

it finally swelled and burst, when the children, and the head of a family, has tears gushed forth and flooded the earth, seldom entered our thoughts. The putting out the fire. The sun god was Indians at home, around their camp fire, conquered, and the gods, in grand council, made a law that he should forever are a cheerful, and in many respects a social, people, and are very fond of story telling. Gathered in a large lodge, travel around the heavens, making day a family, or several families, listen for and night and the seasons. A similar hours to the wonderful stories of the old myth is related by the Indians of Eastern Washington territory. Each tribe, men and women, or of the prophets and or clan, has its own version; but among dreamers. These stories consist, largely, of the sayings and doings of the all, there is a similarity. ly, of the sayings and doings of the gods, and the events that occurred "a long time ago." They have numerous

The moon, according to the Snake Indian astronomers, was manufactured by the whippoorwill. The bird was a god of the night, and needed the light as a matter of business. By some sort of magic, or witch power, the whippoorwill transformed a frog into a full moon, and hung it up, frog side out, for the inspection of the people of the succeeding ages. The Indian says the "frog in the moon," instead of the "man in the moon."

This may remind the reader of the Grecian myth, which says that Leto, wandering with her children from place to place, halted in Lycia by a pool of water. She was parching with thirst, but a lot of rude boors would not permit her to drink, but jumped into the water and stirred it up into mud, whereupon the goddess, in anger, pronounced a curse upon them, saying, "May you live forever in that muddy pool" when, forthwith, the churls were turned into warty frogs. The Indians' philosophy is as good as that of the barbarous Grecians, for, if a woman could turn a lot of men into frogs, the whippoorwill ought to be able to take one of the frogs and of it make a respectable moon.

We have been accustomed to think of the Indian, only as a blood-thirsty savage, delighting alone in cruelty and violence. We have been taught to associate him, in our minds, with the tomahawk and scalping knife. His relation as husband of a wife, as father of little Up the Natchez river, on the west side, there is a high, bold mountain, which, with the surrounding country, has, in times past, been a famous hunting ground for the Indians. Here on this mountain, in the ancient times, lived old Upsha, the god of the ticks, according to the Yakima zoology. He had a large band of deer, mountain sheep, elk, and other kinds of game animals, and all were as tame as dairy cows. When old Upsha wanted venison or elk meat, he could have it without the labor of a tedious and uncertain hunt. Here, thousands of years ago, he was living in