CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF MINES
HON. T. A. CRERAR, MINISTER; CHARLES CAMSELL, DEPUTY MINISTER

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF CANADA
W. H. COLLINS, ACTING DIRECTOR

BULLETIN No. 78

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SERIES, No. 17

The Ojibwa Indians of Parry Island, Their Social and Religious Life

BY
Diamond Jenness

OTTAWA
J. O. PATENAUDE, I.S.O.
PRINTER TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
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PREFACE

This report on the Social and Religious Life of the Parry Island Indians is the product of seven weeks' investigation on that island during the summer of 1929. The principal Indians consulted were:

Francis Pegahmagabow: an Ojibwa of about thirty-seven years of age, apparently full-blood, whose father and grandfather had been chiefs at Parry island. His father died when he was a child, and he was raised by a relative at Shawanaga reserve, 18 miles farther north, but later attended a school in Parry Sound. He enlisted in a local battalion at the beginning of the Great War and served until the armistice, winning the military medal, with two bars, and other decorations. During the two years preceding the war, and for two years afterwards, he cruised around the Great Lakes as a seaman on a vessel belonging to the Department of Marine and Fisheries that was inspecting the lighthouses, and during this period he came into contact with other Ojibwa bands. Being of profoundly meditative temperament, he began to write down the lore of his people, but later lost the notebooks in which he had jotted down their customs and traditions. He was elected chief of the Parry Island Indians after he returned from the war and held the position for two years, when he stirred up some opposition by urging the old men and women to narrate in the council house the earlier customs of the people. Although comparatively young, and more travelled than most of the Indians, he was more saturated with their former outlook on life than the majority and more capable of interpreting the old beliefs. Occasionally his interpretations may have been a little more advanced than the average Indian would have given, yet they were a logical development of the lay beliefs such as were possible to any philosophically minded Ojibwa before the coming of Europeans.

John Manatuwaba: also an Ojibwa, native to Parry island, about seventy years of age and apparently full-blood.

Jonas King: a Potawatomi Indian whose grandfather, a French-Canadian half-breed, had fought in the war of 1812, and had then led a band of his tribesmen into Canada, where they settled in the neighbourhood of lake Simcoe. Later they moved to Christian island, and about fifty-five years ago some of them moved again to Parry island. Jonas himself was born at Angus, near Barrie, but resided on Parry island from his youth upward. He was a frank pagan, very keen and active, although in 1929 he was over eighty years old. He and his cousin, Tom King, a man of about fifty-five years, were the only surviving Indians on the island who had been initiated into the Midewiwin or

Grand Medicine Society. Both of them had participated in a celebration held on Parry island about fifty years ago. Tom King was known to most of the whites in the vicinity as the Indian medicine-man.

Jim Nanibush: an Ottawa Indian born in the United States, although his parents moved to Parry island when he was five years old. He was said to be the oldest Indian on the reserve, possibly about ninety, but still very active and in possession of all his faculties.

Mary Sugedub: a woman of about fifty years of age, crippled since childhood and in consequence unmarried. It was understood that she was an Ojibwa, native to Parry island.

James Walker: a man of about seventy-five years of age, born, it was understood, on Parry island. He knew comparatively little about the old customs of his people, for all his life he had tried to adopt European habits.

THE OJIBWA INDIANS OF PARRY ISLAND, THEIR SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE

CHAPTER I

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

The Ojibwa of Georgian bay appear to have no name for the whole of Parry island, but call that part of it that has been converted into an Indian reserve *Wasoksing,* and its inhabitants *Wasoksiwunini.* The present population numbers about two hundred and fifty, of whom nearly a hundred consider themselves Potawatomi Indians, descendants of some bands that migrated to Canada over a hundred years ago from Michigan. Many of their relatives still reside on Christian island, 30 miles to the south, but a number of families moved north to Parry island around the year 1865. The Ottawa tribe has a few representatives on the island, but the majority of the inhabitants call themselves simply *Djibwe,* i.e. Ojibwa, although some of them state that their original name was *Kitchibuan,* "Great Medicine Men." There are two groups among them, families that migrated recently from farther north and west, and older families who consider themselves the earliest inhabitants of the district. Since this part of Georgian bay belonged to the Ottawa tribe when the French first penetrated to the Great Lakes in the seventeenth century, the older group also must have migrated from the west within the historical period, and in fact it still preserves a tradition of its western origin as follows:

> "Originally the Indians all came from another part of the earth in the west. They came in bands one behind another at intervals of two or three weeks, following the leadership of a man who had received a blessing from the Great Spirit. During the journey the leader placed his boy inside a stump to gain a blessing from some manido or spirit; other Indians placed their children in specially built huts. One night a girl received a vision that instructed her to bid her people move camp on a certain day and travel in a certain direction, when they would reach a great expanse of water. If they built boats there and paddled out, the Great Spirit would guide them quickly to a new land on the other side."

Partly through their earlier wanderings, partly through education and travel, the Parry Island Indians are acquainted with several surrounding tribes. The Cree Indians in the north they call *nokmitchini* "Inland people," and they have heard that beyond the Cree dwell Eskimo, *aiskime* "Eaters of raw food." To the east they have met Algonkins, whom some call *seshkwagami* "People of the bog land," others *yaskwagami* or *daskwagami,* "Musk-rat people." They know that the hated Mohawks, *nodawe* "People who pursue in canoes," still linger to the southward, and that the *Menomini* "Rice people," live at the bottom of lake Huron, in the territory of the United States. In the west they have heard of the Blackfoot, whose name they translate as *makadeuzide* "Black sole of foot"; and some of their forefathers encountered and acquired medicine power from the Assiniboine, *sinebuan* "Stone medicine-men."

The entire population of the island constituted a single band (*kwinoak*), nominally governed by a chief (*ogimma*). Now that they are confined to the reserve, and the position carries little authority, the Indians elect their chief annually; but formerly he held his position for life, and in the usual course of events was succeeded by one of his sons, generally the eldest. His power depended on his character and ability; an unpopular chief often wielded less influence than one of the medicine-men, and at his death the band might follow the leadership of another family, preferably one that was closely related. As his powers were limited, so his duties too were not onerous. He was expected to take the initiative in all public matters, to receive delegations from neighbouring bands or tribes, and to summon and preside over council meetings of all the adult hunters of his band, or of such families as were directly concerned in the matter at issue. He had no means of enforcing his wishes unless the principal men in the band endorsed them and the remainder were content to acquiesce. Council meetings were held out of doors in summer; but in winter, when the band scattered into small groups, the chief often erected a large wigwam—using for corner posts, sometimes, two large trees cut off at the tops—that would not only house his immediate family, but enable him to entertain the other households in his group. The people demanded from their chiefs liberality above all things. If a family were in need the chief had to provide for it from his own resources, as well as levy contributions from other families in the band; and in times of plenty he maintained his popularity and prestige by a bountiful distribution of the fish and game that he secured through his own exertions.

"Every spring my father sent my brothers and myself to gather crayfish enough to fill two quart pails. Using these as bait he fished all one night, and in the morning bade the official messenger of our band divide up his catch among the different families of our group. In the autumn he cut a lane through the ripe fields of wild rice and shot large numbers of ducks that came to settle there; these too he distributed among our group" (James Walker).

The chief naturally assumed the command when the entire body of hunters went on the warpath; but this happened apparently only in times of extreme danger, as when an invasion of the Iroquois imperilled the lives of all the community. More often all the bands of Ojibwa within a certain area contributed a number of volunteers to a combined expedition, and each selected a leader (*meyosi*) for its own contingent. One old Indian, Jim Nanibush, stated that before its departure the contingent held a dance lasting four days and four nights, and that the chief of the band, the medicine-men, and the warriors chose the leader at its conclusion. Another informant, Pegahmagabow, said that the medicine-men sometimes appointed the leader; the Great Spirit, they would declare, had ordained that a certain man should lead the warriors into battle. The region has not been troubled by wars for over a century, and the memories of the Indians have grown dim in the interval. Probably there were different ways of selecting a war-leader according to circumstances. Certainly a pusillanimous or inefficient chief would obtain few followers, whereas the Indians would voluntarily follow a warrior who had distinguished himself on previous occasions.

The informal council of all the hunters, presided over by the chief, was not only the chief legislative and executive body in the band, if we may apply these terms to so primitive a community, but also the chief court of judicature. There were, of course, no codified laws or statutes, merely a body of rights and practices handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. Normally the head of each household was responsible for the conduct of its members, and might even take upon himself the infliction of the highest penalty, as the following story testifies:

"A certain man who had camped in the woods with his wife and baby met with ill success in his hunting, and did not return to his wigwam for three days. In the meantime his wife killed their baby by placing it in a pot of hot water and went away to rejoin her people. To prevent her husband from discovering her route she pulled out a stake from the front of the wigwam and set it in its place again[1]. When the hunter returned he found his baby dead and his wife gone, but, pulling out the same stake, he discerned her route and followed her to the wigwam of her people. He found her sitting on one side of the wigwam with the women, and her brothers sitting on the other. 'Here is the murderer,' he said as he entered; 'she killed our baby.' Her eldest brother exclaimed 'Has she killed the baby?', and when the man responded 'Yes' he seized his war-club and struck his sister dead. Then he turned to a younger sister and commanded 'Go and live with this man in your sister's place" (John Manatuwaba).

Although disputes between families might be settled by the heads of the households, with the assistance at times of mutual friends, there were many cases not capable of such a solution. A crime might be committed in secret, or Indians cognizant of wrongdoing might fear to inform or take action lest they be subject to sorcery later. Fear of sorcery was always present in the minds of the Indians. If a man discovered or suspected that another hunter was trespassing on his hunting-grounds, he would not visit the trespasser's camp and demand redress, because the wrongdoer might take offence and through witchcraft cause him to break through the ice or meet with some other misfortune. Instead, he would himself employ witchcraft against his adversary, or engage a medicine-man for the same purpose. Murder by violence was probably rather rare, but these Ojibwa attributed many, if not most, deaths, to sorcery, which was murder in another form; and murder called for a compensating life unless the deed were compounded with goods or hunting territory. A convicted sorcerer might be killed at sight by the relatives of his victim, although the executioner still ran the gauntlet of possible vengeance. The chief and council here assumed the responsibility. They investigated serious cases of theft and alleged murder, summoned the accused man before them, and sanctioned the death penalty or fixed the amount of indemnity. If the culprit belonged to another band they conducted the negotiations with the envoys who came to settle the case at issue.

"If an Ottawa man killed an Ojibwa the band to which the Ottawa man belonged gathered goods of all kinds, appointed an eloquent speaker to lead a delegation, and offered compensation. The delegation was received by the chief and council of all the warriors. Its leader filled a bowl with tobacco, produced a long pipe, flint, steel, and punk, made an elaborate speech, lit the pipe from the punk, and offered it to the chief of the Ojibwa band. The chief would probably decline it by passing it on

[1] *See* p. 54.

to his neighbour, and the unsmoked pipe would circulate round until it reached the leader of the delegation again. He then made another long speech, emphasizing the necessity of goodwill between the two bands, relit the pipe, and offered it a second time to the chief. In the end the chief always accepted it, saying 'Peace,' and the two parties then discussed the terms of compensation" (James Walker).

To aid him in his duties the chief had an assistant or servant (*mijenoé*, or, less commonly, *oshkabewis*), nowadays elected, but formerly appointed by the chief himself from among his relatives, whom he could naturally trust more than outsiders to carry out his wishes. The assistant conveyed messages for the chief, and supervised the arrangements at all feasts, when he painted his arms red to signify that he might legitimately handle bloody meat, although the actual cooking devolved upon the women.

The entire band owned all the hunting territory, and likewise all the fishing places and maple groves; for the land was not subdivided, except temporarily, among the different families. The hunting season was the winter from November until the end of March, during which period the Parry Island natives dispersed into individual families (or at times, perhaps, into tiny groups of two and three families) to pursue the moose, and, after the coming of Europeans, to trap foxes and other fur-bearing animals. One old man, Jim Nanibush, an Ottawa Indian, claimed that there was no preliminary agreement governing their dispersion; in the fall of the year each family merely travelled about within the territory of the band until it found a promising hunting-ground that had not been already occupied, where it "squatted" for the winter. Another old man, James Walker, who had passed his boyhood near Orillia with a small, isolated group of Potawatomi of whom his father was leader, said that the hunters arranged their respective hunting-grounds in council beforehand.

"Every fall the hunters of our group assembled, and my father asked one of them where he proposed to hunt and trap during the winter. 'I propose to build a lodge in such and such a valley,' the man would answer. My father then interrogated the others in turn and thus arranged where each family should go. The families did not return to the same hunting-grounds winter after winter, but moved from one to another according to their wishes, always keeping, of course, within the territory of the group."

Two other men, Pegahmagabow and Jonas King, gave similar accounts. About the end of September, they said, when the people were storing their birch-bark bags of cranberries in running water, or else in October, when they gathered for the trout fishing, the hunters assembled and agreed among themselves where each family should hunt during the ensuing winter. Then, about the end of November, they scattered to their individual grounds, constructed winter camps, and patrolled their districts to find out the best places for game and to notify other families that the district had been occupied. Families that happened to be absent at the time of the general meeting travelled around in the months of November and December until they found unoccupied territory.

Inquiries among other Parry Island Indians confirmed these statements, in so far at least that the ownership of all land was vested in the entire band, and that the individual families, [1] or groups of two and

[1] Family here means a man, his wife and their children, and any parents, unmarried brothers or sisters who might be living with them.

three families, had no special rights to any portion of it in earlier times. Dr. Speck, it is true, has recorded family hunting territories among all the Algonkian tribes of eastern Canada, even among the Ojibwa[1]; but this appears to have been a development of the last two or three hundred years, since the advent of the fur trade. In pre-European times the bands were more migratory than they are today, their territories not restricted by white settlements, game more plentiful, and the smaller fur-bearing animals of little importance. Hunters did not need to travel far to secure game, the Parry Island people say, and though they might legitimately pursue their quarry beyond their season's hunting-grounds into the hunting-grounds of others, there was no need for continual encroachment. European colonization, followed by treaties that restricted the bands to the areas in which they received their treaty money, and the establishment of trading posts that tended to curb their wanderings, placed a new emphasis on land ownership. Furthermore, the necessity for maintaining the supply of small fur-bearing animals, particularly the beaver, gave the individual families a special interest in the districts with which they were most familiar, and where they generally hunted. White trappers, who were accustomed to individual land tenure and more stationary than the Indians, claimed individual rights to certain areas, and the Indians, whose daughters so frequently married them, naturally followed their example. Thus, it would appear, developed the family hunting territories now so characteristic of the eastern Algonkians. That they arose not later than the seventeenth century seems evident from some passages in the early historians. Thus Father Le Jeune, writing of the Montagnais, says:

"Now it will be so arranged that, in the course of time each family of our Montagnais, if they became located, will take its own territory for hunting, without following in the tracks of their neighbours."[2]

Le Clercq, describing the Micmac, speaks still more definitely:

"It is the right of the head of the nation . . . . to distribute the places of hunting to each individual. It is not permitted to any Indian to overstep the bounds and limits which shall have been assigned him in the assemblies of the elders. These are held in autumn and spring expressly to make this assignment."[3]

Finally, we have the statement of Oldmixon concerning the Cree on the southwest coast of Hudson bay, where they were in close contact with the Ojibwa:

"The Indians of certain Districts, which are bounded by such and such Rivers, have each an *Okimah*, as they call him, or Captain over them, who is an Old Man, considered only for his Prudence and Experience. He has no Authority but what they think fit to give him upon certain Occasions. He is their Speech-maker to the English; as also in their own grave Debates, when they meet every Spring and Fall, to settle the Disposition of their Quarters for Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing. Every Family have their Boundaries adjusted, which they seldom quit, unless they have not Success there in their Hunting, and then they join in with some Family who have succeeded."[4]

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[1] *Cf.* Speck, F.: "Family Hunting Territories and Social Life of Various Algonkian Bands of the Ottawa Valley;" Geol. Surv., Canada, Mem. 70, Anth. Ser. 8 (Ottawa, 1915).

[2] "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," edited by R. G. Thwaites, vol. VIII, pp. 57, 1634-6 (Cleveland, 1897).

[3] Le Clercq, Chrestien: "New Relation of Gaspesia," translated and edited by W. F. Ganong, p. 237; The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1910.

[4] "Documents Relating to the Early History of Hudson Bay," edited by J. B. Tyrrell, p. 382; The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1931.

Now if the families had controlled their own hunting territories any assignment by the chief and elders would have been superfluous. It is quite clear, therefore, that in pre-European times, and for a short period afterwards, the eastern Algonkians, including the Ojibwa, recognized ownership of land by the band alone.

Today the Parry Island Ojibwa have progressed half, and only half, the distance towards individual ownership of land. They still claim that the entire band owns all the territory, both the reserve on the island that the Government has set aside for its use and the wooded districts on the opposite mainland not developed yet by European settlers. Nevertheless, they concede to individual families a permanent lease, as it were, of certain tracts of land for hunting and trapping. These hunting territories are held in usufruct only; theoretically the band may permit other families to squat upon them and transfer their possessors elsewhere. Similarly, on the reserve itself, no family owns in fee simple, or has a complete title to the land on which it has built its permanent home. The house itself it may sell or destroy at its pleasure, for the family has built it at its own expense; but the land on which it stands belongs to the band, and cannot be alienated without the consent of the entire band.

The rights to settle on the reserve, or to hunt within the territories claimed by the band, is the cause of much friction even today, proving how strong is the feeling that the land actually belongs to the entire band. Thus many of the Ojibwa on Parry island resent the presence of the Potawatomi, because, as they say, the band never formally acceded to their immigration, although the Dominion Government may have sanctioned it. Any Indian, or white man, who wishes to make his home on the reserve, cut timber there, build a road or a wharf, prospect for minerals, etc., should obtain the consent not only of the Dominion Government (through its Department of Indian Affairs) but of the Indians themselves gathered in full council. The council now votes on such matters by ballot, or by the holding up of hands; in former times they were settled by the chief and the more influential men of the band, who alone could alienate a tract of land, or sanction the enrolment of new members. The Indians have occasionally surrendered small portions of their territory in compensation for murder, as appears from the following incident.

About sixty years ago Manatuwaba, one of the most prominent Indians on Parry island, died rather suddenly, and a conjurer[1] pronounced that Abram Esse, an Indian of Christian island, had 'shot' him with evil medicine because Manatuwaba had trespassed on what Esse claimed as his own hunting territory. Manatuwaba's descendants now assert that Esse confessed his guilt, and that his band surrendered all claim to this tract of land by way of compensation. The Christian Island band denies this, however, and the dispute has engendered ill-will between several families on the two islands.

Not only could a family change its hunting-grounds season after season within the territory of its band, but it could travel outside that territory, enrol itself temporarily in a different band, and be assigned a winter's hunting-ground in the new district. The Parry Island Indians assert that the Ojibwa bands of lake Huron frequently exchanged families

[1] I.e. *djiskiu*. *See* p. 65.

in this way, and that some of their great-grandfathers even hunted on the north shore of lake Superior. No doubt there were various causes that induced the Ojibwa to move about, e.g., ill success in their own hunting territories and a desire to visit new places and new people; but the explanation given by some of the Parry Islanders is perhaps unique. Animals that frequently observed the image or shadow[1] of a hunter, they said, learned to be on their guard and could not be readily taken. A man then had more success if he moved to new territory where his shadow was unknown. Whatever the cause, however, this interchange of hunting territories slightly altered the composition of the various Ojibwa bands from year to year, though it did not impair their separate existence.

Just as the land belonged to the entire band, so too did the fishing grounds, the groves of maple trees, and the fields of wild rice. These were never partitioned among the individual families, because they were not the products of man's labour, but blessings bestowed by the Great Spirit on all the members of the band. The Ojibwa of Wisconsin and Minnesota, it is true, divided their rice fields into family plots, whose boundaries they marked by stakes, and each woman established her claim to a plot by tying together a few sheaves some days before the harvest.[2] But in Georgian bay where both men and women harvested the crop, the Indians gathered indiscriminately and apparently avoided all friction. The same understanding applied to the maple groves. In the early spring, as soon as the sap began to run, a family would pitch its camp among the trees and begin to make sugar. It thereby pre-empted the grove for the season, and any other family that made its appearance, even though it had tapped these trees the season before, moved on to another grove. Even today the Parry Islanders and their neighbours immediately to the north acknowledge the common ownership of the maple groves, although the old explorer Thompson remarked, in 1799, that the Ojibwa of Red Cedar lake in Minnesota were dividing up their trees into family portions.[3] Evidently the Ojibwa on the eastern shore of lake Huron have been more tenacious of some of their old communistic practices than their kinsmen elsewhere, although the reason remains obscure.

CLANS[4]

The Parry Island band, like those elsewhere among the Ojibwa, was subdivided into a number of clans (*tudem, dodem*)[5] that are now rapidly disappearing. A man belonged to the same clan as his father, and could not marry a woman of his own clan even when she was a member of a distant band; that is to say, the clans were patrilinear and exogamous. This prohibition against marriage within the clan extended not only to all Ojibwa bands, but to the Ottawa and Potawatomi, who were organized in a similar way. Each clan bore the name of some natural object,

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[1] The *udjibbom*, which can travel ahead of the body. *See* pp. 18, 19.

[2] Densmore, Frances: "Uses of Plants by the Chippewa Indians"; Forty-fourth Ann. Rept., Bur. of Am Ethn., 1926-1927, p. 313 (Washington, 1929).

[3] "David Thompson's Narrative of His Explorations in Western America"; edited by J. B. Tyrrell, p. 276; The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1916.

[4] The word clan is used throughout this monograph in the widest sense, without reference to the method of reckoning descent. The writer has preferred it to the more precise word "gens," partly because it is more familiar to the general reader, and partly because it permits the use of the convenient derivative "clansmen."

[5] The alternative spellings represent dialectic variations. Pegahmagabow said *tudem*, three Potawatomi informants *dodem*.

nearly always a bird, fish, or animal. On ceremonial occasions its members painted their faces in a special style, and occasionally represented the totem bird or animal on their clothing. Thus the otter people worked an otter in beadwork on the front of the coat, and the loon people attached the head of a loon. More often the Indians etched their totems on pendants of stone, copper, silver, or, very frequently, on the carapace of a turtle cut into the shape of a cross; a few carved them also on their bows and war clubs. These emblems followed a man even to his grave; for his relatives painted his face in the style peculiar to his clan and carved his totem, inverted, on a small board or post at the head of his tomb.[1]

Since in each family husband and wife belonged to different clans, every camp and every settlement contained members of at least two clans, and generally of several. No band, however, embraced all the clans, or was acquainted with the entire number that prevailed in other parts of the Ojibwa territory. The Parry Island Indians indeed know less concerning them today than formerly, when they were more migratory and the clans were a more important feature in their lives. Hence lists derived from different informants varied widely. The most complete runs as follows:

Birds: crane, loon, eagle, gull, hawk, crow.
Animals: bear, caribou, moose, wolf, beaver, otter, racoon, skunk.
Fish: sturgeon, pike, catfish.
Miscellaneous: crescent moon.

Other lists add:

Squirrel, turtle; (more doubtfully) fisher, marten, mink, and birch bark.

The crescent moon clan is probably mythical. It was said to have vanished without leaving a trace, although very active in the war of 1812. According to tradition its members painted their totem on the front of the coat, or possibly on the bare chest, and were so swift of foot that they could run down the caribou.

Six at least of these clans have representatives today on Parry island, viz., reindeer, beaver, otter, loon, hawk, and eagle. Up to about fifteen years ago each of them held an annual feast at some convenient season, but with the decay of tribal life this has now dropped out. The prohibition against marriage within the clan is also disappearing, although the older men still shake their heads at endogamy and ascribe to it some of the misfortunes that have overtaken the band. Yet the feeling of kinship that once united fellow clansmen still survives in an attenuated form. A Parry Island Indian visiting a strange Ojibwa community naturally seeks out the members of his own clan and expects from them hospitality and assistance.

"My clan is the caribou. I have never visited Temogami, but I have heard there are caribou people there also, and if ever I wish to spend a winter in that district I shall seek them out and ask them to use their influence with their band so that it will assign me a good hunting-ground. They are my relatives and will certainly help me" (Pegahmagabow).

[1] The writer could find no indication of the belief, current elsewhere, that the totem guided the soul to the land of the dead, or that a man acquired his totem through a visitation in childhood. The carving on the grave served merely to indicate the clan of the deceased to strangers, who, if fellow clansmen, would often deposit a little tobacco or other present for the ghost.

The special face-paintings associated with the clans are no longer remembered, except in the case of the eagle clan, whose members drew a streak of red across the nose and cheeks and a streak of blue below. Dots of white on forehead and cheeks may have been the characteristic pattern of another clan. At the present time the Indians use no set patterns, but decorate their faces on special occasions according to their individual fancies.

There was no trace of any belief that the Indians were descended from the totem bird or animal, although such an idea would appear less absurd to the Ojibwa than it does to us, since at least some of them considered that birds and animals were originally human beings transformed. The totem was not worshipped in any way; a man might kill and eat it as freely as other game. Neither was there any notion that he received aid from his totem, or could kill it more easily than other animals. Nevertheless, he owed it a certain measure of respect and should request its consent or present his apologies before killing it. The hunter who belonged to the caribou clan should invite the caribou to draw near, or at least to permit his approach within bow- or gun-shot. A hunter of the bear clan who discovered a bear in its den should request it to come out, and if it refused should leave it unmolested, lest the bears take offence and bring misfortune on himself and his family. Old Jim Nanibush related an amusing story in this connexion:

"Two weeks ago I was camping on the shore of the lake with my relative, Henry Miller. Henry went down to draw water for cooking. Noticing signs of beaver near the camp I called to him 'There must be a beaver here.' Henry in jest shouted 'Totem.' Immediately a beaver jumped in the water, startling him so greatly that he dropped his bucket and ran."

The clan system just outlined evidently dates back to fairly remote times, and indeed most of the Indians retain no knowledge or tradition of its origin. The oldest surviving native on the island, Jim Nanibush, linked it with the myth of *Shauwanigizik*, "Southern Sky,"[1] which appears to have been an Ottawa tale not current among the Ojibwa and Potawatomi of Georgian bay.

"Shauwanigizik, who created the birds, the animals, and the trees, sent them to bless the Indians, and those who were blessed by the bear, the caribou, etc., took these animals as their totems. Indians who were blessed by the hemlock adopted the eagle, since that bird constantly nests in the hemlock tree; and for a similar reason those who were blessed by the cedar became the squirrel clan. The children of these early Indians inherited their fathers' totems. It was the sun who bestowed on each clan its special style of face-painting. Hence in life the Indians painted their faces to please the sun; but they decorated the faces of the dead with their clan paintings to please the sun's sister, the moon."

[1] *See* p. 25.

CHAPTER II

ECONOMIC LIFE

The Parry Islanders engage today in various occupations. During the winter months some of the men trap and hunt, others find employment in the lumber camps; the women make baskets of birch bark and sweet grass for the summer tourist trade. When summer opens a few men work in the grain sheds at Depot Harbour, others serve the summer tourists either as fishing guides or as caretakers of cottages and boats. Steady employment all the year round practically does not exist. To help in maintaining themselves and their families the Indians raise a small quantity of vegetables and gather the wild fruits in their seasons; but for most of their food supply they depend, like their white neighbours, on the stores.

In early times the Indians of Georgian bay cultivated maize, according to some informants. Others denied it, asserting that they lived solely by fishing, hunting, and the gathering of wild fruits. This contradiction in their statements evidently reflects the mixed origin of the people, for we know from Champlain that the Ottawa who once occupied the region cultivated maize, and from other early authors that the Ojibwa farther west, some of whom emigrated to Georgian bay during historical times, grew no corn. Even those who did not practise agriculture, however, were better supplied with vegetable foods than the majority of Algonkian peoples in eastern Canada. Their country contained many groves of sugar maple, and wild rice grew abundantly in certain localities around the margins of the lakes, so that they were able to store away large quantities of sugar and rice for the lean months of early winter. Berries, too, were plentiful, particularly blueberries and cranberries; and there were acorns and other nuts. Women often gathered the tubers of the Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*) and the root of the wild bean. In times of stress the natives could resort to more unusual foods, the sap from under the barks of the hemlock, basswood, black birch, and black oak, the moss that grows on the white pine, the roots of bulrushes, and the flowers of the milkweed. Even the brown lichens that grew on the rocks yielded a palatable and nourishing soup. But most of these exceptional foods were procurable only in summer when there was generally an abundance of other foods. In winter hunters occasionally obtained honey by noticing the frozen bees round the base of a tree and chopping down the trunk; but perhaps this occurred only after they obtained steel tomahawks or axes from Europeans.

Just as all these vegetable foods were seasonal, so also were the fish and game on which the Parry Islanders depended still more for their livelihood. The moose, which was their principal quarry during the winter months, was difficult to overtake except in deep snow, and in any case was too lean during the greater part of the summer to possess much food value. Rabbits and grouse, too, were easiest to obtain in winter, but

beaver and bear only after the snow disappeared; for the Indians could discover comparatively few bear dens when the animals were hibernating, and until they obtained steel tools it was only with much labour that they could break open a beaver's house through a 3-foot covering of ice. They could secure fish at all seasons, but the winter spearing through holes in the ice yielded a very slim harvest. Pickerel ascended the streams in large numbers early in the summer, but were not numerous at other seasons; whitefish, sturgeon, and trout kept to the deep, open waters of the great lakes, whither the Indians could not follow them, until the autumn, when they approached the shore for spawning.

This variety and seasonal nature of their foods kept the Indians in constant motion. The hunting and the fishing grounds, the maple groves, the patches of wild berries, and of wild rice, lay scattered in different places often many miles apart. At certain seasons a whole band might camp together for a few days or weeks, but then the exigencies of the food supply would bring about its dispersal into small groups of perhaps four or five families each. These small groups again would dissipate, and the families roam about individually, but keep in touch with neighbouring families through certain signs and signals, of which the following are examples:

(*a*) Draw a picture message on birch bark and suspend the birch bark to a tree along the trail. Should there be danger of enemies lurking in the vicinity place the birch bark on the ground and partly cover it with a stone. Friends will be looking for it, but enemies will never suspect it.
(*b*) To indicate that one has passed a place: lay a bough on the ground and weight it down with a stone.
(*c*) To indicate the direction one has taken: plant a stick in the ground and attach to its end a twig pointing in the required direction.
(*d*) When other families are in sight, but out of hearing (as across a bay): tie a glowing coal to the head of an arrow and shoot it into the air. An arrow shot straight up means that the archer is not moving camp; shot north, it signifies he is moving north.

With a life so migratory the Indians naturally required a certain number of terms for measuring distances and time. They had no fixed measure of length like our mile, so they described the distance between two places as the number of camps a man would erect in passing from one to the other, or the number of times he would sleep on the journey. If the journey could be compassed in less than a day then the distance was so many hand-stretches, one hand-stretch (i.e. the distance between the tip of the thumb and the tip of the outstretched little finger) being one-fourth of the arc of the sky from the horizon to the zenith, or, converted into a time scale, from one to one and a half hours. When travelling by canoe a man might reckon the distance as so many pipes, i.e., the number of pipefuls of tobacco he might have smoked on the journey; or, if the distance were very short, he might say "My pipe had hardly burned out when I reached the place." But this measurement of distance developed only after the establishment of the European fur trade, when tobacco became plentiful and smoking ceased to be an exclusively religious ceremony.

To keep track of the days the Parry Island Ojibwa sometimes cut notches on a stick, or marked it with charcoal. In summer an alternative

method was to put pebbles in a bag, one pebble for each day. There were six seasons in their year: winter (*bibon*), the maple-sugar time (*sigun*), spring (*minokamik*), summer (*nibin*), autumn (*tagwagig*), and the trout-fishing season (*nimegsikang*), about the beginning of October. There were also thirteen moons, named, like the seasons, either from natural phenomena or from the coincident activities of the Indians. Today these activities have largely changed, and the Indians use the English calendar, so that lists of their old calendar obtained from different informants do not entirely agree, as appears from the two examples given below:

Calendar

—	List 1 [1]	List 2 [2]
Dec.-Jan.	*djibibongizis*	*djibibongizis.*
Jan.-Feb.	*mebinigizis* "moon of suckers."	*makwagizis.* "bear moon," because the bear comes out in this month.
Feb.-Mar.	*onabinigizis* "moon of crusted snow."	*onabinigizis* or *"manidogizisons."* "manido moon," when the *windigo* travels and the Indians starve and sometimes eat one another.
Mar.-April	*sizbakudikegizis* "sugar-making moon."	*sizubakudikegizis.*
April-May	*wabigwanigizis* "moon of blossoms."	*wabigwanigizis* or *dimebinigizis.* "moon when suckers spawn."
May-June	*tigegizis* "planting moon" or *deminkegizis* "strawberry moon."	*kitigegizis.* "gardening moon."
June-July	*optanibinigizis* "mid-summer moon."	*minigizis.* "moon of berries."
July-Aug.	*minkegizis* "moon of ripening berries."	*optanibinigizis* or *tatigagominigizis.* "blackberry moon."
Aug.-Sept.	*mindaminikegizis* "moon of ripening corn."	*sigakinigegizis.* "harvest moon."
Sept.-Oct.	*meksigizis* "trout-fishing moon." or *binā kwegizis* "moon of falling leaves."	*nimegusigizis.* "trout-fishing moon." or *binā kwegizis.*
Oct.-Nov.	*nidowenzigegizis*	*nidowenzigegizis.*
November	*nibnasigegizis* "moon that shines as in summer."	.....
December	*shkibibongizis* "young winter moon."	.....

[1] John Manatuwaba.
[2] Jonas King and Francis Pegahmagabow. These two informants supplied names for eleven moons only, but believed there should be thirteen.

The hardest season for the Ojibwa was the period from early February until about the middle of March. This was the coldest moon, when their stores of berries, sugar, and wild rice had been exhausted and fish and game furnished the sole means of subsistence. At other seasons they could gather roots and berries, or, in an emergency, strip the barks from certain

trees and find nourishment in the sap. But the latter half of winter offered no such resources, and when fish and game seemed lacking families often perished of starvation. So the Ojibwa called this period the *manido* or spirit moon, the moon when the supernatural man-eating giant, the *windigo,* attacked their camps and destroyed the occupants.

Let us follow the activities of the people moon by moon. From December to March the families were scattered in their hunting-grounds. Every morning at daybreak the men set out to hunt moose, deer, porcupine, and other game, returning home only at dark. Meanwhile the women and children set snares for rabbits and grouse in the vicinity of their camps, and occasionally fished through holes in the ice of the frozen lakes. The daily visit to these snares occupied only three or four hours, and the women spent the remainder of the day mending clothes and snow-shoes, and drying in the smoke of the camp-fire whatever meat the family had accumulated. The camps of the individual families were usually several miles apart, but from time to time the men extended their wanderings into the hunting-grounds of neighbours to find out how they were faring.

The longer days and melting snow of March brought the hunting season to an end. The Indians then packed their possessions to the maple groves and tapped the trees for their syrup. If a grove were large three or four families might camp side by side, or in close proximity; if small, one family camped there alone. While the women collected the syrup, and in spare moments stripped off the inside bark of the cedar tree to make bags, the men speared fish through the ice of the lakes, and compensated by hours of idleness and relaxation for the strenuous hunting of the winter. The women had few idle hours, though their labours were comparatively easy. They directed the flow of the maple sap over a large sheet of birch bark, where the warm sun hardened it to the consistency of treacle. To harden it still further they used several methods. A hot sun alone would reduce it to a sort of toffee, or it could be evaporated at night in front of a fire. More often, perhaps, the women boiled it in clay pots directly over the fire, or else in vessels of birch bark by the use of hot stones[1]. Impatient members of the family sometimes dipped into the syrup heated cones made from a soft, greenish stone, when the syrup crystallized on the stone and could be scraped away with a knife. By one or other of these methods the sap was converted into sugar and stored away for future use in baskets of birch bark or bags of cedar bark. Each woman generally tried to equalize the weight of her baskets by balancing a pole across a log, tying a stone to one end and the basket of sugar to the other; but since there were no stones of standard weight, and the women merely picked up such as suited their purpose, the baskets of different families all weighed differently.

About the middle of April, after the women had stored away all their maple sugar in pits lined and covered with birch bark and heaped over with earth, a few Indians travelled south with furs and sugar to barter

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[1] Miss Densmore (44th Ann. Rept., Bur. of Am. Arch., 1926-27, p. 308, footnote, Washington, 1928) cites still another Indian method of extracting the sugar not known to my informants in Georgian bay. The natives would "freeze the syrup repeatedly in shallow basins and throw off the ice."

with the Hurons for corn and tobacco.[1] The Ottawa planted their corn, beans, and squashes, whereas the non-agricultural Ojibwa whose descendants occupy Parry island today moved away from the maple groves to fish and hunt. Moose were now lean and difficult to follow, so the principal game were beaver, deer, and smaller animals like the muskrat and the woodchuck. Fish, however, were the chief mainstay of the Indians throughout the spring and summer. Large shoals of pickerel and suckers began to ascend the rivers in May, and the men speared them in thousands, or caught them by hand in stone weirs, for the women to skin and dry. The birds were nesting at this time, and the Indians gathered many eggs of ducks, geese, and even seagulls. A little later the women gathered wild roots and berries, some of which they stored away for the early winter; blueberries they crushed raw and dried in the sun on sheets of birch bark, but thimble-berries they cooked into cakes before drying. In midsummer they gathered reeds for making mats, cedar bark for both bags and mats, and basswood bark for twine. At the same time they helped their husbands to build canoes of birch bark, and laid in an extra store of the bark for making baskets. Then there were skins to tan, ropes to cut out of rawhide, and snow-shoe frames to fashion from the white ash. In August the Ojibwa from the northern end of Georgian bay travelled south to obtain good hickory for making arrows. These varied occupations filled the whole time of the Indians until the ripening of the wild rice in September. The agricultural Ottawa, of course, devoted many hours during the summer to their gardens, in which the men often worked side by side with the women.

So many descriptions have been published of the rice harvesting that it seems unnecessary to repeat them.[2] The grain was beaten from the stalks into canoes, dried in the sun on sheets of birch bark and parched over a slow fire on straw-covered frames. It was then pounded and winnowed to remove the husk and stored in the ground, either in large, cylindrical elm-bark boxes like corn, or in smaller baskets of birch bark like maple sugar. In Georgian bay during the last hundred years, and perhaps in early times also, the men generally assisted in the harvesting of the rice, although the women alone performed the drying and storing. Sometimes, however, the women carried out the whole process unaided, while the men spent the time in various odd tasks, such as fishing, shooting birds, and putting the finishing touches on their canoes. In early days, the Indians say, bull-heads swarmed so thickly among the ripe grain that they could haul them in, one after another, merely with a piece of meat tied to the end of a basswood line; clouds of pigeons darkened the air, an easy mark for the hunter's arrows, and at dawn such flocks of ducks came to feed on the rice that a man standing in water to his waist among the stalks could knock them down by dozens with a stick. One custom in connexion with the harvesting deserves special mention. Several informants stated positively that long before the Ojibwa had any contact with Europeans it was usual to wrap a few grains in clay and throw them into the water to make new plants for the ensuing year. If a similar

[1] All my informants agreed that the Georgian Bay Ojibwa did not grow their own tobacco in early times.

[2] *Cf.* David Thompson's Narrative, p. 275, and, for an exceptionally detailed account from the Ojibwa of Wisconsin and Minnesota, Densmore, *op. cit.*, pp. 313-317.

custom prevailed in the old world during prehistoric times it may well have given birth to the regular cultivation of the first domesticated cereals, wheat and barley, and thus have introduced the era of agriculture and of settled civilizations.

About the time that the non-agricultural Ojibwa were harvesting their rice the Ottawa were storing away their corn, squashes, and beans. All these, like the rice, they deposited in the ground inside large, cylindrical boxes made of elm bark, with elm-bark or birch-bark bottoms and covers. Corn (and sometimes rice) they merely poured into the box, but beans and squashes they placed in basswood bags, and they sliced the squashes beforehand and dried them in the sun. To keep the food from freezing they then covered these caches with flags from a neighbouring swamp and piled earth over the top. Often they stored dried meat in the same way, and, after their introduction by Europeans, potatoes.

