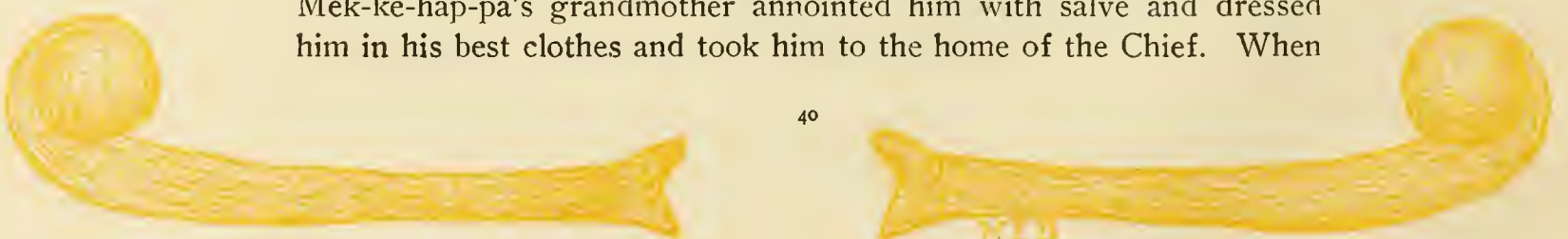
Now it happened about this time, there lived in the outskirts of the



village, a very poor old woman, who had a grandson named Mek-ke-hap-pa. Mek-ke-hap-pa was despised and shunned by everybody, because he had some kind of a loathsome disease known as the itch, and because he was slighted by all he seldom went about other people, but remained near home and provided corn and meat for himself and grandmother. But it happened that his grandmother heard of the proposition of the chief, though how she heard it, no one knew. So she told her grandson, Mek-ke-hap-pa, what had taken place and for him to take his bow and arrow and go to the creek and see who was so fortunate as to get the white otter and win the Chief's daughter. Mek-ke-hap-pa did not care to go, but said: "Grandmother, if you say so, I will go." So he took his bow and arrow and followed the trail of the warriors and went to the lower end of the hole where the water was shallow and hid there so that he could see all that was going on. He saw far up the creek in the water and on the banks were hundreds of men some crying out: "Here he goes!" another, "I saw him right there!" All excited and all earnestly striving to catch or kill the white otter. After he had been there a while, all at once he saw something right close to him in the water, moving very gently. It was the white otter, just putting out the tip of its nose, so that it might get a breath of air. So Mek-ke-hap-pa raised his bow and arrow very quickly and killed the white otter. A man was standing near and saw this and cried out to the rest: "Mek-ke-hap-pa has killed the white otter."

The Puchel or chief servant then came and took the white otter to the Chief and told the Chief that Mek-ke-hap-pa, the loathsome out-cast killed the white otter. The Chief made no reply when he was told this.

Mek-ke-happa went to his home and his grandmother asked him: "Who was so fortunate as to kill the white otter?" He answered meekly: "Grandmother, I killed the white otter." Whereupon she said: "I thought you would and that is why I asked you to go. I had a vision and in that vision a spirit told me that you were designated to be a great man, that you would kill the white otter and marry the Chief's daughter and from this time on you would be favored in every way. You will be well, strong and great, and no longer despised. So Mek-ke-hap-pa's grandmother annointed him with salve and dressed him in his best clothes and took him to the home of the Chief. When

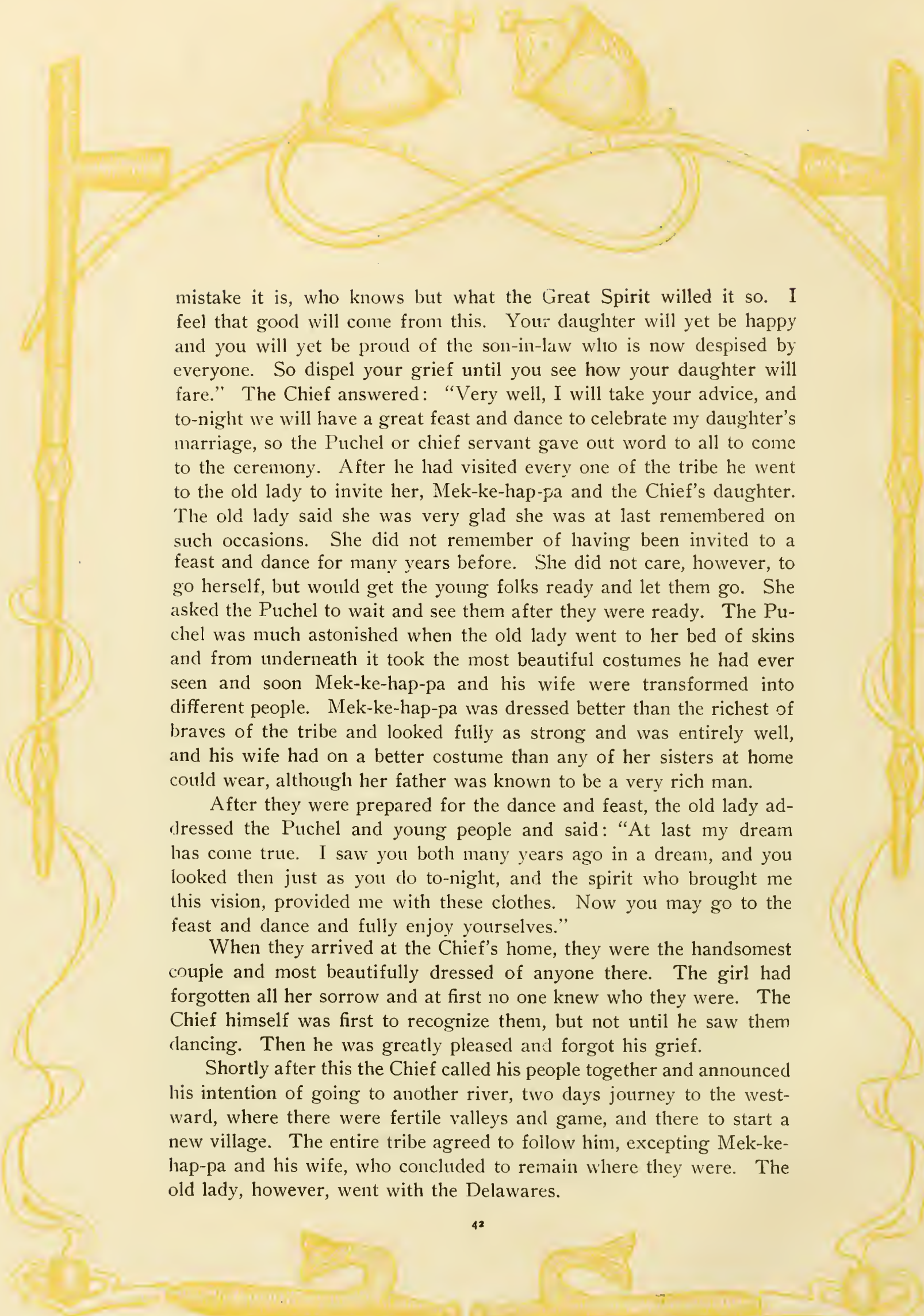




they arrived at the Chief's lodge and knocked they were bidden to enter, and the old lady addressed the Chief: "My Chief, we have heard of your vows. We know you are an honorable man and keep them. Mek-ke-hap-pa killed the white otter and I have brought him for your son-in-law, for you have said, that the man who killed the white otter *should* marry one of your daughters." The Chief dropped his head and made no reply. After he studied a long time, he finally spoke to the old woman and said: "Yes, that was my promise and I will keep it, although I fear my daughter will soon be afflicted with the same loathsome disease your grandson has and with it she may die. So saying, he called his oldest daughter to come in. When she came in, he said: "My child, I made a vow and by it I have given you to this young man, Mek-ke-hap-pa. The Great Spirit alone knows what will become of you. I fear that you will die with sores, but, my word is pledged and I must keep it." (Yet the Chief was not keeping his word altogether, for he had said that the man who killed the white otter, should have the choice of his daughters.)

The girl began to cry and said: "Well, I will go and prepare my best dress and go with Mek-ke-hap-pa," but the Chief said "No, you go as you are." By this time all were weeping. The Chief and his daughter, because of the misfortune caused by his vow, Mek-ke-hap-pa and his grandmother because their feelings had been wounded by the Chief considering it a disgrace to have his daughter marry Mak-ke-hap-pa.

Outside of the Chief's lodge a large crowd had gathered, so when the old lady led forth her grandson and the Chief's daughter, they all hung their heads, some with grief and some with shame and looked on no one as they passed through the crowd. After they had gone the Chief went to the door of his lodge to look after them, when he saw in his yard a great crowd assembled. Tears were in his eyes, thinking of his unfortunate child and he said: "My people, I would like to talk to you, but I am heart-broken and sad and cannot do so. By a foolish vow I have given my daughter up to a worthless man, for this I am much grieved." Saying this, he wept bitterly, but it happened there was among the crowd a noted medicine man and prophet, whose name was Kun-sah, who addressed the Chief as follows: "My chief, you should not grieve. While this seems to be your mistake, if a

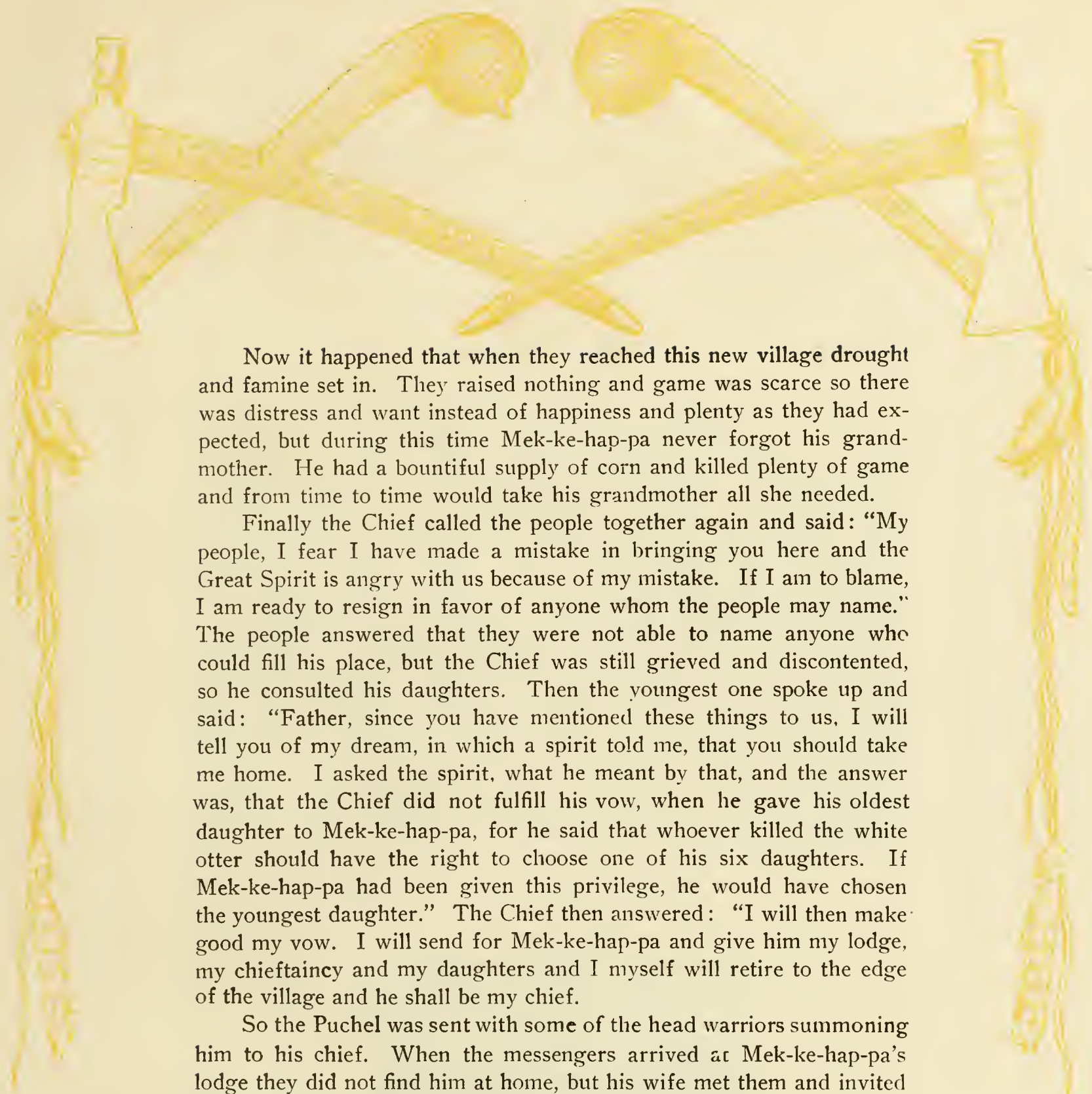


mistake it is, who knows but what the Great Spirit willed it so. I feel that good will come from this. Your daughter will yet be happy and you will yet be proud of the son-in-law who is now despised by everyone. So dispel your grief until you see how your daughter will fare." The Chief answered: "Very well, I will take your advice, and to-night we will have a great feast and dance to celebrate my daughter's marriage, so the Puchel or chief servant gave out word to all to come to the ceremony. After he had visited every one of the tribe he went to the old lady to invite her, Mek-ke-hap-pa and the Chief's daughter. The old lady said she was very glad she was at last remembered on such occasions. She did not remember of having been invited to a feast and dance for many years before. She did not care, however, to go herself, but would get the young folks ready and let them go. She asked the Puchel to wait and see them after they were ready. The Puchel was much astonished when the old lady went to her bed of skins and from underneath it took the most beautiful costumes he had ever seen and soon Mek-ke-hap-pa and his wife were transformed into different people. Mek-ke-hap-pa was dressed better than the richest of braves of the tribe and looked fully as strong and was entirely well, and his wife had on a better costume than any of her sisters at home could wear, although her father was known to be a very rich man.

After they were prepared for the dance and feast, the old lady addressed the Puchel and young people and said: "At last my dream has come true. I saw you both many years ago in a dream, and you looked then just as you do to-night, and the spirit who brought me this vision, provided me with these clothes. Now you may go to the feast and dance and fully enjoy yourselves."

When they arrived at the Chief's home, they were the handsomest couple and most beautifully dressed of anyone there. The girl had forgotten all her sorrow and at first no one knew who they were. The Chief himself was first to recognize them, but not until he saw them dancing. Then he was greatly pleased and forgot his grief.

