

Strange Howls

Early American Stories of Animal Encounters and Other Oddities

Noted for their possible relation to Sasquatch

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Adirondack's 1830s A New Sound In The Forest

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/amrvhtml/conshome.html>

Book by S. H. Hammond:

Wild northern scenes; or, Sporting adventures with the rifle and the rod.

SUMMARY: American Memory note: This work by an Albany attorney and avid sportsman is one of the first significant American statements of the value of wilderness. Celebrating the Adirondack region as a resource for human health, rejuvenation, and recreation, it offers a series of reminiscences demonstrating the pleasures of sport, comradeship, conversation, and natural beauty in a place "which civilization with its improvements and its rush of progress has not yet invaded" (p. vii). In a fast-changing world, Hammond sees the wilderness as a living survival of America's ancient past, "inhabited by the same wild things, save the red man, that were there thousands of years ago" (vii). He proposes that a portion of the region—"a circle of a hundred miles in diameter" (p. 83)—be set aside as a permanent wilderness protected by law from human alteration, "a place wherein a man could turn savage and rest, for a fortnight or a month, from the toils and cares of life" (p. 84). Yet Hammond also celebrates the advance of "Christianity and civilization... [taking] the place of the ancient forests" (pp. 206-207) throughout the land. This apparent paradox points to what is perhaps the book's most basic theme: nineteenth-century Americans' simultaneous fascination and disquiet with, commitment to and reservations about, the pace and scale of change and "progress" in contemporary American life. This theme provides the explanatory context for Hammond's celebration of wilderness and his revolutionary proposal to protect it. Wilderness is important not in its own right, as biological community, but because of its value to man: strictly circumscribed in space, a place of merely temporary recourse for human beings, it can function as a supportive resource for civilization: "Give a month to the enjoyment of a wilderness life, and you will return to your labors invigorated in strength, buoyant in spirit—a wiser, healthier, and a better man" (p. 341). Hammond's apparent paradox is in fact no paradox at all: contact with wilderness is, in effect, a kind of lubricant to soothe the frictions of the modern world, re-engaging contemporary man in the workings of that world more effectively and smoothly; and wilderness itself is no longer civilization's potent opponent but its servant, its domesticated complement. An early instance of the prominent role sportsmen played in the conservation movement, illuminating the popular sensibility from which the movement for permanent protection of wilderness sprang, this work suggests that the motivations for that movement were complex indeed.

Chapter IX. Hunting By Torch Light—An Incompetent Judge—A New Sound In The Forest—Old Sangamo's Donkey.

Page 95

...Beyond us, through an opening in the tress, we could see the lake, sparkling and shining in the evening sunbeams, and we were talking about the beauty of the view, and the calmness and repose that seemed resting upon all things, when, of a sudden, there came up from that shadowy dell a sound, the most unearthly that ever broke upon the astonished ear of mortal man. I have heard the roar of the lion of the desert, the yell of the hyena, the trumpeting of the elephant, the scream of the panther, the howl of the wolf. It was like none of these; but if you could imagine them all combined, and concentrated into a single sound, and ushered together upon the air from a single throat, shaped like the long neck of some gigantic ichthiosaurus of the times of old, you would have some faint idea of the strange sounds that came roaring up from that hollow way. My friend was a man of courage, and, like myself, had been around the world some; had spent a good deal of time, first and last, in the woods, was familiar with most of the legitimate forest sounds, and had heard all the ten thousand voices that belong in the wilderness, but we had never before listened to a noise like that.

"We looked to our rifles and at one another, and it may well be that our hats sat somewhat loosely upon our heads from an involuntary rising of the hair. 'What, in the name of all that is mysterious,' cried my friend, in amazement, 'is that?' 'It is more than I know,' I replied, as I placed a fresh cap on my rifle.

...we saw the footprints of a huge bear in the sand on the beach...Reader, did you ever hear the wolves howl in the old woods of a still night! No? Then you have not heard all the music

of the forest. Some deep-mounted old forester will open his jaws, and send forth a volume of sound so deep, so loud, so changeful, so undulating and variable in its character, that, as it rolls along the forest, and comes back in quavering echoes from the mountains, you will almost swear that his single voice is an agglomerate of a thousand, all mixed, and mingled, and rolled up into one. May be, away in the distance, possibly on the other side of the lake, or across a broad valley, another will open his mouth and answer, with the howl as deep, and wild, and variable, as the first; and possibly a third and fourth, one on the right, and another on the left, will join in the chorus, until the whole forest seems to be full of howling and noise; and yet not one of thee animal may be within a mile of you. To a timid man, there is something terrific in the howl of the wolves....

Alaska 1800s (See images at end of document) Eskimo Images And Mythology

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/amlaw/lawhome.html>

United States Serial Set — Navigator
"Religion and mythology"

Page 442

...Other curious beings are believed by the people of the lower Yukon to exist in the moon, but are said sometimes to be found on the earth. These are man-like creatures without head or neck, but having a broad mouth, armed with sharp teeth, across the chest. A wooden image of one of these was obtained by me, but it has since been lost...

Page 443

...Ko?-gat are the tunghät of lonely lakes; they are semi-human in form and kill or steal the shade of any person found near their haunts. They have a loud, wailing cry and are much feared...

Page 447

Figure 161 shows a cord handle of ivory Sledge island. It is carved to represent a mythic creature, half seal and half human, that the Eskimo of Norton sound and Bering strait claim exists in the sea. They are said to be caught in nets or killed by hunters at times, and when this happens the one who is responsible for it is presumed to suffer many misfortunes...



FIG. 163—Carving representing a mermaid-like creature (1).

California 1810s

Immense Grizzly Plays With 3-Year-Old Child

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Reminiscences of a ranger; or, Early times in southern California.
By Major Horace Bell

SUMMARY: Horace Bell (1830-1918) left Indiana to seek gold in California. In 1852, he moved to Los Angeles and later became involved in American filibustering in Latin America and saw service in the Union Army before returning to Los Angeles after the Civil War to become a lawyer and newspaper publisher. Reminiscences of a ranger (1881) includes anecdotes of Bell's experiences as a Los Angeles Ranger pursuing Joaquín Murietta in 1853, a soldier of fortune in Latin America, a Union officer in the Civil War, and a Los Angeles newspaper editor. He provides lively anecdotes of Los Angeles and its residents under Mexican and American rule, emphasizing cowboys and criminals and native Americans. Throughout, Bell gives special attention to the fate of Hispanic Californians and Native Americans under the United States regime. For another collection of Bell's reminiscences, see *On the old west coast* (1930).

Chapter XXI - Bears and bear stories

Page 257

...Bears are sometimes peculiar as well as dogs, and one of the most peculiar and funny freaks of a bear I know of is the following, which is a well-known fact, and the infantile hero of this bear story was a well-known and prominent man in our country, quite recently deceased. Well, the story is to this effect: A ranchero who dwelt near the mountain's base, near our angel burg, had a wife and one child, a little boy about three years old. The husband was absent one day, as was his daily habit, looking after his herds, and the young wife, leaving the little Vicente to manage his own affairs, went to the spring to wash some clothes, being absent about an hour. When she returned what was her alarm and horror to find an immense grizzly playing pranks and cutting up rusties with the infantile Vicente, the two seeming to be on terms of the most affectionate intimacy. The old bear would lay on her back, and would hold the little fellow up in her great paws, and would toss him around and tenderly hug him, and the little Don would scream with delight, so pleased he seemed to be with his new-found friend. What was to be done was the absorbing question in the mind of the poor mother, so the only thing she could do was to pray to the saints to deliver her boy; but the boy did not want to be delivered, and the two newly-made and strange acquaintances continued their gambols until near the close of day, when Madame Osa, leaving little Vicente, who was fain to follow, took up her line of march for her home in the Sierra. The anxious mother lost no time in securing the youthful renegade, who had conceived so strange an affection for a bear, and who in later years was wont to speak of his mamma La Osa.

California 1840s

Broad Bear Footprints Come Near Sleeping Camper

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Echoes of the past about California, by General John Bidwell. In camp and cabin, by Rev. John Steele. Edited by Milo Milton Quaife - Part 10
Created/Published - Chicago, R.R. Donnelley & sons co., 1928.

SUMMARY: John Bidwell (1819-1900) was born in Chautaugua County, New York, and was living in Ohio when he decided to seek his fortune in California in 1841. He journeyed west as part of the first emigrant train going overland from Missouri to California, where he found work at Fort Sutter. He sided with governor Micheltorena in the 1844 revolt but aided the Bear Flag rebels in 1846. After serving with Frémont, he returned to Fort Sutter. Among the first to find gold on Feather River, Bidwell used his earnings to secure a grant north of Sacramento in 1849, and he spent the rest of his life as a farmer at "Rancho Chico," becoming a leader of the State's agricultural interests. A Democrat and Unionist during the Civil War, Bidwell served in the U.S. House, 1864-66, and was the Prohibition Party's candidate for governor (1890) and President (1892). Throughout his life

in California, he was a friend to Native American tribes. John Steele (1832-1915) traveled overland from Wisconsin to California in 1850 and remained for three years. Returning east, he taught school, served in the Union Army, and became an Episcopal minister after the Civil War. Echoes of the past about California and...In camp and cabin (1928) reprints works by Bidwell and Steele published earlier. Bidwell's narrative was composed in 1889 and first published in 1890 in the Century Magazine. The version published here as "Echoes of the past," however, was based on a somewhat different version published in pamphlet form by the Chico, California Advertiser after Bidwell's death in 1900. This version does not include Bidwell's "Journey to California," the journal that he kept in 1841 and which was published in Missouri in 1843 or 1844 (and appears as part of his Addresses, reminiscences...., 1906). The memoir focuses on Bidwell's overland journey to California, with some attention to his early years in the West: acquaintance with Johann Sutter, and early gold discoveries. Steele's In camp and cabin, first published in 1901, recounts Steele's experiences mining in camps near Nevada City and the American River, with tales of trips to Feather River, Los Angeles, and an expedition to San Andres and camps on the Mokelumne, Calaveras, and Stanislaus Rivers. He provides numerous anecdotes of the people of the camps and their varied national and ethnic backgrounds with many tales of crime and lawlessness. He also discusses contrasting mining methods and gives special attention to Hispanic and Native American Californians whom he met.

Notes: "Echoes of the past" was first published serially in *The Century* magazine in 1890, and at a date subsequent to Gen. Bidwell's death, apparently, it was reprinted by the press of the Chico (California) Advertiser. cf. Introduction, p. xix. "In camp and cabin" was first published at Lodi, Wisconsin, in 1901. cf. Introduction, p. xxi. Includes reproductions of title-pages of originals. Map has title: Map of the mining district of California, by Capt'n. W.A. Jackson ... London, 1851.

Chapter 2 - Further Mining Adventures

Page 139

...So turning a short distance from the road, and creeping under the drooping branches of a low cedar, I lay down to rest and sleep. Sleep did not readily come to my relief. Sometime in the night I heard a team and wagon pass along the road, but it was not going towards the city, and therefore could afford me no aid. At last, though somewhat chilled, I waked from a refreshing sleep to find that day had come.

But had I known what was passing around me during the night, I would have spent it among the topmost branches of the cedar, rather than on the ground, for when resuming my journey I found the broad footprints of a grizzly bear. It came from the opposite side, followed the road for some distance, showing that the tracks were made since the wagon had passed, and finally turned in the direction toward where I lay, and must have come quite near.

How he failed to find me was inexplicable. I shuddered at the thought of awakening in his strong embrace and made up my mind never to give a bear another such chance.

Afterward, while reading the Bible, I came to these words, which recalled the incident and impressed me deeply: Psalm iv., 8. "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety ." Truly, God's providence is a better protection than human wisdom, strength and skill; for when we have exhausted all these we are still safe under his care.

Reaching Nevada, the specter of starvation again began to haunt me, but I was, at least, thankful for improved health and for having been saved from the grizzly's teeth.