Harvesting their garden produce kept some of the bands fully occupied until the winter, when they moved away to their hunting and trapping grounds; at least this was the case during the last century, for we have no information concerning conditions in pre-European times. Other bands repaired in October to the outer islands of Georgian bay in order to spear the trout and whitefish that were spawning close to shore. The men fished at night by torchlight, using in olden days a roll of birch bark attached to the end of a pole, but now splinters of dry wood inside a metal pot. The torch projected over the bow of the canoe, casting a circle of light that attracted the fish within reach of the Indian's spear. Heavy storms often prevented the launching of the canoes, but on a favourable night a man frequently captured as many as twenty large fish. Formerly his wife dried most of them for the early winter, but today the Ojibwa sell their fish in the towns and villages.

Those Indians who had left in the spring to trade with the Hurons returned home about this time, and all the women hastily prepared new clothing for the approaching winter. While the families were still living in close promixity they arranged their respective hunting-grounds; then, as soon as the ice was firm enough for travel and the ground not yet encumbered with deep snow, they scattered to collect the maple sugar they had stored away in April and the rice they had cached in September. When this task was completed, they moved away to their hunting-grounds and established their winter camps.

It may not be altogether out of place here to add a few stray notes about their methods of hunting and fishing. Like all people who live largely by the chase the Ojibwa were constantly on the alert for indications of game. They studied the topography of the country, noted the animals' feeding-places, examined every spoor from a moose's to a rabbit's, and watched for changes in the air currents. They observed the slow straightening of grass bent over by the passage of an animal a few moments before, and the leaves of trees that had been brushed free of dew or raindrops. They attracted the moose with birch-bark trumpets,[1] employed deadfalls for porcupine, bear, and mink, and set snares for rabbits and grouse. If they discovered a bear lurking in the brush they circled it to

[1] The Parry Island Indians seem not to have used a bone whistle for calling deer, like their Ojibwa kinsmen in the United States,

windward, lit a birch-bark torch, and raced around to head off the animal before it had time to escape. A method of catching beaver after the introduction of steel traps exemplifies how well they understood the habits of the game around them. About the end of March, when the wood stored away by the beaver in the autumn had begun to rot, the Indian drove two fresh stakes through the ice close to its house. The beaver, searching for firm wood, was attracted by these stakes and caught in the trap.

In their fishing the Parry Island Ojibwa used nets, stone weirs, and spears, but neither hook and line nor traps until after the coming of Europeans, if we may trust the testimony of the present-day Indians. The weir was a single line of stones that barred the passage of pickerel and suckers when they ascended the streams in May to their spawning-grounds; the fisherman, standing on the stones, pulled the fish out by hand, sometimes as many as a hundred in a day. Nets made of false nettle (*Urticastrum divaricatum*), with floats of cedar or other light wood and with sinkers of stone, served for both trout and sturgeon. These and other fish, however, the Indians generally caught with spears. For sturgeon they used a two- or three-pointed spear fastened to a pole 25 or 30 feet long. The head broke loose when the fish was struck, but remained attached to the middle of the shaft by a stout thong of rawhide. The weight of the shaft soon tired the sturgeon, so that the man in the bow of the canoe could draw it within reach of the club wielded by his companion in the stern. The Indians used a similar "harpoon," but with a shorter handle, for exceptionally large trout, but their usual spear for all fish except sturgeon had a single non-detachable point. These, of course, were summer methods. When fishing for trout in winter the Indian cleared a circle around his ice-hole so that the light penetrated to the water underneath, covered his head with a blanket (or erected a small wigwam over the fishing-hole), dropped a fish-shaped lure of wood into the water, and stabbed the trout with a long, three-pointed spear. They sometimes employed the same method at night also, using a birch-bark torch and dispensing with a lure; but starvation alone could drive them to this extremity, for they dreaded not only the cold and the darkness, but the enmity of supernatural powers, who might at any moment send a huge snake to their fishing-hole.

The vicissitudes of hunting and fishing compelled the Ojibwa to preserve much food for days when they were travelling, or when, despite all efforts, they could secure no game. They could freeze their meat and fish in winter, but in summer they had to smoke-dry them on stagings or poles over their camp fires and store them in the ground like rice and maple sugar. They generally pounded the meat before storing it, but, unlike the plains' tribes, seldom or never mixed berries with this "pemmican." When on the war-path, and afraid to light a fire, the Parry Island Ojibwa would sometimes pound the carcass of a deer both before and after skinning it, then cut the meat into strips and eat it raw; but whenever it was possible, they always boiled or roasted their meat and fish, whether it was fresh, frozen, or dried. To kindle a fire they struck two pieces of pyrites over rotten wood or powdered cedar bark, or used the bow-drill method, with dry cedar for the hearth and any kind of hard-

wood for the upright drill. The usual method of roasting was to impale the meat or fish on a stick, plant it in front of the fire, and turn it occasionally; an alternative method was to place it on a log in front of the fire, or on a staging over it. Not infrequently they roasted meat in ashes. For boiling food they used both clay pots[1] and birch-bark kettles; if neither were available they filled a hollow in a rock with water, which they brought to a boil, like the water in their birch-bark kettles, by dropping in hot stones. The Ojibwa liked to season their fish with maple sugar, and rarely boiled ducks or grouse without adding rice or corn to the water, considering fowl not very palatable without some vegetable seasoning. In fact, a favourite method of cooking grouse was (and still is) to pound them in the corn-meal grinder and add them to corn soup. For beverages the Indians had, besides water (which travellers often carried in bags of ground-hog skins), the broths of meat and fish, and soups made from corn and wild rice. Furthermore, they made a kind of tea from the leaves of various plants, such as wintergreen (*Gaultheria procumbens*), Labrador tea (*Ledum groenlandicum*), and creeping juniper (*Juniperus prostrata*).

Normally the Indians ate two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; children, but not adults, had also a light lunch at noon. The principal meal was the evening dinner, the remnants of which provided the breakfast of the following morning; indeed, men often started out on a day's journey without any breakfast at all. The table dishes were trays of birch bark, and an occasional plate made from the hard shell on the back of the snapping turtle. Pointed sticks of bone or wood served for forks, clam shells for spoons, and a folded strip of birch bark made a satisfactory cup. After acquiring metal spoons from the early traders the Ojibwa made spoons of wood in imitation of them; but apparently these were not current in pre-European days.

[1] Several informants said that in making these pots the women often mixed with their clay ashes from cedar and maple trees and the powder of burned limestone (probably not limestone, but granite). They baked the pot beside the fire, not directly on top of it.

CHAPTER III

MAN AND NATURE

It is impossible to comprehend the daily life of the Parry Island Ojibwa (or indeed of any people) without some knowledge of their religious beliefs, and their religious beliefs are unintelligible without an understanding of their interpretation of what they saw around them. They lived much nearer to nature than most white men, and they looked with a different eye on the trees and the rocks, the water and the sky. One is almost tempted to say that they were less materialistic, more spiritually minded, than Europeans, for they did not picture any great chasm separating mankind from the rest of creation, but interpreted everything around them in much the same terms as they interpreted their own selves.

How then did they interpret themselves? Man, they believed (and still believe) consists of three parts, a corporeal body (*wiyo*) that decays and disappears after death, a soul (*udjitchog*) that travels after death to the land of souls in the west ruled by the great culture-hero of the Ojibwa, Nanibush, and a shadow (*udjibbom*) that roams about on earth but generally remains near the grave. The body (*wiyo*) needs no further explanation, but the nature and functions of the soul and shadow require closer definition.

The soul is located in the heart, and is capable of travelling outside the body for brief periods, although if it remains separate too long the body will die. This is what happens in many cases of sickness; for one reason or another the soul is unable to return to the body and the patient either dies, or, in a few cases, becomes insane. For the soul is the intelligent part of man's being, the agency that enables him to perceive things, to reason about them, and remember them. An insane man has lost his soul and, therefore, has no reason. A drunken man, or a man just recovering from a bout of drunkenness, is temporarily in the same condition; his soul moves at a distance from him, so that he consists of body and shadow only and remembers nothing of what occurred during his drunkenness. In his son this disharmony between soul and body may take the form of stuttering, especially if the father lay torpid and memoryless for a day or two after each bout. In the same way a man who tortures animals, and thereby, as the Indians believe, tortures his own soul, may cause some disability in his children, such as stuttering, or susceptibility to frequent illness. Evidently the Parry Island Ojibwa vaguely recognize the operation of heredity factors in the mental as well as in the physical sphere, although they are naturally unable to develop any genuinely scientific explanation.

Besides being the intelligent part of man the soul is the seat of the will. A weary Indian dragging his toboggan up a slope may feel that something is helping him along, pulling on the toboggan with him; it is his soul that has come to his aid. So, too, it is the soul that experiences

pleasure, grief, and anger. When you meet a man on the road you should never address him until you have passed him, for then your soul and his soul continue on their way and only your bodies and shadows stay to converse; if there should be disagreement between you it will pass away quickly, for your souls are unaffected. (Even today the Ojibwa of Parry island often pass one another in silence, then turn back to converse.) Similarly Indians suffering from apparently incurable diseases, and praying to the sun for aid, generally addressed the setting, not the rising, sun; for then the sun-deity had to turn back to hear their prayers and his soul would take no offence.

The shadow is slightly more indefinite than the soul, and the Indians themselves often confuse them, attributing certain activities or phenomena now to one, now to the other. The shadow is located in the brain, but, like the soul, often operates apart from the body. In life it is the "eyes" of the soul, as it were, awakening the latter to perception and knowledge. When a man is travelling his shadow goes before or behind him; normally it is in front, nearer to his destination. It often causes a twitching of the hunter's eyelids, informing him that it has seen game ahead. There are times when a man feels that some one is watching him, or near him, although he can see no one; it is his shadow that is warning him, trying to awaken his soul to perceive the danger.

"In earlier years, when travelling through the woods, I often felt that some one was watching me; and I ran away. Now I no longer have this warning sense, for people tend to lose it as they grow old" (Jonas King).

Old legends of the Parry Island Ojibwa reveal the same belief.

"Neweshipado was one of the most upright Indians that ever lived; he was obedient to his elders both in his boyhood and in his later years. When he was a young man great wolves began to wander over the land, bosses or leaders of the wolves. Neweshipado killed them every time they approached his camp, until at last the supernatural spirits (*manidos*) gathered together to consult about the young man and his great power over them. 'He has too much power,' they said; and they added 'Let us kill him.'

One day when the young man was hunting he came upon two lions (giant lynxes) sleeping, and coveted their furs. But just as he drew near to them his soul[1] whistled and the lions fled. Then his shadow[1] said to him 'It was I who whistled, because you were to be killed here where you stand.' The young man went away and met some one he had never seen before, who warned him that he had killed too many supernatural beings, that he had exercised too great power, and must now rest it and use it no more. So Neweshipado went up on top of mount Pikudenong, in the United States, where he sat down and turned into a white stone, known to the Indians today as Djingwabe."

Throughout a man's whole lifetime the shadow fulfils this function of enlightening the soul (translated somewhat imperfectly into the terms of our own psychologists, it is the sensation and perception that precede reasoning and knowledge). It is the shadow that warns a boy two or three days in advance that a *manido* or supernatural being will visit him and confer on him a blessing. The boy notes the warning, and, if not already fasting and sleeping in a separate hut, informs his parents, who immediately build him a wigwam.[2] A baby's shadow is peculiarly sensi-

[1] One of the many instances where shadow and soul are confused.
[2] Such, at least, was the custom up to half a century ago, for fasting at adolescence has now fallen into abeyance.

tive and needs the most careful consideration. It may easily be distressed by carelessness in swinging the hammock; and it suffers if the father tortures an animal, the Indians say, though they also state that it gives pain to the soul of the baby, or to the father's own soul. As soon as a child is born its shadow wanders over the earth observing many things. That is why the child appears to lie dormant at this period and to learn nothing. Actually it learns a great deal, for often you will observe it smile or laugh at something that is invisible to you yourself; its shadow, becoming aware of something, has enlightened the soul. So the Indian mother solicitously protects the shadow and soul of her baby by tying various objects to its cradle, as will appear in a later chapter. [1]

Generally the shadow is invisible, but sometimes it allows itself to be seen under the same appearance as the body. That is why you often think you see some one who is actually miles away.

"My two boys met me at the wharf yesterday evening and accompanied me to my house. Some time before our arrival my sister-in-law looked out of the window and saw the elder boy pass by. It was really his shadow that she saw, not the boy himself, for we must have been nearly a mile away at the time" (Pegahmagabow).

The shadow, again, like the soul, must work in harmony with the other two parts of a man's being if the man is to enjoy perfect health. Certain methods of witchcraft aim at breaking down this harmony by keeping the soul or the shadow apart from its coadjutors. Occasionally the shadow may divide or become double; one part may wish to co-operate with the soul and body, the other seek to travel or go hunting. The man then becomes a centre of conflicting desires. His two shadows contend for the mastery, his struggling soul remains aloof from the body awaiting the issue, and the body itself falls sick.[2] There is generally no cure for this condition and the man dies. His shadow lingers forever near his grave, like the shadows of all the dead; it becomes what Europeans call a ghost, harmless generally and unseen, but capable of making its resentment felt should any one rashly provoke it.

Thus, then, the Parry Island Ojibwa interprets his own being; and exactly the same interpretation he applies to everything around him. Not only men, but animals, trees, even rocks and water are tripartite, possessing bodies, souls, and shadows. They all have a life like the life in human beings, even if they have all been gifted with different powers and attributes. Consider the animals, which most closely resemble human beings; they see and hear as we do, and clearly they reason about what they observe. The tree must have a life somewhat like our own, although it lacks the power of locomotion.

"When its leaves shake and murmur surely they are talking to one another. It is true that we cannot understand them today, but Nanibush, the great hero of old, conversed with them; and once when a man was walking along a flower cried to him 'Do not step on me,' for flowers are like little children" (Jonas King).

Water runs; it too must possess life, it too must have a soul and a shadow. Then observe how certain minerals cause the neighbouring rocks

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[1] *See* p. 91.

[2] In the terminology of our psychopaths, he is the victim of neurosis. This is one of many indications that the Ojibwa, like other Indian tribes, recognized the tremendous influence of psychological factors on the health of the individual.

to decompose and become loose and friable; evidently rocks too have power, and power means life, and life involves a soul and a shadow. All things then have souls and shadows. And all things die. But their souls are reincarnated again, and what were dead return to life.

"When a tree rots and falls it does not really die, it only sleeps; sooner or later it will awaken and come to life again" (John Manatuwaba).

"The tree does not die; it grows up again where it falls. When an animal is killed its soul goes into the ground with its blood; but later it comes back and is reincarnated where its blood entered the ground. Everything, trees, birds, animals, fish (and in earlier times human beings also), return to life; while they are dead their souls are merely awaiting reincarnation. My uncle lived four or five lives, 500 years in all. But there are two very hard stones, one white and one black, that never die; they are called *meshkosh*" (Jim Nanibush).

"Sometimes a tree will fall when there is not a breath of wind. Its soul dies, just as the soul of a man dies and goes to the land of the west. But whither the tree's soul goes no one knows" (Pegahmagabow).

To the Ojibwa, then, all objects have life, and life is synonomous with power, which may be directed for the Indian's good or ill. Just as man's power comes from his intelligence, his soul, so does the power of the animal, tree, and stone. Therefore, the Indian should treat everything he sees or touches with the respect befitting a thing that has a soul and shadow not unlike his own. Let him not toss his hat idly to one side, but hang it on its peg; if his gun brings him no luck let him not curse it, but hang it away for a time; and if he is carrying firewood let him pile it carefully to one side, not drop it on the path. It may be that the Indian is sometimes just as careless as white people in these matters, for he realizes that the souls of hats and firewood have little power to help or harm, and calmly disregards them. But he follows out his theory more strictly where greater issues are at stake. When he completes the building of a canoe he sometimes beseeches its soul to take good care of whoever may wield the paddle, and when running a rapid or pushing out into open water he often prays the soul of his craft to carry him safely through. Similarly, when a medicine-man gathers roots or leaves or bark, he propitiates the soul of each plant by placing a tiny offering of tobacco at its base, believing that without the co-operation of the soul the mere "body" of the plant can work no cure.[1] For the medicine-man operates through the souls and shadows of his instruments, which recognize his authority and obey his commands.

"While I was living at Shawanaga an Indian whom we had never seen visited the reservation to pick cranberries. There was a stone on the reservation not very large, but so heavy that no one could lift it; yet the stranger picked it up easily and hurled it into the lake. Evidently he had medicine power that gave him control over the soul of the stone.

"Long ago, too, a tribe was entirely exterminated with the exception of an old woman and her grandchild. These two were living alone on a hill-top from which they had a wide view of the surrounding country when their enemies came and camped on the flat land at its foot. During the night the boy, who had been blessed by a *manido*, touched some stones with a stick, and, pointing in the direction of his enemies, commanded the stones to fall on them. The stones obeyed his command; they travelled like cannonballs, and destroyed everything they met" (Pegahmagabow).

Naturally it is to the souls and shadows of animals that the Indian pays special attention, because he will secure no game if he occasions them

[1] For other interpretations of this custom, however, *See* pp. 76 and 77.

offence. The shadow of the moose, the bear, etc., constantly wanders about like a man's own shadow, and carries back information to the animal's soul. Deer, for example, seem to know when a death has occurred or is impending in a family, and keep away from the hunter. Some of the Indians will not cook deer-meat when they are hunting the deer, lest the animal's shadow be annoyed by the smell of its meat and spoil the hunters' luck. For the same reason some will not eat trout during the October trout-fishing, but cook other food instead. A man should never kill a porcupine and throw away the meat, for the shadow of the porcupine will harm his children. He should aim always at the head or heart of an animal in order to kill it painlessly; if he aims merely to wound it the soul of the animal will be offended and prevent him from securing much game. He should not think disparagingly of a bear when he is eating its flesh, or the meat will kick him in the chest (i.e. cause indigestion). He should never think disparagingly, indeed, of any animal or fish.

"Some people once made fun of the suckers when they were spawning. That night they could not sleep because all around them people seemed to be hoo-hooing and throwing stones at the wigwams. Occasionally the Ojibwa have seen suckers transform themselves into men wearing feathers like the Indians of olden days" (Jonas King).

The first chapter described how families not infrequently changed their hunting-grounds because the shadows of the animals had become wary of their presence and kept the game away from them. A primary rule in hunting is not to concentrate all your attention on the game that you are seeking. Look at the trees around you and consider whether they are suitable for making fish-spears or can be turned to other uses. Examine the plants at your feet and consider whether they will make beneficial medicines. Animals are subject to deception no less than human beings, and the shadow of the deer (or moose) will be thrown off its guard, will believe that you are not engaged in hunting, and will fail to carry back a warning. Occasionally a deer will decide, for some reason or other, that it will not allow a certain hunter to kill it. It is then hopeless for that hunter to pursue it, because its shadow watches his every movement; even if he succeeds in wounding the deer, he will never be able to kill it.

"A hunter and his family whom I met in my boyhood were very short of food; so they blackened their faces with charcoal to disguise their shadows and throw the animals off their guard" (Jonas King).

Not only is the animal's psychology similar to that of man's, but society in the animal world is similar to human society. Animals have their families and their homes, like human beings; they meet and act in concert, like the Indians at their fishing and hunting grounds. A cricket that finds food invites all its fellows; if you kill it a messenger goes round and informs all the other crickets in the neighbourhood, who come and eat up everything. A bear, a deer, etc., will carry information to its fellows far and wide. More than this, just as the Ojibwa have their chiefs (*ogimma*) or leading men, so there are *ogimma* or "bosses" (to use a word from the lumber camps that the Indians themselves employ) among animals, birds, and fish, even among the trees. There is no single chief ruling the whole Ojibwa nation, but a chief in every band; similarly there

is no single boss for every species of animal or plant, but a boss in each locality. The bosses are always larger than other plants and animals of their kind, and in the case of animals (including birds and fish) always white. They generally keep out of sight of human beings,[1] but now and then the Indians see and kill them. One informant had seen a boss of the pickerel in a rapid 3 or 4 miles behind Parry Sound; it was about 20 feet long, all white, and it lay a foot or two below the surface of the water, so surrounded with other pickerel that the pebbles on the bottom were invisible. The brother of another informant had been so terrified by the appearance of a boss turtle that he fainted in his canoe.

"Long ago some Indians found a hole into which many bears had entered. The mouth of the hole lay under water, but the Indians poked a long stick into it and discovered what direction it took; then, going ashore, they dug through the soil and opened the hole up. Inside they killed nine bears, all black, and, last of all, a much larger bear that was white. It was the chief or boss of all the bears in the district" (Jonas King).

There was a boss maple tree on Coop island, near Christian island, which was about 2 fathoms in circumference when a lumber company cut it and sawed it into timber. The maples would get another boss somewhere else to take its place. So stated one old Indian when discussing this question of chiefs in the world of nature. Another immediately added that the black birches had an even larger boss in the interior of Parry island. It was 6 feet or more in diameter, and when it was cut down in the winter of 1928-9 two teams of horses could hardly drag one log. Until they obtained steel axes, he continued, the Indians could not fell these huge boss trees.

"Before the white man reached Georgian bay a certain Indian gathered many beaver, otter, and other skins, which he kept in his wigwam in the woods. One still night he heard the crashing of a tree, and then a wailing of many voices 'Our king has gone.' When morning came he found that a giant white oak had fallen, being rotten at the base; the white oaks around it had bewailed its fall. He gathered up all his furs, laid them over the trunk as in burial, and returned to his wigwam. Night came, and as he slept he dreamed that a *manido* visited him and said, 'You have done well. Now take your furs again and travel east. There you will find a man who will give you clothing of a new kind in exchange for them.' The Indian travelled east and discovered French traders on the St. Lawrence river. He was the first Ojibwa to see or trade with white men" (James Walker).

At death a man's soul travels to the land of the west, but the souls of animals have a home in *bitokomegog* "the tier or world below this earth." The souls of ducks and geese have their home far in the south; the souls of seagulls in the sky, perhaps because these birds seem to soar high up above the clouds. Whither the souls of other birds go the Indians do not know. Sometimes many souls come up from below to be reborn, sometimes only a few; then there are correspondingly many or few animals upon this earth. The bosses of each species regulate their numbers, knowing beforehand whether an epidemic or other calamity will devastate the land. So a district may teem with hares one winter and contain hardly any the next, because their boss has ordered them to move into another

[1] Just as the ordinary Indian cannot see the "government" when he goes to Ottawa, old Jonas King remarked. He goes from one office to another, he is introduced to this man and to that, each of whom may claim to be the "boss"; but he never sees the real "government," who keeps himself hidden.

district or has sent their souls back to their home below. On such occasions the animals (i.e., their souls) have sometimes carried off a boy or a man to protect him from danger, or to bestow on him some blessing; but they have returned him to his people again after the lapse of several months or years.

"One winter a moose, in the form of a big old man, carried two boys away to a land where there was no snow. It was *bitokomegog,* the underground world in which the moose have their village. Some time afterwards he brought the boys back to earth and restored them to their people" (Jonas King).

Animals, then, are very much like human beings, though they differ among themselves, and from man, in outward appearance and in their individual powers. The bear is the most nearly human of them all; it is like a man, the Indians say, but has the form of a bear. Sometimes it carries an Indian to its den and keeps him there all winter; to its visitor it appears to be a human being and its den a wigwam. If it needs food during this time it licks its paws, stoops down, and draws up a handful of fruit. When the Indian visitor goes out hunting, as he does occasionally during the winter, he sees smoke issuing from a little hole in the top of a wigwam where uninitiated eyes would see only steam from a bear's warm body rising through the top of its den.

Since the bear is so nearly human the Indian must treat it with exceptional respect. He must awaken it and invite it to come out if he finds it sleeping in a snow-bank, or, in a mild winter, under the roots of a cedar tree. He may safely club it on the head and carry the carcass home upon his back; but he must never insult it by dragging it along the ground.[1] If the basswood cord with which he has tied it should break, and the carcass fall to the ground, he should apologize to the bear, saying "Well, we are both in the same land," i.e., "when you fall, I fall, when you suffer, I suffer; we are both in the same boat." For the bear is really still alive; its soul is ready to depart to its underworld home, and its shadow accompanies the carcass to become a guest in the hunter's wigwam. Before cooking the meat the hunter should release the soul by removing the eyes from the carcass, rubbing them with charcoal and burying them in the ground with a tiny offering of tobacco; then it will go to its home contented, and refrain from annoying the souls and shadows of the hunter's family. When the meat has all been eaten he should hang the skull in a tree,[2] and place the other bones in a creek or somewhere beyond the reach of dogs.

This custom of protecting the bones of the bear and beaver (for both animals are treated alike in this respect) was the subject of an interesting controversy between two Parry Island Indians, Jonas King and Pegahmagabow. Both men were conversant with the custom, which they had often practised themselves. Both agreed that the shadow of the bear or beaver lingered in the vicinity of its death-place while its soul travelled to its home in the underworld. Both agreed, further, that the shadow and the soul were reborn again after a brief interval. Pegahmagabow thought that they might acquire bones that had belonged to some

[1] A difficult thing to do in any case, for the fur sticks to the snow.
[2] The Parry Island Indians do not consider it necessary to attach any decorations to the skull.

other bear or beaver, and be reborn in some other locality. But Jonas King said "If you kill a bear in its den this winter, and next winter kill a bear in the same place it will be exactly the same bear; it will have the same soul, the same shadow, and it will be clothed in the same bones. Only its flesh will be new." To clinch the argument he added "When I was young old hunters would sometimes cut a cross in the leg-bone of a beaver and place it in a creek or somewhere away from the dogs. Later they would sometimes kill a beaver with exactly the same mark on its leg-bone. Plainly it was the same beaver that had come to life again, and reassumed the same bones. Other animals, however, acquire new bones as well as new flesh."

Most of the Indians believe that the souls of dogs go to the underworld with the souls of other animals, although the dog is man's constant companion here on earth. Yet one old man, Jim Nanibush, was sure that he would find the souls of his dogs awaiting him in the land of the west when his own soul journeyed thither. The wolf closely resembles the dog, but is savage and treacherous. The Ojibwa, therefore, consider it the dog of the *Windigo*, the supernatural man-eating giant, and seldom interfere with it. Yet even the wolf has a religious sense like human beings. When running on the ice it will sometimes stop and face the east, the south, the west, and the north, just as the Indians themselves face these four cardinal points in turn when they perform their religious ceremonies.

To substantiate their doctrine that men, animals, and plants are all closely akin the Indians of Parry island relate an elaborate myth, describing how a mighty deity created the animals and plants from quasi-human beings. Obviously the myth itself could only have arisen on the basis of the doctrine.

"*Shauwanigizik,* the supernatural being or deity who rules the southern sky, created the animals, birds, and plants at the command of *Kitchi Manido,* the Great Spirit. After travelling all over the world and summoning different beings to come to him, he returned to the south and sat down on the prairie.

The first man who approached him had a long neck and long legs. He said to *Shauwanigizik* 'I have come to visit you.' *Shauwanigizik* answered 'I am glad that you have come. You shall be known as crane.' Forthwith the man became a crane and flew away.

A big stout man now approached and said 'I have come to visit you.' *Shauwanigizik* said 'I am glad that you have come. You shall be known as the great horned owl.' The man became an owl and flew away.

Another man drew near. *Shauwanigizik* changed him into *kokoko,* a smaller owl.

An Indian named *tashkweankwit* ("Opening up of clouds") approached. *Shauwanigizik* changed him to the red-headed woodpecker, *meme,* saying 'You shall bless the Indians who fast.'

Gitchigankwit ("Flecks of cirrus clouds") came. *Shauwanigizik* changed him to the woodpecker that is flecked with spots like cirrus clouds.

Gijianakwedoke ("Clouds that sail quickly by"), a woman, became a small owl, *kakapshi.*

Gijiankwit ("Clouds sailing by") became a loon. *Shauwanigizik* said 'You shall be a loon and scream when you fly up into the sky.'

Bekwinabi ("He who sits on a tree top") became the robin.

Padreudang ("One can hear it coming") became a little brown bird, *kakaskinedjin.*

Badanomad ("Approaching wind") became the crow, *andeg.*

Wabinose ("Walks all night till dawn") became a large black bird with white bill, *kagaksin.*

Bemisang ("Thunder that carries something along") became the creeper, *wemis.*
Jauwinokwe ("Southern woman") became the bluebird, *jajawin.*
Jingguak ("Pine tree") became the red squirrel, *djidimo.*
Gajigukke ("Daily sky") became the black squirrel.
Shauwanangkwit ("Southern clouds") became the chipmunk.
Wascaban ("Dawn"), a woman, became the humming bird.
Bidabinokkwe ("Approaching day"), a woman, became the cedar waxwing, *zagibononci.*
Jauskugizik ("Blue sky") became the otter, which is bluish.
Pemajong ("Water torrent") became the mink, *jangwis.*
Kabian ("Northwest wind") became the fisher, *djik.*
Monkiki ("Hardwood grove") became the marten, *wabjes.*
Minokamikgizigokkwe ("Spring sky woman") became the beaver, *amik.*
Kabjiassin ("Light rays that go all round") became the muskrat, *ojask.*
Awan ("Fog mist") became the weasel.
Anishinabe ("Human being") became the wasp; consequently the wasp now attacks people.
Wenshkaube ("Faces the wind") was told by *Shauwanigizik* to flap his arms. He flapped his arms and became the seagull, *geashk.*
Shwawogan ("Eight bones") became the eagle, *migiziwash.*
Bimankwit ("Body of clouds sailing by") became a duck with blue head and big bill, *zimo.*
Pidwedweanomut ("Sound of aproaching wind or storm") became a duck with brown head and grey body, *azig.*
Pidankwidokkwe ("Approaching cloud"), a woman, became the black duck, *nenshib.*
Oktowanakskam ("Floats in air") became the turkey, *mizisse.*
Djitjinkwuskam ("Earthquake") became the buffalo.
Naganggabo ("Man leading") became the goose, *nikka.*
Bemkwunasan ("Lightning") became the horse.[1]

The birds now go south in the autumn because Shauwanigizik created them in the south.

After these transformations the sun approached the earth so closely that it scorched everything. It shrivelled up a giant animal until it became the tiny mole, that hides under stones as it formerly hid from the sun. It shrivelled up, too, the big trees, converting them into the small shrubs we know today.

After this twelve men travelled toward the west, following the sunset way. Two of them disappeared on the journey, and their companions did not know what had happened to them until they discovered that the earth had taken them; because the earth took them to itself trees and grass were able to grow. So only ten men reached their destination in the west. There they met Shauwanigizik, who changed them into ten different trees, the maple, red birch, white birch, black birch, beech, pine, spruce, oak, and two others. This was the origin of our trees.

Later eight men started together from the east and travelled north. First they reached a land of snow. The snow gave place to ice until they came to a huge pillar of ice that stretched up to the sky. Beyond this pillar, in the land of the dead in the west, they saw Nanibush. A woman was planting a garden there; although not dead herself, she had followed her dead child to the west. She told them that they had reached the land of the dead, that after they died they too would join the multitude, that every night Nanibush beat his water-drum and the people danced in his big wigwam by the light of the fires in the mountains, and that his wigwam had many large pots filled to overflowing with the souls of the food that mankind eats on earth. From this place the eight men travelled south. and met Shauwanigizik, who asked them how long they wished to live. Some said a hundred years, others two hundred. To the first man Shauwanigizik said 'You shall live seven hundred years'; to the second 'You shall live six hundred'; and to the remaining six 'You shall each live four hundred years.' He gave them exceedingly long lives in order that they might teach the Indians all they had learned" (Jim Nanibush).

[1] There were other transformations, which the informant had forgotten.

To the Parry Island Ojibwa, then, all nature is one, inasmuch as everything consists of a body, soul, and shadow; and all souls and shadows are alike in essence, though gifted with different forces and powers. Just as the soul of a witch (or the actual body, according to some Indians) can assume the form of a dog or an owl, so the souls of animals can take on human form and make themselves visible in that guise. Man does not know all the power that is imminent in the souls of animals, trees, and stones.

"You may see a log floating on the water yonder. Suddenly it disappears. Perhaps it was a water-snake, for you cannot tell what is around you" (Pegahmagabow).

Just before a puff of wind Pegahmagabow has often heard a thud as though something were pounding the earth. Sometimes, too, his house creaks before the wind comes. Evidently the "power" of the wind precedes it by a few minutes. It must be so, because the barometer registers it.

The wind blows without man's volition, the water is stirred up into great waves, the thunder peals, and the lightning flashes. The sun and the moon move daily across the sky uninfluenced by anything that man can do. They must all be sentient beings like himself, or else the manifestations of sentient beings. Their power is infinitely greater than man's, who can only bow his head in awe and entreat their favour and assistance. They are among the greatest of the supernatural beings or *manidos*; but the world is full of others, most of them restricted, like man himself, to more or less definite localities, but many able to roam at will. Over them all is the Great Spirit, *Kitchi Manido,* from whom they first received their functions and their powers.

"There was the peace of the Great Spirit in the heaven above (i.e. a clear sky), but on earth the Indians were starving, because a gale blew for nearly a moon about the time the wild berries were ripening. The berries would not ripen, and the Indians were unable to launch their canoes and spear fish. At last one man volunteered to visit the wind-maker. He travelled until he found a being in the form of a man who ceaselessly moved his hands from side to side creating the wind. The Indian drew near him, and commanded him to cease in so sharp a tone that the wind-maker abruptly jerked his hands, nearly puncturing the sky with a gust. The man cut off his arms. Instantly the wind ceased and the day was without sound. The sky became cloudless so that the horizon was visible far to the southward, although the heavy waves still rolled and surged against the rocks with a noise like thunder. Then a murmur of voices arose, voices of the hungry Indians who at last could go out to fish, and return gaily with full loads to feed their children. But soon the sea also became calm and undisturbed by any ripple, and dirt spread over its surface so that the Indians could no longer kill any fish, and starved as they had starved before. Then he who had killed the wind-making *manido* returned to restore him to life. He found the *manido* where he had thrown him, and entreated his forgiveness, saying that the Indians were starving again. He restored the arms to their position, and struck the *manido* on the head until he regained consciousness. Then the *manido* said 'So you have returned to undo your foolishness. Hereafter let all men beware of my anger, for I can destroy almost everything in the world; nor can any man withstand me. The Great Spirit appointed me to create the wind for the good of the world.' Then a gentle wind swept softly over the water and through the trees like a welcome visitor that was comforting and providing for all the creatures of earth. It laid its soft hands on the foreheads of the impoverished Indians and their starving children; it washed the dirt from the water, and piled it high up on the shore so

that the sea became clean and sweet. The Indian returned to his home content, and the Great Spirit said, 'A man who has too much power will always produce trouble.'

The name of the wind-maker was *Gabiun*, 'North-west wind'; for the wind used to blow steadily from the northwest except when a storm came up from some other direction. But he has also another name, *Nodinaum*, 'Wind-maker'" (Mary Sugedub).

In olden times, of course, the Ojibwa did not know the real causes of wind or thunder; nor could they conceive of the earth as a tiny satellite in a solar system, itself one of the least of many similar systems. The earth, insofar as they knew it, was flat and roofed with a flat layer of sky. Man can see only the under-surface of the sky; its upper surface is like this earth, abounding in woods and streams and game, but free from misery and unhappiness.

"Some children were playing in the sky above when a boy fell through and dropped into Parry sound close to an Indian camp. He lived with the Indians for a long time until he received word that something would come to take him home. Then he said to his Indian friends 'Why don't some of you come back with me. There is plenty of game in the sky above, no sickness and no unhappiness.' He embarked in a stone boat that came down for him and returned to the sky. The Indians never saw him again" (John Manatuwaba).

Even today some Indians believe that there are six layers of worlds in the sky above, and correspondingly six beneath; others assert that there are only two, one upper and one lower. The Milky Way holds up the earth like a curving bucket-handle. If it breaks the world will come to an end; if it changes its direction the life of the world will change (Pegahmagabow). Or the Milky Way is the road of souls to the land of the dead (Manatuwaba); or, again, it is the pathway of the migrating birds, made for them by turtle at the command of the Great Spirit (Jonas and Tom King).

"Turtle received no duties from the Great Spirit. Consequently, it remained at the bottom of the water; but whenever it saw an Indian paddling along it rose to the surface and devoured him. The Great Spirit sent down two boys to attack it with their bows and arrows. Turtle descended to the bottom of the water and travelled north, but when it rose to the surface there one of the boys shot it in the tail. It flung its tail into the air, splashing the spray high up into the sky where it became the Milky Way. Since that time turtle has helped the Indians" (Jim Nanibush).

There are numerous myths of this type describing the origins of various stars, of sun and moon, of wind and snow, and other phenomena about which the Indians pondered. Many Ojibwa still believe in the historic truth of all these stories; others are frankly sceptical of some of them, regarding them as pleasant fairy tales. In earlier times sceptics were probably rare, because almost anything could seem possible to people who were ignorant of the physical laws that govern natural phenomena, and who interpreted all things spiritually. Even we do not know what is possible, and what impossible, in the realm of mind and thought. Allowing for their ignorance of "natural laws," may we not say that their interpretation of nature is entirely logical, provided we grant their initial premise that the possession of a soul (and shadow) is not the special heritage of man alone, but shared by him with everything else around?

CHAPTER IV

BEINGS OF THE SUPERNATURAL WORLD

"Long ago the *manidos* or supernatural powers gathered somewhere and summoned a few Indians through dreams, giving them power to fly through the air to the meeting-place. The Indians (i.e., their souls) travelled thither, and the *manidos* taught them about the supernatural world and the powers they had received from the Great Spirit. Then they sent the Indians to their homes again" (Pegahmagabow).

In myths of this character, and in their own experiences, the Parry Island Ojibwa find authority for their belief in a world of supernatural beings around them. Yet to call these beings supernatural slightly misinterprets the Indians' conception. They are a part of the natural order of the universe no less than man himself, whom they resemble in the possession of intelligence and emotions. Like man, too, they are male or female, and in some cases at least may even have families of their own. Some are tied down to definite localities, some move from place to place at will; some are friendly to the Indians, others hostile. All of them are invisible to human eyes in the ordinary course of life; but just as the soul of a medicine-man may travel under various guises (e.g., as a dog, a bird, etc.), so the *manidos*, which are most nearly akin to souls, may assume any form they wish and make themselves visible whenever they so desire. Some *manidos*, of course, possess far greater power than man; others much less, though it may be different in kind. But there are *manidos* everywhere, or there were until the white man came, for today, the Indians say, most of them have moved away.

Highest in the scale of these supernatural beings is *Kitchi Manido*, the Great Spirit, who is regarded not as the creator of all things, but as the source of all the power inherent to a greater or less extent in everything that exists. Occasionally the Parry Islanders speak of a *Madji Manido*, Bad Spirit, referring either to some lesser being malignant to man (most commonly the great serpent or water spirit), or else to some vague evil power that is apparently independent of the Great Spirit. This second notion may have been derived from the teachings of the early Jesuits; yet it seems so logical a development of the aboriginal beliefs, and so easily within the reach of the more speculative Indians, that it probably dates back to prehistoric times. Certainly it was widely spread as early as the end of the seventeenth century, for La Potherie notes it among the Cree and other Indians who frequented the trading posts on Hudson bay:

"They recognize a good and an evil spirit. They call the former *Quichemanitou*. He is the god of prosperity. It is he from whom they imagine that they receive all the good things of life; it is he who presides over all the pleasant aspects of nature. The Matchimanitou, on the contrary, is the god of misfortune. They worship him more from fear than from love . . . These two spirits, according to the belief of most of them, are the sun and the moon. They seem to recognize the

former as the sovereign master of the universe; consequently, when they suffer any public or tribal afflictions, they sacrifice to him."[1]

Nevertheless, this doctrine of two great spirits, one good and one evil, undoubtedly gained much of its prominence through Christian teaching. It must have been rather vague and tenuous in earlier times, since it appears to have exerted little influence on religious practices. Even today some of the Parry Island Ojibwa, who never identify the Great Spirit with the sun, believe that he dwells apart from everything, and interferes but rarely with the working of the universe. Others, of course, enlarge his activities, like the old man quoted below; but this man, like all the Indians on the reserve, adheres to one or other of the Christian churches, and may well have modified the ancient doctrine.

