

Introduction

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While not many words in English are of Native North American origin, a good proportion of those that derive from the Algonquian family of languages. The stirrings of an Algonquian presence can still be heard in the more obvious words, all nouns, such as “powwow” (originally meaning a priest, a “medicine man”), “sachem,” “sagamore,” “wampum,” “wigwam,” “wickiup,” “pemmican,” “moccasin,” “tomahawk,” “manitou,” “totem,” “kinnikinnik” (a tobacco mixture), “papoose,” “squaw,” and the less obvious such as “squash” (the vegetable), “musquash” (the animal), “musky,” “scup,” and “menhaden” (fish), “caribou,” “moose,” “wapiti,” “hominy,” “pone,” “samp,” “succotash,” “persimmon,” “saskatoon,” “pipsissewa,” “muskeg,” “hickory,” “pecan,” “chinquapin,” “tamarack,” “tuckahoe,” “quahog,” “scuppernong,” “toboggan,” “mackinaw,” “cushaw” (a crookneck squash), “whiskey jack” (the Canada jay, which bears the same name as the Cree “trickster,” Wiskatjan).¹ To these we can add “terrapin,” “skunk,” “woodchuck,” “opossum,” “chipmunk,” “raccoon,” “Eskimo” (as well as its derivative “husky,” the dog), and probably “caucus.” There are several possible origins of the word “Yankee,” but the *Oxford English Dictionary* calls the following etymology the “most used,” and many Algonquinists, agreeing with Henry David Thoreau, believe it to be the correct one: it is northeastern Algonquian for “English” (compare the Massachusetts “Yengeese”).² The names of a number of towns and cities, such as Chicago, Milwaukee, Winnipeg, and Ottawa, are Algonquian in origin, as are the names of many states and provinces, from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, Wyoming, Wisconsin, Illinois, Mississippi, Missouri, and Oregon to Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Quebec, as well as the names of many rivers, lakes, and mountains.

Early writers used the name “Algonquian” (and variants) to denote a variety of closely related Ojibwayan languages first encountered in the French missions near and along the Ottawa River valley in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was the language most familiar to Jesuit linguists, and the term “Algonquian” was adopted very early into French. It cannot be traced to a specific meaning, however, despite many attempts. Eventually it gave its name to the whole language family. Although in the same century the English in New England and the French in New France recognized the affinities of the languages spoken there, Alfred Gal-

latin in 1836 was the first to create the linguistic classification of the Algonquian family, which he called Algonkin-Lenape. Subsequently scholars have extended Gallatin's schema. Known now as the Algic family of languages, it is one of the most widespread language families in North America, stretching as far south as North Carolina and up into northern Canada. With Yurok and Wiyot in California, it reaches right across the continent, coast to coast, spanning two countries. It comprises some three dozen languages, many of which are still in existence today and are represented in this volume.³

The Proto-Algonquian language has a time depth of about three thousand years. From a center probably in the Great Lakes region, it diversified into eleven independent languages that developed into the groups known as Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Arapahoan, Cree-Montagnais, Ojibwa, Potawatomi, Menominee, Sauk-Fox-Kickapoo, Miami-Illinois, Shawnee, and an ancestor of the eastern languages (Proto-Eastern Algonquian) that spread east and then south. Breaking down this family further, we have Cree (which comprises some nine languages, including Montagnais/Innu and Naskapi as well as the French-Cree creole Michif), Ojibwe (which contains seven), Kickapoo, Menominee, Meskwaki Sauk (Sac and Fox), Miami-Illinois, Potawatomi, Shawnee, Abnaki-Penobscot, Delaware (Munsee and Unami), Maliseet-Passamaquoddy, Mi'kmaq, Arapaho, Gros Ventre, Blackfeet, and Cheyenne, as well as Wiyot and Yurok and the extinct eastern languages such as Virginian and Carolinian Algonquian, Mohegan-Pequot, Mahican, Massachusetts-Narragansett, and Wampanoag.

The health of these languages varies. Some, such as Ojibwe and Cree, are spoken by a significant number of children, and therefore the future is quite bright. For others, spoken by adults but few children, the future is not so assured. These languages include Arapaho, Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Maliseet-Passamaquoddy, Mi'kmaq, Michif, and Sauk-Fox. Sadly, it seems that those spoken by only a few adults (Abenaki, Gros Ventre, Menominee, Munsee and Unami Delaware, Potawatomi, and Yurok) might well join the many extinct languages.

While records were made of Algonquian languages in the sixteenth century, such as the list of names for birds and fishes, placenames, and personal names compiled by Thomas Harriot, a member of Raleigh's 1585 colony in North Carolina, Marc Lescarbot was the first European to record Algonquian literature when, between 1601 and 1607, he collected some Mi'kmaq songs in Acadia (Nova Scotia). He wrote down the words and set out the music in the tonic system.⁴ The oldest surviving text from what is now the United States is a Powhatan "scornful song" recorded by William Strachey in his *Historie of Travail into Virginia Britania*, published in 1612.⁵ From the early sixteenth century, we have ethnographic