California 1850

Remote Footprints, Hideous Serenade & Huge Shaggy Wolf

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Golden dreams and waking realities; being the adventures of a gold-seeker in California and the Pacific islands. By William Shaw. Created/Published: London, Smith, Elder and co., 1851.

SUMMARY: An Englishman, William Shaw was in South Australia when he heard of the California gold rush, and he sailed across the Pacific from Adelaide in 1849. Golden dreams and waking realities (1851) describes that voyage, his visit to San Diego and his landing in San Francisco. Then follows an account of the long trip to the gold fields and details of life as a prospector in the international community of the camps. Leaving the mines for Stockton, Shaw is befriended by Mission Indians. Leaving Stockton for San Francisco, Shaw takes a series of odd jobs in the city before moving on the Mission of Dolores until the New Year, when he finds passage back to Australia, all the while recording the social life and business activities he saw. Next he records the changes observable in Hawaii on his return voyage, a visit to Samoa, and his reception on his landing at Sydney.

Chapter IX: Leaving the Diggings—A Deluged Country—Wolves and Bears—A Solitary Bivouac—Tree-fires—Trees in California—Herds of Deer and Antelope—Wading a River—Signs of Indians—Wolf repulsed—Indians Spearing Salmon—Dangerous Fording of a River—Author saved from drowning by Indians—A humane Squaw—Curiosity of Indians—Their wonder at a Daguerreotype Portrait—Costume and Characteristics of Mission or Christianized Indians—Fatigue of Walking on Loose Sand—Fertile Country again—Arrival at Stockton.

Page 130

The country seemed very fertile; wild oats and wild mustard grew spontaneously in patches. About five miles from the river, as I was plodding slowly on, my eye caught a track of some kind. Robinson Crusoe could not have felt greater amazement at the foot-print in the sand, than I did when, on close examination, the impressions proved to be the well-defined foot-prints of Indians: happily the trail was in a contrary direction to my course, so keeping a sharp look-out around, I hastened on.

Camping that night on the verge of the plain, I luxuriated over the fire, not knowing when I should have another, and cooked the best supper my means would admit. About midnight the howling of wolves awoke me; never had they been so clamorous before; they seemed actually hounding on each other to an attack, as if thinking to inspire me with fear by their hideous serenade: from rock to rock their dismal howls were echoed, and responded to in the distance by the fiendish laugh of a jackall. Casting a look around, a huge shaggy wolf stood within five yards, his eyes glaring at me like burning coals; snatching up a fire-brand, I hurled it at him, which made him turn tail, and beat a rapid retreat: my pistols were damp, or I would have made use of them; but fire is the wolf's detestation, and the brand did as well. Making up the fire and priming my pistols afresh, I again fell asleep, overcome with my day's exertion.

California 1850s

Cabin Ransacked, Large Footprints, Earthshaking Roar

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Incidents on land and water, or Four years on the Pacific coast. Being a narrative of the burning of the ships Nonantum, Humayoon and Fanchon, together with many startling and interesting adventures on sea and land. By Mrs. D.B. Bates: Created/Published: Boston, J. French and company, 1857.

SUMMARY: A native of Kingston, Massachusetts, Mrs. Bates sailed to California in 1850 on board the Nonantum, a coaler commanded by her husband. On reaching that state, the Bateses undertook hotelkeeping in Marysville, 1851-1854. Incidents on land and water (1857) contains Mrs. Bates's hair-raising account of her voyage to California, when fires forced the scuttling of three ships on which the Bateses sailed. Mrs. Bates recounts hardships of the mining town, with special attention to the life of women and children in the camps, and gives details of a tour of the Sacramento Valley.

Page 257

...Our cabin was completely covered with snow. We kept a hole open from the door up to the surface. Mornings, upon going out, the footprints of large grisly bears would be all around in the snow, over the top of the cabin.

Page 260

The grisly bears were quite plenty around them; and one day, while they were out mining, "Old Bruin" made a descent into their cabin, helping himself to everything the place contained, and overturning tin pans, pots, and kettles, and everything within his reach. He swallowed all their butter, for which they had paid one dollar and a half per pound, and marched off, no doubt delighted with the feast he had enjoyed at the expense of the poor miners. When they returned, tired and hungry, to their shanty, to prepare their frugal meal, they were struck with the utmost consternation at beholding the havoc made within,—by whom, they readily conjectured, for there were his large footprints, very conspicuous. Then there was no alternative but to go, tired as they were, to Downieville, (twenty miles,) and back up more provisions. Then they baited old Bruin with a piece of meat, loaded their guns, and lay in wait for him all day and night; but he never came again. Whether his digestive organs were incapable of performing the necessary functions after such an expensive feast, or whether he was so cunning as to suspect they would watch for his return, they never knew.

At one time an old hunter came to their cabin with his dog, and reported himself to be very expert at killing grislys. They took their guns, and accompanied him. They soon routed an enormously large bear, whose roar seemed to shake the earth. He first turned his attention to the dog, which appeared terribly frightened, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. Then he turned upon the brave hunters, who quickly followed the example of the dog. They fled to some tall trees, upon which there was not a limb for twenty or thirty feet from the base. They exerted every faculty to shin up those naked trunks. My brother, who was not a little frightened, thought that, at least, he was twenty feet from the ground, when, upon looking down, he found he was not more than five. How he redoubled his efforts! for the bear was making after them at a furious rate. After clearing the field of his antagonists, and giving two or three tremendous roars in honor of victory, he marched off into the surrounding forest.

California, January 11, 1852

Missing Miner Found Dead, Missing Arms!

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

The diary of a forty-niner. Edited by Chauncey L. Canfield

SUMMARY: Chauncey de Leon Canfield (1843-1909) first published "The diary of a forty-niner" in 1906, and 1,200 of the 2,000 copies in that edition were burned. The diary of a forty-niner (1920) reprints Canfield's 1906 publication. It purports to be the diary of Alfred T. Jackson, of Litchfield County, Connecticut, during his days as a gold prospector, 1850-1852. Jackson offers firsthand accounts of Nevada City and neighboring Rock Creek; descriptions of Grass Valley, North and South Yuba Valleys, and the Sierra Mountains; details of gold mining with accounts of pioneer overland crossings, and foreign mineworkers (including Chinese). Entries concerning Jackson's personal life include details of his courtship of a French woman in the camps.

Chapter 15

Page 147

JANUARY 11, 1852 - The country is stirred up over a mysterious tragedy that nobody seems able to solve. Neither Ristine nor Carter, the two miners at whose cabin we ate our Christmas supper, have been seen by anybody since that night. No attention

would have been paid to this, as the boys do not keep track of each other to any extent, had it not been that Sunday, a week ago, Henry Shively went down to their place to pay them a visit. He found the door of the cabin open, and no sign of the men around. This would not have seemed strange had not the inside of the shanty looked as if no one had been there for a week. The fire was dead in the fireplace and a pot of beans that hung on the hook had been there for days, as the contents were sour and mouldy. The flour sack had been gnawed open in places and flour was scattered over the floor—no doubt the work of coyotes and mountain rats. Nothing else seemed to have been disturbed. Shively went down to their claim, which was close by, and found their Tom and tools in place, the picks and shovels and the Tom iron were rusty, proving that they had not worked in the mine for a week or more. Thinking it queer he concluded to come up and tell Pard the circumstances, which he did, meeting Anderson on the trail coming back from town. Pard turned back and went with him to their cabin, taking Platt along. They found everything as Shively had told them, noted that the best clothes were hanging over their beds, a shotgun and rifle on pegs over the fireplace, and a six-shooter under one of the pillows. On a little shelf by the window, where the gold scales stood, there was a yeast powder can with about five ounces of gold in it. It was certain from the looks of things that the men had no intention of leaving, and it was also sure that they had not been near their cabin or their claim for a week or ten days. Pard came home and told me about it and next morning early we rode down to Selby Flat to see if anything had turned up to explain the mystery. Nobody there had seen anything of the missing men since Christmas. After talking it over it was agreed that a delegation should go over to Nevada and find out if they had been there, or had left by any of the stage lines, while about twenty of us formed a searching party to look the country over in the vicinity of the cabin. In the middle of the forenoon we heard some of the boys shouting up on the hill and, on going to them, found out that they had discovered Ristine's body under a manzanita bush. It was in bad shape and the coyotes had torn off both arms, but the face was not touched. A watch was left, the coroner notified, and that afternoon an inquest was held. Outside of the fact that Ristine was dead, nothing was developed and the jury returned a verdict of "died from unknown causes." Then a thorough search of the cabin was made and inside of the mattresses a big buckskin purse was found, which contained about eight hundred dollars in dust. In a box under the other bunk there were three yeast powder cans that were full to the top with gold. We buried Ristine close to where we found his body and it was a sickening job. From letters in the box it was learned that both men were married. One came from Reading and the other from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There is no suspicion of robbery, for there was nothing stolen, and it doesn't look like murder, for if one had killed the other the murderer would certainly have hidden the traces of his crime and not have left the gold dust behind if he intended to quit the country. The general opinion is that Carter is dead and that his remains will be found somewhere around.

California, San Francisco Post 1870s Wild Men Of The Woods & Mythic Grizzly Bear Hunt

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Summer saunterings, by "Derrick Dodd"

SUMMARY: Frank Harrison Gassaway used the pseudonym "Derrick Dogg" for his numerous writings in the San Francisco Evening Post. Summer saunterings (1882) contains travel letters originally published in the Post. They report transportation routes, hotels and camping sites, natural wonders and manmade tourist attractions, and local lore in Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San José, Napa, Saucelito, San Rafael, Santa Rose, Yosemite, and other popular spots.

Chapter 19
S'camping Out.A Philanthropic Mission—Amateur Sponge Cake—
Camp Felton—Wild Men Of The Woods—A Coon Grizzly—
A Popular Assassination—Camp Capitola—Fish And Love—
A Breakneck Act—A Camper'squarantine.

Page 172

At the Felton camp one such remarkable specimen of womanhood regaled us with a blood-curdling account of a wild man of the woods that infested the forest thereabouts, and which had developed a hospitable habit of prowling around the camp at night and uttering dismal cries, indicative of a gloomy desire to lunch on the fattest young lady of the party.

The fact that these so-called wild men are greatly on the increase in this part of the country has been widely commented on by the newspapers—as though there were anything strange about their origin. Every confirmed camper-out will recall numerous instances when certain members of his company have mysteriously disappeared from among their fellow lunatics. These deserters do not sneak off home as is commonly supposed by the others. A long course of scorched beans, water-carrying, of wood-ticks and tarantulas has undermined their intellects and caused them to relapse into the native barbarism of our quadrumanal forefathers. They stand it as long as possible, and then incontinently take to the woods and live on raw jack-rabbits and good scenery. There are doubtless thousands of just such miserable beings in the vicinity, and the Santa Cruz county authorities are beginning to consider the advisability of putting a price upon the scalps of these woodland waifs in order to protect the local hen-roosts and the still greater industry of this section, which is the leasing of camping grounds. It is a small and one-horse ranch in these parts on which the farmer does not advertise a camping ground to let for the season, supplied with all the modern conveniences—to wit, fresh water and alleged fishing and hunting facilities. One camp we visited disclosed about twenty-five of its inmates solemnly angling in a stream that looked as though it had been made by upsetting a wash-tub. They had pursued this pastime steadily for eleven days, with an aggregate result of three three-inch trout. To this purpose was devoted probably \$2,000 worth of fine tackle. Every other able-bodied man about the camp was engaged in lugging expensive shooting outfits and \$75 nickel-plated Winchesters over the country in search of a mythical grizzly bear, whose trail had been discovered about six miles from camp. It was only after two week's industrious shinning up the sun-baked canons that the tracks were discovered to be those of an old squatter, who was accustomed to go hunting cottontails in his bare feet...

