
The Wabanaki in White Literature: Some Further Comments

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This is my third paper on the topic of Wabanaki peoples in white literature. The first (Morrison 1979) discussed ten books about frontier warfare, in the children's literature category. The second (Morrison 1981) treated selected works of 19th-century New England writers Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne. This time I consider some analytical criteria, some additional information on some old themes, and some books which depict the Wabanaki in constructive contexts.

Recently I retired from full-time teaching of anthropology courses, and the clean-up/move-out process gave me ample opportunity to assess my own mental evolution — i.e., to monitor what I had learned in over three decades of teaching, as anthropology gradually taught me. Some of my ruminations are particularly relevant to this paper, as a starting point for developing the frontier encounter model that I propose herein.

Clearly, the most important single concept in anthropology is relativism, because it is basic to absolutely everything else. Second in importance is that key application of relativism called the "definition of the situation", or D.O.T.S. for short, because, very simply, D.O.T.S. call the shots. Particularly is this so for analysis of frontier encounters.

Consider the relativism involved in any analysis, especially as regards the relationship of the parts to the whole. In analyzing anything, one or more parts(s) symbolically must stand for the whole, which is too big to take on directly. Said another way, one must use conceptual models as the necessary handles to grasp abstractions. All models are only approximations of whatever they represent; i.e., they are absolute relativisms only. All models are biased and prejudiced toward focussing in some attributes of the whole while focussing out other attributes. Such is the relativism involved.

Some models are bigger and more complex than others. Some models are better than others for particular purposes. The single absolutely worst model for any purpose is the model that one does not use any models at

all, because that is self-delusion at its worst extreme. In what follows, I discuss some useful and non-useful models for analyzing white literature's treatment of Wabanaki peoples and persons, usually in frontier encounter contexts.

The largest and most complex model used by anthropologists is culture, meaning all the rules and tools that a people use, to live their own way. The best functional description of culture, that I know of, is that a people's culture is their own ways and means of making themselves feel comfortable. Therefore, culture as comfort is my metaphoric model. In interacting with a foreign culture or with foreigners themselves, any person easily may feel discomfort, which negatively biases the entire encounter. Thus the term "encounter" seems to me the most useful metaphoric model of intercultural interaction, because it seems to allow fullest consideration of all perceptions, shadows as well as substances, and the over-reactions and under-reactions based on misperceptions. The importance of the shadows and the misperceptions in encounter situations cannot be overemphasized. Therefore, the encounter model requires a compatible partner, namely a model of toleration for the inevitably very different perspectives that can and will arise from any intercultural encounter.

In total contrast to toleration is the chauvinism model, which I strongly recommend avoiding, because it gets us nowhere, except angry — e.g., men should never write about women (and vice versa), or whites should never write about Indians (and vice versa), because the results are not authentic. The encounter model undercuts the chauvinistic complaint, anyhow, if used meaningfully.

Both authors and readers seem to love the shadows more than the substances of encounters, if only because literature is innately humanistic, not scientific — i.e., in literature, the shadow perspective is as authentic as the substance perspective, perhaps more so. But, certainly, whenever the substance is presented it should be accurate in description. Perhaps only the restraint of good taste can prevent the fascinating shadow from getting so fantastic as to bias the encounter model beyond meaningfulness.

The fantasy potentiality is inherent in all frontier encounters, if only as a titillating psychological vent. Indeed, the encounter fantasy is at least a basic theme if not a fixation of western civilization, and its locus is the frontier. Monstrous satyrs, woodwoses, ogres, and bigfoot, along with Robin Hood, the Teddy Bears' Picnic, and especially the Noble Savage, all have inhabited the wilderness that white literature long has contrasted with civilization. The relativism here is that frontier encounters may provide whatever one seeks — shadow or substance of whatever sort, depending upon one's definition of the situation. This point must be kept in mind constantly for the duration of my paper, but I will cease addressing it directly now, lest it drag

me too far into the woods, perhaps into the clutches of windigos, gou-gous, or any other Native American monsters who live there, too.

