

Legends
of
the Micmacs

by the
Rev. Silas Tertius Rand,
D.D., D.C.L., L.L.D.

volume two



Invisible Books

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 70-184257, Copyright 1893 by Wellesley College. Previous Editions: Longmans, Green and Co,m New York and London, 1894. Johnson Reprint Corporation, New York and London, 1971.

This edition by Invisible Books, New Jersey, 2004. The complete text may be accessed without charge in PDF format at

www.invisiblebooks.com.

Bound copies are also available through the website.

It is our endeavor to make our books as perfect as possible, but as this is entirely an unpaid and volunteer operation, our goal is not always attained. If you should find typographical errors in your copy, mark these clearly and return the book to us. We will send you a new and corrected edition, as well as a complimentary copy of any book from our list. Please contact us first to be sure you have the latest version. This version was completed on .

Cover designed by the Tanuki Arts Group.

Table of Contents

XXVII. Kwedech War renewed.....	7
XXVIII. The Conclusion of the Mohawk War.....	13
XXIX. The Third Incident of the Kwedech War.....	18
XXX. Kwedech Spies.....	21
XXI. The Returned Captive.....	26
XXXII. The Dream of the White Robe and the Floating Island.....	28
XXXIII. Glooscap's Departure from the Land of the Micmacs.....	31
XXXIV. The Indian Fanatic.....	33
XXXV. Glooscap, Kuhkw, and Coolpujot.....	36
XXXVI. A War Story.....	43
XXXVII. The Man who saved Himself and Wife.....	47
XXXVIII. Stephen Hood's Dream.....	48
XXXIX. The Death of a Spy in Cape Breton.....	50
XL. The Hidden Life.....	51
XLI. An Indian turned into a Chenoo.....	53
XLII. Another Chenoo Transformation.....	57
XLIII. Glooscap and his Four Visitors.....	60
XLIV. A Child nourished by a Bear.....	67
Addition to the Bear Story.....	70
XLV. Badger and his Little Brother.....	72
XLVI. Glooscap deserted by his Comrades.....	80
XLVII. An Indian Chief's Visit to the King of France.....	91
XLVIII. A Little Boy catches a Whale.....	92
XLIX. A Chapel built without Hands.....	94
L. A Wizard carries off Glooscap's Housekeeper....	97

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

LI. History of the Celebrated Chief, Ulgimoo....	110
LII. Attack on Fort Pesegitk (Windsor) by the Indians.....	114
LIII. The Adventures of Ableegumooch.....	117
LIV. The Hare assumes the Magician, and Retaliates.....	122
LV. The Badger and the Star-Wives.....	125
LVI. The Story of Mimkudawogoosk (Moosewood Man).....	144
LVII. The Story of Coolnajoo.....	150
LVIII. Moonin and Moonumkwech (The Bear and the Woodchuck).....	160
LIX. Oochigeopch.....	163
LX. Glooscap's Origin.....	166
LXI. A War Incident.....	168
LXII. An Army drowned by a Single Man.....	169
LXIII. A War-party drowned by Two Women...	171
LXIV. Indian Strategy.....	173
LXV. The Animal-Tamers.....	176
LXVI. The Beaver Magicians and the Big Fish...	180
LXVII. Caught by a Hair-String.....	184
LXVIII. Tumilkoontao (Broken Wing).....	192
LXIX. A Priest lost in the Woods with his Servant Peter.....	197
LXX. A Fairy Tale.....	201
LXXI. A Wonderful Bull's-Hide Belt.....	203
LXXII. The Tortoises.....	210
LXXIII. The Loon Magician.....	214
LXXIV. Wegoaskunoogwejit and his Wonderful Hen.....	220
LXXV. Pules, Pulowech, Beechkwech (Pigeon, Partridge, and Nighthawk).....	227

SILAS T. RAND

LXXVI. The Adventures of Tornado and Wave.....	235
LXXVII. The Orchard-Keeper.....	242
LXXVIII. Wiskumoogwasoo and Magwis (Fish-Hawk and Scapegrace).....	252
LXXIX. The Whales and the Robbers.....	261
LXXX. The Doctor.....	271
LXXXI. The Flying Squirrel.....	276
LXXXII. The Fairy.....	279
LXXXIII. Upsaakumode.....	282
LXXXIV. The Fishers and the Beacon.....	286
LXXXV. The King's Daughter and the Man-Servant.....	289
LXXXVI. Uskoos and Abukcheech (Weasel and Mouse).....	293
LXXXVII. The Three Kings.....	298
Memoranda.....	302

XXVII.
KWEDECH WAR RENEWED.
THE SECOND INCIDENT
IN THE KWEDECH WAR.

After the lapse of thirty or forty years, when the children of the Kwedech had grown into men and warriors, an attempt was made by them to avenge the death of their comrades. A descent was made upon the Micmacs in the winter; but the attempt was defeated, and the Kwedech were beaten.

It occurred in the following manner: An old man of the Micmacs, together with his wife, his two sons, and their wives, had gone some distance up the Restigouche to spend the autumn and winter. The old man was a mighty magician, and an able hunter and warrior; he foresaw the attack, and fortified himself accordingly, but said nothing of the matter to his partners. They built one lodge for all; and he directed them to make it strong, as there would probably be a hard pressure of snow upon it during the winter. This was the reason he gave the boys; the one that influenced him was that an attempt would be made to crush it down over their heads by parties without, who would come down upon them before the snow was gone. The wigwam was accordingly built with stout poles and crossbars, and all lashed firmly together.

The young men spent the time during the fall and winter in bringing in meat and skins. Toward spring the father was watching, by his magic skill,

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

the progress of events; he kept smoking all the time the magic pipe, made with a very large wooden bowl, *booin-wadeg-get* (divining), and taking no notice of what was passing near him. He was thus enabled to ascertain the number of men who were on the march, the progress they were making, and the day when they would arrive. So one day, rousing himself, he directed the women to cook a large quantity of provisions, as they would have company the next day; this was accordingly done.

Meanwhile the war-party had reached the hunting-grounds and seen the snow-shoe tracks. They then proceeded cautiously, waited until night set in, when they came up to the solitary wigwam. "There is," said their leader, "but a single lodge here; let us just climb upon it and crush it right down, and kill them all at once." Several men accordingly ascended the sides of the wigwam; but they found it was a more difficult undertaking than they had anticipated. They were startled by the voice of an old man calling out to them, and saying very composedly, "What are you about up there? Come down; the door is down here, — it isn't up there." Whereupon down they came; the chief and his captains entered, and found a quantity of provisions all ready for them. The men built fires out-of-doors, and after they all had partaken of the hospitality of the quondam friend, stretched themselves down to rest.

The next morning breakfast was prepared for them, and they partook of it. But now the fighting had to be done; no advantage, however, was to be taken of him who had furnished bed and board to

strangers. The Kwedech chief bade his host come out and try the fortune of open, fair fight. "But no," said the old Micmac, "the boys may go; I shall remain here." So, arming themselves, the two young men went out, and the fight began; their father remained within, but helped them much by his supernatural powers. The boys caused many of the foe to fall, but after a while one of them rushed into the lodge wounded. The cure was summary and singular; his mother seized him by the "cue," and severed it from his head. He was now all right again, and rushed back to the fight. Soon the other entered wounded, and was treated in the same way. Fresh for the fight, but minus the scalp-lock, he was able to kill a good many more before he fell; but fall he did, as well as his brother, after a while. The old man then took their place, but not until he had taken precautions that the women should not fall alive into the enemies' hands; first he struck them all down, and then, uttering the terrible war-whoop, he rushed into the fight. Many a warrior fell by his hand that day, but he escaped without a scratch. Both parties grew tired, and paused, by mutual consent, for rest and refreshment. Each party sat apart, according to custom on such occasions, and smoked, after they had eaten their dinners. While sitting there, a youth of the other party aimed an arrow at the old Micmac, and wounded him slightly in the leg. When the Kwedech and his party were ready, they gave the word for a fresh attack. But the Micmac said, "No, I am wounded; I yield, you can take me prisoner." So they took him and began to tie him. "Oh," said he, "you needn't do that; I shall

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

not try to run away.” So they trusted him, and let him have his liberty. But so many of their warriors had fallen that their expedition had to be abandoned; and they returned home, taking their prisoner with them.

After they reach their home, they prepare in due time to dispose of their prisoner, according to custom. He is tied, and exposed to all kinds of insults, abuse, and torture, while his foes feast, dance, and sing around him, enjoying his bravery and his composure. Among other species of torture, they twitch off his finger-nails, and use the fingers to push down the fire in their pipes; but they cannot extort a groan from their sturdy prisoner. So passes the first day of the trial. They are baffled.

After a few days they have another feast, and the prisoner is again brought out and tied. Warrior after warrior engages in the exciting war-dance, works himself up into a furor, and then rushes upon the prisoner and strikes him on the head with all his might; but the tomahawk bounds off impotent, as though struck upon a rock of granite.¹

They make one more attempt. Another festival is summoned; and after the due preliminaries of feasting and dancing are over, the prisoner is bound hand and foot to a tree. Armfuls of dry wood and brush are gathered, and piled around him; the torch is applied, and the blaze and smoke mount upward to the skies. Suddenly there comes a tremendous

¹ Among other modes of torture, they covered his head with a heated kettle. He kept the kettle over him without wincing, and remained quiet until it was cool; they removed it, and lo! he was not injured.

crash of thunder right overhead; and a deluging shower of rain pours down, extinguishes the fire, and drives the whole party into the wigwams. The prisoner now disengages himself, and is occupied in attempting to keep the fires burning. Soon the others come out and find him at his work. "Come and help me," says he. "What made you all run away? I could not keep the fires a going all alone during such a shower."

They now have to own themselves beaten. "We can not kill him," says the chief; "he is a mighty wizard, a great *ponwow*. Let us adopt him, give him a wife, and appoint him to some office in the tribe." So they select a beautiful woman and place her by his side, and endeavor to persuade him to become a chief among them. But he refuses all their overtures. "You have deprived me of my wife," says he, "and I don't want another; nor do I wish to be raised to any post of honor in your tribe. I am going home."

They decide to let him have his own way, and fit him out for his journey. It is spring; the rivers and lakes are free from ice, and he can return by water. So they furnish him with a canoe, and a good supply of all necessary articles, and he bids them adieu. Down he goes with the stream; and they hear him singing all night, and all the following nights, for seven in succession.¹ On the seventh night,

¹ Note the mystic number seven. This is a potent number with the Indians. They have a mighty medicine composed of seven different barks, herbs, or roots compounded; and a most mighty medicine compounded of seven such com pounds. So I am credibly informed.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

before he reaches his home, the inhabitants of the village hear the sounds of song in the distance, and wonder what it means. The next night it is nearer, and comes nearer and nearer every night. The necromancers are consulted; they rouse up their magical powers, and finally one of their number divines correctly. He understands all, and says, "Our friend still lives, and is coming back home." They had been at the place where the battle was fought, had found the dead bodies of the three women and the two Micmacs, with the proof of the way in which they had piled the ground with Kwedech slain; they had concluded that the father had been taken prisoner and put to death. They are over whelmed with joy at his return, — for he arrives on the seventh night after they first heard him sing. They gather around, and rejoice over the report he was able to render of what he had seen and said and done.

XXVIII.
THE CONCLUSION OF
THE MOHAWK WAR.

[I cannot learn how long the Mohawk war lasted. I have already obtained several of the intervening incidents. The winding up of the war, as well as the incidents related in the preceding story, was related to me to-day by my friend Louis Benjamin Brooks, Sept. 3, 1869.]

Residing at Lustegoocheech — now called Mirimachi in English — was a powerful chief named Mejelabegadasich, or Tied-in-a-hard-knot. He was not only a great warrior, but also a mighty *pomwow*, and could divine with great correctness. He had on one occasion been silent, thoughtful, and ill-tempered for some time; when, one day, springing hastily up, he called upon one of his captains, who happened to be his own brother-in-law, to gird on his armor immediately and follow him; at the same time he dashed out of the wigwam, and ran down towards the shore. The other obeyed, supposing that something was the matter, but had hardly time even to imagine what it could be. As soon as he could get himself ready, he followed the chief to the shore, and found that he had already launched the canoe, into which the other leaped, and struck off across the cove to a high sand-bank, that extended along between the cove where they were and the open sea beyond.¹

¹ Tabasintak is the place pointed out on the map by Ben Brooks as the identical spot. He has been there, and seen the

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

The old chief sat in the prow and pulled for dear life, while his comrade sat in the stern and steered. Reaching the shore, the chief leaped out and directed the other to wait while he ascended the bank to reconnoitre. He crept up to the top of the bank, keeping close to the ground, and concealing himself, as though looking for ducks (teals). What should he see there but a party of Kwedeches, to the number of about fifty, moving stealthily along in their canoes,— some containing three warriors, some four, and some five! Their leader, named Wohooweh, had two canoes lashed side by side, with a deck laid over the two, on which, near the prow, he was standing holding up a flag, and carefully looking around in all directions, as though expecting to see the enemy. The Micmac chief, exerting all his magical powers and his more natural sagacity, concealed himself, and moved down to the shore in advance of the fleet, where he awaited their approach. Old Wohooweh never noticed him until he was hailed: *Nsees, tame aleen? Cogoowa kwelamun?* (“ My brother, where are you going, and what are you looking for?”) The chief gave a start, confounded and ashamed that he should have overlooked, from his exalted position, a man so near him, and immediately turned in to the shore and landed. They greeted each other in a friendly way, and the Kwedech explained the object of his expedition. “Do you know,” says he to the Micmac,

rock on which tradition says the Kwedech head was smashed; it lies about in the centre of the sandbar that stretches along in front of the mouth of the river, outside of the lagoon.

“of a celebrated chief about here named Mejelabegadasich (Tied-in-a-hard-knot)?” “No, I do not,” answers the other; “I have heard tell of him, however; he resides a long distance farther along this extended point.” “Well,” replies the other, “I am looking for him, and I mean *najemoosiktum* (to pick thoroughly this whole bone; that is, I mean to destroy every man, woman, and child in the whole region).”

The Micmac chief says: “This is my place of residence, and I have a few men under me who would be glad of an opportunity of meeting you and your men. Say the word, and I will call them over.” To this proposal the Kwedech agrees; and so Tied-in-a-hard-knot, calling to his captain on the other side of the sand-hill, directs him to summon half the warriors (he had about three hundred there), and to leave the other half to guard the village, as there might possibly be a party coming down upon them by land. This is done; and the two parties, drawn up in battle array, stand in close proximity, facing each other and waiting the signal to begin. The two chiefs must meet in single combat first; the armies are too near together for the use of bows and arrows, —the tomahawk and the knife must do the work. The chiefs begin, and Victory for a long time holds the scales in even balance. So rapid are their movements in defence and attack, that sometimes they can scarcely be seen. Finally Victory declares for the Micmac; seizing his foe by the scalp-lock, he drags him to a stone that is near, lays his head upon it, and with one blow of his hatchet, crushes his skull. The

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

report is like a clap of thunder, — loud as a cannon; it is heard at the village. One old man, bowed down with age, unable to leave his wigwam, and almost deaf, as well as blind, hears the joyful sound; and new life and vigor bound through his veins. He straightens himself up and laughs, exclaiming: “There goes the head of a mighty *pownow*!” He had been one himself.

Tied-in-a-hard-knot is now completely exhausted; he rushes to the water, and plunges in to cool and rest himself. Meanwhile the lines close in, and the fight becomes general. The invading party is disheartened at the loss of the chief, and the others are proportionably elated. The air resounds with the yells of the warriors, and the clashing of their deadly weapons. The Micmacs win the day. The next in command of the Kwedech army, who has assumed the direction on the fall of Wohooweh, calls for quarter. He “strikes his colors,” and submits. *Ta beak!* (“It is enough!”) he shouts. “It was his business,” — referring to the fallen chief, — “not ours; let us quit, and make peace.” To this the others agree. The chief now in command states that he knew Tied-in-a-hard-knot when he first saw him; that he had encountered him before, and was one of a very small party that had escaped destruction at his hands; but that he had not dared to tell old Wohooweh so, as it would have endangered his life to intimate to his chief that his magic was defective, — that he was unable to distinguish at sight so renowned a warrior as Tied-in-a-hard-knot was, and that the experience of a subordinate was superior to the intuition of a chief and a *pownow*.

The two parties now made peace for their two nations, and settled it upon so firm a basis that it has never since been broken.

[The place of the battle is well known; my informant has seen it. The stone upon which Wohooweh met his fate is still pointed out. It is of a singular form, — hollow on the top, like a dish; and from this stone, and the circumstance related, the place has ever since borne the name Batkwedagunuchk, which no one English word can easily translate. It indicates very poetically that on this rock a fellow's head was split; an *anvil* comes nearest to it. My informant has not seen the rock since he was a small boy; but the form, and the associations connected with it are indelibly fixed upon his memory.]

XXIX.
THE THIRD INCIDENT OF THE
KWEDECH WAR.
THE MICMACS RETALIATE.

About a year after the return of the captive (as related in Legend XXVII.), he went to the chief and informed him that he was filled with a great longing to visit his friends who had treated him so kindly during his captivity among them; under this ironical and parabolical phrase was couched a request to be allowed to lead a band of warriors. The council was immediately summoned, and the modest request of their friend was stated and debated. "Our comrade," said the chief, "hankers for a visit to his friends." They decided to gratify him. "How many men do you wish to accompany you?" they asked. "About thirty or forty," he answered. These were soon forthcoming, and were equipped for the expedition. They took their canoes, and moved on at leisure, — going round by the main sea, and entering the St. Lawrence, and thus proceeding up into Canada; the Micmacs in former days were wont to ascend far up to the head of the Mississippi, the big river. The party stopped occasionally on their way, to supply themselves with food by hunting. As they approached the enemy's country, they moved cautiously, and encamped for the last night on a high hill that overlooked the Kwedech village, which was located on an intervale just round a sudden curve in the river. There they landed, hauled up their canoes,

and hid them in the bushes. From the top of this high hill, they could see and hear what was going on in the village. They ascertained that the triumphant return of a war-party was being celebrated. The whole village was astir; fires were blazing, loud shouts were being raised, dancing was going forward, and feasting. One very important part of the ceremony on such occasions was for an old woman, with a staff in one hand and a bundle of fresh scalp-locks — the trophies just brought from the battle-field — in the other, to dance and sing in the presence of the assembled warriors and their friends. The Micmac chief saw what was going on, and heard the old woman's extemporized addresses to the scalp-locks¹ as she sang. He ascertained that they had been snatched from the heads of his brethren, members of his own tribe. This awoke a storm of wrath in his bosom, and an uncontrollable thirst for vengeance. Ordering his men to remain where they were, he drew his knife, and rushed upon the unsuspecting and unarmed party. Emerging suddenly from the surrounding darkness, he darted like a tiger upon the old woman who was dancing the scalp-lock triumph; with one jerk he threw her backward to the ground, plunged his knife into her bosom, and laid it open; then, seizing the scalp-locks, he crammed them into her

¹ These songs were usually a description of the battle, describing the bravery of the warriors and the desperation of the enemy, — how the former rushed upon the latter and cut them down; how terrified and cowardly the latter were; how they ran, and how they screamed and begged, like women and children.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

breast, — thus giving his friends honorable burial, according to their ideas, — and then shouted, “There’s a Micmac for you! “ Before the party had time to recover themselves, he darted away, and was lost in the darkness.