California 1886

Blood-Curdling Coyote Noises, Running Between Houses

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Ranch life in California. Extracted from the home correspondence of E.M.H. Created/Published: London, W.H. Allen & co., 1886.

SUMMARY: The author, Evelyn M.H., was a young Englishwoman who accompanied her husband and his two brothers to California in 1885. Ranch life in California (1886) is based on her letters home, beginning with her Atlantic voyage and a cross-country rail trip to San Francisco. There the party purchases a ranch at Lower Lake in Burns Valley, where they find a sizable English community. Evelyn describes her introduction to the life of a farm wife while her husband and his brothers (all former stockbrokers) learn to be farmers over the next eighteen months.

Notes: Account of experiences on a ranch in Burns Valley, near Lower Lake, Modoc County. In a English sale catalogue, 1925, the authorship is attributed to E.M. Hertslet.

February 27

Page 153

...We are so plagued with coyotes just now. I never heard them till this last week, and now they come round the house nearly every night, and the noise they make is quite blood-curdling! long weird howls, like Vixen [a colley at home] used to make when the bugle was sounded. They sit up and do it out of "pure cussedness," as they say out here. Last night they were running about on the little platform between E. F—'s cabin and the house—after the meat in the safe, I expect. They keep me awake dreadfully, and it is a noise that frightens one. E. F— is awfully scared at them, too...

California 1889

Dead Sheep, Strange Tracks, Low Growl & Heavy Footsteps

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

Camping out in California. By Mrs. J.B. Rideout - Part 4

SUMMARY: Mrs. Jacob Rideout of California was a member of an 1888 camping party in northern California. Camping out in California (1889) describes their adventures at the redwood forests, the coast near Mendocino, Sonoma, the Santa Clara Valley, a G.A.R. conclave in Santa Cruz, Mount St. Helena, and a side trip to San Francisco.

Chapter 4

Page 70

...Before falling asleep, however, we had some serious thoughts concerning the wild beasts that might be prowling near, as we had seen several strange tracks on the mountain side.

And that we should have startling thoughts will not seem strange to my readers when I relate a little of our experience two years previous to this time. We were rusticated on the summit of Elk Mountain in a little brush house which served as a protection from the sun by day and the wind by night. Immediately to the north of our temporary dwelling- place was Grizzly canyon, so deep and dark that we could not, from our location, see the bottom. It was said to have received its name from the many grizzly bears that had been seen in and around it. The first night while surrounded by our spicy curtains, we heard a crashing in the brush and then heavy footsteps. At first we thought it might be a horse, but as it passed near we imagined we heard a low growl. Next morning we discovered tracks which measured twelve inches across, an Indian said they were those of a very large grizzly bear; a few rods from our little booth were two dead sheep that had been torn to pieces during the night. They belonged to a gentleman who kept a large flock on the mountain.

He said Bruin stole a number of his sheep every year. We did not spend another night in that frail dwelling and even the boys were afraid to venture down into Grizzly canyon.

As we lay in our tent thinking for a moment of that powerful denizen of the dark mountain gorge that made us such a friendly visit, and not knowing but members of the same family might be very near, we felt a little momentary disquietude.

Canada 1700s

Race Of Giants

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/lhcbhtml/lhcbhome.html>

The rocks of Deer Creek. Harford County, Maryland. Their legends and history. Chapter Entitled - The Monuments Of The Giants.

Page 81

When the French first settled Canada, they heard marvelous stories of a race of giants who were said to inhabit the country at the mouth of the Susquehanna and westward of that river. How much foundation of fact there was for these reports we do not know, but in after years the Susquehannocks were known as men of large size and of great strength. Six feet or more in height, and of corresponding weight, was the representation given of them by the first white explorers of their country. The knowledge of the Indians who first communicated to the French the stories of the size and strength of the Susquehannocks might have been traditionary and descriptive of a race who had been gigantic in stature and of herculean strength, but who, from some unexplained and unexplainable causes, had in the progress of time degenerated to the proportions of ordinary mortals. Students of ethnology know that such degenerations have occurred. There are some slightly presumptive proofs that the traditionary stories of the physical proportions of the original dwellers by the Rocks of Deer Creek are not without some slight basis of truth.

Idaho 1800s

"Old Haystack," A Giant Grizzly Steals A 600 lb. Heifer

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Name and address of informant Harry Reece (Daca) 63 Washington Sq. So.

N. Y. C.

Folklore

New York

Name Of Worker Earl Bowman

Address 86 West 12th St. New York City

Date January 19, 1939

My Uncle Steve Robertson who was a Pioneer with a great deal of experience in the Far West in the very early days indeed, often remarked that "...any danged man who tells a bear story, or I-Gawd, for-that matter a fish story, is danged nigh sure to be a cussed 'xeggerater that stretches th' truth till she snaps and flies back and hits him in his darned face, and I-gosh, that's something that jest ain't fit to be endured— I mean a damned 'xeggerater!"

But on one occasion my Uncle Steve yielded to temptation and told about "Old Haystack' and "Old Haystack" was a bear.

We were hunting deer in the Black Lake country up in the Seven Devils mountains of Western Idaho, and one evening after supper I suggested to Uncle Steve that it would give me a lot of pleasure

to shoot a bear or two while we were up there in the high hills.

Uncle Steve looked at me with the sort of pitying expression that Pioneers of the Far West of the early days often look at young men who have not had very much experience as "pioneers" and told me about "Old Haystack"....

I-Gawd, I figger it depends a hell of a lot on what kind of bear you shoot—and what you shoot him with—whether or not there's any "pleasure" in shootin' him," Uncle Steve said. Probably it wouldn't be so damned much pleasure to shoot a bear like, well, hell, like "Old Haystack" was, for instance. Old Haystack was a grizzly and Bob and me called him "Old Haystack" 'cause he was as big as a darned haystack—although mebbe, to be plumb truthful an' accurate, they might be some haystacks bigger'n he was, but damned if us pioneers had any haystacks that was any bigger. Actually it wusn't Bob or me that named him "Old Haystack", but it was Mam—she was Bob's wife—that named him that.

Mam looked out of the winder one day jest as Bob and me was sittin' down to dinner when we was livin' down in Salubria Valley and she yelled to Bob and me: "Bob, you and Steve come here quick an' look over yonder across th' river... a cussed grizzly bear as big as a doggone haystack is carryin' off that two-year old heifer of "Old Blossom's" that we was figgerin' on havin' for a new cow— Fer God's sake, Steve—Bob—git yer guns an' do somethin!"

I-Gaud, Mam was right. There was th' biggest grizzly that ever lived, I reckon, draggin' off that six-or-seven-hundred pound heifer jest like a hound dog would pack a rabbit it's caught.

"Gawd-a-might!" Bob, yelled, "they ain't no gun big enough to kill a bear that size—leastwise, no gun littler than a damned cannon an' we ain't got no cannons around here, so I reckon we'll jest have to let him go!"

So that's what we done. We jest let him go that time.

But that was jest th' start. "Old Haystack" had found out where to git meat cheap an' easy and in three or four days he showed up again and that time he got a mule—it was "Old Yaller", th' same one that was hit by the gila monster once and was still a little stiff in his leg that was bit...but a damned grizzly that's big enough to drag off a mule, even one that's been bit by a gila monster, has got to be a hell of a big grizzly as anybody that knows anything about mules and grizzlies ought to know without bein' told.

Then, I-Gawd, before long he showed up again and got another two-year old, but it was a steer that time and not a heifer.

By that time Mam was gittin' pretty darned impatient and wouldn't hardly let Bob or me neither have a minute's peace but kept naggin' us to "fer God's sake do somethin' before that cussed grizzly got tire of mule and beef meat and carried her or Bob or some of us off!"

Well, Bob and me finally talked it over 'n' Bob said: "Steve, I'll be damned if I know what to do about Old Haystack. You know cussed well that even my old Sharp's 45-120 wouldn't even make a impression on him— Hell, no, it wouldn't make any more impression on him that it would on a cussed elephant, and your Springfield wouldn't neither—so what th' hell we goin' to do about it? You'll have to figger out something, Steve, that's all they is to it," Bob said.

That's th' way us Pioneers always had to do, some one or other of us always had to jest figger things like Old Haystack an' how to git rid of him out, and me bein' the best figgerer I always had to do it for Bob and Mam and me. But I went to work on it and I figgered an' figgered until I didn't hardly sleep at nights, jest tryin' to figger out what to do about Old Haystack 'cause I knowed if he kept on comin' he'd finally git tired of mules and calves and so forth and was jest as apt as not to git Bob or Mam or me some night— for by then he was gittin' so he'd come around at night as well as in the day time.

I knowed damned well that jest shootin' him wouldn't do much good— probably jest make him mad for a little while but it couldn't possibly kill him. So, I didn't know what th' hell to do. But I finally realized that if I could jest figger out some scheme to make it damned uncomfortable when he come around that neighborhood maybe he'd git disgusted and quit comin' around there.

So that's what I was doin' one night after Bob an' Mam had gone to bed and I was settin' there by th' fireplace, danged near gittin' th' headache worryin' about how th' hell I could make that damned grizzly so uncomfortable th' next time he come around that he wouldn't want to come around any more. All of a sudden I happened to glance up at the mantle over the fireplace and saw a half-gallon fruit jar danged near full of carpet tacks Mam had brung out from Arkansas when we'd migrated out west— thinkin' that some day maybe she could make a rag carpet, an' if she did, she'd have the tacks handy to tack it down with...

I-Gawd, them tacks was my inspiration!

I figgered that no damned bear had ever been shot with carpet tacks— and if one was shot with them he'd be so surprised and so cussed uncomfortable that it would probably distust him with the neighborhood where he was shot with 'em, and more'n likely he'd stay away from that neighborhood after that...

So, that's what I done, I-Gawd. I jest poured about a pound and a half of powder into my old muzzle-loadin' shot gun and then dumped danged nigh that whole half gallon jar of carpet tacks in on top of it...tamped them down an' set there waitin'. I figgered it wasn't any use wakin' Mam and Bob up to tell 'em what I was plannin' on doin', an' if I done it they'd wake up anyhow when th' old gun went off.

Well, I set there for about a hour—mebbe to be plumb accurate it was a hour an' a half—but anyhow about that long, an' I-Gawd, th' first thing I knowed I heard Old Haystack trompin' around out there by the corral where th' cows was kept....he was figgerin' on beef that night, I reckon.

So I slipped out an' it was a moonlight night and shore enough there he was about twenty yards from th' house, jest startin' to yank a couple of poles off th' corral so he could go in an' git a heifer or maybe even a cow... That was all I wanted to see. I jest poked that old muzzle-loadin' shot gun that was about half full of carpet tacks in his direction an' pulled th' trigger...

That was the worst surprised damned grizzly bear anybody ever saw! Them tacks jest tacked his cussed hide right down on his belly before he knowed what hit him—an' they must have been uncomfortable as hell for he let out a roar that waked Bob and Mam and scared hell out of the mules and cows, and then he

started on a gallop for some place else—runnin' his damndest, and that's the last we ever saw of Old Haystack... So that's the way it was. And as far as I know, I-Gawd, he's still runnin' and never will stop...

Yeah, us Pioneers in the Far West in the early days shore as hell had lots of things to figger out—but somehow or other we always managed to dot it....

My Uncle Steve Robertson was very careful to be accurate in his yarns and 'despised anybody that 'exaggerated — which anybody was almost certain to do if they told bear stories—so perhaps that's why "Old Haystack" was the only bear story he ever told to me."