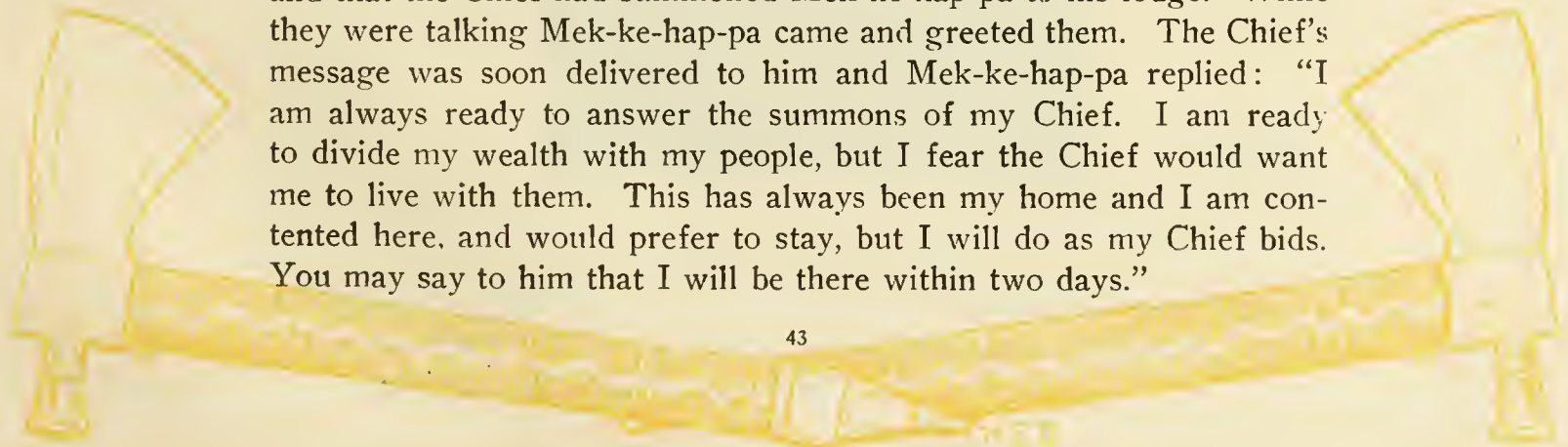
Shortly after this the Chief called his people together and announced his intention of going to another river, two days journey to the westward, where there were fertile valleys and game, and there to start a new village. The entire tribe agreed to follow him, excepting Mek-ke-hap-pa and his wife, who concluded to remain where they were. The old lady, however, went with the Delawares.

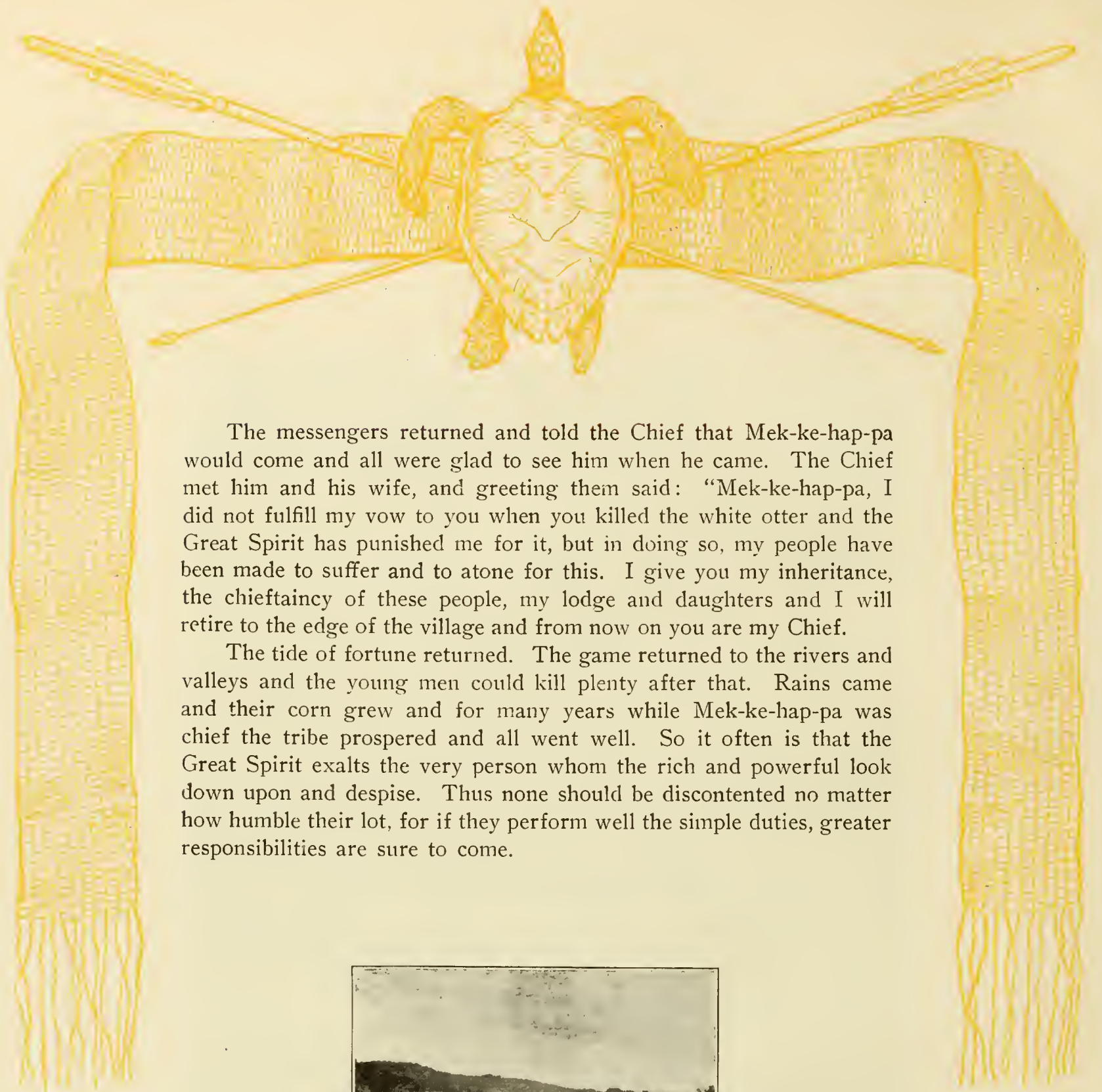


Now it happened that when they reached this new village drought and famine set in. They raised nothing and game was scarce so there was distress and want instead of happiness and plenty as they had expected, but during this time Mek-ke-hap-pa never forgot his grandmother. He had a bountiful supply of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

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

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

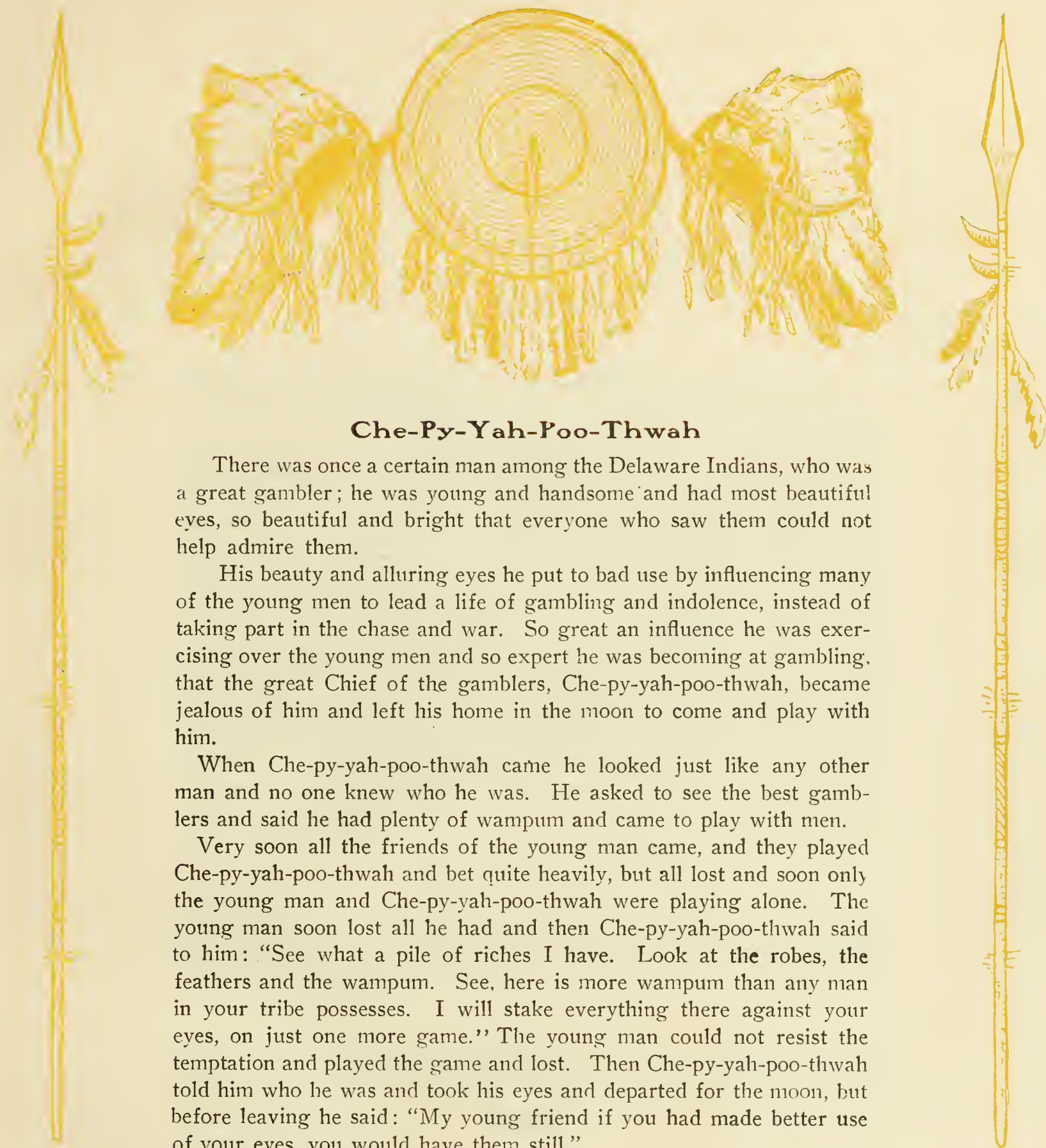




The messengers returned and told the Chief that Mek-ke-hap-pa would come and all were glad to see him when he came. The Chief met him and his wife, and greeting them said: "Mek-ke-hap-pa, I did not fulfill my vow to you when you killed the white otter and the Great Spirit has punished me for it, but in doing so, my people have been made to suffer and to atone for this. I give you my inheritance, the chieftaincy of these people, my lodge and daughters and I will retire to the edge of the village and from now on you are my Chief.

The tide of fortune returned. The game returned to the rivers and valleys and the young men could kill plenty after that. Rains came and their corn grew and for many years while Mek-ke-hap-pa was chief the tribe prospered and all went well. So it often is that the Great Spirit exalts the very person whom the rich and powerful look down upon and despise. Thus none should be discontented no matter how humble their lot, for if they perform well the simple duties, greater responsibilities are sure to come.





Che-Py-Yah-Poo-Thwah

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

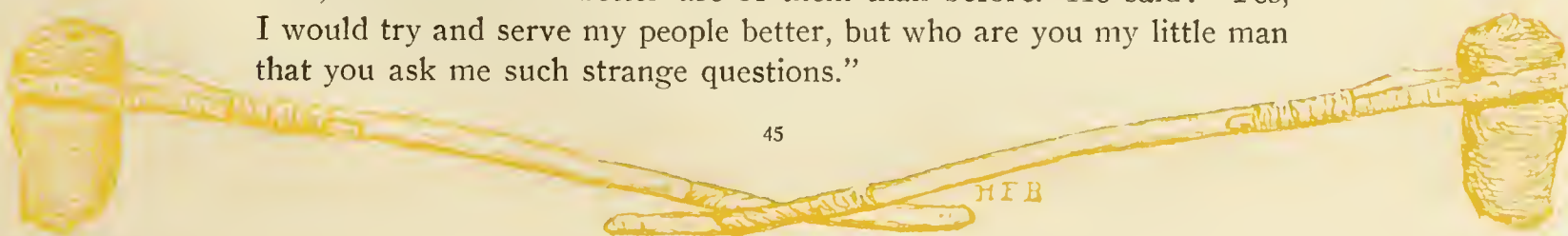
His beauty and alluring eyes he put to bad use by influencing many of the young men to lead a life of gambling and indolence, instead of taking part in the chase and war. So great an influence he was exercising over the young men and so expert he was becoming at gambling, that the great Chief of the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

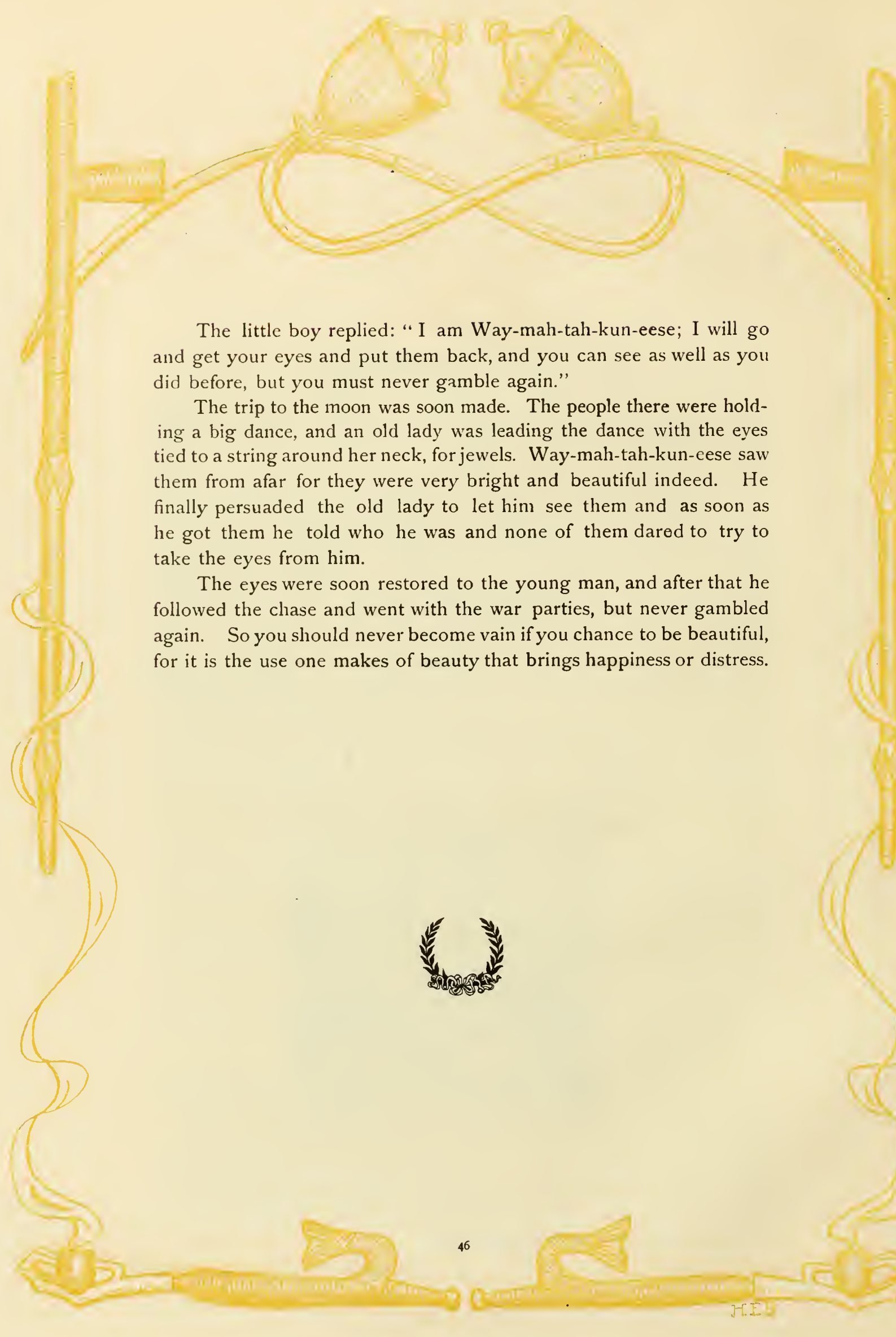
When Che-py-yah-poo-thwah came he looked just like any other man and no one knew who he was. He asked to see the best gamblers and said he had plenty of wampum and came to play with men.