This startling event brought the ceremonies of the evening to an abrupt termination. There was no attempt at pursuit, but all hands immediately armed and kept watch. Several of the company recognized the man, and told their companions who he was; it was naturally inferred that he was not alone. As soon as morning dawned, the warriors were mustered and drawn up in battle array. The Micmacs from the hill watched their movements, made descent upon them, and the battle began. The Micmacs gained the day. Quarter was neither given nor craved. The whole village was destroyed, with the exception of three or four warriors; these were marked on their naked legs (in summer they wore no clothing, in those days, except on their feet and around their loins) by cutting the skin in several stripes up and down the leg, and peeling the skin down about half-way from the knee to the ankle, and letting it hang. They were let go without any further cruelties, and told to go to the next village and tell their friends what beautiful leggins had been made for them. Satisfied with the results, the Micmacs, sadly diminished in number, returned home.

XXX.

KWEDECH SPIES

INCIDENTS OF THE KWEDECH WAR. —
NARRATIVE CONTINUED. — THE LAND OF
THE MICMACS SPIED OUT. — AN ATTACK. —
THE CAPTIVES RETAKEN.

Early in the summer, about twelve of the Kwedech men were deputed as spies,¹ to perambulate the country of the Micmacs, and learn the nature and extent of their country, the number of their towns, and the state of things generally among them. They passed down through New Brunswick, went on to Cape Breton, followed the southern shore round to Yarmouth, and returned late in the autumn, taking a careful survey, and marking down the number of villages and wigwams, the lay and bearings of the country, and everything else that interested them.

Just before leaving the country in the fall, they came to a place where about thirty of the young men had gone back from the village into the woods, where they were intending to pass the autumn and winter, and there built a large, strong wigwam. They waited until night before completing their survey of

¹ *Oonwiskook* is the Micmac name for a spy. If a spy is caught, he is dealt with in a very summary manner. The Indians of these Provinces are under the impression that spies still come down occasionally from Canada, to see the "nakedness of the land." My friend Louis informs me that on Cape Breton, a few years ago, a party was discovered, supposed to be spies, and that one of them was shot. Report says also that Jo Cope, Captain Hardy's friend, once shot a spy. The Indians feel no compunction in doing so, even in time of peace.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

the premises; creeping up in the darkness, they carefully examined everything without being seen.

A short distance farther up, they discovered where two young men, with their wives, were encamped, evidently in tending to spend the hunting-season there. They did not attack them, but marked the place where they were. They then proceeded home and made their report.

Some time in the ensuing winter a war-party was fitted out to go down and destroy these hunters. The rivers and lakes were now frozen, making the transit comparatively easy; and in a short time they came upon the wigwam where the two men and women were. They found the men absent; they had gone down towards the shore to see some old men, women, and children who needed a supply of food. They found the two women there, and took them prisoners; they also took possession of all that was in the wigwam, and then compelled the women to act as guides to the place where the thirty hunters were encamped. Those who had explored the place the previous summer and fall were in the company, but these two women were supposed to be better acquainted with the region than they. The women led them on. The hunters were all found; an attack was made after nightfall, while they were unsuspecting and unarmed, and all were killed. The Kwedeches threw all the dead bodies out, and took up their quarters for the night in the ample, well-furnished lodge.

They posted no guard;¹ this was contrary to their custom, and it cost them dear. The two hunters came home from their excursion hungry and tired, and found no food, no fire, and no women waiting for them; all was dark, cold, and empty. They soon divined the cause. The snow was tramped into hardness by numerous feet; an army had been there, and had taken all away.

After wasting a little time in useless grief and anger, they resolved to follow the party. They took their trail, and on approaching the large wigwam of their brethren, they heard the sound of voices; and on cautiously approaching in the darkness, they learned who and what they were. It was a war-party of Kwedeches, — no doubt the same that had carried off the women.

Waiting until all sounds were hushed, they cautiously approached; and one of them peeped through a hole in the door-blanket, and saw their numbers and their position. They were lying round in the wigwam, asleep. The two women had been directed to keep awake and tend the fires; one was seated at one end of the long wigwam near the door, and the other at the opposite end near the door. This intelligence was communicated to the other man. The wife of the one who had peeped in was next to that door. He let her know that he was there by pushing the end of his belt through the hole in the door-blanket;

¹ It was one of the most difficult things for the more civilized warriors to teach their Indian allies, that a camp should not be left unguarded by sentries.

she saw it, and went out. They then concerted their plans. The women were to wait until the shout, " We are attacked!" was raised outside. They were then to throw water on the fires, rush out, and make tracks towards the village as fast as their limbs would let them; the men having previously prepared for the worst by stating that probably they would all be killed. "We must die to-night," said the man who first showed himself to his wife when she went out to see him.

As soon as the shout was raised, the warriors leaped to their feet, and in the confusion, smoke, and steam raised by the hissing brands, mistook their friends for foes; and all hands laying about them wildly and at random, made sad havoc upon each other's bodies and lives. The wigwam had been built so strong, and was so firmly fastened by nature — the frost and the snow — as well as by art, that they could not burst through its sides. Exit was only possible by the doors; but there were strong arms stationed there, which brought down upon the head of the man who attempted to go out, the death-dealing tomahawk; and soon the door was so piled and choked that egress became very difficult, and destruction very easy.

They were soon all killed, — many having fallen by the hands of their fellows; the two Micmacs were unscathed. They carried out all the fur and meat that had been collected, then gathered up the mangled corpses of their companions, and piled them in upon the others; then they collected a great supply of fuel, piled it in, on, and around the wigwam, and set fire to it. They then returned to

SILAS T. RAND

their village, carrying the glad tidings, and sent up parties to bring down the spoils.

XXI.

**THE RETURNED CAPTIVE.
A PARTY OF SCOUTS SURPRISED.**

About forty years ago a very old Indian died, whose name was John Paul; he belonged to New Brunswick, about Thediak (Esedeiik). His nickname¹ was Sabadis Chubbune.² This man was stolen by some Canadian Indians and carried up into Canada, when a child; there he remained until he grew up. He could speak Micmac, English, French, and one or two Indian dialects. After reaching years of manhood, he returned to his native place, where he spent the remainder of his days. He had been taken to a place about forty miles above Montreal, called in English the Lake of the Two Mountains, and in Indian Canaskadage.

After a residence of a great many years in New Brunswick, he was one day out hunting, when he heard strange voices in the woods, and concluded that there were strangers there. Creeping softly along, he discovered ascending smoke; and on approaching still nearer, he saw several strange Indians, whose dress indicated that they were not Micmacs. He had his gun with him; and concluding that he could at all events lessen their number by one, should they show fight, he walked up towards

¹ The Indians are great for nicknames, or sobriquets. I have again and again found that individuals whose real names were unknown to them were known by their nicknames.

² Sabadis is the French Jean Baptiste. I am unable to understand John Chubbune which is usually given as its English equivalent.

the fire where they were preparing their meal. As soon as they saw him, they all seized their bows and arrows, as they had no guns, and stood on the defensive. He spoke, telling them to put down their bows and arrows, and asked who they were and what they were doing. He spoke in Micmac, which they did not understand. "Can you speak French?" he inquired in that language. They replied that they could. He soon learned that he could speak their tongue, that they came from the place where he had been brought up, and that one of them was the son of the chief with whom he had lived. When they learned that he was acquainted with their language and country, and knew their friends, they were very much pleased. The young Sacumow seized his hand, and was overjoyed to see him.

XXXII.

**THE DREAM OF THE WHITE ROBE
AND THE FLOATING ISLAND.**

[This account of the coming of the white man, revealed to a young woman in a dream, was related to me by Josiah Jeremy, Sept. 26, 1869.]

When there were no people in this country but Indians, and before any others were known, a young woman had a singular dream. She dreamed that a small island came floating in towards the land, with tall trees on it, and living beings, — among whom was a man dressed in rabbit-skin garments. The next day she related her dream, and sought for an interpretation. It was the custom in those days, when any one had a remarkable dream, to consult the wise men, and especially the magicians and soothsayers.¹ These pondered over the girl's dream, but could make nothing of it. The next day an event occurred that explained all. Getting up in the morning, what should they see but a singular little island, as they supposed, which had drifted near to the land and become stationary there! There were trees on it, and branches to the trees, on which a number of bears, as they supposed, were crawling about.² They all seized their bows, arrows, and spears, and rushed down to the shore, intending to shoot the bears; what was

¹ Like the Egyptians, Chaldees, and other nations.

² It is needless to say that it was a vessel with masts and yards, and sailors upon them moving about.

their surprise to find that these supposed bears were men, and that some of them were lowering down into the water a very singularly constructed canoe, into which several of them jumped and paddled ashore. Among them was a man dressed in white, — a priest with his white stole on, — who came towards them making signs of friendship, raising his hand towards heaven, and addressing them in an earnest manner, but in a language which they could not understand.

The girl was now questioned respecting her dream. Was it such an island as this that she had seen? Was this the man? She affirmed that they were indeed the same. Some of them, especially the necromancers, were displeased; they did not like it that the coming of these foreigners should have been intimated to this young girl, and not to them. Had an enemy of the Indian tribes with whom they were at war been about to make a descent upon them, they could have foreseen and foretold it by the power of their magic; but of the coming of this teacher of a new religion they could know nothing.

The new teacher was gradually received into favor, though the magicians opposed him. The people received his instructions, and submitted to the rites of baptism; the priest learned their tongue, and gave them the Prayer Book written in what they call *abootulooeegasik* (ornamental mark-writing); a mark standing for a word, and rendering it so difficult to learn that it may be said to be impossible.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

[This was manifestly done to keep the Indians in ignorance. Had their language been reduced to writing in the ordinary way, the Indians would have learned the use of writing and reading, and would have advanced in knowledge so as to be able to cope with their more enlightened invaders; and it would have been a more difficult matter for the latter to cheat them out of their lands and other rightful possessions.

Such was Josiah's story. The priests who gave them this pictorial writing, whatever their motives may have been, certainly perpetrated one of the grossest possible literary blunders. It is bad enough for the Chinese, whose language is said to be monosyllabic and unchanged by grammatical inflection; but Micmac is polysyllabic, endless in its compounds and grammatical changes, and utterly incapable of being represented by signs.]

XXXIII.
GLOOSCAP'S DEPARTURE FROM THE
LAND OF THE MICMACS.

Glooscap resided near the salt water, on a high bank, against which the deep sea dashed. When about to go away and leave the Indians, he called up a whale to carry him off on his back. The words and the chanting tone of voice he used are still handed down. The words were these, repeated thrice: *Nemajeechke numeedich* ("Let the small fish look at me"). A huge whale answered the call, and laid himself alongside the bluff. Glooscap saw him, but informed him that he was too small for his purpose. "I want one," said he, "so large that he will touch the deep bottom here." So the small fellow withdrew; and soon another, of the desired proportions, presented himself, and called, *Noojeech, cogoowa pawotumun?* ("Little grandson, what is your wish?") *Niskamich* ("Grandfather, I wish you to take me across the water, to a distant land in the west"). "Get on my back, then," said the whale. So Glooscap descended, and sat upon the back of the huge monster, which then moved off with his burden. After proceeding some hours at a rapid rate, the whale inquired: "My grandson, does not the bow string appear above the horizon?" — referring to the first sight of land, extending along and rising, perhaps, in the middle, like a bent bow. *Mogwaa* ("No"), was the answer. Whereupon the whale put forth a little extra exertion, and pushed rapidly on until he could see the bottom, and the small shells that lay scattered there; he then

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

repeated the question, inquiring if land was not yet in sight. Glooscap assured him that it was not, although this was untrue, — for they were rapidly nearing shore. “I see the shells on the bottom,” said the whale. “That is because we are passing over a ledge of rocks,” answered Glooscap, wishing to deceive the whale, in order to drive him close to land, so that he could easily reach the shore. The whale then dashed furiously on, and ran his head up high and dry upon the shore. Glooscap leaped off his back, and the whale answered quietly, “You have done it for me.” But Glooscap placed his bow against the whale’s huge carcass, and gently pushed him off into deep water “My little grandson,” said the whale, “haven’t you some piece of a broken pipe to give me?” “I have,” said Glooscap; and forthwith he filled one with tobacco, lighted it, and placed it in the whale’s mouth. The whale puffed out volumes of smoke at intervals as he swam off towards his distant home. Glooscap ascended a high hill to watch him as he went; as far as he could see, he saw the volumes of smoke rolling up at intervals into the air. The two were then separated, to meet no more. Glooscap went on his way. The Micmacs expect his return in due time, and look for the end of their oppressions and troubles when he comes back.

[Related to me by Josiah Jeremy, Sept. 26, 1869.]

XXXIV.
THE INDIAN FANATIC.

About one hundred years ago, in the region of Mirimichi, there lived an Indian whose name was Aistanaooch (Marten), who became deranged on the subject of religion, and persuaded himself that he was God; he succeeded in deluding also an entire village of Indians into the same fanaticism. He introduced new doctrines, new forms of worship, and new customs. Dancing was introduced into their worship; day was turned into night, and night into day, as they slept in the daytime and had their prayers and did their work in the night. This fanatic succeeded in obtaining so much reverence for himself that people would come in where he sat concealed from view behind a curtain, and would reverently kiss his feet, which were left exposed for that purpose.¹

This state of things continued for some time; and such was the power of Satan over these foolish

¹ One of his sons refused to obey his father, the pretended deity, neglected worship altogether, and indulged in unbridled iniquity. He was often reproved, rebuked, and exhorted by the others, all to no purpose. Finally his father was informed of his son's misdeeds,— that he was becoming a very demon, and would certainly soon be in hell. The old man said he could tell whether their complaints and accusations were just or not; so, taking a large book, he read for a while, and then, closing it with great force, he shouted, " Let him be so!" This was repeated three times, and the young man sat unharmed by his side. Thereupon the father declared him to be belied, reproached his accusers, and sent them away.

people that their food, after it was cooked, turned into charcoal.

After a while an uncle of the fanatic — a brother of his mother — heard of his nephew's doings, and went to the village to oppose him. He inquired in a loud, authoritative voice where his nephew was. "Hush!" said the people; "don't speak so loud, — God is here." He answered, "I will speak as loud as I please; he is not God, but the Devil. He has given himself into the hands of the Devil, and you have all done the same thing. You are all deluded, crazy fools, and are going to eternal perdition." Rushing into the wigwam, where the impostor was hid behind his screen, he seized the curtain and tore it into shreds, and at the same time laid lustily over the back and sides of the impostor with a heavy bundle of rods, which he had taken care to provide for the purpose. Having soundly thrashed him, he exhorted him to repentance and to penance, — enforcing his exhortations with commands and threats, and addressing himself at the same time with energy to the guilty dupes of this fellow's imposture. They were directed to send for a priest, and to humble themselves before God and him, to submit to his counsels and to the penance he might impose, and to entreat his prayers in their behalf, that they might be delivered from the power of Satan and forgiven.

These exhortations, so earnestly urged, and enforced by such mental and physical energy, had the desired effect. A priest was called, penance was submitted to; and all parties, not excluding Abistanaooh himself, were reclaimed and

SILAS T. RAND

pardoned. This man's descendants were numerous, and are still to be found. The story is well known among the Indians.

[Related by Stephen Hood, Sept. 29, 1869. He affirms that it is a fact.]

XXXV.

GLOOSCAP, KUHKW, AND COOLPUJOT

The tradition respecting Glooscap¹ is that he came to this country from the east, — far across the great sea; that he was a divine being, though in the form of a man. He was not far from any of the Indians (this is the identical rendering of the Indian words used by my friend Stephen in relating the sketches of his history here given). When Glooscap went away, he went toward the west. There he is still tented; and two important personages are near him, who are called Kuhkw and Coolpujot, of whom more anon.

Glooscap was the friend and teacher of the Indians; all they knew of the arts he taught them. He taught them the names of the constellations and stars; he taught them how to hunt and fish, and cure what they took; how to cultivate the ground, as far as they were trained in husbandry. When he first came, he brought a woman with him, whom he ever addressed as Noogumich (Grandmother), — a very general epithet for an old woman. She was not his wife, nor did he ever have a wife. He was always

¹ This remarkable personage figures in all their *atookwokuns*. Here is evidently a clear tradition of God as the friend, companion, guide, instructor, and helper of the human race; it would suit the idea that the Indians are the Lost Tribes of Israel. This Divine Friend leaving them on account of their disobedience, and their longing expectation of his return, looks marvellously like the Jewish expectation of a Messiah, and of the reason given by the prophets why God forsook them in former days.

sober, grave, and good: all that the Indians knew of what was wise and good he taught them.

His canoe was a granite rock. On one occasion he put to sea in this craft, and took a young woman with him as a passenger. She proved to be a bad girl; and this was manifested by the troubles that ensued. A storm arose, and the waves dashed wildly over the canoe; he accused her of being the cause, through her evil deeds, and so he determined to rid himself of her. For this purpose he stood in for the land, leaped ashore, but would not allow her to follow; putting his foot against the heavy craft, he pushed it off to sea again with the girl on it, telling her to become whatever she desired to be. She was transformed into a large, ferocious fish, called by the Indians *keeganibe*, said to have a huge dorsal fin, — like the sail of a boat, it is so large and high out of the water.

The Indians sometimes visit Glooscap at his present residence, so says tradition; this is in a beautiful land in the west. He taught them when he was with them that there was such a place, and led them to look forward to a residence there, and to call it their beautiful home in the far west, — where, if good, they would go at death.

The journey to that fair region far away is long, difficult, and dangerous; the way back is short and easy. Some years ago, seven stout-hearted young men attempted the journey, and succeeded. Before reaching the place, they had to pass over a mountain, the ascent of which was up a perpendicular bluff, and the descent on the other side was still more difficult, for the top hung far

over the base. The fearful and unbelieving could not pass at all; but the good and confident could travel it with ease and safety, as though it were a level path.

Having crossed the mountain, the road ran between the heads of two huge serpents, which lay just opposite each other; and they darted out their tongues, so as to destroy whomsoever they hit. But the good and the firm of heart could dart past between the strokes of their tongues, so as to evade them. One more difficulty remained; it was a wall, as of a thick, heavy cloud, that separated the present world from that beautiful region beyond. This cloudy wall rose and fell at intervals, and struck the ground with such force that whatever was caught under it would be crushed to atoms; but the good could dart under when it rose, and come out on the other side unscathed.

