It is very, very near now. Give me one little kiss, my heart," — it was almost in a whisper that Pepe spoke, — "one little kiss to tell me of your love before I go."

And so, for the first and the last time in her life, Pancha kissed Pepe upon the lips: a kiss in which was all the passionate love that would have been his in the long years to come; a kiss that was worth dying for, if only by dying it could be gained; a kiss that for a moment thrilled Pepe with the fullest, gladdest life that he had ever known — and that, being ended, left him dead.

Then Pancha, kneeling where the holy fathers, far back in the centuries, had sung their *Te Deum laudamus*, kneeling where but five little days before her life had been filled with a love so perfect as to be beyond all power of thankfulness in words of praise, looked down upon her dead lover and felt her heart break within her in the utterness of her despair.

STANDING amidst the dead upon the causeway above, a dim shadow against the star-lit sky, was another figure — unperceived by, yet completing, the group below. The arms were raised, half threateningly, half imploringly, and the lithe, vigorous form swayed in unison with the wild throbbings of a heart in which sated hate did mortal battle with outraged love. Chona had conquered; but even in the first flush of her triumph she knew that love and hope and happiness, that everything which makes life worth holding to, had been lost.

Thomas A. Janvier.

LEGENDS OF THE PASSAMAQUODDY.

WITH DRAWINGS ON BIRCH BARK BY A QUĀDI INDIAN.

THE QUĀDI "PUCK."

THERE are, no doubt, many scholars in New England who regret that the Romans cared so little for their Etruscan predecessors. It would have been so very easy for Cicero or Pliny or any of the many antiquaries, philosophers, or other gentlemen of industrious idleness, to have preserved for us something of the old language of the Tarquins, a fair collection of their songs and legends, or an essay on their place-names. Yet precisely the same thing will certainly be said a thousand years hence of the very same American scholars who thus complain of the Romans. What have they done to preserve the memorabilia of the Red Indians who preceded them? Truly very little. The names of Schoolcraft, Trumbull, Brinton, and some others stand out in honorable prominence in this field; but compared to the immensity of the harvest, the laborers thus far are almost as remarkable for their fewness as for their praiseworthy zeal.

One might by seeking find, almost any day, in some print the admission that America is wanting in romantic legends, and all the sweet, wild charm of Elfin land. The Hudson is not for us as the storied Rhine. Yet, if we did but know it, every hill and vale and rock and rivulet around us was once consecrated by all these "sweet humanities of old religion." More than this, the mythology of the Middle Ages, the quaint wild *mährchen* of Scandinavia and the Teuton and the Celt, while not more attractive from an objective or dramatic point of view, are far inferior to our Algonkin Indian tales in the subtile charm of the *myth*. True, it is not generally appreciated; it seldom is by the popularizers of great legends. Longfellow entirely omits from Hiawatha all the *inner* life of the Chippeway tales; and Mr. Arnold, in his "Light of Asia," does not seem to consider the main point of the whole effort of Buddha, the formula by which souls are to be saved, to be worth mentioning, though it is on this "jewel" that all the machinery of Hindoo time turns, and to attain this that the reformer renounces earth and defies hell. Thus far our American tales have been treated — as by Mr. Mathews — literally as nothing more than common nursery stories. Yet even by this standard they are very beautiful. Had our scholars taken but a little pains they might have shown the Old World that all that is sweet and strange in spirit and dream-love haunts our forests; that Puck as the *Mik-amwes* frolics by moonlight in the *d'jeh-ka-mee-gus*, or forest-openings; that Melusine turns herself from woman to serpent; and that the seal, like the dolphin of old, saves his friends from drowning.

The fairy legends of Europe come to us

strained to utter thinness through centuries of unbelief,— that is to say, made rococo, even as the gods were rococoed in France until Monsieur Berger invoked *le dieu des billards!* But there is in our Indian tales, as told to-day, an intense *faith;* the narrators even believe in such of Æsop's fables as they have learned from some genial Catholic priest, and then quaintly mythologized according to their own conceptions. As the Red Indian myths agree strangely enough in the main with the Hindoo, *e. g.*, in the magical power of penance, *maya*, and transmigration of a certain kind, it is not remarkable that the *fable*, which, if not of Buddhistic origin, was at least perfected by Buddhistic influence, should be keenly enjoyed by the Algonkin. As an illustration of this, I will tell one as narrated to me by a Passamaquoddy (or Quoddy) Indian:

"*Kah-nī-ūf*—a long time ago—there was an Indian village. All who lived in it were very provident: they laid up stores for winter. There was one man named Mū-in, the Bear; he gathered berries and dried them.* Mee-ko, the Squirrel, stored up nuts; Mah-ti-gwess, the Rabbit, laid by grass. But there was one young man who did nothing but play on the flute all the time, and lounge about singing while the others were at work. When winter came he had nothing. So for a time he begged a meal from one and then from another, till they all tired of him and sent him out of the village to shift for himself. Now, in time these Indians all turned into animals, and Mū-in became a bear, and so on with the rest, and the lazy Indian became a locust, which does nothing but go *biz-z-z*."