texts made by the Jesuit missionaries in New France, which are collected in *The Jesuit Relations*.⁶ Other missionaries to the south made attempts to record what they heard. For instance, Father Marquette gave the words of an Illinois, or Peoria, song in his account of his first voyage of 1674.⁷ Unfortunately the words are mostly meaningless.⁸ There are speeches reported in the Virginia records, and in 1632 Thomas Morton of the Plymouth Colony reported a speech of the sachem Chautawback, whose mother's grave had been desecrated by the settlers, a speech that also contains an account of the sachem's dream.⁹ In New Amsterdam in 1679, one of the remaining Munsees, Tantaque, a man over eighty years of age, told a story of the creation of the world to Jasper Danckaerts and Peter Sluyter. Sluyter recorded this story, a version of the widespread "world on Turtle's back," in his journal.¹⁰ There are materials from the eighteenth century, such as those collected from the Delawares and the Mahicans by the Moravian missionary David Zeisberger, but, as with many Native American languages, it was the nineteenth century that saw serious efforts at collecting, studying, and translating, notably by John Heckewelder, an important source for the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, and Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, whose work Henry Wadsworth Longfellow utilized for his "Song of Hiawatha" (1855).¹¹ In the twentieth century, some of the most important names are William Jones, Frank Speck, Frank Siebert, Edward Sapir, Carl Voegelin, Leonard Bloomfield, Frances Densmore, Charles Hockett, and Alanson Skinner.¹² In the twenty-first century, the field is in the capable hands of those who have contributed to this volume and of others who have not. For over thirty years, the Algonquian Conference has met annually, while the newsletter *Algonquian and Iroquoian Linguistics* is published quarterly.

In addition to this recording by both non-Native and Native, people of Algonquian descent were the first Native Americans to write and publish in English, a tradition continued in this volume. The first Native American autobiography, for instance, was written by the Reverend Samson Occum, a Christianized Mohegan, in 1768.¹³ In 1791 Hendrick Aupaumut, a Mahican, wrote a narrative of a journey that included autobiographical elements.¹⁴ Neither of these books was published during the authors' lifetime. That honor went in 1829 to the Reverend William Apress, a Pequot and a Methodist minister, for *A Son of the Forest*.¹⁵

This book has been a long time building. After specializing in medieval literature at Cambridge, in 1964 I won a Proctor Fellowship to Princeton to study American literature. As I read, I became aware of that "scattering of savages, noble and ignoble" noted by Roy Harvey Pearce.¹⁶ But at the time the phenomenon didn't engage me much, even after I understood why Melville named his doomed ship the *Pequod* after an Algonquian-speaking people from what is now Connecticut,

victims of a brutal massacre by the English in 1637 (and now proprietors of the world's largest casino). Gradually, however, it became clear to me that Indians were part of our origin story, a continual engagement. They slipped through our literature carrying all sorts of symbolic freight, from the founding myth of Virginia and the southern Algonquians, to the Puritan battle against the demonic Algonquians of the northeast, a battle that, if we follow the argument of Richard Drinnon, carried on in American history through the twentieth century.¹⁷ I became aware of items derived from experiences among Indian, most likely Algonquian, cultures, such as the phrases "Indian giver," "Indian summer," and maybe even the nursery rhyme "Hush-a-Bye-Baby."¹⁸ I also began to hear Algonquian names, filtered through English ears and orthography, echoing down the centuries, in many contexts and manifestations: Squanto, Powhatan, Pocahontas, Uncas, Metacomet (King Philip), Pequods, Mohegans, Mahicans, Narragansetts, Massachusetts, and so on. As the years went on, I began to realize that it was among the eastern Algonquians that English ideas and attitudes toward the natives and the land were first formulated, later to be carried all over North America and down through history.¹⁹

But, as I said, as a graduate student I didn't pay that much attention to the Indian component of American literature, even though I had been interested in "the oral tradition" for as long as I could remember. In fact, the first time I remember noticing the word "Algonquian" was when, a couple of years after my arrival, during an Easter break I checked into the Algonquin Hotel on West 44th Street, intending to spend time in the New York Public Library. Here I learned more about the famous Round Table but don't recall being interested in digging deeper into what "Algonquian" (or "Algonquin") meant, even though back in New Jersey I was surrounded by Algonquian-derived placenames such as Rahway, Parsippany, Moonachie, and Weehawken, and rivers with such names as Raritan, Manasquan, Passaic, Ramapo, Nevesink, and Rancocas. I didn't start to take a real interest in Indian America until about 1972, when, after I decided I wanted to make my home in the United States, I moved to Manhattan to teach. In this huge, anonymous, and constantly changing city, I began to understand the Crèvecoeurian desire to become a "new man" in a new land and to sense "the genuine need of taking root."²⁰ I missed the "spirit of place," such as I had had growing up in Northumberland, in the northeast of England.²¹ And this, for me, meant finding some sort of aboriginal contact.