This our seven young heroes succeeded in doing.¹ There they found three wigwams, — one for Glooscap, one for Coolpujot, and one for Kuhkw. These are all mighty personages, but Glooscap is supreme; the other two are subordinates. Coolpujot has no bones. He cannot move himself, but is rolled over each spring and fall by Glooscap's order, being turned with handspikes; hence the name Coolpujot (rolled over by handspikes). In the autumn he is turned towards the west, in the spring towards the east; and this is a

¹ I strongly suspect that there is some mistake here, and that my informant has confounded the traditions respecting the passage of souls to the happy abode of the blest, with the journey of mortals to Glooscap's present residence.

figure of speech, denoting the revolving seasons of the year, — his mighty breath and looks, by which he can sweep down whole armies and work wonders on a grand scale, indicating the weather: frost, snow, ice, and sunshine. (Such was Stephen's very satisfactory explanation.)

Kuhkw means Earthquake; this mighty personage can pass along under the surface of the ground, making all things shake and tremble by his power.

All these seven visitors had requests to proffer, and each received what he asked for; though the gift did not always correspond with the spirit of the request, it oftentimes agreed with the letter. For instance, one of these seven visitors was wonderfully enamoured of a fine country, and expressed a desire to remain there, and to live long; whereupon, at Glooscap's direction, Earthquake took him and stood him up, and he became a cedar-tree. When the wind blew through its boughs, they were bent and broken with great fracas, — making a thunder-storm that rolled far and wide over the country, accompanied by strong winds, which scattered the cedar-boughs and seeds in all directions, producing all the cedar-groves that exist in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and elsewhere.

The other men started, and reached home in a short time.

One of them had asked for a medicine that would be effectual in curing disease. This he obtained ; but, neglecting to follow implicitly the directions given, he lost it before he reached home.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

It was carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, and he was charged not to undo the parcel until he reached home. His curiosity got the better of his judgment; he could not see what difference it could make if he just looked at his prize as he was going along. So he undid the parcel, and *presto!* the medicine slipped out on the ground, spread and slid in all directions, covering up the face of the earth, and vanishing from sight.¹

On another occasion several young men went to see Glooscap in his present abode. One of them went to obtain the power of winning the heart of some fair one, which all his unaided skill had failed hitherto to do; an hundred times he had tried to get a wife, but the girls all shunned him. Many of the party who started on this perilous expedition failed to overcome the difficulties that lay in their way, and turned back, baffled and defeated; but several of them succeeded. They were all hospitably entertained; all presented their requests, and were favorably heard. The man who sought power to captivate some female heart was the last to proffer his petition. Glooscap and his two subordinates conferred together in a whisper, and then Earthquake informed him that his ugly looks and still more ugly manners were the chief hindrances to his success; but they must try to help him. So he was handed a small parcel, and directed not to open it until he reached his own village; this he took, and they all set off for home together. The night before

¹ Here would be a striking lesson respecting the ruinous effects of an undue and unrestrained curiosity.

they arrived, he could restrain his curiosity no longer; he opened the parcel, the foolish fellow! Out flew young women by the scores and hundreds, covering the face of the earth, piling themselves in towering heaps, and burying the poor fellow, crushing him to the earth under the accumulating weight of their bodies. His comrades had cautioned him against disobeying the mandate, and had begged him not to undo the parcel; but he had not heeded the caution. They now heard him calling for help, but he called in vain, they could not help him; and his cries became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Morning came at last. The young women had all vanished, and the fragments of their comrade were scattered over the ground; he had been killed and ground to atoms as the result of his unbridled curiosity and disobedience.

In former days, water covered the whole Annapolis and Cornwallis valley. Glooscap cut out a passage at Cape Split and at Annapolis Gut, and thus drained off the pond and left the bottom dry; long after this the valley became dry land. Aylesford bog was a vast lake; in this lake there was a beaver-house; and hence the Indian name to this day, — Cobeetek (the beaver's home). Out of this beaver-house Glooscap drove a small beaver, and chased it down to the Bras d'Or lake in Cape Breton, — pursuing it in a canoe all the way. There it ran into another beaver-house, but was killed; and the house was turned into a high-peaked island; Glooscap feasted the Indians there. A few years ago a heavy freshet tore up the earth in those regions,

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

and laid bare the huge bones of the beaver upon whose flesh Glooscap and his guests had feasted, monstrous thigh-bones, the joints being as big as a man's head, and teeth huge in proportion.

In cutting open a beaver-dam at Cape Chignecto, a small portion of the earth floated away; and Glooscap changed it into a moose and set his dogs on it. The moose took to the bay and made off; whereupon Glooscap turned him back into land, made him an island, — the Isle of Holt, — and fixed him there. He changed the dogs into rocks, which may be seen to this day, seated on their haunches, with their tongues lolling out of their mouths; the plain is called Ooteel (his dogs). Spenser's Island is his kettle turned over; and the scraps he shovelled out when trying out his oil still lie scattered around, but turned into stone.

[Related to me Sept. 30, 1869, by Stephen Hood, a very intelligent and reliable Indian.]

XXXVI.
A WAR STORY.
SAVED BY A CHIP.

A Micmac, with his wife and a female relative of hers, went one autumn up the river, for the purpose of hunting. The village to which they belonged was some distance down the river. After a while the women were seized with a feeling of terror, as though some evil were at hand. When the man came in from hunting, they mentioned their impressions to him, and inquired if he had any such feelings himself; he assured them that he had not, but that he was quite sure he would have if any untoward event were upon the point of happening. He laughed at their fears, and so they said nothing more about them; but the uneasiness remained, — they could not divest themselves of the idea that a band of warriors was coming down to murder them.

One day not long after this, the two women were out gathering firewood, when, becoming thirsty, they went down to the river for a drink. They were surprised to see a quantity of chips floating by. They picked up one, and took it home; evidently it had not come there without hands. Some one must have been at work chopping above them; and so many chips could scarcely have fallen into the river unless a bridge over it were being constructed.¹

¹ *Usookumgakun* (a crossing-place), made by felling tall trees across; and as the trees were cut near the edge of the water, the chips would of course fall in, float down, and thus bear the news of their approach.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

When the man came in, he was shown the chip. "You laughed at our fears," said his wife, "but what do you say now? What do you think of this?"—tossing the chip to him. "We took it out of the river; and there were many more like it floating by." He took the chip in his hand, and examined it. The evidence was clear that parties were chopping above them, and that they could not be friends, as none of their own tribe was above them; it was evident, therefore, that they must be enemies. The man immediately directed the women to gather up their possessions and start for home, to alarm the village. The canoe was launched; no time was to be lost, and they were soon, with all their effects, passing rapidly down towards their home.

The Indian left a magic sentinel, however, behind. He took his *wijepode* (pouch) made of a fox-skin, and doubled it across a branch of a tree near the wigwam. This was his *teomul*—his charm, his tutelar manitoo, — which had the power to warn them if an enemy came there; and sure enough, about midnight, from the little island where they were encamped, they heard the fox bark. This was sufficient; they hastened forward and sounded the alarm. All were immediately astir. The warriors armed themselves. According to the Indian custom, they prepared to feed their foes before the fight; they extemporized a large lodge for that purpose, and cooked up a bountiful supply of provisions.

It was not long before the war-party arrived ; they were met in a friendly manner, and feasted

preparatory to the fight, — or, as the story goes, to the play.

After the eating was over, the chief of the Kwedeches rose and commenced the exercises by dancing the war-dance and singing a war-song. This was the song: —

“Ho-eganu! hogei-eganu!
Ho-eganu! hogei-eganu!”

The Micmacs answered this with a kind of defiant grunt:

“Heh, eh! heh, eh! heh, eh!”

After the Kwedech had danced and sung sufficiently, it was the Micniac’s turn. His words and tune were different; but in both cases no particular meaning can now be attached to either of them.

The Micmac words were: —

“Kwed-al-look-tan-o!
Kwed-al-look-tan-o!”¹

The play now commences. The Kwedech chief rushes upon the Micmac chief, and aims a deadly

¹ The Indians are exceedingly careful of their songs. I have never heard them sung and explained, to my recollection, before the friend who gave them to me laid me under a ban not to expose him. Poor old Jo Cope, now dead, who taught them to him some years ago, came near paying dearly for it. *Kwedalooktooet* vis a verb, meaning “to sing this song”(infinitive, *kwedalook*).

Kwedalooktano

Kwedalook-tanoo (on a level)

Kwedalooktano

Kwedalooktan

Kwedalooktano

(I must kill! I must slaughter! I must slaughter! I must kill!)

Kwedalooktademk, singing and acting the trying tune and song.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

blow at his head with a hatchet; this is parried either by art or by magic, and all engage in the fray. The Micmacs conquer. All their enemies are killed but two, and they are dismissed to carry home the news; they are carefully instructed relative to the important part the two women had in the victory. "Tell your people," says the chief, "that your warriors were all defeated and destroyed by two women." The nature of this consolation can be readily appreciated.

In due time vengeance is taken on the women; a village of the Micmacs is surprised by the Kwedeches during the absence of the men, and all the women and children are put to death. But this triumph is soon avenged. The fathers, husbands, and brothers, returning to camp, see the mangled bodies of the women and children, and are soon in full pursuit of the retreating, spoil-enumbered foe; they over take, attack, conquer, and kill them all.

[Related to me by Stephen Hood in Micmac, Sept. 30, 1869.]

XXXVII.
THE MAN WHO SAVED
HIMSELF AND WIFE.
A WAR STORY.

A man and his wife lived alone in the woods near a lake, but some distance from the village. It was a time of war; and as depredations were continually made by the enemy upon single families, they could not but be apprehensive of evil. The man, however, was very much attached to his wife ; and he assured her from time to time that he would never desert her, — no, not even to save his own life.

One night they were startled by the approach of the enemy, a small company, of about twelve men; and our hero, on the first alarm, darted out of the wigwam and fled. His wife ran after him. They were pursued, and the woman was soon overtaken and captured. She called aloud to her husband for help, and reminded him of his promise never to desert her; he thereupon turned back and rescued her. The way was so blocked up by the enemy, that he had no means of escape except by rushing into the water. She followed him; and he, before getting beyond his depth, turned around and kept the foe at bay, — his wife standing behind him for shelter while he fought. From thence he shot his arrows and used the tomahawk; he then succeeded in killing all his foes but two; these two yielded. He took one of them, and marked him by cutting off his ear and slitting his under lip ; he then dismissed them to carry the tidings home.

XXXVIII.
STEPHEN HOOD'S DREAM.

[After obtaining the war-songs recorded in Legend XXXVI., friend Stephen gave me a serious caution. I must, he said, be careful where I sang them; should I sing them among the people of a certain tribe in Canada, — he did not quite know by what name they were called in English, — it might cost me my life. To illustrate and prove what he said, he related the following dream and its fulfilment.]

About twenty years ago, he said, he was in the vicinity of Paradise, Wilmot, Nova Scotia. Coming home one night, weary and sleepy, he lay down to rest. He soon fell asleep, and dreamed that the wigwam was light, and that it was as light as day out-of-doors. He thought that he looked out and saw a man, a stranger, creeping on his hands and feet, and hiding behind an old stump that was near. He awoke; and the dream was so vivid that he caught up his little axe and walked out. It was really as light as day, and he saw the top of a man's head behind the stump. Walking up to the stump, he called out to him and inquired who he was, and what he was doing there. Taken thus by surprise, the fellow showed himself, and the light was gone. He was invited in. The mother, wife, and others were frightened at the stranger, but Stephen was not; he had conquered him. They attempted to converse with him, but he could not speak Micmac; he spoke in his own tongue, which was

unintelligible to them. Stephen's mother asked him in French if he spoke that language; but he did not. Then they tried English, and succeeded. The fellow was large, and had his nose pierced in the cartilage, as though for nose-rings. Stephen proposed to hunt with him; they agreed that he should do so, and receive ten dollars per month. They went pleasantly on for several weeks. But one day, while they were busy out-of-doors, Sam Nerval Labrador took up his axe, and coming along by the stranger, began in sport *kwedalooktano* (to sing); the fellow was soon trembling all over, as though certain of being killed. Stephen assured him that Sam Nerval was only in fun, but he could hardly be pacified.

After the season of porpoising was over, they took their oil to St. John; during the delay, and while several pounds were due the Canadian Indian, he slipped off without getting his pay, and went home. He told Stephen if any one had sung that song in his country, he would have been instantly killed.

[The above story was related by my friend Stephen Hood; and from what I know of the man, I cannot doubt its accuracy. But after all, it inspires no fear in my bosom. I shall, however, endeavor to use wisely the tunes which I have nearly learned, and intend to finish learning and commit to paper. *Omwiscook* is the Micmac name for a spy; this man was an *owwiscook*.

XXXIX.
THE DEATH OF A SPY
IN CAPE BRETON.

A FEW years ago, the Indians were assembled in Potlodek, Cape Breton, on Saint Ann's Day; and by what they heard and saw they were led to conclude that there were *onwiskcooks* (spies) from Canada on the island. It was proposed by the young men to use their guns upon them; but the old chief, Tooma, would not allow it. One night, however, one of the boys fired upon them. The next day they traced the blood to where he had been carried and buried; a *luscun* (signboard) was set up, informing them that there were twelve of the strangers, who had no evil intentions, and need not have been fired upon.

The Indians have the impression, however, that spies deserve to be killed even in times of peace. Why should they conceal themselves, if their intentions are good? Why should they not boldly present themselves, and deal above-board, when they could be treated with all hospitality?

XL.
THE HIDDEN LIFE.

The following singular story was related to me by Stephen Hood. A captive had fallen into the hands of the Micmacs, and the Micmac chief had taken him into his family and treated him kindly. The Micmac was a mighty magician; and after a while, perceiving that his Kwedech friend was longing for home, he asked him if he wished to return to his own country. He frankly owned that he did. "Then let us go into the woods, and obtain birch-bark for building a canoe." So into the woods they went, and camped out all night. Suspecting that the Kwedech might attempt to kill him during his sleep, the Micmac took precaution to hide his *memajookun*¹ out of doors somewhere, so that he could not be killed. The other, seeing him apparently in his power, chopped off his head and cut him up into quarters, and made off. All this, however, could not destroy him, as the living principle had been taken out and hidden. By and by he awoke from his sleep, and found himself lying about in pieces; he went to work, picked himself up, and put himself together as best he could, introduced the vital principle, and was all right again, except a few slight pains.

[I had so many stories to remember that day without notes, that I lost this altogether until I recalled it this evening; and now, several days having elapsed since I first heard it, I find it

¹ *Memajookun*, life, soul, seat of life.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

impossible to remember the details of the beginning and the close. So I leave it here, and wait until I hear it again.]

XLI.
AN INDIAN TURNED INTO A CHENOO.

[I learned from Ben Brooks to-day that the Chenooes were not supposed to be a distinct race, like the Kookweses, but that they were simply common Indians transformed. The following two anecdotes were given as illustrations. They are supposed to be of modern date, — since the so-called conversion of Indians to Christianity.]

Some distance up the river Sagunay, a branch turns off to the north, and runs far into the region of ice and snow. Up this branch, one fall, ten or a dozen families ascended in their canoes, to hunt and trap ; they were obliged to pass the winter there, so that in the spring they might bring down their fur and meat by water after the ice was gone. Among those hunters was a youth who fell desperately in love with one of the young women. She was about twenty years of age; she did not favor the young man's advances, but flatly refused him. This roused his savage ire, and he vowed revenge. He hinted darkly that some calamity would soon befall her; nor was he long in finding the means of fulfilling his own prediction. Being somewhat skilled in medicine, he soon found some herb, from which he manufactured a powerful soporific drug. Stealing into the lodge one night, after all the inmates were asleep, he carefully held it to her nose, so that she might inhale the narcotic perfume; he had a good opportunity for this, as she lay with her face up, and her mouth wide open. She was thus

put into a sound sleep, from which she could not be awakened. He then went out and rolled up a snow-ball, making it hard and as large as his two fists; this he brought in, and placed in the hollow of her neck, just below her throat; he then retired without being discovered. The sleep-producing drug prevented the girl from awaking, while the snow melted and extended its chilling influence over the region of her vitals. When, after many hours of sound sleep, she awoke, she was chilly, shivering, and sick; she said nothing, however, but refused to eat. This continued for some time, until her parents became alarmed, and inquired what the matter was with her. She insisted that nothing was the matter, but still refused to eat; she was ill and cross, and would not work. One day she was induced to go to the spring for water; she stayed so long that her mother became uneasy, and went to look after her. She approached cautiously, so as not to be discovered, and found the girl greedily eating snow. She asked her what she meant by that. The girl replied that she had a burning sensation at her stomach, which the snow relieved; and more than that, she craved the snow, and the taste of it was pleasant.

After a few days she began to grow fierce, as though ready to kill somebody. Finally, she requested her parents to kill her. She was very fond of them, as they were of her; and she told them that unless they killed her she would kill them, — not that she desired to do so, but she felt herself uncontrollably impelled towards it; her whole nature was being changed.

“How can we kill you?” her mother inquired. “You must shoot me,” she replied ; “you must fire seven¹ guns at me, all together. And if you can kill me with seven shots, all will be well; but if you fail to do it by firing seven guns at me seven times, you will not kill me at all, but I shall kill you.”

This was done. Seven guns were loaded; and seven men, standing at the door, aimed at her heart, as she sat in the wigwam just opposite. She was not bound. The guns went off, and every ball struck her in the breast; but she sat there firm and unmoved. As she had previously directed them, they immediately proceeded to reload their pieces. Again they fired, and every ball hit and went through her; but she neither fell nor faltered. Six times their guns were discharged, — when she looked up with an encouraging smile, as much as to say, “You will succeed.” The seventh discharge was made, and she fell forward dead, with her body, and especially her heart, completely riddled with bullets. They now proceeded to burn her body, according to the directions she had previously given them. They left her lying in the wigwam where she fell, and proceeded to fill it with dry pine fuel that would kindle up and flame and burn furiously. She, with all her surroundings, was soon reduced to ashes, except her heart. This had become congealed and hard as if frozen solid; and it required patience and perseverance to reduce it. All was at last accomplished, and the Indians immediately left the place. The girl had evidently been brought under

¹ Note the mystic number, seven.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

the power of an evil spirit, and had been transformed, or was rapidly becoming transformed, into a Chenoo — one of those wild, fierce, unconquerable beings. But the transformation was going on contrary to her wishes, and she was being impelled to do deeds from which her better nature shrank; it was in order to avoid killing and devouring her parents that she caused herself to be killed.