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

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

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



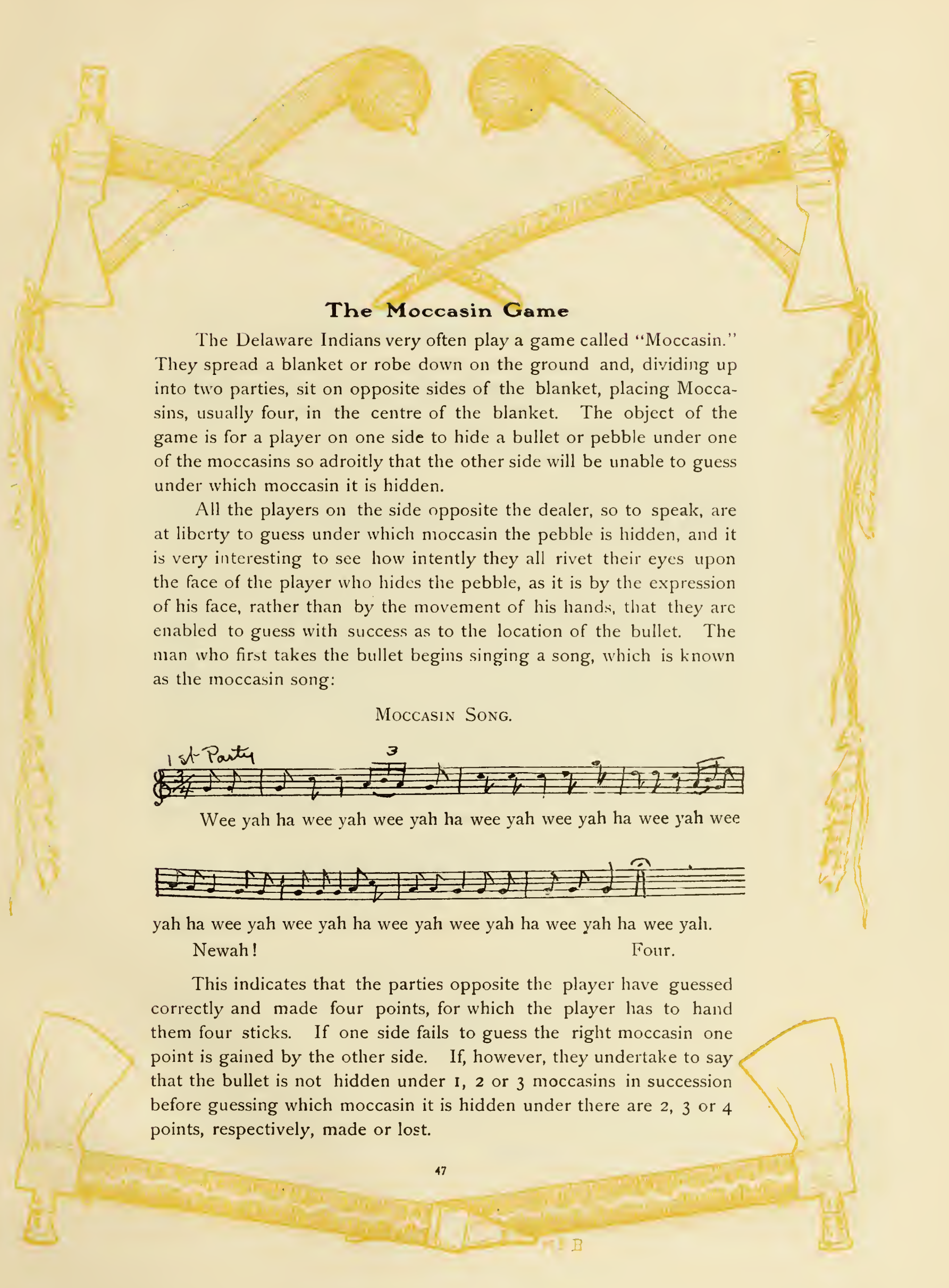


The little boy replied: "I am Way-mah-tah-kun-ese; I will go and get your eyes and put them back, and you can see as well as you did before, but you must never gamble again."

The trip to the moon was soon made. The people there were holding a big dance, and an old lady was leading the dance with the eyes tied to a string around her neck, for jewels. Way-mah-tah-kun-ese saw them from afar for they were very bright and beautiful indeed. He finally persuaded the old lady to let him see them and as soon as he got them he told who he was and none of them dared to try to take the eyes from him.

The eyes were soon restored to the young man, and after that he followed the chase and went with the war parties, but never gambled again. So you should never become vain if you chance to be beautiful, for it is the use one makes of beauty that brings happiness or distress.



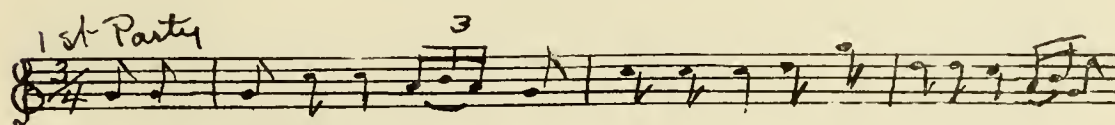


The Moccasin Game

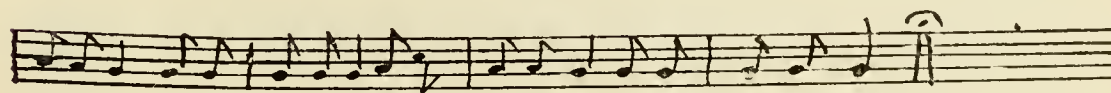
The Delaware Indians very often play a game called "Moccasin." They spread a blanket or robe down on the ground and, dividing up into two parties, sit on opposite sides of the blanket, placing Moccasins, usually four, in the centre of the blanket. The object of the game is for a player on one side to hide a bullet or pebble under one of the moccasins so adroitly that the other side will be unable to guess under which moccasin it is hidden.

All the players on the side opposite the dealer, so to speak, are at liberty to guess under which moccasin the pebble is hidden, and it is very interesting to see how intently they all rivet their eyes upon the face of the player who hides the pebble, as it is by the expression of his face, rather than by the movement of his hands, that they are enabled to guess with success as to the location of the bullet. The man who first takes the bullet begins singing a song, which is known as the moccasin song:

MOCCASIN SONG.



Wee yah ha wee yah wee yah ha wee yah wee yah ha wee yah wee

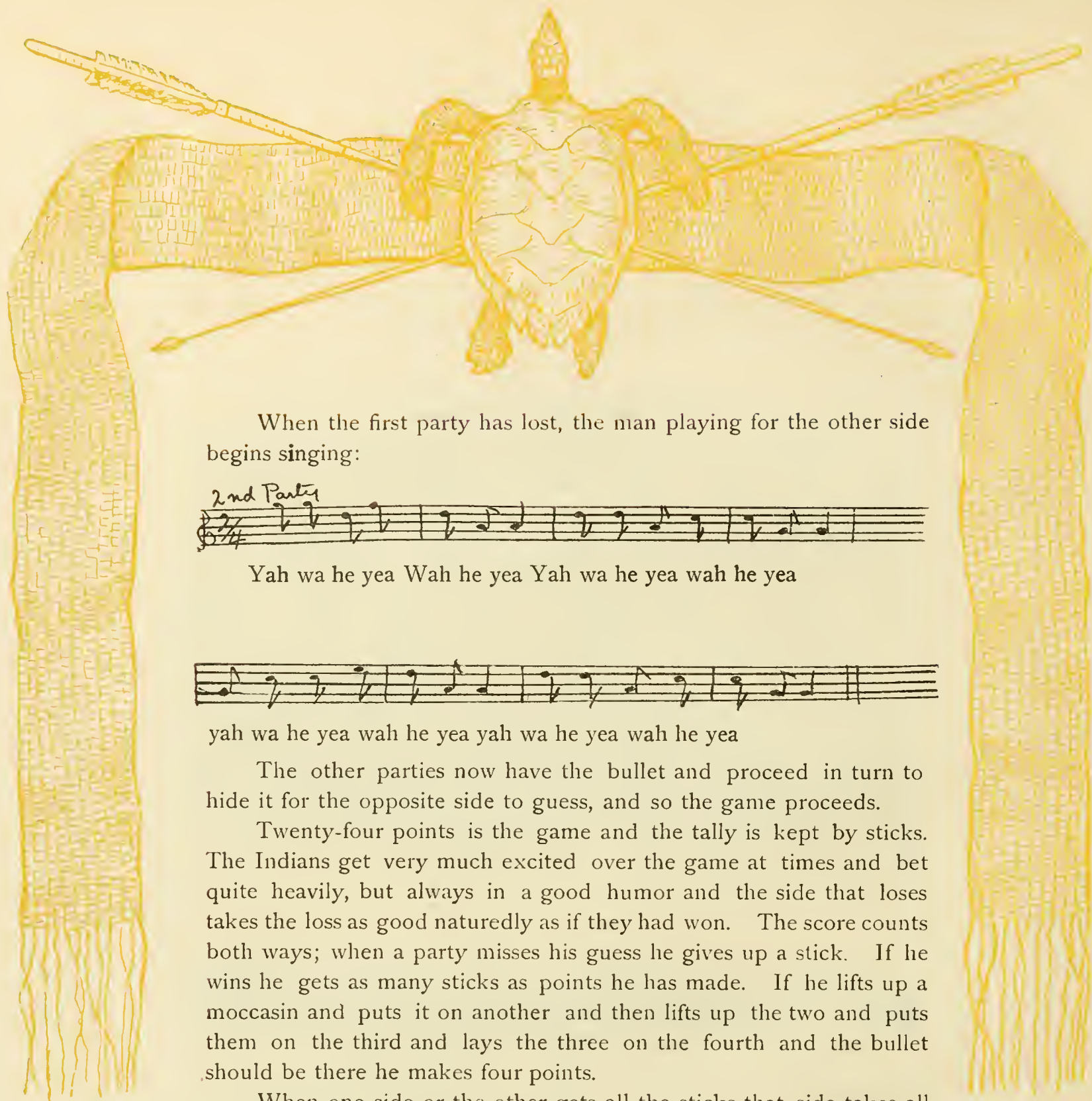


yah ha wee yah wee yah ha wee yah wee yah ha wee yah ha wee yah.

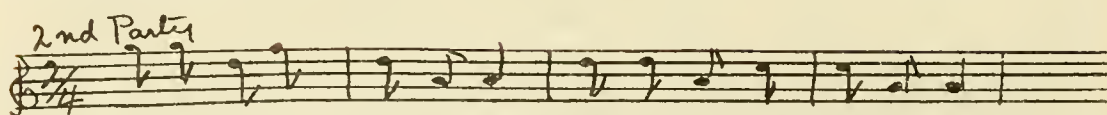
Newah!

Four.

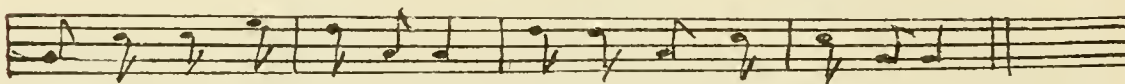
This indicates that the parties opposite the player have guessed correctly and made four points, for which the player has to hand them four sticks. If one side fails to guess the right moccasin one point is gained by the other side. If, however, they undertake to say that the bullet is not hidden under 1, 2 or 3 moccasins in succession before guessing which moccasin it is hidden under there are 2, 3 or 4 points, respectively, made or lost.



When the first party has lost, the man playing for the other side begins singing:



Yah wa he yea Wah he yea Yah wa he yea wah he yea



yah wa he yea wah he yea yah wa he yea wah he yea

The other parties now have the bullet and proceed in turn to hide it for the opposite side to guess, and so the game proceeds.

Twenty-four points is the game and the tally is kept by sticks. The Indians get very much excited over the game at times and bet quite heavily, but always in a good humor and the side that loses takes the loss as good naturedly as if they had won. The score counts both ways; when a party misses his guess he gives up a stick. If he wins he gets as many sticks as points he has made. If he lifts up a moccasin and puts it on another and then lifts up the two and puts them on the third and lays the three on the fourth and the bullet should be there he makes four points.

When one side or the other gets all the sticks that side takes all that was bet and the game is begun new.





The Battle With the Monster

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

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

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

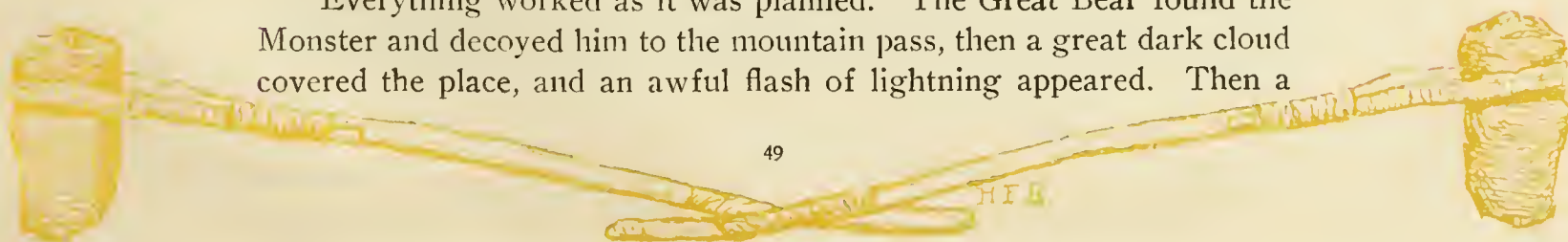
So a general council was called and all tribes met, and it was decided that the Monster should die and his brains divided among all who had taken part in killing him. The Great Bear came to the council and said that the animals would take part in the battle, and would want a share of the brains. So it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

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

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

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

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



command with a voice of thunder came: "All come and gather what brains you can, but remember every motive is there, and be careful what you take."



The brains were scattered all over the valley, the mountain side and in the pass, no large piece in any place, but small atoms everywhere.

There came a general scramble, grabbing, picking, snatching and scratching. All forgot that there were different kinds of brains, and that each creature might have gotten the kind his nature needed, if he had only taken the time.

The turtle got what the bear and turkey should, and after that laid eggs and lived on both land and water, but never satisfied with either place very long. Some birds got what the fish should have and most of the people got a mixture of all, and the reason why many men are so changeable at times is their ancestors were careless in selecting their brains.

