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# Maine Indian Legends - undated

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Maine Indian legends.

Should you ask me whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,...  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha."

In the beginning the Great Spirit created Glusgebbeh out of nothing. "He came into the world when the world contained no other man in flesh but himself," wrote an Indian of this great Teacher. And often they call him "the Old Prophet" because he was the one who instructed the Red Man in all that he knew and who taught him spiritual things.

"God made the earth and the sea, and then he took counsel with Gluskabe concerning them. He asked him if it would be better to have the rivers run up one side of the earth and down the other, but Glusgebbe said, 'No; they must all run one way.'

"Then the Lord asked him about the ocean, whether it would do to have it always lie still. Gluskabe told him, 'No!' It must rise and fall, or else it would grow thick and stagnant.

"'How about fire?' asked the Lord; 'can it burn all the time and nobody put it out?'

"Gluskabe said: 'That would not do; for if anybody got burned and fire could not be put out, they would die; but if it could be put out, then the burn would get well'.

"So he answered all the Lord's questions."

That is an Indian's own rendering of his respect and awe with

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which our Maine Indians regarded the great demi-god who lived in this country long, long ago. He was the ~~river~~ <sup>giver</sup> of their religion, which we are only beginning to understand now that it has been lost.

But, if I were to tell you, in the same breath, that Glusgebbeh was brother to the Wolf, and that his grandmother was the Woodchuck, and the Turtle his uncle and that he played jokes upon them that were neither nice nor kind, you might become bewildered at the start. And if I were to tell you how the woods were peopled then by warlocks and witches -- that is, by magicians of great power, who were fearfully cruel and gigantic cannibals; how the woods were full of spirits, from tiny elves and wandering sprites to the Squaw-woman, Squa-octmus, who wandered about crying "Bo-wod-man was-ses-suk! bo-wod-man was-ses-suk." I want babies! I want babies!" How the water was full of spirits and the dreadful Abo-dum-k'n lay in wait to seize upon those who ventured in--if you were to be introduced all at once to the innumerable and mostly horrible creations of the Indian mythology, you would not call it pretty; and you would not want to be left alone in the woods just about dark, at hallowe'en! Indeed, you would forget all about the loveliness of the teachings of Glusgebbeh and the spiritual men.

To tell you the truth, so did the Indians, most of the time! Like other men, they were not all of them religious all of the time, They lived so oppressed by fears, so timid, so the victims of superstition, that it is not until we understand their legends that we see what a bad time they must have had of it in those old days.

There is no time to expand the general subject of the mythology of the Indian, only a little while to take a few of the less difficult tales that once were believed here, that still are believed, in a way.

That story of the Lord asking advice from Glusgebbeh went on

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to another . Glusgebbeh one day after this was out on the ocean and the wind was too strong for him. What should he do about it? he asks Grand-olter Woodchuck. Up on a mountain, she says, he will find an old man sitting on a rock, flapping his wings. This was Wuchowsen, the Wind-blower. When Glusgebbeh found him, the old man wanted to be carried up higher, so that he could flap harder. So Glusgebbeh carried him up a long way and then when he was over a lake, <sup>he</sup> dropped Wind-blower into the water. In falling he broke his wings and lay helpless. Then the sea was like glass. It was beautiful to paddle about upon it. But it grew stagnant and smelled and the fish died and Glusgebbeh again asked his grandmother what to do. (It seems strange that a man who could give advice to the Lord had to ask instruction of an old woman!) She said that he must put Wuchowsen back again, making him promise not to flap so hard, if his wings were mended. Which was done. And now, although we have winds, they do not blow as hard as they used to.

That is the bare bones of the tale. Here is the same story told by a Princeton Indian // ~~Ø~~ Gabriel Tomah when asked what makes the wind blow. and given in Miss Winnie Atkinson's History of Hinckley Township.

"What, white man no know that? Injun know that. It this way.