Here the narrator startled me by a loud, shrill, and excellent imitation of the cry of the insect, and then continued:

"Now they are animals they continue to do as of old. And this is all very curious, and I think if examined it might be proved; for all animals have habits like men, and where would they get so much sense from if they were not once much cleverer than they are now?"

Though this is not really *ab initio* an Indian story, the variation from the original is remarkable; for it is so told as to change the true moral or deduction, and I have begun with it because it gives a key to three-fourths of all our Red Indian legends. Living constantly among wild animals, and closely studying their habits, the Indian recognizes in them an intelligence which to him seems human. The bear, the otter, and the beaver meet his craft with craft, and in their way behave exactly as even an Indian would do under the same circumstances. Therefore, in time, men who resembled certain animals, or who had distinguished themselves by killing them, received their names. Hence came transmitted family names and the *totem*. The primeval bear, whatever he was, man or beast, loves his descendants and aids them. With time, too, there comes a confusion of ideas on the subject. Sometimes it is the animals who are changed into men, and in certain stories there is as hopeless a bewilderment as in Uncle Remus's tales of the rabbits and other creatures who looked and behaved quite like human beings, and won for themselves mortal wives. It is in this connection very remarkable that in the Quādi tales Brother Rabbit is eminently the most cunning of all the beasts, and entirely outwits his enemy the wily wildcat.

THE RIVER.

"*Ato kah-win*—tell me a story?"

"Yes, I will tell you a story. Once upon a time there was an Indian village by a little river. All the water they had to drink came from this river. There were no brooks or springs or ponds far or near—nothing to drink from but this and the rain. Now, there came a long, dry summer. Suddenly in one night the river ceased to flow. In a few days there was not so much as a puddle from which to quench thirst. This was hard for the Indians.

"Now, when they were almost dying for a drink, they held a meeting, and after a long debate sent an Indian up the river to find why it had ceased to flow; and far away and near its source he discovered the cause. There was another village there, whose inhabitants had built a dam and made a pond, which they kept all to themselves. The messenger complained to them that this was very selfish. They bade him speak to their chief. He did so; but what was his amazement at seeing that this chief was more of a monster than a man. He was an immense bloated creature, with a great paunch many times larger than that of the fattest live man. To him the messenger complained of the dam, but only met with abuse. 'If you want water, go somewhere else,' said the monster. 'What do I care if your people die of thirst. Begone!' But at last, moved by the prayers of the messenger, he bade one of his men take an arrow and pierce a small hole in the dam, so that a little water might run down the stream.

* This belief that the bear lays up berries for winter consumption appears also in another story that was told me.

"The Indian returned, and for a few days his fellow-villagers had a scanty allowance of water. By and by this ceased again to flow. Then the poor people became desperate. There was among them a fearless and powerful warrior. They told him to go to the bloated chief, and, unless the monster would take away the dam, to proceed to extremes and do his worst. 'We may as well be killed,' said they, 'as die of thirst with our families.' So the brave man, who cared for nothing so much as a fight, got ready and departed. He came to the village of the dam, and saw the fat chief. Neither was pleased with the other's appearance, and when the brave man said that he had come to order the dam to be destroyed, and that he expected it to be done immediately, the chief in a rage called to his followers. Whereupon the brave man, quick as lightning, split the chief's head with a tomahawk, and then thrust his spear into the great belly. But what a wonder! In an instant, village, Indians, and all vanished; for it was all *m'tŭolin*, and from the paunch of the monster came rushing in torrents the whole river, which he had swallowed."

"Was this the end?"

"No — it was the beginning of a new race of beings; for the Indians of the lower village, being terribly thirsty, did as hungry men do when they sit and tell one another what they would like to have to eat if they could get it. 'I,' said one, as they lounged on the rocks which had once been wet, 'would like to wind about in nice soft mud or moss, and keep wet, and now and then drink my fill.' 'I,' said a long-legged young man, 'would dive from a rock all day and then swim ashore. Oh! how I would swallow the water!' 'Ah, I would do better than that,' said a third, 'for I would live in the river, and only when the weather was fine bask on a log or a stone, and then plump head over heels into the depths.' 'Ho! you none of you know how to wish,' cried a fourth. 'I am the only one who is *so'gm'o** of the wishers. I would live in the water, swimming all the time, and never come out.'