I was born in Wallsend, my mother's hometown, which had started life as a Roman station named Segedunum, right at the end of the wall built from sea to sea by the Emperor Hadrian in the second century AD. A part of this wall had been removed from its original position to accommodate a shipyard's expansion and

placed in a public park, where we children clambered all over it. Trips inland included walks along the wall's extensive remains and visits to forts with resonant names such as Vindolana, Vindobala, Cilernum, Corstopitum, Aesica, Borcovicum, and Bricolitia. There were visits to Flodden Field, where King James IV of Scotland was killed in 1513, and to Chevy Chase, where Sir Henry Percy, Hotspur, killed the Earl of Douglas in 1388 ("Chevy Chase," most famous of the border ballads, tells the story of this battle). Excursions into the Cheviot Hills revealed ancient earthworks, stone circles, and burial cairns. Days were spent along the coast at such places as Lindisfarne, cradle of English Christianity, the home of Saint Cuthbert and the Lindisfarne Gospels, and at Alnwick, seat of the Percy family. Jarrow, just across the river Tyne from Wallsend, was home of the Venerable Bede (ca. 673–735). All this made history tangible and immediate.

I was ten years old when my family moved to Cambridge, my father's hometown, where I wandered around the colleges, many over five hundred years old. A mile or two from our house, in the Gog Magog hills, was an Iron Age earthworks or "fort" named Wandelbury, probably built by the Iceni, Queen Boudicca's people, though some claim it is much older. A prehistoric roadway, the Icknield Way, still passed close by, as well as a Roman road. I spent much time there and read all I could about the place, which had many legends attached to it. Meanderings by foot and bicycle led to all sorts of corners and discoveries, from places like Wicken Fen, still in its medieval state, undrained and unfarmed, to the Neolithic flint mines at Grime's Graves (Grime, or Grim, was a by-name of Woden), whose narrow shafts and tunnels I crawled through. Once, digging fossils from an old chalk pit nearby, a friend and I discovered a skull that turned out to belong to an Anglo-Saxon boy of about our age. The past was something I lived, not just something to study. When I learned Latin in high school, it was not a dead language to me. Later, as an undergraduate at Queens' College, studying, among other subjects, Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse, I found myself part of an institution whose patrons had included medieval queens as well as King Richard III, and whose walls had housed Erasmus and Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law and, in all likelihood, his physician.

So, starting with my move to Manhattan in 1972, I found myself becoming intrigued with New York's Indian past, a past stretching back eleven thousand years. First, there was the name of the island itself with its various translations: "hilly island," "the island," "small island," "clusters of islands with channels everywhere," "the place where we all became intoxicated." And then close at hand were Rockaway, Canarsie, and Jamaica. Trips to Long Island revealed Mamaroneck, Massapequa, Patchogue, Ronkonkoma, Quogue, and many more towns with Algonquian names until, at the very tip, sat Montauk. Soon, maps in hand, I was

able to discover an older, deeper Manhattan, a shadow geography, starting with the fact that the brownstone whose basement I occupied near the Hudson River was a stone's throw from the cove near Gansevoort Street (a street named for Melville's mother's family), where there had been a landing place and a settlement named Sapohanikan (possibly "tobacco plantation"). I began to evoke a presence from before the flattening of Manhattan's hills and the filling in of marshlands both on the island and all around it; before streams like the Minetta Brook (whose name might sound Italian but is probably derived from "manitou," a word applied to anything remarkable, strange, or wonderful, a word embedded in "Manitoba") were diverted into the sewer system. I began to sense a time when such nearby places as Gramercy Park and Washington Square Park were swamps and Tompkins Square Park a salt meadow, and a great council tree grew in Astor Place, where I now type these words, at the intersection of three important paths, close to the main north-south path that became the Bowery. Each day when I walk to and from my apartment, I pass in front of Saint Mark's Church at Second Avenue and 10th Street, built on the site of the garden chapel of New Amsterdam's fourth and final governor general, Peter Stuyvesant, the original Peg-Leg Pete (1592-1672), who retired here to his sixty-two-acre farm known as the Great Bouwerie and who is buried in the family vault in the church graveyard. This land had once belonged to the Schepmoes, a branch of the Canarsies, who had a village close by. In the front courtyard, across from each other, heads raised, are the life-size statues of two Indian men: gray ghosts.²²

When I look south out of my apartment window, I know that close to where the World Trade Center towers once stood is Corlaer's Hook. Here, in 1643, over one hundred Weckquaesgeek refugees were massacred on the orders of Willem Kieft, New Amsterdam's director general, after having been driven south by Mohawks from their homes around what is now White Plains.²³ Although thousands of Native Americans from all over the Americas live in New York City today (the American Indian Community House that serves them is on Lafayette Street, just across the street from my office), the Native peoples of this island and its surroundings had disappeared by the mid-nineteenth century. Not one aboriginal word of the Natives was recorded before most of them retreated to Staten Island and then to New Jersey toward the end of the seventeenth century. By the end of the Seven Years War in 1763, the surviving Munsees in Lenapehoking (Land of the Lenape, "the People") began heading west; their diaspora had begun. We can trace them as they moved west and north: Delaware, Ohio; Muncie, Indiana; Lenepah, Oklahoma; Muncietown, Ontario.²⁴ A few enclaves were left in Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Staten Island through the eighteenth century, but they had disappeared by the first decade of the nineteenth.²⁵ Today the principal Delaware communities

are in southern Ontario and Oklahoma, but people of Delaware descent live all over the United States and Canada.