In dealing further with authenticity and accuracy, two other key concepts must be mentioned. Each is nothing without relativism. The first of these concepts is context—the time, place, and system relativity questions to ask about anything: when?, where?, and as part of what? Not to know the context of something is not to know enough about it. The second concept is tradition, and the relativism involved is that each and every tradition started sometime and someplace as an innovation in some system. For example, in *The Invention of Tradition*, edited by Hobsbaum and Ranger (1983), one learns that both the Highland Scottish kilt (garment) and the distinctive uniform clan tartans (fabric) appeared only in the last two centuries, and each, respectively, because of an Englishman, not a Scot. In short, the apparent accuracy of these findings destroys the supposed authenticity of these traditions.

Authenticity, I suggest, is not a sufficiently useful concept, because too many times it is used misleadingly, for a supposed monolithic absolute, and as such is not considered with the relativistic perspective it requires. Surely, there is more than a single authenticity, especially in the encounter model, as the following examples indicate.

Recently, Wabanaki peoples interacting with the Great White Establishment about land-claims issues have used very different approaches: the Maine Micmacs have worked within the white system to obtain federal recognition, while the Vermont Abenakis have been much more confrontational. Neither style is more or less authentically Wabanaki, in terms of encounter, as my own research on 17th-century “Dawnland Directors’ Decisions” (Morrison 1991) shows. Pennacook paramount sagamore Pas-saconaway decided for peace with the English; his son Wonalancet followed his example, while his grandson, Kancamagus, decided for war. Western Etchemin paramount sagamore Madockawando first fought the English, then ceased doing so, until the French raised up puppet-competitor Taxous to challenge Madockawando’s decision and reputation.

Accuracy, it seems to me, includes whatever useful elements there might be in authenticity, without any of the latter’s misleading side-effects. Yet even the accuracy of writing about another culture is subject to relativism in at least two ways. First, any writer’s personal biases affect both field perceptions (if any) and written statements. Second, the limitations of the genre of writing bias the results, irrespective of who is reporting. These two factors—personal biases and writing genre—can team up to do a double whammy on accuracy, perhaps deliberately, as in the case of the Pigwacket Ballads. These ballads are based upon the double defeat of both militia-captain Lovewell’s scalp-bounty-hunters and war-chief Paugus’s Wabanaki

warriors, in 1725, at Pigwacket on the Saco River, in what is now Fryeburg, Maine.

In my paper on the Wabanaki in 19th-century white literature (Morrison 1981), I gave considerable attention to the influence that the centennial remembrance of the Pigwacket Fight had on both poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and prose-author Nathaniel Hawthorne. I thought then that the stimulus was largely their Bowdoin College professor of mental and moral philosophy, Rev. Thomas Cogswell Upham, who wrote one or more ballad(s) about it himself. Since then I have discovered two items that change my understanding of the context of the Pigwacket Fight centennial considerably, to include a far wider appreciative audience than just history buffs in both Maine and New Hampshire (Lovewell's home). My surprise initially was that a pack of scalp-bounty-hunters had been made into regional heroes. Now, but only after applying a massive dose of relativism, I can begin to comprehend that they were, instead, national heroes.

How and why? First, the 50th anniversary year of the beginning of the American Revolution coincided with the 100th anniversary year of the Pigwacket Fight. This suited nicely the American fantasy desire for a more-ancient history to accompany the classic revival fad in both architecture and the naming of new towns. Second, that fantasy was operationalized in the myth of the lost race of mound-builders in the American midwest, who supposedly were killed off by Indians. That myth accompanied the peopling of the newly-opened midwest by migrating whites from New England, who took their own Indian-fighting folklore with them.

It really is far less convoluted for Captain John Lovewell the scalp-bounty-hunter to have become a national hero back then, than for Lt. Col. Oliver North the Iran-Contra operative to have become one more recently. Both were men of action working for a cause. However, in Lovewell's case it was an open and officially-authorized cause, unlike North's case. Also, Lovewell died for his cause, unlike North's going unscathed in any way. Both Lovewell and North became political heroes, certainly not military heroes, which makes the shadow far more important, relatively, than the substance, in both cases.