The Indians all immediately moved down to the shore, where they were obliged to await the breaking of the ice. Thither, after emptying their *tesoktaguns*¹ they conveyed on sleds their provisions and furs, — the result of the winter's hunting. They dreaded and avoided the place where the poor girl was killed; they feared lest some particle of her flesh might remain unconsumed. Should that have been the case, all their labor would have been in vain; from that particle of unconsumed flesh would sprout and spring a full fledged Chenoo, from whom no mercy could be expected, and from whose fury and power there could be no escape.

When the snows melted, and the ice on the river thawed, they launched their canoes and returned to their village.

¹ Cribs raised from the ground, in which the dried meat was packed to keep it from the weather and the moisture of the ground.

**XLII.
ANOTHER CHENOO
TRANSFORMATION.**

Somewhere near the river Sagunay,¹ six men, without their families, went out one fall to hunt. They would have to pass the winter there, as usual, as they could not convey their fur and venison home except by water, and this could not be done till the ice melted in the spring.

These six men were all connected; they were brothers, uncles, and nephews. They always said their prayers before lying down to sleep.

After a while something went wrong with the eldest member of the party. He refused to eat; he would neither go out hunting, nor would he say his prayers. He usually led their devotions, and they had looked up to him as their counsellor and guide. Now they were alarmed; for they thought that he must be sick, and they feared that he would die. Should he die, they could not leave him there, — they would have to bring him all the way to the village, in order to lay him in consecrated ground. He began to look very surly, and finally told them to go home and leave him there.

They talked over the strange affair among themselves. What could it mean? Was he laying a plan to cheat them out of their share of what they

1 The Micmacs call this river Tadppsoké, because of the steep, perpendicular rocks that line the shore. The Indians who reside there are called Oosagunak, — from which the English name of the river evidently comes.

had taken? A week passed. He was evidently becoming worse; his countenance was more wild and fierce, and his eyes flashing and glassy. "Off home with you," said he, "as fast as you can go, if you know when you are well off! Take all you can with you; I shall remain here." "But, uncle, what will become of you if we leave you here?" they asked. He replied that they need not trouble themselves about him; he could take care of himself. All they had to do was to hasten home and let him alone, or it would be worse for them.

So they load up their sledges, and start on their journey. After a long, heavy, and sorrowful march through the woods, they reach the village; and all gather round to learn why they have come home in midwinter, and what has become of their comrade. "He became wild and drove us away," is their reply. It is now determined to send out a strong party to bring him in, dead or alive. About thirty strong men start out on the expedition. When they reach the place where they left him, all is quiet; there is no smoke rising from the wigwam in which they left him, nor do they see any other signs of life there. They conclude that he is dead. Approaching cautiously, they look in; he is not there, but he has left his moccasins, his gun, and his hat. They hunt around for his tracks; by and by they discover which way he went. Snow has fallen since; the tracks are old, but they can be followed. When they see his gun and his moccasins, they are sure that, if he is alive, he possesses superhuman power; for otherwise he could not go bare footed through the snow, or subsist without the means of providing

game. After a while they find his coat, which he has thrown off. Night comes on, and they halt until morning. As soon as it is daylight, and they can discern the tracks, they are off again. He has gone over the crust naked and barefooted; and sometimes, in sinking through the crust, he has left his blood on the snow, — the sharp crust having scraped and barked his shins. He has been running due north, and his leaps over the snow have increased in length as he has advanced towards those frozen regions; a moose could not jump farther. They are forced to give him up. He had evidently been transformed into a ferocious Northman, a Chenoo; and they abandoned the pursuit and returned to their village, glad to have escaped an encounter with so formidable a foe as he would have proved had they come up with him. He was never heard of again.

[Such is the story. The inference is that if it be not all fiction, the man had become deranged, and had wandered away and died. The case of the girl presents greater difficulties; its historical basis, however, if it had any, might be the same, — a case of lunacy, fiction and figure adding the incredible details.]

XLIII.

GLOOSCAP AND HIS FOUR VISITORS.

Soon after Glooscap had left the Indians, four men agreed to go in search of him. They did not know where he was, and therefore they did not know which way to go; but they knew that while he was with them he was never very far away, and that he could always be found by those who diligently sought him. This encouraged them to undertake the search, and continue it for many months; their diligence was in the end crowned with success.

They started from their home in the spring of the year, and continued their journey and their search until winter. Nor did they stop then, but persevered until spring, and on through the ensuing season, until midsummer.

The first indication of success was the discovery of a small path in the forest. They did not know whither it led, but they followed it. It brought them out to a beautiful river; the path continued to wind along the bank of this river, until the river spread out into a broad, beautiful lake. Still following the path, which was marked by blazed trees,¹ they at length reached an extensive point of land running far out into the lake. Looking on from the top of a hill, they saw smoke ascending through the trees, and soon came up to a large, well-

¹ The blazing was, as is always the case among Indians, on the side directly opposite the direction in which the wigwam lay; so that the mark can be seen as you go on towards the wigwam, but not as you go from it.

constructed wigwam. They entered, and found seated on the right a man apparently about forty years old, who looked healthy and hale; on the other side a very aged woman was seated, doubled over with age, as though she were about an hundred years old. On the part of the wigwam opposite the door, and on the left-hand side, a mat was spread out, as though a third person had a seat there.

The visitors were welcomed in, and invited to seat them selves. They were not asked whence they had come, or whither they were going;¹ the man was affable, pleasant, and evidently well pleased (*weledaasit kesegoon*).

After a while they hear the splash of a paddle in the water, and the noise of a canoe. Then they hear approaching footsteps; and soon a young man enters, well clad and of fine form and features, bringing in his weapons, and showing that he has been hunting. He addresses the old woman, calling her *Keejoo* (Mother), and tells her that he has brought home some game. This is, according to Indian custom, left outside for the woman to bring in, dress, and cook. The old woman, weak and tottering, rises with great difficulty, and makes her way out for the game; she manages to bring in the four or five beavers which have been killed, and commences operations upon them. But she makes slow and feeble progress ; then the more aged man addresses the younger, calling him *Uchkeen* ("My

¹ Among all tribes of Indians, these questions are almost invariably asked of strangers when they arrive, or whenever they chance to meet.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

younger brother”), and tells him to take the work out of her hands and finish it himself. He does so; and in a short time a portion is cooked and set before the weary and hungry guests, who do ample justice to the repast.

There they remain and are hospitably entertained for about a week. They rest and recruit themselves after their long and tiresome journey. Time and travel have made sad work with their wardrobes; their clothes are torn to pieces, and their skin is peeping out in all directions.

One morning the elder man tells the younger to wash their mother’s face. (They had concluded that the old woman was the mother of these two men.) He proceeds to do as directed. As soon as he washes her face, the wrinkles vanish, and she becomes young-looking and very fair. Her hair is then combed out, braided, and rolled up and fastened in a knot on the back of her head. It is no longer white, but black and glossy. He arrays her in a beautiful dress ; and now, instead of being old, bent down, and decrepit, she becomes straight, active, and young. The men look on at the transformation in utter bewilderment. They perceive that whoever their host is, he is possessed, in a high degree, of supernatural powers. He has given them an illusion of what he is able to do. They are invited to walk around and survey the place. The situation is seen to be delightful in the extreme. Tall trees with luxuriant foliage, and covered with beautiful, fragrant blossoms, extend in all directions; they are so free from limbs and underbrush, and they stand in rows so straight and

so far apart, that the visitors can see a long distance in every direction. The air is balmy and sweet, and everything wears the impress of health, repose, and happiness.

The owner of this blissful domain now inquires from whence they have come, and they tell him. He inquires the object of their journey, and they tell him that they are in search of Glooscap; he informs them that he himself is Glooscap. He next inquires what they want him to do for them; and one by one they tell him. One says, "I am a wicked man, and have an ugly temper. I wish to be pious, meek, and holy." "All right," says Glooscap. The next says, "I am very poor, and find it difficult to make a living. I wish to be rich." "Very well," is the answer. The third says, "I am despised and hated by my people, and I wish to be loved and respected." "So be it," says Glooscap. The fourth says, "I am desirous of living a long time." Glooscap shakes his head at this. "You have asked a hard thing," he tells him. "Nevertheless, we will see what we can do for you."

The next day they prepare a festival, and all four are feasted and sumptuously entertained. They are then taken to the top of a hill which is very high and difficult of access. The ground is rocky, broken, and totally unfit for cultivation. On the very apex of this hill,¹ where the sun would shine from morning until night, they halt; and Glooscap takes the man who had desired to live a long time, clasps him around the loins, lifts him from the ground, and then puts him down again, passing his clasped

¹ *Keneskwajutk* from the top of a hill (sugar-loaf)

hands up over the man's head, and giving him a twist or two as he moves his hands upwards, transforms him into an old gnarled cedar-tree, with limbs growing out rough and ugly all the way from the bottom. "There!" says he to the cedar-tree; "I cannot say exactly how long you will live, — the Great Spirit alone can tell that. But I think that you will not be likely to be disturbed for a good while, as no one can have any object in cutting you down; you are yourself unfit for any earthly purpose, and the land around you is of no use for cultivation. I think that you will stand there for a good, long while."

The three companions are horror-stricken at the scene; they mourn the loss of their comrade, and shudder at their own fate, expecting that something no less terrible awaits them. But their fears are soon dispelled. Returning to the lodge, he opens his *upsakumooode* (medicine-bag), and taking out three small boxes, gives one to each, and furnishes all three with new suits of apparel, all beautifully finished and ornamented; they doff their old clothes, and put on the new ones.

He now inquires of them when they intend to go home, and in what direction their home lies; they inform him that they wish to return immediately, but are utterly ignorant of the way, — it took them one whole summer, a whole winter, and half another summer to come; their home must be very far away, and the prospect of ever again finding it is small. He smiles, and tells them that he knows the way well, having often travelled it. They request

him to be their guide; he agrees to do so, and bright and early the next morning they prepare to start.

Morning dawns; Glooscap puts on his belt and leads off, and they follow. About the middle of the forenoon they reach the top of a high mountain. From thence they can discern another mountain away in the distance, the blue outlines of which are just in sight above the horizon; the men conclude that it will take them at least a week to reach it. They push on; and to their astonishment, at about the middle of the afternoon they have reached the top of this second mountain. From the top of this they are directed to look around; and lo! all is familiar to them. They are perfectly acquainted with hill and forest, lake and river; and Glooscap says to them, "There is your own native village." Then he leaves them, and returns. They go on, and before sunset are at home.

When they arrive no one knows them, their new and splendid robes have so changed their appearance for the better. They tell who they are, however, and are soon surrounded by old and young, male and female, who listen with amazement as they recount their adventures.

They now open their boxes, which, according to Glooscap's directions, they have kept carefully closed till they reached their homes. The boxes contain a potent unguent; this they rub over their persons, and each one's desire is accomplished. The one who had been despised, hated, and shunned is now rendered beautiful, well-beloved, and withal so fragrant from the perfume of the "divine anointing," that his company is sought after

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

by all. The one who had desired abundance is blessed in that line; success attends him in the chase, and plenty daily crowns his board. And, best of all, the man who had sought for durable riches and righteousness, and the honor that cometh from above, was not disappointed in this respect; he was ever after meek and devout.

[Related to me by Benjamin Brooks, Oct. 14, 1869, and written down the same day.

Here seems clearly to be a parable: —

1. All who seek divine help will find it. We may not know where God is; but let us search after him, and we shall find him.

2. Truth is disclosed to the mind gradually; we first find a small, dim path, but it becomes plainer; the Divinity is often found before he is known.

3. Here are four of the chief objects of human pursuit: religion, fame, wealth, and long life.

4. Those who diligently pursue after these things will, ordinarily, find them.

5. Sometimes an answer to an unreasonable request is given, but it proves to be a curse instead of a blessing; long life is granted, but at the expense of enjoyment and usefulness. Better a short and useful life than a long and useless one, like the gnarled and twisted cedar, not worth the cutting down.]

XLIV.
A CHILD NOURISHED BY A BEAR.

[My friend Benjamin Brooks informs me that there is a family of Mooin (Bears) among the Indians, and his grandfather's second wife was one of them. He remembers asking her how the name came to be applied to them, and she told him the following story.]

A long time before either the French or the English people were heard of, there was in a certain village a little boy who was an orphan; he was in charge of no one in particular, and sometimes stayed in one wigwam and sometimes in another, having no home of his own.

As fall was verging towards winter, this little boy went out into the woods alone one day, to pick berries. Wandering on and on, he at last got lost; and when he attempted to find his way back to the village, he was unable to do so. Night came on, but he still pursued his way; by and by he saw a light, and making for it, he reached a wigwam, where he heard people talking within. Entering, he saw a woman seated there, and farther on he saw two small boys. The woman told him to come in, and the boys seemed delighted to see him. The woman gave him some food; he remained there all night, and was so well pleased that he remained there altogether.

As he had no home in particular, the people in the village did not miss him for several days. But they missed him at last, and a careful search was made for him; they could not find him, however, and gave him up as hopelessly lost.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Now, it so happened that the boy had entered a bear's den. In his bewilderment, he had mistaken the old bear for a woman, and the two cubs for boys; he was not able, after wards, to correct the error.

All winter long he remained. The bear had a store of dried meat laid up, and a good supply of berries; these berries were stirred up in a large *wiscomde* (birchen vessel). These, together with the dried meat, were brought out and given to them when they were hungry.

Spring came; the ice broke up, and the smelts began to ascend into the fresh water in order to deposit their spawn. The Indians took advantage of the season to catch the smelts; and as usual, the bears took occasion to do the same thing.

The method of fishing adopted by the bears is to walk into the brook and sit down; then they spread out their fore paws, make a grab at the fish, and toss them on to the bank. The Indians, knowing the habits of the bears, took occasion to hunt them at the same time that they fished for smelts. So one day a man looking for bears' tracks discovered those of an old bear and two cubs; along with these there was what seemed to be the tracks of a child's naked foot. "This is a queer-looking bear's track," said he to himself; "there is something remarkable about this; I must watch." So, going the next day about sundown,¹ he concealed himself near the place, and watched.

¹ At sundown the smelts are most abundant; at this hour the bears and men, knowing the habits of smelts, pursue their piscatory practices.

Presently he heard some one coming that way, and talking very busily as he came. Soon an old she-bear hove in sight, followed by two cubs and a small, naked boy. The boy and the cubs were engaged in earnest conversation. The man could distinctly hear and understand what the boy said; the boy could understand the cubs, but their talk sounded to the man just like the usual unmeaning murmur of young bears.

When the old bear reached the smelting-ground, she walked into the water and seated herself on her haunches, and commenced seizing the smelts and tossing them out upon the bank. The boy walked in below, and drove them into the net: and the old bear, shouting at the top of her voice, *pejedajik!* ("They are coming!") would throw them out in heaps as fast as a fisherman would with a scoop-net.¹

The man now returned home, and reported what he had seen. He felt satisfied that the boy he had seen among the bears was the one that had been lost; the boy was now five years old. All the village was in commotion; they determined to rescue the child, but it was difficult to decide how to do it. It was finally determined that all the men should go the next night to the fishing-place, and attempt to seize the boy and bring him home. The man who had made the discovery led the party. They took care not to cross the bear's course, and avoided the direction she had taken, so that she should not get the scent of their tracks and be

¹ The Indians affirm that bears actually fish for smelts in this way.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

alarmed. Arriving at the place, they concealed themselves, sat down, waited, and watched. Presently along came the bear and her two cubs, attended by the object of their search. They allowed them to become engaged in their work, as the noise of the running water and their attention to the smelts would prevent them from hearing the approach of the men; then they closed quietly in upon them, making the circle narrower and narrower; and finally, rushing upon the boy, they seized and held him fast. He yelled lustily, scratched and bit like a little bear,— showing that he had profited by the lessons he had received in the den; while the old bear, uttering fierce and defiant growls, slowly retired from the field, and refused either to give battle or to run. They allowed her to pass unmolested, and carried home their prize. He was wild and fierce; small black hairs had begun to sprout out upon his little naked body. But he was quieted and tamed in a short time, grew up, and was the progenitor of the family of the Bears. Naturally enough, they had named him Mooin.

ADDITION TO THE BEAR STORY.

Before the boy left the den of Mooinaskw, she asked him to intercede with his friends, the Indian hunters, not to kill her. “But how will they know you from the rest?” inquired the boy. She directed him to climb a high tree and look around; he will see smoke rising here and there in all directions, as from a solitary wigwam. He will perceive that from some a larger volume of smoke arises than from others; those from which the largest volume of

SILAS T. RAND

smoke arises are the dens of female bears, who, having families to nourish, are obliged to do a larger amount of cooking, and therefore to build larger fires.

[This addition was related to me by Mrs. Jim Paul, May 10, 1870, at Dartmouth.]

XLV.

BADGER AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

Somewhere in the forest there resided an Indian, — a young man named Kekwajoo (Badger); he had with him a small boy, who was his brother. In order to secure their winter's supply, they retired into the midst of the woods, where game abounded. As they moved on, they came out to a large, beautiful lake covered with water-fowl. There were wild geese, brant, black ducks, wood-ducks, and all the smaller kinds, such as teals and whistlers.

The small boy was delighted with the sight ; but he eagerly inquired of his brother how they were going to manage them. He answered, "Let us first go to work and build a large wigwam, and make it very strong, affixing to it a heavy, solid door." This was done. Kekwajoo then, being a magician, arranged his plans for decoying the geese and ducks to their destruction. The little boy received the orders. He was to go out on a point of land that extended far into the lake, and call the birds; he was to tell them that his brother was waiting in the wigwam, to give them a kingly reception. The boy went out, as directed ; and Kekwajoo, arraying himself in his most splendid robes, seated himself in the part of the wigwam opposite the door; he leaned back with his eyes nearly closed, awaiting their approach.

Then the boy shouts at the top of his voice, calling to the birds to come in and attend upon their king, while he displays his royal authority and utters his high behests. In flock the birds through the

open door; they arrange themselves around their monarch, in the order of their size. The wild-geese come nearest, and sit down; next to them the brant take their station, then the black ducks; and so on, until the least in size are farthest off and nearest to the door. The little boy comes in last, sits down by the door, closes it as he has been directed, and holds it together.

He now, according to previous instructions, directs all the birds to close their eyes and keep them shut as tight as possible, until he gives them word to open them, or their eyes will burst when the king displays his royal magnificence. They obey to the letter. Whereupon Badger begins operations upon them, grasping each one tightly round the wings and legs, and crushing their heads with his teeth, — thus preventing all noise and fluttering. He proceeds quietly with the work of death, until he has finished all the wild-geese, brant, and black ducks. The small boy now begins to have his better feelings stirred. He sees no necessity for such wanton destruction, as it seems to him; they can never eat what are already killed. So, stooping down, he whispers into the ear of a small bird seated near him to open his eyes a little.

