

Encyclopædia  
of  
Religion and Ethics

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED

FOR

T. & T. CLARK, EDINBURGH

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, AND CO. LIMITED

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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**ALGONQUINS** (Prairie Tribes, viz. the Kickapoos, Pottawatomes, Sacs, and Foxes).—These tribes, together with their Algonquin allies, the Chippewas, and their Siouan friends, the Osages and Iowas, have their strongest bond of union in their return, between the years 1880 and 1884, to their ancient beliefs. Many of them had been, in name at least, Roman Catholics, a few were Presbyterians and Methodists, though all, except the Pottawatomes, revered the clan totems as saints, and all continued to wear their medicine-bags, and to guide their actions by their dreams. Those who remained heathen in name as well as in practice had seemed to have forgotten the old gods, and merely showed a superstitious faith in the power of their 'medicine,' as their fetishes were called, the incantations of their *shamans* or wizards, the 'warnings' of their dreams, and a vague impression that somewhere, above the firmament or in the bowels of the earth, dwelt a company of immortal, gigantic animals—the totems, or ancestors—from whom the various clans of the tribes were descended.

As early as the middle of the 17th cent., the Jesuits endured every sort of hardship and danger to convert these peoples, who, at that time, were living at the head of the Green Bay of Lake Michigan (Parkman, *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, p. 34), and they had some reason to believe that they had succeeded. In 1673, Father Marquette wrote that, when he and M. Joliet went among the tribes of the Green Bay Indians, he was rejoiced to find in one of their villages a great cross set up, adorned with white skins, red girdles, and bows and arrows, as votive offerings (Marquette, *A Discovery of some New Countries and Nations in the Northern America*, printed as an appendix to Hennepin's *America*, p. 323)—a proof to him of the success of the mission of Allouez and Dablon, established in 1669-70. Hennepin, the Franciscan friar, had, however, not much confidence in these conversions. He avers that these 'salvages' would 'suffer themselves baptized six times a Day for a Glass of *Agua Vita* or a Pipe of Tobacco' (*America*, pt. ii. p. 56), and adds this statement as to what they really did believe: 'Some of 'em acknowledge the Sun for their God. . . . Others will have a Spirit that commands, say they, in the Air. Some among 'em look upon the Skie as a kind of Divinity, others as an Otkon or Manitou, either good or evil. . . . Dreams with them supply all other defects, and serve instead of Prophecy, Inspiration, Laws, Commands, and Rules, either for undertakings in War, Peace, Trade, or Hunting. Nay, they are a kind of Oracles in their Eyes. You would say, to see 'em at their Devotion, that they were of the Sect of the Pretended Inspir'd. The Belief they have in their Dreams imposes upon them a kind of Necessity of believing likewise, that they are forewarned by an Universal Mind of what they ought to do or avoid. Nay, this Infatuation prevails upon 'em so far that if they were persuaded in their Dreams to kill a Man, or commit any other Enormous Crime, they would immediately do it with the greatest alacrity, and make Atonement for it by the means which we shall hereafter relate. Parents' Dreams generally serve for the Observation of their Children, and Captains' for those of their Villages. There are some among 'em as pretend to interpret Dreams. . . . When they meet with any great Fall of Water, which is either difficult to pass or dangerous to avoid, they throw into it a Bever's skin, Tobacco, Porcelane, or the like, by way of Sacrifice, to appease and engage the Deity that there presides. . . . There is no nation among 'em which has not a sort of Juglers or Conjurers, which some look upon to be wizards. . . . They are, in a Word, extremely

bewitch'd of these Juglers, though they so plainly and frequently appear to deceive 'em. These Impostors cause themselves to be revered as Prophets which fore-tell futurity. They will needs be looked upon to have an unlimited Power. They boast of being able to make it Wet or Dry; to cause a Calm or a Storm; to render Land Fruitful or Barren; and, in a Word, to make Hunters Fortunate or Unfortunate. They also pretend to Physic and to apply Medicines, but which are such that they have little or no Virtue at all in 'em. . . . It is impossible to imagine the horrible Howlings and strange Contortions that these Juglers make of their Bodies, when they are disposing themselves to Conjure, or raise their Enchantments. . . . They will do nothing without either Presents or Hire. But however 'tis certain that if these Impostors have not skill enough to procure themselves Credit, or to find something to say in case of a Failure in their Art by their Patients' Death, 'tis ten to one but that they are killed on the spot without any further formality.