"Wa-Sha-Xnend,"

or

The Man They Cannot Hold

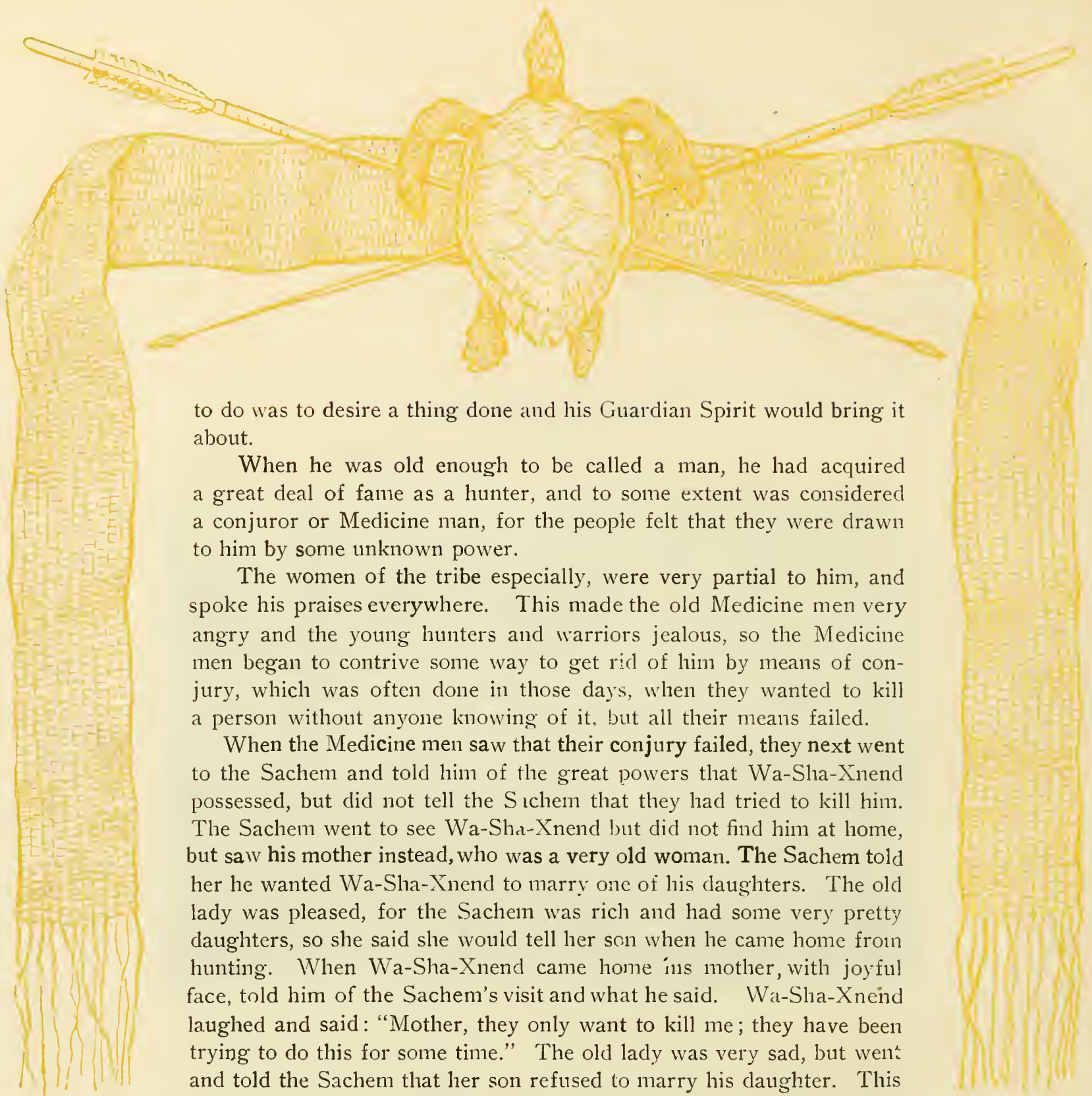
Wa-Sha-Xnend was a musician and a great hunter, who lived in times long past and gone. For hours and hours he would play on his



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

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

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



to do was to desire a thing done and his Guardian Spirit would bring it about.

When he was old enough to be called a man, he had acquired a great deal of fame as a hunter, and to some extent was considered a conjuror or Medicine man, for the people felt that they were drawn to him by some unknown power.

The women of the tribe especially, were very partial to him, and spoke his praises everywhere. This made the old Medicine men very angry and the young hunters and warriors jealous, so the Medicine men began to contrive some way to get rid of him by means of conjury, which was often done in those days, when they wanted to kill a person without anyone knowing of it, but all their means failed.

When the Medicine men saw that their conjury failed, they next went to the Sachem and told him of the great powers that Wa-Sha-Xnend possessed, but did not tell the Sachem that they had tried to kill him. The Sachem went to see Wa-Sha-Xnend but did not find him at home, but saw his mother instead, who was a very old woman. The Sachem told her he wanted Wa-Sha-Xnend to marry one of his daughters. The old lady was pleased, for the Sachem was rich and had some very pretty daughters, so she said she would tell her son when he came home from hunting. When Wa-Sha-Xnend came home his mother, with joyful face, told him of the Sachem's visit and what he said. Wa-Sha-Xnend laughed and said: "Mother, they only want to kill me; they have been trying to do this for some time." The old lady was very sad, but went and told the Sachem that her son refused to marry his daughter. This made the Sachem very angry, and he said to the old lady: "Wa-Sha-Xnend will never marry anyone then." The old lady went home crying, and told her son of the Sachem's threats. Wa-Sha-Xnend admitted that his life was in danger, and told his mother that if he should be killed, to tie his flute to his wrist and then throw his body into the river, so his Guardian Spirit, who lived in the water, could care for him, and under no circumstances to let his body be buried, which the people will certainly want to do.

The Sachem called together his braves and Medicine men and told them of his wrath against Wa-Sha-Xnend and that he wanted him gotten out of the way. They then told the Sachem that they had tried all means of conjury they knew, but could not kill him, that Wa-Sha-



Xnend was brave and watchful, and it would be dangerous to try to kill him, besides he was very popular, and his friends would avenge his murder. While they were trying to solve the problem, a woman came to the Sachem and told him she could kill him if they would wait until a certain time. The woman was a very untidy, good-for-nothing woman, who lived alone and was believed to be a witch, so the Sachem agreed to let her try.

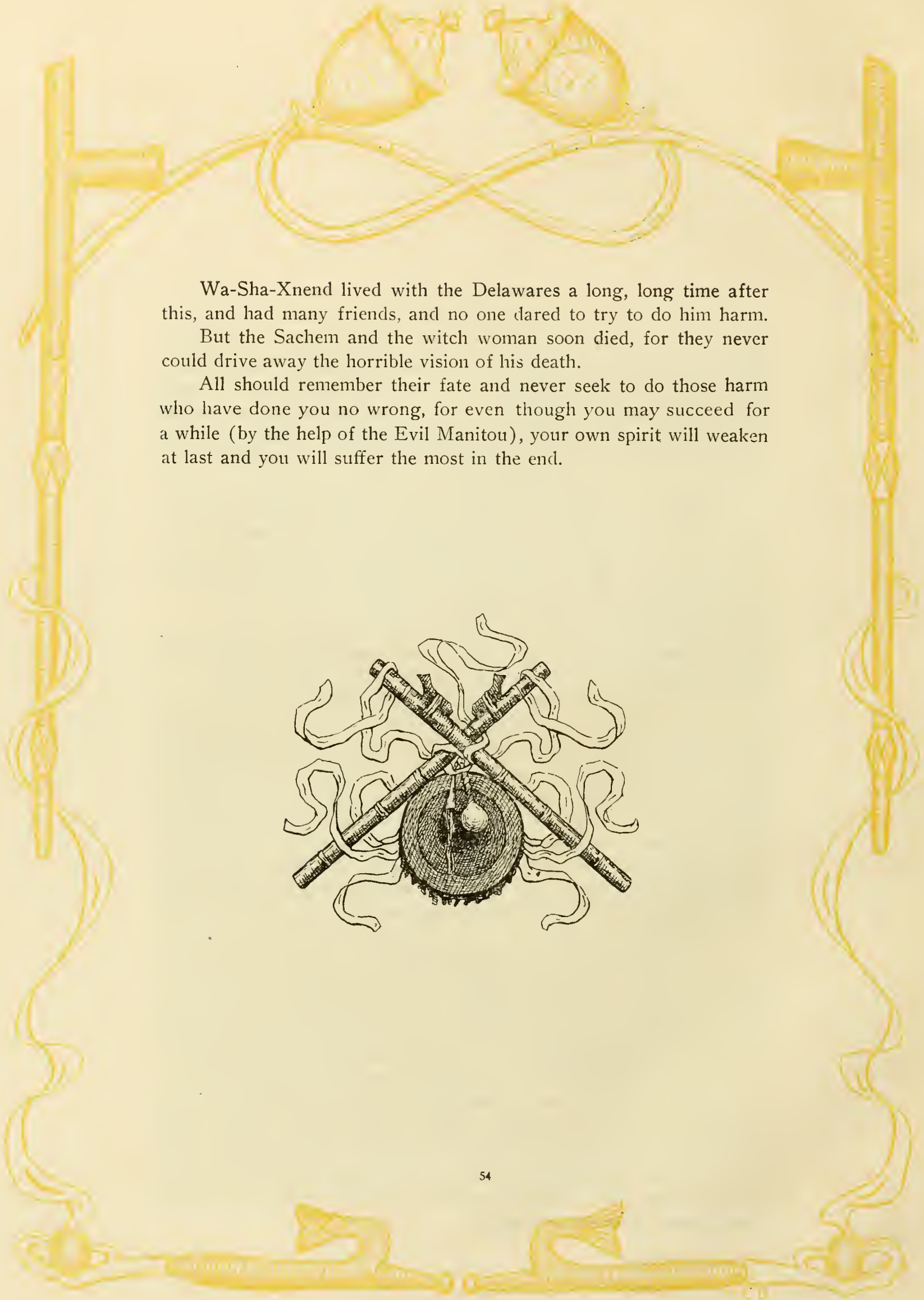
All this time Wa-Sha-Xnend knew what was going on, but he knew too that the water Manitou had greater powers than the evil Manitou, who guarded the witch, and that he was brave and steadfast enough to overcome his enemies in the end, for malice cannot conquer right if we will bravely stand up for right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

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

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

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

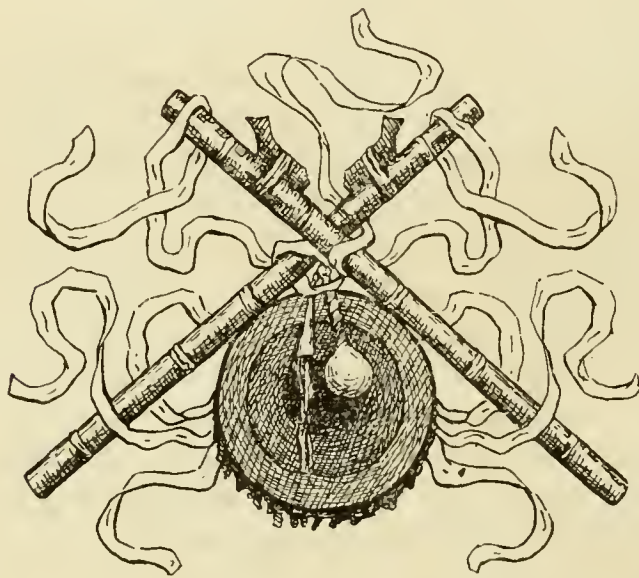
Six days after this, the old lady heard the music of Wa-Sha-Xnend's flute, and she shouted for joy, for after all her son was not dead, but had been away with the water Manitou, who lived in a great cave, the entrance of which was known to Wa-Sha-Xnend alone, and could only be found by diving in the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



Wa-Sha-Xnend lived with the Delawares a long, long time after this, and had many friends, and no one dared to try to do him harm.

But the Sachem and the witch woman soon died, for they never could drive away the horrible vision of his death.

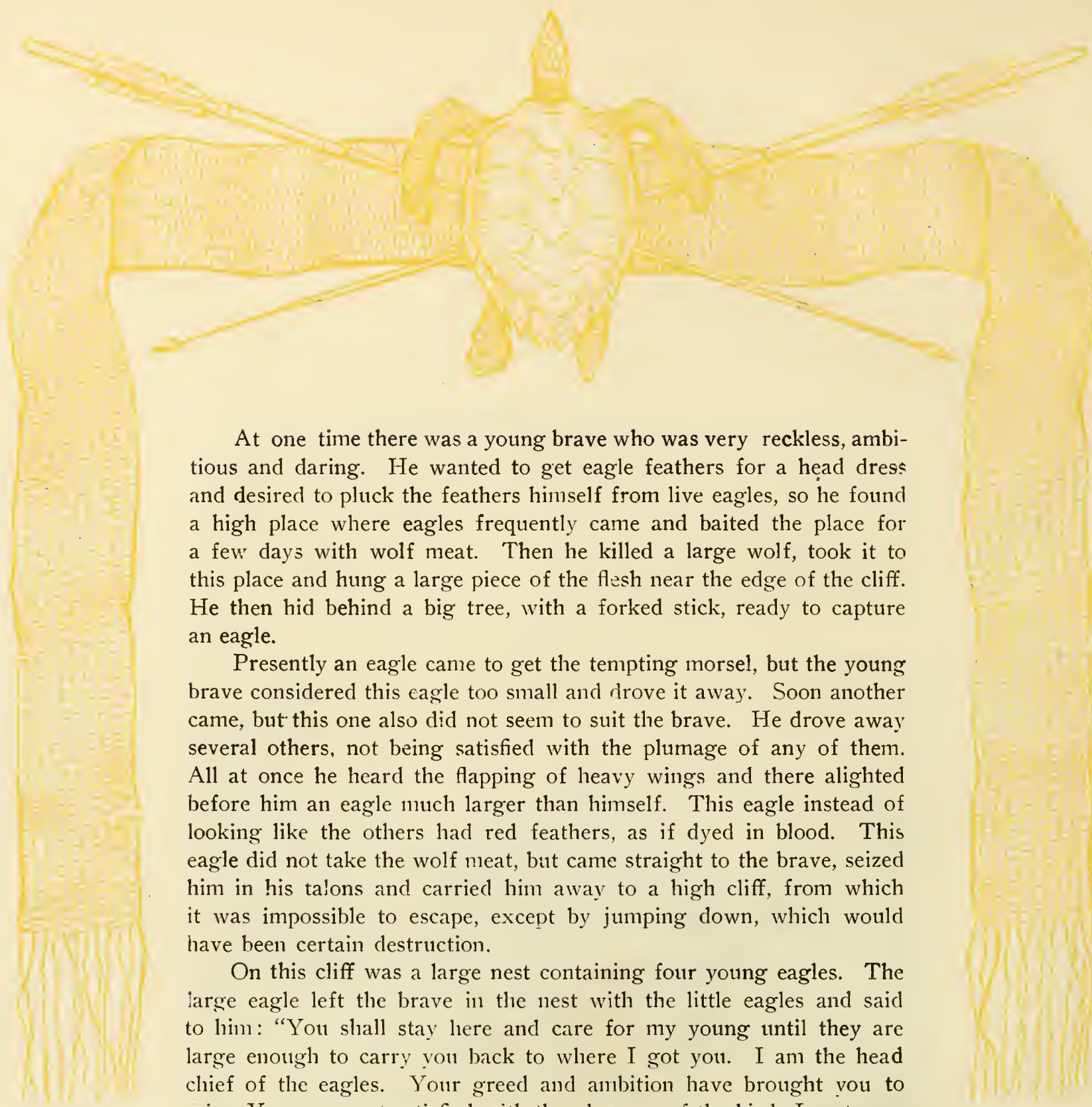
All should remember their fate and never seek to do those harm who have done you no wrong, for even though you may succeed for a while (by the help of the Evil Manitou), your own spirit will weaken at last and you will suffer the most in the end.



The Warrior and the Eagle

Long ago the Delawares believed that if a brave could pluck a feather from the tail of a live eagle and wear that feather, he would not only always be brave and of great courage, but good fortune would always follow him. Therefore young hunters used to try to catch eagles by putting pieces of wolf meat on high cliffs, eagles being very fond of wolf meat.