That the names of the Pigwacket fighters were still household words for American whites more than a century after the 1725 Pigwacket Fight is attested by a fictional piece of literary filler that I found by accident while perusing old newspapers for something else, in westernmost New York state. In the *Fredonia* (NY) *Censor* of 31 December 1828, and stating "From the *Philadelphia Souvenir*" without citing a date, appeared a very brief anonymous short story entitled "Young Paugus". No background is given; the story just begins. The plot is super-simple: long after 1725, with the intent of revenge, Paugus's son seeks out Chamberlin, who had

shot Old Paugus; however, Chamberlin shoots Young Paugus, too, instead. The names Lovewell and Pigwacket appeared, but only in closed context and were not explained — seemingly because they did not need explanation. This was an eye-opener for me, as was, also, the following discovery.

In checking into some references not available to me in 1981, I discovered Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's (1932) "Authorship of the Franklin Ballad", along with other pertinent material on "Songs of the Pigwacket Fight", in three issues of the *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*. Although not certain, it appears likely that Benjamin Franklin's uncle and namesake was the author of one of the several broadside ballads to appear soon after the 1725 battle. This so-called Franklin Ballad supposedly became "the best loved song in all New England". In one version it begins:

Of worthy Captain Lovewell, I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

While we today never may be able fully to grasp the contemporary 1725 political significance of the Pigwacket Ballads, the battle certainly was, at best, only a stalemate for the English. It was a negative incident that required, in modern terms, spin-doctoring into a positive myth. And broadside ballads are just the type of folklore best suited for heaviest-duty propaganda: sentimental artfulness with no concern for scientific accuracy. Indeed, the motto of the entire genre called folklore often appears to be "Never let the facts interfere with a good story."

In relativistic terms, the context of the 1725 Pigwacket Fight was a war with no European counterpart, often called Dummer's War (1722-1727), after the name of the Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts at that time. The New England English, all on their own, had decided to end their frontier's menace by declaring war on all Wabanakis, and by offering attractively high-priced scalp-bounties to stimulate military actions. The English had been on a roll, destroying Old Town on the Penobscot River in 1723, and Norridgewock on the Kennebec River in 1724 (even killing its French Jesuit missionary, Sebastian Rasles). Two remaining trouble-spots were nearby Pigwacket on the Saco River (Fryeburg, Maine) and distant Mississquoi on Lake Champlain (Swanton, Vermont). Pigwacket looked easy.

However, Lovewell's bounty-hunters only stalemated with Paugus's Pigwackets in 1725. Furthermore, to the westward, Chief Graylock proved totally impossible to stop, in his repeated harassments of the middle Connecticut River valley English settlements, from his far-away Mississquoi base. Eventually the English honored the invincible Graylock by naming the highest peak in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts after him. Yet Paugus was vilified for defending the Pigwacket homeland, particularly in

the 1825 anniversary ballads, poems, etc. Such is the rationality of folklore; it is all a matter of relativism.

While accuracy is not a requirement of folklore, it certainly should be a necessity of folkloristics (the study and reporting of folklore). No folklorist should be creative with the folklore being reported, but should tell it as found; otherwise, it becomes only fakelore. Yet recently the charge has been made that one of the early giants of Wabanaki folkloristics, Charles Godfrey Leland (1968), in his 1884 classic, *The Algonquin Legends of New England*, twisted the Micmac folklore he was studying into the dualistic dispute of Gluskap and Malsum, making them supposed twins respectively representing good and evil.

Religious-studies professor Thomas Parkhill claims that:

Leland's promotion of the Kluskap twin story continues to have an impact in three areas: (1) scholarship, (2) the self-understanding of native people, and (3) the interrelationship of native and non-native peoples [i.e., the encounter]. Whatever else it is, Leland's disregard for the integrity of the traditions he studied is bad scholarship that has encouraged more bad scholarship. A relatively recent, outrageous example is a book that, using Leland's stories as a primary source, purports to prove that Kluskap was really a fourteenth-century Orkney nobleman named Henry Sinclair who overwintered in Nova Scotia . . . [see Pohl (1974)]

There is some evidence that some Abenaki and Micmac peoples have appropriated the Kluskap-Malsum story, that their creative response has been to make the story their own . . .