Idaho 1898 **(See image at end of document)** **Indian Petroglyph**

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/award98/wauhtml/aipnhome.html>

Kalispel rock paintings, Idaho, ca. 1898

Notes: Man poses next to boulder covered with rock paintings

Note from unidentified source: Pictographs by Lake Pend O'Reille, ID., ca. 1898. Photograph came from Dr. Lieberg, Hope ID., fall 1898

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Source Collection

Frances Gilbert Hamblen / Dr. Lieberg

Iowa 1830s **Infernal Howl Scares Dogs & Horses**

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/moahtml/snchome.html>

Beasts of the Prairies. [Putnam's monthly magazine of American literature, science and art. / Volume 5, Issue 29, May 1855]

Page 531

The howl of the wolf is one of the most frightful sounds that a novice can hear in the woods. We were once camping out in Iowa in winter, some seventy miles west of the Mississippi, and at that time beyond the frontier. It was midnight, and all the party were asleep except two of us, who sat by the camp fire at the opening of the tent, smoking, and spinning long yarns, when at once there rose so wild a yell, within that dark and narrow dell, As all the fiends from heaven that fell, Had pealed the banner cry of hell. The whole air seemed filled with the vibrations of that infernal sound. Nothing could be seen within the circle of light made by our fire, but outside of it all the wolves in Iowa seemed to be seated open-mouthed and vocal. Not being used to such diabolical music, we allow we were badly scared. For the first time we knew what it meant to have our hair stand on end. Our horses broke loose, and crowded into the camp for protection, and the dogs ran between our legs. Our companion, who was used to this sort of thing, replied to the howl with another nearly as long drawn and as devilish as that of the wolves themselves, which produced a rejoinder from the hairy outsiders. This lasted for about five minutes, when our friend seized his rifle and fired it at random into the howling circle. Instantly all was still, and we heard no more of them that night, though they continued to prowll about our camp for some days.

Kentucky 1800s **Mysterious Animal as seen by Smith on the Salt River**

<http://docsouth.unc.edu/neh/smithhar/smithhar.html>

Fifty Years of Slavery in the United States of America; Smith, Harry 183 p., ill.; Grand Rapids, Mich. West Michigan printing co. 1891. Call number E444 .S63 1891 (Special Collections, University of Virginia Library)

Page 157

Smith and Tom Hardman were fishing on a creek known as Dutchman Creek, twenty three miles east of Louisville, which empties into Salt River. This fishing tour was in the night. After fishing for some time, a terrible noise was heard like distant thunder, seemed to attract their attention, rocks and pebbles seemed to be heard tumbling down the bank, the earth trembled, and looking down the creek from the bridge, they discerned a huge animal resembling a dog.

It was spotted and about eight feet in length, and four feet high; coming up to them on the bridge. The animal had no head or tail, and nothing seemed to stop it in its course. On went this mysterious animal up the creek, rocks were heard tumbling a mile away. This mysterious phenomenon was, and is to this day, a wonderful mystery to Smith. As he never could account for its appearance. He being a man of great nerve it did not frighten him as it would many others.

Michigan 1839 **Pig Stealing, Man-Like Screaming Lynx Stalks Hunters**

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/umhtml/umhome.html>

Title: Memorials of a half-century

SUMMARY: This collection of essays by a noted writer, explorer, and Detroit civic leader offers detailed descriptions of Michigan's geography, geology, and local history in a consciously crafted literary style. Hubbard discusses the natural history of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, and Lake Huron; topographical and geological features of Michigan; a geological expedition to the salt springs of the Grand and Saginaw river valleys with the new state's geologist, Dr. Houghton (1837); local factors and the 1837-38 financial panic; and land speculation and settlement. In addition Hubbard writes about Michigan Indians and Indian antiquities; flora and fauna, animal behavior; climatology; and the world of Michigan's French-speaking inhabitants, especially Detroit habitants, rural farmers, and voyageurs (who paddled the waterways as guides, trappers, and tradesmen), comparing the life-styles of French speakers and Yankees. The book is heavily illustrated with sketches of Indian artifacts, landscapes, folk architecture, trees, and diagrams representing the Mound-Builders' ancient garden beds.

Chapter Entitled: Four-Footed Inhabitants

Page 323

Springwells, 1851.

Dear Tom:—I am not a naturalist, but am by no means indifferent to the brute creation around me, and such facts and observations as I have garnered, in this my distant home, are heartily at your service.

Beasts of prey have been far from numerous in this neighborhood for many years. Yet we hear occasionally of their depredations. There are in this county swamps which are the resort of bears, and from which they sometimes emerge upon the settlements, stealing a pig or two. The Detroit journals once in a while give, for the morning entertainment of their readers, accounts of the marauding exploits of these animals, within five or six miles of the city.

In 1839, during a night which I passed at the village of New Port, on St. Clair River, several bears visited the place, their tracks being plainly visible in the streets the next morning. They are still quite common about the remoter settlements.

While encamped in the woods of Michigan, at many places I have heard "the wolf's long howl," but never caught a sight of the

"varmints." Large bounties offered by most of the counties for their scalps have so reduced their numbers, that, except in the extreme settlements, we seldom hear of any depredations committed by them. Sheep in the vicinity of our towns suffer more from dogs than from their wilder cousins.

Another of the disturbing cries of the remoter forests is that of the lynx. It is so like the voice of a man that I have been deceived by it, while following a newly blazed town's hip line, and made frequent rests, answering back, under the impression that some man had lost his way, and was endeavoring to overtake me. The animal was indeed following our trail, stopping and uttering his cries at each pausing place, attracted probably by the scent of the provender we carried in our knapsacks.

Such fierce brutes as panthers and catamounts are but little known in Michigan, even in the wilder portions of the upper peninsula. As to still fiercer brutes, every school-boy knows that the poet Campbell had no zoological authority for his line: "On Erie's banks where tigers steal along."

Unless panthers were intended, this is rather a strain even upon the poetic license.

In my experience of many nights passed in the solitudes of Lake Superior, my camp was never disturbed by the presence of wild animals, nor suffered from their thefts; which is more than I can say for the lords of creation, white or red.

In the fall of 1850, while at Yankee-Springs, in Barry Co., a hunter brought into the village a wild-cat which he had just shot. It measured three feet from snout to end of tail! The animal measured in height, standing, eighteen inches. Color of back a dark gray; belly and thighs spotted, like a lynx. Its resemblance to the domestic cat is most striking, particularly in the face, but the tail of the wild animal is very dissimilar, being only three inches in length. The man said he shot it on the openings, a mile from the village; that being intent upon a deer, he at first supposed the catamount to be a rabbit. The cat was hunting mice, and was equally oblivious of the man's presence.

New Mexico 1877

Wild Beast Roars Around House, Kills Calf

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Edith L. Crawford,
Carrizozo, N. Mex.
Mrs. Annie E. Lesnett,
Carrizozo, New Mexico.
Words 1303

SEP 7 -1938 2nd Pioneer Story

I have lived in the State of New Mexico for sixty-one years. I lived in Roswell, Chaves County, for twenty-five years and in Lincoln county for thirty-six years....

I was always so afraid of the wild beasts that roamed around in the hills. I remember one time, my husband and the cook had to go to Lincoln to court, and left a Mrs. Johnson with me and my three children, to stay alone at night. One night after we had all gone to bed, Mrs. Johnson and I heard something prowling around the house. We lay real still and listened, for we did not know whether it was Indians or wild beasts. We did not have to wait long to know, for it was a mountain lion and when he got up real near the house he let out a roar. We all most died of fright for we were afraid that he would break the windows and come in

after us. We moved all the furniture and barricaded the doors and windows. The lion kept walking around the house and roaring. After a while he left and went down to the cow pen and killed one of our milk pen calves. I told my husband when he came home the next day, that I would never stay home with just women folks again, and I never did while we lived on the ranch.

New York 1869

Onondaga Indians: Quis Quis, Big Hog, Big Bear

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/oahtml/snchome.html>

Scientific American. / New Series, Volume 21, Issue 22. [Scientific American. / New Series, Volume 21, Issue 22, Nov 27, 1869]

Page 342

The Stone Giant.

Messrs. Editors: Upon reading the several communications in your paper, I judge there are two disputed questions in relation to the stone giant, recently exhumed at Cardiff.

1st. As to its being a fossil.

2d. As to its antiquity.

On page 43, vol. I., of Clark's History of Onondaga, published 1849, is recorded the fact that there existed among the Onondaga Indians a tradition that among the things that heretofore had been troublesome to their nation were the Quis Quis, or big hog, the big bear, the horned water serpent, and the ~tone plant. The author seems to have thought the tradition not well founded, as can be seen by reading the work (which I have not at hand or I would quote further). They have found the stone giant, and no doubt the hog, bear, and serpent are there. Perhaps if the Onondagians could read their own history there would be less of a pow wow over their recent discovery.

C. ALYORD.

Washington, D. C.

New York 1875

Large Dark Thing Darts, Blood Curdling Howl

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/oahtml/snchome.html>

An Englewood Mystery. [Scribners monthly, an illustrated magazine for the people. / Volume 10, Issue 4, August 1875]

Page 490

...Late on a chilly autumn afternoon, not long after, I started out and sought the road which had now become familiar to me. The sun dropped behind the horizon just as I crossed the little bridge, and a gray, cheerless twilight, which was fast darkening into night, fell upon the landscape as I approached the solitary, sad looking little house. Its outlines and immediate surroundings were only half-traceable through the gathering gloom, but the bare branches of the neighboring trees stood out boldly against the cold autumn sunset. I looked calmly at the dreary scene, and asked myself if there was anything in it which justified my wild, unshaped conjectures. I hardly knew. I walked nearer, intending to enter, and at least examine the grounds and outside of the house. I paused a moment in the gateway. Just then, some large dark thing darted suddenly across the path before me, disappeared behind the bushes, and a prolonged, blood-curdling howl rung out upon the air. Perhaps it is impossible exactly to measure sound when one stands alone, in a lonely spot, where a death-like stillness is reigning, but this seemed to me the loudest, longest, and most horrible I ever heard in my life. It echoed from the house, it echoed from the woods, it seemed to resound

through the whole atmosphere there was something infernal about it. Then the death-like stillness reigned again. I stood at the gate hesitating, and then Reader, was I a much greater coward than you, under similar circumstances, would have turned and walked hastily home. It was hard to shake off the gloomy impression this second visit made upon me. That dismal howl rung in my ears again and again; I could not banish its reverberations from my mind.

New York 1876

Mystery Beasts

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/moahtml/snchome.html>

A College Camp at Lake George. [Scribners monthly, an illustrated magazine for the people. / Volume 17, Issue 5, March 1879]

Page 626

...The Khoujahr-r-r is a mysterious beast indigenous to Lake George, which prowled about the camp o nights and struck terror into the bravest hearts. Mr. Church further on has introduced a sketch from life as a contribution to natural history, for fear natural history should never have another chance at him. He has a stealthy tread, and prowls. That is how he came to be a ghost. In the memorable summer of 1876, mysterious footsteps were heard about the camp, and since Little Green Island was not in the direct route between New York and Philadelphia, it could scarcely be tramps. The Camp, alarmed at this mysterious being, laid for him, shot bulls-eye lanterns suddenly at him, appointed deputations to sit up all night for him in vain! The mystery became known variously as the Ghost, Annex (an x being the unknown quantity in algebra, and this being, also, the Centennial year), and at last the Khoujahr-r-r. Finally, the Camp in view of which, by various ingenious turned out all together one night, (lead devices, he managed to entice successively set on surrounding and capturing that Khou nearly every member of the Camp. The jahr-r-r. Armed with lanterns, torches, guns, pistols, axes, poles, stones, they waited patiently for the familiar tread, and at last they were rewarded. They formed a circle, flared up the lights, made ready their missiles, and closed in. The Khoujahr-r-r was not there. No sleep visited the Camp that night; discouraged, they returned to New York. Then came strange rumors from the breaking-up party. As they were striking the tents, an animal was seen deserting the island and swimming for a new camp on Long Island. They pursued it with their boat; savagely it turned on its pursuers, but they mastered and captured it. They telegraphed to New York: We have met the Khoujahr-r-r, and it is ours! They brought the animal back with them but was it the Khoujahr-r-r? The mystery was never solved. It remains the bone of contention in the Camp to this day.