As the seventies rolled on, and the “Native American renaissance” hit its stride, my interest grew wider than local. After becoming a U.S. citizen in 1980, I felt the need to know more about my adopted country, especially its ongoing relations with the indigenous inhabitants. What I learned both disturbed and intrigued me. I was disturbed by our origins, by our history of mistreatment of Indians, and by still unresolved issues and injustices, as well as by widespread lack of knowledge, misunderstanding, or plain indifference.²⁶ I was intrigued by cultures rich and resilient, trying to retain contact with traditions and values and at the same time finding ways to live in the modern world.

As for the Algonquian-speaking peoples of North America, in the mid-nineties my desire to know more about them was sharpened when my wife and I bought a house and land in Delaware County’s Vega Valley. This lovely part of the western Catskills had few Indian settlements, being used mostly as hunting territory by the Esopus Indians, or Waranawonks, a Munsee-speaking group. The Esopus were roughly handled by the Dutch in hostilities from 1659 to 1663 and in the years following dispersed to the west. By the time settlers moved into the area in the late eighteenth century, few Indians were left. After the American Revolution, a few Indian families lived on as squatters, and one named Tunis gave his name to the lake he lived beside, which still bears that name.²⁷ Although groups of mixed race developed, such as the Schoharies, by the mid-1800s the only Indians in the area came down from Canada as part of the major summer resort business.

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft was born near Albany in 1793. He became dissatisfied with the name of the mountains in his backyard and came up with a more Indian-sounding name for the Catskills, “On-ti-ora,” which he said meant “Land in the Sky.” He made up a legend about giants to go with the new name. The only Indian stories told in this land in the sky were those composed to bolster the taste for the quaint and the romantic and to lure summer boarders.²⁸ There is the saga of Winnesook, for example, the “Big Indian” for whom a hamlet is named near Slide Mountain. This story may have had some older historical components, but by the turn of the nineteenth century, it could be read in various literary versions. Another story, composed by a native of Stamford while a student at Yale, is centered on Utsayantha Mountain and concerns a tragic Indian maiden, Utsayantha, who drowned herself in the lake at its foot. This tale helped turn Stamford into a summer resort.

The idea of the Indian as proud revolutionary was used by the Calico Indians, taking their cue from the Mohawk disguises used at the Boston Tea Party. During the Antirent War of 1839–45, rioters dressed up in masks, feathers, scraps of

tin, and gowns of flowered calico.²⁹ They even took Indian names. Asa Bishop, a Calico Indian who hid out in Delaware County, called himself “Black Hawk,” presumably after the great Sauk chief whose revolt was crushed in 1832 and who died in 1838.³⁰ Ironically, the Mahican neighbors of the Esopus held their last gathering, the Great Council, on July 4, 1854, at Renselaerswyck, near Albany. At this gathering a real oppressed Indian, the Mahican chief Waun-nau-con, also known as John W. Quinney, or Quinnaquant, addressed a large crowd of Antirenters, who regarded themselves as oppressed Indians.³¹

Once the real inhabitants were forced out, then, imitation Indians and “invented traditions” were imported to these beautiful mountains.³² In truth, not much memory of the original people remains, despite the powwows each summer at Hunter Mountain, Belleayre, and Big Indian. There are a few aboriginal-derived names such as Esopus, Shokan, and Pepacton, and the mountain above Margaretville, named Pakatakan, takes its names from the flats below. But many names are the result of the nineteenth century’s enthusiasm for Indian or Indian-sounding appellations to attract and beguile summer tourists. Often perfectly good Dutch or English names were transformed. So, for instance, while Schoolcraft’s “Onteora” didn’t supplant “Catskill,” near Woodstock Ohayo Mountain did take the place of Beaverkill Mountain.

Today most people can identify only a few of the mountains by name (which is not surprising, since as the older families sell and move to warmer climes, they are replaced by newcomers for whom nature is little more than playground or real estate). There are no myths; there are no storied or “symbolic landscapes,” “narrated place-worlds” such as those inhabited by aboriginal peoples and, perhaps, my own ancient European ancestors.³³ Having said which, even though I may be a kind of deracinated postmodernist in a “condition of off-centeredness,” I do not wish to sound like one.³⁴ Nor do I mean to sound like Henry James lamenting what he regarded as the American cultural vacuum and historical wasteland.³⁵ Clearly, different stories are told now, to go with a different attitude toward the land and toward reality itself. But with the collapse of the dairy industry, the forests are coming back, as are many of the animals, including the wolf.³⁶ I like to imagine the place as it once might have been, create a few echoes, give those echoes substance.³⁷ As I stand in our high back field, flat-top Bearpen behind me, looking all around I see forested mountains whose outlines have not changed since the Waranawonks looked at them. In addition, perusing signatures on old documents and treaties, I have come up with the Native names of people who could have known these parts. Using information on the life ways of closely related peoples, I have tried to imagine how they lived, or find out what they believed. I want to know the kind of stories they told, hear the kind of sounds they used in their lan-

guage, try to get some sense of how linguistic habits and structures shaped their world (though my efforts to learn Delaware have been desultory, at best). John Bierhorst, my neighbor in the county to the east, has experienced the same desire. He has said that his own wish to know Delaware literature comes simply from living in Ulster County, within Lenape territory. "I wanted to know what stories had been told—or might have been told—here."³⁸ Perhaps it is mere sentimental fancy, but stories such as "The Naked Bear," "The Giant Squirrel," or "The Wood Dwarf" seem to change the way I look at things—I sometimes cannot see a squirrel at our feeder without thinking of its giant relative that ate everything in sight or watch quail without thinking of "The Boy Who Became a Flock of Quail."³⁹ Still it is hard to imagine a world full of manitous, a world understood as spirit and "person," a set of relationships, interwoven existences alive at many levels.