By shifting this story to the center of Abenaki and Micmac traditions, Leland has distanced nonnatives even further from understanding the native people whose land they occupy as part of the spoils of conquest. Leland, of course, was not concerned a hundred years ago with this problem. According to the popular wisdom of his time, based on the culmination of a history of conquest, the Indian was destined for extinction. (Parkhill 1992:61-62)

Indeed, only such an attitude of the complete irrelevance of Native Americans, except as cultural fossils, could account for the statement about the Micmacs made by Leland's partner, John Dyneley Prince, in the introduction to their joint publication, *Kuloskap the Master* (Leland and Prince 1902:31): "[The Micmacs'] grade of intelligence is much lower than that of the other members of the same [Wabanaki] family, but they still have a vast store of folk-lore, legends, and poems which is perishing for want of interested collectors." But, worse still, relative to the context of turn-of-the-century white academics, neither Leland nor Prince was considered to be greatly out of line.

Regarding the ongoing harmfulness of Leland's scholastic wrongdoing, it is good indeed that the American Friends Service Committee's extremely fine and useful resource book, *The Wabanakis of Maine and the Maritimes*, contains the following warning:

In reading the story of Koluskap . . . and his brother Malsom . . . , it must be remembered that the Wabanakis did not necessarily — at least in ancient times — think of “good” and “evil” as they are commonly understood today. As the story is told here, it is easy for modern readers to call Koluskap the good brother and Malsom the evil brother; but this may be misleading. For instance, consider the role . . . [of] *motewolon* — a person with supernatural powers. Ordinarily we might wonder whether such a person uses his or her powers “for good” or “for evil”. A *motewolon*, however, is not good or evil at heart, but simply may use supernatural powers to help or obstruct others. . . .

It is by no means far-fetched to say that *Kuloskap and His People*, and other legends like it, have been influenced by the Christian account of creation, and in particular by the role played by Satan (the Devil) in obstructing God’s work. (American Friends Service Committee 1989:C2)

Turning from folklore to history, another recent correction of earlier misstatements requires attention, especially in its literary consequences. Modern ethnohistory, informed by anthropological theory, asks different questions and uses different perspectives than older historical research methods ever allowed. Thus, revisionist historian David L. Ghere has restudied the supposed withdrawal to Canada of the Pigwacket and Androscoggin divisions of the Abenakis, and finds that older historians were both misled and misleading. Ghere states:

Prior to the 1980s, most historians of New England had long assumed that the Abenakis in western Maine permanently migrated to the Jesuit missions of St. Francis and Becancour during Dummer’s War (1722–1727). . . . However, there is overwhelming evidence that many Abenakis remained in western Maine until the end of the century (with some descendants still inhabiting the area today). Their [supposed] “disappearance” from history resulted more from the ethnocentric views of colonial observers and the misunderstandings of early historians than from an absence of Indian inhabitants. (Ghere 1993)

English encroachments had caused the Abenakis to alter their regular settlement patterns enough so that they indeed seemed absent to some whites. Those Abenakis who were living only in either family bands or small villages, and not negotiating at conferences as the tribes expected by the English, no longer fitted the English idea of permanent residents. However, some English officials who knew that the Abenakis still were present chose to pretend otherwise, so as to profit more by increasing land sales. The very possibility of Indians in residence scared off potential buyers, and/or clouded title deeds. The Abenakis who were visible were said to have come only temporarily, from Canada. Eventually the ever-more-commonly-held idea that the Abenakis all had moved to Canada became a useful lie which later historians did not challenge, until recently. Ghere’s research is a major contribution to our better understanding of Wabanaki frontier dynamics.

It is difficult to know how much, if any, Maine author Elizabeth Coatsworth (1893–1986) was influenced by the older misled and misleading

historians just discussed. She repeatedly claimed great respect for Native Americans. Indian harmony with nature and the land was her personal well-followed model. In her book of brief essays, *Maine Memories*, Coatsworth (1968:95) states that "very few books of mine have appeared without an Indian in them." She and her husband, naturalist Henry Beston, long resided beside Damariscotta Lake, so one well might assume that both of the Coatsworth books that I discuss here were set in Abenaki country, as the region she knew best.

The dust-jacket of Coatsworth's (1965) children's book, *The Secret*, outlines the simple plot:

Every summer Mark [(a white boy)] moves from his city home to an old house in the New England countryside. It is a house that has belonged to Mark's family ever since his great-great-grandfather cleared the land for farming. Mark likes to explore the overgrown old [landscape]. . . . North of the clearing lie the still, dark woods. As each generation has passed, the woods have grown larger, the wild creatures more numerous—and the farm smaller.