New York 1910

A Devils Tale

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Fragments Of Folklore

Name and address of informant Mrs. Annie Nilsson (age 64) 5943 Gates Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y

Page 3

A Devil Tale

One evening in 1900, Mrs. Annie Nilsson took dinner at the home of a spinster friend who lived with her parents in Maspeth.

There was no plumbing in the dwelling, and the house-of-convenience was situated in the back yard. During the evening conversation, the head of the family related some stories of his boyhood on a farm; telling of a number of occasions when portions of the land had been plowed up by the Devil, whose hoof marks had been quite perceptible on the mornings following the Evil One's visitations. Rising from her seat, at the conclusion of one of her father's narratives, the spinster daughter excused herself and went into the yard, through the kitchen door. She had no more than closed it behind her when Mrs. Nilsson and the other people assembled heard and unearthly shriek. The father rushed into the yard and carried his daughter, hysterical and fainting, back into the livingroom.

A hasty application of restoratives induced a partial recovery of the woman's composure, and as soon as she was able to talk she declared she had seen the Devil. Describing His Satanic Majesty as a hunchbacked and headless monster, with a yellow ring encircling his neck, she persisted in her story despite the family's suggestions that her experience was merely a hallucination. Falling ill the next day, the woman became progressively worse and died seven months later.

North Carolina 1830s

Skeletons Buried Under Heaped Piles of Rocks

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/umhtml/umhome.html>

A canoe voyage up the Minnay Sotor; with an account of the lead and copper deposits in Wisconsin; of the gold region in the Cherokee country; and sketches of popular manners; Volume 2. By G.W. Featherstonhaugh

SUMMARY: This detailed travelogue, the concluding part of a two-volume work written primarily for a British readership, discusses the United States' geological resources and offers critical observations about the manners and customs of its different peoples. It was written over a decade after the author explored St. Peter's River—the "Minnay Sotor" of the book's title—in 1835, and draws upon the journals he kept along the way. A Canoe Voyage (volume 2) deals with Featherstonhaugh's return journey to the east coast. His route, interrupted by many detours and excursions through what is now the state of Wisconsin, took him from Fort Snelling and Galena to St. Louis and its environs. Traveling by steamer along the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Paducah, Kentucky, Featherstonhaugh then journeyed down the Tennessee River to Tusculum, where he caught a train to Decatur. From this point, he journeyed by steamer, stage, and dugout canoe, to areas described as "Cherokee country," then onward to Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and Washington, D.C, his ultimate destination. In this volume, Featherstonhaugh inveighs against fraudulent land speculators, slavery, the treatment of the Cherokee, and the bad manners of fellow travelers. He found much to admire in the beauty of the Southern Appalachians and the hospitality of John C. Calhoun, the celebrated Southern statesman.

Chapter LIX. Visit Some Ancient Mining Works.—Traditions Of The Cherokees Respecting Them.—Skeletons Covered With Pieces Of Granite.—Find An Ancient Mining Shaft.-Its Probable Reference To Ferdinand De Soto's Expedition.—Recross The Mountains.-Gold Veins.

Page 288

About two miles from his house, we ascended a hill, and on the descent on the other side, found a longitudinal excavation resembling an open adit, about fifteen feet deep at the upper end, and forty feet in length down the hill. This was made upon a vein of quartz, the parietes of which consisted of decomposed talcose slate, the course of the lode being slightly west of north. Several trees were growing at the edge of this excavation, but not apparently more than thirty years old. Numerous heaps of the ore were lying about, with mica slate containing garnets; but the slate was entirely changed in colour and fell to pieces on the slightest touch. Several smaller excavations had been made not far from this long one, and the rock at each place was in the same state, bearing evidence of having lain a very long period of time

exposed to the action of the atmosphere. Mr. Sterrit informed me that gold in small quantities was found in the streams around.

It was impossible after examining these excavations not to be convinced that at some very remote period persons not ignorant of mining had made some attempts here, and had abandoned them. Mr. Sterrit informed me that he had frequently conversed with the oldest Cherokee chiefs about these excavations, but they uniformly answered that the Indians had never attempted any thing of the kind, nor had any white men made them in the memory of the oldest amongst them. They had traditions, however, of these and other excavations having been made by white men a very long time ago; and on this subject he was referred to an aged Cherokee female who had always lived in Valley River and who bore an excellent character for veracity. She told him that she had heard her grandfather say that his father remembered them when he was a boy, and that they were in the same state they are now in; and that his father also said there was a tradition amongst the Cherokees in his time, that these diggings were made by a few strangers who came into the country they did not know where from, with yellow countenances and of short stature. That they behaved very civilly, and after staying awhile and travelling about the country, they went away and returned with eight or ten more, and resumed their diggings. After remaining some time, they again left the district and returned a second time with about sixty of their companions, bringing presents with them of cloth, silk, yellow money, and other things, and began to establish themselves in the country by building huts, and digging amongst the rocks.

The Cherokees, perceiving they always returned with increased numbers, held a council, and deeming it unsafe to have so many strangers in their country, surprised and massacred them all. Mr. Sterrit assured me that the old woman repeatedly told him the same story, and that she was esteemed to be a very respectable person, and could have no motive whatever to deceive him. In fact, her story appears to confirm the conclusion I came to after seeing the decomposed state of the rocks at these excavations, that they must have been made two or three centuries ago, and very probably by some of the persons who accompanied Ferdinand de Soto...

...Half a mile from this place was a lofty ridge about one hundred and fifty feet high, running N.N.E. and S.S.W. almost entirely consisting of quartz; the ridge was very sharp and narrow at the top, and gold was still washed out of the streams that ran on each side of the ridge. At the summit we found a transverse trench in the solid quartz to the depth of fifteen feet, and about sixty feet long. The parietes were so altered by time, that they no longer looked like quartz, being discoloured and rather reddish. For two inches at the surface, the quartz was decayed, but beyond that it was perfectly sound and white. The masses of quartz removed from this excavation were lying around in great quantities, and in various places were piled up in heaps rather carefully. Observing some of these heaps at the bottom of the trench, we removed the masses of which one of them was formed, and found a skeleton beneath. This induced us to examine the other heaps, beneath every one of which we found a skeleton. It is not very probable, that the miners who had made these excavations had put these bodies here, they would scarcely have buried their dead on the spot where they were daily working, and it is difficult to imagine a satisfactory reason why the Indians should bring their dead from a distance, and carry them to the top of a rugged hill to give them such imperfect burial, for the Cherokees have always buried their dead in the manner they do

now, by digging graves in the soil. A presumption, therefore, arises that the miners had either been surprised at this place, or had retreated to it and been slain here. The ridge is so exceedingly narrow, that it would not have been difficult to hem them in and prevent their escape, and after destroying them, the Indians might have thrown these masses of quartz over them...

Ohio River Valley 1800

Preacher hears noises at night

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/award99/icuhtml/fawhome.html>

The First American West: The Ohio River Valley, 1750-1820

THE LIFE OF THE PILGRIM, JOSEPH THOMAS, CONTAINING AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIALS, TRAVELS AND GOSPEL LABOURS, UP TO THE PRESENT DATE.

Page 128 {page image }

Here is a body of poor, broken, stony land. But on Richland creek it is rich indeed; here the cane is tall and thick.

Thursday 22d.--On Elk river I preached to a few people, where the gospel was never proclaimed by man before. They behaved well, and seemed desirous to hear me of this matter again. I am now but a few miles from the Indians. This evening, after dark, I withdrew a stone's cast into the cane, to pray to him that seeth in secret. After being engaged some time, I heard a dry stalk of cane break but a few steps from me; I immediately thought of Indians. I heard another break, and the impression was strong upon my mind that an Indian was at hand; I then rose from my knees forgot the duty I was engaged in, and ran with all my might for the house. When I came to consider, I found that this was more the fright of the power of darkness than any thing else; for probably an Indian was not within a mile of me. When I found myself baffled from my duty I felt shame and confusion before God.

Friday 23d and Saturday 24th. I rode through a large extent of uninhabited land: The most of it was exceedingly fertile and level, but no springs: I thought I would almost famish for water. Last evening I was much frightened at the screaming of what I supposed to be a panther.

In yon deep, lonely grove I roam'd unseen;
Midst shady oaks and laurels ever green;
Where beasts of prey and prowling vultures haunt,
And the dread savage made my heart to pant.

Oregon 1851

Hunter's Cabin Harassed all Night Long, Cougars

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Federal Writers' Project: Works Progress Administration
Oregon Folklore Studies: Name of worker Sara B. Wrenn Date February 27, 1939
Address 505 Elks Building, Portland, Oregon
Subject Pioneer Day Stories
Name and address of informant Miss Mary Agnes Kelly 2945 S. E. Franklin St., Portland, Oregon
Date and time of interview February 23, 1939 2:00 to 5:45 P.M.
Place of interview Above address, home of informant.
Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant: Miss Jean Slawson, Lower Drive, Lake Grove, Oswego, Oregon
Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.: Large, somewhat handsome living room, revealing culture, good taste and moderate wealth on the part of the occupant. The house is a big, two-story structure, its architecture typical of the early 1900's. Resting high above the street level, its grounds are supported by concrete retaining walls, and the house is reached by a flight of concrete steps. The grounds, though not extensive,

are attractive and overlooking the community. The property is a small part of the original 650-acre donation land claim of the owner's grandfather, Clinton Kelly, who came to Oregon in 1848.

1. Ancestry - Father, Penumbra Kelly, son of Clinton Kelly, who crossed the plains to Oregon in 1848. Mother, Mary E. Marquam Kelly, a daughter of pioneers. Ancestral stock, English, Irish, Scotch and Dutch.
2. Place and date of birth - Portland, Oregon, February 19, 1877.
3. Family - Spinster, living with brother in old home.
4. Places lived in, with dates - Home has always been in Portland, Oregon.
5. Education, with dates - Portland Public Schools; Portland Academy and State University Extension work.
6. Occupations and accomplishments with dates - Juvenile court work. Some achievement as writer.
7. Special skills and interests - Housekeeper and writing, social work.
8. Community and religious activities - Member of Daughters of American Revolution, and of Daughters of War of 1812. Member of Presbyterian church.
9. Description of informant - Tall and slender with blue eyes and brown hair, slightly mixed with gray. Of gracious personality, well-bred and well-dressed. Genteel in every respect, verging on the "old school."
10. Other points gained in interview - The informant writes professionally on pioneer subjects, and, for that reason might be less communicative than she otherwise would be.

PAGE 3

...Thomas Kelly, the youngest brother of Clinton, took up a homestead on land where the Grant High School now stands. It was a very remote and lonesome place then. Great-uncle Thomas was a bachelor. He built himself a little log house, and did the various other improvements required by law; but he probably didn't work as hard as he could. had he been driven by the necessity of supporting a wife and several children. He liked to hunt and he had time for it. He had been hunting one day, and, late in the evening, was carrying home the deer he had shot-carrying it slung over his shoulder, with the head hanging down his back. Dusk had fallen when he realized that he was being followed by something or someone. It didn't take him very long to know that it was a mountain lion or cougar. Knowing the beast's proclivities, that if he hastened his steps attack would be precipitated, he forced himself to hold back when every impulse was to run. Finally, after what seemed to him an eternity, he reached his cabin door. He had no more then dropped the heavy bar inside, when, bang! came the full weight of the cougar on the door. Luckily the door was strong and well-fastened, for again and again the animal lunged, snarling at the barrier. Then it sprang on the roof, and all night long, maddened by the smell of the deer's blood, it yelled and howled and scratched at the frail shakes, only a few feet above his head. With daylight the big cat slunk away, and never was daylight more welcome to great-uncle Thomas, so I've been told.