"Now, it so happened that all this was said in the hour when all men get their wishes. And so the first was turned into a water-lizard, which wiggles about in mud and moss; and the second, who wanted to take headers into the river, took them in earnest, for he became a frog, and a splendid jumper he is. Indeed, I have seen the time when I have been after a deer when I wished that I, too, had such legs as Mr. Tchk-wŭl-sŭk."

"So, that is the Indian for a frog?"

"Yes; it sounds like it, doesn't it? But the fourth *u'skédzin* or Indian — he that was the chief of the wishers — became a fish. And all the rest of the village, down to the very children, as they were all wishing for something of the same kind in their hearts, became tadpoles, or leeches, or water-snakes, or such things. Before this happened there were no creatures in the waters; so now you know how all such animals came into the world."

"How about the one who wished to sit on the log in sunshine and then slip down into the water?"

"Oh, that was *Tchick-we-nocktch*, or turtle, and a turtle he is to this day. Yes; his name is hard to pronounce, and if he is a snapper he is a hard fellow to deal with, and when he takes hold he never lets go till it thunders. But he is the best of all to eat — the harder the shell the sweeter the nut; and I hope I may find one the next time I go into a pond, so that I don't find it out by his getting hold of me first."

This is a very remarkable myth, since in it the incarnation of the river, or of the swallower of a river, in a monster who does not yield it till killed, reminds us forcibly of Typhon, and by antithesis of many Old World demons who devastate by drought until they meet with the appointed hero. The ingenuity and tact with which the narrative is made the medium for accounting for the origin of all swimming creatures, make it almost a masterpiece of its kind. It will at once occur to the reader who is versed in such literature, that men who could frame such fictions were no bunglers in invention. In its semi-comic form, allied to the depth of the myths involved, we have an evidence of great strength, and in this respect we have in this little tale one of the few which rival in power the wonderful story of Vikram and the Vampire.

KO-KO-KAS (THE OWL).

THERE was an old couple who lived in a village by the edge of a river. They had a daughter who was very handsome and clever. All the young men wanted her for a wife, but she was of a strange nature and refused every offer. Still they came, and the parents, who wished to live in peace, had a troubled life. At last the old man, who wanted to please his daughter without making enemies, declared that any one who would win her must do something which seemed to be quite impossible; for, reasoning that to spit on a fire rather tends to

* *So'gm'o*, chief. From this word comes *sagamore*, and the generally mispronounced *sachem*. There are two slight gutturals, or deep aspirates, in it.

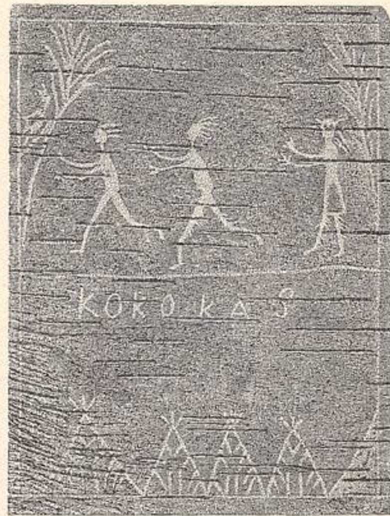
quench it than make it burn, he declared that whoever would become his son-in-law must by spitting into hot embers make them blaze up. And this was tried by many, of course, without success, and the clever and beautiful girl remained for a long time single.

Now, there was a mysterious old woman in the village, of whom, as nothing was known either to her credit or discredit, it was naturally reported that she was *m'teūlin*, or gifted with magic power; and it happened not only to be true, but much less than the whole truth, for she was really one of the most potent sorceresses among the Wabanaki, but allied to the powerful and terrible family of the Owls—the Great Horned Owl himself being her own nephew. Now, there are ups and downs in power even among the greatest, and this nephew would seem at this time to have been somewhat reduced, since he was living simply as a young Indian, skillful, it is true, as a hunter, and brave as a warrior, but of extremely retired disposition, passing his leisure in solitude in the woods. To him the aunt suggested marriage with the girl, and, finding that it would suit him well were it but possible, rendered it possible by giving him a magic drink which would enable him to perform the fire-spitting feat without difficulty. So that evening, when there was a large and select company, including the *so'gm'o*, or chief himself, in the lodge inhabited by the girl and her parents, he walked in, and according to Indian custom spat on the fire as soon as he entered. Blaze! I should think it did. It flew up to the roof until the flame went out at the smoke-hole. And without speaking a word, or casting a look at any who were present, Owl turned on his heel and went home. As the chief was present, and as the father of the girl had declared that any one who could fulfill the condition should have his daughter, the marriage ceremony was performed at once according to our old custom. So the girl followed her husband, and was received by him very kindly in his wigwam, where he had spread some bear-skins, on which she at once sat down beside him.