'These poor blind Wretches are, moreover, engaged in several other Superstitions, which the Devil makes use of to Ensnare 'em. They believe there are many living Creatures which have Rational Souls. They have a very unaccountable veneration for certain Bones of Elks, Bevers, and other Beasts, and therefor never give them to their dogs, but lay 'em up in Repositories with a great deal of Care: These they never throw into Rivers but with great Reluctancy. They say that the Souls of these Animals observe how they deal by their Bodies, and consequently advertise both the Living and the Dead of that kind thereof, so that if they treat 'em ill, they must not expect that those sorts of Beasts will ever suffer themselves to be taken by them either in this or the other world' (*America*, pt. ii. pp. 56-60). In addition, there are scattered through the two parts of the book descriptions of the various feasts and dances for the living and the dead, which might have been written to-day, so little change has time wrought, and on p. 112 the author says of the 'medicine' or fetish: 'These people admit of some Sort of Genius in all things: they all believe there is a Master of Life, as they call him, but hereof they make various Applications: some of them have a lean Raven, which they carry along with them, and which they say is the Master of their Life; others have a Bone or Sea-Shell, or some such thing.' He also details at some length the story of the woman who fell down from Heaven and bore two sons, one of whom, after a time, retired to Heaven. This, of course, is a fragment of the legend of Hiawatha, Manibosho, or Nanabush (all names of the same supernatural personage).

The revival of the old religion, either modified by contact with Christianity or else having always had observances which had escaped the notice of the missionaries, was brought about by the Chippewas. According to their story, a band of their people was surprised by the Sioux and exterminated. From the setting of the sun till its rising all lay dead, but when its beams fell on the Woman—her name is too sacred to be spoken—she revived, and heard a voice saying to her, 'Get up and take the drum.' When this command had been four times repeated, she rose up and found a drum and twelve drumsticks beside her. She took a stick and began to beat on the drum, and immediately the other sticks began to beat as if hands held them. At once her strength was restored, and her scalp-lock, which had been torn away, was renewed,—a most important miracle, as the soul is supposed to be in the small bulb which lies at the roots of the scalp-lock, and one is a slave in the spirit land to the holder of the scalp. Then the voice

spoke again, 'Go to the other band of the Chippewas and to all who will be my friends'; so she set out, travelling night and day, feeling no need of food or rest, and listening to the instructions of the Voice. Thus she travelled for eighty days, at the end of which time she reached her people, called them together by the roll of her drum, and told them that Geechee Manitou wished them to take leave of the gods of the white people, politely, and turn again to him. He desired a dance house built for him, and a dance, to be called the Remembrance or Religion dance (*Ow-wah-see-chee*), to be performed in it by strong young men, without physical blemish, who had practised, prayed, and denied themselves all pleasures for eighty days. This dance was to continue four, seven, or twenty-one days, to the accompaniment of the drum and songs of praise to the manitou (pronounced 'manito-ah' by the Indians), while all the people feasted and made offerings of the smoke of tobacco and the steam of cooked food, beginning with the offering of a white dog. In addition, all the old customs were to be revived, and an effort was to be made to induce all other Indians to conform to them again. When the people had purified themselves by fasting and by being sweated in the sweat-lodge (a small close hut having a great stone in it which is heated and then drenched with cold water to produce a vapour in which the devotee stands naked to have the devils that produce disease or wickedness sweated out of him while he recites his prayers); and after they had built a dance house, and had honoured Geechee Manitou by prayers and praises, she taught them the Religion dance, put them in mind of some forgotten beliefs, and then disappeared, no one knew whither; nor did she ever return. At once the Chippewas had a great revival of old practices, to which they invited their relatives the Pottawatomies, who in turn proselytized the Kickapoos and their friends and neighbours, the Osages, Sacs, and Foxes. A little later the Sacs won over the Iowas and Otoes, but in spite of strenuous efforts they have never been able to add any other Siouan tribes to this coalition.

Besides Geechee Manitou, these tribes believe in three great gods. He is the first, the creator, and he lives in a golden boat, which we call the sun. Meechee Manitou is the god who lives in the cold, wet, slippery cavern in which the souls of the wicked wander and shiver for ever. He is not now very active in mischief, but he is the father of an innumerable number of devils that produce war, pestilence, famine, aches, pains, quarrels, and all other ills of body and soul. Some of these are the offspring of witches with whom he has consorted; others sprang from his breath, his sweat, his saliva, even his words and the scent of his footsteps. The Brothers, 'twin sons of the woman who fell down from heaven,' spend their time, one in ruling over the happy hunting-ground, or place of the happy dead; the other in sitting in the road the ghosts go over, at the point where it divides, his business being to show the good their way to the happy hunting-ground, and the bad their way to the cavern of Meechee Manitou. These Brothers lived a long time on earth, destroyed many devils and wizards (some tribes were in the world before these two gods, and had become very wicked), received additional physical and spiritual power from the totems, founded the Fox tribe, and then took their way—one to the spirit land, the other to the road that leads to it. The occasion of their leaving the world was this: on account of the good works of the Brothers, the devils and wizards endeavoured to destroy them, and succeeded in killing the younger, Cold Hand; but when the elder, Hot Hand, mourned so terribly as to flood the earth