"Cloos Crumpo [Glooscap] she young man. The wind blow down lake hear plenty, by jolly! Cloos Crumpo, she had 'nough of it. Bumby she say to mother, 'Nicitoma, 'Get meat. I go way. I find where wind she live. I settle her.'. So Nicitoma get heap meat, and Cloos Crumpo, she put it on back. She get in canoe. She paddle up Witteguagaugam [Grand Lake]; she paddle up lakes and lakes, oh, heap many lakes, until by jolly, she come to end! She walk through woods five days, then come to heap, big, high mountain. She climb up, up. On top is heap big, high stone. On top stone is heap, old man. She have white hair, white wings,. She old man Makewind, and by jolly, how she make wind blow! Cloos Crump she mad; she heap mad. She take old man Makewind, and throw down off stone. 'By

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jolly,' she say, 'I guess we now have wind blow all time now!'

"Cloos Crump she come home. She happy.

"Bumby Injuns no like no wind. Flies bite; water muddy; it bad; fish no live; it smell; oh, heap bad smell! Injuns all sick. So Cloos Crump, she go back up lakes, go through woods to heap, big, high mountain. She find old man Makewind all crumpled up at foot of he heap, big, high stone-- one wing all broken. Cloos Crump, she get grass and leaves; she make paste to stick. She take off hunting shirt. She stick wing and bind with shirt. Then she put old man Makewind on heap, big, high stone again. pretty soon, bumby, wind blow; rain come; flies blow 'way; water get clean;-- get high in lake; fish live; Injuns get well. Everything all right! Bumby, sometimes broken wing get tired. Then wind no blow; flies come; fish die; water muddy; Injuns sick; heap smell. everything all bad! Then Cloos Crumpo, she go fix wing 'gain."

There is an Indian story very well told by an Indian. One sees that it is made up, like the old nursery tales, of a set of repetitions, which come in a pattern that holds the attention even though we know perfectly well what is coming. It is as hard to comprehend the details by reason as it is to figure out how the giant's house was supported by Jack's bean-stalk, but it has all the interest of lively action.

Often the humorous comes into their tales. There is the one in which the Whale gives Glooscap a lift across a wide stretch of the sea. Whale is afraid of getting into shallow water; Glooscap wishes her to do so because he does not wish to wet his feet! He lies to her as to the distance they are away from the shore; but soon she hears the Clams singing in the mud, and as she does not understand Clam language she asks Glooscap on her back what they are saying. He sings "They tell you to hurry, to hurry, to hurry him along, over the water, away as fast

as you can." So she hurries till she runs hard ~~up~~ ashore , and then bewails her ill luck. But with the end of his bow Glooscap pushes her off into deep water again, and quite happy she says: "O my grandson, K'teen penabskwass n'aga tomawe? Hast thou not such a thing as an old pipe and tobacco?" So Glooscap gave her a stone pipe and she went off smoking it, and to this day, when the Indians see a whale blow, they say she is smoking the pipe of Glooscap.

From Thoreau's Maine Woods, p.176:

"While we were crossing this bay, where Mount Kineo rose dark, before us, within two or three miles, the Indian repeated the tradition respecting this mountain's anciently having been a cow moose, -- how a mighty Indian hunter, whose name I forget, succeeded in killing this queen of the moose tribe with great difficulty, while her calf was killed somewhere among the islands in Penobscot Bay, and, to his eyes, this mountain had still the form of the moose in a reclining posture, its precipitous sides presenting the outline of her head. This he told at some length, though it did not amount to much, and with apparent good faith, and asked us how we supposed the hunter could have killed such a mighty moose as that, -- how we could do it. Whereupon a man-of-war to fire broadsides into her was suggested, etc. An Indian tells such a story as if he thought it deserved to have a good deal said about it, only he has not got it to say, and so he makes up for the deficiency by a drawling tone long-windedness, and a dumb wonder which he hopes will be contagious."

This is all Mr. Thoreau found to say of the Indian edda of Glusgebeh, a story as voluminous, and in a way, as impressive as the Iliad or the Odyssey, or the great primitive Scandinavian poems. "It did not amount to much," said Mr. Thoreau, and he proceeded to make fun of something which to his Indian guide was as inspired and authoritative as the book of Genesis is to us. Being to us a local legend, we may explore a little more thoroughly the details.

Lucius L. Hubbard, in his "Woods and Lakes of Maine" (p.23) indirectly says that he heard the story in one form, from Old Louis Annance, who died before 1881, and in another from Old John Jenwit, who in 1881 was 88 years old. The details differ considerably, as they usually do in different versions of Indian tales. In one Kineo was a cow moose and her calf was killed on Penobscot Bay; in another it



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was a big bull moose, and the hunter reduced its size by cutting off steaks, which can be seen today at the foot of the mountain, the rock there appearing in places like steak, streaked with fat (quartz).