"There is a big boss *manido,* the chief of all the *manidos.* He stays somewhere in one place, sitting quietly and supervising everything. He is like the captain on a steamboat, or like the Government that remains in Ottawa, yet has its servants all over the country. So the Great Manido has lesser bosses in different regions, and they have lesser *manidos* under them. If a *manido* is evil the Great Manido sends another *manido* to remedy the evil, or to remove the evil *manido;* or else he destroys the evil *manido* in some other way, perhaps through a medicine-man" (John Manatuwaba).

Although the Parry Island Ojibwa seem never to think of the Great Spirit as the creator of the universe, yet they hold him responsible for an arrangement that plays an important part in many ceremonies. For when the Great Spirit made the sun travel from east to south, and south to west, he intended that everything should go in the same direction. So medicine-men gathering leaves or roots move around the plants in a sunwise direction, and during their ceremonies they pass the smoking pipe in the same manner. Medicine-men and laymen alike must follow the movements of the sun in dancing; to dance counter-sunwise will bring misfortune on a man or his kindred. Sorcerers and evil spirits, of course, act in a contrary manner, because they are opposing the will of the Great Spirit. Likewise if the wind changes against the sun, i.e., from south through east to north, you may be sure that a storm will follow, whereas if it changes with the sun there will be fine weather.

THE MANIDOS OF THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS

Since the Great Spirit seemed so far away, and so little active in the universe, the Indians naturally made their supplications to the lesser *manidos,* those who concerned themselves more directly with human affairs. Some of the Parry Islanders postulate four "deputy" *manidos* who rule the four quarters of the universe through an indefinite number of minor agencies. The old Ottawa Indian, Jim Nanibush, named them thus: the ruler of the east, *Wabenokkwe,* "*wabeno* woman" or the moon, sister of the sun over whom she has charge; the ruler of the south, *Shauwanigizik,* "southern sky"; the ruler of the west, *Nanibush,* and the ruler of the north, *Giyuedin,* "wind blows home" (because the winds have their home in the north). The same four *manidos,* unnamed, appear in a myth nar-

[1] "Documents Relating to the Early History of Hudson Bay," edited by J. B. Tyrrell, p. 226. The Champlain Society, Toronto, 1931.

rated by the two Potawatomi Indians, Jonas and Tom King, although the myth seems to contain other elements derived from Christianity:

"Once an Indian decided to walk east to the place of sunrise in order that he might obtain the blessing of long life. He selected five lads to accompany him, and bade them ask their mothers to make them many moccasins, both large and small, since they would travel for a very long time. A sixth lad asked permission to join the party, and after long hesitation the leader consented. Each lad was exactly five years of age.

As soon as their moccasins were finished the party set out to the eastward. Always, when they stopped to rest for the night, they found a camp already built and food awaiting them; and whenever they came to a lake or a river the *manidos* had supplied a canoe and paddles to facilitate their crossing. Finally they reached the great water. There also was a canoe, in which they embarked and paddled eastward. They paddled steadily for ten days, or ten years according to human reckoning, for they were journeying like *manidos,* and a year is but a day in *manido*-land. Now they came to a mountain. The lads could see nothing on it, but after their leader had walked around it four times a door opened into its interior, and an old woman, *Nokomis,* the moon, invited them to enter. She knew why they had come, for she could read their thoughts. Each thought how many years he would like to live, and *Nokomis* understood. But the sixth boy, he who had urged the leader to allow him to go, desired everlasting life; so *Nokomis* walked over to where he sat and planted a stone beside him. You can see him today in the moon—a boy sitting beside a stone.

When they had stayed in *Nokomis'* home for ten days, that is to say ten years, the sun said to them, 'Today you shall walk with me across the sky; but first I shall take you to the home of *Madji Manido,* the Bad Spirit.' The leader told the boys to walk exactly in his footsteps, and they all followed the sun to the home of the Bad Spirit. The house had the shape of a large wigwam (*waginogan*), and inside, on either side, were sorcerer's (*medé*) medicine-bags and drums. The Bad Spirit himself seemed to be of fire, transparent. He said to them, '*Nokomis* has approved of your desires for long lives, and I give my consent.'

Next they travelled to the home of *Kitchi Manido,* the Good Spirit, which was fronted with a pathway and trees of silver. The Good Spirit said to them likewise, '*Nokomis* has approved of your desires. I also assent.'

The party continued to follow the sun, and at noon came to a hole in the sky where the sun rests at mid-day. Four old men sat around the hole, one in the east, one in the south, one in the west, and one in the north. They were the *manidos* of the four cardinal points. The hole was exactly over the centre of the earth, and the sun bade the Indians descend through it to their home. They descended by a pathway invisible to mortal eyes, the five youths still treading in their leader's footsteps.

Now *Nokomis* had warned them not to return straightway to their parents' homes, but to camp apart for ten days, i.e., ten years, and to summon their fathers to visit them. When they landed on the earth some boys ran out to greet them. The leader of the party said to them, 'Go and tell our fathers to come to us.' The fathers came, and at the bidding of their sons, engaged an old man who had lived purely all his life to build them a wigwam in a spot where no woman had set her foot. They hired a pure woman, too, who had never married, to cook for them. There the party lived for ten years."

The father of Jonas King, one of the narrators of this story, saw the *manidos* of the four quarters in a vision. They told him that he would live until his hair was grey; and in fact he was a very old man when he died.

Yet not all the Indians subscribe to this doctrine of "deputy" *manidos* at the four cardinal points, coequal, and all drawing their power directly from the Great Spirit. Some hold that there are innumerable *manidos* independent of one another, though endowed by the Great Spirit with varying powers. When confronted with a myth like that just given

they may admit the existence of "deputy" *manidos,* but attach to the notion little or no significance. If the doctrine developed in the first place merely as a generalization from certain rituals, as seems quite probable, it would naturally have little interest except for the few speculative individuals who look beyond those rituals. At all events, the ordinary Indian who blows smoke to the four quarters and asks for help does not address his prayer to any specific "deputy" *manidos* in those quarters, but to the general hosts of *manidos,* without considering their number or their powers.

Sun and Moon

Nevertheless, even the lay Indian believes in specially powerful *manidos* operating in certain spheres, whom he reverences or dreads according to their supposed beneficence or malevolence. They are the personifications of nature's mightiest forces, the sun and the moon, thunder, the storm winds, the awful power that lurks in water, particularly in the water of the great lakes, and the beneficent power of grandmother earth working silently, but influencing everything that dwells upon its surface. Grandmother earth and the water *manido,* perhaps, too, the sun and the moon, have many lesser *manidos* at their command; but thunder and the storm winds operate single-handed. Some Parry Islanders hold that thunder (and perhaps the wind) is not an ordinary *manido,* but a company or brotherhood of *manidos* equal in number to the various forms or phases of a thunderstorm. One may gather, indeed, many statements about these supernatural powers that seem to contradict one another, for there are no fixed doctrines to which all the people have given their assent. [1] Each Indian, therefore, interprets only his own traditions and experiences, and takes no heed whether that interpretation agrees or conflicts with the interpretations of his neighbours.

The sun *manido* travels west across the sky and passes under the earth to the east again. Without him the earth would have no daylight and no warmth; man's life would be wretched in the extreme. A night *manido* follows him across the sky, bringing peace and quietness during the hours that are not illumined by the sun. The moon *manido,* sister of the sun *manido* over whom she rules, exercises special influence on women; but both *manidos* were honoured together in a yearly ceremony, generally held some time in the autumn, when the Ojibwa sacrificed to them a white dog and offered up thanks for their care of the people during the past year.

"*Wabinokkwe* and her brother, the moon and the sun, eat white dogs at their meals. In their honour, therefore, the Indians bound a white dog and laid it on a pyre. A *wabeno* [2] then struck it on the head and set fire to the wood. As it burned he threw a little tobacco into the flames, and offered up thanks to the sun and moon for their care of the people. If a man were very ill, and all remedies had failed to heal him, the *wabeno* might place him beside the fire before the cermony, and the *manidos* would occasionally restore him to health. But only a *wabeno* possessed this privilege; if others ventured to place the patient there on their own responsibility the *manidos* might be offended, rob them of their souls, and kill them" (Jim Nanibush).

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[1] Members of the Midewiwin, however, had fixed doctrines about certain *manidos.*
[2] The medicine-men called *Wabeno* are discussed on pp. 62, 63.

The sick could entreat the help of the sun *manido* in other ways. A man who had been ailing for a long time might pitch his wigwam toward the east, walk four times sunwise around the fire, then, standing at the entrance, pray to the sun *manido* for healing and throw a little tobacco into the flames. Or a seer (*kusabindugeyu*[1]) might warn him that his malady arose from failure to obey the instructions of his personal *manido* or guardian spirit, and advise him, on the first day of the new moon in the *manido* month (*manidogizis*, about February), to face the setting sun, naked, and pray for healing. Jim Nanibush did this when he was a young man, the Indians state, and through the blessing he then received from the sun attained to his present old age.

The myth that purports to account for the origin of the white dog sacrifice runs as follows:

"A hunter who had been forbidden (by his guardian spirit?) to travel at night once failed to reach his camp before darkness closed in upon him. In the stillness of the night he heard a wind coming towards him, and before he could guard himself a mighty eagle carried him up into the air. Far below he saw the light of his fire, but the eagle carried him aloft to its nest. He clutched his weapons and killed the bird as soon as they landed, then killed the eaglets in the nest. Now he looked around for a way of escape from the rocky ledge on which he stood. Above was an unscaleable cliff; in front a sheer precipice with trees far below that looked no taller than grass. He cut open the eagle, drew its skin over him and rolled over the precipice. Down he fell at a tremendous speed, now whirling through space, now bouncing against the projecting rocks. Presently he lost consciousness.

Now grandmother moon had warned her brother, the sun, that one of their grandchildren was in dire peril, and the sun went to his rescue. After a time the Indian regained consciousness. He realized that he was no longer falling, but lying still. His heart leaped violently, then became quiet again. He was dazed, but felt no pain. Wonderingly he blinked his eyes, as though he were returning to life from the dead. He felt himself in the hands of some mysterious power that comforted him, like a child in his mother's arms; and deep contentment awoke in his heart as his eyes rested on a wigwam. He sat up, rose to his feet, and with no feeling of pain approached the wigwam. A voice from within called 'Enter, my grandson'; and as he entered he said to the stately old woman he found inside 'Yes, grandmother, I have come' Then grandmother moon prepared for him a feast, to which she invited her brother, the sun, and two other *manidos*. Presently the sun entered, and joyfully said to the Indian 'My grandson, you shall join us in our feast.' Two other *manidos* followed him, one from the north, the other from the south; the *manido* from the north was a monstrous bird larger than any the Indian had ever seen, and with a bill that appeared to be of white feldspar (*meshkosh*). They took their places for the feast, grandmother moon in the east, the sun in the west, and the other two *manidos* in the north and south. Huge pots of steaming meat were brought into the wigwam; some the moon rejected, some she retained. While they were eating the Indian discovered that the meat was the flesh of a white dog.

As soon as the feast had ended the sun said to the Indian, 'My grandson, you shall return home at noon.' So he returned to his home, after a lapse of many years, when his wife had become quite old.

The dog is the favourite meal of the sun and the moon" (Mary Sugedub).

It is from the Great Spirit, of course, that the sun and moon derive their power of giving light. The Parry Islanders explain the actual origin of the two luminaries by a trifling myth, which would be unimportant

[1] *See* p. 66.

if it did not illustrate how closely the Ojibwa felt themselves akin to all the phenomena of nature.

"Once all the land was dark, and the Indians became scattered. Their grandfather took a torch to look for them, and travelled to the west, then back to the east again. Their grandmother followed him. The two climbed higher and higher in their search, and finally became the sun and the moon" (John Manatuwaba).

Wind and Thunder

Many *manidos* may cause the winds, the Ojibwa say, and illustrate the statement by numerous examples. Thus, about six years ago Jonas King and two other Parry Island Indians were fishing close to shore when they suddenly heard three reports as though from a gun. Thinking that some farmer had shot at a deer they paid no attention, but paddled along for a short distance. They heard again what sounded like a wagon being driven over rocks; but still they paddled on. Then on a point about 200 yards ahead they saw trees, stones, and rocks swirling in the air as though tossed by a tornado. The three Indians hastened ashore and lay on the rocks, holding tightly to their boat. The tornado reached halfway to them, tossing up the bushes on the shore, then stopped. A *manido* had created it, a *manido* that had entered the ground where the tornado stopped.

Many Parry Islanders, however, believe in a special wind-maker called *Nibanegishik, Babunkwe,* or *Noadinaum,* who is able to operate everywhere, since he has many subordinate *manidos* to carry out his wishes. Without him, or them, no fire would light, no life be possible upon this earth. He has numerous grandchildren whose play gives birth to the zephyrs. They flit up and down over the water, up and down as swift as light. Sometimes their grandfather takes part in the sport, creating violent gales. Now and then he may send forth bubbles that can maintain a wind for several days, although they act only when they come into contact with water. Often these bubbles stick to trees, or they float high up into the air; but if a heavy wind arises suddenly after a dead calm you may be sure that one of them has caused it. If other *manidos* try to take hold of them they come to life instantly and cause a gale. Occasionally the little children of *manidos* play with them, angering the wind-maker, who himself then stirs up a gale.

Another account of the wind-*manido* was given in the previous chapter. Still another makes it a very powerful *manido* that controls the thunder, though it is not itself the thunder-*manido.*

"This invisible *manido* that controls thunder and the winds possesses many balls about ½ inch in diameter. They are as light as soap bubbles and seemingly harmless, yet they contain all the winds. The balls travel through the air and under the water, creating winds and waves and purifying the water in their progress. Once an Indian learned in a dream where he could find one of these balls. Its acquisition gave him great power: he could throw a stone at the trunk of a tree and bury it out of sight in the wood. Two medicine-men, one a *wabeno* and the other a *medé,* stole it from him at different times, but they could not retain it, for the ball returned irresistibly to its owner" (Jonas King).

One Indian believed that the wind-maker belonged to a company of forty-eight thunders, any one of whom had the power to create a wind.

When a breeze blows gently from a certain direction the thunders are sleeping and breathing quietly; when the air is calm they are sleeping, or else they have gone high up into the sky.

Instead of a company of forty-eight thunders, however, some Indians believe in only twelve, called collectively by the name *animki,* "thunder," but with individual names as follows:[1]

ninamidabines: the chief, who sits quiet and gives orders. He may be the same as, or equal in rank with, the Great Spirit, *Kitchi Manido.*
biangukkwam: the noiseless thunder who operates in a cloudless sky without lightning; i.e. the thunderbolt.
nigankwam: the "leader" in the clouds, the first thunder to come in the spring of the year.
jawanibines: the "southern" thunder, or the thunder that operates in the south.
beskinekkwam: the thunder that gives a sharp crack and sets fire to trees and houses.
andjibnes: the "renewer" of power.
besreudang: The "echoer aloft"; i.e. the thunder that seems to come from the highest clouds and to mark the end of a storm.
zaubikkwang: "rainbow floats on water after a thunderstorm."
bodreudang: the "approaching" thunder.
giwitawewidang: the "scout" thunder that goes all round the sky.
bebomawidang: the thunder that advances, retires, and advances again.
mekumiguneb: "ice-bird"; the last thunderstorm in the autumn, which causes a thaw immediately followed by freezing. Sometimes it comes in winter also.

Nevertheless, the Indians generally speak of thunder as if it were a single *manido,* regarding it as a brotherhood of supernatural powers that work in unison. It is the most powerful of all *manidos* except the Great Spirit; yet it rarely harms human beings, and then only those who insult it. The Indians for their part throw an offering of tobacco into the fire when a thunderstorm is impending; or, if travelling in a canoe, they blow smoke to the thunder from their pipes. Normally thunder lives in the south whence most thunderstorms come, but even in winter, when far away, it is still able to protect its human protégés.

The chief enemies of both man and thunder are the water-serpents, which can travel underground and steal away a man's soul. So if lightning strikes a tree near an Indian's wigwam it is the thunder-*manido* driving away some water-serpent that is stealing through the ground to attack the man or his family. The boss of all the water-serpents is *Nzagima,* one of whose contests with thunder is the theme of a well-known myth.

"A girl who had reached adolescence was placed alone in a hut in the expectation that she would receive a blessing from the Great Spirit. But the great serpent visited her in the form of a man and persuaded her to marry him. She remained in her hut longer than was required, but on the eighth day she begged her mother to let her return home, saying that her husband would come to her the following morning. But the following morning when the mother went to her hut, water had flooded the site and both the hut and the girl had disappeared. The mother returned hastily to her camp and reported the event. Some medicine-men (*kusabindugeyunini*) discovered that the girl had been claimed and carried off by the great serpent, *Nzagima,* and their statements were confirmed two mornings later by her younger brother, who saw her sitting at the foot of the great falls at Niagara. All the medicine-men then gathered together and called on the Great Spirit to help

[1] Mary Sugedub.

them recover the girl, while the remainder of the Indians collected presents to offer to the Great Spirit. The people assembled in the deepest silence, foregoing all dances, war-whoops, and beating of drums lest the great serpent should take alarm. The medicine-men chose *Biangukkwam,* the second great thunder who operates from a cloudless sky, to be their champion and lead the other thunders in battle. Then they awaited the favourable day.

The third morning dawned without a cloud in the sky, and the mother of the missing girl hid where her daughter would be landed by the invisible powers above. *Biangukkwam,* the cloudless thunder, led the attack at sunrise when the girl rose at the rocks to observe the sky. Round her waist glistened a band and chain such as no one had seen before; some say it was of iron, others of gold. The foaming current around her seemed to have no influence on her. Then a tremendous figure, which seemed to be chained to her, appeared at her side; *Nzagima,* the great serpent. It looked up at the sky also, warned the girl to watch carefully for any clouds and went to sleep. Suddenly the chain that bound the two together snapped asunder. At the same moment the serpent received a shock and awoke. 'What was that?' it said to the girl. 'Did I not tell you to watch the sky?' She knew what had happened, for in that brief second the invisible thunder had appeared to her as a man and given her instructions. But she answered 'There are no clouds as far as I can see around the horizon.' Now the serpent, viciously spitting flames of fire, was thrown high above the top of the great falls. Before it fell again a noiseless force struck it on the head and tail, splitting it open all along its length. It fell into the river with a crash, reddening the water with its blood, which formed a cloud above the torrent. Sheets of rain darkened the scene as the other thunders attacked the monster with deafening noise and streaks of fire. Through the din the Indians could hear the voice of one of them warning his brothers not to harm their sister. Up came the tail of the serpent as if it had just awakened; every time it was split open it healed again instantly. A terrific tornado raged over the place, and a vast body of water poured into the hole of the serpent, which sank so far into the earth below the bed of the falls that the Indians could barely hear the jar of the thunder and the sounds of the huge rocks that rolled into the abyss. From time to time they heard a voice giving orders as if a terrible battle was being waged far beneath. Presently the serpent, like a huge waterspout, shot shrieking high up into the air, and fell with a crash far out of sight below the falls. A voice called for *Andjibnes,* the thunder that renews power. Again the serpent appeared, but now it was crawling up the side of the falls. Then a thunder smote it so hard that it could move no more. It was lifted high up into the sky, and dropped back dead at the base of the cliff. There it lay for a moment, until *Beskinekkwam,* the thunder that causes fire, received orders to end the battle and with a sharp crack set the monster aflame. At this moment the medicine-men took the girl away from the scene of battle and restored her to her mother, with instructions to keep her away from the sight of men for a certain period and never allow her to marry. After the serpent had burned to ashes they ordered the girl to take some of the ashes and use them for medicine. 'This will be your medicine,' they said. 'Even though a man be at death's door these ashes will restore him.' The girl became a great medicine-woman and lived to a very old age. Often she restored the dying to life, and was summoned from great distances to heal the sick" (Mary Sugedub).

Certain myths supply names for other thunders. There is *Bemikkuang,* the thunder that passes by without raising a storm. *Bemikkuang* and *Nigankwam,* the leading thunder, or the first thunder to come in the spring, created the stars and man.

"*Nigankwam* picked up some gravel and gave it to *Bemikkuang,* saying, 'You shall name this gravel. The one in the east shall be the morning star; the others shall disperse to make the remainder of the stars.' Starvation then overtook the two thunders. One day, at noon, grandfather sun said to them 'You shall go down to the beach at the great water.' They found no tracks on the beach, but many small stones. *Nigankwam* picked up a blue stone, *Bemikkuang,* a red one. They broke them against a rock, when sparks of fire flew from them such as they had never seen. They found some rotten wood and said to one another, 'Let us

start a fire with this rotten wood.' So they started a fire. Near by they discovered some meat already cooked, and ate it. Then the sun said to them 'You shall not be the only people on this land. You shall make a woman of clay.' So they made a woman of clay, and also a clay pot. They travelled to another place and did the same; and so continued all over the land. That is why there are so many different tribes of Indians today, and so many different languages" (Jim Nanibush).

Jonas King gave a different version of this myth:

"In the first days two men suddenly appeared sitting opposite each other as if they had just awakened. One was named *Bemikkwang,* and the other *Nigankwam.* Each carried a bow and arrow on his right shoulder. *Nigankwam* rose, went over to a mound, and poked it with the end of his bow. A bear came out, which he shot. *Bemikkwang* then arose, went over to a mound on the opposite side and poked from it a knife and a large birch-bark pot. The two men skinned the bear, cooked it in the pot, and ate the whole carcass at one meal. *Nigankwam* then arose, took up the skull of the bear and threw it into the sky, where it became three stars (in the Great Bear?). *Bemikkwang* arose, took up a vertebrum and threw it into the sky; it also changed to stars. *Nigankwam* rose again, took up the breast bone and threw it up; it became the Milky Way. *Nigankwam* and *Bemikkwang* were the first human beings. Afterwards *Nigankwam* made a woman and had children, who were the ancestors of the present Indians."[1]

Another great thunder was *Djingkuam,* the thunder that makes the land shake from afar, i.e., the earthquake:

"Trees fell to pieces when *Djingkuam* merely pointed at them; and the same fate befell his enemies, even the great serpent. At last the *manidos* held a council to discuss how they might defend themselves. They said '*Djingkuam* has too much power. Let us kill him.' Then one day, when *Djingkuam* was hunting, he struck with his arrow a log that had been washed up on the shore. He tried to recover it, but when he stepped on the ground his foot stuck in a log that suddenly appeared like a great serpent. He planted his other foot on the log, and it stuck also. The serpent log dragged him far down into the earth; his thunder crashed over it, but came too late. Since then *Djingkuam* is reported to have been very active underground in the United States" (Pegahmagabow).

Strangely enough, alongside of this belief in invisible thunders, the Parry Islanders possess the totally different concept of a thunderbird; and the same Indians will subscribe to both notions without remarking any contradiction. During the great war Pegahmagabow was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. He felt the air flap his face as though moved by the wings of a mighty bird. Previously he had not believed the story of a thunderbird, but on this occasion at least it seemed to him that it must be true.

"At Killarney there is a big mountain that no one may ascend. Once some Indian youths climbed to the summit and found there a white bird unlike any they had seen before. Its eyes were closed, and it appeared to be a fledgeling. They went home and told their people that they had seen a *manido.* Later they returned to the same place. One boy touched the bird lightly with something and received an electric shock. Another touched one of the bird's closed eyes with a long stick. The eye opened slightly and the stick split down the middle. The youths fled precipitately, knowing that it was a thunder-bird. Presently there was a terrific thunderstorm. When other Indians visited the mountain some time afterwards the bird was gone" (Jim Nanibush).

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[1] "The first Indian was made of clay by *Nigankwam,* 'leading thunder,' who created man at the command of the Great Spirit. That is why the Indians are brown" (Jim Nanibush).

Beliefs such as these frequently excite the derision of unsympathetic Europeans, and the Parry Island Ojibwa are too proud to expose themselves unnecessarily to ridicule. So they tell the inquisitive stranger that thunder comes from a big wagon full of stones that passes along the sky, and that lightning is due to the clashing of the stones. They know that this is a mere fairy tale (perhaps even of European origin), but it provides them with a convenient answer to undesired inquiries.

Nanibush

Nanibush, the culture hero of the Parry Islanders, occupies a unique place in their mythology. He is the *manido* who gave the earth its present form, who lived on familiar terms with all the animals and birds, who experienced many strange and often ridiculous adventures, and who finally went away to some distant place and practically ceased to exist. Some Indians say that he now rules in the land of the dead; others that his brother rules there, and *Nanibush*, from whose head grows a huge cedar, remains with him. His body was transformed to an enormous rock, Manatuwaba said, on the shores of lake Superior, where you can still trace its outline. Whatever his fate, all the Indians agree that he wanders no more on this earth, and never think of propitiating him or asking his aid, although they revel in tales of his adventures. Of these tales one of the best known locally is his creation of the Thirty Thousand islands in Georgian bay:

"Nanibush was hunting the giant beaver, *wabnik*. He drove it from lake Superior to Georgian bay, where the beaver, thoroughly exhausted, crawled halfway out of the water and turned to stone. *Nanibush*, seeking its hiding-place, smote the land, with his club, and shattered it into the maze of islands that exist today. You can still see the beaver 3 miles north of Parry sound, its body on shore, its tail drooping down under the water" (Jonas King).

To the two surviving members of the *Midewiwin*, however, Jonas and Tom King, *Nanibush* plays a very different rôle. They believe that he founded their society, and that he still presides over its activities. In this connexion they call him not *Nanibush*, but *méde-manido*, i.e., the spirit invoked by *medé* medicine-men to help them in their arts. A later chapter will describe the *medé* medicine lodge, and the significance there attached to *Nanibush*.

The Earth-Manido

Like her "grandson" *Nanibush*, the earth-manido has not the same significance for most of the Parry Islanders as it has for the members of the *Midewiwin*. The ordinary Indian will usually agree that such a *manido* exists, but he gives it no name and devotes no further thought to it. To members of the *Midewiwin*, however, *Nokomis*, "grandmother earth," is the source of all the power that exists in trees and shrubs and stones, and must be propitiated with an offering of tobacco every time a medicine-man digs up a root from the ground or strips a few leaves from a tree. No further rite is necessary, but if a medicine-man should fail to offer tobacco in payment for his plants *Nokomis* would be offended and his remedies would lose their potency.

The Great Serpent

Nzagima, the chief of the water-serpents whose contest with the thunders was related above, has huge eyes like looking-glasses and travels at tremendous speed through the water with only its nose protruding above the surface. Leaving Sault Ste. Marie one evening it appeared at Niagara falls early the next morning. One informant, Pegahmagabow, ascribed to it seven heads, and said that it guarded the heart of the land, which lay between Georgian bay, lake Michigan, and Sault river. Only certain sorcerers could see it, sorcerers who during their childhood fasts had been visited by *Nzagima* in the guise of a man, and instructed to offer tobacco and to summon it when they needed its aid. Such a sorcerer, in later life, would sit on a sandspit on a cloudless day (for *Nzagima* dreads the thunder), and summon it with a medicine-song accompanied by a drum. A black hell-diver would appear, followed by a white; then a black loon, likewise followed by a white loon. Finally the serpent itself would rise to the surface and draw its long body over the sandspit, awaiting the man's request. The sorcerer might ask for a medicine to cure rheumatism, or to kill some enemy. Then the serpent would quiver in a certain spot, and the man would scrape off his medicine there with a wooden spoon, or a knife, wrap it in birch bark and deposit it in his medicine bag. One informant, Pegahmagabow, stated that sorcerers occasionally sacrificed to *Nzagima* a white dog, in imitation of the *wabeno's* sacrifice of a white dog to the sun and moon; but some other Indians who were questioned on this point were unable to confirm the statement.

There is current also on Parry island, however, a very different account of the great serpent, which makes it not the enemy of the Ojibwa and the patron of sorcerers, but, through the agency of *medé* medicine-men, a benefactor. In this account there are two great serpents, a male, *Nzagima,* that is black and has horns like a deer, and a female that is white. The usual name for both is simply *mishiginebik,* "big snakes." They punish persons who mock at the supernatural beings, or use their medicine-powers for evil purposes, by devouring their souls after death and thereby preventing them from sharing the joys of the afterlife in the home of *Nanibush* in the west. *Medé* medicine-men greatly covet pieces of *Nzagima's* horns, which they obtain in the same way as the flesh-medicine described above. The grandfather of Tom King possessed a piece, which he handed down to his son and grandson. Tom inherited only a tiny fragment which he has long since exhausted; but he claims that it was a wonderful remedy for fever when combined with certain herbs, and that it saved the lives of several Indians who were at the point of death.

The contradiction between these two versions seems to reflect the different beliefs held by the Parry Islanders concerning the *Midewiwin* or society of *medé* medicine-men. To the two surviving members of that society, and to one or two other old people who are not members, but are familiar to some extent with its rites and purpose, the great serpent was but one of many *manidos* which could be employed for either good or evil. It might be the enemy of thunder, sometimes even of man, just as one tribe of Indians is hostile to another tribe; but it was not

in itself necessarily evil, or the embodiment of evil. One old man, John Manatuwaba, even identified it with the earth-*manido* of the *medé* society, *Nokomis* ("grandmother," a title that to Georgian Bay Ojibwa outside the Midewiwin society signifies the moon); for he claimed that the serpent *manido* lived under the earth, and through the many subordinate *manidos* at its command controlled or guarded all the trees and plants. The majority of the Parry Islanders, however, have never seen the *Midewiwin* rites. They believe that the society existed primarily for witchcraft and that the *medé* was above all else a sorcerer. Any *manido*, therefore, that the *medé* claimed to employ was by that very fact evil. Then Christianity, with its teaching of the "fall of man" through the serpent, put its seal on this interpretation, which is the one most prevalent today on Parry island.

Until quite recently, and perhaps even now in certain families, adolescent boys and girls were compelled to fast for a period in order to obtain a vision and blessing from some *manido*. Parents gave their children special warning against a visitation from the great serpent, which might appear to them in the form of a man and offer its aid and blessing. A boy (or girl) who dreamed he received a visit from a snake should reject its blessing and inform his father, who would bid him return and seek a second visitation, since the evil serpent never repeats its overtures once they have been rejected. If then a snake appears in another dream the boy may safely accept its blessing. But if he incautiously accepts a blessing from the evil serpent he will deeply rue it afterwards, for sooner or later he or his family will have to feed it with their souls and die.

"A Parry Island couple had three children, two boys who died very young and a child that died at birth. Two years ago the serpent swallowed the man's soul also, and after declining from what the white doctor called tuberculosis he too died. The woman then confessed that in her girlhood she had accepted a blessing from the evil serpent" (John Manatuwaba).[1]

Windigo

The most dreaded of all the supernatural beings that are evil or hostile to man is the *Windigo*, a personification of the starvation and craving for flesh that so often befell the Ojibwa in the later months of winter. The *windigo* is a human being transformed by cannibalism into a monstrous giant with supranormal powers. A sorcerer through witchcraft may prevent a hunter from killing any game, and reduce his family to such straits that one member, crazed by hunger, kills and eats a brother or a sister. Then the appetite for human flesh becomes insatiable. The cannibal's body swells to the size of a pine tree and becomes hard like stone, impenetrable to arrow or bullet and insensible to cold. Naked save for a loin-cloth the monster roves the countryside seeking more victims to devour. Its breathing is like the whistle of a train, audible for miles; and its shouting weakens the limbs of the Indian it pursues. It haunts the country only in winter, when it attacks its victims during snowstorms or unusually cold weather; with the first melting of the

[1] Pegahmagabow, who listened to Manatuwaba when he narrated this story, could not understand how the man had been able to survive the loss of his soul for more than four days (*See* p. 86). Yet he did not question Manatuwaba's assertion that the serpent had swallowed it.

snow it retreats to the north where the climate remains cold throughout the year. None but a medicine-man can kill it, for the ordinary weapons of the Indians are of no avail. Even though a man cut off its head it will reunite with its body. But the medicine-man discovers the presence of a *Windigo* several days beforehand and learns also the method by which it can be destroyed.

A glutton who eats butter or fat by spoonfuls, or drinks gravy from a bowl instead of mixing it with his potatoes, is especially liable to develop into a *Windigo*. Children are, therefore, trained to eat carefully, and cautioned against greediness or perverse appetites that might impel them under stress of hunger to practise cannibalism.

"Charles Senneba, 'Big Ribbon,' who died a few years ago, had crazy spells during the later years of his life. He always knew when they were coming over him and warned the people to flee. At one time he would actually sharpen a stick on which to roast some one. But he died before he became a real *Windigo*" (Jonas King).

The Parry Islanders believe that they have a supernatural protector against the *Windigo* in a giant named *Misabe*, who seems to play no other rôle in their mythology.

"*Windigo's* greatest enemy is *Misabe*, a giant. Once some Indians fell asleep in their canoe and drifted far from their home. When they woke their canoe was pounding on a sand beach. They landed, and saw the tracks of two huge men going in the same direction. Nevertheless they camped on the beach, not knowing where else to go. In the evening *Windigo* approached them carrying an enormous frog, which is the game *Windigo* hunts; but it passed by without harming them. Then, just before dark, *Misabe* appeared carrying a huge beaver. He said to the Indians: 'Don't be afraid, for it was I who willed you to come hither. He who passed in front of me is dangerous, so I will take you to my home.'

Now *Misabe* and *Windigo* were neighbours, though they ate different foods. *Misabe* kept the Indians in his house for ten days. One day *Windigo* put his head inside and said, 'Are there Indians here?' But *Misabe* answered, 'No. How could any Indians come here?' When *Windigo* had gone away, *Misabe* said to the Indians, 'You are tired of doing nothing. You may hunt and kill beaver, which are very plentiful here. But my dog will accompany you to protect you from *Windigo*.' The Indians went hunting, and *Windigo* followed them; they could hear his breath whistling behind them. But *Misabe's* dog, which was of ordinary size, shook itself and expanded to the size of a man. It shook itself again, and became as high as a pine tree. Then it chased *Windigo* away, returned to the Indians and resumed its normal form. The Indians killed many beaver and returned to *Misabe* the next day.

Misabe said to them, 'My dog will guide you home. It will face in the direction you have to paddle.' The Indians embarked in their canoe and paddled away, following the course indicated to them by the dog. After two or three days they reached a shore that was familiar to them. *Misabe* then recalled his dog, which shook itself until it became like a pine tree, sprang into the water and returned to its master.

Sometimes *Windigo* tries to cross the strait *Bodgawining*, but a huge crayfish pinches its toes when it enters neck deep into the water and makes it turn back" (Manatuwaba).

Shadow Manido

When a living *manido* is near at hand you can see some trace of it, a flash of light or something. But there is a *manido* that died long ago and only its shadow (*udjibbom*) travels about. Sometimes you may hear it walking beneath the ground like a horse with a slow, heavy tread, but

there are never any tracks or other sign of its presence. This is the *Shadow Manido,* that walks outside a wigwam just before an inmate dies. Generally it slumbers, but the soul of an Indian who is ill, or sleeping, may wander about and awaken it. Then the soul cannot return to its body, for the *Shadow Manido* drives it along the path of the dead to the land of souls. Occasionally it happens that the soul travels only part of the distance and returns to its body, so that the Indian does not die; but usually the *Shadow Manido* drives it steadily forward to the home of the dead.

Medicine-men (*kusabindugeyunini*) often advise the Indians to keep horses and cattle, whose movements will stir up the *Shadow Manido* and divert its attention so that it will attack human beings less frequently.

Snapping Turtle

There is a supernatural snapping turtle, *Tcimsikkan,* "Big Turtle," which is believed to enact the leading rôle in the mysteries of the medicine-men called *Djiskiunini,* "Conjurers."[1] On the rare occasions when it makes itself visible to the lay Indian it has the form of an enormous snapping turtle with eyes that reflect the light like looking-glasses and are as large as table plates.

"My father and another Indian named *Micikkan,* 'Turtle,' shot a deer one morning a little north of Parry sound. As they were paddling back to their camp my father, who was sitting in the bow of the canoe, called out, 'Look.' Both men saw the back of an enormous turtle protruding from the water in front of them. The monster raised its head and gazed at them, its eyes shining like large mirrors. The Indian in the stern lost consciousness and fell forward, but my father turned around in his seat and steered the canoe to the camp. Neither man received any medicine power from this experience, because it was only an accident" (Pegahmagabow).

Memegwesi

Memegwesi is a friendly *manido,* or rather a band or family of *manidos.* They may play pranks on the Indians, but never harm them. A Parry Island Indian on his way to Depot Harbour saw a *Memegwesi* going down a creek; it had the outline of a man, but only its face was visible, the body being concealed beneath a huge growth of whiskers.

Once a *Memegwesi* that had hooked a giant trout fastened the end of his line to a tree that grew on a rocky point; but the trout carried away the line, the tree, and even the point.

"At the north end of Parry sound, in what white men call Split Rock channel, there is a crag known to the Indians as *Memegwesi's* crag. Some natives once set night lines there, but their trout were always stolen. At last one of the men sat up all night to watch for the thief. At dawn he saw a stone boat approaching, manned by two *Memegwesi,* one a woman, the other bearded like a monkey. The watcher awakened his companions, and they pursued the stone boat, which turned and made for the crag. Just as the thieves reached it the woman turned around and called to the Indians 'Now you know who stole your trout. Whenever you want calmer weather give us some tobacco, for this is our home.' The boat and its occupants then entered the crag and disappeared; but the Indians still offer tobacco to these *Memegwesi* whenever they pass their home" (Manatuwaba).

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[1] For an account of these mysteries, *See* p. 65.

Mermen and Mermaids

Mermen and mermaids, *dibanabe,* are human in form except that they have the tails of fish. Indians have seen them sitting on the shore, but their appearance presages the death of a relative. The majority are mermaids, whose little children often create waves by their play. They originated from the following circumstance:

"Long ago the Indians discovered a sturgeon in a spring. Their elders warned them not to touch it, but some one imprudently cooked it and a number of people joined in the feast. When the hunters returned to the camp that evening they found all their relatives who had eaten of the sturgeon being rapidly transformed into fish. Some had changed completely, others remained half-human still; but all alike were struggling towards the water, or weeping near the shore with the water lapping their shoulders, while their unchanged kinsfolk strove in vain to draw them back. The medicine-men called on their *manidos* for help, but the utmost they could accomplish was to check any further transformation" (Jonas King).

Invisible Indians

There are two kinds of invisible Indians, both closely akin to *manidos,* and usually classed as such. One kind has no name, the other is called *bagudzinishinabe,* "Little Wild Indians." To see an individual of either kind confers the blessing of attaining old age.

The nameless kind uses the red fox for hunting instead of the dog. We see the tracks of the foxes, but not of their masters, except those they made on the rocks before the Indians came to this country. At that time the sun drew so close to the earth that it softened the rocks, and the feet of these invisible people left marks on them. When the sun withdrew the rocks hardened again and the footprints remained petrified on their surfaces.

The "Little Wild Indians" are dwarfs that do no harm, but play innumerable pranks on human beings. Though small, no larger in fact than a little child, they are immensely strong. Sometimes they shake the poles of a wigwam, or throw pebbles on its roof; or they steal a knife from a man's side and hide it in his lodge, so that later he wonders how it came there. Often an Indian will eat and eat and still feel unsatisfied; he wonders how he can eat so much and still be hungry, for the dwarfs, unseen, are stealing the food from his dish. Occasionally you hear the reports of their guns, but cannot see either the dwarfs or their tracks. Yet Pegahmagabow once saw their tracks, like those of a tiny baby, on a muddy road on Parry island. Certain dwarfs haunt a crevasse in a rock on French river, where they sometimes make themselves visible; if you throw them some food they disappear.

The "Little Wild Indians" are the Brownies of Parry Island mythology, except that the adults believe in their existence no less than the children.