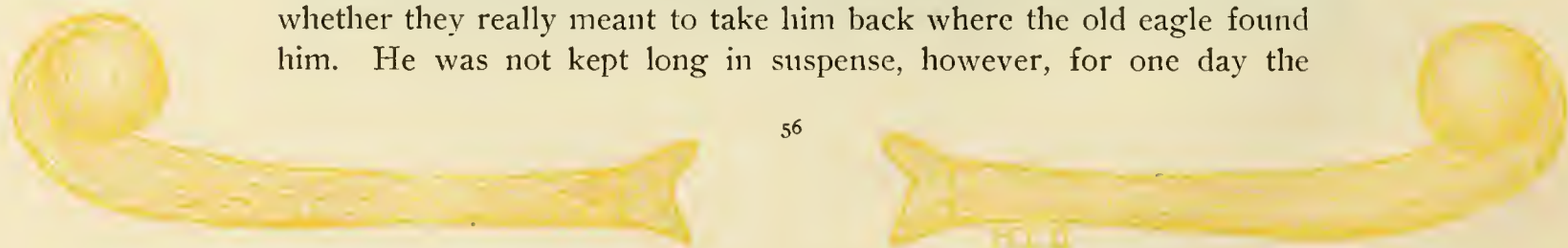


At one time there was a young brave who was very reckless, ambitious and daring. He wanted to get eagle feathers for a head dress and desired to pluck the feathers himself from live eagles, so he found a high place where eagles frequently came and baited the place for a few days with wolf meat. Then he killed a large wolf, took it to this place and hung a large piece of the flesh near the edge of the cliff. He then hid behind a big tree, with a forked stick, ready to capture an eagle.

Presently an eagle came to get the tempting morsel, but the young brave considered this eagle too small and drove it away. Soon another came, but this one also did not seem to suit the brave. He drove away several others, not being satisfied with the plumage of any of them. All at once he heard the flapping of heavy wings and there alighted before him an eagle much larger than himself. This eagle instead of looking like the others had red feathers, as if dyed in blood. This eagle did not take the wolf meat, but came straight to the brave, seized him in his talons and carried him away to a high cliff, from which it was impossible to escape, except by jumping down, which would have been certain destruction.

On this cliff was a large nest containing four young eagles. The large eagle left the brave in the nest with the little eagles and said to him: "You shall stay here and care for my young until they are large enough to carry you back to where I got you. I am the head chief of the eagles. Your greed and ambition have brought you to this. You were not satisfied with the plumage of the birds I sent you. Now you shall stay here and suffer for your greed, and perhaps when you return you will be glad to take such feathers as we give you." There was nothing else for the young brave to do but stay and guard the young eagles, and this he did so well as to soon win the friendship and love of the young eagles as well as the old eagle, who occasionally came to the nest, bringing in his talons a deer, rabbit or other game.

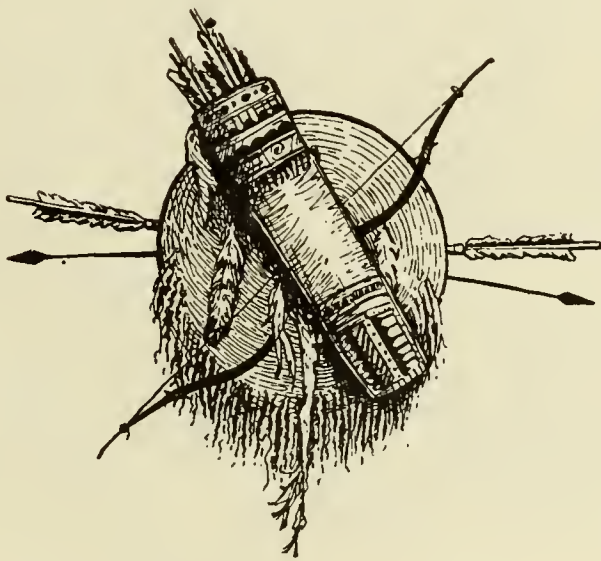
Finally, after the brave had been there many days and the young eagles had learned to fly, they would sometimes be away nearly all day and leave him alone. He would get very lonely and wonder if they were going to leave him to die of starvation or eat him up, or whether they really meant to take him back where the old eagle found him. He was not kept long in suspense, however, for one day the





large eagle came again and said: "Now, my young friend, my grandchildren here shall carry you back to where I found you. I will go along to see that they do not drop you until you reach the place in safety." Accordingly two of the young eagles seized the brave in their talons and flew toward the cliff where he had been tempting the eagles with wolf meat. It was not far from the nest and they soon reached the place in safety. There the brave found some eagle feathers which he was glad enough to take without plucking them from a live eagle, and he returned with them to his people.

The lesson he learned from his adventure is that opportunities will finally cease to come if you continue to brush them aside, hoping for a better one.

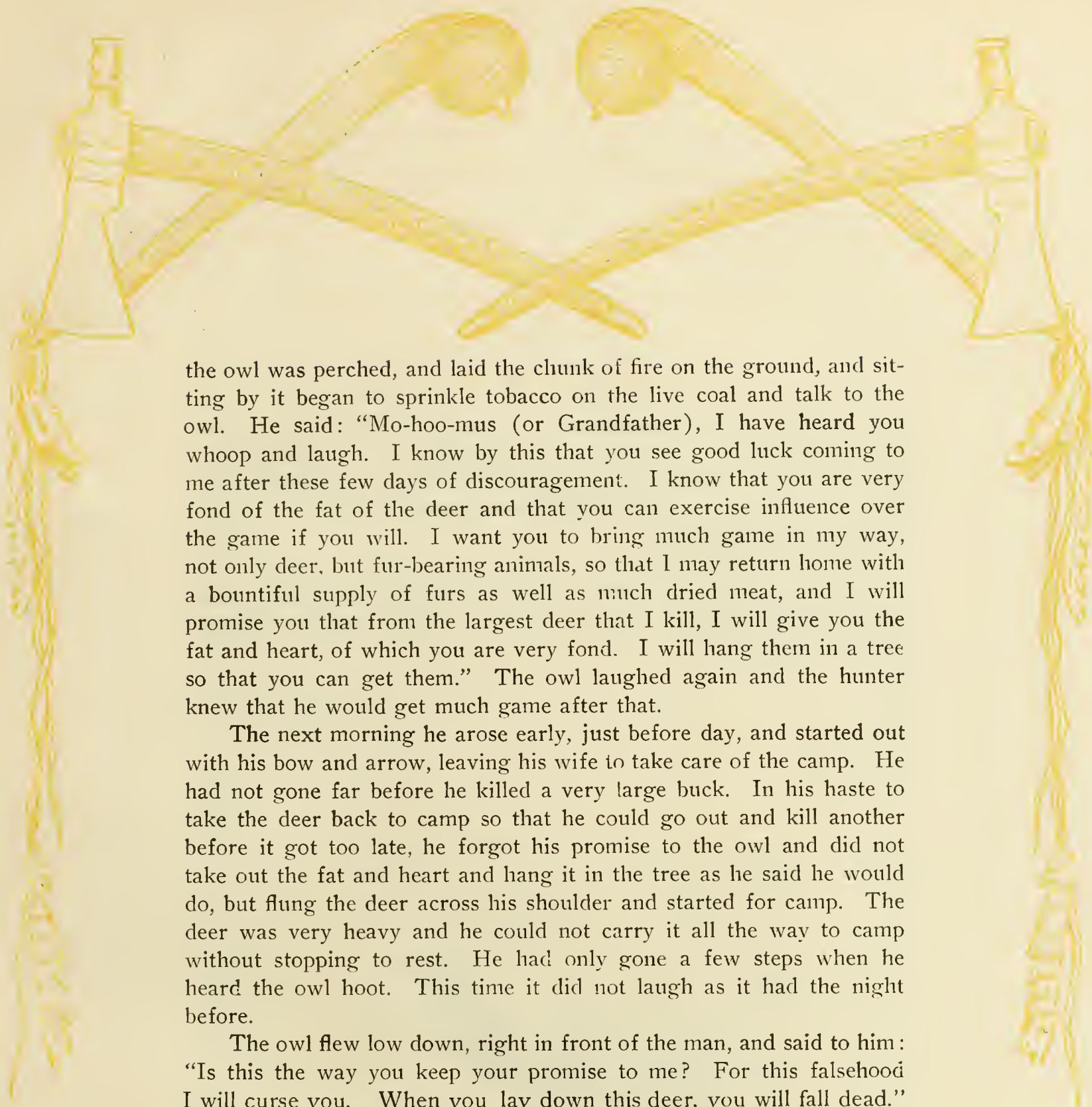


The Hunter and the Owl

Once a Delaware man and his wife went on a long hunt quite a way from the village. They had been out several days without having any luck when one night as they were sitting around their camp fire an owl



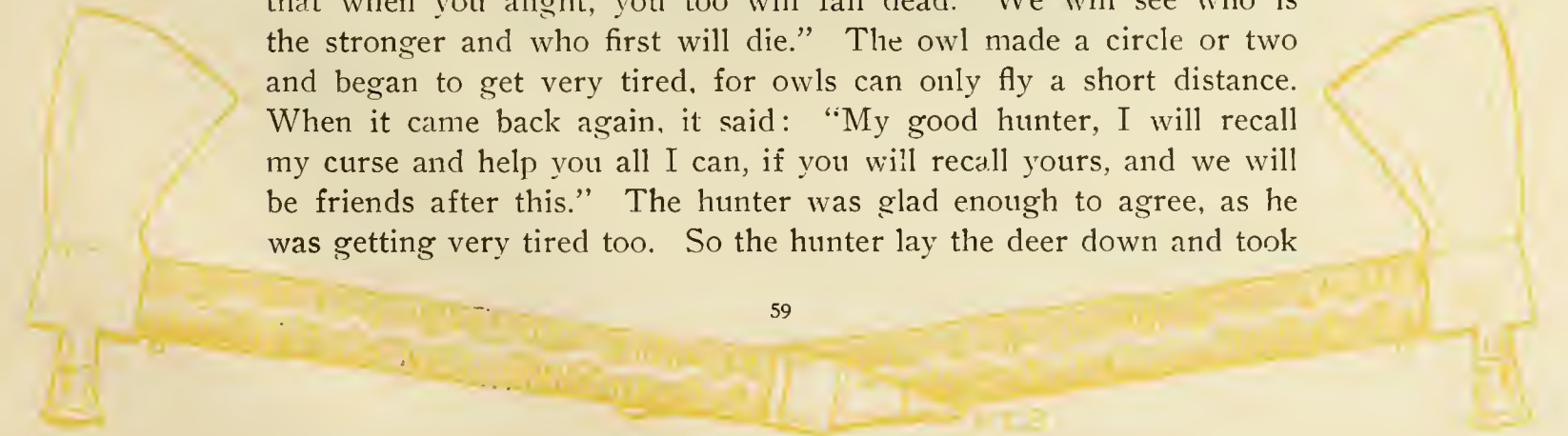
hooted from a tree near by and after hooting laughed. This was considered a good omen, but to make sure of this the hunter took a chunk of fire and retired a little way from the camp under the tree where

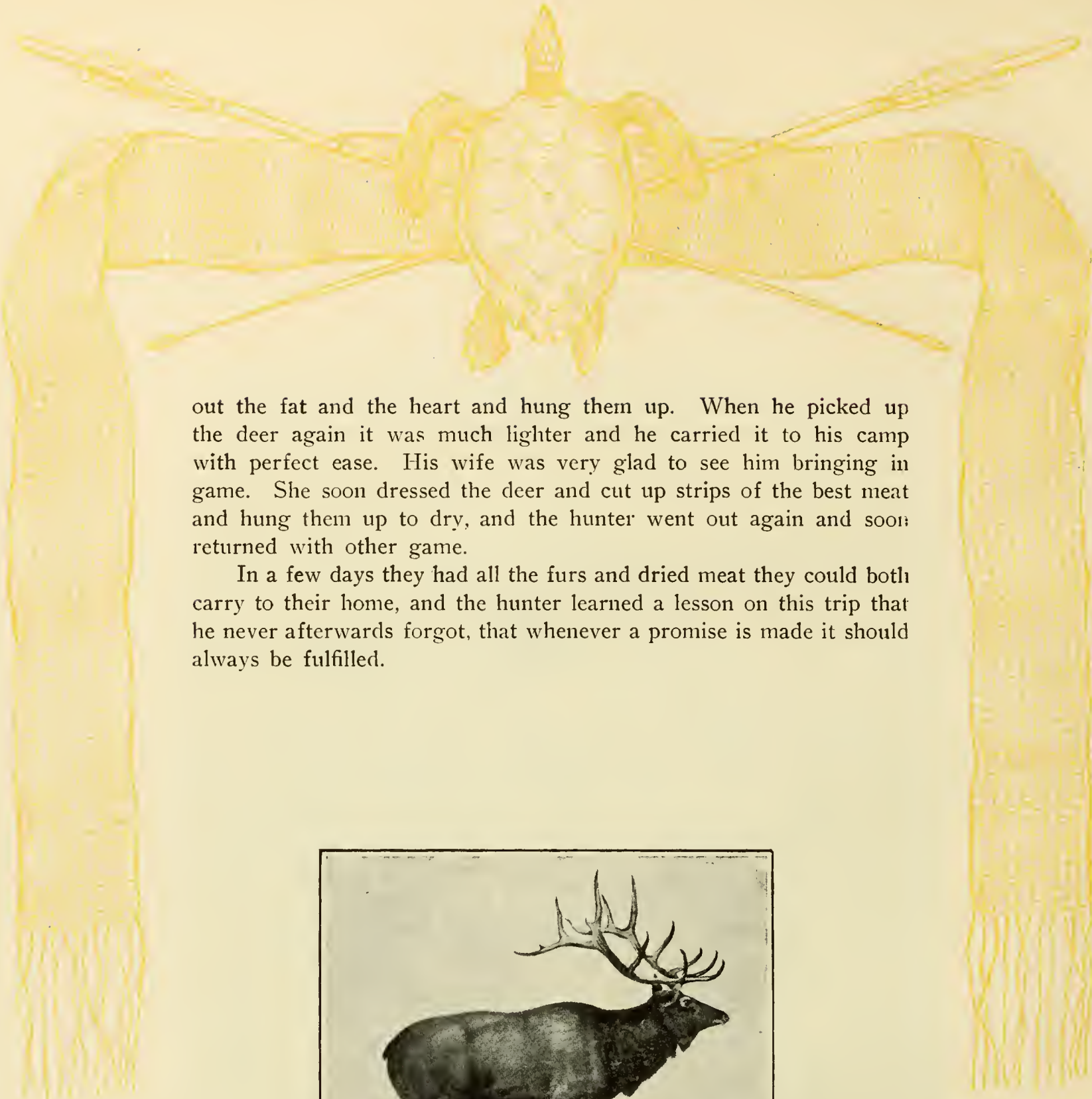


the owl was perched, and laid the chunk of fire on the ground, and sitting by it began to sprinkle tobacco on the live coal and talk to the owl. He said: "Mo-hoo-mus (or Grandfather), I have heard you whoop and laugh. I know by this that you see good luck coming to me after these few days of discouragement. I know that you are very fond of the fat of the deer and that you can exercise influence over the game if you will. I want you to bring much game in my way, not only deer, but fur-bearing animals, so that I may return home with a bountiful supply of furs as well as much dried meat, and I will promise you that from the largest deer that I kill, I will give you the fat and heart, of which you are very fond. I will hang them in a tree so that you can get them." The owl laughed again and the hunter knew that he would get much game after that.

The next morning he arose early, just before day, and started out with his bow and arrow, leaving his wife to take care of the camp. He had not gone far before he killed a very large buck. In his haste to take the deer back to camp so that he could go out and kill another before it got too late, he forgot his promise to the owl and did not take out the fat and heart and hang it in the tree as he said he would do, but flung the deer across his shoulder and started for camp. The deer was very heavy and he could not carry it all the way to camp without stopping to rest. He had only gone a few steps when he heard the owl hoot. This time it did not laugh as it had the night before.