And here's another cougar story of the early days. Grandfather Marquam, for whom Marquam Bill is named, came to Oregon from California in 1851. He wanted some land cleared, so he hired a man by the name of Latham to do the work. Latham had a wife and three or four little children. The clearing was on the crest of Marquam Hill, where a little house or cabin was built, in which the family might live. Latham was absent from home one night. Early in the evening one of the children was taken sick with some childish ailment, probably colic, for it cried and cried. With darkness, shut in as the cabin was by towering trees, the child's complaining cries grow louder, or so it seemed to the frightened and lonely mother. Presently, to her horror, there came an answering cry from just outside in the little clearing. By this time all the children were frightened and whimpering, and the sick child screamed both with fear and pain. For every scream it gave the cougar or panther answered. Then it, too, leaped on the frail roof, scratching and tearing to get through. Mrs. Latham had no gun, and wouldn't have known how to fire it if she had. But

she did have a wash boiler, and she had, it appears, plenty of water and plenty of wood. So all night long she kept the water boiling, her only weapon if the snarling, hungry beast broke through in the midst of her little brood. This time, also, daylight served as a rescuer, but never again did Mrs. Latham spend the night up there on Marquam Hill alone. She said afterward she thought her hair would be white when morning came.

There is a story, the details of which I wish I could remember better. It is about what we always called the "great-grandfather of all the wolves" story, that was too smart to take any of the trap baits put out by grandfather Kelly. Time after time calves and sheep and pigs were taken, and time after time grandfather set his traps and his baits-all to no purpose. This "great-grandfather of all the wolves" was just too clever for him. Grandfather grew more and more disgusted at his failure. Then, if I remember the story correctly, he built a little pen, in which he placed a live sheep, yet so protected that the wolf couldn't reach it. Just outside the pen he put some poisoned bait that he had been careful enough to literally "handle with gloves". The next day grandmother, and father and all the rest of the young Kellys were taken out by grandfather to see the "great-grandfather of all the wolves" stretched out stark and stiff, and dead as a stone.

Oregon 1851 Panthers Scream in Woods at Night

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

W13909 1938

Oregon Folklore Studies

Reminiscences Of Mrs. E. W. Wilson An Oregon School Teacher Of 1851 Covering her arrival in the Oregon Country and her early months of teaching. Transcribed at The Dalles, December 7, 1899 and loaned to the Federal Writers' Project by her daughter, Mrs. Joseph T. Peters. Complete copy submitted to the Historical Records Survey. Obtained by Sara B. Wrenn for the Oregon Folklore Studies.

Page 11

...But there were many lonesome evening hours. I often walked over the prairie alone late at night to induce sleep. I was not timid and would keep on till I could hear cougars, or, as they were called, "panthers" screaming in the woods by my side. I kept in the open and was in no danger yet even now there comes a sense of pity for the poor girl that I was ...

Oregon 1874 Terrible Noises at Skookum Lake

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Thanks to Autumn for this Skookum find.

<http://www.oregonbigfoot.com>

Federal Writers' Project: Oregon Folklore Studies

Name of worker: Sara B. Wrenn Date March 13, 1939

Address 505 Elks Building. Portland, Oregon

Subject: Early reminiscences - 11 geese with one shot - One fish-hook and what it caught - Petrified Woman - Haunted Lake

Name and address of informant: A. J. Howell 2nd and C Sts., Oswego. Oregon

Date and time of interview: March 10, 1939, 9:00-11:30

Place of interview: Home of informant's son-in-law

Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant:

Mr. Robbins, bus-driver (grand-son-in-law of informant) address unknown

Description of room, houses surroundings, etc.:

Comfortably, but plainly furnished living-room of two-story house, built some 20 or more years ago, and standing on a corner lot of the village of Oswego; in a section where the streets remain ungraded, unpaved and without sidewalks. Oswego is one of the oldest villages in Oregon, and

bears much of [folklore atmosphere?] with its numerous little old-fashioned houses, its shade-trees and its unimproved streets more like grassy lanes.

1. Ancestry - Father, Levi Howell Welsh; Mother, Mary Jones Howell Scotch-Irish
 2. Place and date of birth - Kentucky, near Bolling Green, Jan 15, 1851.
 3. Family - Wife deceased. One daughter, Mrs. Minnie Clinefelter.
 4. Places lived in, with dates - Kentucky, 1851-1856; Illinois, 1856-1872; Oregon since 1872.
 6. Occupations and accomplishments with dates - Carpentry and bridge building. Bridge foreman for Southern Pacific for 15 years. Street commissioner for [Makinnville?] 8 years. Foreman at shipyards during World War.
 7. Special skills and interests - Carpenter. "Interested in 'most everything, 'specially petrified woods. An' I like to dance today just as much as I ever did."
 8. Community and religious activities - Member Odd Fellows Lodge. No church affiliations.
 9. Description of informant - Close to six feet tall, with blue eyes, large nose, and bald head. Looks to be about seventy. Neatly dressed, active, and keenly alive to humor.
 10. Other points gained in interview - A remarkable old man both physically and mentally, to whom life appears to have grown anything but stale.
- Comment: The informant is an extraordinary old man. Of his bald head he laughed and said, "Anyway, nobody ken say anything about my white hair." He keeps young with hobbies, chief of which is his interest in agates and petrified woods of all descriptions, which, together with his grandson, he gathers, and his grandson polishes. They have a small shop at Oswego. Another of Mr. Eowell's hobbies — besides dancing — is canes, which he makes, inlaid and otherwise, out of various woods. He brought some twenty-five of these canes down from his room to show the interviewer. Probably when he thinks the subject over he will recall more tall tales to relate.

Out on the summit o' the Coast Range mountains, between McMinnville and Tillamook, ther' was a lake that in 1874 they used to call Skookum Lake. I think it has another name now. Enyway it was Skookum Lake then, an' everybody said it was haunted. The Indians was scared to death to go near the place. They jest wouldn't go near it, that's all; an' same o' the Whites was jest as bad. They sed ther' was the most terribl' noises came from ther you ever heard, jest like this, same of them was, "Oo-oo- uh! The first all drawn out like, an' the last, the "uh" quick an' sharp, "Oo-oo- uh! — like you'd ben kicked in the middle. Then ther was other sounds, kind o' awful screechin's. Well, a young feller an' I, we decided we'd go an' find out what all these noises was. It was in the Spring, a nice, bright, warm day, an' we took a light camp outfit, an' off we went to the mountains. It was still light when we got to the lake, an' we set up camp, but not very close to the water. All the time we kep' perty still, jest as still as we could. It was terribl' still an' quiet all about — kind o' solemn like. An' then, all at once, we heard it. "O-o, o-o, uh! " "O-o, o-o, uh! " It kep' up, thet noise did, till dusk, an' we couldn't see a thing. We was gettin' kind o' nervous ourselves, but ther wasn't anything to do but stay out the night. We'd killed an elk that afternoon, an' we had a good supper of elk steak, an' jest as we was eatin'ther' came the most dang-dingest crash; jest like a car-load o' lumber fallin' down a mountain-side. By this time we was both about ready to pull up stakes, but we decided to stick it out, an' then we heard the most awfulest screech, endin' in a long wailin' sound, jest like a woman screamin, an' it wasn't once, it come over an' over again. I tell you ther wasn't much sleepin' we did thet night, an' we was up at daybreak. While we was eatin' breakfast that first sound come again, " O-o-uh! " " Oo-uh! " We hadn't heard that noise all night — not since dark. We decided it came from the water all right. We hurried to the edge of the lake. Jus' as we got there, we heard it again. An' then saw somethin' — an object. We saw somethin' go down, an' we heard that sound, an' then somethin' went up. All jest like a flash. An' then we saw what 'twas. What do yuh suppose? It was fish-hawks catchin' muskrats. The muskrats was thick in that lake, an' the fish-hawks

was livin' high, an' ev'ry time they swooped down to the water for a rat they'd give thet funny cry, as they hit the water. Well, we felt perty brave then, so the next thing was to find out about what the crashin' was. We knew it didn't come from the lake, but 'twas some place near, in the forest somewheres. We tramped all 'round, lookin', an' at last we found it. A great big ol' dead tree, where the bark had come loose, an' we jest happened to be ther, when that bark decided to slide down, an' there it was, all piled up about that big ol' tree. Mebbe you guessed what that awful screechin' was we heard. No? Well, you see, that elk we killed— we only took the steaks, an' there was that nice fat carcass, hangin on the tree where we left it, an' there isn't anything a cata-mount likes better'n a nice, fat, young elk, an' so he was givin' us a serenade about it.

Texas 1830s Carvana Monster (fiction?)

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/cbhtml/cbhome.html>

A Gil Blas in California. Dumas, Alexandre, 1802-1870.

SUMMARY: Alexandre Dumas (1802-1870) was one of France's most acclaimed novelists of the nineteenth century. *A Gil Blas in California* (1933) is an English translation of a work first published in Brussels in 1852, with Dumas presenting it as his rendering of a young Frenchman's firsthand account of his adventures in the California Gold Rush. Many critics doubt its claims as a work of non-fiction. The tale covers a voyage round the Horn from Le Havre, life at French Camp, San Francisco fires, California farming and wildlife, hunting trips near Sonoma and in the Mariposa Valley, and a visit to San José.

Chapter XIV: Aluna

Page 119

Aluna had many other narrow escapes...But of his adventures along the Colorado River and in the swamps of Eastern Texas, where he had had two horses devoured by alligators and monsters, he spoke with deeper feeling. Now an alligator is quite familiar to us all; but I question whether scholars or even naturalists have ever heard of a carvana. For my part I hesitate to say that a carvana may perhaps have existed merely in Aluna's imagination. Be this as it may, a carvana was to this intrepid man what an old bogey is to very young children.

This monster lives, so it seems, in Eastern Texas out in those vast marshes that present on the surface the appearance of solid ground, but which are actually nothing more than vast lakes of slime, where in a few seconds horse and rider founder. Through these treacherous dungeons of death exist, however, a few trails marked by thick growth of reeds. These trails are known only to the Indians and local inhabitants. But how are they known? This is what they themselves would probably find difficult to explain; the lone traveler, who has no possible way of locating these narrow causeways, is invariably lost in the marshes...

...As for the carvana, that is quite another story. This monster is far more destructive, far more dangerous, than the alligator at its worst. However, none has been seen alive. Nor is the monster of any apparent value, even if he should appear. But when lagoons dry up, or after the rivers change their channels, dead carvanas have been found, and are known to resemble gigantic tortoises with shells ten or twelve feet long & six feet wide. The head and tail are like those of an alligator. Hiding in the mud much as the ant-lion hides in the sands, he awaits

Texas 1870s

Cattle Nervous, Coyote Howl Close By

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Range-Lore

Raymond Richardson was born at Maverick, Runnels County Texas, in the year 1888. His parents, who were early settlers in the county were living in a dugout at the time of his birth. Mr. Richardson tells his own story. He says, "I was born and reared in Runnels County and have lived here practically all my life. With the exception of a few months I have worked on West Texas ranches ever since I was old enough to fork a horse.

Page 3

...The steers was very restless. We kept right around 'em, ridin' and singing or talking to try to keep them quiet. All at once a coyote let out a howl right close that would actually make a feller feel nervous, let alone cattle....

Texas 1870s

Panthers Night Screaming

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Rangelore

"I'm a cowgirl, but I never could teach my husband to be a cowman," says Mrs. Ben McCulloch Earl Van Dorn Miskimon, of San Angelo, Texas. "My father built the first frame house in Grayson County. I was born in 1862, at Whitesboro, Texas, in that little house. The very next year we moved to the country. My father being progressive, we had the first orchard in that area. We had a ranch of 1,000 acres on Red and Little Wichita Rivers, and six large farms. We also had access to the open range for cattle and horses to roam.

Page 5

...That was one awful night, trying to hold the cattle all alone, with wolves howling and panthers screaming, and boys sick. I stayed on my horse, rounding the cattle, keeping them down...