In the third version, Kineo was the smaller moose, and the larger was the one killed near Castine. It is also given in part in Wecolar, "Red Man", who does not refer to Kineo, but tells the other portion of the tale.

The "great hunter", whose name Thoreau does not remember was Glusgehbeh, so called by the Penobscots; but by the Passamaquoddies ~~Klōsekahp~~ // Kuloskahn, and the by the Micmacs Glooscap. Other corruptions of the name also exist, due to poor pronunciation of the Indian by the Indians themselves or by those who wrote it down. It is characteristically Indian in its incoherence and its disregard of the limitations of time and space, as well as in its philosophic attempt to account for natural phenomena. But it is native to our state and therefore deserves to be known by us.

The whole original nowhere exists, and the fragments, as hinted, cannot be made to agree; but in outline the story is this: One day when Glusgehbeh and his dog were hunting up in the north woods, they started up a cow moose and her calf. The cow he killed at Moosehead Lake. Kineo is her body. She lies, as seen from the south, with her rump to the east, and her withers are the elevation at the beginning of the western slope, while her nose is the hump nearest the water to the westward. There she fell when Glusgehbeh killed her. Some of the meat he cut off and left there, more he cooked, and after he had eaten it he turned his kettle upside down and left it-- It is Little Spencer Mountain, Kokadjo, kettle Mountain, from kok, kettle, wadjo, mountain. When we see it we may remember that it is Glusgehbeh's round iron kettle. Big Spencer Mountain is his pack-- Sabotawan, which he threw down near the kettle when he and the dog pursued the



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calf down to Penobscot Bay, to some place on the western side. Here the calf took to the water and swam across to the eastern shore, while Glusgehbeh, with a great leap, vaulted it and landed on Dyce's Head at Castine, where formerly M'd'ogarmosook, his snow-shoe tracks, could be seen on the cliff, before the white men effaced the venerated foot-prints. The dog remained waiting upon the other shore. Hotly pursuing the young moose, Glusgehbeh killed him on Cape Rosier at Moosee-oocartchick, the moose's rump, which is there to this day, as I can bear witness, At high tide a great ledge on the shore very much resembles the hind quarters, from the hump of the shoulders backward, of a moose lying down. The forequarters Glusgehbeh removed, leaving this rock as a sign. And he cut out Os-quoon, the liver, which he left beside the carcass, where it is today, a reddish, iron-stained rock, while he took the other parts to cook them in the pot-holes on the rapids of the Bagaduce River. But the faithful dog he rewarded with oolakoossee the entrails, which he threw to him across the water. In the words of necolar: "Some part of the intestines which he threw at his dog, dropped down very near where the body of the moose lay and the other part reached near where the dog was sitting, so that the whole part did not break or disconnect, but strung along the whole distance, which can now be seen, resembling the intestines of an animal, with its white fat and blood on the ledges near the moose body, coming out at where the dog is. All along the whole distance this mark can now be seen, according to modern measurements and reckoning, a distance of seven miles; these intestines lay along the bottom of the sea, which can be seen wherever the water is shallow enough so the bottom can be seen; they lay on the ledges and on the large and small rocks the whole way." And so it is today. From the eastern shore of Penobscot Bay, notably visible at Dyce's Head, irregular veins of quartz extend under water for miles across the bay. One makes the shore on Walsboro a quarter of

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a mile below Ryder's Cove, and the Indians tell me that it continues to the western shore near Northport or Belfast, where no doubt formerly stood the stone dogs which Glusgebbeh set up for a mark for the event. Of the two pot-holes, which are, or were, at the tide falls on the Bagaduce River, the legend says that Glusgebbeh dug one for a kettle in which he boiled his moose-meat with hot stones dropped into this natural kettle. The other, smaller and imperfect in shape, was made by the dog, which began to dig with his paws a kettle for himself, when Glusgebbeh reminded him that the dog could have only the offal and was to eat it uncooked. That the bones of the moose are scattered from Bar Harbor to Eastport of course constituted no hindrance to the Indian's belief in the story. Improbabilities do not trouble the Indian mind, and he cheerfully accounts for one mystery by inventing a greater one.