This the bird does cautiously, lest his eyes should burst; he sees to his horror what the man is doing. He immediately gives the alarm; he screams out, *Kedummedolk!* (“We are all killed!”) Whereupon they all open their eyes, scream, and fill the wigwam with flutter, noise, and confusion worse confounded. The boy drops down as though knocked over in the general *mélée*; the door flies

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

open, and out the birds rush over his prostrate body. Kekwajoo in the mean time exerts himself to the utmost in seizing them and crushing their heads. The little boy seizes the last one by the legs and holds it fast, lest his brother should suspect the trick and administer condign punishment. He is suspected, for his brother seizes him roughly and threatens to flog him but he begs off, and declares that the birds knocked him down and forced open the door, and that he could not possibly help it. This apology is accepted, and the two begin to pluck and dress the game. The giblets are carefully preserved, and the fowls are sliced up, dried, and thus preserved for their winter's store.

Time now passes on. They have plenty of food and fuel, and are comfortable in their lodge.

About midwinter they have a visitor. A little fellow comes smelling around, and finally enters the lodge; he is hungry, and intimates that he wishes to share in the abundance that evidently reigns there. His name is Abistanaooch (Marten), and he is entertained according to the rules of Indian hospitality. After a while another visitor arrives, whose name is Ableegumooch (Rabbit); and they all dwell comfortably and cosily together, telling stories, and engaging in other pastimes.

One day Marten undertakes to quiz Rabbit. The latter is somewhat inclined to boast, and pretends that he has moved in a higher circle than his present company. He is proud of his white robe, and claims to have been the companion of the aristocracy; "he has kept company with gentlemen."

“What means that slit in your lip?” his comrade, the Marten, asks archly.

“Oh,” says he, “over there where I live, we eat with knives and forks; and one day my knife slipped while I was eating, and I cut my lip.”

“And pray, why are your mouth and whiskers always going when you are keeping still?”

“Oh, I am meditating, planning something, and talking to myself; that’s the way we do.”

“Well, why do you always hop? Why do you not some times walk and run, as we do?”

“Ah, that’s our style! We gentlemen do not move like the vulgar; we have a gait of our own.”

“But, pray, why do you scamper away so fast, jumping so far and so rapidly when you move?”

“Well, I used to be employed in carrying *weegadigun*¹ (despatches), and got into the habit of moving nimbly; and now it comes natural.”

“And why is your dung so round and hard?”

“It is because we eat biscuit and other nice things.” “And why does your water stain the snow of a red color?”

“That is owing to the fact that we gentlemen often regale ourselves with wine.”

While this important discussion is going on between the two little guests, their host has been attentively listening. He inquires where their homes are. Marten informs him that his home is not very far away. “Who and what are the people who reside there?” asks Badger. Marten gives him a full

¹ *Weegadigunn* means despatches, books, letters, or papers of any kind.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

account. They are all named from the animals; he begins with the largest animals in the forest, placing the moose at the head, and going downwards to the smallest creature, — mentioning the bear, the caribou, the deer, the wolf, the wildcat, the squirrel, and the tiny mouse.

“Will you go and show me the way to your village?” Kekwajoo asks. “I will,” is the answer; and they start on the journey. As soon as they come in sight of the village, however, the wily Badger turns back; he is resolved to have some sport at the expense of the strangers, and to play upon them a practical joke.

So he returns to his own lodge, and tells his little brother that he has found a village of Indians, and he is going to pay them a visit. Taking a quantity of feathers and a good supply of dried fowl, the two go on towards the newly discovered settlement. Before they reach it, Badger fixes a bed for his brother under a hollow stump, puts in the feathers, leaves the meat, and tells him to remain there until he comes for him.

He now arrays himself in the garb and ornaments of a young woman. In this attire he proceeds to the camp. He enters the chief's lodge, and is kindly received and entertained. A young man and several girls are there; the young chief and his sisters, as well as their parents, are delighted with the looks and manners of the stranger. The young man becomes enamoured of her beauty, and intercedes with his parents, who make proposals of marriage in his behalf; she replies that if they will treat her kindly, she will consent to the match. So

the agreement is made, and the wedding is celebrated in great style, with feasting, dancing, and sports suited to the important occasion.

A new lodge is erected, and the newly married pair retire to their own home.

Time passes, and the young chief does not suspect the imposition that is being practised upon him; when the jester determines to cap the climax with a bogus baby. One day the young man kills a moose, and the wife obtains permission to go out and see it dressed. It is a cow, and there are two small calves; one of these calves the pretended wife snatches up unperceived, and concealing it under her dress, she carries it home. This she manages to dry and hide against the time of need.

Meanwhile the little brother hidden under the stump has eaten up all his provisions; he is lonely, and shouts lustily for his brother. The villagers hear the strange noise, but cannot understand the words or divine their cause. The young chief's wife is called out to listen; she understands and explains all. It is the Owoolakumooejit (Genius of Famine), gaunt and grim; and should he reach the village, starvation would be the consequence. Alas! she remembers too well his visits in her country. "Can you meet and drive him back?" they eagerly ask. "I can," is the reply; "do you furnish me with a well-dressed hide of a yearling moose, and a good supply of tallow, and I'll soon stop his noise and drive him away." The articles are forthwith furnished; she takes them, and rushes furiously forth, shouting the name of the brother: *Aa chonwaa* [a word to which they could attach no

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

meaning ; nor could any one else now], *elumee!* (“go home!”) and bidding him at the same time to stop his noise. The noise accordingly soon ceases. The little fellow is completely rolled up in the soft blanket, supplied with food, and told to wait a little longer, and the game will soon be played out.

The next step is to bring forth the babe. When all is ready, she informs her verdant husband that custom on such occasions among her tribe is for the mother to be left entirely alone, and for the husband to go away and remain till all is over. He accordingly goes to his father’s lodge, to await the important event. So the dried little moose-calf is taken and carefully rolled up like a new-born infant, whose cry the pretended mother exactly imitates; when in rushes a bevy of young girls, to welcome the little stranger, — for they had heard the cry as they were going to the spring for water. There lies the mother; and she holds the baby all rolled up, and concealed in a blanket. They take it up carefully, and make a dive for the dear little face, but are told that they must not do that, — that the father must see it first, and that he must uncover the face, and they must carry it to him. *Noolmusugakelumadijul* (They kiss it outside the blanket). Off they start; and off he starts, too, in hot haste, as well he may, running with all his might to where his brother lies concealed, whom he snatches up, and away they run for dear life.

Meanwhile the girls have given the supposed babe into the hands of the supposed father. Grinning with delight, he begins to unroll the wrapper; when, to his dismay, horror, and

mortification, the cheat is exposed. He flings it indignantly into the fire, and rushes furiously towards his lodge, to deal summary vengeance upon the author of the trick. But the lodge is empty. A party of fleet hunters and warriors is, however, soon upon the trail; the wily magician baffles them. He and his brother reach the lake. Seizing some dry, broken limbs, he casts them into the water and commands them to turn into a canoe; instantly this is done; in they leap, and paddle for life. His pursuers reach the shore, and just catch a glimpse of the canoe, with its freight, far out and rapidly approaching the opposite shore.

They hunt round, and find the lodge; little Marten and Ableegumooch can now give them the whole history of their adventures. They take possession of all that is of any service, and, chagrined and mortified, but unrevenged, they return to their own village.

[The above was related to me by Ben Brooks, Dec. 9, 1869. He had heard it many times, and ever so long ago.]

XLVI.
GLOOSCAP DESERTED BY HIS
COMRADES.

Glooscap resided on an island with a number of Indian families, who were named from the different animals and birds. The name of the island was Ajaaligunuchk and prominent members of the community were Pulowech, Wejek, Teetees, Cakakooch, and Mikchagogwech. Some of the men, and especially Pulowech, became jealous of Glooscap, though there was no real ground for their surmises; and they determined to take advantage of Glooscap's absence and remove the encampment, hoping that Glooscap, being left on the deserted island, would perish. Glooscap, though absent, knew very well what was going on, but allowed the jealous man to have his own way; and so the whole party removed and left the island, taking the two members of Glooscap's family, — the old woman, here called Mooinaskw (Mrs. Bear), and Marten, Glooscap's waiting-man, who was always honored with the title of Uchkeen (My younger brother).

Glooscap returned to his wigwam, and found it empty, and the whole place deserted. So he made himself easy, and remained for seven years alone on the island, "the monarch of all he surveyed." He then determined to go in quest of his former neighbors. His first step was to summon a comrade who could convey him to the mainland; and at his call a whale made his appearance in the distance, approaching rapidly, and spouting nearer and

nearer every time he came up. Soon he placed himself alongside of a rock; from the top of which Glooscap, with his dog under his arm, stepped on his back, and was rapidly and safely conveyed to the mainland. He soon came upon a deserted camp, and ascertained that it was forsaken seven years ago. One of the wigwams was inhabited, however, by an old man and woman; from whom Glooscap learned the course his comrades had taken, and withal the hardships he would have to encounter in coming up with them. The first obstacle would appear in the shape of a wrinkled old hag, who would seem very helpless and innocent; she would address him in a kind and bland manner, in order to get him within the grasp of her sorcery, when she would mercilessly destroy him. She would request him to obtain some firewood for her, and also to examine her head; he would have to comply with her request, but must manage to deceive her. "Before you reach the next camping-place of your people, where this witch resides," says his counsellor, "you will pass over a small bog where cranberries grow; gather a few handfuls of these, and carry them with you; and when you engage in your 'hunting expedition,' and wish to 'pop the game,' you must cast the latter into the fire, and crack the cranberries between your teeth. In this way you will baffle the old woman's witchcraft, and escape unhurt."

Receiving this information and these directions, he leaves his friends and pursues his way. He crosses the cranberry bog, and puts a few

handfuls of the berries into his bosom, and keeps them against the time of need.

He finally reaches the second camping-ground of the company who had so unjustly left him on his island home of Ajaaligunuchk; he ascertains that it has been deserted six years. From the top of a solitary wigwam he sees smoke ascending, and he enters the lodge. There sits an old woman, so wrinkled, and apparently so enfeebled by age, that she seems utterly incapable of helping herself. But all this is feigned; she is sufficiently young and active, and also sufficiently versed in magical arts, to be able to accomplish wonders. But she has now a subtle game to play; she is not ignorant of the character of her guest, and is anxious to destroy him. So she asks him to collect for her an armful of dry wood, and to kindle up her fire; he does so accordingly. She now pretends to be sleepy, and requests him to examine her head. With this request he also complies; and when he has made a discovery, he announces the important fact (*wakmwajeekw*). She says to him, *Basp* ("Crush it"). Thereupon he throws it into the fire and cracks a cranberry between his teeth, and composedly proceeds in his benevolent enterprise. Each successive discovery is disposed of in the same way, until, getting tired, he says, "That will do; I must go now." She is outdone, — fairly conquered; she becomes his friend, and admonishes him respecting the next danger he will have to meet. At his next stopping-place he will be attacked by two huge, savage wild beasts, — the tutelary genii of two young women, who, concealed behind a

curtain in their father's lodge, are guarding the pass against strangers, and who will send out their dogs to destroy Glooscap when he comes. But he himself has a small accompaniment in the canine line, — a tiny thing that he can easily snatch up and carry under his arm, but which can enlarge himself into any size which the occasion requires.

This being the state of things, the adventurer moves forward. As they approach the next deserted *oodun* Glooscap gives the dog his instructions. He is to retain his small size, and keep behind, close to his master's heels, until the formidable beasts assail him; he is then to close in to the rescue.

As soon as he reaches the deserted village, he spies the solitary lodge where the two girls reside, with their enchantments and their savage sentinels. The two furious beasts, large as lions, rush upon him; but his faithful dog, instantly rising to the size of a bear, grapples with them. They are soon despatched. The dog seizes the first by the throat, and brings him to the ground; then he pounces on the other, which is as speedily despatched. Glooscap then lays his hand on the dog; and he is so tiny and quiet that he places him under his arm, walks in, and salutes the old couple, the parents of the girls, in the usual friendly manner, as though nothing had happened. He cannot see the two sisters, as there is a curtain hung across the middle of the wigwam, and they are behind it; but their curiosity is awakened, and they cautiously lift the bottom of the curtain, and peep under to see who the stranger is, and what he is like.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Glooscap inquires of the old people if any Indians have passed that way lately. "Not for four years," he is told. At that time a number of families had encamped in the neighborhood; but they were now a long distance away, and it would be impossible to overtake them. There were many obstacles in the way; but particularly there was a huge giant, — a *kookwes* — who guarded the passage; and he managed to entrap all that passed, whether man or beast.

Thus instructed and admonished, Glooscap moves on. He arrives in due time at the place which the giant guards, and where he has built his *neesakum*. The *kookwes* sees him approaching, and exults at the sight. "Now I shall have a capital dinner," he says to himself. Glooscap gives his dog the wink, and boldly marches in to face the *kookwes*. The latter unsheathes his long knife, and prepares for slaughter. But he has mistaken his man this time; the dog is let slip, and with a bound he seizes the giant by the throat, throws him to the ground, and despatches him.

Glooscap has now cleared the road; he meets with no more obstructions until he reaches the place where his quondam companions are encamped. But he does not immediately make himself known. He conceals himself near the village until he sees his own friend Marten out hunting for wood. He endeavors to arrest his attention; but the poor fellow — who, with the old woman, was compelled to remove sorely against their inclination, and has not been treated very kindly since — is so absorbed in his troubles that he

does not listen or look up, until Glooscap throws a small stick at his head. This makes him look round. At first he supposes it has fallen from a tree; but he spies his friend in concealment, recognizes him at once, and utters a cry of joy. But he is instantly checked. "Wait till dark, and I will go to your wigwam; you may go home and tell your grandmother." He goes home accordingly, and makes the announcement; in due time Glooscap comes in. Marten is poor, and his provisions are low; but his clothes are good.¹ He goes out to beg food for supper; he tells the people that his elder brother, Glooscap, has arrived, and he wants to furnish him with the usual expressions of hospitality to strangers and friends. But they do not believe a word of it. Teetees (Jay) flies over, peeps in, and sees him; she confirms Marten's tale, but she is disbelieved. "It is all nonsense," they say; "Glooscap is still at Ajaaligununchk and dead long ago." Glooscap, in the mean time, takes special care not to dissipate their doubts, and for this purpose manages to keep concealed.

But when night has settled down upon the world, and the whole village is hushed to repose, Glooscap prepares for a hunt. He and Marten go out; and before morning they have brought home an ample supply of venison. Madame Kakakooch (Crow) soon discovers this, and spreads the news through the village. They inquire of Marten where

¹ Nancy Jeddore, from whom I received this *abtookwoken* informs me that this statement is predicated upon the well-known fact that the marten is always lean, but his fur is abundant and fine; he is lean in flesh, but wears a fine coat.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

he has obtained so much meat, and he tells them that he obtained it by hunting. Glooscap, by putting his own robes, and especially his belt, upon the young man, has in fact endowed him measurably with his own strength and skill.

After a while the whole truth is out; it is known that Glooscap is too much for them. He does not resent their ill-usage; he is too noble and generous for that, and rather enjoys their confusion, as well as his own independence. The whole village is now supplied with venison of all kinds.

After a while he proposes a removal; he and his comrades will leave the rest, since they are so anxious to get rid of them. The first step is to construct a canoe for the voyage; in due time they are ready for a start, and Glooscap, Grandmother, and Marten enter the canoe, push out into the middle of the broad and beautiful river, and sweep away down towards its mouth. After a while this river rushes down under the surface of the earth, and flows under ground, through rocks and cataracts so dark and frightful that the young fellow dies of fright, and the old woman soon follows suit, — leaving Glooscap to manage the craft. He guides it through with out difficulty, and in due time emerges again into the upper world, and soon reaches a solitary wigwam situated near the bank of the river. Glooscap turns in to the shore, takes Marten by the hand, and calls upon him to *numchaase* (get up); he opens his eyes, and supposes he has only been sleeping a somewhat sound sleep. The old woman is aroused in the same way, and restored to life by Glooscap's supernatural power.

There resides in the wigwam at which they arrive, an old man with his wife; this old man is a distinguished *kenap* (warrior), and is well versed in the magical art. He entertains his guest in a hospitable manner, but feels disposed to measure swords with him in a trial of his skill in the same art of magic ; he determines to freeze him, if possible. So, going out as the evening advances, he brings in an armful of wood, and remarks dryly that there is every prospect of a cold night, as the sky is red. So the two sit and converse; but the cold becomes so intense that the parties are all keeled up except the master of the house and his guest. Glooscap pays no attention to the cold, though about midnight it puts out the fire completely. Next morning Glooscap invites his friend to feast with him that evening, having had a small lodge erected for himself on the day of his arrival; his friend comes. A good supply of wood is secured, and the old woman and Marten are instructed to put in and pile on all the clothes and furs at command, as there will be a trial of strength in the frost line during the night.

After the festival, a blazing fire is made, and the parties become engaged in eager conversation; then the cold comes on more and more intense, until the poles of the wigwam fairly snap, and every particle of fire is stifled out, and the old grandmother and Marten, notwithstanding their warm wrappers, yield up the ghost. But the two men continue their conversation, as though nothing were the matter, until morning. Then, giving the frozen parties a shake, he tells them they are overdoing the business

of sleep, and calls upon them to rise, — which they do.

Glooscap now inquires where the town is to which their *kenap* belongs, and is informed that it is on the seashore, at the mouth of the river, hard by. So he and his companions go forward in their canoe to the town. There is a chief residing there; but Glooscap does not go to him at first, as he has *nkulamooksis* (an uncle on his mother's side) to whom he intends to make his first visit. This uncle turns out to be a miserable old bachelor, ugly, decrepit, and infirm; his looks are so horrid that he has always failed in wooing and winning, — the young ladies of the village will not look upon him. His name is Mikchikch (Tortoise). He is not only ugly, but poor; and his clothes are soiled and tattered. When they arrive, the old fellow is seated out-of-doors, finishing off a salmon-spear. He seems delighted to meet his old friend, and gives him a cordial reception, the best place in the wigwam, and a good supper.

Word goes round the village that a distinguished stranger has arrived, — even Glooscap himself; and preparations are made for a feast and a dance. A crier is sent round to make proclamation to that effect; this he does by shouting at the top of his voice, “How! how! how!”

The chief who resides there has two unmarried daughters, — both young and beautiful; and Glooscap advises his uncle to solicit the hand of one of them in marriage. But he coolly informs his friend that that is a subject concerning which he has long ago abandoned all thoughts. But Glooscap

offers to lend him his dress and influence, and the offer is accepted. Arrayed in his friend's coat, leggins, and particularly in his belt (the belt being more especially the seat of magic), the old, ugly Tortoise is transformed into a young and beautiful beau, — attracting the attention of all parties, and more especially of the marriageable daughters. They take him for Glooscap himself, — the veritable Glooscap keeping well away from the feast, and rolling himself completely up in the skins which form the sleeping-furniture of the wigwam.