Nameless Manidos

The various supernatural beings just listed are but a few of the innumerable *manidos* whom the Indians believe to surround them on all sides. The vast majority have no names, yet probably every adult on Parry Island reserve has seen one or more of them at some time or other

in his life. At night it is not easy to distinguish *manidos* from sorcerers, whose souls also travel in the darkness to carry out their evil designs. Both may appear as flashes of light, but the soul of a sorcerer flashes two or three times, first in one place, then in another a mile or more away, whereas a *manido* flashes only once, or, if more than once, in approximately the same place. Thus one night Pegahmagabow saw a light go bouncing along a ridge on Parry island. He fired at it with his rifle, and the object disappeared in a blaze of sparks. It was a *manido,* not a sorcerer, because it did not flash intermittently in widely separated places.

Jonas King's family had a similar experience. His wife and son went to visit some relatives on Parry island. While returning home in the moonlight, driving one horse and leading another, their horses suddenly snorted and bolted. The woman looked back and saw two huge, long-necked animals on top of a nearby ridge, either *manidos,* or sorcerers who had transformed themselves into these strange beasts. She held tightly to her son, and he clung to the reins until the horses reached home.

There may be a *manido* right beside you, although you are unconscious of its presence. When you are in danger think of them (or of your forefathers, whose shades may also be near) and they may come to your aid. Sometimes they will help you without being summoned. A few years ago Pegahmagabow was returning to his home with a sled-load of groceries He had crossed a sandspit and was dragging his sled down the slope onto the ice when it ran so quickly that it knocked him down. He broke through the ice into water that was far above his head, and feared he would drown. But suddenly his feet touched something that enabled him to leap forward nearer to the shore, where he could just touch the bottom. It was probably a *manido* that helped him.

Strange phenomena that the Indians find themselves unable to explain are nearly always attributed to *manidos.* On French river there is a rock with a round hole about 3 feet deep in the top (a pot-hole?). Since no man could have dug so deep a hole in the hard rock it must have been made by a *manido.* Perhaps a *manido* dwells there still. At all events Indians passing by take the precaution of leaving a little tobacco to ensure its favour and have good luck.

Near Shawanaga, a few miles north of Parry Sound, there lies a large rock, and beside it a smaller, " baby " rock resembling the head of a maskinonge. Every Indian who passes by places a little tobacco beneath the " baby's" head, and white tourists sometimes leave a few coins there. If an Indian is short of tobacco or money he may borrow from this " bank " by saying to the rock " I am empty-handed just now. Lend me some tobacco —or money—and I will repay you later." One autumn five or six Frenchmen, who had been fishing along the coast, stopped at the rock to offer tobacco and pray for a fair wind. But one of the crew mocked at the superstition of his companions and defiled the " baby's " head. They sailed away before a fair wind until they had covered half the distance to Penetanguishene, when suddenly the wind freshened, the boom swung over and struck the irreligious sailor on the head. He fell into the water, and was drowned.

Off Midland harbour, again, there is a rocky island where two *manidos* fought long ago. The place is known to the Indians as the Giant's Tomb.

There you can still see the great holes made by their stamping feet, and the outlines of the head, body, and limbs of one of the giants.

Wherever there is a dangerous rapid or fall on a river there must be an evil *manido;* so the Indian travelling in his canoe throws a little tobacco into the water to pay for a safe passage.

If two or three children die simultaneously in a village the Ojibwa fear that an evil *manido* has killed them. Where Pegahmagabow's home now stands on Parry island an evil *manido* once destroyed an entire village because the people made too much noise at night. So now if any one falls ill in this place the Indians fear that an evil *manido* has carried off or destroyed his soul and that he will surely die.

Some Georgian Bay Ojibwa once heard two *manidos* conversing in Henvey inlet, near French river. One was scolding the other for doing wrong, and reminding it that the Great Spirit had instructed them to do no evil, but to remain in their appointed places as long as the earth lasted and to take care of his Indian children.

On Christian island there is a small lake 5 or 6 feet deep where a huge snake haunts two large holes in a rock under the water. If any one lingers on this lake, fishing for trout, the snake causes the water around the holes to circulate and boil. Whenever this happens the Indians flee.

At Moon river, Jonas King said, there dwells a *manido* about 6 feet high that has horns, claws, and other appurtenances like a devil. People have seen it, and though it has hitherto done no harm no Indian will camp or land at the place.

"Near French river are two big rocks, round below, square on top, and with a narrow crack between them. Formerly they were one. But once a hunter named *Wabskitjanamshin,* who was travelling from lake Nipissing to Georgian bay with many furs in his canoe, saw the rock sway from side to side and heard a voice calling

'*Wabskitjanamshin* is listening to us.'

The hunter was annoyed at the remark and shot his arrow into the middle of the rock, where it caused the crack that remains to this day. He then continued down the river, but the *manido* that dwelt in the rock made him drift over a fall and lose all his furs. The Georgian Bay Ojibwa now call the two rocks *Djiskan,* 'Conjurer's lodge,' and sing the words given above as a kind of refrain" (Jonas King).

An evil *manido* that lived close to a sandy cliff in Thunder bay used to molest or upset the occupants of all canoes that passed by. A little over a hundred years ago an old man, his wife, and their daughter approached the place and the *manido* carried off the girl. Her parents paddled on, weeping, pitched their wigwam on the beach, and went to look for their daughter. They found her body near their camp where the *manido* had deposited it, and buried it where it lay.

After this the *manido* went to Sandy island near Parry sound. There it put its tail over a canoe in which three young women had gone out to gather rushes for mats, and tried to upset it. The middle girl, who had received a blessing from thunder, cut its tail in two with her paddle. It fell into the canoe, wriggled for a moment, and leaped into the water. The *manido* disappeared, and the girls returned home unscathed.

Then it went all round Georgian bay, but other *manidos* in the district, knowing its evil nature, would not allow it to live with them. So it continued on to French river and remained midway between lakes Huron and Nipissing. An Indian family stopped to camp near the place. Before the parents had finished setting up their wigwam the *manido* carried off their baby. They searched for it, weeping, and heard it crying from inside a high rock, the *manido's* home. After a time the crying ceased; the *manido* had killed the child. The parents travelled on to their people

and reported what had happened. One of their friends who had received a blessing from thunder determined to destroy the monster. His thunder *manido* smashed up all the rocks in the vicinity and killed the evil *manido*. The Indians then took a large pail, cut up the carcass, cooked it, and threw the pieces in different directions" (Pegahmagabow and Jonas King).

Old John Manatuwaba gave a slightly different account of this *manido:*

"The husband of Bemikkuang's daughter died in the woods during the winter, after a long illness. Before he died his wife promised to take his body back to his people, and as soon as spring came and the rivers thawed she prepared to carry out the promise. Before she was ready to leave a *manido* appeared to her in a vision and said 'In a certain lake that you must cross there lives an evil *manido* which will try to kill you. Make a paddle not of hardwood, but of cedar, and when it laps its tail over your canoe strike it with your paddle.' The woman made a paddle of cedar and started out with her little child and the body of her husband. The evil *manido* followed her as soon as she entered the lake, and when she reached the middle it hooked its huge tail over the gunwale in front of her. But the woman struck it with her paddle, and the monster disappeared beneath the water. So she reached her home in safety.

The *manido* then went up French river, where a party of Indians had camped near the water while they gathered maple syrup in the vicinity. The child of a certain woman cried incessantly until its mother, losing patience, drove it outside the wigwam. After a time the crying ceased, and when the mother searched for the child she could find it nowhere. Close to the camp was a sandy beach that terminated in a rocky cliff, and a medicine-man (*kusabindugeyunini*) whom the parents called in to aid them in their search discovered that the evil *manido* had imprisoned the child in the cliff. The people blocked its entrance with huge maple logs and prayed to thunder for help. Thunder struck the cliff and killed the evil *manido,* but the child was already dead. When the Indians went to examine the monster's corpse they saw the broken tail and recognized that it was the same *manido* as had attacked the women. They cut it into strips and put the pieces into two large pots to boil; the water bubbled over from one to another as the body tried in vain to reunite. After they had boiled it thoroughly the Indians threw the pieces in different directions.

Grandparents now advise their daughters not to lose patience with their children, lest some evil *manido* carry them away."

CHAPTER V

MAN'S CONTACT WITH THE SUPERNATURAL WORLD

The present-day Parry Islanders describe their early religion before the coming of the whites as *menidokewin,* "*manido* rule or rule by supernatural spirits." "Just as Christians approach God for favours through his ministers or churches, so the Indian approached the servants of the Great Spirit, the *manidos,* and sought their aid" (Mary Sugedub). Now the Great Spirit gave the Indians the blessing of approaching the supernatural world, and of acquiring knowledge and power, through dreams, when the body sleeps and the soul is freed from all the problems that beset it during the hours of wakefulness. The Ojibwa, therefore, paid great attention to dreams, and abandoned without hesitation the most important enterprises if some dream or vision seemed to portend misfortune. They derived from dreams the names they gave their children, and attributed to the same source most of their "medical" lore. Some man dreamed, for example, that a certain herb would cure rheumatism, and established himself as a specialist in this complaint, handing on his secret remedy to his children. Corn and tobacco came to the Indians through dreams:

"The parents of a boy placed him in a hut to fast so that he might obtain a blessing from the Great Spirit. The boy prayed constantly for his blessing, and at last the Great Spirit appeared to him. Contrary to its usual custom, however, it did not grant him a blessing for his own exclusive use, but said 'I have appointed different *manidos* to help you. Do not overstrain this blessing, do not call on them for help unless you are in special danger or distress. You have done well to pray to me during your passage from boyhood to manhood. Through you I shall impart to all mankind a blessing, a blessing that you must conserve and hold sacred for ever. No girl or woman must see it until it multiplies and men throughout the land have feasted upon it. Only then may you give it to your women and children. You shall call it *mandamin:* 'corn.' So the boy obtained corn, and the men planted it and kept it secret until it multiplied.

Similarly another boy received seed and a bundle of tobacco leaves from the Great Spirit. Like the corn, no girl or woman might behold it until it multiplied. Moreover, the Indians were to hold it sacred for ever, and to use it whenever they approached the *mados* for aid" (Mary Sugedub).

There were dreams that foretold the future:

"A girl had a dream which foretold the coming of white men. She announced to her people that a strange man had landed with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other. In another dream her *manido* carried her all over the continent and showed her the railways and cities that were to be. These also she foretold to her people" (Mary Sugedub).

In one way or another dreams exercised a powerful influence in shaping the life of every Ojibwa. Owing to a dream (nearly always a dream that came to him in youth, during his period of fasting) one Indian would abstain all his days from eating the tongue of the moose, another from

eating porcupine flesh. Dreams inspired some men to become great warriors, and others to gain power and influence as medicine-men.

Every dream, however insignificant it might appear, carried a meaning or a warning, although its interpretation generally remained obscure. For the soul had undergone some experience, and everything that affected the soul had its influence on the individual's life. Pegahmagabow's elder boy, aged nine, dreamed about a flood, and an old man of whom the father took counsel interpreted it to mean that the boy would receive a present. He offered the same interpretation for a second dream, and warned Pegahmagabow that the boy would shortly receive a visitation and a blessing from the supernatural world. Dreams had an influence at every period of life.

"After I returned from the war I was ill and unable to do a hard day's work. One night I dreamed that Jesus approached me, clothed in a loin cloth and with bleeding wounds as He appears in pictures. I threw myself at His feet and asked for a blessing. Then I awoke, and told my friends that Jesus had blessed me and was restoring me to health. I recovered my health, and am now as strong as ever" (Pegahmagabow).

It was not clear, even to the Indians themselves, apparently, whether the soul could sometimes acquire knowledge and potential power in dreams through its own inherent capacity, or whether that knowledge and power came only as a result of contact with beings of the supernatural world. In nearly all cases the Indians gave the latter explanation. Now knowledge, and "power" or ability of some kind, were indispensable for success and happiness in life, and the Ojibwa held that the Great Spirit, or his intermediaries the *manidos,* imparted them in visions to each individual at the earliest possible age, that is to say, as soon as the soul and shadow were sufficiently awake to understand and appreciate them. Consequently, they carefully trained their children to make them receptive of these "blessings." They encouraged the children to dream, and to remember their dreams. Every morning, even now, Pegahmagabow lies beside his two boys, seven and nine years old, respectively, and asks them what dreams have come to them during the night. When he himself was about seven years of age his foster-parents made him swallow a little gunpowder so that his soul and shadow might become more alert and observant, and, therefore, more prepared for a visit and blessing from some *manido* a few years later. For the same purpose other lads had to swallow a mixture of charcoal and some other substances. Since fasting helps to liberate the soul from the body children were taught to fast progressively. So Jim Nanibush blackened his face when he was about eight years old and fasted for two days. A few months later he blackened it again and fasted for four days; then, a little later, for six days.

There was a definite period or crisis in childhood, the Ojibwa believed, when the soul and shadow attained to the proper stage of awakeness or maturity for receiving the vision and revelation from the supernatural powers. Roughly the crisis coincided with adolescence; but often it arrived before that period, and sometimes, though much more rarely, a little after. The exact time seems to have depended on what we would term the psychological development of the child, which the parents studied

closely. As soon as they judged the proper period was at hand the father built a small hut some distance from the camp, and there the boy slept alone, fixing all his thoughts on the prospective vision and praying for what he wanted. [1] Sometimes he remained in this hut throughout the day; sometimes he fished or hunted, or resumed his usual occupations around his parent's wigwam. In either case, however, he refrained from meat and drink entirely, or ate and drank but sparingly, and in the mornings only, so that he might be fasting at night when he slept. If no vision came and his strength began to fail his parents supplied him with a greater measure of food, but he fasted again as soon as he recovered. Some boys blackened their faces during this period, but the Indians today are uncertain whether this was to awaken the pity of the Great Spirit or merely to warn passers-by that the lads were fasting.

A boy who fasted at too early an age, before his soul and shadow had become fully "awake," obtained only an imperfect dream which, being not fully intelligible, left him a prey to sickness. His parents then consulted a conjurer (*djiskiu*), who interpreted the dream through the spirits of the shaking lodge [1] and restored the boy to health. A boy who passed the critical stage without fasting and obtaining a vision became ill likewise, for his soul and shadow lacked guidance and could not work harmoniously with his body, so that the blood failed to flow freely through his veins. A tonic brewed with poplar bark would then stimulate the flow of blood, and attune the boy to receive his vision.

Some children obtained their visions quickly, others only after numerous fastings extending through several months. Hence although the usual season for commencing the quest was summer, when the weather was mild and food plentiful, it sometimes continued into the winter. If a boy seemed to fail in his quest the parents might deliberately starve him, hoping in this way to facilitate the *manido's* visit; and tradition states that lads have even died from too prolonged fasting.

"The partridge was originally a boy whose parents placed him in a separate hut to obtain a blessing. He fasted for nine days, but the period was too long, and when his parents visited him on the morning of the tenth day he changed to a partridge and flew away. The black bar that now crosses the tail of the partridge is the darkness of the ninth night, which seemed so much longer than the earlier nights; and the yellow band at the extreme tip of the tail is the dawn of the tenth morning" (Jim Nanibush).

A boy who failed to obtain a visit and blessing from a *manido* sometimes slept for several nights on the grave of some notable warrior or medicine-man, whose shadow might appear to him and give him power to render himself invisible; for the shadows of the dead are really *manidos*, though they belong to a separate class. Such a lad, in after life, could approach game or enemies unseen, being wrapped, as it were, in a mantle of invisibility.

The father generally instructed his son as to the kind of vision he should seek. If he himself had been successful all his days, thus proving that the vision and blessing he had received in his youth had been good, he naturally desired his son to obtain a visitation from the same *manido* and receive a similar blessing. He could not, of course, apply force to the super-

[1] This period of fasting is called *makadeke*.
[2] *See* p. 66

natural world, could not compel the *manido* to visit and bless his boy; but the Ojibwa believed that if the boy was obedient and faithfully strove for the visitation he would in all probability obtain it. The lad usually informed his father each morning of any dream that had come to him during the night, and his father then advised him whether to accept it or strive for one more propitious. To avoid any consequences from a rejected dream, he often scraped his son's tongue with a knife of cedar, and handing him the knife, bade him throw it into the fire. Thus the lad annulled, as it were, the unfavourable dream and remained to fast for a better.

Occasionally the boy's wigwam was erected in a tree, or on a platform, to protect him from prowling animals. If he were ambitious to become a conjurer (*djiskiu*), his father made a "nest" for him near the top of a tree (Tom and Jonas King), or, according to other informants (Pegahmagabow and Mary Sugedub), kept the hut in constant darkness. Guided largely by his father's counsel, he prayed there for what he wanted and awaited the expected vision. Some prayed for happiness and long life, others for medicine-power, and others for success in war. Every boy, the Indians say, received a vision and a blessing of some kind or another. One would acquire knowledge of a certain medicine-herb, another skill in hunting, and a third the ability to become a great medicine-man. None of these blessings took effect, however, until the boy reached manhood; and they were never transferable to other Indians. Indeed, so strictly individual were they that no Ojibwa might even declare his vision until he reached old age, under penalty of losing the blessing altogether. Only when death was near, and the blessing no longer useful, might he communicate the vision to his children, if he wished; although most Indians carried the secret with them to their graves.

"I had a friend on the Indian reserve at Shawanaga, a splendid fisherman and hunter, who told me before he died that he had acquired his skill through a dream in boyhood. He had dreamed that the land was partly covered with water, which extended to where one may see today a line of boulders; that the country was full of islands, but had few inhabitants; that animals were so plentiful, and so tame, that they continued grazing even when the Indians approached close up to them; and that he himself could move with great rapidity from place to place" (Pegahmagabow).

Girls required guidance and help from the supernatural world no less than boys; and they, too, frequently fasted and prayed for visions, under the supervision of their mothers. In their case, however, the fasting hut was erected close to the parent's wigwam. Unlike boys, they never obtained a partial vision, the Ojibwa say; but in every other respect their experience closely resembled their brothers'.

It is clear from this training of boys and girls that the Parry Islanders recognized the immense psychological changes that take place in the adolescent child and sought to give them proper direction. They knew that steady concentration on some object or purpose induces dreaming, and that when the body is weakened by fasting dreams readily gain the vividness and force of direct visions, which they naturally interpreted as visitations from the supernatural world, much in the same way as did the mediaeval Europeans. They realized, too, that talents vary, that not every child

possessed the ability to become a successful warrior or a great medicine-man; furthermore, that talents require cultivating, and that no extraordinary psychological experience can take the place of training and effort. So they tried to direct the children in their fasting and visions, as a European parent tries to guide his son in the choice of a vocation; and they interpreted the vision as a direct message from the supernatural world that sometimes revealed the fitting vocation, and always gave assurance of help or success provided the child scrupulously obeyed the proper instructions and underwent the appropriate training. For a boy did not become a great warrior or medicine-man immediately after his vision, but prepared and trained for the calling until he was mature and ready to "graduate."

The child's vision meant more than this, however. The Parry Islanders believed that it bestowed on him special protection, and imparted to him special power. Henceforth he was the ward of his *manido*, on which he could call for aid in times of emergency and danger. "My *manido*, help me. You promised me your aid long ago. Now I need you."

"Once a lad in a vision brought a great serpent up onto the shore of the lake and received from it a medicine that would save him in times of danger. Some years later he was travelling with a band of Indians in twenty canoes when they were overtaken by a violent storm. His mother upbraided him, saying 'Are we all to perish here because you failed to receive a blessing during your fast'? The youth sat silent, but presently he asked for his medicine-bag, and, taking out of it some object, commanded the waters to be still. Immediately the water became calm around his own canoe and nine others; but his power did not enable him to save the remaining ten, which capsized. All their occupants perished except three children, who, through blessings they also had received during their fasts, drifted to shore unharmed" (Mary Sugedub).

There lives on Parry island today an old Indian who is reputed to have power over trains.

"Several times this man has fallen into a drunken sleep on the railway track leading to Depot Harbour, and the train has halted in front of him even without the application of the brakes. Once he woke up just as the train reached him and pushed the engine back with his foot. He did not ask for this power, when he fasted in his youth, but for long life and protection in time of danger. The dangers he has encountered hitherto have come from trains, against which his blessing has always protected him" (Jonas King and Pegahmagabow).

Nevertheless, this increment of power thus placed at the Indian's command was by no means inexhaustible. It was for emergencies only, and would speedily wear out if invoked too frequently. An Indian who had received a promise of aid from thunder might summon it two or three times during his lifetime, but no oftener; otherwise he would overstrain his power, and arouse the jealousy of the supernatural world. Even a medicine-man's power was limited; he could not practise his art continuously, or effect more than about one cure a month. The Parry Islanders relate many stories of medicine-men who perished from neglect of this precaution.

"Brown Thunder (*ozawinimki*; the thunder-clouds that look brown or yellow, and send forth a penetrating thunder that turns people brown) was a great medicine-man who cured many sick people. He cured a sick girl at Mikoganda island, and travelled with her people to lake Superior. He cured also a man who fell sick during the journey. On reaching lake Superior he found, in a large camp of

Indians, a wounded man whom all the local medicine-men had tried in vain to cure. Brown Thunder healed him by discovering and removing from his body a fragment of a metal arrowhead. He then went down to *Badjewinong,* near Sault Ste. Marie, at the outlet of lake Superior, where a witch was killing a youth who had refused to marry her. Through his medicine-power Brown Thunder forced the witch to cure the youth. At the same place he was aroused from sleep one night to heal a sick girl. Returning to his wigwam he lay down again to sleep. Then some one came to him in a dream and bade him return straightway to his home. Despite this warning he lingered along the route, endeavouring to cure all the sick he encountered. The very next morning he cured a girl at *Meshisagi.* But when he continued his journey some one again spoke to him, saying 'Brown Thunder, this is the end of your power. You have cured the sick too often and we *manidos* have decreed that you shall become the owl *kakapshin.*' So Brown Thunder changed to an owl.

Another medicine-man, *Gishibojiwe* ("the horns of the great serpent"?) who lived at *Ketchbiatobigang* in the United States, also overstrained his powers in healing the sick. He aroused the enmity of another medicine-man, who tried to cause his death by starvation. *Gishibojiwe* almost perished, but finally defeated his rival by freezing all the land and creating winter conditions. Afterwards, while he was hunting, the ice spoke to him by name and said 'I am melting now, and you must melt away likewise.' So *Gishibojiwe* melted away. He was a wonderful medicine-man and obeyed the instructions of his *manido*; but he injured the *manidos* by his excessive power.

There was also a medicine-woman named *Giwe·yon,* "Thunder retires," who journeyed continually from place to place to heal the sick. Once she failed to cure her patient, and her *manido* advised her that she could succeed in one way only. 'Place your patient in the shaking-lodge and he will recover. But it is the last time you will heal anyone.' She placed her patient in the shaking-lodge and healed him. But the next morning a *manido* spoke to her soul or shadow, saying that she had made a great mistake. 'I did as I was instructed,' she answered. But the *manido* said 'Although you obeyed your instructions you made a great mistake.' That same afternoon she wandered out of the camp, and in trying to leap over a fallen pine tree fell and crushed her skull. Her own soul had cured the sick man. She had overstrained her *manido* power" (Mary Sugedub).

Disobedience to the injunctions that the *manido* had prescribed in the vision also destroyed the Indian's blessing, and subjected him to the wrath of the spiritual world. He incurred this wrath even when he sinned unconsciously; if his *manido,* for example, had forbidden him to eat the tail of the beaver, and he partook of this meat unknowingly at a feast, either he himself would fall sick and die, or some member of his family, unless indeed a medicine-man diagnosed the cause of his malady and prescribed a suitable remedy. Today very few children fast for a vision, and practically all the Indians adhere, nominally at least, to a Christian church. Yet they still have faith in the presence of *manidos,* and the older people maintain that an individual who received a visitation and blessing in his youth will surely suffer misfortune if he embraces Christianity, because he is deliberately casting off his first supernatural guardian and making himself the ward of another.

The experiences of the boys (and girls) during their fasting periods, and the beliefs associated with those experiences, undoubtedly exercised a profound influence on their later lives. For imaginative children especially it was a time of intense stress, such as rarely falls to the lot of a European child of corresponding age. Probably it hastened their attainment of mental maturity by changing their entire outlook; for, in some cases at least, their careers were from this time more or less clearly

defined, and their actions more consciously subject to supernatural guidance and control. It is true that henceforward they were released from some of the taboos associated with childhood; but their visions almost invariably prescribed for them new taboos that were restricted to themselves alone. That the visions were real, and deeply affected the children, is apparent from the following statement:

"Often a boy refused the food taken to him by his father in the morning, because the *manido* that visited him had supplied him with nourishment. It may have been bear or caribou meat into which the *manido* had instilled special qualities; or some strange food the lad had never seen before.

The Great Spirit watches every child. Sometimes the child is aware of it and fears the power of the Great Spirit. It is timid, and continually hides near its mother. But after it grows to youth and the Great Spirit sends a *manido* to bless it, it fears no longer, for it knows that the Great Spirit has it in its keeping" (Pegahmagabow).

Throughout his whole career a man was subject to dreams and even visions, which for the Indian always held some significance. But the intense vision of childhood brought about by fasting and mental concentration was an experience he seldom duplicated, one that forced itself on his memory nearly every day of his life. It was represented in some way on his clothing, either painted on the leather, or, after the coming of Europeans, depicted in beadwork. Nearly every Indian, too, carried a "dream object," *wadjigan,* a replica of something his *manido* had shown him in the vision and ordered him to duplicate. This dream-object might be anything from a knife to the head of a muskrat, and in itself possessed no more power than the crucifix that often replaces it today; but it constantly reminded the Indian of his vision and fortified him in danger and distress. Before a battle a man might lay his dream-object at his side and pray "May I kill my enemies and not be slain myself." He knew that the object itself could not protect him, but it gave him a feeling of closer contact with his *manido.*

"A boy whom I knew had a stone—just a natural stone that had eyes, nose, and other features like a human being. Where he obtained it I do not know. But there were times when he would place it beside him and ask for a fair wind, or whatever else he happened to desire" (Pegahmagabow).

Just as the power or blessing that came from contact with the supernatural world in visions could not be transferred to another individual, so, too, these dream-objects or amulets were of no value save to their original owners. The warrior who slew his enemy might strip him of his amulets, but derived no benefit therefrom because he himself had received a different vision. Yet the Ojibwa could not keep this doctrine pure. They felt, apparently, that an amulet or a medicine-bag transferred with the good-will of its owner carried some of the blessing with it.

"When I was at Rossport, on lake Superior, in 1914, some of us landed from our vessel to gather blueberries near an Ojibwa camp. An old Indian recognized me, and gave me a tiny medicine-bag to protect me, saying that I would shortly go into great danger. The bag was of skin, tightly bound with a leather thong. Sometimes it seemed to be as hard as rock, at other times it appeared to contain nothing. What really was inside it I do not know. I wore it in the trenches, but lost it when I was wounded and taken to a hospital" (Pegahmagabow).

It is not easy today to obtain accounts of actual visions incurred by living Indians, because they decline to reveal the details even to their nearest kinsmen through fear of losing the supernatural blessing. In earlier times, when the mental horizons of the Indians were more limited, visions seem to have conformed to a more or less stereotyped pattern. The *manido* appeared in human, or at least part-human, form, spoke to the Indian in his own tongue, offered him perhaps some meat that possessed supernatural qualities, forbade him to touch a certain kind of food, and showed him some object of which he must obtain a copy as a visible symbol of his blessing. The power or value of this blessing vaguely depended on the power of the *manido* who conferred it. Hence a blessing from thunder was one of the most desirable, because it enabled a man to summon to his aid the dreadful force of the lightning and the thunderbolt. Visitations from the sun and moon were also in high estimation, although an eclipse of the moon (provided he beheld it) brought death to the man who had been blessed by that *manido*. Most often, however, the Indian received his blessing from some animal or bird, not any individual animal or bird, visible perhaps by day in the vicinity of his wigwam, but a supernatural one that represented the entire species.

In the accounts of visions received by earlier generations of Indians the visiting *manido* frequently takes the boy away to its home, or on a long journey from which he does not return for months or years.

"Nigankwan, 'Leading Thunder,' carried off a lad to thunder-land. At times he forced the boy so close to the mountain crags that the lad saved himself from being dashed to pieces only by the use of a spear. The chief of the thunders said to him 'Now you know all that lives. We shall bless you through our powers.' Leading Thunder still carried him along until his spear was almost worn away from constant usage. He said to the thunder, 'Now you will kill me, for my spear is worn down to my hand.' But Thunder said, 'I shall not kill you. I am giving you a long life.' Thunder then carried him back to the place from which he had ravished him and said, 'It is one of your years since I carried you away. A year among human beings is but a day with us.' The lad's people had wandered off when he mysteriously disappeared, for they knew that a *manido* had spirited him away; but they returned to the place a year later and found him safe and well.

A boy of about twelve years was playing with his bow and arrow. Suddenly he disappeared, abandoning his weapons beside a large pine tree. His people left them there, and revisited the place from time to time, suspecting that he had been carried away by a *manido*. Years later, when his parents were old and his brothers and sisters had married, the boy returned as a man, and told them that thunder had carried him all over the world, which was almost entirely surrounded with water" (Mary Sugedub and Jim Nanibush).

The Parry Islanders believe that similar experiences are possible even today, although generally the visiting *manido* is an animal that invites the lad to its home in the nether world. Before leaving his wigwam the lad pulls out a stake from the entrance and plants it on the opposite side of the door. This reveals to him the road he must travel to the *manido's* home, where he may spend the entire winter. His father, seeing the displaced stake, will know what has happened, and patiently await his return.

A hunter again, through the will of a *manido,* the bear perhaps or the porcupine, will light upon a strange wigwam from which smoke curls lazily through the open door. The *manido* comes out disguised as a man or a

woman and invites him to remain there a night (i.e. a year). In the morning, after it has granted him a blessing, its wigwam disappears, and the hunter returns to his people.

Right across the prairies into British Columbia we find this same belief, which is by no means easy to explain. If the Indians would accept that only the soul absented itself, while the body remained behind in the hut, we might understand that the lad had suffered from some mental disorder brought on by the strain of his solitary fast. But they assert that the boy himself disappears for a period. Again, if strangers carried off a youth during his vigil, and later permitted him to return to his home, it is conceivable that he might capitalize the experience by attributing his absence to a *manido* who wished to confer upon him extraordinary powers. But this, too, seems a far-fetched explanation. The true origin and interpretation of the belief must remain for the present obscure.

Modern conditions have not only changed the outward lives of the Parry Islanders, but affected also the character of their dreams and visions, to which they still attach the greatest significance. Thus when Pegahmagabow was about twelve years of age, living in a lumber camp, he dreamed that a white woman approached him at great speed, walking about 2 feet above the ground. In her hand she held a green branch, but before she could touch him he started up and awakened the entire camp. His grandfather told him that she would have blessed him had he not awakened too soon. There can be little doubt that this dream, like a later dream of the same man, [1] was inspired by a picture, in this case perhaps a coloured print of an angel carrying an olive branch.

Mary Sugedub gave a circumstantial account of a most remarkable vision ascribed to a warrior named Ogauns, who is reputed to have lived three generations ago. As recorded from her by Pegahmagabow (with some minor changes in the English), it reads like a paraphrase of some passages from the Divina Commedia.

VISION OF OGAUNS

"I found myself alone between the upper and lower worlds, and became so fascinated by its wonders and interested in my explorations that I prolonged my journey for several years. I ascended daily into the glorious galleries of a land new to me in its nature and art. Prosperity shone everywhere above the clouds, causing me to go all the faster, and the atmosphere tasted strangely sweet. I travelled with an anxious, thoughtful expression on my face, feeling quite unlike my usual frank and cheerful self. Although I had obtained no results at my various stopping places yet happy thoughts occupied my mind, for I did not know what next I should behold. Then, to my great surprise, I saw smoke issuing from a forest of enormous trees, and I wondered whether there could be any human beings in this beautiful land. A narrow trail led up towards the smoke, and I followed it, though not intending to rest in this place. Suddenly I heard the voice of a *manido* saying 'Ogauns, where are you going?' An old man, tall and great, stood near me. I answered him, 'I am ascending to heaven.' Thus I passed the first stage of my journey, passed the first guard on the road to heaven, and continued on my way with redoubled courage.

The air seemed pure, obscured by neither mist nor cloud, so that I could see far into the distance. I skirted a very beautiful natural lane that seemed as though it might once have been a highway, although it bore no signs of human workmanship. It led to a high mountain, which I climbed. On its summit was a white musk-eagle lying like a wounded bird, but to my amazement merely waiting for me to mount

[1] *See* p. 48.

its back. In its huge body I found the pocket wherein it carries its young, and into this I climbed, and was carried far aloft into the great sky-way. Soon I fell asleep, but was awakened by a succession of sudden jerks. What, I wondered, can be the matter? Tightly closed was the pocket, so that I knew that the great eagle was in dire distress. Through an opening in the pocket I could see another giant bird fighting with my mount, here aloft in the sky in an atmosphere unknown to man. I struggled to free my arms, and, at last succeeding, I launched an arrow into the breast of our opponent. Downward it fell, but up it swooped again to assail us. Another arrow I sped into its side, and with a deafening noise *kank kank kukook* it fled and its voice died away far beneath us.

Now black skies surrounded us, lit up as far as my eyes could see with innumerable lamps, some of them quite near. Panic flashes of light with thundering crashes darted past us in all directions, those that passed nearest leaving an unpleasant smell of burnt rock. All the suns of various sizes failed to give the light that shines on earth from our own sun. Far in the distance I could distinguish our destination, could discover, even though far away, forms as of small insects that yet appeared human, moving amidst the great archway. While I gazed I saw to our right, gliding quickly through the air, a human being, as it seemed, yet impelled by the wings of a bird; quickly it descended from the great archway above us and passed out of my view.

We landed on the great archway. How wonderful it was. All the animals were tame like sheep; they turned their heads to gaze at me, then after a moment or two resumed their grazing on the strange herbage careless and unafraid. I came to a stone, the work of human hands, perhaps, although it seemed natural, for its edges were gilded with the prettiest metal I have ever seen. At the sight of all the wonderful things around me an indescribable awe laid hold of me for a moment, rooting my feet to the ground. I seemed completely lost.

But now there appeared a form half-human half-bird—or was it human? He stood in the midst of a green, grassy glade, and beholding me, drew near. Something he held in his hand, and coming quite close, handed me what seemed to be moccasins without tops. He was of those beings that borrow the outlines of man, yet belong to another race; tall as the tallest man, yet not gigantic. His chief covering seemed to be the large wings that folded over his shoulders and reached down to his heels. A very light, thin material made up the remainder of his attire. On his head was a covering that shone with precious stones, and in his hand he carried a slender staff of bright metal. But it was his face that aroused in me awe and terror. It was the face of a man, yet of a man different from any human being. Nearest to it in outline and expression is the smooth countenance of a child that has suddenly become a man, so regular it was, so calm, so intelligent. In colour it resembled an Indian more than any other race, yet it was of softer and richer hue. The large black eyes were deep and brilliant, the brows arched into a semicircle. The face was beardless, yet a nameless something in its aspect, tranquil though its expression and beautiful its features, aroused that sense of danger that a serpent inspires. I felt that this manlike being was endowed with forces friendly to man, yet a cold shudder came over me as he drew near.

He spoke to me no word, nor seemed to expect me to address him as he handed me the moccasins. I put them on my feet, and piling my things together, left them there. He turned to walk away from me, and I hastened to go with him. The moccasins on my feet made me so light and agile that in an instant I had gained his side. Confidence then sprang up in me anew, and travelling along the great archway, I came to a natural pavement of flowers, partly covered on either side with a kind of matlike material. I could hear the hum and laughter of a happy crowd; and strains of music, now low, now loud, sweeter than any I had ever known, undulated around us and above, as from invisible instruments, seeming to belong naturally to this region. We entered another realm more beautiful still. Strange birds sang chorus with which none of our birds could compare; and there was a great wigwam. But I cannot describe the many things I saw and heard, and the many incidents that befell me while I was there.

At last we reached a great open way in the big wigwam. There I saw Almighty Manido, who called me by my name, Ogauns, informed me that I might go no farther, and asked me what I wanted. I told him the purpose of my mission, that I

desired everlasting life for myself and my people. He said that I might have my wish, but bade me first descend to the three layers of the underworld.

I returned then to the great archway, where the bird awaited me. Cautioning me as I mounted not to look backward, it carried me quickly to my home land. We landed in the darkness on ground that was strange to me; and the bird flew up into the sky and was lost to my sight. I semed to smell fire, and going in its direction found a fireplace, but no fire. Dawn came, and I knew where I had landed. I returned thence to my home, and found my parents just as I had left them fifteen years before. My mother asked me where I had been, and I told her all my experiences, convincing both my parents that I would gain everlasting life for all human beings after I had travelled through the underworlds by the pathway through the granite door.

Some moons later I left my parents again, carrying this time a complete travelling equipment, even a small birch-bark canoe. I found the chasm securely blocked, and stared aghast at the huge, irregular granite masses in front of me, charred and discoloured where they had been shattered. 'All hope is gone then,' I murmured; 'Never shall I obtain the everlasting life'; and I covered my face with my hands. But while my face was thus covered the pathway stood revealed to me, and, looking up, I searched for the mouth of the chasm by which I must enter. It was late afternoon, too late to proceed, so I camped there for the night.

During the darkness I heard footsteps around my camp and a voice calling to me, 'Ogauns, why do you want me? Was it that you just remembered me from past years?' I uncovered my face, and a bright light shone over me. Leaping to my feet I exclaimed 'Why have I slept so late'; for the atmosphere seemed bright as day. But my friend, one of the suns in our sky who had come to join my expedition, answered me, 'It is not day. Your firelight guided me to you through the darkness. Not until the moon is full shall we descend to the lower world. By that time we shall have enough dried meat to sustain us until we reach the first layer of the underworld.' In the morning, therefore, we went hunting together, and since it was the fall of the year, when game was plentiful, we obtained enough meat in one day to last us for some time.

At length I started on my journey, enthralled by my companion's luminous form and fascinated by the gloomy wonders around us. At times the invisible Little Wild Indians helped us in our descent through the vaults and galleries hollowed out beneath the surface of our earth. At the end of the road lay a pool, which we could pass only by diving into the water and emerging at the farther side. A huge, flat rock seemed now to bar our passage. Beside it we rested a while, but could find no passage save under the water again. We passed through this without difficulty, and continued along an easy pathway until we came to another pocket, where we remained for quite a long time unable to find an exit. At last we felt a current of air rising from beneath us, and as I listened, I could faintly hear the splashing of a river. We descended, and came to a jagged chasm charred on both faces as though it had been burst asunder long ago by some mighty force. Down it my companion worked his way, testing the still air from time to time with a birch-bark torch. I followed close behind. The descent was difficult and dangerous, appearing to lead nowhere; and, being tired, I persuaded my companion to rest as soon as we reached a firm, flat shelf, hemmed in by walls and ceiling that seemed as if made by human hands.

There I remained with our equipment, but my companion continued downward to ensure that we might rest in safety. He was absent for a long time, and from his countenance it was clear that he had much to tell me, although he was unwilling to speak. I urged him to say what he had seen, but he answered briefly that any further descent seemed perilous. There was a bewildered, frightened look in his eyes, as of a man who had seen an angry *manido*. I said to him 'Tell me what you saw in that chasm. I am sure that it was something strange and terrible. Whatever it was it has left you gravely disturbed. Confide in me.' He tried to evade my inquiries, but while he spoke I handed him a pipe already lighted. He accepted it, though unaccustomed to smoke, and his reserve gradually melted. 'Have a good rest,' he said, 'for we must fight when we continue the descent. Travelling far down, I found another chasm joining this one at an angle, and extending downward to a considerable depth. My light could not penetrate the darkness to the bottom, but a steady stream of light came up from far below. It may be some great *manido* that has been watching our descent.'