In the morning she rose to light the fire, but before she did so gazed at her sleeping husband, and at a glance she saw something which filled her with terror and amazement. It was the gleam for an instant, as he slept, of his awful eyes as he in a dream opened and shut them, and still more *his ears* standing up from the great masses of black hair; for when any animal becomes human it always retains, in some way, a trace of what it was; and the Owl, let him enchant himself as much as he will, always shows what he is in his eyes and ears.

Now, a white girl would not be more appalled at learning that she had married the devil himself than was this maid on finding that her husband was that terrible sorcerer of the North, the great Ko-ko-kas, or the awful Owl. She gazed steadily at him, unable to move, for half an hour. At last the spell was broken by the aunt, who, having entered quietly, as all the Owl family are wont to do, and looked at her for some time, asked her pleasantly if she was not tired of standing still. Then she gave a scream and fled homeward. She would not return to her husband; she would not see him. Her family and all the village sympathized with her; for, though none of them knew anything to the discredit of Owl, still the coming of such a terrible and famous being into their small life was entirely too much for them.

Owl left the village, and for a long time tried without success many tricks and devices whereby to regain his wife. But she would not be conciliated. Finally, it occurred to him that if he could make himself very popular under another form and name, it might lead to success. So he changed his appearance, and as a very handsomé young Indian came and joined the village again. Going on the first day far into the woods,



FLEEING FROM THE OWL.

he found a moose-yard and killed a moose, and not far from it a bear. He soon got some one to help him carry the meat home, and then sent messengers out inviting all far and near to a grand feast. The bride and her parents, being very suspicious, at first refused to accept the call, but, when assured by the boy who was sent to them that the host was only a stranger who desired to become acquainted with everybody, finally went.

THE RABBIT TOMAHAWKS THE WILDCAT.

All passed pleasantly so long as the eating and drinking continued. The host was very agreeable and in a fair way to become immensely popular. After dinner, when all were comfortably smoking, Owl proposed that every one, for mutual entertainment, should tell a story, each to narrate the most remarkable event which had ever happened to him or to her at any time. When it came to the bride's turn, she fixed a keen glance on the host, and said that as her story would require very close attention, she must ask that all present would show their ears. Of course the guests laughed and complied. Not so the entertainer, who indeed smiled, but said that his hearing was so remarkably acute that he could catch distinctly any sound, though it were only a whisper through a rock, and that it would hardly be fair to require him to derange his carefully arranged head-dress. As all his company only clamored the more on hearing this, he threw himself on his dignity and privilege as host. Now, the Owl, though grave and wise, has a temper; and when his guests continued to roar for a sight of his ears, all his evil blood became hot enough, and standing up at full height, he threw back his hair, showing his ears like horns, while all the fury of the awful sorcerer glared from his eyes. Then there was a scream as of one voice, when they turned in terror and rushed for the door so rapidly that one could hardly see them as they ran.

The Owl fled again, and again tried new ways to win his wife once more, and failed repeatedly. But his aunt was not idle. She was angered that any ordinary human girl could be so clever and so proud as to resist her great nephew. She employed all her energy to win fresh *m'teūlin* power, and day by day felt it growing upon her. Finally she knew that it was won. Then she made a flute. Whoever played on it could win all hearts. It had cost terrible fasting, and long suffering, and awful effort of will; but it was a success. This she gave to her nephew.

But the bride kept herself so much away from all mankind after that dreadful dinner that the flute, in turn, seemed to be useless. Her husband could not get within her hearing. But chance often gives what craft cannot win. One day when he was deep in the woods, sitting far up in a high tree and musing moodily on his sorrows, his wife came, thinking she was in the loneliest place in the world, and sat down under him. She, too, had a flute, and, as she played with wonderful skill, sweet, soft notes of magic melody, at first unheard, mingled with her own. The air grew richer, deeper, more impassioned; but as she realized that the strains were not hers, but those of a greater master, she was conquered. And as the warblings of the flutes mingled, her soul mingled with the unknown; and then the Owl came sailing softly down on his broad pinions and carried her far away, and they lived together happily ever after.

I TRUST no reader will think that I have "written" up this or any other story, or in any way attempted to ornament it. The very structure of this legend, and the manner of its ending, as it was told to me in simple words by an Indian in his tent, affected me far more than I can move any reader by it. But as far as I can make them out — my knowledge of the Quādi dialect of the Wabenaki being sadly limited — these tales have all in them, as originally told, a poetic charm which English cannot convey. The language itself is always