Texas 1870s

Smelly Mad Howling Wolf Prowls Campfire

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Folkstuff - Range Lore. Tales of Early Days. Uvalde County Texas

O. T. Cardwell, who lives on 502 South Getty Street, and ranches out near Spofford is active and up and going in spite of his 77 years. He seems to greatly enjoy being in the cattle business and is very capable. His parents who were farmers, first lived in Caldwell County where he was born in 1861, then they moved to Gonzales in 1861. The following is in his own words:

Page 9

...The rope was broken so the saddle was brought back to camp and dropped down a short way from the camp fire. Everything got quiet toward night and the boys made down for a night's rest. A neighboring dog raised a howl and a mad wolf was suggested. One of the boys declared he could smell him, finally all of them could smell him. Then they could see him. A gun was called for but none in camp had one. They could see him moving around and the last one of them rolled up in their tarps, head and ears, waiting for further action. "I had fitted myself out with a hammock and had it well swung between two trees so I took it on myself to stand watch for the boys. I kept my eyes on what I thought they had mistaken for a mad wolf. It was in the glimmer of a campfire, but never did move. I finally called to the boys and told them it was a false alarm. Two of them summoned courage enough to venture out to the thing and drug Billy's saddle in to camp...

Texas 1870s

Dogs Barking, Tracks in Yard, Bush Twisted Off at Base

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Life History: Pioneer Experiences Before and After 1875 Real County James Thomas Wood.

"This is a sketch of my life from a child up to now, on the frontier of Texas. I was born in San Saba County January 6, 1857, and lived there until I was twenty-one years old. My father was among the early settlers in that county. I have been told by some of my relatives that my sister, two years older than myself, was the first white child born in San Saba County.

Page 11

"After mother's death, my father married a girl by the name of Warren. Her mother was a widow and lived in Burnett County. One time father and my step-mother left us older children at home to take care of the place while they went on a visit to Burnett County to see Grandma Warren. They were gone several days, and one night while they were away we heard our two dogs barking just like they were baying at something in our yard. (We lived in a bottom where the timber made so much shade that it was very dark in there at night.) So I yelled at the dogs and hissed them, and they barked like they were about to tear something to pieces. The next morning we found either sock tracks or moccasin tracks in the yard. We had some plum bushes set out in the yard, and one of them was almost twisted off at the ground. We thought that the Indian, or whoever it was had tried to break the plumb bush off to fight the dogs with. We always thought that it was an Indian hunting for horses, as people usually tied their horses up at night in some place to try to hid them from the Indians, especially on moonlight nights, or when they thought the Indians were liable to make a raid in the country.

"My father had a mare with a very pretty little colt, and he took her off one night and tied her in a bottom where he thought she would be safe if the Indians came around. The next morning when we went to see about her, the little colt had gotten the rope around its neck and choked to death. I was like most children and thought it was awfully bad that the colt choked to death.

Texas 1880s

Man Tree'd by Wolf Howls & "A Wouser"

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Folkstuff - Rangelore. Gauthier. Sheldon F.

George T. Martin, 72, living at 916 W. Peach St. Fort Worth, Texas, was born July 11, 1865 at Atlanta Ga. His father, Jack Martin, moved his family from Atlanta to Dallas, Texas in 1870. George T. Martin went to Denton Co. in 1880 and secured work on the cattle ranch owned by "Red" Robinson. He remained with the Robinson's ranch for four years. After he terminated his employment with the Robinson's ranch, he and his brother, Jack, gathered a herd of wild horses, broke the animals to the saddle, and drove the herd to Little Rock Ark, at which place they sold the horses. Martin continued in the horse selling business during the remainder of his active life.

His story of his range life follows: "I have lived in Texas, since 1870. My father, Jack Martin, moved his family from Atlanta Ga, in that year and settled in Dallas, Texas. I was born at Atlanta July 11, 1865.

Page 4

"One time the boys sent me out to get a "Wouser", that was supposed to be in the creek bottom, because they feared that it would get some of the critters. My instructions were to stay after the animal until I located it and got a shot at it. The boys said: 'If the animal was shot at it would leave the section pronto, but kill it if you can.' The animal was described as having a body similar to a calf and a head similar to a wolf. I left to locate that "Wouser" early in the morning and stayed with the job until dark, but nary a

glimps did I get of the critter. I came into the camp sort of shamed of myself, because I had fell down on the job. I reported how I had watched and sneaked quietly here and there. While I was telling the tale, I noticed that all of the bunch was mighty interested and noticed some smiles. It then came into my conk what had been pulled on me. I then sure enough was riled for a bit.

Page 8

"That night my Brother got with 50 stray critters which strayed from the main herd and he stayed with the bunch...He stayed there until daylight, but spent most of his time sitting on a limb of a tree. The wolves got to howling and that put pinples on his back, so kid like, he staked his hoss and went for a tree.

Upper Midwest 1930s

Unearthly Scream, Low Rumble of a Lynx Wakes Eric Severeid

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/umhtml/umhome.html>

Canoeing with the Cree, by Arnold E. Severeid—Chapter XIII The Great Test

SUMMARY: This is the narrative of a canoe trip by renowned news commentator Eric Severeid (1912-1992). After graduating from Minneapolis High School, he embarked with his classmate, Walt Port, on a journey that would take them up the Minnesota River to Big Stone Lake and from there to the Red River of the North and Lake Winnipeg. They paddled along the eastern shore of Lake Winnipeg to Norway House and then through five hundred miles of wilderness to York Factory, the historic trading center at Hudson Bay. They succeeded in becoming the first Americans on record to complete the route, which was over 2,250 miles long and required an entire summer, and their regular dispatches were published by the Minneapolis Star. Though aided initially by conveniences available at towns and settlements along the river banks, their route became progressively wilder and more challenging. During the last leg of the trip, when they found themselves ill-equipped to endure the climate, scarcity of food, and unanticipated hazards, they depended heavily on assistance from traders and the Cree, of whom Severeid sometimes speaks disparagingly. The book focuses on adventure and personal experience rather than natural description or ethnographic information. Severeid himself viewed his journey as a rite of passage from adolescence into manhood.

Page 164

...We saw only a wolf, a black bear and occasionally smaller animals. In an attempt at diversion, we chased a loon two miles along the river one day. One night we sat upright, startled out of sleep by the unearthly scream of a lynx close at hand. We gripped the rifle and waited. But the scream was not repeated, only a low rumbling sound came to our ears and then ceased.

Virginia 1700s

Thomas Jefferson's Megalonyx (Gigantic Lion)

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/moahtml/snchome.html>

American Elephant Myths.

[Scribner's magazine. / Volume 1, Issue 4, April, 1887]

American Elephant Myths.

By W. B. Scott.

Page 472

...The northern and western parts of America still remain in their aboriginal state, unexplored by us or by others for us; he may as well exist there now as he did formerly where we find his bones. This doctrine of the indestructibility of species was an accepted scientific dogma of Jeffersons time, but it pushed him to great extremities when he came later to describe his Megalonyx, which he believed to be a gigantic lion, but which in reality was a huge sloth. To prove that this dreadful creature was still alive, he had recourse to hunters tales about vast animals whose roarings shook the earth, and which carried off horses like so many sheep...

...Jefferson also quotes the narrative of a Mr. Stanley who was

captured by the Indians near the mouth of the Tennessee River and carried westward beyond the Missouri to a place where these great bones were abundant. The Indians declared that the animal to which they belonged was still living in the north, and from their descriptions Stanley inferred it to be an elephant Charlevoix, a Jesuit missionary, mentions in his history of New France an Indian tradition of a great elk, beside whom others seem like ants. He has, they say, legs so high that eight feet of snow do not embarrass him; his skin is proof against all sorts of weapons, and he has a sort of arm which comes out of his shoulder, and which he uses as we do ours...

...Traditions of a similar import are recorded from the Iroquois, Wyandots, Tuscaroras, and other tribes, and perhaps most interesting of all is a widely spread legend among the tribes of the Northwest British provinces, that their ancestors had built lake-dwellings on piles like those of Switzerland, to protect themselves against an animal which ravaged the country long, long ago...

In Mexico and South America we meet with a series of myths which form a curious parallel to those of the Old World. Bernal Diaz del Castillo reports among the Mexicans at the time of the Spanish conquest the existence of legends of giants, founded upon the occurrence of huge bones. The following is related of Tlascalla: The tradition was also handed down from their forefathers that in ancient times there lived here a race of men and women of immense stature, with heavy bones, and were a very bad and evil-disposed people, whom they had for the most part exterminated by continual war, and the few that were left gradually died away...

...Other Indian traditions, such as that of the naked bear, seem to point clearly to the gigantic extinct sloths; and the fact that the mythical animals can be distinguished apart, and referred to appropriate originals in the extinct animals of the continent, speaks strongly for the accuracy of the stories...

Virginia 1800s

Man Chased By Booger-Boos (fiction?)

<http://docsouth.unc.edu/glasgowvoice/voiceof.html>

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/award97/ncuhtml/fpnashome.html>

Glasgow, Ellen Anderson Gholson, 1873-1945; *The Voice of the People* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1900. 444 p.

Page 31

Nicholas went on steadily, spurred by superstitious terror of the silence. He remembered that Uncle Ish had said there were no "haunts" along this road, but the assurance was barren of comfort Old Uncle Dan'l Mule had certainly seen a figure in a white sheet rise up out of that decayed oak stump in the hollow, for he had sworn to it in the boy's presence in Aunt Rhody Sand's cabin the night of her daughter Viny's wedding. As for Viny's husband Saul, he had declared that one night after ten o'clock, when he was coming through this wood, the "booger-boos" had got after him and chased him home.

Virginia 1880s

Lake of the Great Dismal

Chapter - Animal and Plant life

Charles Frederick Stansbury was born in London, England, on November 3, 1854; but his parents were Americans. He died in 1922, on the 12th of May. Stansbury went to California at the age of twenty, and from there to Hawaii and to Samoa. From Samoa he went to Australia in 1879 where he went into newspaper work. He was editor and publisher of a weekly paper called *The Lantern* in Adelaide for four or five years, then he went to London; for two years he practiced his profession there, and in 1888 returned to the United States. He was a reporter, a special feature writer, an editorial writer, a song writer and the author of many short stories and essays, numerous poems and a couple of novels. "Kittiwake," published in 1912, I think is the best of his writings. It shows his style at its best; it shows his love of nature and his gentle whimsical humor. I think he might have been a naturalist, if he had followed one of his bents.

The Dismal Swamp of Virginia always held for him great interest and fascination. He devoted many years of his life exploring and collecting material. After his death there was found among his effects a note requesting that the manuscript be handed to his old friend and pal of many years, A. E. Baermann; he having faith that "Abe" would find a publisher for it.

Page 95

...The flora and fauna existing in the Dismal Swamp are not confined to its limits, although we are apt to think of the inhabitants and plant life of the great morass as of a kind to be found nowhere else. The florid imagination of the negro has peopled it with many strange animal forms that were never yet on sea or land. Even intelligent white men have allowed their fancy to run away with them when discussing the demons of this strange region...

Werewolf Myths 1871

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUST, 1871. NO. CLXVI.

WEREWOLVES AND SWAN-MAIDENS.

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/moahtml/snchome.html>

...Sometimes, instead of a dog, we have a great ravening wolf who comes to devour its victim and extinguish the sunlight of life, as that old Wolf of the tribe of Fenris devoured little Red Riding-Hood with her robe of scarlet twilight. Thus we arrive at a true werewolf myth. The storm-wind, or howling Rakshasa of Hindu folk-lore, is a great misshapen giant with red beard and red hair, with pointed protruding teeth, ready to lacerate and devour human flesh; his body is covered with coarse, bristling hair, his huge mouth is open, he looks from side to side as he walks, lustig after the flesh and blood of men, to satisfy his raging hunger and quench his consuming thirst. Towards nightfall his strength increases manifold; he can change his shape at will; he haunts the woods, and roams howling through the jungle....