We slept together on the ledge, and on waking enjoyed a quiet meal. Then, with my companion following, I examined the sides of the cliff, and found that I could safely descend for some distance down its irregular projections. As we approached the light the chasm widened, and at the bottom of the abyss I saw a broad, level road that seemed to be self-luminous. I bethought me of our old traditions, that evil *manidos* dwell within the bowels of the earth; and I hesitated to continue. But my companion illumined the path with his bright light, and I pressed on. Suddenly the evil *manido* dashed out at us, but the powerful rays of my companion blinded him and checked his assault. One arrow after another I shot into its body, and it fell with a thud, squealing in agony. We dared not approach it, so evil was its smell; and when we heard another sound like that of our dead adversary we rushed across the mouth of the dangerous chasm. Instantly there appeared another monster. My companion attacked it while I tugged desperately at the arrows in its mate; but by the time I had recovered them our enemy, half serpent, was dead.

We burned both their corpses, and travelled along the luminous road, looking for some resting place. Then we heard a voice saying 'It is not safe for you to rest below beside the road. Come up with me.' We climbed up, and found a very old man, who called us his grandchildren. We rested there with our grandfather, who instructed us on all the dangers that lay ahead of us at certain points, and warned us against the false people who dwell along the great road to the underworld. Some of them appeared to be in great agony and travelled alone; others were in company, some railing against the Great Spirit, some speaking nought but good concerning him. Still others passed by quietly, of whom a few were crippled, or suffering from some incurable malady. All appeared in haste to reach their destination. Scarcely could I sleep for watching them pass by, some dressed in white, some in various costumes, some naked. The rich were the dreadfullest sight of all. Our grandfather explained to us each class of people as they passed, all going in the same direction, but a few returning swiftly, with heads held high as though no danger could appal or work them harm.

My trusty companion doubled my courage and halved the journey's length. We travelled along in the direction followed by the multitude. The road seemed steep, yet those who passed us appeared not to notice its steepness and its slope. At another crevasse that joined our road diagonally we encountered another light, diffused, and soft and silvery as from the northern lights. Thence the road widened rapidly like the lower end of some vast funnel, and split in twain, one path leading to a valley. I heard the indescribable murmurs of voices raised in agony, and paradoxical laughter echoed through the great hallways, for it was here that sinners repented of their deeds, and the old man whom they had left far behind came and spoke to them. For this was the first layer of the underworld.

We came now to a warden, black, half horse, half cow. To its tail was tied an arrow head of flint, which it lashed from side to side. It tried to assail us but could not approach. 'This,' the old man told us, 'is one of the bad spirits that led the people into wrong because it wanted great power. Nanibush surrendered the wicked into its hands, and hence our poor Indians suffer. Yet most of them will be forgiven.'

Without halting, we continued on our way. Here and there were fires around which contented Indians sat. Some glanced at us and invited us to stay with them, asking why we should seek to visit the underworlds. When I briefly explained to them our mission they looked from one to the next and seemed quite eager for our success. So we travelled on until we came to a great open space intersected by a swift river. Crossing safely, we stayed to hunt and gather rations for the remaining stages of our journey. In this river were rich deposits of precious stones and an abundance of fish; and on its banks we stayed and feasted until we grew quite stout, although often, of course, we explored round about.

Again we journeyed on. Now we encountered mist, and moved silently along the great road, groping our way. Close by I heard a sound between a snort and a hiss, and, turning sharply, beheld a vast and terrible head emerging from a dark fissure in the rock. Its jaws gaped wide, its eyes were dull and hungry and altogether ghastly. Some monstrous reptile it seemed, yet larger than the largest creature I had ever encountered in my travels. I and my companion fled back in terror to

the opposite side of the road until at last we stopped, ashamed. Swiftly my companion then attacked it with all his powers. The monster burst into flame and, screaming, fell over the cliff far downward. The mist cleared instantly, and we continued on until we came to the end of the road.

My companion now invoked his powers of flight. Downward we soared, over sharp-pointed mountains, until we reached a valley never before illuminated by any sun from the great heavens above the surface of this earth. No growing thing was there, only trees of immense age, whose roots lay like snakes along the ground on which we landed. We searched again for the great road. Now and then, as we travelled on, the ground jarred and rumbled underneath us. We reached what seemed a roadway, where we saw human beings who spoke no word to each other, not, however, from pride or haughtiness, for they seemed not to notice one another. Nor did they show signs of envy or hatred, for none possessed more than another. They appeared to walk not on the road, but at great speed on the air.

Here an old man called us to his cavern. Very bold he seemed, although he said he blessed the people, especially the poor. But the moment he spoke these words a little child impelled by white wings landed behind us and contradicted him, saying that he did not speak the truth. We looked at him again, and truly he was not human at all, but half horse, half cow. The child then led us on to where human beings dwelt in happiness. My companion and the child waited behind, while I pressed forward to the place where I should meet the blessed *manido*. Just as I was to receive the everlasting life I suddenly sneezed and startled the blessed manido, who said 'Ogauns, you have failed. Nevertheless, I will grant you a blessing that you have earned. You shall be a great warrior.'

Then we were shown the wicked, the murderers, and those who had tortured their fellow men, animals, and snakes. After this we left for the surface of this earth. Thirty years my journeys had taken me, going up to the heavens above and going down beneath the earth. I returned to my parents, to whom I sadly explained the failure of my mission."

Ogauns (Young Pickerel), whose vision is given above, is stated to have lived three generations ago. He said that he had reached three layers of worlds above this one, and three layers beneath, but believed that there were other layers he could not visit. He became a great warrior, fighting against the Americans and killing many. At last he grew weary of fighting, and allowed the Americans to capture him. They chained him, put handcuffs on his wrists, and set him on a sailing vessel. When the soldiers there abused him he snapped the handcuffs without difficulty, killed several men who barred his way, sprang into the water, and reached the shore in safety, after swimming for a day and a night. Not even the medicine-men could discover what became of him when he died. Some Indians think he may have gone to the upper world, for he was the purest Indian who ever lived on earth.

CHAPTER VI

MEDICINE-MEN AND THEIR PRACTICES

By fasting and dreaming, as we saw in the last chapter, every adolescent Ojibwa sought to establish contact with the supernatural world and to gain an increment of power for use in special emergencies. Only a small number, however, became genuine medicine-men as a result of this contact; only those, the Indians say, who received special blessings to this end from the supernatural world; or, as a psychologist might interpret it, only those who possessed the peculiar mentality necessary to obtain the "call" and carry out the rôle in full sincerity. Parents could help their children to become medicine-men by encouraging expectations of definite types of dreams, by regulating the manner of their fasting, and by placing them under the tutelage of established medicine-men; but all this was of no avail unless the child itself was mentally so constituted that it received a clear-cut vision confirming its conscious or unconscious aspirations.

The Parry Island Ojibwa distinguish three kinds of medicine-men, who differed greatly in their methods. They were:

(1) *Wabeno:* the healer and charm-maker;
(2) *Djiskiu:* the conjuror;
(3) *Kusabindugeyu:* the seer.

These three professions were mutually exclusive, so that no individual could ever become both a *djiskiu* and a *kusabindugeyu,* or a *kusabindugeyu* and a *wabeno.* Although each practitioner received a special "call" in a vision at adolescence, he might not practise until he reached maturity. Even then, the Indians say, he could not use his powers continuously, but only about once a month. For the medicine-man exhausted himself physically and mentally whenever he practised his art; too frequent exertion overstrained his powers, antagonized the supernatural being who had granted him his blessing, and brought about his death. Once a month, however, the moon, which renews the mysterious power in women, likewise renewed the medicine-man's power, so that he could safely peer into the future or effect one cure every four weeks.

Certain natives gave a slightly different explanation of the reason why a medicine-man could perform only at infrequent intervals. Each day in the year, they claimed, was controlled by a special *manido,* and since the medicine-man's powers were derived from and controlled by one of those supernatural beings, he could employ them only on the day or days his *manido* was functioning. This was partly the reason, they asserted, why the adolescent boy fasted one or two days the first month, two or three days the second, three or four days the third; for by this progression he would finally light on a day whose *manido* would consent to bless him. It explained, also, why no one ever thought of urging a medicine-man to practise his art on any particular day. If a woman had lost some treasured

possession, the chief of the band might summon a meeting of all the medicine-men; but instead of selecting one special man to discover the lost article he passed a pipe around and asked, "Is there any one here who can help the woman?" On certain days the pipe circulated around unsmoked, because each medicine-man knew that his powers were for the time being inoperative. Only the man whose *manido* happened to be functioning on that day would venture to smoke the pipe and volunteer his services.

Many Indians acquired a reputation for great skill in the cure of diseases by the use of herbal remedies. They were known as *mashkikikewanini*: "medicine-workmen or herbalists"; but in the eyes of their fellow-tribesmen they were not true medicine-men because they derived their powers from a purely human knowledge of the effects of various plants, not from a vision and blessing conferred by the supernatural world. For the same reason the majority of the Parry Islanders do not regard as genuine medicine-men the members (*medé*) of the Midewiwin or Grand Medicine Society.[1] This society never succeeded in establishing itself on the island, at least within the memory of its present inhabitants; but the natives know of its existence in other bands, and that it numbers two ex-members even among themselves. They believe that wherever it exists most medicine-men join it in order to use their knowledge and powers as *medé* during the intervals when their true medicine-powers are quiescent, because it enables a *djiskiu* or a *kusabindugeyu* to prescribe herbal remedies for which his real profession gives him no authority. As currently used on Parry island, however, the term *medé* carries an evil connotation, and is practically synonymous with sorcerer or witch.

From a natural magnification of things distant and unknown, the Parry Islanders entertain considerable awe of foreign medicine-men. Some of them who know of the Blackfoot and Assiniboine tribes to the westward assert that the shadow (*udjibbom*) of every Blackfoot keeps guard over his kinsmen, so that however scattered a family may be, each member enjoys the protection of all the rest. The Assiniboine (*Sin-e-buan*: "stone medicine-men") are even more dangerous. Originally they were a group of medicine-men so powerful that they separated off from other people and became a distinct tribe. Today their medicine-men, *buan*, who use a water-drum (*buankik*) like the members of the Grand Medicine Society, are more powerful than any other; they can read a man's thoughts at a single glance, and hear the cry of a drowning friend and save him even though he may be 100 miles away. But no one can become a *buan* except through the help of the *Sinebuan* or Assiniboine, who first kill him, then restore him to life again.

"My foster-father's brother, Buankins, once went west, encountered the *Sinebuan* and became a *buan*. He could sense the needs of strangers the moment he entered their camp. People used to visit him continually to ask his advice in sickness. He did not undertake to cure them, but advised them to gather some herb or other and use it" (Pegahmagabow).

If we exclude the *medé*, however, only the three classes of medicine-men previously mentioned played any important rôle in the lives of the Parry Island Ojibwa. We may describe the *wabeno* first.

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[1] Yet the medé who employs his knowledge for sorcery receives aid from evil manidos. *See* p. 85.

WABENO

The word *wabeno* comes from *waban*: "the twilight that precedes the dawn"; but the Indians interpreted it in two different ways. One man thought that it signified "daylight comes," and referred to the strength of a man in the early morning. Another translated it as "eastern man," because a *wabeno* walks sunwise (i.e. clockwise) round a plant until he stands on its western side, facing the eastern sky, before he plucks the leaf or root he requires to make his medicine. Legend states that the first *wabeno, Bidabbans*: "Day-dawn," received his power from the moon.

"Day-dawn's child died, and the father wept aloud for it. Moon said to him, 'Do not weep, for your child shall come to life again. Call together ten men and ten women.' He called the ten men and the ten women. Moon then gave him a drum, and inspired him with a song; and as he drummed and sang the ten men and the ten women danced. Day-dawn raised his head and looked at them. Behold, his dead child was alive again and dancing with them. 'This is the blessing I have bestowed on you,' said Moon. 'Hereafter you shall heal the sick. Had you not wept for your child, mankind would always return to life.' Day-dawn regretted his error, but it was too late; man cannot now return from the grave. Nevertheless, the people brought a sick man to Day-dawn and he healed him" (Jim Nanibush).

The *wabeno* was a healer of diseases, and a maker of love and hunting medicines. Like the herbalist and the *medé*, he specialized in plant medicines; but he had greater power and knowledge than these two classes of practitioners, because he had received a direct blessing ("diploma") from some supernatural being during his boyhood fast. The earliest *wabenos* are reported to have learned the properties of the various plants from dreams. This source then became practically closed; but the old knowledge was handed down from generation to generation, and youths aspiring to be *wabenos* apprenticed themselves to established practitioners, who for payment would impart their secrets. Yet no one might offer himself as a candidate who had not first received the supernatural sanction during his period of fast; for the *wabeno's* real power was deemed to reside less in the plants themselves than in the added virtues they acquired through his association with a *manido*.

There was nothing formal about the apprenticeship. The novice merely visited his teacher from time to time and learned whatever the older man was willing to impart. He might purchase knowledge from a number of practitioners, as opportunities arose, until his final pharmacopœia became a medley from several sources. With the outward technique of the profession he was already familiar from childhood; for it was a common pastime of the children to drum and dance and sing *wabeno* songs in imitation of the real medicine-men. Nevertheless, he could not "graduate" and set himself up in practice until he had given a public exhibition of his supernatural powers at a feast and dance held in conjunction with other *wabenos*.

The *wabeno* was a highly honoured public official, in a sense, for he was the servant of his community, even though he was entitled to charge a fee for his services. Since his prestige depended partly on his popularity he generally gave a public feast and dance whenever a patient paid for the remedy that dispelled his sickness, or a hunter offered fitting compensation for the medicine that had delivered the game into his hands. These feasts and dances, unlike those of the Grand Medicine Society,

were open to every one, men, women, and children. They were held in any conveniently large wigwam, began and ended with feasting, and lasted, as a rule, throughout an entire night. The leading *wabeno* initiated the dancing by advancing into the centre of the wigwam and beating his tambourine, which differed in no way from a secular tambourine except that the deerskin membrane sometimes bore a painting of its owner's *manido*. The people fell into line behind him, and danced and sang around the central fire. When the first *wabeno* ceased drumming and resumed his seat another stepped forward and led the throng. At intervals in the dances one of the medicine-men might drum and dance alone around the fire, then, stooping, pick up from the embers a hot stone; or he might dip his fingers into a boiling cauldron, extract a piece of meat, and swallow it without evidence of pain. Some Indians say that he derived these powers from the medicines he rubbed on his hands, and that although he neither ate nor drank for four days and four nights previously, his strength remained totally unimpaired.

"I have seen a *wabeno* swallow a knife that was a foot long. Only the handle protruded from his mouth. He walked around the fire four times that all who were present might see him, then slowly withdrew the knife" (James Walker).

"A *wabeno* knows instinctively, as it were, if his son has received a visit and blessing from a *manido*. He checks the lad from playing with other children, and makes him remain quietly at home or in a separate hut" (Pegahmagabow).

The true medicine-man, whether *wabeno, kusabindugeyu,* or *djiskiu,* always used his power to help his fellow-men, and, consequently, one of his principal duties was to foil the machinations of sorcerers. The *wabeno* had reputedly more power than the members of the other two professions, more power, too, than any sorcerer or *medé*. Now a sorcerer often sought to compass the death of his enemy by magically shooting into his body a piece of bone, splinter of wood, or other object that only a medicine-man could discover and remove. When a man fell ill from this cause the *wabeno* diagnosed the seat of the malady and laid over it a piece of birch bark, or a leaf smeared with one of his composite herbal remedies. After drumming and singing he drew away the leaf, drawing away at the same time the stick or bone that caused the infection. At times he might even attack the sorcerer himself, "shooting" him with sickness just as the sorcerer shot his victims.

"Once a *wabeno* and a *medé* held a contest to see who was the more powerful. They built their wigwams a few yards apart, and each man sat inside his lodge with the contents of his medicine-bag spread out in front of him. The *medé* had a large bag full of many medicines, the *wabeno* a small bag containing only a few. They sat and shot at one another. The magic feather, stick, or other missile sped through the air unseen and struck its victim in the chest; but the wounded man simply rubbed his body with medicine and extracted it. Thus they fought all through the day, shooting at each other alternately, until at last the *wameno* had but one medicine left. He called to the *medé,* 'I have but one medicine left; if that fails you will kill me.' It was a pinch of sand about the size of an ordinary charge of powder. He shot, and the sand penetrated into every part of the *medé's* body, rendering the counter-medicine useless. The man's body and limbs swelled up until he died. Thus the *wabeno* proved his superiority" (Jonas King).

KUSABINDUGEYU

The *kusabindugeyu* [1] were primarily seers, gifted by their adolescent visions to discern what was normally hidden from human eyes. Most

[1] I omitted to obtain the etymology of this word.

of them claimed to derive their power from thunder, but during the winter months, when thunder had retreated far to the southward (thunderstorms are exceedingly rare in Parry Sound during the winter) they summoned other manidos to aid them in their rites, principally perhaps a small owl (*kokoko*) and the whip-poor-will (*waholi*). Instead of a tambourine, they used a disk-like rattle (*shishigwan*) of parchment 6 to 9 inches in diameter, handleless, but with a loose flap of skin pierced with a hole for suspension. This instrument, and some hollow bone tubes, formed their entire stock-in-trade; for, unlike the *wabeno,* the *kusabindugeyu* never employed herbal remedies in his profession, although he might use them as a layman, or if he happened to be a member of the Grand Medicine Society.

The *kusabindugeyu* claimed to pry into the future, to behold what was far away, and to discern what was hidden inside a man's body. Others might dream about these things, but the real seer professed to behold them with his own eyes even in broad daylight. Some Parry Islanders believe that he could discover the secret thoughts of distant people and evoke an enemy's shadow (*udjibbom*), causing insanity and perhaps death: but that he never used this power to the detriment of his own people. His procedure was simple in the extreme. Kneeling on the ground he sang his medicine-song and shook his rattle. A *manido* entered it with a dull thud audible to all around; sometimes three or four *manidos,* if he continued to shake the rattle. They gave no other sign of their presence, but merely opened the seer's eyes so that he might behold the object of his quest.

"In my boyhood I had a swelling on the neck which emitted much pus when lanced. My mother called in an old blind *kusabindugeyu* to discover whether I would die. He said to her 'I will tell you to-morrow.' On the morrow he came again and said 'Your boy will recover when the snow lies half an inch thick on the ground. He will not die, for I have seen him living far down the years.' The seer spoke truly. The swelling disappeared in the early winter and I am now an old man" (James Walker).

Hollow bone tubes made from bird's leg-bones formed part of the *kusabindugeyu's* equipment and took the place of the *wabeno's* herbal remedies. By means of his rattle the seer first sought the stick or other object implanted in the sick man's body. If the case were hopeless and death impending the rattle emitted a strange smell; but if the object became visible it was possible for the medicine-man to extract it with his tubes. He swallowed from one to six of them, allowing the last one to protrude slightly from his mouth. Through this he sucked against the infected spot, drew out the object, and vomited all the tubes at once into a basin of clean water. No one might speak or make a noise while the operation lasted lest a sudden sound should cause the medicine-man to choke and kill himself.

"My brother once suffered from a constant pain between the shoulders, and my mother sent me to bring a *kusabindugeyu.* The seer came, and after drinking some whisky and smoking his pipe, laid his rattle on the ground beside the fire. There it emitted two loud cracks as a *manido* entered it. He took it up again, and danced and sang around the fire. Then he drew out two bone tubes, one much longer than the other, and swallowed them; but the short tube protruded a little from his mouth.

Kneeling beside my brother he sucked violently with this short tube against the skin between the shoulders. Suddenly he vomited both tubes into a basin of clean water my mother had set beside him. 'Look,' he exclaimed, as he held up the bowl and carried it round for us to examine. Floating on the water with the bones was something that looked like a tiny feather about half an inch long, at one end of which was a minute black speck. 'That black speck,' the medicine-man said, 'would grow and grow inside the boy's body until it killed him.' He removed his tubes and drank all the water, swallowing the feather with it. My brother recovered very quickly. Not long afterwards this same *kusabindugeyu* healed another sick man by sucking out of his body, with the longer of his two tubes, a quantity of yellow bile" (James Walker).

Occasionally a sorcerer produced sickness not by implanting an object in the body of his victim, but by stealing away his soul. A medicine-man might discover where it was hidden and restore it. If he failed, and the sick man was an important member of the community, relatives sometimes engaged two or three *kusabindugeyu* to sacrifice a white dog. They bound the animal, laid it on top of a pile of sticks, and stunned it with a club (or in some cases, the Indians thought, rendered it unconscious with a drug). Then they set fire to the pile, and, kneeling in front of it, tried to discern the location of the missing soul. Any wriggling or howling of the dog was an evil omen that rendered their efforts vain. The Parry Islanders claim that this dog-sacrifice was a very ancient custom of their people, although resorted to only in grave emergencies.

"In early times the skies were always cloudless, but heavy fogs at night often caused the dew to drip from the wigwams. The first cloud arose in the east just before the coming of white men. The Indians did not understand the warning, so they sacrified a white dog, and six *kusabindugeyu* knelt with their faces to the ground, three on one side of the pyre and three on the other. Thus they discovered what the clouds signified. Since that day the skies have been often clouded and thunderstorms frequent" (Pegahmagabow).

DJISKIU

The *Djiskiu,* or, as he was more rarely called, *Djasakid,* ranked as high or higher than the *kusabindugeyu,*[1] but employed a totally different method for diagnosing the causes of sickness and for discovering things lost or far away. He used neither a drum nor a rattle, but conjured up his helping spirits inside a cylindrical lodge that was especially built for the purpose and afterwards dismantled. We may, therefore, call him a conjuror, as contrasted with the seer, *kusabindugeyu,* who laid claim to second sight, and the *wabeno,* who restricted himself almost exclusively to herbal medicines.

The conjuror, like the other two classes of medicine-men, derived his power from a vision at puberty, when a *manido* visited him and conferred upon him the special gift of divining by means of the conjuring lodge. Most conjurors claimed thunder as their *manido,* because thunder was credited with granting the greatest power. They underwent no training subsequent to their visions, but could not practise until they reached manhood; for although the *manido's* blessing gave them the requisite supernatural power, they needed full strength of mind and body to make use of it. Only men in the prime of life could conjure, and then not more often

[1] Hoffman, J. (Seventh Ann. Rept., Bur. of Am. Ethn., Washington, pp. 157-188) does not separate these two kinds of medicine-men, calling both alike *Jessakid.* The Parry Island Indians, however, consider them quite distinct.

than once a month, or perhaps two or three times in a summer; the ordeal was too exhausting, or, as the Indians say, the helping spirits disturbed too greatly the medicine-man's soul. Hence a great many conjurors were also *medé*, able to prescribe herbal remedies every day in the year, even in old age when their conjuring powers were extinguished.

The *djiskan*, or conjuring lodge, consisted of six or eight poles arranged in a circle to enclose a space about 4 feet in diameter. A hoop encircled them near the top, partly to hold the frame together, partly to provide a seat for the helping spirits. Four deer dew-claws attached to one of the poles rattled whenever the lodge was shaken, and rolls of birch bark, or in recent times cloth, enveloped the entire frame to a height of about 6 feet.

It was not the conjuror who erected this lodge, but the people who requisitioned his services. On rare occasions they set up two lodges within a few feet so that the medicine-man might place his coat inside one and himself enter the other; both lodges then shook during his séance. The Indians claim that an exceptionally powerful conjuror could mark off the space for a lodge by creating a hollow in the ground 3 feet deep with a single sweep of his hand, and that a second wave of his hand at the conclusion of his séance restored the ground to its original position.

Let us imagine ourselves now in an Indian camp, sharing all the views of the Parry Islanders as to what takes place during a conjuror's séance. Some man has hired him to discover why a relative lies dangerously ill, and, with the assistance of friends, has erected a proper conjuring lodge.

We idle around until dusk, for, unlike the *kusabindugeyu*, the conjuror may not operate in full daylight. At last he approaches, crawls beneath the birch-bark envelope and disappears within. He is speaking. We cannot distinguish the words, but we know he is calling the *manido* that blessed him during his puberty fast, and the other *manidos* that always lend their aid. There is a sudden thud, and the lodge rocks violently, for a spirit (*medewadji*: a spirit of the conjuring lodge) has entered it. Another thud and further rocking; then another, and still another. Perhaps a voice says "What do you want me for?," and snapping turtle (*mashikkan*) answers: "We do not want your help." Inside the lodge there are now five or six *medewadji* or *manidos*, souls or spirits of animals like the bear and the serpent, who have assembled together with the spirit of thunder, their chief, and of snapping turtle, longest-lived of all creatures, their interpreter. We cannot see them, but we understand that turtle rests at the bottom of the lodge, feet up, keeping it from sinking into the ground; that thunder is at the top, covering it like a lid; and that the other spirits are perched around the hoop that encircles the frame.[1] They look like human beings about 4 inches tall, but have long ears and squeaking voices like bats.

Meanwhile the conjuror has been kneeling on the floor of the lodge with his face to the ground, and remains thus (supposedly) throughout the performance. Probably he has omitted to take any tobacco inside with him, and since the *manidos* require a little tribute before they set about their task his employer must hand in some tobacco over the top

[1] So two informants, Jonas King and James Walker. John Manatuwaba, however, maintained that turtle is at the top of the lodge, and that thunder never enters, even though it is from thunder most of the conjurors derive their power.

of the lodge.[1] A brief period of silence follows, and the faint aroma of tobacco smoke floats from the shrine. Then the *manidos* discuss among themselves the cause of the sick man's condition. They decide that a sorcerer has bewitched him, so with a violent rocking of the lodge one of them departs to summon the soul of the offender[2] for trial.

The audience outside the lodge now becomes visibly excited, and the employer of the conjuror draws nearer. Again the lodge rocks as the *manido* brings in the sorcerer's soul. "Is it you who have caused my son's sickness?" shouts the employer. "Is it you?" The soul cannot avoid confessing if the sorcerer is guilty. "Shall we kill him? Shall we kill him?" shout the *medewadji* in their squeaky voices, while thunder closely guards the top of the lodge to prevent the soul's escape. "No, not yet," replies the man, who is generally afraid of being held responsible for the sorcerer's death. "Let him restore my son to health and pay us fitting compensation. How much will he pay?" So the man outside and the soul within bargain with one another until they arrive at an agreement. Then the *manidos* release the soul, which returns to its owner; and the lodge rocks for the last time as they themselves depart. The séance has ended. The exhausted conjuror crawls out from his shelter and retires to his tent. Tomorrow, or the next day perhaps, the relatives of the sick man will pay him for his toil.

The performance just described explains the general character of these séances; but no two of them were exactly alike, not only because they were held for different needs, but because each conjuror had his special methods. On rare occasions he might even remain outside the lodge (presumably after concealing a confederate within). Sometimes, it is said, his *medewadji* or helping spirits cured sickness by exchanging the soul of the patient with that of a man in perfect health; the latter merely felt indisposed for a short time until his new soul regained strength. Or, again, when a band of Indians were starving, the helping spirits summoned and killed the shadow of a moose or deer; then the next day the hunters killed the animal itself, which no longer possessed a shadow to warn it of danger.

"I once helped to erect a *djiskan* so that a conjuror might discover why a certain child was ill. We heard the *manidos* say to one another inside the lodge 'We cannot do anything. The child will have to die.' The child died" (Jonas King).

"My brother Louis was a conjuror. A few days before he died he described to us the vision from which he had derived his powers, but I remember only that his *manido* had appeared to him in the guise of a man. Whenever he crawled inside a *djiskan* and knelt down, his *medewadji* would appear without being summoned, each one rocking the lodge from side to side as it entered. Turtle was always the last to enter. Louis held his last performance one evening, shortly after dark, on behalf of a man who was dangerously ill. He crawled inside the *djiskan,* holding in his hand some tobacco which the sick man's friends were presenting to the spirits. On the floor of the lodge they had laid other presents, strips of coloured cloth and some whisky. The *medewadji* entered one by one, each exclaiming as it arrived, 'Ha, here is a feast for us'; but its earlier companions reproved it and cautioned it to keep quiet. They sat around on the encircling hoop, while turtle, whom we could recognize by his hoarse voice, sat above them guarding the entrance. First they drank the soul (*udjitcoq*) of the whisky and smoked the soul of the tobacco; we who were outside could sniff the odour of the tobacco. Louis then said to them 'I want

[1] "When I was a boy the man for whom the conjuror was performing asked me to hand in the tobacco. Something cold and clammy took it from my fingers" (James Walker).

[2] Some Indians say that it is the shadow *(udjibbom)* of the sorcerer the *medewadji* summon, not his soul.

to know how long that sick man is going to live.' The interpreter, turtle, repeated the question, and the *medewadji* debated it, each urging the other to declare the answer. At last one of them spoke up, addressing himself directly to the patient outside the lodge, 'If you follow all the instructions that are given you and do exactly what is right you will live to a ripe old age.' This was certainly a very indefinite answer, but then the *medewadji* never say outright that a man is going to die. Now the lodge, which had been shaking ever since the spirits entered, became still, and Louis crawled out with all the cloth, tobacco, and whisky, which he carried away to his home" (John Manatuwaba).

Some of the Parry Islanders credit the conjurors, or individual members of the profession, with the most extraordinary powers, exceeding those of the *kusabindugeyu* and *wabeno*. They report that a conjuror has taken a man by the ankle and lifted him high in the air with one hand; has loosened himself, unaided, from a network of ropes that bound him; has destroyed, with the aid of thunder, evil serpents that preyed on the Indians' camps; and has even sent his helping spirits with a load of furs 60 miles to a trading post, whence they brought back several cases of whisky within an hour.

"Before there was a settlement at Parry sound, Bill King and two or three other Indians exhausted their supply of flour and bacon; but they had four marten skins. One of the Indians was a conjuror, so Bill and his companions erected a *djiskan* for him. They passed the four marten skins inside the lodge, and within a few minutes the conjuror produced in exchange for them a 50-pound sack of flour which his *medewadji* had brought from Penetanguishene 100 miles away" (Jonas King).

The Indians on Parry island today live in constant fear of witchcraft, to which they attribute many deaths, believing that it has greatly increased since conjurors disappeared from their midst. Formerly, they say, the conjuror could punish the sorcerer by summoning his soul into the *djiskan*, where one of the helping spirits, at the request of the dead man's relatives, would kill it with a sharpened stick of cedar. "Get out of my way. I'll kill it," the spirits would cry as they vied with one another to execute their victim. Sorcerers whose souls thus perished immediately fell sick and died. Hence many of them wore as amulets (*wadjigan*) small stones or pieces of bone resembling a human face, which protected their souls from the clutches of the spirits and allowed them to practise their witchcraft unpunished.

"When I was a young man living at Shawanaga a *medewadji* tried several nights in succession to carry away my soul. I am sure it was a conjuror who was trying to harm me, because my father and grandfather had offended some of the Indians on lake Huron, and these Indians destroyed by sorcery every member of their families except myself" (Pegahmagabow).

Not every conjuror, one Indian said, had the courage to permit his helping spirits to destroy a sorcerer's soul, even after he held it prisoner within his *djiskan*. The audience outside might feel that there were extenuating circumstances, that the man had perhaps acted in self-defence. Then the spirits would release the soul, and at some later time a court of *medés* and *wabenos* would retry the case. They built a fire of sticks and stationed the accused man beside it. If he were guilty the sticks changed into snakes and killed him.

Like the *wabeno*, the conjuror sometimes entertained his countrymen with a feast and dance, but the entertainment was purely secular and the dancers employed an ordinary drum.

CHAPTER VII

THE GRAND MEDICINE SOCIETY

About a hundred years ago some Potawatomi Indians from the United States settled on Christian island in Georgian bay, and fifty years later a few families moved farther north to Parry island. At that time the Grand Medicine Society or *midewiwin* was unknown on the latter island, and the present natives at least have no tradition that it ever existed in their district. Some of the Potawatomi, however, who had joined the society farther south, set up a medicine lodge and held one or more performances, a description of which I owe to two survivors, Jonas King and Tom King. These men have taught their children some of the ancient lore of the Grand Medicine Society, particularly the plant medicines, although they know that the society is extinct in Georgian bay and that their children will never join it and become genuine *medé*.

The following legend purports to give the origin of the society:

ORIGIN LEGEND

Wolf, the brother of *Nenibush,*[1] was so skilful a hunter, and killed so much game, that the *manidos* became angry and plotted to destroy him. Now it happened that Wolf was camping with *Nenibush* and his grandmother *Nokomis,* "Earth" on the edge of a frozen lake. Every morning *Nenibush* would go outside his wigwam and discover the track of some animal that had passed during the night; Wolf would then pursue it and towards evening bring the carcass back to camp. Now *Nenibush,* knowing that the *manidos* were plotting his brother's death, warned him never to cross the lake, however late at night he might be returning. Early one morning, however, the *manidos* sent an exceedingly fleet-footed caribou past their camp. *Nenibush* told Wolf, who pursued and killed it after a very long chase. It was then so late in the evening that Wolf decided to leave the carcass until the next day and to return to camp across the ice; but the ice broke when he was half-way across the lake and he drowned.

Nenibush, waiting in vain for his brother, realized at last what had happened. He lay on the ground, covered his head with his blanket, and wept for four days and four nights. All the birds and animals from the sky, and all the birds and animals from the water, came to comfort him, but without avail. At last they said 'Wolf had better return.' So on the fourth day Wolf came out of the water and approached his brother's camp. But as he drew near *Nenibush* called 'Do not enter the camp. You must go far away and preside over the dead in the west.' So now Wolf rules the dead in the far-away land of the west.

Still *Nenibush* refused to rise from the ground. At last there approached him beings called *medé manido, medé* spirits, who set up wooden images of human beings, four in a row. While one spirit drummed, the others danced in front of the images, wearing in their belts bags of muskrat and other skins. *Nenibush* looked up at the sound of their singing and dancing, and the sight pleased him. He rose to his feet, and offered one of the dancers a *skibdagan* or medicine-bag made of skin. The spirits then disappeared, saying to one another 'What will *Nenibush* do now'? They covered the sky with dark clouds so that *Nenibush,* looking up, saw all the portents of a heavy rainstorm. He said to *Nokomis,* his grandmother, 'Those things are

[1] The spellings *Nenibush* and *Nanibush* represent the pronunciations of different informants

trying to deceive me'; and, setting the wooden images in place, he himself danced and sang in front of them, pointing an otter skin with weasel and muskrat appendages towards the sky just as *medés* do now to ensure fine weather for the Grand Medicine rites. Quickly the clouds disappeared and the sky became clear again.[1]

Nenibush now determined to punish the *manidos* that had killed his brother. He wandered all over the land, but could not find them, for they were water-serpents. Then one day he discovered them sleeping in the sun on a sandy beach. He tried to draw near them, but they recognized him and retreated into the water. Early the next morning he returned to the same place and transformed himself into a stump. The serpents emerged from the water, led by their leader who was as white as a winter rabbit. They were suspicious of the stump, and sent "tiger" to investigate it. He clawed it, and when it did not move returned to his companions and said 'It is only a stump.' Still suspicious, they sent a big snake, which wound itself all round the stump. Still *Nenibush* did not move, and the snake, like the "tiger," reported that he was only a stump and that they could sleep in safety on the beach. But as soon as the animals slept *Nenibush* changed himself into a man again and shot an arrow through their leader's heart. Leader and all, they leaped into the water, which rose rapidly and flooded all the land. *Nenibush* fled to the top of a mountain and climbed a tall pine tree. The water followed him until it reached to his neck, but receded again to its proper level. *Nenibush* then descended, built a large raft in case it should rise again, and resumed his travels.

One day he met in the woods an old woman who carried a bag on her back, weeping. 'Why are you weeping,' he asked; and she answered, 'Our chief has been shot by *Nenibush* and is near to death. I am looking for a medicine to cure him.' 'What do you do when you enter his house'? he asked. 'I administer my medicine alone, admitting no one, and sing over him.' Straightway *Nenibush* killed her, dressed himself in her clothes, set her bag upon his back, and went to the chief's house. The people took no notice of him when he entered, for they thought he was the old woman. Then he killed the chief with his knife, skinned him as he would a deer, tied the skin into a bundle, and fled to his raft. The serpent people pursued him, and the water rose so rapidly behind him that he had barely time to reach the raft. Animals and birds of all kinds took refuge with him, for the water covered even the mountain tops, and this time did not subside. *Nenibush* said to them, 'We had better create some land. Let some one dive down and bring me up a little sand.' Otter went down. He could not reach the bottom and was almost drowned; but *Nenibush* pulled him on to the raft again and revived him. Loon dived, and failed also. Then they sent down muskrat, who rose at last so near to death that *Nenibush* had difficulty in reviving him. 'Did you see any land'? he asked; and muskrat replied 'Yes. When I was nearly dead I saw it. I couldn't gather any of it in my mouth but I scratched up a few particles in my claw.' *Nenibush* planted these particles of sand on the water, and laid on them the smallest ants, which ran around and made the land grow larger. Then he placed the rats on it, and, as it grew, larger animals. Last of all, when the land had the form that we know today, he released the moose and the bear.

Nenibush finally went west and joined his brother. There he remains, and a giant cedar tree grows from his head. He wanders no more."

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1 This was the version given by Jonas King and Tom King. Other Indians gave variants as follows:

"When *Nenibush* wept for his brother Wolf his body swayed to and fro, shaking the whole universe so that the sky-people almost fell down to earth. They sent a messenger to invite *Nenibush* to visit them. He refused them three times, but the fourth time he accepted the invitation and ascended. They gave him a water-drum (*buankik*) and taught him the rites and powers of the Grand Medicine Society. As he was descending to earth again *Nenibush* tried out his new powers by restoring his brother Wolf to life again, but immediately banished him to the west to rule over the dead" (Charles Judge).

"*Nenibush's* child died, and *Nenibush* sat down and wept. Twelve *manidos* assembled, led by *Nigankwam*, the first thunder of spring, and presented him with a water-drum and a human figure carved from wood. He accompanied them inside a large wigwam where there were twelve men and twelve women, and they danced. *Nigankwam* then said to him 'Behold your blessing,' and ordered the wooden image to cure the sick and raise the dead. They brought a sick man inside the wigwam, and the image danced around and cured him. Another sick man they carried in, and the image cured him also. But afterwards an evil spirit complained that *Nenibush* had received all the power, and demanded authority for himself over wicked people. *Nenibush* consented, and although he afterwards repented of his mistake, he was unable to recall his gift" (Jim Nanibush).

CANDIDATURE

The young man (or woman) who wished to join the Grand Medicine Society made application to a member, who introduced him as a candidate at a feast held either in the spring or the autumn. He was then assigned a preceptor, with whom he associated for several weeks or months to receive the necessary instruction. During this period the youth either left his family and lived with his preceptor, or, more often, the two families moved about together and camped side by side. He received his lessons by day in the solitude of the woods, or by night in an empty wigwam where no one could overhear their conversation; and at every lesson he provided a little tobacco that his preceptor might begin with a smoke-offering to the different *manidos*. The *medé* blew a puff of smoke from his pipe and turned its stem momentarily towards the east; he blew a second puff, and turned it to the south; a third, turning it to the west; and a fourth, turning it to the north. Following thus the movements of the sun, he gained for his mysteries the blessing of each *manido* of a cardinal point. He then blew a fifth puff, and pointed the stem of the pipe skyward to obtain the blessing of the Great Spirit, *Kitchi Manido*; and a sixth, pointing it earthward for a blessing from *Nokomis*, Grandmother Earth. After these preliminaries he commenced his instruction, using the water-drum, rattle, and other paraphernalia that were regularly employed in the medicine-lodge.

"When I was about eighteen years of age my father, who was a *medé*, wanted to initiate me into the society. The members built a large wigwam (*waginogan*) near the camp. Across the middle my father stretched a long line to which he suspended many pieces of cloth; and he placed food and a keg of whisky on a mat near the door. Then he stationed me in the centre of the wigwam and sent out a messenger to invite all the members. As each man entered he threw on the mat his invitation stick, to which he had tied a piece of tobacco. They sat around the walls of the wigwam, with their leader in the place just south of the door; for the door faced east, and all movements in the wigwam must be made sunwise. My father, however, sat down in the centre beside me.