spoken in low, soft tones; I have compared it often to the cooing of doves in a murmuring pine forest, by a softly flowing stream. The Algonkin languages, so far as represented by Chippeway, Quādi, and Penobscot, which are the only ones that I have ever listened to, are the only tongues in which mere sound has seemed to me to be perfect; and in the original the concluding phrases of this story of the Owl are music itself. The traditions of the Micmacs, which were originally also those of the Quādis, state that when Glūskap, the great Northern god, left the world on account of the exceeding great wickedness of man, the great Snowy Owl returned to the deepest forest, to return no more till he could welcome his grand master, and that, in those solemn solitudes, he still repeats "Ko-ko-kas," or, as the Micmac has it, "Koo-koo-skoos," meaning "Oh! I am sorry." It is at least pleasant to learn from the Quādi tale that the Owl, before retiring, provided himself with a lovely partner to share his sorrows and his game. It may be observed that, in the beginning of this story, the hero appears to be in reduced circumstances. His virtue has gone from him. As in India, Brahma himself, not having attained Nirvana, may be degraded to the lowest humanity, so he who expends his *m'teūlin* energy is liable to become a feeble mortal, as occurs in the Chippeway legend, in which the supreme Manabozho cannot even obtain meat, and is contemptuously fed by a woodpecker. It is also remarkable that in the Old World traditions, as in the New, animals, as well as supernatural beings which assume human form, always retain some trace of their origin. Satan must keep his cloven hoof; the water-fay has always one corner of her dress wet. Everything keeps something of the old savor and flavor.

THE RABBIT AND THE WILDCAT.

Mecqút matowess n'yaga habibuségan — there was once a Rabbit and a Lusifi.—What is a lusifi?—Well, it is a kind of wildcat, and the rabbit is its natural food. But these were Indians who were also animals, or else the other way. Anyhow, Wildcat put himself at the head of a pack of ravenous wolves and went hunting with them. Now, being half starved and wishing to show the wolves what he could do, by way of a bright beginning he took them to Rabbit's house, thinking he would easily be caught. But this Rabbit had made himself a powerful *m'teūlin*, or magician, and one of his strong points was to know whenever danger threatened him. So that, the instant Wildcat spoke of eating him, he heard it all in his soul as if it had rung in his ears, and, having determined with all his will not to be caught, made himself as *m'teūlin* as he could. Then, in order to escape from his home and get far away without leaving track or scent, he took an armful of large chips and, throwing one as far as he could from his door, jumped to it. Then he threw another and jumped to that, and so on till the chips were all gone, when he took one flying leap and ran for life to get in a hurry out of scent, sight, and sound.

When Wildcat and his wolves came to Rabbit's house it was empty. They smelt and looked all about, but could find nothing. Now, wolves are a rude, impatient kind of people; so they turned on Wildcat and told him that if he were only half as clever as he thought himself, he would indeed be something remarkable; but that as for commanding wolves, they thought a following of field mice to hunt bogs would be much more suitable for him. They taunted him with many more pleasing remarks of this kind before they galloped off, leaving him almost crazy with anger. For the Wildcat has a terrible temper, and is also the proudest of all creatures; yet his stubbornness is as great as his temper and his pride. So, being alone, he resolved to follow Rabbit and devour him, or die in the attempt. His first move on the flying foe was very ingenious. Taking the house as a center, he went around it in a gradually enlarging spiral line, rightly reasoning that this, if sufficiently extended, must inevitably strike Rabbit's track somewhere. And indeed he had not described many semicircles of the volute before he found the mark of the feet as expected. And then — whoop! — he was off in hot haste headlong after the fellow with the long ears. And Rabbit, in turn, knowing by magic power that he was pursued, put on additional speed, and so ran till nightfall, when he found himself quite exhausted. He had but little time to make preparations for defense. All he could do was to trample down the snow and break off a spruce twig and lay it on the ground and sit on it. But when Wildcat came there he found a fine wigwam and put his head in it. There he saw, seated by a fire, smoking, an old man, very gray, of dignified aspect, whose majestic appearance was much heightened by a pair of very long and venerable ears. In breathless haste Wildcat asked him if he had seen a Rabbit passing that way. The ancient Indian replied with surprise: "Rabbits! Why, of course I have seen many, for they abound in the wood near this place. I see dozens of them every day." Then he remarked kindly to Wildcat that he had better stay there for a time and rest. "I am an old man," he said impressively, "and

alone, and a respectable guest like yourself comes to me like a blessing." So Wildcat readily consented to stay all night. "This wretched creature whom you are pursuing," said his host, "who doubtless merits an exemplary punishment, will also be weary, and must sleep. You will therefore lose no time, and may take up his trail in the morning."

So, after a good meal, Wildcat lay down beside the fire on a white bear's skin and went to sleep, and, having run all day, never awoke once all night. But when he did, he was as astonished as he was miserable, for he found himself on the open heath in the snow, and almost starved to death. The wind blew as if it had a keen will to kill him, and his sleep had not refreshed him. There was no sign of a wigwam, except a twig, nor of his host, save rabbit-tracks trailing to the north. He saw at once that he had been enchanted, and again swore revenge on the Rabbit, come what might. So he chased again until nightfall. Then the Rabbit, knowing that the foe was at hand, again trampled down the snow for a great space around a hollow stump, and strewed many chips and twigs, for he felt that this time a far greater endeavor must be made.