Wild Man of the Woods Myths 1865

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/moahtml/snchome.html>

The Nineteenth Century in Print: Periodicals

Deep-Sea Damsels. [The Atlantic monthly. / Volume 16, Issue 93, July 1865]

AUTHOR: G. W. Hosmer Page(s) 77-84

Page 77

...The ancients believed, among other things, that man had, to say the least, relations in the various departments of Nature and in the various divisions of animal life; that there were wild men who lived in the forests, and differed from man proper principally in other than physical respects; and that there were wild men who lived in the sea: also that there were beings half-man and half-horse; others half-man and half-bird; and others, again,

half-man and half-fish. In respect to the wild man of the woods, it may be said that those words are the literal signification of the Malayan words *orang outang*; and that animals appearance seems to determine that the Satyr and kindred creatures were not entirely imaginations....4P

Ireland 1700s

Irish Mystery

<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wpaintro/wpahome.html>

Folklore

Name Of Worker A. Fitzpatrick

Address 327 East 145th St. Bronx N. Y. C.

Date October 20, 1938

Subject Reminiscences: Mr. G. Hale.

1. Ancestry Irish
 2. Place and date of birth Cayuga County, City of Auburn. N. Y. S.
 3. Family consisted of Wife, Son and Daughter. (Informant is now divorced.)
 4. Places lived in, with dates Present address 322 West 42nd St. City. Resided there, three weeks to date. Former address, 324 West 42nd St. 18 months. Prior to latter resided at 463 E. 158th St. three years and for five years previous to that, 367 East 167th St. Bronx.
 5. Education, with dates: Public School and High School Graduate.
 6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates: Newspaperman, intermittently, from 1920 to 1934, Free-lance work 1934 to date. Also carpentry off and on. (Non Union).
 7. Special skills and interests: Short story writing, Interviewing, mechanics and books.
 8. Community and religious activities : Religion, Catholic Active in Parochial affairs
 9. Description of informant: About five feet six inches in height. Weight is about 148 lbs. Age 51 Exceptionally neat in appearance. Strikes one as above the average in intelligence. Is a deep thinker.
 10. Other Points gained in interview: Very cooperative and sociable. Quick to grasp a situation. Quite conversational and although having experienced tragedy in a mismatched marriage. (He is divorced since 1935), has evidently adjusted himself to a situation beyond his control.
- Despite the foregoing he has a fine head of hair, grey lacking and, although 51 years of age, has the appearance of a man much younger in years. It may be added that Mr. Hale is a recipient of Home Relief. He has been without steady income for many years.
- The informant's paternal Grandfather, a native of Co. Limerick, Ireland, arrived in the United States in 1850. He was a Union soldier in the Civil War. The resultant folklore tales were garnered by the Grandson - (the informant) - from his Grandfather who was a great story teller. Mr. Hale states that the stories, two of which are herewith submitted, are true and that he has always had the greatest respect for his Grandfather's veracity and beliefs. Mr. Hale Sen' died in 1926.

Page 1

"Ireland is too well noted for it's implicit belief in the supernatural, that goes without saying.

There is hardly an Irishman or an Irishwoman that has not had some kind of personal experience of their own, back in the old country. An experience of something uncanny and inexplicable. My Grandfather, I recall, once told me of an incident that had no solution. Here it is; - find the answer yourself.

His folks were well to do, owning a very large farm in Co Limerick. Of course he had, as all farmers over there have, some cattle, some sheep, dogs and chickens. He had six dogs, two of whom were very ferocious. These two were so vicious that my Grandfather had rings put in their noses by which they were kept tied to the house. At night he released them and God pity the tramp or anyone that tried to get into the property.

One night, about ten o'clock; (my grandfather was still up at the time) the dogs suddenly started to snarl and growl at something they seemed to see in the distance. They suddenly jumped off the porch and ran towards a hedge some 75 feet distant. Well,

whatever it was, when they reached the hedge they immediately stopped and turning tail, ran back and into the house, a terrific fear in their eyes and the hair all bristling on their backs with their tails between their legs. They went under the beds and for two days they could not be budged. Some weeks later there was a repetition of the same occurrence, but this time there was a development. The horses, (there were two of them), were loose in the grounds. When they saw the dogs running as before, towards the same spot in the hedge, they ran too, but when the dogs, (whatever they saw), set up a howl and turned to run back to the house; the horses jumped the hedge and it is a positive fact, they WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN. My Grandfather requested the neighbors to keep an eye out for them but they had vanished as if into the thin air. There never was an explanation.

Russian Legend 1800s

Huge Bear Befriends Monk

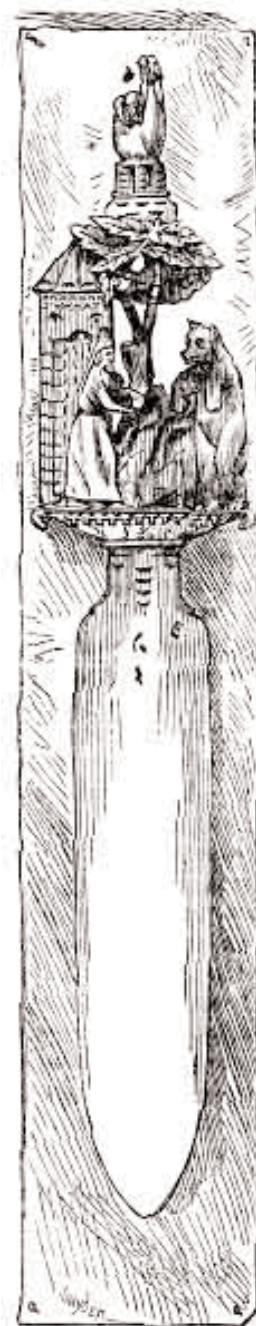
<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ndlpcoop/moahtml/snchome.html>

Monsters. [Harper's new monthly magazine. / Volume 64, Issue 379, December 1881]

Author: Moncure D. Conway

Page 105

I have already spoken of the great Troitzkoi monastery in Russia. The legend of it is as follows. Many centuries ago the hermit St. Sergius came from Syria and settled himself here in the heart of a forest. For the latter years of his life his only companion was a huge bear, which came to destroy him, but remained to be his friend; and on the spot where the bear finally buried and mourned the saint, now stands the venerated Layra Troitzkoi. Within its walls I listened to this legend, as related by a lady of that neighborhood, and at the end of it she said, Do you not believe it? I answered: I can believe almost anything of the power of kindness. I do not see why St. Sergius might not have tamed this bear...



PAPER-KNIFE FROM TROITZKOI LAVRA--ST. SERGIUS

and half seal, described as having the upper part of the body covered with white skin, with long hair on the head, and the legs replaced by a seal's body. It is a mythical conception common among the western Eskimo.



FIG. 162.—Ivory float handle with mermaid-like figure (1).

Figure 164, from Cape Vancouver, is a carving an inch and three-quarters long, representing a walrus. On the breast is a human face, inclosed within the

front flippers and looking forward, intended to represent the features of the walrus *inua*. The body is ornamented with concentric circles



FIG. 163.—Carving representing a mermaid-like creature (1).

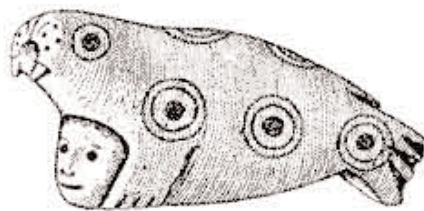


FIG. 164.—Ivory carving showing the face of a walrus *inua* (full size).

with central dots, made by filling round holes in the ivory with wooden plugs. The general execution of this carving is very good, the shape of the walrus, including the tusks, nostrils, and small sunken dots about the muzzle, representing bristles, being well reproduced.

An ivory carving (number 43717), three inches in length, from Nunivak island, represents a seal's body with a man's head and neck. It is pierced crosswise through the shoulders for the passage of a cord, and is used as a fastener for a woman's belt. This represents one of the composite animals which figure in the mythology of this region.

A carving, from Sledge island in Bering strait (number 45236), represents a seal's body with a semihuman face. It is pierced lengthwise along the lower side for the passage of a cord, is used for the same purpose as the specimen last described, and, like it, illustrates a mythic animal.

Another carving (figure 135), from the northern shore of Norton sound, is 4½ inches in length, made from mammoth ivory, and represents a white bear carrying upon its back the extended figure of a man lying face downward with his head over the animal's hips and



FIG. 165.—Drawing of mythic creature in a wooden tray (1).

Uncleanness of this kind may be removed in some cases by bathing in urine. Sometimes when a man learns that he has become unclean he goes to a grave and scrapes himself from head to foot with a human rib, thus leaving the bad influence at the grave. This condition may be brought about by witchcraft, but usually it is caused by contact with some person or thing already unclean. In the Bladder feast the flames of wild parsnip stalks are supposed to purify the bladders and thereby prevent any influence of this kind. At the same time they are believed to remove from the hunters the influence that may have affected them from their association with so many shades or *inuas*.

In a case that came to my notice one autumn, on Norton sound, a Malemut woman was ill for several months with some uterine trouble, and neither her husband nor other male relative would enter her house during the entire period, saying that if they did so they would become unclean and could kill no more game.

The object illustrated in figure 153 is a grotesque wooden head about three and a half inches long, with the nose of an ermine skin fastened on its forehead and extending thence backward and falling down behind, with the tail and hind feet as pendants. A strip of bear skin on the back of the head furnishes long hair to represent that of a human being. The features are grotesquely carved, with projecting brow, squarely cut nose, deeply incised, triangular eyes, and a crescentic, upturned mouth. A pair of incisors of some rodent project from the upper jaw, curving outward and down over the mouth. The face is painted dark red, except the area about the mouth, which is blackened with gum, in which are set the teeth. The neck has a round hole in its lower end, apparently for receiving a peg upon which the image was placed. This object was used by a shaman to represent one of his *tunghüt*, by whose aid he claimed to accomplish his mysterious works.



FIG. 153—Shaman's doll fetich (3).

MYTHIC ANIMALS

The Unalit and other Eskimo of this region believe in the existence of various fabulous monsters, some of the most important of which are described below. It will be noted that the majority of these beasts are apparently derived from traditional accounts of existing animals or their remains, some of which have already been treated in the chapter relating to masks.

It is said that there are sometimes born, among other beings, monstrous children which begin to devour their mother's breasts as soon as

Figure 161 shows a cord handle of ivory from Sledge island. It is carved to represent a mythic creature, half seal and half human, that the Eskimo of Norton sound and Bering strait claim exists in the sea. They are said to be caught in nets or killed by hunters at times, and when this happens the one who is responsible for it is presumed to suffer many misfortunes.

Figure 162, from Sledge island, is an ivory handle for a whale float. One end represents a sealhead, and the other the head of one of the mermaid-like beings said to live in the sea and to have the head and shoulders of a human being, the remainder of the animal being like a seal.

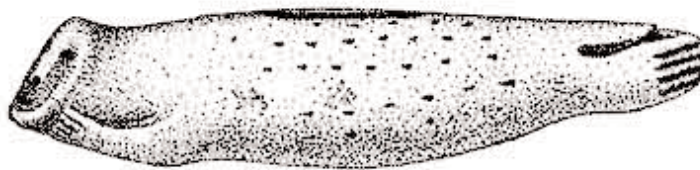


FIG. 161—Ivory carving of a mermaid-like creature ($\frac{1}{10}$).

Figure 163, from Kushuuk, is a carving of wood three inches in length. It represents the body of a seal with the head and neck of a human being. Upon the shoulders incised lines represent hands and arms; a seal claw is set in the lower part of the breast and curved downward and back. This object represents a mythic animal supposed to live in the sea, and is without definite use. It shows a mermaid-like creature, half human



Man poses next to boulder covered with rock paintings. Pictographs by Lake Pend O'Reille, ID., 1898. Photograph came from Dr. Lieberg, Hope ID., fall 1898