Over the years, from this intensely local interest in the Algonquian-speaking peoples of where I live, my interest in all things Native American has grown. The creation of this volume has been something very personal for me, and with it my involvement in American Indian literatures comes full circle, since it is in all likelihood the final volume in a series that began twenty years ago with *Smoothing the Ground: Essays on Native American Oral Literature*.⁴⁰

There are many people to thank for their help and support over the years and for making possible not only this book but the others that have preceded it. First, of course, is my wife, Roberta. Then my friends Arnold Krupat, Dell Hymes, Julian Rice, and the late Alfonso Ortiz. I would also like to thank Gary Dunham, director of the University of Nebraska Press, and the anonymous reviewers of this book in its manuscript stage (who turned out to be Herb Luthin and Blair Rudes). Finally, I would like to express my gratitude to all the contributors whose skills, generosity, and enthusiasm for the project have created this volume, which completes a trilogy started in 1994 with *Coming to Light: Contemporary Translations of the Native Literatures of North America* and followed in 2004 by *Voices from Four Directions*. Each of these volumes contains Algonquian translations. In the former there are Delaware, Ojibwe, Passamaquoddy, Rock Cree, Menominee, and Sauk/Fox, while in the latter we have Mi'kmaq, Maliseet, Menominee, Ojibwe, Meskwaki/Fox, and Naskapi. So far as I am aware, however, while the present volume may not be the first to be devoted to the literature of one Native North American family of languages, it is the widest ranging. If some languages seem overrepresented and others underrepresented, and if one or two are not represented at all, it is not due to any lack of effort on my part. I tried to have every Algonquian language present, but I was dependent on a number of factors, including the state of the languages themselves, the kind of study and attention given to them, as well as the willing-

ness of specialists in those languages to involve themselves in this venture. I was also dependent on the attitude of Native peoples toward promulgation of materials that in some cases are considered sacred, even if they have previously been published in anthropological treatments.

Finally, I would like to make two points. First, a note on this book's subtitle. "Contemporary translations" should be understood somewhat widely. It means, of course, that the great majority of the work is, in fact, newly translated from a Native language for this collection, though there are some contributions told or written in English. The focus of this volume is on translation of songs, stories, and oratory, from the famous translation hoax the *Walam Olum* and a translation of a speech from an unknown Algonquian language, to retranslations of "classic" texts, to translations of stories written or told by Native storytellers today or in the past, and songs that are still sung today. These texts span the centuries, from the seventeenth and the eighteenth into the twenty-first. As for the book's organization, reversing probable migration routes, I have started from the east, close to home, and meandered west, grouping the languages into Eastern Algonquian, Central Algonquian (Cree and Ojibwe are here, although they range from the Atlantic to Alberta), and Western Algonquian. And as for the book's aim and purpose, I hope that, with the essential help provided by the introductions, and with the aid of the suggested reading lists, the reader will be able to appreciate fascinating indigenous languages and wonderful indigenous literatures. For this book is intended for anyone interested in *literature*, in all its variations and manifestations.

The second point to be made is that the reader of this book will find a certain diversity of styles and approaches. This is what one should expect in a discipline, Native American studies, which is really an umbrella term for a set of subdisciplines such as anthropology, linguistics, folklore, and literature. The contributors come from a number of backgrounds and fields. There are not only anthropologists and linguists but also storytellers, singers, educators, and language activists. Some introductions may be more technical than others, but the aim is always to demonstrate the skill and particularities of the original. I have chosen to celebrate this variety while at the same time creating a uniform pattern of overall structure.

This volume is only a small selection from the riches that constitute the literary traditions of the Algonquian-speaking peoples of North America, a heritage that lives on, not only via oral transmission and creation in the Native languages but also in English, which in a number of cases has become the language of transmission. It continues also in the writings of authors with Algonquian heritage such as Louise Erdrich, Gerald Vizenor, the late James Welch, Ray Young Bear, Joseph Bruchac, Jack Forbes, Winona LaDuke, Barney Bush, Kim Blaeser, and Gordon

Henry in the United States, and in Canada Thomson Highway, Basil Johnston, Rita Joe, Beth Cuthand, Armand Garnet-Rutto, Drew Hayden Taylor, Kateri Akiwenzie-Damm, and others at the forefront of contemporary Native American and First Nations literature.