Tortoise invites one of the chief's daughters to dance with him. The men and women dance together, round and round in a circle, according to the custom ; each one places his female partner in front of himself, and each chases the other round in a circle; the musician stands in the centre, and beats with a stout stick upon his *cheegumakun* (piece of birch), to the *rat-a-tat-tat* which he utters like a monotonous grunt, while the dancers keep time as they pursue their rounds. By and by Tortoise says to his partner, *Tabeak* ("That will do"), and they fall out of the ranks. Soon after, the old man goes home to his own lodge, and reports the state of affairs to his friend Glooscap. The latter urges him to follow up his advantage, and boldly ask the old chief for his daughter in marriage. But he declines the advice; he will be discovered; the cheat will be avenged, and he will lose his life as the result.

Tortoise now says, "I shall quit this place, and go on." Glooscap says, "Whither will you go?" "Anywhere and everywhere," is the answer. "Well, listen to me, Uncle," says Glooscap. "I will bestow

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

immortality upon you, — you shall never die ; you may live on the land, and the water shall not drown you; although your head may be cut off, it shall not kill you, and your heart shall continue to beat, even though your body be chopped in pieces.”

With this Mikchikch' took his departure, and has ever since led a solitary life.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, May 17, 1870.]

XLVII.
AN INDIAN CHIEF'S VISIT
TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

Shortly after the country was discovered by the French, an Indian named Silmoodawa' was taken to Planchean (France) as a curiosity. Among other curious adventures, he was prevailed upon to exhibit the Indian mode of killing and curing game. A fat ox or deer was brought out of a beautiful park and handed over to the Indian; he was provided with all the necessary implements, and placed within an enclosure of ropes, through which no person was allowed to pass, but around which multitudes were gathered to witness the butchering operations of the savage. He shot the animal with a bow, bled him, skinned and dressed him, sliced up the meat, and spread it out on flakes to dry; he then cooked a portion and ate it, and in order to exhibit the whole process, and to take a mischievous revenge upon them for making an exhibition of him, he went into a corner of the yard and eased himself before them all.

[Related May, 1870.]

XLVIII. A LITTLE BOY CATCHES A WHALE.

An old man and woman living by themselves once heard an unusual rapping, but could not tell exactly where it was. They looked to see if they could discover the cause, and after a while they found that the noise proceeded from under ground. They dug away the earth, and discovered a small boy, whom they took home and cared for. The old people were poor, and hardly able to hunt for themselves; but they willingly took upon themselves the additional burden of bringing up this boy. They were well repaid for their labor and painstaking. The boy grew rapidly, and was very expert in fishing and hunting. One day, towards winter, he told the old people that he would go a fishing. He returned after a while, and reported that he had caught a whale. They hastened to the shore to look for it; but when they arrived there, all they saw was a pile of very large oysters. They brought out a stone knife, opened the oysters, and feasted upon them. Then the old woman suddenly became inspired with the inclination to dance, and she danced round the oysters with all her might. After she had been wrought up into a furor, one of the oysters began to expand and increase in its dimensions until it had extended about thirty *mooskunigunegalooch* (cubits),¹ and had assumed the exact appearance of a whale.

¹ *Mooskunigunegalooch* means, literally, "elbows placed on;" this is the Indian mode of measuring.

All now set to work to slice up the carcass and preserve it for future use.

After a while the old woman died; she was properly prepared, rolled up in birch-bark, and placed in the family vault. After some time her husband went to visit her; the bark swathing was removed, and he saw her face once more. He was so delighted that he leaped and danced for joy.

XLIX.**A CHAPEL BUILT WITHOUT HANDS.**

[Near the city of Quebec is a chapel dedicated to Saint Ann, to which the Indians in Nova Scotia are in the habit of making pilgrimages. The tradition among them is that it was erected by miracle.]

Once upon a time there was a French vessel, manned by Frenchmen, cruising on the ocean. A violent storm arose, which became so furious that all hope of saving the vessel was abandoned. She had sprung a leak, and was rapidly foundering. The captain now called all hands together, and informed them that there was no hope but in God; he commanded them to fasten the hatches and hatchways, and then invited them to go to the cabin and unite with him in prayer. This was done. The captain read from the prayer-book, and they all followed in earnest supplications. Soon the water ceased to increase in the vessel; after a while she stopped rocking, and lay perfectly quiet. The captain took an auger and bored a hole in the side; no water came in. He bored another lower down; still no water. He tried again, boring in the bottom of the vessel; still no water. The hatchway was now removed, and to their surprise, no water was to be seen; but they were close to a forest, by the side of a highway, and near at hand was a large stone chapel with a cross on the top of the steeple. The great, ponderous door was closed. The ground was paved with broken flint-stones. The crew, with the

captain at their head, now disembarked, and at his direction took off their shoes, rolled up their trousers' legs, and walked over the sharp pavement on their bare knees to the chapel-door, which opened to them of its own accord as they approached.

They entered; there was no one in the chapel, and no one near. They remained there fasting and praying until they all died; but the captain of the vessel, previous to his death, wrote out all the particulars of their experience, and left them for the information and benefit of those who might come after. Some of the inhabitants, passing that way soon after, were astonished at the sight of the chapel, and the vessel lying near. They entered with reverence and awe, and discovered the dead bodies of the crew, and the writing left by the captain. The chapel was immediately occupied, and has remained there unto this day. The vessel decayed after a while; but a model of it was constructed, and hung upon the chapel-door outside, where it still remains. After the country passed into the hands of the English heretics, they made an audacious attempt to burn this chapel; but they were defeated. They filled it with hay, which they set on fire; but though the hay burned readily and rapidly, the fire made no impression on the chapel. They tried a second time; they filled it with shavings and chips, and set fire to them. These burned, as the hay had done, and a few marks of smoke were left on the walls and ceiling; but the chapel stood intact. They now desisted from any further attempts to destroy it.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Wonderful miracles are performed at this chapel. The blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, and the lame walk; there is a pile of crutches and canes left by those who have been restored. A white dove hovers over the altar, but no fastening sustains it.

[Related by Andrew Stephens, and confirmed by others.]

L.
**A WIZARD CARRIES OFF
GLOOSCAP'S HOUSEKEEPER.**

Once, when Glooscap was living near Menagwes, he went out on a six weeks' hunting-excursion. While he was gone, a wizard named Winpe came along with his wife and child; and finding the Kesegoooskw and Marten by themselves in the wigwam, he took them prisoners and carried them on to Pasummookwoddy, thence over to Grand Manan and Yarmouth, and then on to Newfoundland, before Glooscap overtook and recovered them.

Meantime Glooscap had gone on as far as Quaco. He returned home just in time to see the canoe pushing off from shore with the captives; so he called to the old woman to send back his little dogs, which she had taken with her. She accordingly placed the two tiny animals upon the dish in which the Indians toss their dice, put the dish upon the water, and then gave it a push towards the shore; straight forward it flew, bearing its precious burden, which reached the master's hand in safety.

Glooscap then remained a long time by himself before he set out to release the captives, — some accounts say three months, some say seven years. He finally determined to pursue and bring them home. But he was not going to take the trouble of following all the way on foot; he had horses at his beck, that could convey him through the water. He went down to the shore and sang; soon his

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

obsequious servant, the whale, made his appearance, and awaited his pleasure. He descended and tried her; but the whale, being too small, sank under Glooscap's weight. Glooscap then called another, a larger one, which came alongside; knowing her to be sufficiently strong, he stepped off on her back. She pushed on until she began to mistrust that the land was near. She had no wish to run ashore; so she called and asked, *Moonastabakunkwijeanook?* ("Does not the land begin to show itself in the form of a bowstring?") Glooscap replied that they were still far from land. So on she went, until the water was so shoal that they could hear the clams singing. She could not understand what they said; but they were exhorting her to throw Glooscap off and drown him, as they were his enemies. Bootup asked Glooscap what the clams were saying in their song. "They tell you to hurry me on as fast as possible," said Glooscap. So the whale put on all steam, and was suddenly grounded high and dry. "Alas, my grandchild!" said she, "you have been my death. I can never get out of this." "Never you mind, Noogumee," said Glooscap; "I'll set you right." So on leaping ashore he put the end of his bow against the whale, and with one push sent her far out to sea. Bootup lighted her pipe, and pushed leisurely for home, smoking as she went.

Glooscap now began to search for the trail of his enemy, Winpe, who carried off his family. He came to a deserted wigwam, but he found a small birchen dish which had belonged to Marten; knowing the age of the dish, he gained all the

information he desired. The foe had been gone from this place three months, moving on to the eastward. Glooscap pushed on in pursuit, and in due time arrived at Ogumkegeak (Liverpool), where he discovered another deserted wigwam. But looking round, he found one wretchedly poor-looking lodge, with a decrepit old hag in it doubled down with age, and apparently helpless. She was covered with vermin, and earnestly requested him to aid her in getting rid of them. Glooscap knew well what all this meant: she was not what she seemed, but an artful sorceress, his deadly foe, bent on his destruction. He said nothing, however, but complied with her request. She bent her head forward, and he soon discovered that her hair was filled with live toads. He picked them out one by one, and pretended to kill them by cracking a cranberry each time between his teeth; the toads he placed under a large dish that stood by, bottom upwards. The old woman was soon mesmerized by the gentle and soporific manipulations of the mighty personage who had taken her in hand, and was soon snoring soundly on the boughs. Glooscap went on. Soon the sorceress awoke, and found that she had been outgeneralled. She was furious, and pursued him in her rage, determined to be avenged. Her magical servants had escaped from their cage, and were hopping about in all directions; they soon covered the face of the earth.

Glooscap, however, was in no danger, and he therefore had no fear. He carried in his bosom two little dogs, not much bigger than mice, but which

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

could in an instant assume the size and fury of the largest animals of their genus. As soon as the woman approached, Glooscap unleashed the hounds. He told them beforehand that as soon as he commanded them not to growl, to spring upon her; and the more he called them off, the more furiously they were to tear her. She paused at their formidable appearance, shrank back from their growling, and called to him to take care of his dogs. He shouted lustily to them to be quiet; but they raged all the more furiously, and soon tore her in pieces. He now moved on until he came to the top of a high mountain, where he could see a long way off. In the distance he saw a large wigwam. There an old couple resided who were wizards, and who hated Glooscap. They had two daughters, whom they sent out to encounter him. They gave to them a portion of sausage made of bear's-meat, to put round his neck; this was to kill him, and they were to bring to their parents for food a similar portion of his intestines. Glooscap gave his dogs the hint, and let them go; as soon as they began to growl at the girls, he commanded them to be quiet, telling them that these girls were his sisters. The dogs rushed on, and tore them to pieces. He took out the part the father desired, and, looking into the wigwam, said, "Was this the food you wanted?" Throwing it around the old man's neck, he caught him up and went on; he soon reached the main sea, and following the shore, he came to the old camping-places of Winpe. He always examined the *wichkwedlakuncheejul* (little bark dishes) left behind, which gave him all the information he needed; he

found that he was rapidly gaining upon the enemy. He now went on; but before he reached the Strait of Canso¹ he had to call up one of his marine horses to ferry him over, and then went on. Passing down the coast of Oonumage he arrived in due time at Uktutun (Cape North), and found that the parties had left three days before for Uktukamkw (Newfoundland). Again he sang and charmed a whale to his aid, which (perhaps we should say who, since he has reason and intelligence) conveyed him safely to the other side. He now came up to where the party passed the previous night, and pushing on, soon overtook his old housekeeper, weak and tottering with ill-usage and hunger, and carrying on her back the starved and attenuated form of Marten. They were lagging behind, unable to keep pace with their persecutors, whom, however, they were obliged to follow. Marten, having his face turned backward, was the first to discover his friend, to whom he shouted most lustily for help and food. But the old woman would not believe that Glooscap was so near. "Your brother is not here," she said despondingly; "we left him far, far behind." But Marten, catching another glimpse, called out at the top of his voice, *Nsesako! nsesako! ookwojegunemee weloo* ("My brother, feed me with the marrow of a moose's shin-bones!") The old lady now looked back and saw her friend, and fell fainting with joy.

¹ It was near this strait that he found his uncle Mikchick.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

When she came to, she gave an account of the capture and the cruel treatment she had received. "Never mind," said Glooscap, "I'll punish him."

Before they came up to the place where Winpe had pitched his tent, Glooscap gave Marten his instructions, and concealed himself near at hand. Marten had to fetch water for the party, and tend the baby in his swing, and carry it about on his back. He went for water when directed, and then, in accordance with his instructions, put into it all kinds of filth. *Uksaa!* ("Horrors!") exclaimed Winpe, and ordered him to go for more. Marten made a spring and tossed the baby into the fire, then ran for dear life towards the place where Glooscap was concealed, shouting, *Nsesako! nsesako!* ("My brother! my brother!") Winpe pursued him, vowing vengeance, and telling him exultingly, "Your brother cannot help you. He is far enough away, where we left him; and, though you burn the world up, I'll seize and kill you."

Glooscap leaped up from his hiding-place and confronted the foe, who stopped suddenly at the unexpected sight but offered battle, and challenged Glooscap to the fight. Stepping back a few paces, Winpe prepared for the conflict by rousing all his magical powers. He swelled out his corporeal dimensions until his head almost reached the clouds, and his limbs were large and lusty in proportion. It was now Glooscap's turn to put on strength, and he overtopped his foe by mighty odds; his head went far up above the clouds. Winpe, seeing this, owned that he was beaten. "You have conquered and killed me!" he exclaimed.

Glooscap gave him one tap with his bow, using no other weapon, and the huge form of his foe tumbled down dead. Winpe's wife was not molested, but she was ordered to leave immediately, and go anywhere she pleased; she accordingly decamped.

Glooscap found on the island of Newfoundland a village of Indians, friends of his, called Kwemoo (Loons). As in all such cases, these Indians were at one time people, and at another time real loons. They entertained their king and benefactor, who bestowed many favors and wholesome counsel upon them, and directed them to think of him and to call for him when they needed his aid. This is the origin of the shrill and peculiar cry, or howl, of the loon; when they utter this cry, they are calling upon Glooscap.¹

Leaving his island friends, the Loons, Glooscap called up one of his sea-horses and crossed back to Nova Scotia, landing at Piktook. Here he found a large village, — somewhere about a hundred wigwams. Here he found, too, an ancient worthy, whom he honored with the title of uncle, but who was old and ugly in his looks, and had never been

¹ The conversation was held between the chief of the Loons and Glooscap. Three times the former made the circuit of the lake on the wing, approaching Glooscap every time, as if proffering a request. Finally, Glooscap told him to alight. He did so, and was directed to utter a shrill, doleful cry; and as often, ever afterwards, as he should want help from the same source, to think of him and call in the same manner. When the Indians hear this dismal cry of the loon, resembling the howl of a dog, they say, "He is calling upon Glooscap."

married, — the young ladies of the tribe all shunning and hating him. Glooscap went to his lodge and became his guest. Glooscap, young and handsome in appearance, was an object of attraction to all,—more especially to the unmarried young ladies, who each and all began to speculate upon the prospect of attracting his regards and winning him for a husband. A feast was provided, and games were celebrated; but Glooscap kept within doors, going out neither as a performer nor as a looker-on; but he sent out his uncle, whose name was Mikchichk (Tortoise), lending him his belt. Girded with this belt, Mikchichk was no longer an ugly, deformed, decrepit old man, but a sprightly, handsome youth. He could leap and run, play ball, and wrestle with the best of them.

But he got himself into difficulty. Having seized the ball, he was running for life to the post, all the rest after him to seize him, when, dodging right and left to avoid his pursuers, he was driven straight up to his own lodge, with pursuers to the right of him, pursuers to the left of him, and pursuers in the rear. There was nothing left him to do, in order to escape, but to spring sheer over the lodge. This he attempted, but he missed his aim, and was held dangling across the ridge-pole, just over the chimney-hole. Glooscap arose quietly, piled on the fir-boughs, raised a great smoke, which nearly stifled the Tortoise, and so stained his coat that the marks have never been obliterated. “You will kill me, *nulooks* (my nephew,)” shouted the Tortoise. “No, I will not,” answered Glooscap; “but I will render you very tenacious of life.” In

pursuance of this benevolent design, he took a sharp stake, disembowelled the poor fellow as he dangled over the smoke, and fed the entrails to his dogs. He then helped him down and healed him, assuring him that he could live as independently as he chose, — using food if he could get it, and doing without it if he could not get it. “Though they crush your back and sides, they shall not be able to destroy your life; and though cutting off your head will indeed kill you in the end, you shall be able to live a very long time, even without a head.” After these adventures, Glooscap and his train departed.

The next adventure mentioned in our narrative occurred at Partridge Island. Here he met with another worthy, of unnatural birth and supernatural nurture, and of vast super natural powers. His mother fell a prey to the cannibal propensities of an ugly giant; and he was taken alive from his mother after her death, thrown into a deep spring, where alone and unattended he came to maturity, and afterwards came forth from his place of concealment to avenge the death of his parent, and to go forth as a deliverer of the oppressed and a general benefactor to his race. His name, which describes the manner of his birth, was Kitpooseagunow.

Glooscap halted at the lodge of this personage (it were hardly fair to call him a man), and he proposed to his guest in the evening to go out fishing by torchlight. The canoe, the paddle, and the spear were all made of stone. The canoe was large and heavy; but Kitpooseagunow tossed it upon his head and shoulders as though it were

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

made of bark, and launched it into the bay. As they stepped on board, Glooscap asked which should take the stern paddle, and which the prow and the spear. Kitpooseagunow replied, I will take the spear." Glooscap was agreed, and away they pushed for a fish. Soon a whale glided by, and our magical hero struck him with his spear, and tossed him into the canoe as though he were a trout, — equal to him of the legends of another land, of whom the poet says: —

"His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale."

Having "bagged the game," he said: "There, that will do! Let us return home." Reaching the shore, he took a stone knife, and split the whale from snout to tail into two equal parts, tossed one half to his guest, and took the other himself. Each carried home his portion, roasted it for his supper, and capped the climax by eating all at one meal.

Before going farther up the bay, Glooscap now crossed over to Utkoguncheech (Cape Blomidon). There he arrayed and adorned his aged female companion, decked her out with beautiful beads and strings of *wompum* making her young, active, and beautiful, and for her sake making all those beautiful minerals for which the "hoary cape" has been so long celebrated. My aged friend, Thomas Boonis, who related this narrative to me, assured me with much animation that he had seen these beautiful minerals with his own eyes, — emphasizing his assertion by saying in broken English, "Glooscap, he makum all dese pretty

stone." I allowed the worthy man to enjoy his own opinions without let or hindrance from me, only urging him to hasten on to the end of his tale.