The owl flew low down, right in front of the man, and said to him: "Is this the way you keep your promise to me? For this falsehood I will curse you. When you lay down this deer, you will fall dead." The hunter was quick to reply: "Grandfather, it is true I did not hang the fat up for you where I killed the deer, but I did not intend to keep it from you as you accuse me. I too have power and I say to you that when you alight, you too will fall dead. We will see who is the stronger and who first will die." The owl made a circle or two and began to get very tired, for owls can only fly a short distance. When it came back again, it said: "My good hunter, I will recall my curse and help you all I can, if you will recall yours, and we will be friends after this." The hunter was glad enough to agree, as he was getting very tired too. So the hunter lay the deer down and took





out the fat and the heart and hung them up. When he picked up the deer again it was much lighter and he carried it to his camp with perfect ease. His wife was very glad to see him bringing in game. She soon dressed the deer and cut up strips of the best meat and hung them up to dry, and the hunter went out again and soon returned with other game.

In a few days they had all the furs and dried meat they could both carry to their home, and the hunter learned a lesson on this trip that he never afterwards forgot, that whenever a promise is made it should always be fulfilled.





The Little Boy and the Bears

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

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

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

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

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

they would take care of him during the winter. He dreamed also that they fed him, but when he woke up he found that the food was much like the promised bear fat his aunt had offered him. Bears live all winter in their dens without anything to eat, and the boy, lying by the bear, borrowed enough strength to live also until spring.

When spring came the bear woke up from his long winter's sleep and went to the mouth of the cave, but he found it was closed up. The bear was friendly with the little boy and seemed to have known him all the time. They worked together to make an opening in the cave. Finally some other bears came along, and the bear inside called to them for help and they began to work to make an opening. By the united effort of all a passage was effected and the boy and the old bear came out.

It chanced that the bears who helped them were an old she bear with two cubs. When they saw the little boy with the old bear they were all friendly toward him, and he lived with them for some time, eating nuts and berries and playing with the cubs.



Finally one day some Delaware hunters came and the old bear, the two cubs and the boy all hid in a tree. When the hunters came to a



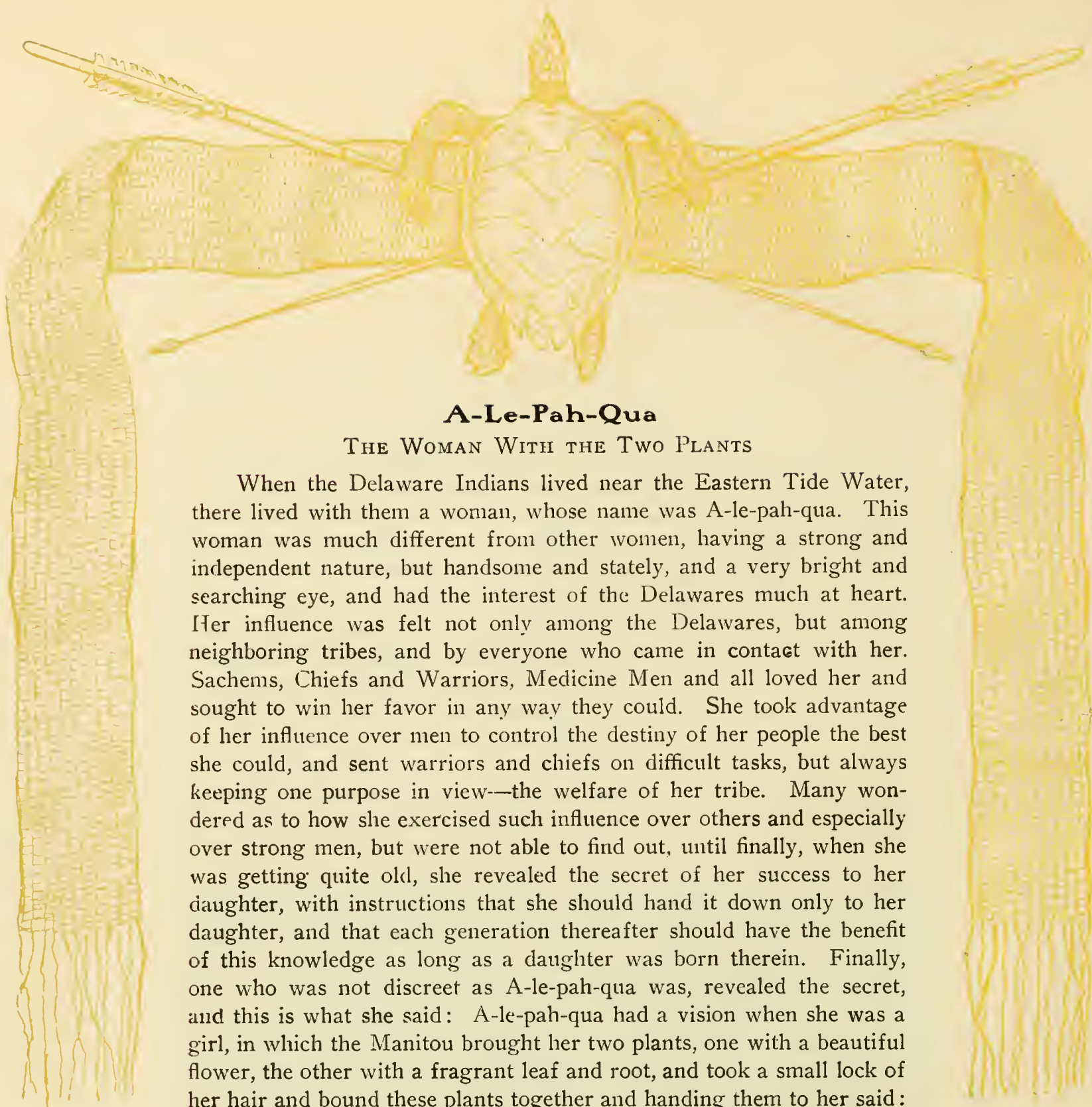
tree the little boy thought that if he put forth his bow and arrow they would of course know that a human being was in the tree and would not kill them, but he was frightened and dared not do it. Presently the old bear went out and was killed by the hunters. Then one of the cubs went out and was killed also. The little boy had grown very fond of his playmates and grieved greatly to see them killed, so he pushed back the other cub and reached out his bow and arrow. When the hunters saw this they called to him to come out if he was a human being. He did so and begged them to spare the other cub. This they agreed to do, and took the boy and cub back to the Indian village.

When they arrived there the boy told his story, and how he had lived for many months. His old uncle came to see him and seemed much surprised but could not deny having shut the boy up in the cave.

The cub that the boy had saved was at last taken back to the forest and turned loose, so that it could go to its own kind.

The boy grew up to be a great warrior and when an old man would often say: "I have learned that even a wild, fierce bear has a heart that is capable of love, and if it professes friendship may prove a better friend than your own blood kin."



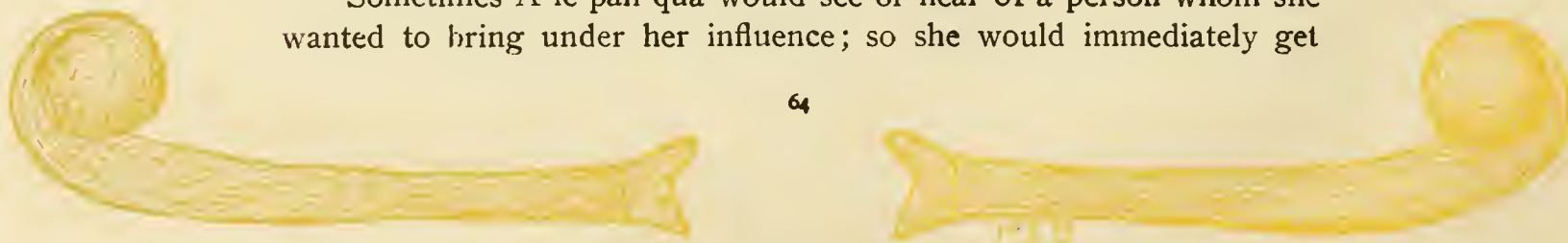


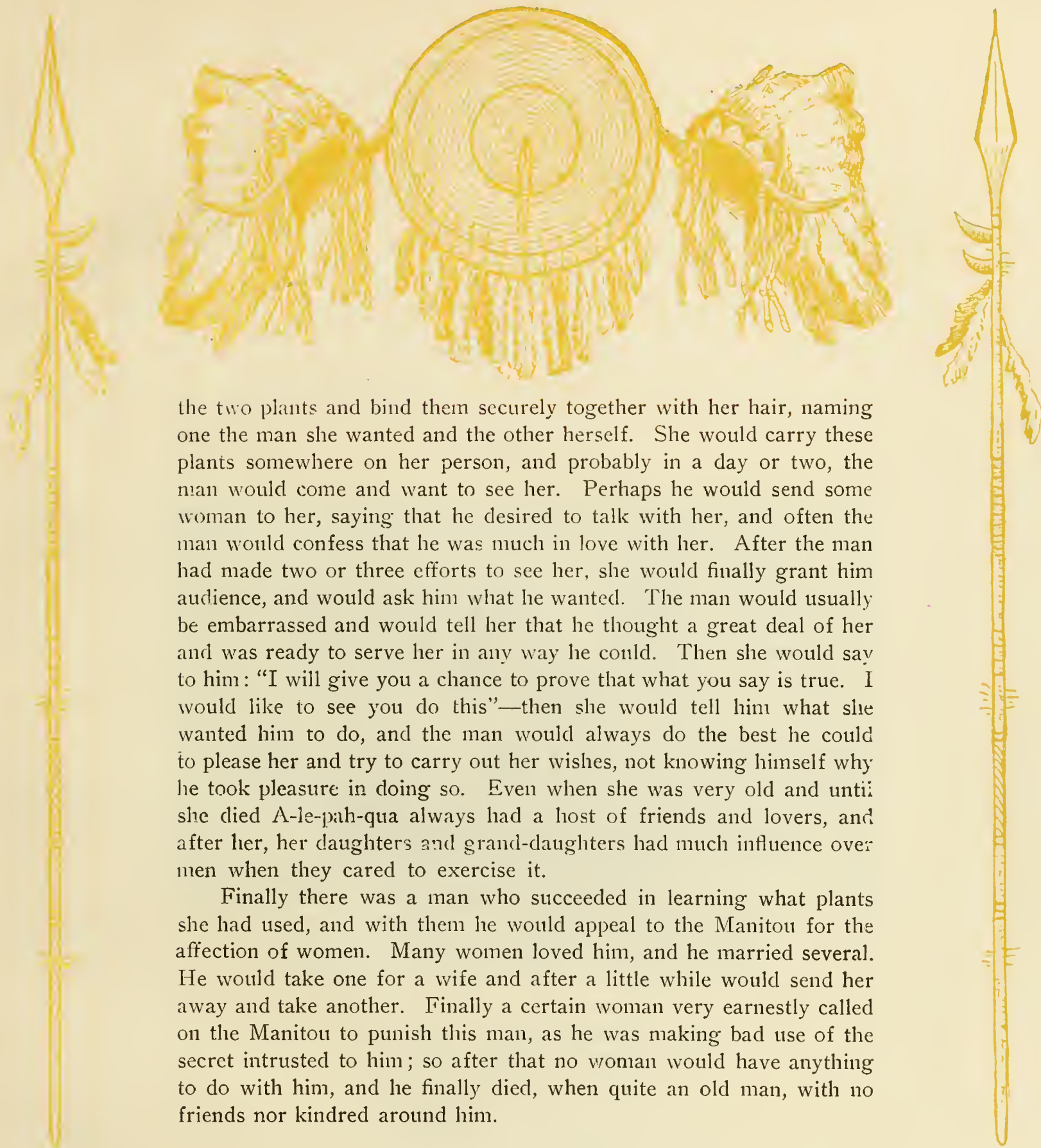
A-Le-Pah-Qua

THE WOMAN WITH THE TWO PLANTS

When the Delaware Indians lived near the Eastern Tide Water, there lived with them a woman, whose name was A-le-pah-qua. This woman was much different from other women, having a strong and independent nature, but handsome and stately, and a very bright and searching eye, and had the interest of the Delawares much at heart. Her influence was felt not only among the Delawares, but among neighboring tribes, and by everyone who came in contact with her. Sachems, Chiefs and Warriors, Medicine Men and all loved her and sought to win her favor in any way they could. She took advantage of her influence over men to control the destiny of her people the best she could, and sent warriors and chiefs on difficult tasks, but always keeping one purpose in view—the welfare of her tribe. Many wondered as to how she exercised such influence over others and especially over strong men, but were not able to find out, until finally, when she was getting quite old, she revealed the secret of her success to her daughter, with instructions that she should hand it down only to her daughter, and that each generation thereafter should have the benefit of this knowledge as long as a daughter was born therein. Finally, one who was not discreet as A-le-pah-qua was, revealed the secret, and this is what she said: A-le-pah-qua had a vision when she was a girl, in which the Manitou brought her two plants, one with a beautiful flower, the other with a fragrant leaf and root, and took a small lock of her hair and bound these plants together and handing them to her said: “I give you a great gift. Whenever you call on me, with two plants like this, naming one yourself and the other any man you will, I will bring him to you and make him do whatever you bid him, and will answer the prayers of your children and your children’s children, whenever they call on me for help in the same manner, and will bind to you, or to them, the affections of the person as strongly as you bind the two plants together, and whenever you wish to sever that influence, all you have to do is to separate the plants, casting one to the east and the other to the west, and call on me to make the parties forget, and they will.

Sometimes A-le-pah-qua would see or hear of a person whom she wanted to bring under her influence; so she would immediately get





the two plants and bind them securely together with her hair, naming one the man she wanted and the other herself. She would carry these plants somewhere on her person, and probably in a day or two, the man would come and want to see her. Perhaps he would send some woman to her, saying that he desired to talk with her, and often the man would confess that he was much in love with her. After the man had made two or three efforts to see her, she would finally grant him audience, and would ask him what he wanted. The man would usually be embarrassed and would tell her that he thought a great deal of her and was ready to serve her in any way he could. Then she would say to him: "I will give you a chance to prove that what you say is true. I would like to see you do this"—then she would tell him what she wanted him to do, and the man would always do the best he could to please her and try to carry out her wishes, not knowing himself why he took pleasure in doing so. Even when she was very old and until she died A-le-pah-qua always had a host of friends and lovers, and after her, her daughters and grand-daughters had much influence over men when they cared to exercise it.

Finally there was a man who succeeded in learning what plants she had used, and with them he would appeal to the Manitou for the affection of women. Many women loved him, and he married several. He would take one for a wife and after a little while would send her away and take another. Finally a certain woman very earnestly called on the Manitou to punish this man, as he was making bad use of the secret intrusted to him; so after that no woman would have anything to do with him, and he finally died, when quite an old man, with no friends nor kindred around him.



The Clans



When the waters were so mighty
As to reach the mountains high,
And it seemed that all creation
Surely then was doomed to die,
Came the turtle to our rescue,
Brought us safely unto land,
For the Manitou had sent him;
Now we're called "The Turtle Clan."



'The Wolf band comes from children,
Whom a she-wolf nursed with care,
And thus restored the children
Who were giv'n up in despair.
Her wailing brought the hunters
To the babies where they lay;
So a band among the people
Is the Wolf Clan of to-day.



When the tribe was once in danger,
A wild turkey gave alarm,
And the warriors met the foeman
With the fury of a storm,
To a maiden, in a vision,
Did the turkey show the plan,
And we call all her descendants
To this day, the "Turkey Clan."