One day Mark follows the delicate paths made by deer into the green depths of the woods. He finds the lake his grandfather told him about, and with it a secret no one, not even his ancestors, knows.

Coatsworth's (1965:31) own wording then states: "These were Indians, Mark knew, camped where no Indian had camped for more than a hundred years." While this certainly does not say all that an Abenaki land claim would require, it does make a positive contribution of a sort. If we subtract 105 years from 1965, our assumption can be that Native Americans camped by the lake before, even until, 1860. Certainly this is what Ghere's research findings indicate for western Maine. My point is not that Coatsworth's literary art equates with Ghere's social science, but that art and science can and should support each other, for the benefit of both. Here, the Abenakis benefit at least indirectly by having white children read Coatsworth's book, *The Secret*. Her perspective may be very non-Indian, but it is very pro-Indian, as we shall see next.

The White Room is an adult novel by Coatsworth (1958), telling of a modern white woman's love of her Maine farmland and its earlier Native American connections, and of her personal development centered within that context. While there was only the possibility of Indian ancestry in heroine Laura's family, it was very certain that her father's life had been saved from childhood diphtheria only by an Indian healer's care. Laura herself is sustained by the continuing spiritual influence of the long-deceased healer, sufficiently to overcome two severe ordeals. She maturely surmounts being continually bullied by a too-long-resident sister-in-law, after mindfully surviving being trapped outdoors in a blizzard. In reciprocity for spiritual help, the grandson of the Indian healer is hired as a caretaker. This is a book about being a strong but appreciative part of a balanced, well-centered

wholeness. Coatsworth's style of skillful impressionistic writing understates rather than overstates, and the reader completes the picture in his or her own mind. Mystery surrounds but does not detract from the story — rather it enhances it throughout.

Neither *The White Room* nor *The Secret* is a book directly about Native Americans, but about how a white person's life experience is richer for having encountered Native Americans. And, recently, this type of peacetime encounter seems to be replacing the older emphasis on writing about military encounters, which my paper on the Wabanaki in Children's Literature (Morrison 1979) considered. Yet peacetime encounters cannot always avoid violence, and an artful author can work the shadow-versus-substance theme to use violence rather constructively, as in the case described next.

Brother Moose, by Betty Levin (1990), "is a reflective book for both the young adult and adult reader", the brief-but-rave review by Walter and Jean Sawyer (1991:8) stated. Because I came to agree wholeheartedly with everything their few words said about this superbly crafted book, I will quote much of the Sawyers' review here, after first setting the stage myself.

Levin's novel is set in late 19th-century New Brunswick and Maine. It is a classic journey tale, in which the heroine, Nell, travels far indeed to find herself. The four characters are three orphans, all age 13 or so, and one old man. Quick-witted Nell and awkwardly-slow Louisa are homeless British girls sent to Canada to be servants. Peter is a Wabanaki boy, who, with his grandfather Joe Pennowit, already works for Nell's supposed but absent hirer. A band of robbers is thwarted by Joe Pennowit, who, Nell thinks, kills one of them to prevent her being kidnapped. Is Joe her rescuer, or just a murderer?, Nell broods. It appears that Joe must flee New Brunswick and get into Maine. Louisa is badly hurt and must escape from an impossibly harsh employer. Joe cures Louisa's wound, and off they all go to Maine to try to find the employer that they already do, or have contracted to, or hope eventually to, work for. Winter comes on suddenly, and only woods-wise Joe saves them all. Even Peter, who had planned to renounce his Wabanaki heritage, is impressed by his grandfather's expertise.

The story is more than a good tale. It speaks of the human need for love, loyalty, survival, and tradition. All of the travelers are cut off from their pasts: the children, as orphans, and Joe, from his native American traditions due to the encroachment of lumbering operations on his tribal territories. As their horse-drawn wagon journey begins, a young moose, possibly an orphan as well, is tamed and joins them. In time, the children develop a sense of family with nature, with Joe, and with each other. Louisa grows, her spirits kindled by Joe's old stories of the Indian creator Glooskeb and by her emerging confidence and understanding. At one point in the story, it is only Louisa who internalizes the fundamental universal truths found within Joe's stories.