So, when Wildcat came up, he found himself in a great Indian village, with such crowds of people bustling about that anything like magic or delusion never occurred to him. The first building that he saw was a church, in which service was apparently being held. Entering hastily, he said to the first person near: "Have you seen a rabbit running this way?" And the man, whispering, said: "Hush! you must wait till the meeting is over." Then a young fellow, apparently of the better class, beckoned to him to come further in and hear the preaching. He did so. The priest was old and very gray, and his ears stood up from under his closely fitting little skull-cap like two long handles on a small, round jug. And his sermon was very long indeed, especially to Mr. Wildcat, for it was on the duties of temperance, moderation, gentleness, and forgiveness of enemies. And all those who were ferocious, vulgar, and utterly contemptible were compared to ravening wolves and wildcats, who were described as combining the wickedness of *Mitchehʼnt*, the devil, with the vileness of the skunk. Still Wildcat suspected nothing, being confident that no one present knew who he was. And when service was over he asked the young Indian if he had seen a rabbit go by. The young man replied: "Rabbits! Why, there are hundreds close to us, and you can have as many as you want." But Wildcat said: "Ah, those are not of the right kind! I mean a very different sort — the man-rabbit." But the youth said: "I know of no other kind except such as run wild in the woods. But you may inquire of our governor or chief." And the governor came up to greet the stranger. He, too, like the preacher, was venerable and gray, with two long locks standing up on either side of his head, not unlike horns. And being most kindly invited, Wildcat went home with the great man, whose two handsome daughters cooked him a fine supper, after which they brought him a beautiful white bear's skin* and a new white blanket, and made up a bed for him beside the fire. And what with the sermon, the supper, and his day's run, Wildcat was asleep as soon as he lay down; but when he awoke in the gray dawn, he found himself more miserable than before, in the water and snow of a deep cedar swamp, the wind blowing worse than ever, and seeming to howl scornful songs. Yet he sprang up more game than ever, determining to succeed in spite of all the magic spells in the world. And yet, toward night, when he arrived at another Indian village, and the people came out to meet him, he suspected nothing, and, panting, asked them: "Have — you — seen — a — rabbit — pass — this — way?" With concern they asked him what was the matter. So he told them all the story which you have heard, and, being glad to be made of some consequence after all his humiliations, enlarged greatly on his adventure, making himself out to be the most persecuted and honest Indian in the world. And they pitied him very much — yes, one gray old man, wearing long, down-hanging ear-rings, with two pretty daughters, shed tears; and they comforted him and advised him to stay with them. So he was led to a very large lodge where there was a great fire burning in the middle of the floor. And over it hung two pots, with meat and soup and corn and beans, and by them stood two Indians, who distributed food to all the people, and he had his share with the rest. They all brought their portions to a long table, where they feasted gayly, the guest receiving much attention, which greatly delighted him, as he was, though fierce and crafty, extremely vain. When they had done eating, the old chief, who was very gray, and from either side of whose head rose two venerable long white feathers, with ends curling downward, rose to welcome the stranger, and in a very long speech said that it was with them a good old custom to feed those who visited them and to receive in return a song. Now Wildcat believed himself to be a great poet, and as he had this time all the inspiration of hatred, he burst out into a song of vengeance against all the Rabbits.

* White is always the color peculiar to enchantment in the Algonkin legends.

> "Oh, the vile Rabbits!
> The miserable corn-thieves!
> How I hate them!
> How I despise them!
> How I laugh at them!
> May I scalp them all!"

This song was greatly admired, whereupon Wildcat, much elated, said he thought the Governor himself should sing. To this the chief assented, but said that first all who were present must shut their eyes, and, while seated, bow their heads. This they all did. And then Governor Rabbit drew his *timhegan*, or tomahawk, and, clearing guests and table at a bound, gave Wildcat a blow which cut deeply into his head between the ears and stunned him. When he recovered from his swoon he was again in snow and filth, in far worse case than ever, more starved and more miserable, his head a mass of frozen blood. Yet, though nearly dead with cold, he was more resolute than ever to kill the Rabbit. He could not go very far that day for pain and weariness, and was very glad when, at noon, he came to two wigwams. He looked into one and saw two fine girls sewing, and then into the next, where he beheld a venerable gray man with two bird-arrows casually stuck through his hair, while he appeared to be making others. To him Wildcat told his story, and was greatly pitied by both the father and daughters, who advised him to stay with them by all means, and that they would at once get him a doctor, since unless he should receive prompt medical attendance he would surely die. And when the doctor came, he too was old and gray, with the ends which knotted his hair projecting on either side in a very professional manner. He dressed the wound and put salve on it, which gave Wildcat at once a blessed relief from pain, and a sense as of real happiness. Then he brought him a plateful of very small round biscuits and a beautiful pitcher full of straw-colored wine, of which he was urged to partake at intervals, to refresh himself and gather strength.