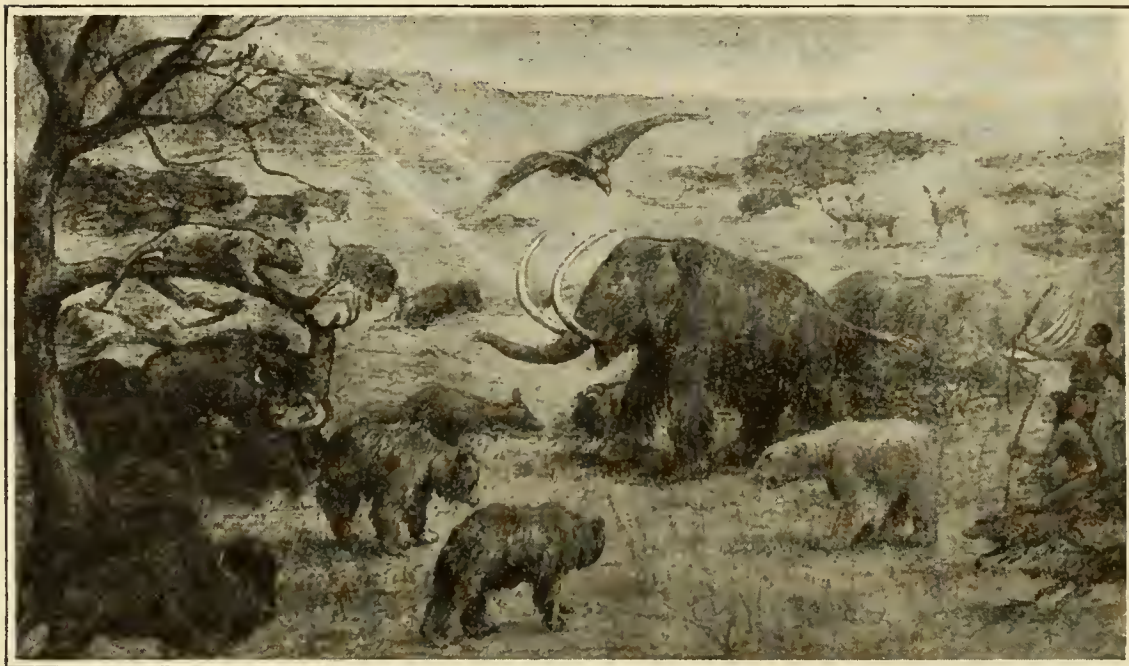
Extracts from Appendix:
**New Views of the Origin of the Tribes and
Nations of America**

BY
BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON, M. D.
1798.

This may not be an improper place to mention, that the nation of the Delawares formerly consisted of four tribes, which were called the Turtle, the Wolf, the Turkey, and the Crow tribes. The Turtle was the head of these tribes, because, say these Indians, the Turtle is a Mannitto, who can live both upon land and in water. The Wolf tribe was the second in rank, because the wolf is a great hunter and can provide well. The Turkey was the third in rank, because this bird feeds upon a variety of good fruits and roots, such as the chestnut, the whortle-berries, (*vaccinium*) and others. The Crow tribe was the last in rank and respectability. For his inferiority the Indians assign the following reason, viz: that the crow feeds upon those things which are thrown away as offals, or useless. While the chief of the Turtle tribe had a right to call all the other chiefs of his Nation together to his council, and while he acted as the president of this council, the chief of the Crow tribe could never rise to any higher dignity, in the nation, than to that of lighting the council-pipe, and handing it to the other chiefs and councillors assembled together. The Crow-tribe has been extinct about fifty years.

The Legend of the "Yah Qua Whee" or Mastodon

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



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

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

take part in this decisive battle if necessary, as the Great Spirit had told them they must annihilate the mastodon.

The great bear was there and was wounded in the battle.

The battle took place in the Ohio Valley, west of the Alleghanies. The Great Spirit descended and sat on a rock on the top of the Alleghanies to watch the tide of battle. Great numbers of the mastodons came, and still greater numbers of the other animals.

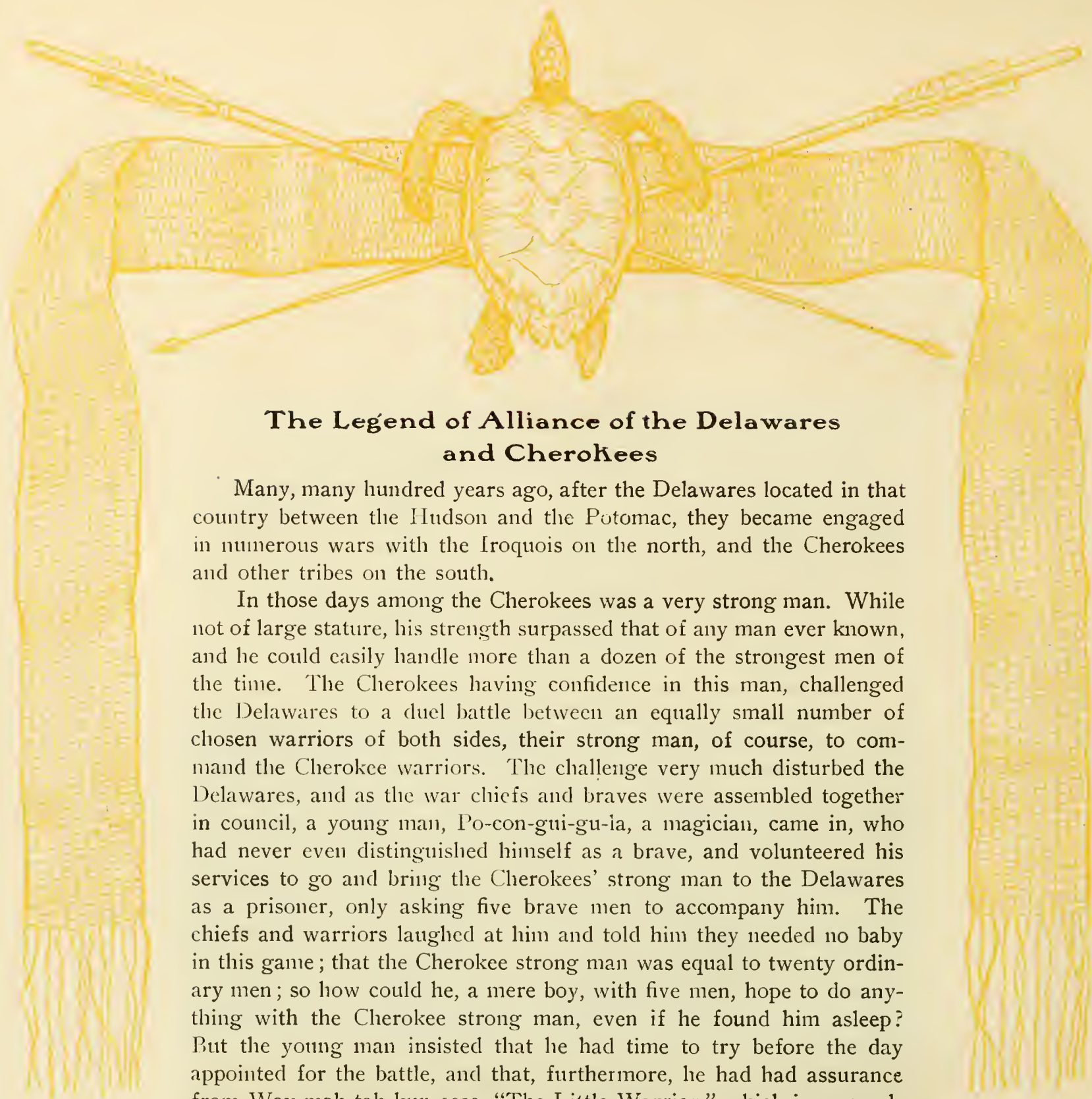
The slaughter was terrific. The mastodons were being victorious until at last the valleys ran in blood. The battlefield became a great mire, and many of the mastodons, by their weight, sank in the mire and were drowned.

The Great Spirit became angry at the mastodon, and from the top of the mountain hurled bolts of lightning at their sides until he killed them all except one large bull, who cast aside the bolts of lightning with his tusks and defied everything, killing many of the other animals in his rage, until at last he was wounded. Then he bounded across the Ohio river, over the Mississippi, swam the Great Lakes, and went to the far north where he lives to this day.

Traces of that battle may yet be seen. The marshes and mires are still there, and in them the bones of the mastodon still are found as well as the bones of many other animals.

There was a terrible loss of the animals that were made for food for the Indians in that battle, and the Indians grieved much to see it. so the Great Spirit caused, in remembrance of that day, the cranberry to come and grow in the marshes to be used as food, its coat always bathed in blood, in remembrance of that awful battle.





The Legend of Alliance of the Delawares and Cherokees

Many, many hundred years ago, after the Delawares located in that country between the Hudson and the Potomac, they became engaged in numerous wars with the Iroquois on the north, and the Cherokees and other tribes on the south.

In those days among the Cherokees was a very strong man. While not of large stature, his strength surpassed that of any man ever known, and he could easily handle more than a dozen of the strongest men of the time. The Cherokees having confidence in this man, challenged the Delawares to a duel battle between an equally small number of chosen warriors of both sides, their strong man, of course, to command the Cherokee warriors. The challenge very much disturbed the Delawares, and as the war chiefs and braves were assembled together in council, a young man, Po-con-gui-gu-ia, a magician, came in, who had never even distinguished himself as a brave, and volunteered his services to go and bring the Cherokees' strong man to the Delawares as a prisoner, only asking five brave men to accompany him. The chiefs and warriors laughed at him and told him they needed no baby in this game; that the Cherokee strong man was equal to twenty ordinary men; so how could he, a mere boy, with five men, hope to do anything with the Cherokee strong man, even if he found him asleep? But the young man insisted that he had time to try before the day appointed for the battle, and that, furthermore, he had had assurance from Way-mah-tah-kun-eese, "The Little Warrior," which is a guardian spirit that had always protected the Delawares in time of war, that he would succeed, and if five men would go with him he would show them what he could do. So they let him go, little hoping ever to see any of the party again. While the young magician realized the power which he had over others, he had rarely ever exercised it in any manner, and consequently his people knew but little about his magic power.

As soon as it was decided that he could go, he and his little party got their war equipments and plenty of strong prisoner cord with which to bind their prisoner, and set out for the Cherokee country. After a few days they arrived at the Cherokee village, and at night entered and killed a man and left signs in order that the people there would know that they were Delawares. When they left, they made a



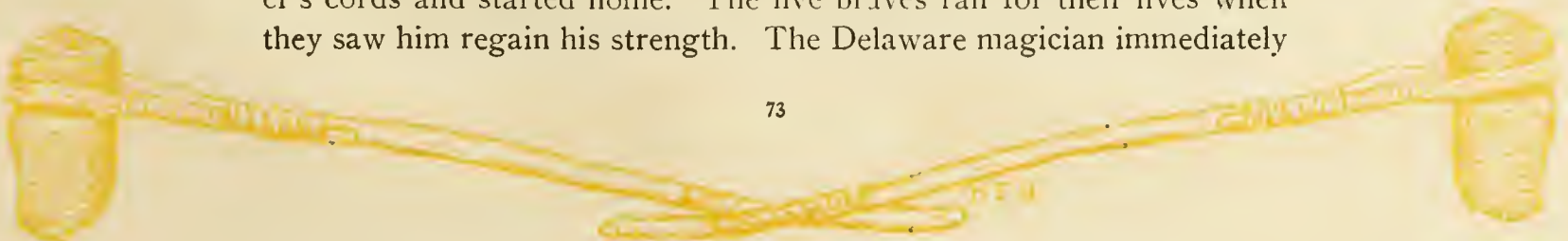
plain trail so that they could easily be followed. The Cherokees next morning discovered what had happened, and that only six men were in the party. They therefore sent the strong man with a dozen braves to follow and capture the offenders. This was what the Delaware magician wanted, and when his pursuers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

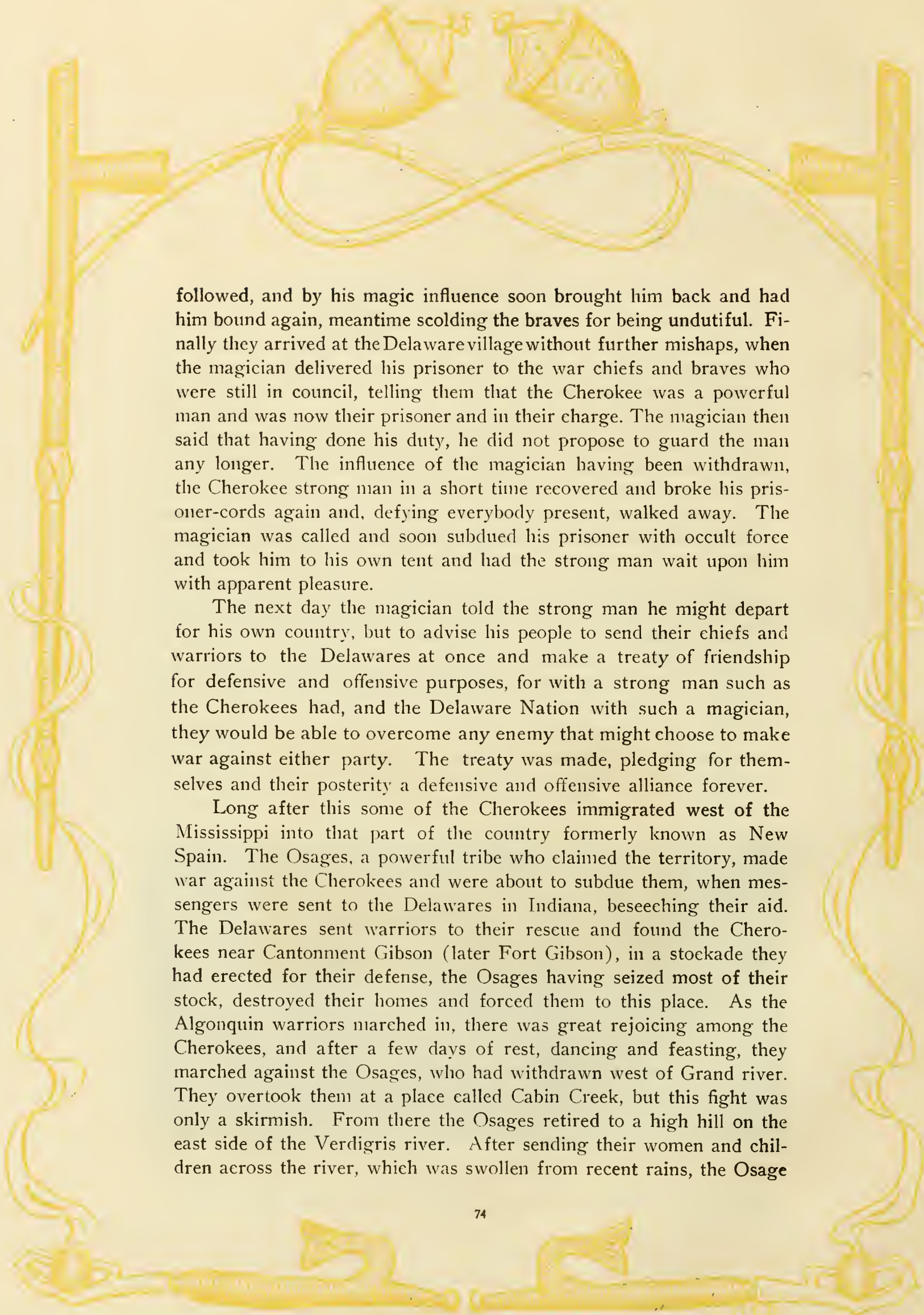
He permitted the strong man to advance further than the rest of his warriors, and when he was quite a distance away from them the Delaware magician cast a spell over him also. While thus under his complete control he called his men (the five Delawares) to him and told them to bind the strong man and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

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



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





followed, and by his magic influence soon brought him back and had him bound again, meantime scolding the braves for being undutiful. Finally they arrived at the Delaware village without further mishaps, when the magician delivered his prisoner to the war chiefs and braves who were still in council, telling them that the Cherokee was a powerful man and was now their prisoner and in their charge. The magician then said that having done his duty, he did not propose to guard the man any longer. The influence of the magician having been withdrawn, the Cherokee strong man in a short time recovered and broke his prisoner-cords again and, defying everybody present, walked away. The magician was called and soon subdued his prisoner with occult force and took him to his own tent and had the strong man wait upon him with apparent pleasure.