The book is a call for an understanding of who we are, what our traditions celebrate, and how we can make our own way in the world. In dealing with

these themes, Betty Levin uses the images and metaphors of Indian tradition and the great Maine forests. Over this, she creates visions of contrasts where things aren't what they always seem to be. This causes the characters to examine their own realities, take risks, and grow in their understandings about themselves as well as their relationships with each other. (Sawyer and Sawyer 1991:8)

One other recent book about relatively peaceful encounters is in yet a different genre — natural history. Naturalist John Hanson Mitchell's (1984) *Ceremonial Time: Fifteen Thousand Years on One Square Mile* is a conversational-style account of Scratch Flat, his own houselot's vicinity near Exit 31 of Interstate 495 (Littleton Common/Groton, Massachusetts), in Pennacook country. From Ice Age through Space Age, Mitchell gives considerable attention to the Native Americans, both ancient and current. The amount of detail presented is great indeed, which makes the book slower to read than a novel — but how very much one can learn, using ecological perspective, that would go unnoticed otherwise.

Indeed, whites seem more closely to approximate traditional Native American worldviews with an ecological encounter model than any other way I know of, even after substituting "science" for "spirituality". The concerns stimulating persons living with nature are radically different from those of persons trying to live against nature in post-civilized societies today. This difference forms the greatest gulf between these two categories of peoples, and ecology is the logical bridge at the frontier crossing point. Mitchell's book differs from the others discussed here because ecology is both its means and its end. Yet the conversational style prevents its being either preachy or teachy.

The author himself does not pass any critical judgments on the many inputs he is given by those he converses with, regarding either folklore or potentially self-serving local folk-history. Instead, he just tells things as he has heard them. And here again we are told of the coming of the same Sir Henry Sinclair (died 1400) who supposedly visited the Micmacs in Nova Scotia, this time at the southernmost end of Wabanakia visiting the Pennacooks. But, "This white man Sinclair, he wasn't Glooscap. No way", Mitchell (1984:112) is told by a neighboring Wampanoag medicine woman, Tonupasqua. Cleverly handled, I think.

The basic point of Mitchell's *Ceremonial Time* is that, like the mythical Sir Henry Sinclair, each of us and our moment in time is "only passing through", as the old saying so aptly puts it. This realization should be both humbling and ennobling, and a skillful author can serve us all well indeed by artfully reminding us that even the victors have at best only a moment more than the vanquished, whoever they/we may be. Perhaps this is only a wise realization stemming from the encounter with so-called "Indian Time".

In this paper I have discussed, in theory and in practice, some examples of how a relativistic encounter model can yield some meaningful better understandings, and toleration of potentially very different perceptions and perspectives resulting from red and white interactions, as reported in white literature of various genres. Accuracy should be sought where it is relevant, but inaccurate shadows can be far more important stimuli than accurate substances, in many encounter contexts. Relativism ultimately calls the shots.

My current opinion is that modern white authors seem to be trying harder to report Wabanaki frontier encounters more objectively if not more positively. They seem more aware of the rhetoric of encounter, both now and in the past. Said another way, they seem to grasp the relativity requirement of seeing and saying things differently, then and now (i.e., yesterday's hatreds belong to yesterday, not to today).

One of the best bits of advice about historic cultural relativism is given by historical archaeologist James Deetz of Plimouth Plantation research fame. In the last chapter of his book *In Small Things Forgotten*, Deetz (1977:156-161) warns modern whites not to regard 17th-century colonial Europeans as moderns-by-candlelight, because they were as very different in their thinking as in their appearance. Surely they had their own definitions-of-the-situation, with shadows and substances built into their own encounter models, all of which were relative only to their contexts, not to today's. Indeed, if modern whites could encounter their own European colonial ancestors, would there be much more compatibility between them than with the contemporary enemies who fought them? The same culture at a very different time is indeed a different culture.

Temporal and cultural differences notwithstanding, there have been and now are some very positive Wabanaki encounter stories. History tells us that in March 1621 Abnaki sagamore Samoset strode into Plimouth Plantation, telling the Pilgrims "Welcome, English", in English. And, by now, several modern American authors belatedly have responded, by saying "Welcome, Wabanakis", into American literature, no longer as either villains or Noble Savages, but simply as fellow human participants.

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