His next halt was on the north side of the bay, at Spenser's Island. There Glooscap engaged in a hunting-expedition on a somewhat large scale. A large drove of animals was surrounded and driven down to the shore, slaughtered, and their flesh sliced up and dried. All the bones were afterwards chopped up fine, placed in a large stone kettle, and boiled so as to extract the marrow, which was carefully stored away for future use. Having finished the boiling process, and having no further use for the kettle, he turned it bottom upwards and left it there, where it remains in the form of a small round island, called still by the Indians after its ancient name, Ooteomul (his kettle; that is, Glooscap's kettle).

He now visited a place lying between Partridge Island and the shores of Cumberland Bay, and running parallel to the River Hebert. It is called by the Indians Owokun, but in English River Hebert. He now pitched his tent near Cape d'Or, and remained there all winter; and that place still bears the name of Wigwam (House). To facilitate the passing of his people back and forth from Partridge Island to the shore of Cumberland Bay, he had thrown up a cause way, which still remains, and is called by the white people "the Boar's Back."¹ It is

¹ The above incident is misplaced. Glooscap, in returning from Uktukamk, came to Bay Verte, and crossed over the portage to Cumberland Bay. There the old lady desired him to let her go across to Partridge Island, while he took the canoe

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

this ridge which gives the Indian name Owokun to the place and to the river. In this place he found Indians, and carefully attended to their interests.

In the ensuing spring, while he was out hunting with his dogs, a moose was started, and the dogs pursued him to the land's end at Cape Chignecto. There the moose took to the water and struck boldly out to sea, whither the dogs, with all their magic, could not pursue him. But they seated themselves on their haunches, raised their fore-paws, pricked forward their ears, and howled loudly and piteously at the loss of their prey. Glooscap arrived on the spot in time to witness the interesting spectacle. He stopped the moose, and turned him into an island, which is known as the Isle of Hant; changing the dogs into rocks, he left them there fixed in the same attitude, where they are to be seen this day, watching the moose.

Near Cape d'Or he fed his dogs with the lights of the moose; large portions of this food were turned into rocks, and remain there to this day; the place is called Oopunk. Glooscap now took the old woman and set her down, and telling her to remain there, he turned her into a mountain, which is to be seen to this day; but he told her that when he reached his island home in the far west, she would be there with him. He then left the country, and never came back to it again. He went on to his

round (for, having the family with him, he no longer rode on a whale, but came in a canoe). He agreed to this, but stepped across himself before he sent her, and raised the causeway, now called Boar's Back, for her to go over. She went across on this road, while he took the canoe around.

SILAS T. RAND

beautiful isle in the west; and when he arrived, and had fixed his dwelling and furnished it, there in her place was found his faithful house keeper and her little attendant, Marten.

[Related to me in Micmac by Thomas Boonis, of Cumberland, June 10, 1870.]

LI.
THE HISTORY OF
THE CELEBRATED CHIEF, ULGIMOO.¹

In ancient times the Kwedeches and the Micmacs inhabited this country together, on terms of friendship and amity. But in time a quarrel arose; two boys, sons of the respective chieftains, quarrelled, and one killed the other. This was productive of a long series of conflicts, in which the Micmacs, being the more numerous, were usually victorious.

During those wars a celebrated chief arose among the Micmacs, whose name was Ulgimoo, of whom many strange things were related. He drove the Kwedeches out of the region on the south side of the Bay of Fundy, they having been compelled to cross the bay in their flight from the enemy; and he urged them on farther and farther towards the north, finally driving them up to Montreal.

Ulgimoo lived to be an hundred and three years old; he died twice, having come to life after he had been dead all winter; so says the tradition.

He had a brother much younger than he, whose name was Mejelabegadasich (Tied-in-a-hard-knot); this name indicated his bravery, as he could not be overcome. He was head chief after his elder brother died.

¹ Either Ulgimoo or some one of his descendants appears in English history under the name of Agimow.

Ulgimoo had one daughter, but no son. This daughter married a man belonging to what is now called Long Island, in the township of Horton.

The Kwedeches having retired to Fort Cumberland, and thence on to Tantama (Sackville), before their enemies, and thence on beyond Petcootkweak (Peticodiac), Ulgimoo built a mound and fortification at the place now called Salisbury, where the mound still remains.

This war lasted for many years, since, when many of the men had been killed off, time was required to raise another race of warriors, who were carefully educated to keep alive the spirit of retaliation. This brought Ulgimoo into the field after he had become very old.

He was a great magician, and one of his principal sources of magic was the pipe. His store of tobacco would some times become exhausted; but his *teomul* (tutelar deity), which was in his case Keoonik (the Otter), would go a long distance and bring him any amount he desired. Being a magician, he could hear and see what was going on very far off, as he possessed all the boasted powers of our modern clairvoyants, adepts in mesmerism and spirit-rappings. Thus, when he was about one hundred and three years old, he learned by means of his mysterious art that a war-party, comprising several braves and wizards, was on the move to attack his village. He was now very feeble, and bent with age; but on the morning of the day when the attack was to be made, he gave his warriors false information of an attack in another place, and so all the men left the village, — the aged and infirm

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Ulgimoo alone excepted. By and by the war-party made their appearance, and, ascertaining how matters stood, were by no means in haste to begin operations. They came to this old man, but did not recognize him. They took him prisoner, and consulted what to do. One of the wizards suggested that they would better proceed with caution, as he strongly suspected that he was the celebrated chief Ulgimoo; but he was laughed at for his fears and cautions, and the old man was tied, bound to a tree, a quantity of dried wood piled round him, and the torch applied. As soon as the fire began to blaze, he made one spring, and was clear of all cords and green withes, tall, straight, young, and active, and ready for fight. "There!" said the man who had given his fellows the timely caution; "didn't I tell you it was Ulgimoo? Will you not believe me now? In a moment your heads will be off." It was even so. One blow despatched him, and similar blows fell upon the rest; and only three of the whole army of several hundred men escaped. Ulgimoo did not receive a scratch. The three that were not killed he took prisoners; he cut their ears, slit their noses and their cheeks, then bade them go home and carry the joyful tidings of their defeat, and be sure to tell that they were all slain by one Micmac, one hundred and three years old.¹

It was the beginning of winter when he died; he had directed his people not to bury him, but to

¹ When his men returned at night, they found the evidences of his victory; he was, however, no longer a warrior, but had settled back into an infirm old man, walking about bending over a staff.

build a high flake and lay him on it. This they did, and all left the place. He had told them to come back the following spring. They did so; and to their astonishment they found him alive and walking about, — exhibiting, however, proofs that his death was real, and not a sham. A hungry marten had found the corpse, and had gnawed an ugly-looking hole through one of the old man's cheeks; he still exhibited the gaping wound.

The second time he died he was buried; and a small mound near the river at Amherst Point, in Cumberland, has the honor of being his reputed resting-place. The day before his death he informed his friends that he would die on the morrow, and that they must bury him; but after one night they must open the grave, and he would come out and remain with them forever. He gave them a sign by which they would know when to open the grave. The day would be clear, and there would be not even a single cloud to be seen; but from the clear, open sky there would come a peal of thunder just at the time when the spirit would reanimate his clay.

But he did not rise ; his friends and his tribe preferred to let him remain in his resting-place. They not only did not dig him up, but took special care that he should not be able to get out of his grave, even should he come to life. Hence they dug his grave deep, and piled stones upon him to keep him down. The plan succeeded; he has never risen from the dead.

[Related by Thomas Boonis.]

LII.
ATTACK ON FORT PESEGITK
(WINDSOR) BY THE INDIANS.

After the English had conquered the French, and had occupied Fort Pesequid¹ (Windsor), parties of Indians still sympathized with the French, and being unfriendly to the English, were encamped in the neighborhood. They finally mustered up near the Fort, upon which they planned a descent.

A few nights previous to their attack, an English lady, the wife of an officer residing at the Fort, had an impressive dream; she dreamed that they were attacked and overcome by the Indians. She drew up an account of her dream, and sent it to the Governor, who had recently arrived from Halifax. He laughed at her superstitious whims, tore up the paper, and threw it into the fire. Had he heeded the warning, he might have taken measures to avert the calamity; but God had deprived him of prudence, as a punishment for his cruelty to an Indian woman. This had happened in the following manner: On his way from Halifax, he and his company had passed a solitary wigwam, where one woman was living alone, her husband being at the time out in the forest hunting. The Governor directed the woman to be seized; she was *enceinte*, and near the time of her delivery. He told the

¹ Both spellings of this proper name are retained as in the manuscript. *Pesegitk* is the Indian form, and *Pesequid* the English, which Dr. Rand in his Micmac Dictionary spells *Pesegwid*. — ED.

people that he had never seen an Indian shed tears, and he would try whether tears could be extorted from their captive's eyes. She was bound according to his directions, and one of her breasts was cut off and roasted in her presence; but the woman neither wept nor groaned. They then cut off the other breast and roasted it before her, but with the same effect. A junk was then cut from the flesh of her thigh, and placed on the fire; but the woman would not weep, and would not please her tormentors even with a groan.

At this stage of the proceedings the captain of the company came up, and inquired what was going on. He was a mulatto, — a kind-hearted fellow, — and was shocked at the barbarity of the Governor and his minions. He instantly drew his sword, and put the poor woman out of her misery by running her through. He then remonstrated with the Governor, and severely reprimanded him for his cruelty. "You have been invested with authority," said he, "not for the purpose of cruelty, — not that you should torture those whom it may be your duty to put to death. If life must be taken, let it be done as gently as possible, and not with the inflicting of unnecessary pain."

The generous conduct of this officer, and his bold remonstrance with the Governor, endeared his memory to the Indians; but they rejoiced that the cruel Governor met the fate that he deserved. He laughed at the fears and warnings of the officer's wife when she sent him an account of her dream, and was consequently unprepared for the attack, which was accomplished suddenly and in

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

the night-time. Many of the English were killed, and the rest were taken prisoners. Among the latter was the lady who had had the dream; after having been detained for some weeks in captivity, she was delivered up to the French at Quebec, whither she and others had been conveyed.

[Related by Tom Boonis, June 11, 1870.]

LIII.
THE ADVENTURES OF
ABLEEGUMOOCH.

Ableegumooch (the Rabbit) lived with his grand mother; he found it no easy matter, especially in winter, when the snow and ice prevailed, to provide for the wants of his household. Running through the forest one day, he came suddenly upon a solitary wigwam, which he entered, and found inhabited by a man of the Otter tribe. The lodge was on the bank of a river, and the smooth road of ice extended from the door down to the water. An old woman resided in the lodge with Keonik (the Otter); as soon as Mr. Rabbit entered, she was directed to set her cooking-machinery in motion. The Otter took up his hooks on which he was wont to string the fish when he caught them, and proceeded to fetch a mess for dinner. Placing himself at the top of a glassy path that led down to the water, he adroitly slipped along till he reached the water, when he plunged in, and soon returned with a bountiful store of eels, which he handed over to the presiding matron. These were soon passed through the preliminary manipulations; and the fire and the kettle afterwards did their work, and dinner was ready. "My sakes! " exclaimed the Rabbit, "if that is n't an easy way of getting a living Can I not do that as well as the Otter? Of course I can, — why not?" Whereupon he invited his host to be his guest on the third day after that, and *adamadusk ketkewopk* (goes home).

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

“Come on!” said he to his grandmother the next day; “let us remove our wigwam down the lake.” She acceded to the proposal, and he selected a site just like that of his friend the Otter. Having prepared the house, he next proceeded to the construction of the “slip.” The weather was freezing cold, and so he poured water along on the bank, which was soon congealed; and a road of ice was completed, adown which he was ambitious to slide, otter-fashion, in his fishing-expedition.

The next day, according to appointment, his expected guest came. Ableegumooch gravely told his grandmother to set her cooking-apparatus in motion. “But,” said the old lady, “what are we to cook?” “Oh, I will see to that!” said he. Whereupon he prepared a *nabogun* (stick upon which to string the eels), and proceeded to the top of his ice-way, down which he attempted to slide. But he made a miserable job of it; he hitched and caught and jumped till he reached the water, into which he plunged. But, alas for the poor brute! he was there quite out of his element; fishing was not his trade. The water was cold, and took away his breath; he struggled, and was almost drowned. “What on earth ails the fellow?” said the Otter to the old woman, who was looking on in amazement. “Oh, I suppose he has seen some one else do this, and thinks he can do it too.” “Oh, come out of that!” said the Otter to him, “and hand me your *nabogun*.” Shivering with cold, and almost drowned to boot, the poor Rabbit crawled out of the water and limped into the lodge, where he required a good deal of nursing before he recovered from the

effects of his folly. Meanwhile the Otter plunged in, and soon returned with a good load of the desired provision; but disgusted at the awkward attempts of the silly Rabbit to perform an operation beyond his skill and wholly out of his line, he went home without tasting the meal.

After the Rabbit's recovery from the effects of this expedition, he found one day, in his perambulations, a wigwam filled with young women with red head-dresses. They happened to be a party of the Antawaas (yellow woodpeckers). He entered the hut, and was politely received ; one of the young ladies rose to do the honors by preparing a meal for the stranger. She took a small dish, ascended the sides of an old beech-tree, and by the use of a suitable instrument soon succeeded in digging out a bounteous supply of such eating-material as the Indian denominates *apchemooltimkawa* (rice), because of the resemblance these insects bear to the latter article. This "rice" is soon boiled and set on for dinner. "Ah!" thought the poor Rabbit, "how easily some folks live! What is to hinder me from doing the same? Come over," he added, "and dine with me day after to-morrow."

The invitation was accepted. The guests arrived at the time appointed, and the Rabbit undertook to act the Wood pecker. So he took the hard iron of an eel-spear, adjusted it to his head, shinned up the old tree, and began digging for the rice. Alas! he made but a small impression on the wood, found no insects, got his forehead sorely bruised and torn, and ere long had on the red cap, — for his head was torn and bleeding; but he failed in his work.

The pretty Antawaas looked on and laughed. "Pray, what is he trying to do up there?" she whispered to the old woman at her side. "Oh, doing, I suppose, what he has seen some one else do!" "Oh, come down!" she said to the Rabbit, "and give me your dish." He did so, and she soon filled it with dainty morsels.

But our little hero did not learn wisdom by his folly. He next attempted to "do the Bear." Entering the tent of his neighbor one day, he saw how easily the foot of the latter could supply a meal. The great pot was set on, the Bear took a knife, and adroitly cut from the sole of his foot a small piece, which he put into the water and set boiling. Soon the kettle was full of bear's-meat, which was greedily devoured and greatly relished by the parties. Ableegumooch took a portion of it home, and resolved to supply his table in the same way. Why should not a Rabbit be able to do what a Bear can do? He invited his friend to visit him the day after *ketkewopk* (to-morrow).

The appointed day arrived, and Mr. Bear was on hand. *Noogumee*, *kwesawal wobu* ("Grandmother, set your kettle a boiling"), said the Rabbit. "But," said the old lady, who was ever ready with excuses and difficulties, "what are we to boil?" "Never you fear," was the answer; "I will take care of that." So saying, he seized a small knife, whetted it on a stone, and began to do as the Bear had done. But, alas for his poor little lean toes! little bits of skin and fur were all they yielded; he cut and cut, and haggled his poor heels, but all in vain,—he could not raise the expected meal. The Bear looked on, and asked,

“What on earth is he trying to do?” “Oh, doing, I suppose, what he has seen some one else do,” answered the old lady. “Here!” said the Bear to the Rabbit, “give me the knife.” Seizing it, he adroitly severed a small portion from the ball of his foot, tossed it into the kettle, and by the aid of magic and fire it was soon a large piece of cooked bear’s-meat. Poor Ablegumooch was so maimed and lamed that it took him a long time to recover.¹

¹ Evidently this is a poetical version of the old idea that the bear, when lying in the winter in his half-torpid state, lives by sucking his paws.

LIV.
**THE HARE ASSUMES THE MAGICIAN,
AND RETALIATES.**

AFTER a while the Rabbit came out in a new form. He was a great magician, and performed wonders. First he played a trick on the Otter. He went and stole his string of eels while the Otter was away from home. The latter, coming in soon after and discovering the theft, set out in pursuit of the thief. He easily tracked him as he jumped along, touching the fish to the ground successively as he jumped. The poor Hare was aware that he was pursued, and had recourse to a *ruse*. By a wave of his magic wand he constructed a deserted camp, and transformed himself into a small, withered, weak old woman, with sore eyes, hardly able to move, sitting shivering over a little fire. In dashed the Otter, having followed the tracks up to that point, and was amazed to see, instead of the object of his pursuit, a little wrinkled old woman. "Did you see a Hare hopping this way," said the Otter, "trailing after him a string of eels?" "Hare! Hare!" was the reply; "what kind of an animal is that?" "Why, a little white jumping creature!" "No, I saw no such animal. But I am so glad you have come, for I am very poor and cold. Do, please, gather a little wood for me." This reasonable request could not be refused, and the Otter suspended his rage and went out to gather wood. When he returned, to his surprise the little, old, sore-eyed woman had vanished; and all he discovered was the impress of a Rabbit's haunches in the sand. He found that he

had been deceived, and darted off after the enemy with increased fury and speed.

He soon came up to an Indian village, where preparations for a festival were going on. He saw a chief dressed all in white, walking about with a singular jumping gait, overseeing the preparations. This was the work of magic, — the production of the Hare to elude his pursuer. The Otter walked up to this chief and made inquiries. “Did you see a Hare running in this direction, carrying a string of eels? I tracked him to this village.” “Hare! Hare!” said the chief, with an affected puzzled look; “what kind of a thing is that?” “Oh, a small creature with white skin, long ears, long legs, and short tail.” “No, I have seen no such creature about here. But come in! the feast is nearly ready, — come and partake along with us.” The Otter consented. But while he was off his guard, a stunning blow on the head laid him stiff on the ground, from which he awoke after a while, as from a sort of dream; all had vanished, and to his mortification he found that he had been outwitted a second time.

But nothing daunted, he renewed the pursuit, determined not to be cheated again. He was soon gaining rapidly upon the Hare. But the resources of the latter were not exhausted. He came up to a large swamp, which he transformed into a lake; and a small knoll, upon which he had leaped, he turned into a large ship, — a man-of-war. This the Otter saw when he reached the bank; the captain, dressed in white, was pacing the deck, and the men were all busy at their work; rows of cannon protruded from the ship’s sides all around. The Otter attempted to

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

board, but a shower of bullets turned him back; another and another volley succeeded, and he made for the shore and escaped. He then gave up the game, and all collapsed again into the ordinary routine of forest life.