Notes

1. A controversy has grown around the word “squaw,” which has been used as an insult supposedly deriving from its meaning “female genitalia.” The word, however, simply means “woman,” as both the Abenaki storyteller Marge Bruchac and the linguist William Bright have pointed out. See Marge Bruchac, “Reclaiming the Word ‘Squaw’ in the Name of Our Ancestors” (www.nativeweb.org), and William Bright, “The Sociolinguistics of the ‘S-Word’: ‘Squaw’ in American Placenames” (www.ncidc.org/bright).
2. “This is New Angleland, and these are the New West Saxons whom the Red Men call, not Angle-ish or English, but Yengeese, and so at last they are known for Yankees,” from *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (1848; repr., New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1963), 42. The other main candidate is Dutch. See, for example, David L. Gold, “A Final Word on ‘Yankee,’” *SSILA Newsletter* 22, no. 2 (July 2003): 4.
3. For information on the earliest recordings of Algonquian languages, consult Ives Goddard, “The Description of the Native Languages of North America before Boas,” in *Languages*, vol. 17 of *Handbook of North American Indians* (Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1996), 17–42. In the same volume, see Michael K. Foster on “Algic” in “Language and the Culture History of North America,” 97–100. See this volume also for information on other Algonquian languages and cultures, as well as vol. 15, *Northeast* (1978). Also, Richard A. Rhodes and Evelyn M. Todd, “Subarctic Algonquian Languages,” in vol. 6, *Subarctic* (1981).
4. Marc Lescarbot, *Nova Francia: A Description of Acadia, 1609*, trans. P. Erondelle (London: Routledge & Sons, 1929).
5. William Strachey, *The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, 1612*, ed. R. H. Major (London: Hakluyt Society, 1849).
6. Reuben Gold Thwaites, ed., *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents* (New York: Pageant, 1959).
7. The text is in *The Indians of North America*, ed. Edna Kenton (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1927), 551–52.
8. In correspondence Michael McCafferty notes that Marquette’s original recording probably got transcribed in Quebec and then sent to France. He suggests that in France it was transcribed again and in that process lost most of the clarity it had.

He did, however, find two or three meaningful morphemes, one of which might have something to do with sandhill cranes.

9. Thomas Morton, *New England Canaan; a New Canaan, Containing an Abstract of New England* (1632; repr., New York: Peter Smith, 1947), 72–3. A book that covers the Algonquians of New England, their history, worldview, and literature is William S. Simmons, *Spirit of the New England Tribes: Indian History and Folklore, 1620–1984* (Hanover NH: University Press of New England, 1986).
10. Ann-Marie Cantwell and Diana diZerega Wall, *Unearthing Gotham: The Archeology of New York City* (New Haven CT: Yale University Press, 2001), 36.
11. John Hechewelder, *An Account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations*, 1819. Reprinted as *History, Manners and Customs of the Indian Nations Who Once Inhabited Pennsylvania and the Neighboring States* (Philadelphia: Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1876; New York: Arno Press, 1971); Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, *Algic Researches* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1839). Schoolcraft married Jane Johnston, daughter of an Irish trader and Oshanguscodaywayqua, daughter of Waubojeg, chief of the Ojibwe at La Pointe, Wisconsin. Mother and daughter were largely responsible for compiling and translating the material Schoolcraft used, since his command of the Ojibwe language was weak. The published versions, however, were Schoolcraft's creation, reflecting his desire to "civilize" the Indian. For more on the subject, see William M. Clements, *Native American Verbal Art: Texts and Contexts* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1996), 111–28.
12. For a survey of the history of the translation of Native American literature, see my introduction to *Coming to Light: Contemporary Translations of the Native Literatures of North America*, ed. Brian Swann (New York: Vintage Books, 1996), as well as Arnold Krupat's "On the Translation of Native American Song and Story: A Theorized History," in *On the Translation of Native American Literatures*, ed. Brian Swann (Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1992), 3–42. For a brief description of the problematic nature of translation, I refer the reader to my introduction to *Voices from Four Directions: Contemporary Translations of the Native Literatures of North America*, ed. Brian Swann, (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2004), xiv–xix.
13. Samson Occum, "A Short Narrative of My Life," in *The Elders Wrote: An Anthology of Early Prose by North American Indians*, ed. Berndt Peyer (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer Verlag, 1982), 12–18.
14. Hendrick Aupaumut, *A Narrative of an Embassy to the Western Indians*, *Pennsylvania Historical Society Memoirs* (1827), 61–131.
15. *On Our Own Ground: The Complete Writings of William Apess*, ed. Barry O'Connell (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1992). It should be noted that Occum, Aupaumut, and Apess have antecedents. The uses of literacy in English among