The leader arose, danced round the wigwam four times, sunwise, took up my father's drum, and, resuming his seat, drummed and sang. Then all the *medés* danced round the wigwam four times, and my father and I with them. After the dance had ended the *medé* who sat next to the leader arose and repeated the leader's performance; and again we danced. So one after another all the *medés* drummed and sang, and we danced. Then the messenger filled each man's pail with the meat, corn, and other foods that lay on the mat near the door. After the meal we smoked. The chief *medé* then rose, and we all danced behind him four times around the wigwam, holding our right arms uplifted and carrying our pails in our left hands. This ended the ceremony. The food, cloth, and whisky, which were divided among all the *medés*, cost my father about $30" (Jonas King).

INITIATION

The initiation of the candidate took place at the annual meeting of the society in midsummer. Two or three weeks beforehand the leader sent out his messenger (*oshkabewis* or *mijinoe*, an official formally elected by the society) to invite the attendance of all the *medés* in the surrounding district at a specified place on a specified day. The messenger carried the official invitation sticks, thin pencils of wood about 5 inches long, coloured red. If a *medé* were unable to attend owing to sickness or other cause he

was obliged to tie a plug of tobacco to the stick and return it by the messenger; for its return without tobacco was an insult to the society punishable by death through witchcraft (or poison?).

The *medés* brought all their families to the assembly ground, for the celebration of the Grand Medicine Society meant festivities for the entire community, although only members might enter the lodge and behold its mysteries. The lodge that they built was a large, rectangular enclosure of stakes and boughs without a roof. It had an opening in each short side, guarded during the ceremonies by a doorkeeper; the eastern opening was the entrance, and the western the exit. A mat in the centre of the enclosure marked the seats of the candidate and his preceptor. Along its western edge was planted a line of four wooden images or dolls with upstanding feathers, and outside of that again four posts painted black, red, and green in no definite patterns. Facing the entrance, at the distance of a few yards, was a domed sweat-house for the candidate's purification. There he took a vapour bath on each of the four evenings preceding his initiation. On rare occasions he took all four baths in one day, but only if he were dangerously ill, and the *medés* wished to initiate him as quickly as possible in order to expedite his cure.

On the evening before his initiation the preceptor and some of the principal priests visited the candidate in the sweat-house to show him the sacred images (at other times always guarded, with the invitation sticks, by an official keeper), and to open out before him their medicine-bags. Sometimes they performed conjuring tricks, e.g., transformed a stick into a snake. Then they conferred about the payment the candidate should make to the society, and arranged for one of the members, under the supervision of the messenger, to hang all the presents from the poles that stretched from side to side across the lodge. To the same priest or another they assigned the duty of seeing that nothing was removed during the early hours of the morning. Having completed all these arrangements they retired to their wigwams and slept.

The day of initiation dawned. After breakfasting at home with his parents the candidate dressed in his finest clothes and withdrew to the sweat-house to await his preceptor and the leading priests. The other members of the society, wearing beaded dancing-bags suspended from beaded bandoliers, entered the medicine lodge to smoke and drum and sing until the ceremony opened. A few clouds, perhaps, appeared in the sky, and the leaders, marching near the lodge, beat the water-drum and chanted a song. If the clouds grew darker they chanted inside the lodge, pointing their medicine-bags at the sky; and if rain began to fall in spite of all their efforts they postponed the initiation until a day of fine weather. Given a clear sky, however, the leaders joined the candidate in the sweat-house and offered up smoke from their pipes to the *manidos* of the four cardinal points, to the Great Spirit above, and to Grandmother Earth beneath. Then for the last time the preceptor admonished his pupil before they made their ceremonial entry into the lodge.

The candidate took the lead in the procession, carrying in his arms a number of small presents to supplement those that were hung up in the lodge during the night. His preceptor followed him, and behind the preceptor came the other priests. One dropped out near the lodge to guard

the entrance, the preceptor on one side, and the head priest on the other, moved up to support the candidate, and the procession marched four times around the outside of the enclosure, sunwise, to the sound of the drum-beats within. After the fourth circuit they halted near the entrance, the candidate deposited his gifts on the ground, and the head priest chanted a prayer to the Great Spirit announcing the opening of the initiation. Then the preceptor gathered up the presents and led the candidate inside. The *medés* all rose to their feet and marched in line behind him as he led them four times round the inside of the lodge, accompanied by the beating of a drum and the chanting of the head priest. Then they retired to their seats along the walls, all except the candidate and his preceptor, for whom places had been reserved on the central mat. Each member retained the same seat throughout the entire proceedings, that of the head priest being nearest the entrance.

After a brief interval four priests—the head priest and three others who had been chosen to officiate at the ceremony—marched sunwise round the lodge and stood behind the four posts facing the west. The preceptor led the candidate out to face them, and stationed himself on one side of his pupil while an assistant priest stationed himself on the other. The head priest opened the ceremony by beating a small water-drum and chanting a song. As soon as it ended the candidate knelt in front of him, and the last priest in the line, gripping his medicine-bag in both hands and crying *hwa hwa hwa hwa hwa,* pretended to thrust it into the youth's breast. He quivered violently, shaken by the hands of the preceptor and assistant. Then the second priest "shot" him, and the third. Last of all the head priest "shot" him, and he fell forward as if dead; but when the six priests laid their medicine-bags on his back a sacred shell (*migis*) dropped from his mouth and he showed signs of reviving. The head priest danced with the shell round the lodge, displaying it to each *medé*, and inserted it again in the initiate's mouth; and again he fell forward as if dead. Then the four priests marched round him and touched him with their medicine-bags. Instantly he revived, and, at a command from the head priest, rose to his feet.

Now the initiate took the drum from the head priest and chanted a song celebrating his acceptance into the society. Prompted by his preceptor, he requested a song from the head priest, who sang one, receiving the young man's thanks. All then sat down in their proper places and smoked to the *manidos* of the four cardinal points, the sky, and the earth, while the young man distributed presents to the officers who had initiated him. In return, the head priest presented him with a medicine-bag of weasel, mink, muskrat, or other skin that had belonged to some former member of the society, and the initiate, walking sunwise around the lodge, expressed his thanks individually to every man and woman.

The initiation ceremony proper was now over, and the ex-candidate a fully graduated member. Yet while the day was still young it was only natural that he should play with his newly acquired medicine-bag, and that the other *medés* also should celebrate their reunion. Prompted by his preceptor, therefore, or by some other priest who walked behind him, the youth placed his sacred shell in his medicine-bag and started out

to " shoot " someone, imitating the actions of the priests who had initiated him a little earlier. At the thrust of his medicine-bag his " adversary " fell forward, but presently sat up again. The novice then returned to his seat and all the priests rose to their feet. Those on one side marched four times round the lodge to the beating of a drum, and at the fourth circuit " shot " the adversaries facing them. The opposite side went through the same farce, and all sat down again.

The next act in the play was a pantomine with the sacred shells. The priests removed them from their bags, pretended to swallow them, coughed them into their hands, and displayed them furtively to their associates with low mutterings of *ho ho ho*. Then they concealed them in their bags again and resumed their seats. This ended the play, and the *medés* proceeded to regale themselves with the food that their families now brought to the lodge entrance.

At the conclusion of the meal some of the leading priests related the traditions concerning the Grand Medicine Society, and told stories about *medés* who had been unusually powerful or successful. Finally the new member borrowed a drum and chanted one or more songs that his preceptor had helped him to compose before his initiation. The gathering then dispersed; but after dark the preceptor and another priest went back to remove the four posts and the four images. The latter they returned to their keeper; but the four posts they planted in front of the new member's wigwam, placing two stones at the foot of each post for some purpose no longer remembered. Every *medé* who had taken part in the initiation had subsequently to teach the new member one medicine, either a remedy for sickness, a method of witchcraft, or a hunting or love charm.

So many years had elapsed since the last celebration of the Grand Medicine Society on Parry island, and the recounting of the traditions connected with it, that the two ex-members, Jonas and Tom King, could no longer recite the songs and speeches, or explain the significance of the ceremonial details. They recognized most of the " First Degree " speeches and songs recorded by Hoffman in his comprehensive account of the society as it existed among the Ojibwa of the Red Lake and White Earth Reservations in Minnesota,[1] and said that their own songs and speeches closely resembled them; but they stated, quite positively, that their Medicine Society recognized one degree only, and claimed other differences which may be listed as follows:

(1) Only one degree of membership, not four.
(2) The arrangements inside the lodge, as described above, differ from those given by Hoffman; for example, there was no sacred stone or any reference thereto.
(3) Members did not paint their faces in fixed patterns, but followed their own fancies. Some painted a red stripe from forehead to chin over the nose, and another stripe across the forehead; others blackened their faces with charcoal.
(4) Only one priest hung the presents in the lodge, under the direction of the messenger.
(5) The conjuring tricks in the sweat-house described by Hoffman were not known. The King brothers could recall only one trick, the transformation of a stick into a snake.
(6) The head priest displayed the shell that dropped from the candidate's mouth to all the members instead of to the cardinal points.

[1] Hoffman, W. J.: The Midewiwin or "Grand Medicine Society" of the Ojibwa; Seventh Ann. Rept., Bur. of Ethn., pp. 149-299. (Washington, 1891.)

(7) The medicine-bag presented to the initiate was not a new one, but had belonged to a deceased ex-member. Such bags were always carefully guarded by the priests. They were made not only from otter skin, but from the skins of weasel, mink, muskrat, squirrel, skunk, and copperheaded snake.

(8) The new member did not make the circuit of the lodge, "shooting" all the *medés* with his medicine-bag, but shot one only. All the *medés* then "shot" one another, an incident not mentioned by Hoffman.

(9) The priests coughed up their shells before displaying them to their fellows, not after.

(10) The Ghost Lodge described by Hoffman, like the three higher degrees, was unknown.

How shall we interpret these differences? Does the simple ritual brought to Georgian bay half a century ago by Potawatomi Indians from the United States adhere more closely to the original form of the Grand Medicine Society than the elaborate ceremonies of the Minnesota Ojibwa recorded by Hoffman? This seems very improbable. The society has a long history among the Ojibwa, for it antedates the visits of Europeans to the Great Lakes region in the seventeenth century. The very crudity of the Parry Island ritual, and the ignorance of the meanings that should attach to its various incidents, indicate quite plainly its decadence. The society had already lost its old vitality, and when transplanted to Parry island, failed to take root and draw to itself new adherents.

FUNCTIONS OF MEDÉ

The Grand Medicine Society may be quite properly defined as a secret medical organization garbed in the mantle of religion. Its legendary founder, Nenibush, or, as he was usually called in this connexion, *Medé Manido,* filled the rôle of spiritual patron, assigned to this duty by the Great Spirit, *Kitchi Manido.* The members, who were mostly men, but included also some women, specialized in "botany," in the knowledge and use of plants for curing sickness and fabricating charms. Older members instructed newly initiated ones, so that their esoteric science travelled down from one generation to another. Although they usually practised individually, the society stood entrenched at their backs, giving them such influence and prestige that in districts where the organization flourished the true medicine-men who based their power on visions, the *wabeno, kusabindugeyu,* and *djiskiu,* nearly always found it advisable to seek enrolment in their ranks. On special occasions, indeed, the *medés* united to treat a patient whose malady yielded to no other cure. They carried the sick man inside a medicine-lodge, and consulted over him exactly as would a group of European doctors. Then they administered whatever medicine they had agreed upon and immediately initiated the patient into their order.

"Occasionally a *kusabindugeyu* would diagnose a young man's sickness as caused by his unconscious longing to become a *medé.* Members of the society then carried him into the medicine lodge and initiated him. Such cases, however, were rare" (Jonas and Tom King).

"Eight *medés* bore the patient into the medicine lodge, smoked, discussed the procedure to be followed, and slowly danced four times around the lodge. It is said that if the patient was fated to recover he rose and joined them at their fourth circuit" (Jim Nanibush).

Most *medés* carried their herbal medicines in small bags tied for distinction with different knots, or with differently coloured strings. Their owners, unlike the *wabenos,* had received no special blessings in childhood that (supposedly) infused their remedies with extra power; but they supplied the deficiency by certain rituals which they claimed produced the same effect. Any lay person could use the same remedies provided he possessed the requisite knowledge, although they would then possess their "natural" virtues only. Probably quite a number have passed into the modern pharmacopœia of the laity now that the society is extinct; for every Parry Island Indian knows a few herbal remedies—not many, since no one may teach them without receiving payment, and the ordinary native cannot afford to purchase them extensively. Children always learn a certain number from their parents, for their services around the camp take the place of a monetary indemnity.

"No one may teach another any medicine without payment or benefit, for he would lose power thereby and wear out his life. Because Jesus healed the sick without payment he lost his power and perished. The least a competent medicine-man will accept for a medicine is $50, the full earnings of one moon" (Jonas King and Pegahmagabow).

Every man, whether *medé* or layman, who plucked a leaf or dug up the root of a plant for medicinal purposes had to make an offering of tobacco; but the interpretation of the custom, and the exact procedure that should be followed, varied with different individuals. *Medés* offered their tobacco to the manidos of the four cardinal points, the sky, and the earth before burying it at the root of the plant for the use of *Nokomis,* the earth; and if they required the root alone of the plant, they buried with the tobacco the leaves and stem. Only the two ex-members of the Grand Medicine Society, however, Jonas and Tom King, identified Nenibush with *Medé Manido,* and Nokomis, his grandmother, with the earth. The other Parry Islanders did not know this esoteric doctrine of the Medicine Society and were inclined to give a rather sinister meaning to the *medés'* offering on account of the popular identification of *medés* with sorcerers.

"The *medé* receives a blessing from the sun, the moon, the stars, or from one of the *manidos* of the four cardinal points. When he digs up his medicine root he offers tobacco first to the *manido* from which he derived his blessing, then to the *manidos* of the four quarters and of the sky, and, finally, to the great serpent *manido* which has no name, but which dwells beneath the earth, governing many lesser *manidos,* and controlling all the trees and plants. This is the *manido* that receives his tobacco when he buries it in the earth" (John Manatuwaba).

It was the offering of the tobacco to the great serpent that offended the Parry Islanders, not its burial at the root of the plant. They themselves usually buried it there, but only as an offering to the plant's soul or shadow.

"Talk to the tree or plant when you are gathering its bark, leaves, or root. Tell its soul and shadow why you are taking away part of its body. Say to it 'Help me to cure such and such a malady.' Unless you do this your medicine will not be of much avail. Moreover, if it is the root of the plant you need, take only part of it and leave the stem if possible undisturbed" (Pegahmagabow).

The oldest inhabitant of Parry island, Jim Nanibush, burns his tobacco in the fire after he returns home instead of burying it at the root of his

medicine plant; and he makes this offering not to the soul and shadow of the plant, but to its owner. His doctrine could not be fully elucidated, but in his own words was as follows:

"When I gather the *minishinowack* (wild pea?) for medicine I place tobacco in the fire for the rattlesnake, for this plant belongs to the rattlesnake. All plants have their owners. The strawberry and all the plants that grow along the shores of the lakes, belong to the frog. It was from *Nenibush* that they received medicinal qualities. When he distributed the qualities the plants danced around inside a large wigwam, and at their first circuit their hair turned white, indicating that they now possessed the power to make man reach old age."

Just as the *wabeno's* blessing received in his boyhood vision gave an added vitality to his herbal remedies, so the *medé* could bless or vitalize his medicines by the aid of the four sacred images. He borrowed these images from their keeper and set them up in line inside his wigwam. Then he laid out his medicines and a little tobacco in front of them and chanted a prayer to *Nenibush*.

The two ex-members of the society affirmed that the patronage of Nenibush, or *Medé Manido,* as they preferred to call him, gave the *medés* extraordinary powers, which they usually employed for the public benefit. Every spring, for example, they held a feast and called down a blessing on the gardens that were being planted. These same powers, however, they could employ also for evil, if they wished. Some could lay sticks on the ground, spit medicine on them, and transform them into rattlesnakes. Others could clap their medicines between their hands and produce fire; or they could place their hands, steeped in medicine, to their mouths and breathe out fire. Occasionally four or five sat inside a wigwam, smoked, chanted medicine songs, and pointed their medicine-bags in the direction of an enemy they wished to kill; then unseen magic, accompanied perhaps by fire, shot from the bags as though from rifles and struck their victim down. At times a *medé* employed the sacred images themselves for witchcraft. He set them up in line, placed medicine in front of one of them, talked to it, told it where to go, and walked four times around it. The image left the wigwam to accomplish its mission and returned within the hour; but its victim, although living perhaps 100 miles away, immediately became ill and shortly died. The *Medé Manido,* they said, was not evil himself, nor was he responsible for this abuse of the power his votaries derived from him. The penalty came after death, when their souls were debarred from reaching the land in the west over which he ruled. They might be punished in this life also, for somewhere far away there dwelt a class of super-*medés* who used the earth as a drum. By merely placing their drumsticks to the ground they could hear, as through a telephone, the plots of evil *medés* and sorcerers, and make their plots recoil on their own heads. For this reason the Parry Island Indians have always been taught not to speak ill of other bands or tribes lest some super-*medé* far away should overhear their words.

Whatever the colour of his skin, white, red, or black, man is always prone to misuse any extraordinary power that may be committed into his hands; and even where he does not misuse it, but acts with a single eye for the public benefit, he cannot escape being a ready target for suspicion

and ill-will. This was the position of the *medé*, the very secrecy of whose rites engendered suspicion, especially in a district like Parry island where the society to which he owed his rank was of alien origin and failed to gain a foothold. Even today, when it has been extinct for fifty years, the Indians look askance at its two ex-members, Jonas and Tom King, and regard the latter in particular as an avowed sorcerer. Only two or three years ago, they assert, when some one stole a few of his cucumbers, he spat some medicine on a stick and placed it in his garden to turn into a dangerous copperhead snake and attack intruders. Hence we can readily understand why it is that now, when the Grand Medicine Society is but a faint legend to most of the islanders, the term *medé* is synonymous with sorcerer, and has no reference at all to membership in any secret organization.

CHAPTER VIII

TABOOS, MEDICINES, AND WITCHCRAFT

The Indian lived in a spiritual universe. Rocks, trees, and animals were but spirits imprisoned in corporeal forms. The bodies, souls, and shadows of these objects had attributes and powers different from those of man, though he was one of them; and they differed also from one another. Other spirits, perhaps equally numerous, were incorporeal, or at least rarely manifested themselves to human senses. They, too, had different attributes, and possessed different powers, some greater and some less, to interfere for good or ill in man's affairs. Between these corporeal and incorporeal worlds there was no sharp dividing line; incorporeal spirits might clothe themselves in bodily forms, and souls and shadows frequently took flight from their prisons and led a separate existence.

"Sometimes a little before the dawn you hear a shrill, whistling sound high in the air, or perhaps only at the level of the treetops. It is a *baggak,* the ghost of an Indian who died of starvation. Some adolescent boy or girl, seeking a blessing that would not come, has been abandoned too long in a lonely hut; or an Indian has perished from hunger, vainly looking for the game that a sorcerer has kept from his reach. There was no defect in his body, no sickness or conflict that would release from their bondage its soul and shadow; but it wasted from inanition, and at last became so frail and intangible that it ascended into the air. Now it blows wherever the wind carries it, or it may be travels round and round with the sun. Do not be afraid, for it will not harm you. But if you happen to be cooking when it passes over the treetops, out of charity place some grease on a bough. It will descend and feast on the odour, then proceed on its way" (J. King and Pegahmagabow).

The world was full of mystery, of unseen forces working in unknown ways for unknown ends. They held the Indian largely at their mercy. The supernatural guardian he obtained at adolescence, and the power and knowledge of kindred medicine-men offered him some slight protection; but his safest guide in life was the stored-up experience of his ancestors, handed down by word of mouth through countless generations. This experience took the form of numerous superstitions, and of numerous practices and taboos that lost none of their validity because the reasons for their observance were often no longer understood.

The number of taboos (*ginomadem*) was legion, for while some applied to all the Parry Islanders, others were incumbent on individuals only. The latter often originated from the dreams and visions of adolescence, which might cause an Indian to abstain all his life from eating such choice meat as the tongue of the moose. Often, too, a medicine-man forbade certain foods to his patient until he recovered; or he enjoined an abstinence from certain occupations. There were taboos restricted to women, others that were incumbent on children alone. No one could be familiar with all of them; each man knew the more universal taboos and his own personal

ones, but not the private taboos of other Indians. The following list of the more general taboos indicates fairly well their character:

(1) Do not throw beaver and bear bones to the dogs, but place them in the water or hang them to trees; for the beaver and the bear will use these bones again when they are reincarnated. If you violate this taboo the boss beaver and the boss bear will be offended.

(2) Do not throw sturgeon bones to the dogs, for the sturgeon and the bear are the same animal. Sturgeons change to bears when the berries ripen, whence the large number of bears at that season.

(3) Never sell a bear skin without cutting off the snout and hanging it to a tree away from the dogs.

(4) Do not skin and dress an animal right away, lest its shadow learn to know you and prevent you from killing other animals of the same species. Wait half an hour before you skin your quarry.

(5) Do not run away when you hear in the night heavy tramping as of a giant or a *Windigo*. It is porcupine, one of *Windigo's* creatures, who is prowling round. If you run away it will chase you and call its comrades.

Do not kill a porcupine idly and throw away its meat, or its shadow will harm your children.

Always singe the nose and eyes of a porcupine when you skin it, so that its soul will not annoy your family.

The boy who receives a blessing from porcupine during his adolescent fast must never eat porcupine meat or he will become a *Windigo*. His blessing will help him as long as he observes this taboo.

(6) Never let the dogs eat the brains of any animal.

(7) Never give the head of the muskrat to a dog. If you do the muskrat will recognize your soul and never go near your traps. Never break the head of a muskrat to get at its brains, or it will never enter your traps even if it approaches them.

(8) Do not use the bladder of any animal, but cut it out and hide it in a hollow stump. If you idly throw it away you will find it hard to kill game.

(9) Never torture an animal. If you do you will torture your own soul and surely meet with misfortune.

Never torture an animal. If you do your child will fall sick, or suffer some other penalty. Stuttering often arises from torturing animals.

Never torture an animal, but try to kill it outright by aiming at its heart or head. Animals do not like to suffer pain, and if you aim to wound them only, they will prevent you from securing much game.

(10) The moose, the bear, and the fox exhale a poisonous air. Avoid the lee side of these animals, particularly of the fox. For when the fox runs over the snow it leaves a green or blue tinge behind it, and the man or dog that sniffs it will waste away within two weeks.

(11) Do not troll for fish at night, or you may hook something that will irresistibly draw your line down; or a merman or mermaid may hold your hook fast to punish you.

(12) Never scale trout. If you do the weather will be stormy and you will be unable to fish.

(13) Do not catch more fish than you need when fishing with torch and spear through holes in the ice, or a big snake will appear in your fishing-hole.

(14) Never boil two kinds of fish in the same pot simultaneously.

(15) Do not fry trout during the autumn fishing or you will spoil your luck. Trout do not like the splashing of grease, so boil them instead. But you may fry sturgeon, bass, etc.

(16) Do not give bear meat or the meat of the whistling duck to the sick, for the bear eats unripe fruit and the whistling duck eats worms, bugs, and other unclean things. Some Indians forbid porcupine flesh for the same reason.

(17) Do not give the sick (or women before and after child-birth) meat of the squirrel or partridge, fried fish, or strawberries.

(18) Women, if unwell, must not eat berries, or they will spoil all the berries on the bushes.

(19) Never touch a caterpillar or sores will break out on your body.
(20) Do not throw away any of your hair; a snake or a bird may take it for its nest and make you ill.
(21) Do not mar the body purposely (e.g. by tattooing, or by piercing the ears for ear-rings); if you do a snake, a fox, a bat, or some other evil *manido* will find you out.
(22) Do not pass between the sun and the fire. If you do, throw away any food that may be cooking on the fire.
(23) Do not use poplar for any purpose, unless for certain medicines.
(24) Do not talk while birch bark is being stitched on a canoe.
(25) Do not tell stories in summer or a toad will come and sleep with you.
(26) Do not climb among the branches of the trees, or play from one rope to another for you are likely to entangle all your powers.
(27) Children must not eat the fat from boiled bones or they will have sore legs.
(28) Children must not eat fresh ripe berries, or their teeth will ache in later life. They must not eat the roe or the heads of suckers, or certain soft parts in the head of the sturgeon.
(29) Children must not string berries, or the birds will quickly eat all the berries on the bushes.
(30) Children must not use fire or live coals when playing with a dog or there will be a snowstorm and cold weather.
(31) Children must not play with a war-club, for if they stuck it into the ground it would drive away all the *manidos* that live beneath.
(32) Young boys, before their fasting period, must not eat the brains of any animal, or their own brains will be extracted after death by a big man who dwells along the road that leads to the land of the dead.
(33) Young boys must not eat the tongues of animals, or their own tongues will hang out from loss of breath when they run.
(34) Young boys must not eat the marrow of bones, or their legs will frequently falter and make them stumble.
(35) Young boys must not eat the head or the hind legs of the rabbit, because the rabbit habitually shakes its hind legs as if it has cramp, and the boy in later life would suffer from frequent cramps.
(36) Young boys must not eat the meat of the first deer or other animal they kill, or they will become poor hunters.

We may append to this list of taboos a few curious superstitions:

The hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon contortrix*) poisons the air with its breath. Keep to windward of it. "I was poisoned by a hog-nosed snake when I was a baby, but a *kusabindugeyu* discovered the cause of my sickness and cured me" (Pegahmagabow).

The bite of the fox-snake (*Elaphe vulpina*) is poisonous, often causing death (N.B. This snake is quite harmless).

In a sturgeon's body there is a bone that has the same shape as the sturgeon. If you place it in the water it will change into a sturgeon.

The cricket and the tiny hair snake that lives in the water are the same animal. If a man inadvertently swallow a hair snake, it will grow inside his body to the length of 2 or 3 feet.

Wasp stings will cure rheumatism. A boy stung by wasps will grow into a healthy man.

Swinging a bull-roarer brings a north wind and cold weather.

The faithful observance of the established taboos safeguarded the Indian from offending the souls and shadows of the animals that provided his daily food, and from displeasing the incorporeal spirits that surrounded him on every hand. It could not protect him against the unknowable "accidents" of life, the unprovoked attacks of evil *manidos*, or of human enemies open or concealed. Nevertheless, just as he often saw in nature indications of the meteorological phenomena that would shortly happen, so also he could

sometimes find signs of the events impending in his own life, or in the lives of his neighbours. Here are a few of these omens, prefixed by two or three meteorological ones:

(1) Whichever way a falling star travels the wind will follow.
(2) A ring around the moon is a sign of bad weather. The old woman who dwells there is pulling a hood over her head, a white hood for frost or snow and a black one for rain or a sudden thaw.
(3) The northern lights signify stormy weather, a strong wind that may come from any direction. Some Indians say that the northern lights are the waves of a sea in the south reflected in the sky.
(4) If a patient is very ill, and at the crisis of his sickness the wind changes to the east, he will surely die, for his soul is already moving with the wind towards the land of the west.
(5) A bite from a watersnake means that you will live to old age.
(6) When a dog begins to bark a deer is near. Watch for it.
(7) If you kill a spruce partridge that has twenty feathers in its tail instead of the usual seventeen or eighteen you will shortly kill a bear. If you find the eggs of the bird you will become a chief or leader in your community.
(8) A noise in the ear may mean one of two things: either you are on the verge of trouble or danger, or the shadow of some relative needs food. If you think it means the latter, place a little food in the fire at the first opportunity.
(9) If you are prevented by a storm from crossing a lake or bay, make a model of a birch-bark canoe, place a louse and a little tobacco in it and push it out into the water. If it upsets the wind will shortly subside.
(10) A certain medicine called *obsitchuan,* which can be compounded by anyone who knows the proper root ingredients, will foretell the issue of a malady. Place it in water; if it sinks the patient will die, if it floats he will recover. In the latter case he should drink the medicine afterwards, for it has a power of its own that attaches itself to and strengthens the patient's shadow.
(11) The insects are the children of a great *manido.* When people die they often guide their souls to the home of the dead in the west. If you see them playing together like human children you may be certain that they are preparing to wage a stern battle against sickness and evil spirits.

In addition to observing the taboos handed down from his forefathers, and noticing any omens that came in his path, the Indian could draw upon the powers that inhered in the natural objects around him, in so far as they were known to himself or to the medicine-men of his community. "Medicines" (*minishinowash*) derived from this source could ensure his success in hunting, protect him in war, and bring him prosperity and good fortune. Every Indian, therefore, carried one or more of them on his person, compounded either by himself from a formula taught him by another, or by some medicine-man for him. There were certain plants whose virtues were known to practically all, others that were known to a few only; and the strongest medicines usually contained several ingredients. Some Indians believed that to be fully effective a medicine could not be compounded by a layman, but only by a medicine-man who knew the proper ceremony to perform over it. Its plant ingredients, they held, needed the ceremony to release their power; and though a layman might state his desires to the plants and offer the necessary tributes of tobacco, only the medicine-man knew the right song to chant over them with drum or rattle. Hence the sale of medicines was an important source of revenue to many medicine-men, especially when they were too far advanced in years to endure the fatigue of hunting deer and moose. There was one further requirement for the perfect efficacy of any medicine; its user must have absolute faith in its virtue.

The present-day Indians of Parry island still retain a firm faith in these old medicines, and purchase them from one another at high prices. Jonas King values at about $200 the receipt of a medicine for catching beaver which he learned from his father, who himself had purchased it from another Indian. He concocts the medicine from certain roots and stores it in a bottle. When he sets his trap he smears a little on the end of a stick, which he ties to the trap and plants in the ground. The stick infallibly attracts a beaver, the trap catches it, and both stick and trap are dragged into the water. There the medicine is washed away, for otherwise it would attract all the remaining beaver in the district. The same man has another medicine, also compounded of different roots, for hunting deer. If he smears it on each cheek before setting out he is certain to see and kill a deer the same day.

Pegahmagabow's deer medicine is the root of the *shingoakwansiwan* ("pine-shaped herb," probably the mugwort, *Artemisia dracunuloides*). He must find the plant to his right, for if it lies on his left it has no virtue. He buries its stem in the ground with a little tobacco, chews the root, and rubs the mingled juice and saliva over his eyes. Then he can approach a deer close enough to kill it with a tomahawk.

Other hunters rub their medicines over their hands, their clothes, and their weapons; and they chant over them medicine songs learned in most cases from their fathers. Certain deer medicines "poison"[1] the animal's blood, which the hunter must throw away. He, therefore, flings it towards the four cardinal points as an offering to the *manidos* in those regions for any help they may have given.

The dried root of the plant called *migizowininsh*, "eagle's paw," cut into small pieces and tied to hook, line, or spear, ensures success in fishing.

Medicines to give protection in warfare have long since gone out of use. Some were thought to render their owners invulnerable, but the receipts for making them are no longer remembered. During the wars with the Iroquois certain warriors wore necklaces of coloured yarn woven into the pattern of a snake.

There is still a wide demand for medicines and charms to inspire love. They are kept (or were kept, for no one will admit their possession) in small buckskin bags, and employed in various ways according to their supposed virtues. Some were smeared on the cheeks; others inserted in the moccasin to excite affection in the youth or maiden who walked in the same trail. There are certain kinds of rotten wood which are thought to render their carrier attractive to the opposite sex; and the wife of John Manatuwaba is suspected of selling little figurines with love charms attached to them. If a man pricks the eyes of a garter snake with the thorn of a certain shrub (species not ascertained), and afterwards pricks a girl's dress with the same thorn, she will feel attracted towards him.

Among the miscellaneous medicines are the following:

For protection against snakes: tie the shoulder-blade of the turtle to the garter, and wear part of its shell in the moccasin; or place in the moccasin bark of the white ash.

To make a dog cross, but an excellent watch-dog, mix "swamp-root" with its food. This plant is brought from the south in little bundles about 4 inches long, and sold to the Parry Islanders at $1 a bundle.

[1] Apparently they were imaginary poisons.

The left foot of a rabbit, or the seeds of certain plants (species not ascertained), bring good luck if carried on the person.

There is a medicine made from gold-dust mingled with other things which makes people give you presents, or buy whatever you offer them.

A certain stone, obtainable only by a *djiskiu*, gives prosperity. It occurs in a spring, and everything around it flourishes. If you keep it in your house you will become rich, and no sorceror or evil spirit will be able to harm you.

Marvellous power attaches to the tail of the "lion" (*mishibizhi:* a mythical giant lynx), and even to a hair of its tail. It softens the hearts of enemies, excites goodwill, and brings good fortune and prosperity. Mixed with gold-dust it is an excellent fishing medicine. Some of the Parry Islanders attribute the relative prosperity of the King family, who are Potawatomi immigrants, to their possession of a hair from the "lion's" tail.

The last example well illustrates the anti-social factor in the employment of medicines. Any Indian who through industry and good judgment is more successful than his neighbours rouses their suspicion that he possesses an unfair advantage; that his prosperity is due not to his natural talents and diligence, but to his acquisition of some powerful medicine which he carefully secrets from his fellowmen. If three Indians go fishing, and one catches far more than the others, the less successful fishermen feel aggrieved, never doubting that their companion is surreptitiously using medicine. Every summer a local hotel employs a few Parry Islanders to guide visiting tourists to the best fishing grounds; and the two Indians most frequently engaged are openly charged with doctoring their hooks with medicine to ensure that their employers will feel quite satisfied with their services.

Furthermore, medicines have, it is believed, a power of infection. Should a man who possesses a powerful hunting medicine cross your trail when you are hunting your legs will become so weary and sore that you will perforce give up the chase and return home. In such a contingency Jonas King rubs his legs vigorously with cedar twigs; and other Indians have their own special remedies.

This "contagion" of a medicine is scarcely distinguishable from witchcraft (or "playing with the dead," as the Indians term it), which so obsessed their minds in pre-European times that it still holds them in bondage today. They ascribe to this cause nearly all cases of accident, sickness, ill-success in hunting, in fact misfortune of every character. For they believe that the medicine-power of a sorcerer, or *medé*, may be employed for either good or evil; but if he refrains altogether from its use it will turn and kill either himself or his children.[1] Many sorcerers are cripples or suffer from some other infirmity because their medicine-power has turned against them.[2] Witchcraft is, therefore, a very dangerous profession, quite apart from the penalties attached to it by the Indians themselves, who in former times might club a convicted sorcerer with impunity even in the bosom of his family, merely leaving the club beside the corpse to be buried by relatives with the body.

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[1] The blessing or power acquired by other medicine-men, e.g., the *djiskiu*, is equally dynamic and dangerous to its possessor if not used. He may possibly escape the penalty himself, but it will surely fall on his children, all of whom will die young. The Indians assert that this has been the fate of most medicine-men who embraced Christianity and abandoned their old practices; and that a similar fate has befallen those who have foresworn their adolescent "blessings" by accepting Christianity, because they have angered the *manidos* who visited them during their fasting.

[2] This explains why cripples and other unfortunates were particularly exposed to charges of sorcery, and suffered accordingly.

The medicine-power of the sorcerer comes not only from the plants and other objects he uses, but from the evil *manidos* who gladly lend their aid. Since these evil *manidos* strive to overturn the orderly arrangement of the universe, the sorcerer who desires their help must reverse the procedure of the genuine medicine-man and perform all his actions in a counter-sunwise direction. He must walk counter-sunwise round a plant before he digs up its root, and must summon the evil *manidos* by appealing to the east, north, west, and south instead of to the east, south, west, and north, which is the way the sun travels. So when the Indians say that the sorcerer's medicine-power is dangerous even to himself, they are thinking, rather confusedly, of two sources of power that they blend inseparably, the "natural" qualities of the plants and other objects he uses (which do not change for layman or sorcerer), and the supernatural potency that attaches to them through their activation by evil *manidos*.

A sorcerer may operate in many different ways to kill or injure his enemies. He may:

(1) Sketch his victim's image on the ground and place his medicine over the place where he wishes him to feel pain. His victim is stricken immediately.

(2) Carve a wooden image of his victim and tie it by a thread to a poplar tree. The man will die when the thread breaks and the image falls to the ground.

(3) Scratch him with a poisonous spine, *bagamuyak,* imported from the south. Only sorcerers who use these spines know the antidote.

(4) Sprinkle medicine in his victim's food, on his clothes, or on the ground where he walks.

(5) Mix with evil medicine clippings of his victim's finger-nails or hair, shreds of fur from his clothing, or charcoal from his camp fire. The Indians, therefore, carry away with them a dead coal wrapped in leaves or bark when they break camp, to retain the soul of the fire in their possession; they preserve the souls of old clothing that they give away by keeping a scrap of its wool or hide; and they burn all clippings of their nails or hair. Their idea seems to be that the souls of objects intimately associated with them become involved with their own souls, and the sorcerer can injure one by injuring the other.

(6) "Shoot" something into his victim's body. To do this he chews with the stick or bone he selects for his missile a leaf of the plant called *zobiginigan,* or, as the *medés* call it, *winakewis;*[1] and shoots the two substances together from his mouth in the direction of his enemy. The leaf acts like gunpowder, propelling the stick or stone over the intervening miles until it penetrates the man's body. A *kusabindugeyu* may extract it and shoot it back at the sorcerer; but unless it penetrates the marrow of his bones he escapes unharmed. Should it penetrate the marrow, however, the sorcerer becomes crippled for life.

John Manatuwaba excused himself for coming to me later than usual one afternoon by stating that he had been summoned to doctor a sick neighbour. John made a plaster of various herbs (he would not tell me the exact prescription) and applied it to the man's leg, which was causing him some pain. Half an hour later he removed the plaster, and found attached to its underside a bean and a small lead shot. Just beneath the skin, too, he observed what seemed to be a nail about an inch long. All these things had been shot into the man by a sorcerer. When his patient died a week later John told me there must have been other "medicines" in his body which he had been unable to extract.

(7) Implant an evil *manido,* i.e., evil thoughts, in his victim. Just how this was supposed to be done I could not discover. Yet the Indians attribute to this cause all cases of insanity and of sensuality among their women; and they assert that only a *wabeno* who has never married, but preserved his purity from childhood, can expel the evil *manido*. In former times they inquired through a *kusabindugeyu* or a *djiskiu* where such a *wabeno* could be found, and travelled for many days to seek his advice.

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[1] The plant was not identified. It was said to have a purple flower like the honeysuckle.

(8) Annoy the soul of his enemy by keeping it away from its body, or annoy his shadow so that it cannot work in harmony with the soul and body. Some Indians give one explanation, some the other; but all agree that if the sorcerer molests his victim four nights in succession the man will die. He makes his visits at night, sometimes in human form, stark naked, more often as an animal or a bird. If the Indians shoot him he gives forth a flash of light and disappears completely; for whether he is killed or merely wounded the evil *manido* that is helping him conveys him back to his home. Some Parry Islanders hold that the sorcerer's body does not leave his camp, but that it is his soul, clothed in bird or animal form, that molests his victim. The majority vehemently deny this, asserting that the sorcerer transforms his actual body.

The victim may be fully conscious of the sorcerer's attacks and inform his kinsmen. In earlier times they would then call in a *djiskiu* or a *kusabindugeyu,* who sat beside the patient, smoked a pipe for a few minutes, and departed with the comforting remark 'He will be all right now,' implying that the presence of his superior medicine-power had prevented any further molestation for that night of the sick man's soul or shadow.

"One evening some young men and women who were skating on the ice near Cape Croker saw flashes of light approaching them, and heard a thumping as of some one running. They spread out and intercepted the vision, which proved to be a woman, stark naked as are all sorcerers and witches when they travel in human form to practise witchcraft. When they seized her and asked her where she was going she answered 'I was going to visit that sick girl at the far end of the village. This was to be my fourth visit and she would then die to-night.' The youths, one of whom was the invalid's brother, threatened to inform on her if she did not straightway heal her victim. The witch promised and instantly disappeared, while the young man hastened to his home. He found his family asleep, for a visit from a sorcerer or witch renders people drowsy. Only his sister was sitting up on her bed, begging for water to drink. She said to him 'Some one just visited me and told me I should get well.' The very next day she rose from her bed completely cured" (Pegahmagabow).