To us this seems a trivial tale, but to the Indian it was -- and in some measure still is -- an explanation of some of the natural features of the state. I have never sailed past Moosee-oocartchik, the moose's rump, on Cape Rosier, nor seen that long line of quartz under the sea, nor looked at Kineo and Big and Little Spencer Mountains without remembering that once Glusgebbeh, our Eastern Hiawatha, the friend and teacher of the Indian, roamed these shores and forests.

The Glusgebbeh story, of which this hunting formed a very small episode, was an Indian edda. It must have been incredibly voluminous in its original form, for the fragments which have come down to us are enough to make at least two good-sized volumes. Some of it is poetry and undoubtedly was sung or chanted; some of it was serious narrative, embodying the Indian's highest philosophy of the origin of the world, its phenomena, of man, the animals, and of inanimate life; some of it, still quasi-philosophical, in that it usually undertook to account for some trifle, was humorous and grotesque, existing merely for amusement.

Glusgebbeh, or Klosekurbah, as Joseph Vecolar calls him, is the same as the Micmac Glooscap, by which name he is generally known in books. If not quite identical, he is still very much the same as the Iroquois Hiawatha and the Chippewa Manobozho. (Longfellow has transplanted his Hiawatha from Schoolcraft's Iroquois tales to the western Algonquin Chippewas, or Ojibways, who in language and customs were very like our Maine Indians. That Longfellow's poem is in parts so much like our Maine Glusgebbeh stories is evidence how wide-spread and important was this great body of philosophical legend.) The name Glusgebbeh, Meland says, means "The Liar"; and his Indians cynically explained it to him by saying that Glusgebbeh had promised to come again and never had done so. Which is hardly accounting for the name! In reality it is a word from a now extinct Indian language, which no one today can speak. It meant "the man out of nothing", that is, the first created man, as Joseph Vecolar has shown. But as a lie is also "something out of nothing", it is not strange that the Indians themselves mistook the derivation.

To tell the full story of Glusgebbeh's life would take too much time. The information comes from two kinds of sources. On the one hand the traditional story tellers have narrated a large number of Glusgebbeh tales, which are usually quaint, curious and entertaining, but scarcely above the level of the Uncle Remus stories of B'r'er Rabbit and B'r'er Fox. My Old Lady frequently said: "This is Glusgebbeh story", yet the name of Glusgebbeh did not occur in it. On the other hand we have a document which stands by itself for uniqueness and authenticity. This is a book privately printed in 1893 by Joseph Vecolar, of Oldtown. An Indian writing for his own people, to preserve the best and most serious of their traditions, he has undertaken to set down what he remembers of the stories of his own race. He was himself the last of the guardians of the great tradition, "the spiritual men", as he calls

them, and this rambling, confused, incoherent story of Glusgebeh, his works and his teachings, is without doubt the most authoritative work existing upon the religion of the Indian. It mentions none of the animal maerchen of the ordinary story-teller, is not designed for entertainment, has no dramatic interest; but it tells of Glusgebeh's creation and service to his people. of his travels, of his companions, of the discovery of fire, of cooking food, of how the first mother became corn and tobacco, of how Glusgebeh taught the arts of hunting, of fishing, of building the canoe and the snow-shoe, how he subdued the wild creatures and named them all, of the seven years of famine and the white-man's track and of his coming. In popular words: "Klosekurbeh was claimed by all the children of the red men to be the first person who came upon the earth. And he was their teacher. he taught them how they must live, and told them about the spiritual power, how it was in every living things, and it was the same power that has sent him to prepare the way on earth for the generations to come; and to subdue all obstacles which are against the nature of mankind, and to reduce the earth to such a state as to become a happy land for the people."