- the Christianized natives of New England in the seventeenth century is discussed by Kathleen J. Bragdon in her essay “The Interstices of Literacy: Books and Writing and Their Use in Native American Southern New England,” in *Anthropology, History, and America Indians: Essays in Honor of William Curtis Sturtevant*, ed. William L. Merrill and Ives Goddard, *Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology*, no. 14 (Washington DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 2002), 121–30.
16. *Savagism and Civilization: A Study of the Indian and the American Mind* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988), 197. This book was originally published in 1953 as *The Savages of America: A Study of the Indian and the Idea of Civilization*.
 17. *Facing West: The Metaphysics of Indian-Hating and Empire Building* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1980). As active and powerful agents of Satan, Algonquians played an unwitting role in the American Revolution. As Northrop Frye writes: “The Revolution itself built a good deal on the New England Puritan feeling that their colony was an attempt to construct a new society in spite of the devil, so to speak, and was consequently exposed to his greater malice” (*The Great Code: The Bible and Literature* [San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1983], 118). Richard Slotkin makes similar points in *Regeneration through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600–1860* (Middletown CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1973), and in his 1992 study *Gunfighter Nation: The Myth of the Frontier in Twentieth-Century America* (New York: Harper Collins), where he notes how the myth of the frontier began with the Puritan colonists’ “spiritual regeneration” (11) via “savage war” (12) against the Algonquian-speaking people of the East Coast.
 18. “Indian gift” is first noted in the mid-eighteenth century and “Indian giver” about a hundred years later. Both derive from a misunderstanding of Indian land use. “Indian summer,” first noted in the mid-eighteenth century, also contains the idea of deceit and falsehood (an Indian summer is a false summer). As for “the best-known lullaby in English,” “Hush-a-Bye-Baby” (or “Rock-a-Bye Baby”), it first appeared in print in 1765, but there is a strong tradition that it was composed by someone who sailed on the *Mayflower* and who was impressed by the way Indian women near the colony hung birch-bark cradles from tree branches. See William S. Baring-Gould and Ceil Baring-Gould, *The Annotated Mother Goose* (New York: World Publishing, 1971), 224.
 19. See, for example, William Cronon, *Changes in the Land: Indians, Colonists, and the Ecology of New England* (New York: Hill & Wang, 1983).
 20. “The genuine need of taking root” is from a regionalist manifesto of 1929, quoted in Robert L. Dorman’s *Revolt of the Provinces: The Regionalist Movement in America, 1920–1945* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1993), 110. In chapter 1, Dorman discusses Crèvecoeur.
 21. The phrase “spirit of place” is from D. H. Lawrence, *Studies in Classic American Lit-*

erature (1925; repr., New York: Viking, 1961), 5–6: “Every continent has its own great spirit of place. . . . The spirit of place is a great reality.”

22. These two statues were erected in 1920 and designated “Aspiration” and “Inspiration” by their sculptor Solon Borglum (whose brother, Gutzon, was the carver of the faces on Mount Rushmore). Borglum was born in Utah in 1868 and traveled widely in the West. He made his considerable reputation as a depicter of the mythical vanished frontier and its “vanishing” Native inhabitants. The statues were erected during the pastorate of William Norman Guthrie, a progressive clergyman who had worked out a ritual based on the theory of the essential unity of all religions. For Borglum, see A. Mervyn Davies, *Solon H. Borglum: “The Man Who Stands Alone”* (Chester CT: Pequot Press, 1974), and for Guthrie, see *The WPA Guide to New York City* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1939), 123.
23. For information on New York City, see R. P. Bolton, “New York City in Indian Possession,” in *Indian Notes and Monographs*, vol. 2, no. 7 (New York: Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1920); R. P. Bolton, “Indian Paths in the Great Metropolis,” *Contributions from the Museum*, vol. 23 (New York: Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1922); Robert Steven Grumet, *Native American Place Names in New York City* (New York: Museum of the City of New York, 1981).
24. *Unearthing Gotham*, 148. Today there are two federally recognized Delaware groups: the Delaware Tribe of Indians, of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and the Delaware Tribe of Western Oklahoma of Anadarko, Oklahoma. The first group, numbering about ten thousand, are descendants of the main body of the tribe that migrated from Indiana to western Missouri in the early nineteenth century and thence to Kansas and Cherokee territory. The second group, the “Absentee” or Western Delawares, numbering about twelve hundred, are descendants of those who broke away from the main body in the eighteenth century, migrating through Missouri, Kansas, and Texas and finally removing to the Wichita Agency in Anadarko. There are other Delaware descendants, including the Kansas Delawares and the Idaho Delawares, and those living among the Stockbridge-Munsees of Wisconsin and even among peoples of the North and the West, including the Nez Percés. In Ontario Delawares reside at Moraviantown, at Muncey Town, and on the Six Nations Reserve (Deborah Nichols, introduction to *Legends of the Delaware Indians and Picture Writing*, by Richard C. Adams, ed. Deborah Nichols [Syracuse NY: Syracuse University Press, 1995], xvii–xviii. This book was originally published in 1905.)
25. Theodore L. Kazimiroff, in *The Last Algonquian* (New York: Dell, 1983), tells the story of Joe Two Trees, “last known member of the Weckquaeskeg tribe of the Algonquin Nation” (xxv), “last of the Turtle clan” (46), whom the author’s father met in 1924 on Hunter’s Island on Long Island Sound in the Bronx. I have been