"One night an Indian on the Shawanaga reserve shot at a were-bear that was molesting a sick relative. The next day a young man on the same reserve received a telegram stating that his grandmother, who lived at Cape Croker, had been severely wounded with a shotgun during the night. The youth went over to the house of the man who had shot at the were-bear and said to him 'It was my grandmother you shot last night'" (John Manatuwaba).

"One evening my brother heard an owl in the trees close by his house. He shot it, and fire issued from the ground as it fell. When he looked for the dead bird in the morning he found nothing, but a few weeks later he heard that a man had died that same night at a village just north of Manitoulin island. Thus he discovered the identity of the sorcerer who had tried to bewitch him" (James Walker).

(9) Give one of his medicines the form of an animal or bird and send it to molest his enemy. Sorcerers, therefore, carry in their medicine-bags (*skibdagan,* the same name as is given to the medicine-bags carried by members of the Grand Medicine Society) parts of dogs, bears, geese, and particularly owls, which they transform for their purposes into the semblance of living creatures. The pseudo-owl may perch on a tree near a hunter's camp and turn counter-sunrise, praying to the evil *manidos* in each of the four quarters to aid in harming its victim. There is sure to be a *manido* in one or other direction which will answer its call. Then the hunter will kill no game, and his family will starve. In his distress he will call on his own guardian spirit. If it upholds him the pseudo-owl will shrink up and change into dried skin and bones again.

"Last night I did not sleep well, for an evil *manido* was oppressing me. At noon today my boy saw a tiny moose near the house. It disappeared instantly, and left no tracks. Some sorcerer was trying to bewitch me by giving one of his medicines the form of a moose" (Pegahmagabow).

"Last spring an owl prowled around my house just at the time my baby was born. I could not kill any game, and became seriously ill, while my family was starving. Neighbours advised me to shoot the owl, but I knew that even if I hit it the bird would simply disappear and my gun would be quite useless afterwards. Then

one of my friends who had been tapping some maple trees said to me 'I'll see if I can help you when I get home.' No sooner had he reached his home than I began to kill game again and to catch all the fish I needed. So I know some *medé* or sorcerer had a grudge against me and sent this owl to molest me" (Pegahmagabow).

It is pathetic to observe how universal is this fear of witchcraft among the present inhabitants of Parry island. Every man suspects his neighbour of practising the nefarious art to avenge some fancied grievance, and the older and more conservative the Indian, the more he is held in suspicion. Probably there is not a single adult on the island who has not been accused of sorcery at some time or other, and who has not himself suffered some misfortune which he attributes to the same cause.

"My wife's thigh became inflamed two years ago, and the plaster of roots and herbs which I laid over it extracted flies, tiny fragments of bone and pebbles, some pig and human hair, and other objects that a sorcerer had shot into her. Pig's hair is the worst of all things to shoot into an enemy, because it grows and circulates all over the body, causing intense pain" (John Manatuwaba).

"Mrs. John Manatuwaba is herself a witch. Last winter my wife was very ill, and Jim Nanibush gave me a herbal medicine to sprinkle over the walls, doors, and windows of my house four days in succession to make the witchcraft recoil on the sorcerer's own head. A fortnight later Mrs. Manatuwaba's niece died, and soon afterwards her grandchild. Her own daughter-in-law then reproached her, saying 'You have been trying to bewitch other people and your sorcery has recoiled on your own family'" (Pegahmagabow).

"My cousin, Bill King, who works at Depot Harbour, stayed and ate dinner at the hotel there the other day. His food was bewitched, so that as soon as he reached home he became violently ill and continued to vomit for two days" (Jonas King).

"A white man who was working one evening in his garden at Parry Sound saw flashes of light go by and recognized that it was James Walker travelling through the air. We do not know whom he was trying to bewitch that night" (Jonas King and Pegahmagabow).

"Johny Angus, who is a member of the Grand Medicine Society in Simcoe county, tried to borrow some money from me a few summers ago to take him home. I refused to lend him any, for I knew he would probably never return the loan; and he left me very angry. Late in the fall, while I was driving my cow, something hit me in the ear, and by the time I reached home I felt very ill. I was laid up all that winter; my hair turned white and my teeth began to fall out, for the medicine Angus shot into me circulated all over my body. My wife, who was alive at that time and was also a member of the Grand Medicine Society, gave me remedies that finally cured me. She met Angus five years later and openly accused him of bewitching me. 'It would serve you right if I killed you by witchcraft,' she told him. Angus backed off from her without saying a word, and finally walked away" (Jonas King).

"During one period of the war in France I was a runner, and had as my fellow-runner a Norwegian named Oscar Lund. One evening we saw a black dog with a luminous mouth carrying what appeared to be a paper tied to its neck. Believing it to be a scout for the Germans Lund reported it to the adjutant, who took me with him in a motorcycle to look for it. However, we did not see it again" (Pegahmagabow).

A sorcerer must carefully hide his evil medicines, not morely to escape suspicion, but because they are inherently dangerous. The Indians assert that he generally conceals them in a bag several feet underground beneath a huge rock or boulder. If he walks round the stone four times counter-sunwise it will rise of its own accord to allow the deposition or removal of the medicines. Should he then die without revealing their hiding-place they will remain in the ground for a period corresponding to the number of years their owner lived and will then disintegrate. Once every year, however, the stone lifts, and flashes of light shoot forth that kill some Indian far away, or at least presage some one's death.

Every now and again the Parry Islanders come upon some old, discarded bag, which they immediately assume has served some evil purpose. They examine it cautiously, allowing their imagination to run riot over any refuse that has gathered in it. One man who found a bag of basswood fibre that had belonged to the father of Jim Nanibush declares that it contained the dried hand of a child and two shells such as were used by members of the Grand Medicine Society. A black velvet case about four inches square, with a sling to pass over the shoulder, was picked up on the railway track in 1912 and displayed at a council meeting. It was said to contain some small bones of a dog, a goose, and other creatures which some one had used for witchcraft. No one dared to claim it, so the people publicly burned it.

The sorcerer who has slain his enemy by witchcraft must necessarily guard against discovery and vengeance; and the Indians believe that the safest precaution he can take is to sever and eat his victim's tongue so that the shadow will be unable to inform on him. He has merely to walk around the grave four times, counter-sunwise as usual, to make the corpse rise to the surface, when he can sever the tongue, and, if he wishes, the small bone from the tip of the little finger (or the entire hand of a little child) to hide in his bag for future witchcraft.

So potent is this fear of witchcraft that every Parry Islander takes counter-measures for his own protection, and for the protection of his family. He strives to avoid malice and ill-will by hiding his emotions, and by carefully weighing his words lest he give vent to some angry or ill-timed remark. He sets food before chance visitors of his own race, whatever the hour of the day or night, lest they resent any semblance of inhospitality and later cast a spell on himself and his household. Since a sorcerer may visit a house by night and place evil medicine in dishes prepared for the following day some of the Indians regularly add a little wild ginger (*nimepin: Asarum canadense*) to their food. In earlier days, they say, warriors always mixed this wild ginger with their war-rations of dried berries and dried meat, for it prevented the contagion of the food from several sources, from the touch of a little baby, of a woman at her seasons, and of a sorcerer or witch.

"Any man fortunate enough to obtain and chew a little earth gathered a foot underground at the base of a maple tree that has a streak of black along its eastern side can not only destroy the potency of a sorcerer's medicines, but even seize the sorcerer himself when he makes his nightly visitations" (John Manatuwaba).

"My father, who was a member of the Grand Medicine Society, knew that sorcerers generally employ the small owl *kokoko* to seek out and molest their victims; so whenever he proceeded to his winter hunting and trapping grounds he guarded himself against their attacks in the following manner. At his first camp he burned in his fire a few twigs of the creeping juniper, because it has sharp points that blind the owl. In the morning he wrapped some of the ashes in birch bark and carried them to his next camp, where he repeated the process. So he continued each day until he reached his destination. There he deposited his ashes in the fireplace and burned juniper every fourth day. No sorcerer was ever able to harm him at this season or spoil his success in hunting" (Jonas King).

Nevertheless, it would not be correct to suppose that the Parry Islanders attribute every case of sickness to witchcraft. They believe that accidents do occur, though very rarely. Moreover, a man may become

ill through his own folly, by over-eating, for example, or by travelling day and night without proper rest. In the latter case a *kusabindugeyu* would diagnose the cause of the malady and counsel the sick man to rest until his soul, travelling more slowly behind, was able to overtake his body. Then again the animals may punish with sickness persons who speak ill of them, or show them disrespect by throwing their bones to the dogs. Some of the Indians ascribe tuberculosis to a visitation from the evil serpent. They say that a youth (or maiden) who fasts for a vision and blessing from the supernatural world may unwittingly be "blessed" by this serpent, and that although he himself may escape any ill effect, his children and grandchildren will contract tuberculosis and die one after another.

The Parry Islanders still employ many of their herbal and other remedies for various ailments, often preferring them to the remedies of the medical officer appointed by the Government to take care of their needs. A few of their prescriptions are listed below:

Headache and *rheumatism:* puncture the temple or limb with a flint flake or with the jaw of the bill-fish, suck out the blood with a cow-horn, and apply some herbal poultice. A few Indians puncture the skin with a bundle of hawthorn spines brought up from the south. The operation, called *djoswin,* costs the patient about $5.

Hemorrhage of nose: puncture a vein in the back of the neck with a flake of flint or glass.

Toothache: steam the patient in the sweat-house, then, if the tooth is abscessed, extract it.

Cuts and wounds: crush the leaves of the *Eupatorium perfoliatum* and apply as a plaster.

Snake-bite: open up a live chicken and place the quivering internal organs on the wound.

Bee and wasp stings: apply crushed leaves of *Lactuca spicata.*

Sores from poison ivy: boil the leaves of the dogbane, *Apocynum androsaemifolium,* for half an hour and rub over the sores. They should disappear in two or three days.

Sore back: crush the roots and stems of the "salamander" (*gikidanangbak,* a plant not identified), mix with water and a little coal oil or turpentine, and use as a liniment; or pound them with cedar brush and water into a thick paste and use as a plaster. "Medicine-men often mixed this plant with their remedies. I myself learned its use as a plaster from a dream. Persons I did not know, but who were probably long-dead relatives, appeared to me and told me to apply it to my back, which was aching greatly. The remedy was very efficacious" (Pegahmagabow).

Dysentery: boil the stem of the red-osier dogwood, *Cornus stolonifera,* and drink the decoction.

Colds: drink, or rub the throat with, a decoction made by boiling the stem, leaves, and flowers of *Lactuca spicata.*

To facilitate child-birth: boil with fern-root hair gathered from beneath the yellow berries of the *kapakumish* (salmon-berry?) and drink.

Cataract of eye: apply skunk exuvia.

Tonic, especially to prevent fainting: mix with any herbal tonic scrapings of dried flesh taken from the middle of a rattlesnake.

Tonic for hair: otter fat.

CHAPTER IX

THE CYCLE OF LIFE AND DEATH

The Milky Way, say the Parry Islanders, is an enormous bucket-handle that holds the earth in place; if it ever breaks the world will come to an end. The "life-line" (*madjimadzuin:* "moving-life") is a human Milky Way; it is the chain connecting those who have gone before with those who follow, the line of ancestors and descendants together with all the inheritance factors they carry with them. There are two strands in this line or chain, a right and a left, a male and a female; and they are joined but loosely. It is woman's duty, therefore, to preserve the line intact, to bear many children lest the family, the clan, and the whole human race itself perish. Just as a tree has many branches, some of which flourish and some die, so it is with the clan and family; if all the branches die the tree, the family, or the clan perishes.

To the Parry Islanders, therefore, the preservation of a strong life-line was the primary concern of every man and woman in the community. It demanded from them upright lives, for the parent who sinned might so shame his infant children that they would refuse to live; or else he might reap some disability that would descend to his children and grandchildren.

"A boy on the Indian reserve at Shawanaga had a paralysed leg. The parents called in a medicine-man, who said that the lad had inherited the malady from his great-grandfather. The medicine-man tried to discover the proper remedy, but at every attempt his vision blurred. The boy died" (Pegahmagabow).

A child required the tenderest care even before it saw the light of day. Both before and after it was born the mother talked to it, teaching its soul and shadow such information as the habits of the animals it would encounter as it grew up. Until it was able to walk alone she carried it on her back within a cradle of basswood or cedar,[1] securing it either with straps, one across its chest and the other across its legs, or else by lacing its skin- or blanket-wrapping tightly down the front. For its mattress she gathered sphagnum moss or rotten cedar; instead of diapers she used sphagnum moss, and instead of talcum powder either rotten oak or powdered charcoal. Sometimes she removed the baby from its cradle to let it crawl upon the ground, or she crooned it to sleep within a hammock made from twisted cedar bark or basswood twine. To strengthen its legs after it began to crawl she danced it up and down to the accompaniment of "drum-beats" on a board or on the ground.

In a world governed by spiritual forces, however, the infant's spiritual needs were quite as important as its bodily ones. Although a baby might appear to learn nothing for several months, the Parry Islanders thought that its soul and shadow were extremely active, conscious of many things that were hidden from adult eyes. Objects that its parents could not see

[1] The bow over the head of the cradle was made from white ash, birch, or other easily bent wood. Normally a cradle was kept from one generation to another, but if a baby died it was either destroyed or, more rarely, transferred to another family.

caused it to smile or laugh, brought to it pleasure or pain. Shadows (*udjibbom*) from the world around, especially shadows of animals, visited it continually; and its own shadow, attached to its body by only slender bonds, wandered far and wide over the earth, gathering experience and knowledge. During this early period of its existence the baby needed special protection lest its soul and shadow should permanently dissociate themselves and its body waste away and die. No one should carelessly push aside its hammock, or throw hats and other objects on the cradle in which it lay. No one should ask it questions, although parents and friends might explain everything around it and give it instruction and warning.

"A few hours after Adam King's baby was born some one said to it 'Where have you come from'? The baby answered 'From far away'. But the Great Spirit saw that this baby was born with too much power and he caused it to die. So you must never ask questions of a baby" (Pegahmagabow).

A father, when hunting, should kill his quarry outright, for if he merely wounded it, the sensitive shadow of his baby might suffer in sympathy with the animal's shadow. Because such a misfortune was not always avoidable the Parry Islanders contrived definite remedies for the baby, a decoction of Princess Pine, or of groundhog bones crushed in water.

Many other things might disturb a baby's soul or shadow:

"I left home to work in the woods soon after one of my children was born, and the baby cried so constantly that my wife called in an old uncle who was a *medé*. He asked the baby's soul 'Why do you cry all the time?' The soul answered 'I want to see my father.' The old man told it that I was working many miles away, but that I would return in a few weeks and bring it clothes and other things. The baby seemed satisfied then, for it ceased crying and gave no further trouble" (Jonas King).

To protect her baby still further every mother attached to its cradle various appendages, of which the following are typical:

Bones of duck, turtle, deer, etc., in order that the shadows of these animals might be attracted to the baby, teach it their habits, and cause it to grow up into a good hunter.

A shoulder blade of the snapping turtle, to keep away snakes, since this turtle is thought to eat snakes.

A wooden hoop with cross-lacing of string or thongs like a spider's web, to check colds and other maladies from reaching the baby, just as a spider's web traps insects.

A tiny bow and arrow, and a war-club, which the baby's shadow could use against any evil spirits it encountered in its wanderings. They helped the child, too, to become a brave warrior.

To a girl's cradle, miniature moccasins, so that she might become a skilful moccasin-maker; and to the bow of her cradle, otter's kidneys strung like beads, and the tip of an otter's tail threaded lengthwise, to make her strong and healthy.

The baby's umbilical cord concealed in a beaded bag. This was tied to the bow of the cradle, for if buried in the ground or burned in a fire the baby might search for it in those places. When the child began to walk the cord was buried inside a hollow stump. Today some of the Parry Islanders conceal it in a garden among the roots of apple or other fruit trees, in order that the child may develop into a farmer and take good care of his orchard.

Objects to amuse the baby and keep its shadow occupied; e.g., shells, especially such as seemed to echo the waves when placed to the ear, and a deer-leg that moved the toes whenever the baby pulled the muscle.

So weak did they consider the bonds uniting the shadow, soul, and body of a young baby that the Parry Islanders refrained from spreading

the news of its birth until it had received a name, through fear that an evil *manido* might steal and destroy its soul. A good name, they believed, focused the attention of the baby's shadow on its significance and thereby gave it strength and power throughout the duration of its owner's life. A poor name correspondingly weakened it and sometimes caused the child's death.

"There was a young man who had been named Anahwanima, 'He whom no woman likes'; and it was true that women seemed to avoid him. But one day when he went to the river for water a girl *manido* approached him and invited him to accompany her. Eagerly he dropped his buckets and followed her. She kept him for three days in her *manido* world, which meant three years according to human reckoning. Meanwhile his parents searched for him everywhere, for he was their only son. Even when the Indians moved away, and some of the people said 'He is not worth looking for,' the father kept returning to the place where he had disappeared; for neither he nor his wife would believe that he was gone for ever, or would permit themselves to weep for him.

After three years the youth returned to seek his water-buckets, and when he could not find them, visited the old camp. Trees were now springing up where his old wigwam had stood. The girl *manido* said to him 'Did you think that you had been gone only three days? It is three years since I came for you. Your parents are awaiting you at the little waterfalls, for I have made them believe that you will return. But if they do not treat you kindly come back to me.'

So the youth rejoined his parents. But now he was very different from the lad who had left them three years earlier. He became very thin and sickly, and seldom spoke to any one, for his thoughts turned constantly towards the girl *manido*. At last his strength failed him completely, and he seemed about to die in his parents' arms. At his bidding they carried him to the river's edge. There he said to them 'Throw me into the water. But before you throw me in say *Tikanamakins*, 'Breather of Cold' (i.e. He who lived in the water), is falling into the water.' They threw him into the river, uttering the words that he had commanded and fully believing that he would return to them restored to health. Not until then had they thought of his old name, or realized that they themselves were to blame for their troubles because they had given him an improper name in his childhood.

Years passed, and he remained missing. Then one day they heard footsteps approaching, and a voice commanded them to say '*Tikanamakins is coming.*' They repeated the words, and their son entered the lodge, now a tall, powerful man. All he had needed was a change of name" (Mary Sugedub).

The Parry Islanders never gave their children boastful names, but such as they conceived would enlist the protection of the Great Spirit or his subordinate *manidos*. Most children received names from sky-phenomena, suggested sometimes by the weather at the time of birth; such were Red Cloud, West Wind, and Dawn. Pegahmagabow, the name of one of my informants, means "it advances and halts, advances and halts," and refers to the passage of a hurricane that seems to halt while it uproots the trees and bushes in its path. Other children were named after trees or animals, a chief's son after his totem bird or animal, e.g. hawk. The Parry Islanders avoided names derived from the moon or water, because these objects were changeable. They avoided, too, names from rocks, although the present Indians know no reason for this abstention. Nicknames were common, and frequently more used than the real names. Today the earlier types of names are fast disappearing, and many of the Parry Islanders bear only the European names bestowed on them at baptism.

The final source of the name lay in a dream, whence it derived its supernatural sanction and power. A parent, or a near relative, might have a remarkable dream before or after the baby was born.

"Just after my baby was born a woman nearly related to me dreamed that it embodied the soul of a man named Blue Sky who had died many years before. My wife had a similar dream about the same time, so I named the baby Blue Sky, even though the original bearer of the name was unrelated to either of us. The name quickly showed its power, for the baby, which had been very sickly, gained strength immediately and is now quite healthy" (Pegahmagabow).

In nearly all cases, however, the parents commissioned an old man, whose age indicated that he had enjoyed the favour of the supernatural world, to discover a suitable name for their child while they themselves accumulated the food necessary to entertain relatives and neighbours at the naming feast. The old man generally devised a name from some incident in the vision that had come to him during his boyhood fast, but occasionally he sought a special dream for the occasion, or accepted the name suggested by some dream of the baby's parent or relative. Yet it was not absolutely essential, in recent times at least, that he should derive the name from a dream; he might simply resuscitate the name of any notable tribesman, since the very distinction of its original bearer attested its virtue.

"One baby whom I was asked to name I called "Eagle swoops down from the sky," after an incident in my adolescent vision. I cannot tell you the vision, because that would destroy its potency and the potency of the name. Names seem to have lost their power today, but formerly a good name ensured a child long life. Dreams for the sole purpose of securing names had little value; the really good names came from visions at adolescence.

An old man still living on Parry island, North Wind, has been asked to name two or three babies. To one child he gave his own name, North Wind. Most of us think this was foolish, for he himself has never been remarkable in any way, and his name can have little power" (Jonas King).

When a baby kept its fists tightly closed from the day of birth the Indians believed that it had already selected a name for itself and was holding it fast in its hands. The parents then called in a seer, *kusabindu-geyu*, who discovered the name and publicly bestowed it on the child. The Indians state that the child always straightened out its fingers on receiving its proper name.

Several weeks often elapsed before the parents were ready for the naming feast, because the father always tried to secure a deer or a bear for the occasion. Relatives and friends gathered at the wigwam, and the old man who was to bestow the name danced and sang, holding in his hand the animal's head. Then, laying it aside, he took the child in his arms and said:

"All you *manidos* in the east, all you *manidos* in the south, all you *manidos* in the west, all you *manidos* in the north, all you *manidos* in the earth, all you *manidos* in the air, bear witness that I give this child the name of ... ."

He then kissed the child and handed it round to the encircling crowd, when each person in turn embraced it, imparting with the kiss an iota of his strength. Sometimes the old man made a speech about the signi-

ficance of the name; if he had named the child after an animal, for example, he described the power of that animal. Sometimes, too, he gave the infant some object to wear that would represent its name, although the parents themselves often depict the name by patterns on its clothes. The ceremony concluded with a feast. If the baby did not cry at the laughter and shouting it was a sure sign that it would grow into a brave child.[1]

Mothers suckled their children to the age of two or three years, and for two or three years longer allowed them to run naked during the summer months, but in winter dressed them in clothes patterned after the same style as their parents'. A child that lost a milk tooth blackened it with charcoal and threw it towards the east, saying, " I want a cat's (wolf's) tooth." It is stated that the child who asked for a wolf's tooth often grew a supernumerary tooth above the others.

Children underwent definite training at the hands of both parents and grandparents from the age of about seven. Girls were taught the pursuits of the women, sewing, mat- and basket-making, etc., boys the pursuits of the men, fishing and hunting. Neighbours, especially men, were invited to share the feast when a boy killed his first game, so that they might invoke the blessing of the Great Spirit on the household and encourage the lad to further efforts. To harden their bodies boys were encouraged to wrestle and run races, and every child, boy or girl, had to bathe in a lake or river at the beginning of each month until the freeze-up. In winter they ran naked to a mark on the ice, or were driven out into a snow-storm and rubbed with snow. When the ice was going out in the spring many children bathed each morning for ten days in succession, counting the days on a notched stick; others, who dreaded the ice-cold water, blackened their faces and fasted until noon or evening. It was usual for a kinsman to test a boy's " courage," and determine whether or not he would reach old age, by making him swallow a portion of the still-pulsating heart of a mud-turtle.

" When I was six or seven years old my uncle killed a mud-turtle, cut its pulsating heart into six pieces and made each of his nephews swallow one morsel. I alone succeeded in retaining the meat in my stomach without vomiting; and I alone have reached extreme old age " (James Walker).

The ethical training was as rigid as the physical. Children were taught certain rules of conduct, and frequently punished for their infringement. They should never tell lies. They should be respectful to their elders and not walk in front of them. They should never stand around like beggars when others ate. Boys should avoid looking at girls, lest the girls' faces should appear in their way during their hunting. Children should not play too much, or climb too much, lest their souls should leave their bodies and some accident befall them. They should dream as much as possible, and try to remember their dreams. They should keep quiet in the evenings, or their parents would catch no game.

" Every winter I set twenty-five or thirty rabbit snares. If I find that a rabbit has carried away a snare, I warn my children that they have been making too much noise in the evenings " (Pegahmagabow).

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[1] The Parry Islanders had no memory of any fight between the clans at the birth of a child, and they stated that the only individual who smoked at the naming ceremony was the old man who bestowed the name (*Cf.* Densmore, F.: "Chippewa Customs"; Bur. of Am. Ethn., Bull. 86, pp. 48, 55).

There were various ways of keeping children quiet in the evenings. Parents sometimes frightened them by saying "Be quiet, or the bear's paw will come and get you." More often they used the expression "The little owl, *kokoko,* will get you." If the warning was of no avail, the mother sometimes opened the door and called "Come, little owl, these children are making too much noise." To keep them indoors in the evening it was only necessary to hang an owl-mask made from birch bark outside the wigwam. But parents should never invoke anything but the small owl, *kokoko.* If they invoked the big horned owl that bird might really attack a child's shadow and kill it.

"In one of our camps the children had been too noisy, so a relative of mine slipped away into the woods soon after dark, put on his oldest clothes, stuffed them before and behind with leaves and grass, blackened his hands and face, covered his face with an owl-mask, and leaped into the circle round the campfire crying *kokoko.* All the grown-up people shouted "*Kokoko* has come because you children were so noisy." The children were terribly frightened and fled immediately to their beds" (Jonas King).

The ordinary punishment for young children six to eleven years of age was to keep them in a corner of the wigwam for several days, giving them only soup at noon, and nothing at all either morning or evening. They were told to stay there and dream in order that their punishment might not be without its profit.

"My parents once punished me by tying me up in a tree, where they intended to leave me all night. But three or four hours later my brother happened to return from a lumber camp and he released me" (Pegahmagabow).

Parry Island children really possessed far more freedom than children of European descent, and enjoyed nearly as many outdoor pastimes, although of a simpler character. Their parents often made them toy boats by coiling a bulrush spirally, pegging the coils together, and setting up a mast in the centre. The children themselves strung berries into necklaces, made necklaces and bandoliers of pine needles, modelled animal figures from clay, and filled with berries the leaves of the "owl's socks" or pitcher plant. Boys and girls often played camp together; the boys caught fish and birds for the girls to cook, and the girls made little mats and birch-bark baskets for their tiny wigwams. There was a game of marbles played with stones,[1] toys such as the buzz and the bull-roarer, three varieties of the ring-and-pin,[1] and the popular *windigo* game.[1] In winter the children coasted down the slopes on small toboggans,[1] played shinny on the ice with stones and wooden sticks curved like golf-clubs, or vied with each other in the widely-spread game of snow-snake.[1]

"When I was a little boy I used to hold my nose between the thumb and fore-finger and run about calling *memenggwa,* 'butterfly,' so that the butterflies would play with me. Sometimes they did and sometimes they didn't" (Jonas King).

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[1] It seems unnecessary to give details of these games, which have been fully described by Miss Densmore (*op. cit.*, pp. 67-70, 117-118). The three variants of the ring-and-pin game at Parry island required the following appliances:

(a) A piece of tanned deerskin shaped like a deer, with perforations in the surface, attached to one end of a cord. To the other end was attached a bone needle. The game consisted in tossing up the "deer" and impaling it with the needle through one of the holes. Pegging it through a hole in the "tail" gave the highest count.

(b) Ten rings of birch bark strung together on a cord similarly provided with a bone needle.

(c) A bunch of cedar twigs tied tightly together with basswood twine on the other end of which was a sharpened stick.

Adolescence, as stated in an earlier chapter, was the most critical period in the life of every human being. It was then that the boy fasted and prayed in solitude to gain the protection of some supernatural power throughout the rest of his days.[1] Girls often fasted and obtained visions in the same way as boys, although their visions generally came to them during their seclusion at the first signs of womanhood. The Parry Islanders believed that every woman was possessed of a mysterious power that was dangerous to men. This power was latent in them at all times, so that during the hunting season men kept aloof as far as possible lest it should neutralize their hunting-medicines and rob them of success in the chase. It was strongest during labour, when any man who inhaled the expectant mother's breath (except the most powerful medicine-man) lost all his hunting powers; and it was perhaps no less strong at the first blossoming into womanhood. Every month the moon renewed this power, just as it renewed the medicine-power of the *wabeno, djiskiu,* and *kusabindugeyu*; for it was grandmother moon, by day the oldest and by night the fairest of all women, who brought the first Indian maid to maturity, in accordance with the following legend.

"When the first Indian maid reached adolescence Grandmother Moon, hiding her face (it was the time of the new moon), peered down at her and whistled, saying, 'Follow me.' For some days the girl remained dreamy and wished to play all by herself; but when a fortnight had elapsed and the moon was past full she heard the call of her grandmother and tried to reach the place from which the whistle sounded. A large tree blocked her path, and the girl did not try to leap over it but looked back. Grandmother Moon then taught her to redden her cheeks with the juice of the bloodroot as her own cheeks were reddened; and she bade her go and fast on the hide of a 'lion' (mythical giant lynx) to prepare herself for a blessing. Afterwards Grandmother Moon taught her to fashion a pot of clay and to smooth its surface with a stone. The grandmother herself provided the food for the pot as soon as it was finished" (Mary Sugedub).

As this first Indian maid blossomed into womanhood, the Parry Islanders say, so should all maidens down to the present day. If a girl does not listen to the whistle of Grandmother Moon that comes to her in her dreams she may never reach old age, never perhaps see little children growing up around her. She must trust her grandmother, or the lion *manido,* on whose hide the first maid sat, will destroy her mind and make her crazy. Her call should come after the moon is full, for it will be dangerous if she matures at an earlier period. She must never leap over the log that Grandmother Moon sets in her path, never overstep the bounds of modesty and honour. Hence, when a young couple married, the Parry Islanders used to set a maple log between them for the first four nights, to please Grandmother Moon and to teach them self-restraint.

At the first signs of womanhood the girl had to remain in seclusion for about ten days (some said the full period used to be twenty), formerly in a special wigwam, today, when the Indians live in European houses, in a separate room. If it was harvest time, she remained in seclusion until the close of the harvest. No man, or child younger than herself, might approach her, but her mother or older sister could take her food and water each day and some dry sticks for her fire. She herself might not

[1] *See* p. 48.

look outside her wigwam for four days, might not freely gaze on anyone except her mother or older sister, might not take a child in her arms, look at any game, or listen to geese and other fowl that passed over her head. Her mother or sister braided her hair for her each morning, for she might not touch her hair or body except with a special scratching-stick. She drank from a special cup of birch bark, and ate sparingly of the scanty food that was brought to her, for if she ate eagerly she would be gluttonous in later life. Fresh food of all kinds was forbidden her; her meat and fish were dried or at least smoked. To the Indians she was filled with a mysterious power like a *manido*. Any young boy or girl who approached her wigwam might be crippled for life, and loud noises at the home of her parents might draw the power thither. If she touched a tree it would die; if she touched a pot of soup it would turn to water,[1] and whoever drank of it might dislocate his spine; if she touched the carcass of an animal those who ate of it would be crippled, or at least have bad luck all the rest of their days. Even she herself was in grave danger. If a fox or a snake happened to cross her tracks outside her wigwam she would become 'foxy' and wanton all her days unless a *wabeno* drove out the contagion by his medicine-power.

"While I was living with my foster-parents at Shawanaga one of their daughters reached maturity. My foster-mother put wild ginger in all our food to prevent any ill-effect, and she gave me wild ginger to chew" (Pegahmagabow).

Yet this mysterious power was not always harmful. It might be diverted, the Indians say, to heal a middle-aged man suffering from an apparently incurable weakness of the spine that rendered him helpless. He was laid in the girl's hut, face downward, so that neither he could see her face nor she his while she walked slowly up and down his spine. Her power then penetrated his frame, healed his malady, and enabled him to rise to his feet with all the vigour of a young man.

Girls who obtained visions during their periods of seclusion sometimes gained considerable influence in their bands, particularly if their visions seemed to call for participation in warfare and to promise them victory in battle. The forefathers of the Parry Islanders followed such women leaders with alacrity, believing that they enjoyed a twofold power, the mysterious power inherent in all women and the special supernatural power they derived from their visions.

"At the time of the wars with the Mohawks a young girl named Odobidodge went into seclusion. There she dreamed that she heard Grandmother Moon say to her 'My granddaughter, you shall establish peace throughout this wide land.' She gave the girl two brooms and added 'With one of these brooms you shall sweep up all the dirt. Leave the other at home, for you will need it in the ages to come. Now follow me and I will show you this wide land that you must clean up.' The girl followed her invisible guide, whose voice alone she could hear, and they visited all the Indian camps scattered throughout the country. At certain camps Grandmother Moon said to her 'These are the trouble-makers whom you must sweep away.' She then conveyed the girl back to her wigwam, and told her that after four days she would die, and four days later would come to life again.

Four days later the girl died. As she lay in her wigwam, dead, she saw all the harm that the trouble-makers were inflicting on her people. She saw the Mohawks and their allies destroying her countrymen and roasting little babies alive. She felt

[1] The touch of a young baby will also turn soup to water (Pegahmagabow).

a call to lead the warriors to victory, to sweep away all the pestilent Mohawks with her broom. Then Grandmother Moon visited her again and said 'You were only sleeping and dreaming of the misery your countrymen endure at the hands of the trouble-makers. Now go forth in secret and warn the people that all the *manidos* throughout the land have summoned you to lead them to victory and peace. Call *Nzagima,* the boss of the serpents, the guard of the buffaloes. He will come to your aid.'

The girl told her parents of her vision, and her parents announced it to their countrymen, who gathered together a war-party. She then summoned *Nzagima,* and heard his voice asking 'What is it you want?' 'The Mohawks and their allies are destroying our people and intend to exterminate all our bands,' she replied. 'The great *manidos* have therefore decreed that they shall be swept away, and that victory and peace shall follow our arms. Go forth and proclaim the news that we are about to drive our enemies from the country.'

'That is what I wish also, something to devour,' said *Nzagima,* as he sped away in fury. The path that he and his fellow-serpents travelled became a mighty torrent that flooded a portion of the land and gave the canoes of the Ojibwa quick transit to their enemies. Some of the Mohawks met them on the water, but the great serpents overturned their canoes and drowned them. At Rama, and again near Toronto, the Mohawks attempted to make a stand; their thunder held at bay the thunder of the Ojibwa and killed many warriors until *Nzagima* attacked and destroyed it from beneath the earth. Then the Mohawks retreated eastward as fast as they could travel, and the Ojibwa pursued them. At last the girl commanded *Nzagima* to retire and remain quiet. Had she not done so all the Mohawks would have been destroyed" (Mary Sugedub).

There was a definite purpose in the unusual duration of a girl's first seclusion, its ten or twenty days, as contrasted with subsequent periods of only three or four. In the eyes of the Indians she had reached a crisis in her training, and her conduct on this occasion would largely determine her conduct in future years. If she was industrious and cheerful throughout her hours of solitude, she would be industrious all her life; but if she was idle and given to weeping, she would be idle and good-for-nothing in later years. Mothers, therefore, supplied their daughters with abundant material for mats and baskets, and urged them to weave diligently that their days of trial might be crowned with happiness and good fortune.

Although boys and girls were kept apart before marriage they had recognized ways of meeting one another. Thus a girl might join her lover in the early morning on a high rock or a sandy beach, whither he would bring her nuts in lieu of candy. Her parents would not accept him as a suitor, however, until he had proved his skill in hunting, so that while girls usually wed at the age of about 16, youths could seldom marry before 18. Marriage between parallel cousins was disallowed because they belonged to the same clan, and the clan was an exogamous unit; [1] but cross-cousin marriage, i.e., the union of the children of a brother and sister, was both permissible and common. A man frequently married his deceased wife's sister, and sometimes two sisters at the same time, for he could have as many wives as he could support. Occasionally a woman married her deceased husband's brother, but the Parry Islanders disapproved of such a union because the shade of the dead husband might become jealous and bring misfortune or death to the new household.

A youth who wanted to marry a certain maiden informed his parents, who broached the subject to the girl's parents. The lad then killed a deer

[1] The prohibition has lapsed now that the clans have disappeared.

or a bear and carried it to their lodge, when, if they favoured his suit, they invited him to stay and share the feast. Fear of witchcraft generally prevented the outright rejection of a suitor, for he or his parents might depart in anger, saying, "Perhaps you will always have your daughter with you," i.e., we will kill her by sorcery and her shade will haunt your wigwam; or at some later time they might disturb the souls of the girl and of the man she married and render her marriage unhappy. A youth who declined the offer of a girl's hand ran a similar risk.

"In my boyhood I fasted for a vision, but no *manido* would come to me. Two or three years afterwards I became a Christian. Then a certain man and his wife asked me to marry their daughter, and were so greatly vexed when I refused that I left their neighbourhood and went to Cape Croker. There I attended two wakes in succession, and did not sleep for two nights. On the third night, as I lay sleeping in my cabin, I dreamed that a boat approached me and was about to strike me in the chest. Terrified into waking, I leaped from the bed, and heard a wild turkey trying to enter through the roof. I recited the Lord's Prayer and it vanished, for it was not a real turkey, but a member of the family I had offended in the guise of a witch.

When my relatives heard of my adventure they warned me never to eat at that family's house, and for a long time I avoided it. But some years after I had married a friend asked me to call there with him, and the girl's mother pressed us to stay for a meal. She then put medicine in my food, which made me so ill that I could hardly reach home. Fortunately my father-in-law, who was a skilful medicine-man, arrived the very next day. He brewed some medicine in a pot of boiling water and gave me four draughts of it, the first three to make me vomit out the poison and the fourth to strengthen my stomach. He then brewed me another tonic, and after some weeks I recovered. I met the woman at a sugar-making camp the next spring, when she asked me if I was quite well again. 'Yes,' I answered, 'but you nearly killed me.' 'I did not harm you,' she said. 'I have never harmed any one in my life.' We knew of course, that she lied, but we did not attempt to punish her" (James Walker).

The accepted suitor went to live with his bride's parents, for whom he hunted and fished until the time when he could take his wife home. The Parry Islanders can recall no marriage ceremony beyond the separation of the young couple by a maple log during the first four nights, after which they became really man and wife. Sometimes they lived in the parents' wigwam, [1] at other times they erected a separate lodge for themselves. The equipment and furniture they needed was very slight. The bridegroom required his bow and arrows, a knife (in post-European times an ax also), a canoe, a toboggan, and the inevitable "medicines"; the girl her own knife (and ax), an awl, and a bone needle. Clothing and skins for bedding were indispensable from the outset, but thread, bark vessels, and rush mats she could make to meet their needs. If they were unhappy in their union they could separate at will, and the girl's parents or brothers might also take her away from her husband if they were dissatisfied with his conduct. Usually, but not always, any children that were born followed the mother. The young couple often returned to the bridegroom's people after the birth of their first child, or at the end of about a year; but many men remained with their wives' bands permanently.

When the daughter of a chief or influential man had several suitors whom it would have been impolitic to offend, her father occasionally enlisted the help of relatives in staging a series of contests. The suitors then

[1] There was no mother-in-law taboo.

wrestled and ran races, shot at a ball or hole in the top of a tree, and pitted themselves against each other in various trials of endurance and skill. The father and the older men watched their performances and selected a husband, who was not always the most successful athlete, because the Indians prized a modest and quiet bearing and regarded the bold, noisy youth, however brave and skilful, as the victim of an evil *manido*.

Married women enjoyed a considerable amount of freedom, although their lives were full of drudgery, especially in early times when the Ojibwa were more migratory and depended almost entirely on fishing and hunting. Husbands were generally faithful to the marriage tie and might kill a seducer on the spot; more often they simply abandoned an offending wife and wandered away to another district, thereby avoiding any occasion for a blood-feud. The women participated freely in all the social activities that attended the gathering of the families, the feasts and dances that followed a fruitful rice harvest, a successful sugar or fishing season, and the killing of the first large game in the fall of the year.

The Parry Islanders remember the following dances, in addition to those held by their medicine-men. Some of these dances may have originated in comparatively recent times.

(1) Begging or Dog Dance: a number of men and women dressed in various costumes and painted their faces in odd patterns. Carrying knives, war-clubs, war-bonnets, and other paraphernalia they visited the various wigwams in turn. While one man beat a water-drum the others danced around inside the lodge and pretended to club the inmates, singing:
"The dogs are dancing, begging for something to eat."
As soon as they received some food they departed for the next wigwam.[1]

(2) War Dance: a number of men decked themselves in fighting array and with their bows and arrows, clubs, and knives staged a mimic battle.