with his tears, and draw it, which had hitherto been flat, into hills and valleys by his sobs, the devils and wizards, terrified by the commotion, worked four days and nights with their enchantments to 'make the dead alive.' When he was made alive, he went to his brother, but Hot Hand was not pleased. He said he was ashamed, because he had been heard to mourn so terribly, and he went into his wigwam and shut Cold Hand out. Presently he thrust forth a kettle, fire-sticks, tobacco, and a whistle to call ghosts. Cold Hand took these things and went away. He sat down on the edge of the world to dream. When he came out of his dream, he 'made a place for good souls. Before that they had no place; they blew about in the wind. Since that time, death has been better than life' (M. A. Owen, *Folk-Lore of the Musquakie Indians*, p. 15).

The totems are patron saints. Each clan or subdivision of the tribe is named from the giant animal from which it is supposed to be descended. Judging from the old legends told by tribe historians, all the tribes at one time had many clans, each with its clan Secret Society which did homage to its totem, as its *shaman* or medicine-man directed; but so many clans were exterminated by their wars with white and red men that in some tribes the totemic system is only a memory, and in others there are many more sticks to the sacred drum than there are drummers to hold them—each clan having but one drummer playing at a time.

The hereditary chief is the high priest of the faith, nominally, but he does nothing without first consulting the *shamans*, who are presidents of the totem societies, prophets, physicians, and exorcists all in one, besides filling some other offices (referred to by Hennepin). When it is understood that the earth and air are supposed to be peopled with an infinite number of malignant devils and sprites, as well as vampire ghosts, which are always on the alert to do mischief except when rendered torpid by extreme cold, and as only the *shamans* know the secret of casting them out or spell-binding them, it will be readily comprehended that, so long as the ancient beliefs prevail, the *shamans* will be the real autocrats of the tribes. Generally a son succeeds his father, as in the case of the chieftainship, but sometimes the son is not clever enough to be a *shaman*; in that case, any boy in the clan may be selected to be trained, thus keeping the succession in the family, as everyone in the clan is related. Sometimes, when an especially clever boy is found in another clan, the *shaman* takes possession of him, and, in rare cases, a boy has been brought from another tribe. In the latter case he is adopted by a member of the *shaman's* tribe who has lately lost a son of about the same age.

The white witches of the tribe are the 'women-with-spots-on-their-faces.' These spots are round daubs of vermilion, and each one stands for a Religion dance given for the woman-with-spots-on-her-face, at puberty, by her father. These dances and the severe usage to which she is subjected from a very early age, make her a healer and a bringer of good fortune. She insures safe delivery to women in childbirth, not by being present, but by chanting and praying at a distance and refusing to hear all entreaties to be present; she names the newborn infants after something that belongs to the father's clan (this is the real name, not much used, not the nickname given from some exploit or peculiarity); she heals the sick, and interprets the confused dreams of the women; any one with whom she is friendly is lucky, any one with whom she is unfriendly may look for misfortunes.

The ceremonials of the faith may almost be described by a word—'dancing.' There are fasts,

prayers, and hymns before dancing, and feasts, prayers, and hymns during dancing; these are parts of the same thing. There are dances for planting and dances for harvest, dances to bring rain and to cause it to cease, for peace, for war, for puberty, to restore health, and to honour the dead, totem dances, and dances for every great event in the life of the tribe and individual except birth, marriage, and the too frequent divorces.

**Kickapoos.**—The Kickapoos consider themselves foreigners. 'This is the only tribe among all our Indians who claim for themselves a foreign origin,' says Thomas L. M'Kenney, formerly of the Indian Department, Washington, U.S.A., speaking of the Shawnee tribe, of which the Kickapoo is a division. 'Most of the aborigines of the continent believe their forefathers ascended from holes in the earth; and many of them assign a local habitation to these traditionary places of the nativity of their race; resembling, in this respect, some of the traditions of antiquity, and derived, perhaps, from that remote period when barbarous tribes were troglodytes, subsisting upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. The Shawanese believe their ancestors inhabited a foreign land, which, for some unknown cause, they determined to abandon. They collected their people together, and marched to the seashore. Here various persons were selected to lead them, but they declined the duty, until it was undertaken by one of the Turtle tribe. He placed himself at the head of the procession, and walked into the sea. The waters immediately divided, and they passed along the bottom of the ocean until they reached this "island"' (M'Kenney, *North American Indians*, vol. ii. pp. 263-264). This writer goes on to state, what the traditions of the Kickapoos confirm, that the Shawnees were, in their days of power, divided into twelve tribes, and these again into 'families,' such as the Eagle, the Turtle, etc., each named from its totem or ancestral animal; but two of the tribes were annihilated, six were merged, and four kept their names and tribal government. These four were the Kickapoos, Pickaways, Chilicothes, and Makostrakes.