- unable to authenticate this story, which has elements of Black Elk, Ishi, and Sealath and reads like a novel, so perhaps skepticism is in order.
26. "I blush to think of our origins—our hands are steeped in blood and crime" (Henry Miller, *Tropic of Capricorn* [New York: Grove Press, 1961], 287). "History, history! We fools, what do we know or care? History begins for us with murder and enslavement, not discovery" (William Carlos Williams, *In the American Grain* [Norfolk CT: New Directions, 1925], 39).
 27. This might have been a Dutch name the man adopted, since on page 204 of her *Mohicans and Their Land, 1609–1730* (Fleischmanns NY: Purple Mountain Press, 1994), Shirley W. Dunn mentions a dispatch sent to the Dutch living on Catskill Creek via one Jan Dereth and an Indian named Teunis, whose Mohican name was Sickaneek.
 28. This taste infected even the Catskill's most famous naturalist-writer, John Burroughs, (1837–1921), whose grandparents had cut a road through the wilderness to settle near Roxbury in 1795. In his essay "Wild Life about My Cabin," he compares Black Pond, near the Hudson River, to "an Indian maiden" in a passage Freudians and feminists could have a field day with: "Here I get the moist, spongy, tranquil, luxurious side of nature. Here she stands or sits knee-deep in water, and wreathes herself with pond-lilies in summer, and bedecks herself with scarlet maples in autumn. She is an Indian maiden, dark, subtle, dreaming, with glances now and then that thrill the wild blood in one's veins" (*The Birds of John Burroughs*, ed. Jack Kilgerman [Woodstock NY: Overlook Press, 1988], 134).
 29. Much of my information on the Catskills is drawn from Alf Evers, *In Catskill Country* (Woodstock NY: Overlook Press, 1995), and *The Catskills* (New York: Doubleday, 1972), as well as from Arthur G. Adams, *The Catskills* (New York: Fordham University Press, 1990.) James Fenimore Cooper's 1846 novel, *The Redskins*, is concerned with Antirent sentiment.
 30. Black Hawk's war was covered widely in the press, and J. B. Patterson had published *Blackhawk: An Autobiography* in 1833. It was republished by the University of Illinois Press in 1955.
 31. Dunn, *Mohicans and Their Land*, 34. After the violence of 1839–45, by 1854 Antirent excitement had lessened but was not to disappear for many years. The text of Quinney's speech can be found in *The World Turned Upside Down: Indian Voices from Early America*, ed. Colin G. Calloway (New York: Bedford/St. Martin's, 1994), 40–41. The book includes other speeches by Algonquians from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.
 32. The phrase "invented traditions" is from *The Invention of Tradition*, ed. Eric Hobsbaum and Terence Ranger (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983). From the late eighteenth century into the nineteenth, attempts were made in Europe to

- create new mythologies and new histories, especially in connection with the rise of nation states and the establishment of national identities.
33. For discussion of “symbolic landscapes,” land as an integrative concept in which active relationships pervade and where all elements have the status of “persons,” see the introduction to Susan Preston’s contribution to the present volume. The term “narrated place-worlds” is from Keith Basso, *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language among the Western Apache* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996), 32. In chapter 5, “Anchoring the Past in Place: Geography and History,” Peter Nabokov discusses “deep geography,” the function of stories, dream narratives, songs and song-cycles in the creation of “place,” (*A Forest of Time: American Indian Ways of History*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000).
 34. The phrase is from James Clifford, *The Predicament of Culture* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1988), 9.
 35. I refer, of course, to James’s lament that in this almost “no state,” there are “no castles, nor mansions, nor old country houses, no palaces, no castles,” and so on in his 1879 book *Hawthorne* (Ithaca NY: Cornell University Press, 1963), 34. James was by no means the first to make this lament. In his journal Thoreau takes to task his contemporaries who ignore the Indian past all round them and complain “that we have no antiquities in America, no ruins to remind us of our past” (quoted by Edwin Fussell in his essay “The Red Face of Man,” in *Thoreau: A Collection of Critical Essays*, ed. Sherman Paul (Englewood Cliffs NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1962), 148.
 36. The Munsees had three phratries: Wolf, Turkey, and Turtle (or Bear). In the 1960s, according to Ives Goddard, two lineages were still recognized, the Red Ochre People and the Yellow Tree People, both of the Wolf phratry. See Goddard, “Delaware,” in vol. 15 of the *Handbook of North American Indians*, 225.
 37. Perhaps this desire to link to the aboriginal past is behind the continuing appeal of Chief Seattle’s famous and largely fabricated speech, particularly the part where he says “the white man will never be alone”: “At night when the streets of your cities and villages shall be silent, and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled and still love this beautiful land” (quoted by Rudolf Kaiser in “Chief Seattle’s Speech(es): American Origins and European Reception,” in *Recovering the Word: Essays on Native American Literature*, ed. Brian Swann and Arnold Krupat [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1987], 521). Alan Trachtenberg interprets the speech as nineteenth-century wish fulfillment whereby the Indian vanishes but remains as “disembodied genius loci,” which suggests “a perverse desire for a haunted virgin land” (“Dreaming Indian,” *Raritan* 22, no. 1 [Summer 2002], 63–64).
 38. In *Coming to Light*, 490.

39. Heckewelder relates the Mohican story of a ferocious bear called “the naked bear,” which they claimed once existed. The last one was killed at Hoosick. Mothers disciplined their children with warnings of this animal (Dunn, *Mohicans and Their Land*, 33). For “The Giant Squirrel” and “The Boy Who Became a Flock of Quail,” see *The White Deer and Other Stories Told by the Lenape*, ed. John Bierhorst (New York: William Morrow), 1995, and for the Wood Dwarf, who looks like a small boy but is strong and powerful, see Gladys Tantaquidgeon’s *Folk Medicine of the Delaware and Related Algonkian Indians*, Anthropological Papers no. 3 (Harrisburg: Pennsylvania Historical & Museum Commission, 1977).
40. *Smoothing the Ground: Essays on Native American Oral Literature*, ed. Brian Swann (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984).