This book is not easy reading. It is much harder to understand than Darwin's "Descent of man", or Kant's "Critiques", or even Spinoza's "Ethics". It is not recommended for entertainment. Yet in it is much beauty of thought and expression, as in this passage, evidently a poem:

"It was here, when Klosekurbeh for the first time felt tired; May-may going away, made him feel lonely and he wanted to see his own people. When night came this same lonely feeling was still upon him; he prepared a place for a night's rest. After the darkness had come and before laying down to sleep, to cheer himself Klosekurbeh did sing. When this was done, the seven trees that stood nearest bent their tops down and listened to the singing of Klosekurbeh, and when the singing was over, the largest of the ~~seven~~ <sup>trees</sup> straightened its body up and said,

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'How grateful the heart of man ought to be when he can bring cheer to himself by singing when lonely. When my kind and I sing, we sing in distress; when the fury of the winds shake our limbs, we sing in wailing; our roots are many and strong and we cannot move to avoid the fury of the heavens. We stand and wait for whatever befall us.'" How much better off, indeed, is man than a tree! He can move at pleasure, and he can sing for solace!

After this the trees give directions to Glusgebeh for making a long journey, many times seven moons in length, and that he may not suffer from loneliness they send him Alemos, the dog, for a comrade, who says to Glusgebeh: "I have come to stay with you... I was sent to be your companion.. There shall be a time for a man to weep and a time to laugh, a time to be happy and a time to be lonely, but in the time of loneliness you will have great comfort in me'"-- (Good old dog, the same then as now!)-- "And when Klose-kur-beh heard this his loneliness left him, and he said to the animal, 'Welcome, Arl-moose-- dog.'" And he called him M'dasmus, which ever since has been the name of this mythical dog.

Now Glusgebeh had other dogs, or creatures that followed him like a dog. Mikweh, the red squirrel was one of them, whom he carried in his bosom and by smoothing him with his hand could make him grow into a large and terrible creature. The Loon and the Wolf were his dogs. Here is the Micmac tradition in the very words of an old Indian: "Glooscap had two dogs. One was the Loon (Kweemoo), the other the Wolf (Malsum). Of old the animals were as men; the Master gave them the shapes they now bear. But the Wolf and the Loon loved Glooscap so greatly that since he left them they howl and wail. He who hears their cries over the still and lonely lake, by the streams where no dwellers are, or afar at night in the forests and hollows. hears them sorrowing for their master."

To a very large extent the more familiar stories are attempts to explain something familiar to them. We have to remember that they lived in an animal land, where there are no people. The most of them knew only a very small group of people, their own village, or clan; there were no streets, no stores, no passing throng of strangers, no books, no lectures, no amusements except a few simple games. About them were only the creatures of the woods, for the most part very tame and entirely familiar. All of them could talk, if they would. Many of them had magic and could do strange and wonderful things. When you saw an animal you could tell very little about him, and the first whet of the Indian child's curiosity was why, why are the animals different from ourselves? So they made up these little stories. The howling of the Wolf and the mad crying of the Loon have been accounted for? But why do Toads and porcupines have no noses? Oh, that was Glusgehbeh. They were malevolent witches, who said they would kill him and he softly nipped their noses. "But the two witches, looking at one another, saw presently that their noses were both gone, and they screamed aloud in terror, but their noses were none the less flat. And so it came about that the Toad and the Porcupine both lost their noses and have none to this day. " (Jeland, 108)

The Rabbit has a hare-lip. The story goes that he was trying to pick wood-worms like the woodpeckers and he tore it; another tale says that in making wampum a bit of rock flew and cut it; and that his tail is short because his long tail was pulled off by some one whom he was helping out of a deep hole. This person next grasped him by the middle, and so hard that the rabbit's loins have been small ever since. The Raven was white once, but Moseek, the wood-worm, bound him and tried to burn him alive and the birch-bark torches blackened his white plumage., so that now he is K'chi-gah-gook, "the big black one". Why is Partridge's leg all sinew while his breast is plump and white?



Why does he drum by himself in the woods? ,Why does he avoid the water? Why does he fly up with such a buzzing? All these questions and many more the legends answer. In a general way they are classed with the Glusgebeh story, though upon the face of them they are but plain animal tales, like the Reinecke Fucks of Europe and the french fabliaux in which the animals speak and talk humanly. The notable difference is that the Indian tales never have any concealed political satire

Partridge, the Pulowech of the wigwags, the Mitchehass of the Quoddies and the Marjeelahsoo of the penobscots, is a particular favorite. He is a warrior, a hero, a being of power and mystery. His wife is Pookajinsqwess, a mighty witch, and he himself has magic. When you meet Partridge in the woods, remember that he is not a bird, but a personage of great mystery and power; his name watjeelaysoo means Bad Bird . They were a little afraid of him, those Indians!