One would have thought that Wildcat had at his last awaking been in the extreme of misery and humiliation. But one could go still farther and fare worse, as he experienced the next morning, when, on opening his eyes, he found his head aching to madness and swollen to a terrible size, while the wound, which was all gaping wide, was most carefully stuffed with hemlock needles, pine splinters, and gravel. By his side lay a dead leaf, on which were a number of the pellets usually found about the haunts of rabbits, while near them grew a pitcher-plant of the past season, now dead, containing a fluid which had not the least resemblance to wine, save in color. Then he was indeed furious, since in temper, as in all other things, he seemed to be going from bad to worse, and swore in the very madness of rage that the first living creature which he met should perish, so determined was he to be no longer deceived by the artful Rabbit.

Now the Rabbit had almost exhausted his *m'teŭlin* power, but there was still enough left for one more grand display. He came to a lake, and, picking up a large chip or piece of wood, threw it in, having first invoked the aid of a number of night-hawks flying overhead. When Wildcat came to the water, he saw sailing on it a large ship. On its deck stood the captain, a fine, gray-haired man, with two points to his cocked hat. But Wildcat now distrusted everything, and, in a rage, he cried: "You cannot fool me this time. I have you now, Mr. Rabbit, so look out for yourself!" Saying this, he plunged into the water and began to swim to the ship. The captain, as if amazed at such boldness in the animal, ordered his men to fire, which they did, bang! bang! bang! with terrible effect, so far, at least, as sound went. Now, this was caused by the night-hawks, who were the sailors, since, when they sail in the air and swoop down, they utter a cry like a shot. At least it seemed so to Wildcat, who, deceived and appalled by this volley, at once turned tail in utter terror, and, not caring to encounter another discharge, swam ashore and vanished in the dark old forest, where, if he is not dead, he is running still.

THE delusion, or mirage, so perfectly depicted and so well sustained in this story, is strikingly like that set forth in the Eddaic tale, where Thor is deceived by the giants, and on waking finds himself also on the heath, with only a few indications in the earth as witness that all was not quite a dream. Yet on the whole it is far more like the Japanese tale in which a young man defies the power of the Foxes, and after being led through a series of strange adventures, also opens his eyes on a lonely field where there is naught save wind and waving grass. So it goes the world over — *c'est partout comme chez nous.*

Every visitor to the fairy island of absurdly named "Campobello" has noticed the not less absurdly titled "Friar," a curious rock resembling a gigantic shrouded human figure, which has given its name to the cave, on either side of which are situated the two hotels. There is little sense in forcing on American scenery the names of friars or knights, and nothing could be more ridiculous than the efforts which have been made by rhymers and small local romancers to invest this Friar

with a story. The Indian name for Campobello is both appropriate and sensible, since it is *Ebaw'huit*, meaning Island by (or near) the main-land. As for the Friar, he is a petrified woman, and the ancient legend relative to the image is as follows:

Once there was a young Indian who had married a wife of great beauty, and they were attached to each other by a wonderful love. They lived together on the headland which rises so boldly and beautifully above the so-called Friar. Unfortunately, her parents lived with the young married couple, and acted as though they were still entitled to all control over her. One summer the elder couple wished to go up the St. John River, while the young man was determined to remain on Passamaquoddy Bay. Then the parents bade the daughter to come with them, happen what might. She wished to obey her husband, yet greatly feared her father, and was in dire distress. Now the young man grew desperate. He foresaw that he must either yield to the parents—which all his Indian stubbornness and sense of dignity forbade—or else lose his wife. Now, he was *m'teūlin*, and, thinking that magic might aid him, did all he could to increase his supernatural power. Then feeling himself strong, he said to his wife one morning, "Sit here until I return." She said, "I will," and obeyed. But no sooner was she seated than the *m'teūlin* spell began to work, and she, still as death, soon hardened into stone. Going to the point of land directly opposite, over the bay, the husband called his friends, with his father- and mother-in-law, and told them that he was determined never to part from his wife, nor to lose sight of her for an instant to the end of time, and yet withal they would never quit Passamaquoddy. On being asked sneeringly by his wife's father how he would effect this, he said: "Look across the water. There sits your daughter, and she will never move. Here am I gazing on her. Farewell!" And as he spoke the hue of stone came over his face, and in a few minutes he was a rock. And there they stood for ages, until, some years ago, several fishermen, prompted by the spirit which moves the Anglo-Saxon everywhere to wantonly destroy, rolled the husband with great effort into the bay. As for the bride, she still exists as the Friar, although she has long been a favorite object for artillery practice by both English and American vandal captains, who have thus far, however, only succeeded in knocking off her head.