It is not known exactly when these people were driven, by the Iroquois, southward to the Savannah river, nor is it known when they left that region and separated the tribes. In 1673, Father Marquette found the Kickapoos on a river which flowed into the Bay of Puans (the Green Bay of Lake Michigan, or, as it was then called, the Lake of the Illinois), and he refers to Father Allouez as having a mission among them. He adds that, in comparison with their neighbours, the Miamis, they are boors (Marquette, *A Discovery of some New Countries and Nations in the Northern America*, in Hennepin's *America*, pt. ii. p. 323). On Hennepin's map, published in 1698, they are north of Lake Winnebago, but, in his account of the retreat of Tonti when he was endeavouring to lead his little company back to M. La Salle after the destruction of Fort Crèvecoeur (A.D. 1680), he speaks of their home as being on the west side of the Bay of Puans (*America*, pt. i. ch. 75, headed 'The Savages Kikapoux murder Father Gabriel de la Ribourde, a Recollect Missionary'), though bands of their young men were wandering in the south-east in the hope of surprising small companies of their enemies, the Iroquois. Hermann Moll's map, published before 1716, shows them on the west side of the bay. In 1763, when they were engaged in the conspiracy of Pontiac to form a federation of all the Indian tribes with the intention of preventing the encroachments of the whites or destroying them, they were living on the Miami and Scioto rivers (Parkman, *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, vol. ii. p. 198 and map). Colonel Bouquet reported, when he had forced the Indians

to sue for peace (1764), that the 'Kickapoux' had three hundred warriors and a total population of fifteen hundred. He placed them on the 'Ouabache' (Wabash) river (*19th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, p. 1108). On May 22, 1804, Captain William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, wrote as follows: 'This tribe resides on the heads of the Kaskaskia and Illinois rivers, on the other (east) side of the Mississippi, but occasionally hunt in Missouri' (Elliott Coues, *The History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, vol. i. p. 7); but this could have been but one band of them, for, in 1808, the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos gave to Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, a tract of land in Indiana, lying along the Tippecanoe river. These two most distinguished Kickapoos, Tecumseh, or Flying Panther, and the Prophet Tens-kwautaw-waw, endeavoured to form a confederacy like the one Pontiac projected, and, in 1811, became engaged in a war with the whites, which terminated disastrously for the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe, much to the surprise of the red men, who had believed that the incantations of the Prophet had rendered them bullet-proof. In the war of 1812, Tecumseh and his people joined forces with the British (Eggleston and Seelye, *Tecumseh*, chs. xxii.-xxxiii.). Catlin visited the Prophet and his people in Illinois in 1831, but his map, printed in 1840, shows them on the west side of the Missouri river. During the Civil War, one band, with a band of Pottawatomies, went to Mexico, but have since returned. *Smithsonian Report*, pt. ii. p. 185, states: 'Kickapoos at Pottawatomie and Great Nemaha Reservation, in Brown County, Kansas, August 20, 1885, 235. Kickapoo, Mexican (mixed band with Pottawatomie), Indian Territory, 348.' The numbers are at this time much smaller, so that the report of the Commissioner for Indian Affairs for 1901 gives the number of Kickapoos in Kansas as 199, and of Mexican Kickapoos in Indian Territory as 221. It is a dying people.

The Kickapoos are sickly, melancholy, and severely religious. In addition to a dance house, they have a 'house of silence'—a wooden structure which was built, as a chief was commanded in a dream, in silence and fasting. It is used for prayer and praise, but not for dances. Another revelation of late years causes them to flog their children for misdemeanours—something unknown in other tribes, where children are whipped only at puberty as a trial of endurance. A flogger is chosen once a year by lot, and his duty is to make the rounds of the wigwams every Saturday with a mask over his face. In consequence, no one is at home on Saturday but the culprits; the rest of the family sit among the bushes on the river bank and weep. The culprits do not weep during this (supposedly) religious exercise. These people have but one council-fire and three totems. This refers to the Brown County Kickapoos, not to the Mexican, who prefer to be considered Pottawatomies. They pay more reverence to the Rain Serpent than other Indians, and this may partly account for their sickliness, as their reservation is so infested with venomous reptiles as to render cattle-raising almost an impossibility, in consequence of which their staple flesh diet is pork. (It is well known that the bite of a serpent has no effect on a hog). As an antidote for themselves and their ponies, they make use of a tea and wash of infused leaves, roots, and blossoms of the arrow-leaved violet (*Viola sagittata*). Violet was once a maid, sister to Rattlesnake, and as good as he was wicked; whomsoever he poisoned, she healed. In rage at this he killed her. Geechee Manitou, compassionating her and those she could befriend, changed her into this healing plant. It grows wild