Now this is the story of why Partridge drums in the spring. You will remember that he always does it off by himself; no one ever sees Partridge drumming; no one ever did, to understand it till Kodaks and swift shutters came into existence. Up to a few years ago, well within my own recollection, our best naturalists argued long and sometimes loudly, as to how the partridge drummed. But he is making himself a boat! This is the story:

"When the water was first made, all the birds and the fowl came together to decide who should make their canoes for them, so they might venture out upon the water.

"The Owl proposed that Loon should do the work; but the Black Duck said: 'Loon can not make canows; his legs are set too far behind. Let the Owl make them.'

"The the Loon said: 'The Owl can not make canoes; his eyes are too big. he can't work on the day-time for the sun would put out his eyes.'

"Then the Duck laughed and made fun of the Owl. This made the Owl



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angry, and he said to Black Duck: 'You ought to be ashamed of your laugh. It sounds like the laugh of Kettagus, quack, quack, quack.'

"Then all the fowls laughed aloud at the Duck. The Owl said: 'Let Sips, the Wood Duck, build us our boats.'

"'How can he build canoes,' cried all the rest, 'with his small neck?'

"'He is too weak,' said the Loon.

"The birds were quite discouraged; but they liked the look of the water very much. At last Kosq', the Crane, spoke: 'My friends, we cannot stay here much longer. I am very hungry already: Let us draw lots, and whoever draws the lot with the canoe marked upon it shall be the builder of boats.'

[A long account tells how they talked about the lots and at last got Miqueh, the Red Squirrel, to make them. Each bird stepped forward and drew one with his bill and the one with the picture of the canoe upon it fell to Partridge.]

"Now the Partridge is low-spirited and hardly ever speaks a word; and this set all the other birds in an uproar, and they all sang songs, each after his own fashion, and they decided to have a great feast

"'Get the horn', said the chief. When it was brought he gave it to Seeps, the mootahquessit, or dance-singer; then the big dance began, and it lasted many days.

"When the feast was over, the chief said: 'Now, Partridge, you must make the canoes, sound and good, and all alike. Cheat no one, but do your work well.'

"The first one he made had a very flat bottom; this he gave to Loon, who liked it very much. The next, flat-bottomed, too, was for Black Duck; then one for Wabekeloch, the Wild Goose. This was not so flat.

"Another was for Crane. It was very round. The Crane did not like his boat, and said to Eagle: 'This canoe does not suit me. I would rather

wade than sit in a canoe.'

" The Partridge made canoes for all the birds, some large, some small, to suit their various size and weight. At last his work was done. 'Now', said he to himself, 'I must make me a better canoe than any of the rest. So he made it long and sharp, with a round bottom, thinking it would swim very fast.

"When it was finished, he put it in the water; but alas, it would not float; it upset in spite of all he could do. He saw all his neighbors sailing over the water, and he fled to the woods, determined to build himself a canoe.

"He has been drumming at it ever since, but it is not finished yet

Another version of the tale says that Partridge reasoned that if a canoe with one pointed end could go so fast in one direction, and one with two pointed ends could go in two directions, then one which was all ends could go equally fast in all directions; so he built himself a round boat. It would not go at all in any direction, and it for shame that he hides himself in the woods.

Still another version, told me by an old Indian, is that in his anger he burst up with a great whirring of wings, such as all partridges use ever since. "He got mad and flew off into the woods, humming," was the expression. "They used to say," he continued, "that you must not put partridge feathers into a pillow, for you would hear him drumming." Then his wife spoke to him in Indian. He laughed and turned to me. "Wife says they do!" he remarked.

I think I know nothing in any of these stories more deeply dramatic than the bit in one where Partridge, a warrior now and a hero, knowing that his witch wife means to kill him, sets his pipe up in the corner of the wigwam and tells his two little children that when he is gone they may look in the bowl of the pipe every morning; and if they see it full of blood, they will know that he is dead. And every morning

they go hand aninhand and look with fear into the bowl of the long pipe standing in the corner. Until at last one morning they find it full of blood and they know that their father is dead.

