

INDIAN LEGENDS

THE MYTH OF THE SMOKING PINE



FEW there are among present-day writers who have such an interesting list of Indians legends to bestow upon the public as Cella K. Husik. They are also most interestingly told. Following are a couple of legends from the pen of this entertaining writer:

When the chief Asonimo, who presided over the tribe of Indians that dwelt on the banks of the Bombahook, was struck dead by a thunderbolt, the people of his tribe buried him near the banks of that stream. And there today, near Hallowol, Maine, over the spot of his grave stands the smoking pine. This is the story the Indians tell of the origin of this tree:

When first the white men came to inhabit this land they found the Indians a strong and sturdy race inhabiting this new country. To them, the white men brought vice and disease, and soon the Indians' native strength and vitality began to ebb. They grew feeble, lost their former hardihood and vigor, and were soon unable to cope with the more powerful stranger in the land.

Chief Asonimo saw this and warned his people that the great spirit had spoken their fate, which was to be that of destruction. He counseled them not to join in strife with the white man, but to call him into council and to smoke with him the pipe of peace.

"I am soon to die," added the old chief, "and where my body lies there shall rise a great pine which shall forever smoke as a token of eternal peace between the red and white people."

The prophecy of the old chieftain was fulfilled. The compact of peace between the Indians and the English was made and soon thereafter Chief Asonimo died, struck down by a thunderbolt. Then it was that his tribesmen decided to leave the land and move on westward.

On visiting their beloved Chief Asonimo's grave to bid him a last farewell, they beheld with awe and wonder the complete fulfillment of his prophecy. There stood a beautiful tall pine from whose leaves and branches a haze of smoky mist was constantly rising. Hence it is that from that day on this tree has been called the smoking pine.

THE LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

Once upon a time a young Indian maiden was about to be given in marriage to an Indian chief. The girl detested the man, and, rather than marry him, she preferred death. On the very day of the wedding, while the guests were assembling, she seized an opportunity, entered a skiff, and, quietly and unobserved, drifted down the Niagara toward the