The next day the magician told the strong man he might depart for his own country, but to advise his people to send their chiefs and warriors to the Delawares at once and make a treaty of friendship for defensive and offensive purposes, for with a strong man such as the Cherokees had, and the Delaware Nation with such a magician, they would be able to overcome any enemy that might choose to make war against either party. The treaty was made, pledging for themselves and their posterity a defensive and offensive alliance forever.

Long after this some of the Cherokees immigrated west of the Mississippi into that part of the country formerly known as New Spain. The Osages, a powerful tribe who claimed the territory, made war against the Cherokees and were about to subdue them, when messengers were sent to the Delawares in Indiana, beseeching their aid. The Delawares sent warriors to their rescue and found the Cherokees near Cantonment Gibson (later Fort Gibson), in a stockade they had erected for their defense, the Osages having seized most of their stock, destroyed their homes and forced them to this place. As the Algonquin warriors marched in, there was great rejoicing among the Cherokees, and after a few days of rest, dancing and feasting, they marched against the Osages, who had withdrawn west of Grand river. They overtook them at a place called Cabin Creek, but this fight was only a skirmish. From there the Osages retired to a high hill on the east side of the Verdigris river. After sending their women and children across the river, which was swollen from recent rains, the Osage

warriors fortified themselves on top of this hill, which is quite difficult to ascend, owing to the stone precipices around the summit. The Cherokees, and especially the Delawares, were mostly well armed with guns, the Osages principally having bows, arrows and spears. The battle raged from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, during which the Osages would roll large stones and boulders over the precipice to repel the assaults of the Cherokees and Delawares. But in spite of the advantage in position and numbers possessed by the Osages, the summit was gained in the afternoon and the Osages completely routed. Their chief, Claremore, was killed and buried on the mound which was named after him. Thereafter the Cherokees had no further trouble from this source.

About forty years after this the Delawares and Cherokees made another agreement which was in writing and by the terms of this agreement, the Delawares became citizens of the Cherokee Nation and emigrated to their country where they have since remained.





JOHN HILL—In a War Chief's Full Dress

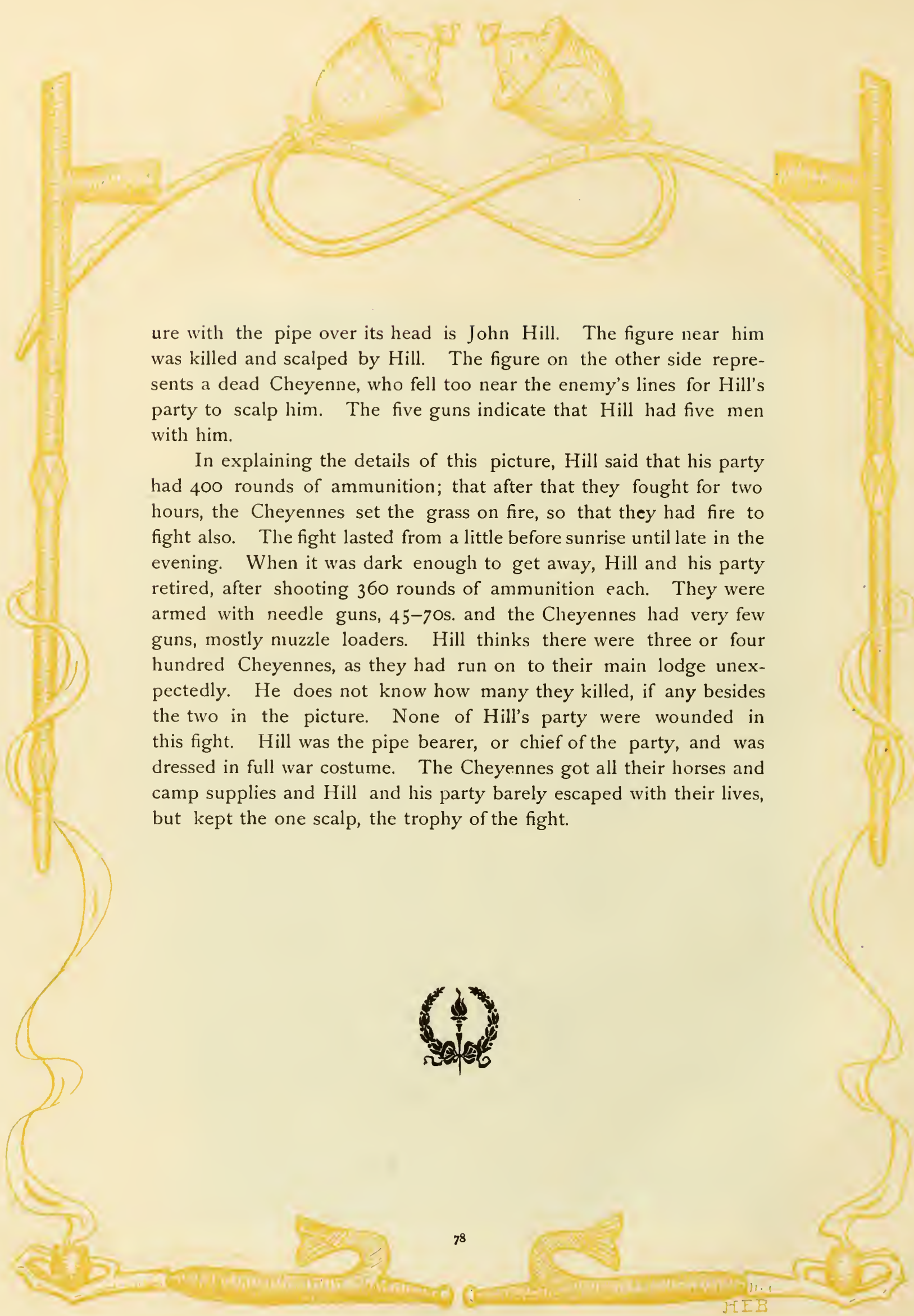
The following is the autobiography of John Hill. It will give the reader some idea of how the Indian Records are kept.

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



PICTURE NO. 1

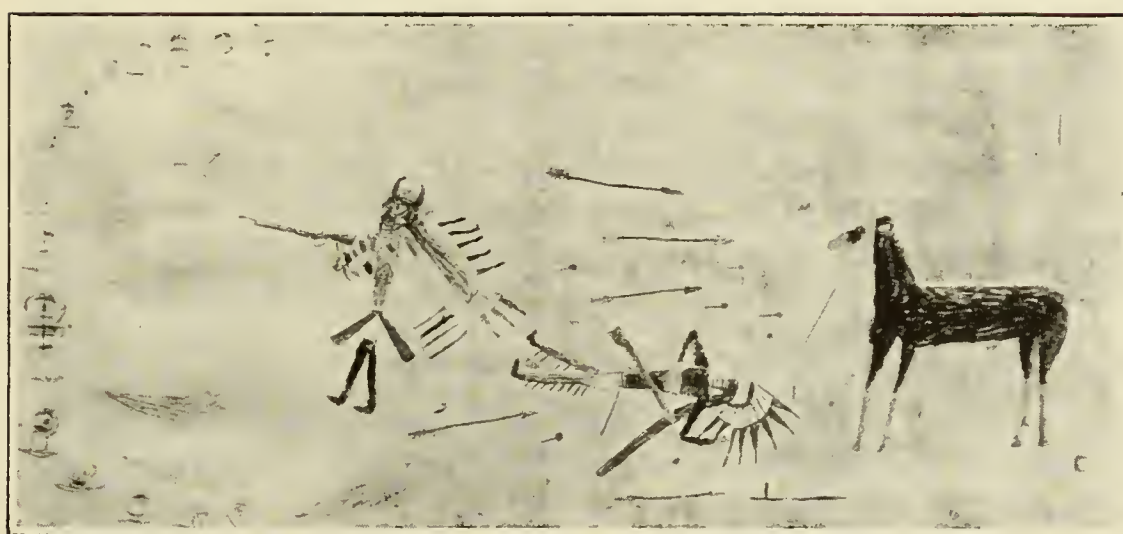
hiding. They are shooting at Hill's party, who are in a cove. Between the circle of eyes and the cove is smoke, some coming from the guns of the Cheyennes and some from Hill's party. The large fig-



ure with the pipe over its head is John Hill. The figure near him was killed and scalped by Hill. The figure on the other side represents a dead Cheyenne, who fell too near the enemy's lines for Hill's party to scalp him. The five guns indicate that Hill had five men with him.

In explaining the details of this picture, Hill said that his party had 400 rounds of ammunition; that after that they fought for two hours, the Cheyennes set the grass on fire, so that they had fire to fight also. The fight lasted from a little before sunrise until late in the evening. When it was dark enough to get away, Hill and his party retired, after shooting 360 rounds of ammunition each. They were armed with needle guns, 45-70s. and the Cheyennes had very few guns, mostly muzzle loaders. Hill thinks there were three or four hundred Cheyennes, as they had run on to their main lodge unexpectedly. He does not know how many they killed, if any besides the two in the picture. None of Hill's party were wounded in this fight. Hill was the pipe bearer, or chief of the party, and was dressed in full war costume. The Cheyennes got all their horses and camp supplies and Hill and his party barely escaped with their lives, but kept the one scalp, the trophy of the fight.





PICTURE NO. 2

This picture represents a fight at a place called Muscle Shell, in Montana. Hill and his cousin, Ne-quah-la, both Delawares, were out with a party of eight Nez Perces Indians, when a party of Sioux stole their horses from them. The next morning Hill's party started in pursuit of the Sioux to recover the horses. They surprised the Sioux and recovered the horses. Hill and his cousin fought while the Nez Perces ran the horses away. Hill had his horse tied in the bushes, as shown in the picture. When the Sioux opened fire, Hill was grazed on the head with a bullet and fell unconscious, but his cousin watched over him and successfully repelled the enemy until Hill regained consciousness and together they rode the one horse, escaped the enemy and overtook their party.



PICTURE NO. 3

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



PICTURE NO. 4

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



PICTURE NO. 5

This picture represents a fight between the Cheyennes, seven Nez Perces and three Delawares. The Delawares and Nez Perces were hunting. The Cheyennes were on the war path. The hunters saw this war party, and some of them began running their horses away, while the others held the enemy at bay. The picture represents Hill and a Cheyenne fighting, the Cheyenne missing Hill and Hill afterwards shooting and scalping the Cheyenne.



PICTURE No. 6

This picture represents John Hill taking a scalp from a Snake Indian. Hill was of a party of seven who were hunting. They ran on to fourteen lodges of Snake Indians, who were on the war path. A short fight resulted, in which Hill secured one scalp.



PICTURE No. 7

This picture represents Hill and Little Wolf, a Cheyenne, fighting. Little Wolf powder-burnt Hill's war bonnet and Hill grazed Little Wolf, but neither were much hurt. Both are living today and are good friends. Hill was in a war party with only ten on his side. They ran on to the Cheyennes at Tongue River in Montana. Hill lost his horse in this fight.



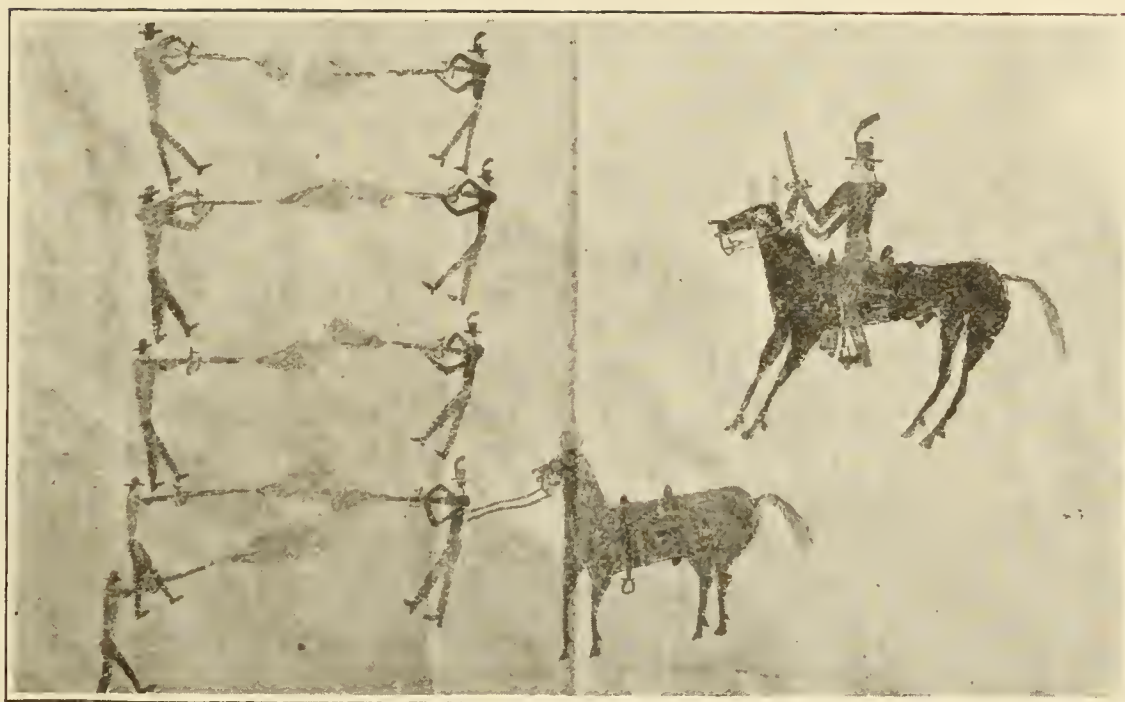
PICTURE NO. 8

This picture represents a fight with the Blackfeet. Hill, with ten Nez Perces and a Delaware were hunting. Hill had no gun but was armed with a bow and arrow. The rain had caused the bow string to stretch and when he went to shoot it broke. The Blackfoot was armed with a gun and shot at Hill, but missed him. Another man shot the Blackfoot. Hill has the war bonnet yet that he took from this Indian. There were about as many Blackfeet as Nez Perces.



PICTURE NO. 9

These pictures represent John Hill when he was a soldier under Captain Falleaf during the Civil War. Hill and two other Delawares were attacked by a large force of Confederates. Two volleys were fired on each side and Hill lost three fingers. Hill and his party then retreated to where Falleaf's men were—about a half a mile distant.



PICTURE NO. 10

There a second engagement took place, in which the Confederates were repulsed. This is shown in picture No. 10. In this picture Hill is represented as holding his horse. In picture No. 9, Hill is represented as the man in the right-hand corner.