Recently I have been working out the Katahdin legends. The whole subject would take too long to elucidate here, for the subject has been much confused. It may be said that three quite distinct beings are now confounded under the one name of Pomola, only one of which really is Pomola, and that the least powerful of them all and scarcely an object of terror even to the Indians.

Pomola proper is only the spirit of the night air, and the most that he does upon the top of Katahdin is to make noises. "He gone oo-oo-oooh over top of gun-barrel", an Indian once told my father.

There is also the Storm-bird, which howls and flaps its wings and is fear-inspiring.

There is also the spirit of the mountain, the real Katahdin who lives inside it. "Ev'ry mountain he got Injun in it. Katahdin he man," my Old Lady told me. And she explained to me how all these mountains are hollow. Inside every one of them lives a being, or many of them, gigantic people, who look like men, but who can be told from them by having eyebrows and cheek-bones of stone. They are not unkindly people either. Indians have lived with them and have married with them.

Then she told me story of the girl who went to live with them, the girl who married Katahdin.

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~~Fogeveraix~~ Four different times I got my Old Lady to tell me the story of Katahdin, sometimes in Indian, sometimes in English and this is the result of the blending of the versions, the most of it in her very words.

"Evry mountain got Injun in it. Katahdin he man. Bumolai (Bamola) he diffrent-- no body, only little mite here-- all legs, hands. Katahdin he diffrent - mountain once was man.

She went on to tell about the girl who used to live at Oldtown a beautiful daughter girl, not a chief's daughter, but a great belle All the young men courted her. "Used be anybody want girl used take waubub, bead, his folks. Dis girl don't want anybody 'tall. Good amny fellows want her, couldn't got her.

"One time dancin' 'mong rocks, singin', singin':

"Ef you was man Katahdin  
I wouldn't marry ~~um~~ um,  
I wouldn't marry no man did world."

"Mothgehbe katahdinosis  
(Ef he was Katahdin)  
Chewl medah dahabah  
(He wanted to marry me)  
Nisweeoowaynewah  
(I wouldn't marry him.)"

"Somebody he's standin' near his back, he seize um, carry um off." He carried her off to his wigwam in the mountain. For the mountain is all hollow inside. There she had a good wigwam,-- "camp inside, big tent, boughs, everyding, moose meat, bluebellies" Katahdin he's got ~~folker~~ father, folks, everythin'. Dat ooman he don't There she lived and in time she had a baby, little katahdinosis, with the stony eyebrows. "Somebody he lost his daughter two, t'ree years" But Katahdin was away much of the time and the young mother desired to see her own father and mother. Pecheelun katahdin macheepan katahdinook seekarden oudichlun katehnaahmehan comeetahwoos keegahwoos. Katahdin he told us, You want gone seen yo folks, you can gone seen um father, mother. You take um baby.

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Den he carry h s wife one day. "You go see father, mother . Only  
lit le boy, don' make him bow arrow. When he see anythin' he p'int.  
Don't you let him have anything danger. Oudichlun moosak keeseldahmah  
-wahkah -ounichlels ahwehneh weenesssoos n'loses (old man) outeleetun  
tahbahseesuk (bow-n-arrows). First thing hhey know he kill his  
grandfather. Dis ol' man when he see his daughter, dat le tle boy  
(he got rock here (eyebrows)-- he set down outdoors make um bow an'  
arrow his grandson. First thing he kill his grandfader. 'Fore dat he  
only p'int at bird, de er, moose, kill um. Used to be when he see bird  
flyin' he p'int at birds (laying one forefinger against the left  
crooked) p'int with finger like bow'n arrow, and birds come down,  
Now kill garndpa. Den dat night he come get um dat Katahdin. Dat's  
what make um Injuns down dere.

"Mus' be good amny of 'em dere now. Joe Flances his camp  
Debsconeag he can hear it gun, fiddle, hear um play bowl on  
mountain, hear hloot (flute) see light in mountain. All livin' now  
in mountain, livin' in Katahdin."

And she bent forward as if listening to the magic flutes  
that at Joe Frances's camp on Debsconeag you can hear

Ye, who sometimes in your rambles,  
Through the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder,  
On a half-effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song-craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter;--  
Stay and read this rude inscription,  
Written on Maine's shore and mountains,  
Read the story of Glusgehbeh!