(3) Pipe Dance: this was performed by one man alone, holding in his hand a stone hatchet-pipe, or, in more recent times when such pipes were no longer procurable, an imitation war-club[2] or a caribou horn with pendant dew-claws. In the old form of the dance the performer had to assume as far as possible the shape of a pipe. Today he waves each arm aloft alternately and flings himself on to his knees.

(4) Snipe Dance: another dance performed by men singly. The dancer carried nothing in his hands, but merely hopped along the ground after the manner of a snipe.

(5) Rock Bass Dance: men and sometimes women performed this dance together, imitating the movements of a rock bass approaching a cliff. They danced forward with their hands behind their backs, stopped, and danced backward with their hands quivering at their sides.

(6) Southern Dance: performed by a man or woman singly. The dancer jigged on each foot alternately, leaped around with a whoop to face in the opposite direction, and repeated the jig. The dance is said to have been introduced from the south.

(7) Women's Dance: as performed a few years ago during the sugar-making season this was an impromptu surprise party and dance for the purpose of receiving some trifling presents. Several women dressed up, covered their heads with capes, and visited the different wigwams. One of them picked

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[1] *Cf.* Densmore, F.: Chippewa Music, II, Bull. 53, Bur. of Am. Ethn., pp. 228-9 (Washington, 1913).

[2] Two such clubs are illustrated in Johnson, F.: "Notes on the Ojibwa and Potawatomi of the Parry Island Reservation, Ontario"; Indian Notes, Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, vol. 6, No. 3, July, 1929, p. 206.

up a tin can or other object that would serve as a drum, and the others danced around. Finally they removed their capes and awaited the little presents that were invariably forthcoming.[1]

Besides dances adults enjoyed a number of games, some of them similar to those of the children. There was the popular moccasin game, the plate, bone, awl, and bunch of grass games, woman's ball, and lacrosse.[2] On wet days adults and young alike amused themselves inside the wigwams with cat's cradles.[3]

Peace has now prevailed among the Lake Huron Ojibwa for several generations, and their old war customs are fast passing from memory. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they were in frequent conflict with the Iroquois, whom they finally pushed out of the territory between lakes Huron and Erie. The Parry Islanders call all the Iroquois *Nodawe,* "Snakes," a name which they explain by the following legend:

"In what is now Collingwood there once lived a man and his wife who had two sons and a daughter. The daughter married, and her husband, who was a very jealous man, proposed to hunt in a certain district some distance away. But her parents were afraid that he might kill her, and sent one of her brothers along with her. The two men and the girl camped near a lake that was infested with snakes. One day when her brother was hunting the girl's husband ordered her to bring him a snake. Going down to the shore of the lake she met a man, who said to her 'What do you want?' 'My husband has sent me to get a snake,' she answered. He gave her one, which she carried home and left outside the wigwam. When her husband asked her if she had brought the snake, she told him that she had left it outside. He went out and looked at it, then said very angrily 'I don't want a snake like this. I want a big one.' The girl returned to the lake and, meeting the same man, said to him 'It is a big snake that my husband wants.' He gave her a big snake, which she dragged to the camp and again left outside the wigwam. But her husband only became angrier and said 'This snake is not big enough. Bring me a bigger one.' So for the third time she returned to the lake and told the man that her husband was not satisfied. 'He only wants to kill you,' the man said. 'Remain with me. You must not go home.'

The woman remained. Her brother missed her when he returned from his hunting and asked her husband 'Where is your wife?' 'I do not know,' the husband answered. The two men followed the girl's tracks to the lake and looked out over the water. Then she rose from the middle of the lake and told her brother what had happened. 'Return to our parents,' she said to him. 'Bid them come hither at this same season next year.'

Exactly a year later her parents came to the lake, and their daughter rose from the water, bearing on one arm a girl baby, on the other a boy. She said to her parents 'Take these children and raise them. When they grow up let them marry one another, for whoever else marries either of them will die.'

The children married each other when they grew up and had a numerous progeny, the *Nodawe,* or Iroquois, who killed and ate the Ojibwa from lake Superior to Temogami. At last the Ojibwa, the Potawatomi, and the Ottawa all combined to attack them. They confined ten young boys and five girls in separate huts to fast, placing the boys under the supervision of one old man and the girls under the supervision of another. Every time one of the boys or girls had a dream he told the old man, who carefully weighed its meaning. If the dream was propitious he said to the child 'Your dream was good, my grandchild. Some day it will help you.' And if the dream was unpropitious he said 'Your dream was evil, my grandchild. Put out your tongue and I will scrape it away with a knife of cedar. Then throw the knife into the fire.' So every morning the children narrated their dreams

[1] This is considerably different from the Women's Dance so popular among the United States Ojibwa. *See* Densmore, F.: "Chippewa Music"; Bur. of Am. Ethn., Bull. 45, pp. 192 ff. (Washington, 1910).

[2] The Parry Islanders played these games in exactly the same ways as the United States Ojibwa. *See* Densmore, F.: 'Chippewa Customs"; Bur. of Am. Ethn., Bull. 86, pp. 114-119 (Washington, 1929).

[3] Different cat's cradle figures had the following names: beaver, otter, deer, snapping turtle, and partridge foot.

while the people waited. Finally one of the girls dreamed that a white man came to her and gave her two brooms, saying 'With one of these brooms you shall sweep away the snakes. With the other you shall sweep away the white people when they begin to oppress the Ojibwa.' Then at last the United Ojibwa, Potawatomi, and Ottawa attacked the Iroquois and drove them from the land. Many of the Iroquois changed to snakes and were unable to change back again. That is why there are many rattlesnakes today on Snake island in Parry sound" (James Walker).

The independent status of the Ojibwa bands, the feeble authority of their chiefs, and the scattered lives of the families prevented any conscription of their entire man-power for the prosecution of a war. Unless directly menaced by an enemy, their raiding-parties consisted of volunteers only. Yet desertion was probably rare, because the Indians believed that the man who volunteered his services and then withheld them lost the medicine power he had received in his adolescent vision and soon died. Two informants described a ceremony for eliminating unsuitable volunteers.

"In the middle of a large wigwam, completely enclosed, the warriors erected a sweat-house covered with deer-skins, and placed inside it buckets of water and hot stones. They remained in the wigwam outside while their leader, seated within, poured the water on the stones and filled the space with vapour. The door of the sweat-house was closed, and only a tiny round opening in the wall permitted communication with the wigwam without. Each warrior called up his medicine-power with a song and entered through this hole, when the vapour in the sweat-house purified his soul and body. Those whose medicine-powers were too weak to give them entrance were rejected from the war-party" (Jonas King and Pegahmagabow).

Before their departure the warriors held meetings to formulate plans, but, contrary to the custom of the United States Ojibwa,[1] they seem neither to have feasted nor danced, except when they partook ceremonially of horse-flesh (in earlier times dog-flesh) as a sign of their willingness to endure the full vicissitudes of war. Their wives supplied them with rations of dried and pounded meat sufficient to last four or five days, and the party set out, on foot or in canoes, to engage the enemy. Often the women and boys followed them at a safe distance to furnish them with fresh meat as soon as the fighting ended. In rare instances a woman obtained the leader's consent to accompany them to the battlefield. She was then permitted to wear feathers in her hair, a privilege that women were denied on all other occasions.

There were always one or more scouts, *nedobine*, in front of a war-party to guard against surprise. Warriors volunteered for this duty by smoking a pipe that the leader passed around among his followers, and preference was given to men who had powerful medicines—men who were thought to be able to change their souls into hawks, hummingbirds, and other creatures, and thereby spy out the enemy without attracting notice. The word *animkwan* meant a dog-scout, i.e., a scout who had assumed the form of a dog; and during the war of 1812, the Parry Islanders say, the United States soldiers shot all the crows they saw because many of them were the transformed souls of Ojibwa scouts. They add, further, that a reconnoitring party that encountered a strong body of the enemy could send back information by means of a transformed soul, for if the

[1] Densmore, F.: "Chippewa Customs"; Bur. of Am. Ethn., Bull. 86, p. 134.

sea-gull, crow, or other form assumed by the soul fluttered as if exhausted the scouts were hard pressed, whereas if it flew steadily over the camp they were not yet in grave danger. The low whistling of a flute within the camp itself conveyed a warning that enemies were lurking in the neighbourhood.

On the eve of an attack the warriors built a wigwam, or, if in thick woods, used the trees as a canopy. They chose a spot that was clear of all obstructions towards the south, and permitted no one to pass between their wigwam and the sun. Then they danced round a fire in the centre of the lodge, raised a huge boulder above the flames, and sitting in a circle all around, rose and danced in turn to the beating of a drum. Each man sang his medicine-song, and called for aid to his guardian spirit. Warriors had real medicine power in those days, say the Parry Islanders. The leader raised the hot, heavy stone in his right hand and its strength passed into his body, another warrior sang his medicine-song and a hawk flew overhead, or a dog made its appearance on the outskirts of the camp. Each man in turn thus displayed his powers. The party then advanced to the attack, hiding their drum and their medicine bags under roots or in hollow stumps, and carrying forward only their weapons.

The weapons of the Lake Huron Ojibwa, as the Parry Islanders remember them, were the bow and arrow, a knife, a war-club, and a ball of stone wrapped in leather and fastened by a thong to a short stick. The stick was thrown at the shoulder of a fleeing enemy so that the ball would swing down and strike him in the stomach, when he could be dispatched with the club. The knobbed club was generally made of hickory, and fitted occasionally with a stone point secured in a socket with pitch. Warriors wore cuirasses of moosehide, and carried round or oblong shields that were usually made of moosehide also, but occasionally from the carapace of a turtle. They daubed streaks of white clay on their faces, or of red and black paint, mingled, as a rule, with "medicines"; and although they followed no fixed pattern, they all carefully painted alike so that they could recognize each other during the fighting. The perfect warrior was supposed to be so light of foot that he never crushed an ant, and so adept at concealing himself that his presence was never suspected. It was customary, therefore, to practice disappearing tricks before going to war. Two men approaching a party along a trail would suddenly vanish, and reappear a few minutes later walking in the opposite direction some distance away. Some of the Parry Islanders were actually practising this trick during the Great War of 1913-1919, from an apprehension that the conflict might extend into their district.

Victorious warriors carried off the scalps of their enemies, sometimes also a few bones to mix with their medicines. When returning from a fight they sent forward a messenger to notify the main camp, and the women went out to meet them. Later they celebrated the victory by setting up the scalps on poles and dancing around them in full war panoply —a knife at the waist, bow and arrows in the left hand, and a club on the right shoulder.

Although all warriors possessed medicines to protect them in crises their medicines were not of equal strength and gave no absolute assurance

of safety. Hence a woman whose husband or sons had gone on the war-path watched for any omen that might reveal their fate.

"When my great-grandfather was a baby his father joined a war-party against the Indians to the south. One day when the sky was almost cloudless a bolt of lightning set fire to a tree near the home camp. Then the people knew that the party was engaged in battle, and they named my great-grandfather *Beskinekkwam*, 'the thunder that sets things on fire'" (Pegahmagabow).

For each relative who had gone away to war some women planted a small shrub (species now unknown), which they watered every day. People might not pass between these plants and the sun lest in blocking the sunlight they should block also some message coming up from the south where the Ojibwa were fighting the Iroquois. A plant that withered had received such a message and the relative it symbolized was dead.

The Parry Island Indian accepted death with stoicism. If he could no longer enjoy the pleasures of this earthly life, if his body were doomed to disappear, yet his soul and his shadow would continue to exist, and their afterlife would be happy rather than painful. At times a dying man would say to his kinsmen "You will scatter over the land after I am dead, and my shadow will remain near my grave. But one day we shall all meet again in the land of souls." Kinsmen often kept the surviving wife or husband away from the bedside lest sorrow or anxiety should becloud the last moments of life.

Women relatives washed the dead man, braided his hair, dressed him in his finest clothes, painted his face to indicate his clan, or to show that he had been a *medé* or a *wabeno,* and placed at his side the things he had most valued, even though some of them might not have been his personal possessions. Then the people gathered inside the wigwam and mourned.

Most Indians were buried in the ground, sometimes within the area of the wigwam itself, which was then weighted down with stones and abandoned. More often the relatives dug a grave in the open and carried out the corpse, feet foremost, through a hole in the back wall; for they held that a man's soul entered through the door of the wigwam when he was born, but that its departure in the same way might entice away other souls. At the graveside they wrapped the corpse in birch bark secured with basswood cord, and deposited it on its back with feet stretched out towards the east and head towards the west. Yet this arrangement was apparently altered in some cases, and the feet laid towards the west, or the body placed on its side with knees doubled up as in sleep. Tobacco was placed in the hand of the corpse to pay for the passage of its soul over the river of death, a little food deposited near the head to sustain the soul on its journey, and various objects set along the sides to supply its needs in the future life. While the grave was being filled in a kinsman abjured the soul not to linger near its kindred or to draw away the soul of some surviving relative, but to depart without delay. The mourners then laid over the mound rush mats and strips of birch bark weighted at the edges with stones; and when darkness descended they kindled a fire beside it to light the soul on its journey. All night they sat beside this fire eating and smoking, and they threw tobacco and food into the flames that for the last time the soul of the dead man might eat and smoke with

them. No one dared to fall asleep during the wake, for sleep meant that the dead man's soul was calling for company and the sleeper would die within the next few months.

There are slight differences, however, in the interpretation of these rites. Some Indians argued that the soul departed immediately for its destination, taking with it only the souls of the tobacco and food that were deposited in the grave. In their conception the food and tobacco thrown into the fire during the wake served the dead man's shadow, inducing it to remain in the vicinity contented and harmless. For that reason the wake around the funeral fire was often prolonged over four nights instead of only one. Even today some of the Parry Islanders set a place at the table and leave a little food on the stove for four nights after a kinsman's death.

"When my sister died my parents hung a pail outside the wigwam, and for four successive evenings in it the remnants of the food we had eaten during the day. The pail had a tight lid that prevented raids by birds and animals; but my sister's shadow moved the lid aside and fed on the soul of the food, leaving its outward substance unchanged" (James Walker).

With the primitive tools at the command of the Indians the digging of a grave in frozen ground was well-nigh impossible. Hence during the winter months they merely laid the corpse on the surface of the ground, wrapped it in birch bark, and covered it with logs or stones. Sometimes they left the wigwam standing over it, or, if they wished to keep the wigwam for further use, built a miniature wigwam in its place. In the cemeteries of post-European times they substituted grave houses for wigwams, fitted them with openings like windows, and gave them broad ledges to receive the offerings of food and tobacco. Even commoner than surface burial was the deposition of corpses in trees. Nevertheless, both surface and tree burial were no more than substitutes for burial in the ground. Indeed, relatives often returned after the snow had melted to inter the remains they had left exposed to the elements.

On many graves the Indians planted wooden stakes carved or painted with the inverted crests of the deceased's clans. To make a site more readily discoverable, they sometimes set up a boulder or pole a few yards away, and lined up the boulder and the grave to point towards some prominent feature in the landscape. Passing travellers, especially if they belonged to the same clan, would then deposit a little food or tobacco for the use of the dead man's shadow.

Whether or not death occurred naturally made no difference in the manner of burial. Only for a still-born babe were there special rites, because its failure to live was attributed either to sorcery, or to some wrongdoing on the part of the mother, and the latter, being always suspect, had to seek forgiveness from the Great Spirit and from her kinsfolk. The corpse was, therefore, deposited in the hollow of a stump for nine days, and each day at the hour of birth the mother walked nine times round its resting place. At the end of nine days the grave was opened. If the corpse had disappeared, as sometimes happened, the Indians believed that it had perished completely, body, soul, and shadow; but if it had not disappeared they interred it without ceremony in the woods.

When a man died in winter it was not unusual to kill one or more of the dogs that dragged his toboggan and to lay them beside their master. A white dog was buried with a prominent chief even down to modern times. Yet there were certain dogs that the Indians refrained from sacrificing because they seemed to possess exceptional intelligence. These animals, they say, foresaw the arrival of strangers and lay for hours facing the quarter from which they approached; then, without barking, they wakened the entire camp as the strangers drew near. A dog of this character could even distinguish between death and unconsciousness, or the death that does not endure, but issues in life again; for if a man were unconscious only it would lie quietly beside him, whereas if he were really dead it would raise its head and howl.

Widows and widowers covered their faces with black paint, but other mourners merely daubed a black spot on each cheek or a black line from ear to ear across the nose. All alike left their hair unbraided and unkempt. No one might look back when returning from a funeral lest the soul of the deceased should look back also and entice away his soul to the land of spirits; and those who had handled the corpse immediately fumigated their bodies with sage. The period of mourning lasted about ten days, except for the widow and widower, who mourned from nine months to a year, living in solitary wigwams and eating neither fresh meat nor fresh fish. A widower might not hunt, for the Indians believed that death had tainted him and the animals would smell the contagion. Grown up relatives carried him food, or, when he was absent from his lodge, his dead wife's sister, whom he would probably marry when his term of mourning expired; but little children were forbidden to approach his wigwam.

A widow underwent more restrictions than a widower, and was regarded with greater fear. Little children fled at her approach, and some Indians even thought that the taint of death attached to her mysterious qualities as a woman killed the very grass and trees around her wigwam, and that a child who crossed her fresh tracks might be crippled for life. Her period of mourning was sometimes extended to as long as three years; and if she failed to show the proper marks of grief until her release, if she bound up her hair or dressed in clean neat garments, the relatives of her dead husband might tear the clothes from her. Whereas a widower carried a "spirit" bundle only when he moved camp, and at other times left it hung up inside his wigwam, a widow had to carry one everywhere she went. Primarily it contained a lock of hair from the head of her dead husband, or nails from his fingers or toes; but from time to time she added to it fragments of wood that her husband had chopped, pieces of cloth or leather, and beadwork that she either made herself or received as presents. In theory the bundle was intended to comfort her, to make her feel that her husband had not entirely gone from her. Therefore at night, when she laid it down, she sometimes placed a little food beside it to feed the invisible but never far-distant shadow.

A widow (and a widower also) generally obtained release from her mourning, and thereby liberty to remarry, at one of the annual "feasts of the dead," although if the relatives of her dead husband were well-disposed,

they could release her whenever they wished. She carried her "spirit bundle" to their wigwam and requested her freedom. They opened the bundle, reserved for themselves whatever of value she had wrapped up with it, burnt in a fire or buried in the ground beside the grave the dead man's hair, his nails, and the chips of wood, entertained her with a feast, and presented her with a few gifts to take back to her hut. Even though she was now free they still contributed to her support until she remarried. Her dead husband's brother as well as her own brother would drop a carcass at her door, or would say to her when he returned from his hunting "There is a dead deer over yonder. Go and bring it in for yourself."

When a man dies, the Parry Islanders say, his body disintegrates, his soul travels to the spirit land governed by Nanibush or his brother Wolf, but his shadow perpetually haunts the spot where he was buried. Since it still retains, though disembodied, the needs and desires of its former existence, Indians passing the grave left a little food and tobacco; if possible, too, a mirror, which they thought gave it special pleasure. The dead man's shadow, of course, used only the souls or shadows of these objects, and a starving native might appropriate the food or tobacco without any qualms. But the Indians feared to despoil a grave without leaving an equivalent, lest the shadow should take offence and work them harm. Hence, not so many years ago, when some Shawanaga natives sought to recover a medal that had been buried with a relative, a medicine-man advised its replacement with a mirror to avoid the shadow's displeasure. A shadow could even make known its needs, for to dream of a dead man as still living meant that his shadow was in want. One family that lived on the Shawanaga reserve used to save a little food from every feast to deposit on their relatives' graves; and in former times the Indians never drank whisky without pouring a drop or two on the ground as an offering both to the Great Spirit and to the shadows of the dead. Even today conservative natives like Jonas King still spill a few drops of tea before every meal, or throw a few crumbs of food into the fire, firmly believing that these offerings to their dead are equally acceptable sacrifices to the Great Spirit.

"Some drunken Indians with whom I was once camping woke me up in the middle of the night to offer me a cup of whisky. I told them to place it under a near-by tree and went to sleep again. Suddenly a stone struck me. I sat up and looked around, but seeing my companions all asleep lay down again. Another stone fell beside me. Then I knew that the shadows of some dead people craved the whisky, so I arose and poured it into the fire. The shadows were satisfied and troubled me no more" (Pegahmagabow).

"Some Cape Croker Indians who were paddling along the coast one evening saw the light of a camp-fire in a small bay. They put in to shore and landed, expecting to find some of their relatives; but the fire had disappeared. As they were re-embarking one of them said, 'It must have been the shadow of some dead Indian.' So they turned back, built a fire, and poured a little whisky on it. They saw the shadow moving beside the fire as they paddled away" (Jonas King).

"A certain Indian who had obtained some gunpowder told his son to place it outside the wigwam safe from all danger. They moved away in the morning, and, after travelling all day, were pitching their camp anew when the father said 'Where is the gunpowder?' 'I forgot it,' the youth replied. His father sent him to recover it, although it was then growing dark. Late in the night, as the youth was returning with the gunpowder, a crowd of shadows suddenly surrounded him and tried to wrest it away from him; but a shadow woman took him by the hand and led him through their midst. At daybreak she said to him 'Now let me go.' He tried to

hold her tighter, but she disappeared and he found in his hand only a little rotten cedar. The shadows that had fought with him were the shadows of dead enemies, probably Mohawks" (James Walker).

Although, in the judgment of the Indians, the shadows of the dead seldom molested human beings, they were capable if provoked of inflicting terrible harm. Thus they would certainly cause the death within a few months of any widow or widower who made a vow never to remarry, and broke the vow.

"An Indian woman once mocked and kicked the corpse of a white man that floated up on the beach of Georgian bay after the wreck of a schooner. Soon after dark that evening she heard the sound of whistling, and knew that the shadow of the dead man was haunting her wigwam. Her family moved it farther along the beach; but the whistling continued until the woman became so hysterical that from midnight until dawn she jabbered unceasingly, addressing her words to the unseen shadow. At dawn she died, saying with her last breath 'Let no one mock or abuse the dead'" (Jonas King).

In the fall of the year, at the close of the trout-fishing season when their camps were filled with meat, the Indians erected a large wigwam and celebrated their annual Festival to the Dead. The chief's *mijenoe* or messenger collected contributions of food from all the lodges, and the families assembled inside and sat around the walls. First they threw a little food into the fire for the shadows of the dead relatives, gathered, as they believed, to receive their offerings; then joyfully they feasted and danced until the morning. A few days later they scattered to their winter hunting-grounds; but this Festival of the Dead always lingered in their memories as one of the happiest days in the year.

Such, then, was the Indian's conception of the fate of the shadow—not a cheerful fate, yet not one to arouse his fears. To the soul, the most vital element in a human being, he attributed a happier destiny, provided that the deceased had not died before his time, had never been a sorcerer, and was given proper burial. His soul then left its earthly home as soon as the corpse was buried, and in one night, as most Indians believed, travelled by a long and perilous route to *Epanggishimuk*, the spirit land in the west, where the night of our earth was day and our day night. There it dwelt in happiness for ever, dancing and feasting by day in the great wigwam of *Nanibush* or of his brother Wolf. But the souls of sorcerers perished on the journey, though their shadows remained active around their earlier homes; and the souls of the unburied, and of those who had died before their time, could not find the right trail, but lingered on earth near their old abodes, hardly distinguishable from their shadows. So the Georgian Bay Ojibwa scrupulously buried all corpses washed up on their shores to give the souls passage to their rightful home. Since every soul craved company on its long journey and might call away the soul of a surviving relative or friend, the family of a man just buried suspended a thin strip of birch bark, folded zigzag, outside the wigwam, that its snake-like undulations in the breeze might frighten the soul away and send it on its journey unattended. Even today many a Parry Islander hangs a piece of cloth or of paper near the stovepipe in his kitchen for a few days following a death in the house.

Partly owing to the mixed origin of the present-day Parry Islanders, partly also because there was no necessity for any fixation of the doctrinal

details concerning the afterlife, the notions of different Indians on the subject display minor divergencies. The two ex-members of the Grand Medicine Society, Jonas and Tom King, gave the most circumstantial account.

"The soul of a dead man reaches in one night the place where *Nanibush's* brother dwells, the home of the dead. Carrying in its hand a little tobacco to pay for its passage over the river of death, it encounters first a dreadful watchdog, which devours it if in life the man tormented dogs. Escaping this danger it comes to a river spanned by two logs that move alternatively up and down. There it offers up its tobacco, and essays a passage when the logs draw together side by side; but if it slips and falls into the water it becomes one of the crayfish that swim in numbers beneath. From the river it journeys on until it reaches a barrier of fire, or rather of phosphorescent wood; if the man practised sorcery during his lifetime this blazes up and burns his soul as it attempts to leap across. Beyond the fire is a house from which emerges a man carrying a knife; he extracts the brain of the soul (the seat of the shadow) and stores it in his dwelling. Finally the soul reaches the wigwam of *Nokomis,* Grandmother Earth, grandmother of *Nanibush* and his brother *Djibweabuth;* and, passing beyond it, enters the village *Epanggishimuk,* the home of the dead.

The Indians learned all about the afterlife from a woman named *Gizikkwedanjiani,* "Sky-woman loin cloth," who followed her dead husband to the west. After he had ceased to breathe she pulled out one of the front poles of the wigwam and saw the path that his soul had followed westward. She called after it 'Come back to your child'; but it answered, 'Do you yourself go back and take care of the child.' The woman then planted the pole along the path the soul had taken, its end pointing to the west, told her child that she would soon return, and at night set out to overtake her husband. She met the dog with bloody mouth that devours the souls of those who have tormented dogs; it barked at her, but allowed her to pass unharmed. When she reached the river of death she placed a little tobacco on the water and the logs stood still for her to cross; underneath she saw many crayfish swimming in various directions, the souls of those who had lacked tobacco to pay their passage. She tried to go round the phosphorescent logs, and, failing, leaped over them; had she been a witch they would have blazed up and burned her. When she arrived at the storehouse of brains its keeper approached her with his knife and said 'What do you want here?' 'I have come for my husband's soul,' she answered. And he said 'Go to *Djibweabuth.* If he grants you the soul I will restore you his brains.' She then continued on her way to the wigwam of *Nokomis,* who said to her 'I followed my two daughters hither when they died, though *Nanibush* did not wish me to come. So now I live here, and my daughters are in the village yonder dancing with *Djibweabuth,* who is beating his water-drum and holding a dance. Come, I will guide you.' So the old woman, *Nokomis,* interceded for her with *Djibweabuth,* who placed the man's soul in a little box and sent the woman home. The soul wished to remain with *Djibweabuth* and wept, but she said to it 'Come back with me to your son.' The man with the knife gave her the brains and sent her on her way. She did not see the fire or the dog again, and the river she crossed in safety after placing a little tobacco on the water. After an absence of one night only she re-entered her wigwam on earth. There she built a sweathouse, placed inside it her husband's body with the two boxes containing his soul and his brains (shadow), poured water over the hot stones and waited outside. Within a few minutes her husband rose up alive and well."

The jumble of beliefs current among other Parry Islanders more or less accord with this version, but introduce a few variant ideas. Some natives hold that the soul travels to its destination along the Milky Way. First it encounters an old, old man, *Mishomis,* the sun; next an old, old woman, *Nokomis* or *Wabenokkwe,* the moon, for whose gratification the faces of the dead were daubed with paint. Both *Mishomis* and *Nokomis,* but principally the latter, direct the soul on its further course. It passes the dog, then the river, where frogs devour those who cannot pay the tribute

of tobacco, although *Nanibush* himself rescues the little children who slip off the logs. A man removes its brains with a knife and sends the indwelling shadow back to the grave. Finally the soul enters the village of the dead, where its kinsfolk welcome it and celebrate its arrival with a dance.

To substantiate this doctrine of the afterlife the Indians narrate the experiences of their forefathers, and even the experiences that come to themselves in dreams. Many a medicine-man, they claim, has pursued the soul of some dead man or woman to the home of *Nanibush* or his brother and brought it back to earth.

"My father, who was a *kusabindugeyu,* once followed the soul of a young girl to the land of the dead and brought it back in his hands. But it was light as wool, and slipped through his fingers as he was inserting it through the girl's forehead. So it returned to *Nanibush,* and the girl did not recover.

I, too, have travelled to the land of the dead, not once but twice. I followed the soul of my daughter when she died, and tried to bring it back. On the road I met many people, who wore different clothes from those of the ordinary Indian; and although I spoke to them, they seemed not to notice me. I succeeded in crossing the river where a big log moves up and down; but then a great spirit, perhaps *Nanibush* himself, sent me back to earth and would not let me see my daughter.

When my son died I tried to bring his soul also. For half a day my body lay unconscious in the house while my soul fared forth to the land of the dead. But again I failed in my quest" (Jim Nanibush).

The Parry Islanders thought that only the souls of Ojibwa Indians went to the land of *Nanibush;* for just as each tribe had its own territory here on earth, so it had its own realm in the hereafter. Now that they have all become Christians, at least nominally, some of them express the change by saying that a new door to the hereafter has been opened up for them, a door opening on to a new road that leads to a new land where the souls of all other people go, whatever their race or speech.

It was a little difficult for the Parry Islanders, or their forefathers, to harmonize this doctrine of a land of souls in the west with a concurrent belief in reincarnation that had its origin, among other sources, in the observed inheritance of physical and psychical characteristics. Some of them resolved the difficulty by supposing that souls were occasionally sent back to earth with the shadows, or that after residing for a short period in the spirit land they were able to return.

"We often heard a sound as of a saucer moving beside my first baby, and it seemed to us that some unseen presence was tending the child. Shortly before it died we could feel this presence near us trying to take the child away, and I dreamed that it was the soul of my wife's dead mother. So we did not grieve greatly when the baby died, knowing that my wife's mother would take care of it" (Pegahmagabow).

The Indians did not crave reincarnation, nor did they conceive that it could be obtained deliberately. They thought that two kinds of stone called *meshkosh,* one white and one black, had power to grant long life to a fasting youth and to assure his rebirth after a lapse of years; but chance alone governed the bestowal of the blessing. One indication of reincarnation was the presumed ability to recall in dreams some of the events of an earlier life. So when a young man dreamed a few years ago that a certain grave contained something for him, and, going thither, recovered an old muzzle-loading gun, his countrymen regarded him as the reincarnation of the Indian who had been buried there a century or more before.

The Parry Islander, however, regulated his life for this world only, and seldom troubled his thoughts about any world to come. He could accept totally contradictory theories provided that they seemed to carry the sanction of his forefathers. So old John Manatuwaba, while assenting to the usual conception of a spirit land somewhere in the west, believed also that a child was born every time a star disappeared, and that if the Indians lived aright, their souls would return to the stars. His parents had taught him this doctrine, claiming the authority of an Indian maiden who dreamed one night, as she lay on her back watching the stars, that the large, bright ones were old men and women, that the stars of medium brightness were Indians in the prime of life, and the faint stars little children. Whether this doctrine was of recent growth and peculiar to a small group of the Parry Islanders, or whether it was more widely spread and of considerable antiquity, I could not discover.

APPENDIX

A few miscellaneous notes bearing chiefly on the material culture of the Parry Islanders seem worth preserving. They were gathered incidentally to the information on the social and religious life.

Dwellings: the Parry Islanders seem to have no recollection of the earlier use of dome-shaped wigwams covered with birch bark or rushes, but remember two other types of bark lodges, viz., the rectangular form with A-shaped ends and ridge-pole, an entrance at each end, and a smoke-hole in the middle; and the conical or tipi form, in which the bark cover did not reach the apex, but left a large opening for the exit of the smoke. In this conical wigwam the poles were not tied together as on the plains, but a crotch in the first pole supported the second, and these two the remainder. The number of poles varied with the size of the wigwam, a large one requiring about twenty; the number was even if all the family were present, but odd if one member had not yet arrived, the absent person being regarded as having a pole with him. The birch-bark rolls were stitched together with basswood fibre, cedar bark, or elm root. Cedar bark was occasionally substituted for birch bark when the latter was difficult to procure.

In the conical lodge, probably also in the rectangular one, the man and his wife slept near the door on opposite sides, the man usually on the left and the woman on the right. Sons slept next to the father, daughters beside the mother, the grandmother and other kinsfolk at the back of the lodge. The fireplace, of course, lay in the centre, directly under the smoke-hole.

Even if the Parry Islanders, or their forefathers, may never have used the dome-shaped structure as a dwelling, it was the regular shape of their sweat-house, which they erected in a corner of the wigwam during the winter months, but outside it during the summer. Besides its use in some of their religious rites, the sweat-house served for the cure of certain ailments such as rheumatism and abscessed teeth.

Canoes: nearly all the canoes around Georgian bay were formerly made of birch bark, stripped from the trees early in July. A man and his wife could make a birch-bark canoe in about a week. For emergencies the Indians occasionally used an elm-bark canoe, which, though heavier than a birch-bark one, was a little stronger and could be made by two men in about half a day. The elm bark, stripped from the tree in a single piece, was drawn round a frame of U-shaped ash ribs, the smooth inner surface of the bark becoming the outer surface of the canoe. Gunwales and ends were stitched with elm root or basswood fibre, and bow and stern stopped with balsam gum or the crushed bark of the balsam. The ordinary elm-bark canoe held two men and lasted for two or three years.

Jonas King had made dug-outs of pine in his youth, using an ax and an adze. He never attempted to spread the sides, so that the breadth of his canoe was no greater than the diameter of the tree trunk.

Baskets: the Parry Islanders made baskets of two kinds, from splints of the white ash, and from birch bark. The latter were both decorated and undecorated. To make a decorated vessel the Indians removed the winter bark by drying the birch trunk before a fire. Small birch-bark vessels were sewn with basswood fibre; larger and heavier ones, such as boxes to hold maple sugar, with spruce or tamarack root. Many Indians preferred the tamarack root, which they split into three sections, using only the outer two and discarding the middle section as too brittle.

Bags: some bags were woven of cedar bark, others of basswood string. Entire skins of small mammals such as the groundhog, skunk, muskrat, and mink served for tobacco pouches.

Mats: mats made of rushes were in everyday use for both the outer coverings and the floors of wigwams. The rushes were gathered about the end of August and soaked for a week or more in cold water. They were then split while still soft, dried in the sun, rubbed between the hands, and pleated. Many women did not soak them at once, but tied them in bundles and stored them away in a dry place for treatment later.

The rush mats used for covering wigwams were of double thickness, and not pleated but sewn. The reeds were laid parallel and stitched together at top and bottom with thread made from boiled basswood root that had been scraped while soft and then twisted on the leg. These rush mats were heavier and bulkier than rolls of birch bark, but much less brittle.

A few mats were pleated, not from rushes, but from the husks of corncobs.

Twine: besides the basswood fibre and the roots of the tamarack and spruce used for baskets and canoes, and the basswood fibre and occasionally cedar bark used in mat-making, the Parry Islanders made an excellent twine from the false nettle, *Urticastrum divaricatum.* It served them for many purposes, such as the manufacture of fish-nets, and could even be used instead of sinew for sewing moccasins.

Clothing: most of the clothing was of deer- or moose-hide, soaked in water for a week to remove the hair, then scraped over a pole, spoke-shave fashion, with the sharpened radius of a deer. Spring boots were made from the leg-skins of the moose. The best moccasins were of moose-hide, but some were made of groundhog skins. Beaver skins served for sleeping mats, fur coats, and mittens.

Agricultural Tools: the hoe was a shoulder blade of a deer or moose mounted on a wooden handle. Many Georgian Bay Indians used a digging-stick fashioned from the crotch of a small tree, the crotch providing a foot-rest.

Bows and Arrows: warriors made their bows and arrows of hickory or iron-wood, but for children's weapons they often substituted maple. The bow was supposed to measure from the middle finger tip of one hand to the corresponding finger tip of the other; and its arrow from the middle finger tip to the shoulder joint. One man, John Manatuwaba, offered different formulæ: for the bow, from the ground to the nipple; for the arrow, from the ground to the garter above the knee.

Genuine bows for hunting and war no longer exist. It is said that they were often sharpened at one end (like the handle of the war-club) so that they could be planted upright in the ground or used as lances in close fighting. The string was a throng of moose-hide. The arrow had three untwisted feathers set in grooves, and lashed down at the two ends with sinew. Some toy bows seen on Parry island were flat on both surfaces, with simple notches for the string. Most of them had straight edges tapering to the ends, but two were scalloped along one edge.

Jonas King stated that the majority of the Ojibwa used the primary release; a few the Mediterranean, but without the little finger. He and some other Parry Islanders rested the arrow above the first finger of the left hand, but John Manatuwaba supported it between the first and second fingers.

Dyes for Colouring Porcupine Quills:

Black: from the barks of the oak and soft maple, boiled together.

Red: from boiled alder bark, or from the boiled roots of the blood-root (*Sanguinaria canadensis*). A very deep red was obtained by boiling the bark of the red cedar.

Yellow: from the boiled roots of gold-thread (*Coptis trifolia*); from the boiled seeds of *Myrica gale;* from boiled shavings of the sumac.

Blue: from a blue stone (copper ore?) crushed in water.

Tobacco: so far as the Parry Islanders are aware, none of their forefathers cultivated tobacco, but obtained it from an Iroquoian tribe in exchange for furs. There was no smoking for mere pleasure in earlier times; it was a strictly religious ceremony, practised, e.g., by medicine-men when healing the sick. When tobacco was scarce the Indians substituted willow bark, labrador tea, dried and pounded bearberry roots, or the berry-like tips of the white ash.

Terms of Relationship

——	Male speaking	Female speaking
Father [1]	*no·s* (my —)	*no·s*
Mother [2]	*ni·ga* or *niŋga*	*ni·gą* or *niŋga*
Father's brother, stepfather	*mi·'comɛ*	*mi'comɛ*
Mother's brother	*ni·'zica'*	*ni·'zicą'*
Father's sister	*nizi'gwɑs*	*no'cɛ*
Mother's sister, stepmother	*no'cɛ*	*no'cɛ*
Mother-in-law	*nizi·'gsis*	*nizi·'gsis*
Father-in-law	*nizi'nis*	*nizi·'nis*
Older brother	*nisą'yɛn*	*nisa'yɛn*
Younger brother	*nici·'mɛn*	*nici·'mɛn*
Brother (older or younger)	*ni·'tckiwɛ*	
Older sister	*nimi'sɛn*	*nimi·'sɛn*
Younger sister	*nici·'mɛn*	*nici'mɛn*
Sister (older or younger)	*nidǫ'wɛma*	
Stepbrother, stepsister	*aptɛn*	=older or younger brother or sister
Male cousin (all four kinds)	*nita'wis*	*ni'numucɛn*
Female cousin (all four kinds)	*ni'numucɛn*	*nida'ŋcɛn*
Daughter's husband's father or mother—son's wife's father or mother	*odinda'wa*	*odinda'wa*
Sister-in-law (all four kinds)	*ni'nim*	*nida'ŋgwɛ*
Brother-in-law (all four kinds)	*ni·ta*	*ni'nɑm*
Child	*bino·'djiŋ*	*bino·'djiŋ*
Son	*nigwi's*	*nigwi's*
Daughter	*nida·'nis*	*nida·'nis*
Brother's son	*do·zɛm*	*ni'ŋgwunis*
Sister's son	*ni'ŋgwunis*	*do·zɛm*
Brother's daughter	*do'zamɛkwɛm*	*do'zamɛkwɛm*
Sister's daughter	*do'zamɛkwɛm*	*do'zɛmis*
Grandfather (mother's or father's father)	*mico'mis*	*mico'mis*
Grandmother (mother's or father's mother)	*no'komis*	*no'komis*
Grandchild (all four kinds)	*no'cicɛn*	*no'cicɛn*
My great-grandchildren	*ku'bade*	*ku'bade*
My boy friend	*niŋgwu'izɛnsin*	*niŋgwu'izɛnsin*
My girl friend	*dikwɛ'zɛnsin*	*dikwɛ'zɛnsin*

[1] *dɛdɛm* (child's word).
[2] *do'dum* (child's word).