Another legend told me by an old Indian relative to this curious rock is much less satisfactory. There was a youth who loved the wife of a very old chief who lived up the bay at the Indian village of Point Pleasant, which is called more sensibly in Indian, Sebaïek, or The Narrows. She did not return his love, and the old chief becoming angry made the country most unsafe for the lover. So he wandered away and was long missing. But one day some fishermen, drawing near the bluff in their canoes, saw at its foot an image. It was that of the young man, who in his intense despair had turned to stone. So the place is called Skédapsis, an abbreviation for Skédap-sis-penābsqu', or the Stone Manikin, to this day.

Those who think that tender sentiment is wanting in the Red Indian will admit that this legend, in either version, shows no want of it. But the truth is, there is as much tenderness, grace, quaint delusion, or fairy *maya* and earnest love in these stories as can be found in the romance records of any nation, and much more than there ever was in the second-hand, tarnished, and shabby filigree tales of the old French adventurers and speculators, which have thus far furnished the staple for our poets and makers of books of travel in Canada and New Brunswick. In what constitutes the strongest point of pride with the person of merely *literary* culture, that is to say, in romance, the Red Indian is often equal to most readers of ordinary poetry, and perhaps their superior as regards the zest for that strange and subtle mysticism which gives the raciest and daintiest flavor to fiction, even as Ariel enchants in "The Tempest." They have rarely met with white men who understand their legends as they themselves do. The result is that they are very reticent as to communicating them. I had at first great difficulty in getting even the most trifling tales from them. They have been accustomed to being told by the religious that *m'teūlin* is only another name for the devilish; at best, they have never talked with white people who believed in any way in their myths. But he who lives in and loves nature sincerely has *faith* in the deepest and sweetest magic, and feels with the Indian, as Heine felt, that there is a wonderful truth in this artless sorcery. When the Indians found that I took something more than "interest" in what they had to tell, they told me freely all they could remember. More than this, I succeeded in awaking in two very intelligent men, one a trader and the other a hunter, a conviction that these stories and songs, which are so rapidly perishing, should be preserved; and they have promised me that during their travels this winter in the far North they will gather from the old people and write down all that they can collect relative to the olden time.

There is a quaint story which, though short, is curious. Once there was a fish *(N'mess)*,

and he had magic power. Being assailed by a great number of rival fishes, he made them turn their teeth against one another. Grasping each the other by the tail, they formed a ring, and through this ring he escaped. Time rolled on, and he was a man named Fish. One day he was attacked by a band of human rivals who wished to win his wife. All at once there came to him a memory of the song which he had sung of old when attacked. He sang it again, when at once every Indian seized his neighbor by the hair and killed him with his tomahawk. This legend is perfectly Buddhistic in all its points. As in the "Jatakas," a man is moved to despoil or slay another because when he was a parrot or a tiger in some previous life he did the same. As in Hindoo lore, too, magic power is derived directly from penance, prayer, and fasting allied to a strong will. It represents a capital which may be spent foolishly or wisely, and which may be renewed.

One of my Indian friends was so obliging as not only to tell me stories, but to illustrate them by scraping pictures on winter-birch bark. It is from these pictures that the very aboriginal illustrations for this article were taken.

I observed one day near an Indian's tent, growing in pots, two small evergreens which were most carefully tended. As they differed in nothing from hundreds which were wild around, I thought this singular. I afterward found out the reason. When a child is born or is yet young, its parents choose a shrub, which, growing as the child grows, will, during the child's absence, or even in after years, indicate by its appearance whether the human counterpart be ill or well, alive or dead. In one of the Quādi stories it is by means of the sympathetic tree that the hero learns his brother's death.

It is to be desired that all who can do so will collect the Indian names of places from living Indians, and with them the accompanying stories. I should take it as a great kindness if those who do so would favor me with the results of their researches. There is not an old Indian living in New England or Canada who does not remember something well worth recording. And it is very certain that the names of those who record such recollections will not perish. There will always be a place for them in the memories of those to whom a tale of olden time is ever dear.

Charles G. Leland.

THE BLACK DAWN.

THERE was crying by night, and the winds were loud.
Worn women were working a burial shroud;
Young faces showed pale as the face of death,
And strong men labored in drawing of breath:
"She is gone," they said; "ay," they said, "she is gone!"
And the night winds moaned, and the hours went on.

But the morrow dawned clear, and the world shone bright,
No trace was there left of the dreadful night;
Young faces looked up like buds of the rose,
And breasts heaved free as the full tide flows:
"Nay!" cried the lover, "the sun is long gone!
How the night winds sigh! Do the hours move on?"

John Vance Cheney.