LV.
THE BADGER AND THE STAR-WIVES.

Away back in the forest dwelt two young men, named Abistanaooch' and Team (Marten and Moose). Each of them owned and occupied a separate lodge, and had a grandmother for housekeeper. Marten was like too many of all nations, — inclined to live upon the labors and good-nature of others. He was always at his neighbor's when he mistrusted the eating process was going forward.

One day Team had been successful in killing a bear, and had brought home one back-load of meat; but he determined not to let his neighbor know of his success. He needed his neighbor's kettle, and sent the old lady to borrow it, but with the injunction not to let him know what they wanted of it. The kettle was obtained, and the smaller animal "smelled the rat," and calculated on a share of the venison. But no; the others, having used the kettle, washed it out carefully and sent it back empty. But as the good woman entered her friend's lodge with the empty kettle, he sprang up and ran to see what she had brought; when, lo! the kettle was half-full of bear's-meat, all nicely cooked. The little chap had a dash of magic in him, and had found means to extract what was intended to be withheld. The old woman went back and reported that the secret was found out. "All right!" said the master; "he and I will go out to-morrow and bring in the remainder, and share it between us." So they dwelt together on good terms.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

One day Marten, in strolling around, came suddenly out to a small lake in which was a party of girls bathing, — their garments lying on the bank. He thought this a fine opportunity to get a wife; so he selected the prettiest one, snatched up her clothes, and ran off with them. She sprang out of the water and gave chase, calling after him to give her back her clothes. He paid no attention to her entreaties, but ran home, followed by the young woman. As soon as she came up, he gave her a slight tap on the head with a small stick, which stunned her; and she dropped as if dead, but recovered after a while, and consented to remain his wife.

His neighbor came in from hunting, and finding that his friend had obtained such a prize in this rare beauty, he made diligent inquiry as to the how and the where of the capture. Abistanaooc informed him that at a certain pond he would be likely to find the beauties arrayed in Nature's robes, and instructed him how to proceed if he wished to succeed in obtaining a sharer of his domestic joys and sorrows. Team proceeded to the spot; and, sure enough, there were the Nereids enjoying themselves in the water, dashing into it, splashing it over each other, amid loud bursts of mirth and laughter. He made his choice, and seizing her garments, ran off. She, dashing after him at full speed, called to him to put down her clothes. He paid no heed, but seizing a club, gave her a blow on the head, which proved to be too heavy; and instead of being simply stunned, she was killed.

Disappointed and chagrined, he complained to his neighbor that he did not instruct him correctly.

Marten, after a while, went off to renew the experiment on his own account, as he was covetous of an addition to domestic arrangements. Team followed him unobserved, and watched the operation carefully. He saw how the business was conducted, and then tried his hand at it again, and succeeded. He brought home a wife, and all went well for a season. But, alas for human happiness! a quarrel broke out between the husbands; and though the two wives of Abistanaooch were in no wise to blame, they were the occasion of the feud. "You have two wives," said Team, "and I but one." As the result of the quarrel, the two girls determined to decamp. There was no quarrel between them; they loved each other like sisters, and they went off together to seek their fortunes.

Night overtook them, and they lay down in the forest under the open sky to sleep. The atmosphere was clear, the sky cloudless. The bright stars were shining, and it was long before they fell asleep. Gazing at the stars, they were animated by the natural curiosity so beautifully expressed by the poetess, —

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky," —

and they began to imagine them the eyes of lovers looking down on them; they began speculating as to the choice they would make. The younger one

said to the other, "Which of those fellows would you choose for your husband, — the one with small eyes, or the one with large eyes?" Her friend replied, "I would choose that fine fellow with the large, brilliant eyes; he shall be my husband." "And mine," said the other, "shall be that one with the small eyes." She had selected a very small star, while the other had chosen a large one.

After a while soft sleep with dewy fingers pressed down their eyelids; and clasped in each other's arms, they revelled in the land of dreams. When they awoke in the morning, one of them unconsciously stretched out her foot, when a voice startled her: "Take care! you will upset my dish of war-paint." She opened her eyes at the sound, and lo! at her side lay a noble fellow, his face adorned in all the glory of an Indian chief, with large, lustrous eyes beaming upon her in kindness. It is the very husband of her choice, — the very eye she selected the evening before.

Meanwhile the other, upon awaking, had also moved; and a low, squeaking voice had called out also to her, "Take care! you will upset my dish of eye-water!" She looked, and lo! at her side was the man of her choice, — the little red-eye she had selected the evening before; but its owner was a little dwarfish old man, with small, red, sore eyes. But there was no help for it; as she had made her bed, she must lie in it, like her more civilized sisters. And so the two wanderers found themselves again united to husbands, and entered immediately on their respective duties of housekeeping.

Their husbands were hunters, of course, and were frequently away from home, in the forest, for whole days together. The women were left to take care of their homes, and were placed under but one restriction. Not far from their wigwams was a large flat stone, which they were charged not to remove or touch. This injunction they carefully obeyed for a while; but human nature would not be human nature if curiosity could be forever restrained. The older sister was more prudent and firm than the younger. The latter at length could contain herself no longer, and she resolved to raise the prohibited stone and peep under. She started back with a scream at the sight. "Where are they?" Why, actually up above the sky! a hole in which this stone covers as a trap door, and far down through which she sees the world on which she used to live, and the village and home of her childhood. Her elder sister rushed out, and looked down through this hole in the roof of the world; and they both gave way to their grief, and cried till their eyes were red with weeping.

At evening their husbands returned, and the women endeavored to conceal all; but in vain. The inhabitants of this lower sphere, according to Indian mythology, could divine; and much more the inhabitants of that upper region. "What has been your trouble to-day?" the men asked; "what have you been crying about?" "We have had no trouble, and we have not been crying at all," they answered, afraid to tell the truth. "But you have, though," the men answered; "and you have been looking down through the trap-door. You are

lonely up here, and long to get away.” This was kindly said, and they would not deny the truth; they were longing for home. “Very well; you can go back, if you choose. To-night you shall both sleep together; and if you will carefully obey directions, you shall find yourselves in the morning where you lay down that night in which we were invited to come and marry you.” These directions were as follows: They were not to be in haste to open their eyes or uncover their faces in the morning. “Wait until you hear a chickadee sing; and even then you must not open your eyes. Wait still longer, until you hear the red squirrel sing; and still you must wait. Keep your faces covered, and your eyes closed, until you hear the striped squirrel sing. Then open your eyes and uncover your heads, and you will be all right.”

With this understanding the two women retired to rest together. In the morning, sure enough, bright and early, they were awakened by the singing of the chickadee. The younger one wanted to throw off the blanket and spring up; but the other checked her. “Wait! wait! till we hear the *abalpakumech*.” So she lay quiet till the *adoo'dooguech* began his morning work. The younger girl, always impatient and rash, always getting them into difficulties, gave a spring at the sound, and threw off the covering from their heads. The sun was risen, they were down in their native forest; but, alas! their impatience had interposed a serious obstacle on their way down; and instead of being on *terra firma*, they were lodged on the top of a tall, spreading pine-tree, and descent without assistance

was impossible. As the result of their disobedience, they had to wait in the tree-top until assistance came.

By and by men of the different Indian families began to pass, all named from the different animals, and, as usual in the Indian legends, all developing the various habits and qualities of the animals from which their names were derived. To each and every one, as he came up, the women applied for help. They promised to marry the man who would deliver them from their perilous situation ; but, alas! by most of them the proposal was unheeded, and the parties passed on regardless of their entreaties.

By and by Kekwajoo (the Badger) passed by, and they pressed him to come up and bring them down. He at first rejected their offer with disdain; but on reflection concluded very ungenerously to amuse himself at their expense, and so returned and consented to the undertaking on the terms proposed, which they, aware of his dishonest intentions, had not the slightest notion of fulfilling. He, however, began to ascend the tree; whereupon the elder girl took both of their hair-strings, and tied them in a great many hard knots around the branches of the tree. After the second was brought down, they requested him to return and bring the hair-strings, and to be careful not to break them, but to untie all the knots. He went up and began his task, which he carefully performed, though it took him a very long time; they meanwhile, according to agreement, busied themselves in preparing a lodge. By the time he had succeeded in obtaining the hair-strings, it was night. They had finished the

lodge ; it was a small affair, and in order to impose on their selfish deliverer, they had introduced in one part of it a layer of broken flint-stones, in another part a number of wasps'- nests, and a bundle of thorn-bushes in another; and having thus prepared for his reception, they decamped, and escaped as fast as their feet could carry them.

Down came the Badger, and rushed into the tent. But he could not find the ladies. He heard them speaking, how ever; and one said, "Come this way," — for ventriloquism is as old as magic itself; and in Indian mythology, as in the mythology of all nations, everything has a tongue. Hastily stepping towards the place whence the voice seemed to proceed, he cut his feet with the sharp flint-stones. When the voice again was heard, it seemed to proceed from a different quarter. He rushed in that direction, only to find himself among the thorns and brambles ; and then the decoy called him to another quarter, to be assailed by a swarm of wasps.

By this time he was wide awake to the trick which had been played upon him, and rushed out, determined to overtake and be revenged on the authors of his troubles, who had repaid his kindness by their provoking tricks.

Meanwhile the girls had reached the banks of a river, over which they could not pass without assistance. Tumgwoligunech (the Crane) stood by as the ferryman, to whom they applied for aid. He was a wretchedly homely bird, with long, crooked legs, rough and scaly, and with a long, ugly, crooked neck. But the old chap was as conceited and vain as he was ugly; he was proud, and loved to be

flattered. He would ferry the ladies over, provided they would admire and commend his beauty. They did not hesitate. "You have beautiful, smooth, straight legs," they told him, "and a neck of the most captivating form, — so smooth, so straight, and so graceful!" This was enough; the Crane stretched out his long neck for a bridge, and they walked over. He requested them to step lightly and carefully, lest they should hurt his breast; to this reasonable request they acceded, and were soon at a safe distance from their pursuer.

Here the story leaves the two women for a season, and takes up the narrative of the baffled Badger.

The poor fellow, bent on revenge and boiling with rage, came up to the river, over which he could not pass without the aid of the guardian Crane. As the price of his labors, he demanded the accustomed meed of flattery; but our hero was in no mood for using flattery, — he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter. "You talk of your beauty!" said he; "you are one of the ugliest old dogs that I have ever set eyes on. There ! help me over, will you?" "Yes, that I will," said the Crane; "take care you do not joggle my neck as you pass." "Oh, certainly!" said the Badger, leaping on to the slippery crossing-pole, and beginning to jump and dance. But anger often defeats itself. About half-way across the river, the insulted ferryman canted the pole and tipped the Badger into the stream. This was now suddenly swollen by an approaching freshet, which carried the old fellow

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

down stream headlong, and cast at length his lifeless body on the shore.

There, some days after, two boys of the Kwedech tribe discovered it. The carcass had begun to putrefy, and maggots were already hatched in the eyes, nose, and ears; but while they looked on and talked and wondered, he began to move, arose and shook himself, tossing away all the offensive accumulations, and stood before them in all the vigor of an Indian warrior. He managed to gain the confidence of the boys; he decoyed them away down the river; he asked them to let him feel the stiffness of their bows. When he had got these once into his hands, he snapped them into fragments, but told the boys that there were a lot of little chaps across the next point of land, playing near the river; at the same time he caused them to hear the shouts and laughter proceeding from that quarter. They hastened to join the others in play; but when they reached the river on that side of the point, the sound seemed to come from a point farther on. Thus were the two boys deluded and led on, — their playmates seeming ever near and ever retiring as they approached, until they gave up in despair, and returned to their homes.

Meanwhile the mischievous Badger had gone to the boys' home. There he found no one but their mother, into whose good graces he attempted to insinuate himself.

The boys had told him that they were of the Culloo¹ tribe ; he pretended to be of the same tribe

¹ The Culloo is a fabulous bird of tremendous size, — probably an exaggerated Condor, the same as the Roc of Arabian mythology, and the Simurg of the Persians.

himself. He eyed with covetous desire the abundant supply of meat which he saw in store in the hut. The woman treated him as an impostor. But he had actually learned one of the Culloo nursery songs, which he sang as proof of his honesty; it was as follows: —

Agoogeabeol (A seal-skin strap),
Wetkusunabeol (A shoulder-strap).

But the woman could not be imposed upon. She distrusted his honesty. He seized a tomahawk and despatched her. He then helped himself to a dinner of venison that was stored up; after which he cut off the old woman's head, put it into the kettle, set it a boiling, and decamped.

Soon after this the two boys returned, and wondered what had become of their mother. They also wondered what was boiling in the pot ; and as soon as they had found this out, they knew who the author of the mischief was, and set off in pursuit. Their bows had been broken, and they were therefore unarmed; but they succeeded in overtaking him and in snatching off his gloves; with these they returned.

Soon a neighbor, an uncle of the boys, arrived; and they told him their tale of woe. His name was Kakakooch (the Crow) ; he went in pursuit, but all he succeeded in doing was to snatch off his cap. "Thank you!" said the Badger; "you have done me a great favor. I have been getting quite warm, and now I feel better." Soon after, another relative arrived, — Kitpoo (the Eagle). He was sent in

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

pursuit of the depredator; he succeeded in snatching off his coat. "Oh, thank you! thank you!" he exclaimed; "I was just wishing that my younger brother were here, to take off my coat for me." The next friend that arrived was the Culloo; he carried off the Badger, body and breeches, and took him away up to the top of a high cliff, — up to the sky itself, — and set him down. From thence he looked down upon his native land; and it looked green and smooth, like a wigwam newly carpeted with fir-boughs. Turning everything into play and fun, Badger-like, he broke out into song: —

"Kumutkenoeki
Telaptumunek
Stugach keenagasikel
Yogwaegn
Yogwaegno
Telaptumunek
Kumutkenoek

(Our country, now lost,
Seems clearly to us
As though it were all spread with boughs.
Hei, ho, he, hum!
Hei, ho, he, hum!
Our country, now lost,
Seems now to us
To be blue like the clear blue sky.)

But though the Badger was thus disposed to make merry even over his misfortunes, the Culloo had not brought him there for sport, but for the stern realities of punishment. He seized and pitched him over the beetling cliff, that he might be dashed to pieces against the rocks of Mother Earth.

Down headlong through the regions of ether he fell; but even here his mirthfulness did not fail him, — he could turn even his falling into fun. The winged enemy was pursuing him at hand in his descent. “Hurrah! for a race!” the Badger exclaimed, and flapped his arms, and imitated with his mouth the whish! whish! of the Culloo’s ponderous wings. But as he neared the earth, he became somewhat sobered by the prospect. He was descending with accelerated velocity upon a ragged edge of rocks. “Oh, spare my poor backbone!” he shouted, and was dashed to fragments against the rocks.

His flesh, blood, and bones were scattered in every direction, — all save the spine. This bone, enchanted into safety by the magic words uttered, remained entire and intact; there it lay upon the rock.

The place of his punishment was in his own neighborhood; and it so happened that he had a younger brother, who, in walking about, came upon the spot where the naked backbone was lying. He recognized his brother, and exclaimed, “Pray, what is all this about? What in life are you doing here?” Whereupon a voice came from the bone, calling upon the scattered parts to come and assume their former places: *Nooloogoon ba ho!* (“Ho! my leg, come hither”); *Npetun ogum ba ho!* (“My arm, ho! come hither”); and so on throughout, — when, in obedience to the summons, all the scattered fragments of bone, sinew, muscle, and skin came together to their places. Then life came into him, and he arose a full-fledged man, — the veritable

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Badger that was dashed to pieces by his fall from the sky.

The two men went forward ; and as they went on they came to the top of a high mountain. Large boulders were lying about, and one was so near the brow of the mountain that they thought they could raise a little sport by means of it. A little effort with the handspike loosened it and set it rolling ; away it went, thundering down the side of the mountain, and they after it at the top of their speed, challenging the rock to a race; they kept up till it stopped at the foot of the hill, and then they passed by in triumph. By and by they rested for the night, killed a muskrat, and dressed it; but while the cooking was going forward, they heard a great commotion back in the direction of the rock which they had rooted from its resting-place and challenged to a race. The rock, which happened to be in reality a magician in disguise, had taken a rest, and was now coming on to renew the challenge and finish the race. In vain they attempted to flee, — they could not outstrip the foe ; it came thundering on, smashing down trees and clearing a road for itself. They ran to a hill, but in vain. Up after them it rolled, the huge round stone; and the poor fellow had only time to utter the magic words, *Noogoon ooskoodeskuck!* (“Let my backbone remain uninjured!”) when he was smitten, rolled over by the stone, and ground to powder. The back bone, however, remained, stripped of all its surroundings, but intact. The younger brother had adroitly slipped to one side, and had escaped the ruin. When all was still, he returned to the spot where the

backbone lay, and said, *Cogooa wejesmooktumun?* (“What are you lying there for?”) Whereupon he began to call up the various parts of his body, as before: *Ntenin ba! ho!* (“My body, ho!”) *Nooloogoon ba! ho!* (“My leg, ho!”) and so on, until he had again called all his portions and appurtenances together, — when he arose and inquired wonderingly, “What have I been doing?” His brother reminded him of what had happened: “Yonder stone pursued and destroyed you.” “Ah! indeed! Well, I will fix him!” So they attacked the rock; and by dint of fire and hammer, employed for many days, it was reduced to powder, blown into the air, and turned into black flies, all retaining the hatred and spite of the old rock; they attacked men and bit them most viciously, in retaliation for having been conquered.

Having disposed to their satisfaction of the rock, Magician Badger and his brother roamed off into the forest, and by and by came upon a village of Indians. Badger resolved on playing a prank among them, and making for himself a little sport at their expense. He accordingly left his brother at a distance, assumed the form and dress of a beautiful young woman all adorned with finery, and so entered the village. He soon attracted the attention of a spruce young chief, who proposed marriage and was accepted. Things went on very quietly for a while. Rumors, however, soon began to float among the gossips of the neighborhood that all was not as it should be respecting the stranger. Doubts as to the sex of the party were entertained; but the prospect of addition to the family of the young chief dispelled these doubts. When the eventful

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

period arrived, the bogus wife informed the husband that things must be allowed to proceed in this case according to the custom of her own tribe. The labors of parturition needed no assistance; the patient was to be left entirely alone. Accordingly the husband went over to a neighbor's wigwam. Soon after, the crying of a child was heard, and the young women ran in to see and welcome the little stranger. It was completely rolled up, and they were told that no one was to uncover the face but the father. Away they ran with it, kissing it outside the blanket as they went. He was all expectation, — took the supposed child, and carefully removed the envelope; what was his disgust and horror to find, instead of a babe, a tiny, dead, dried moose-calf that had been made to represent the progress of infant development. Dashing it into the fire, he seized his tomahawk and rushed into his wigwam, to wreak his vengeance on the author of the trick. But the wily Badger was too much for him; he had been making good use of the interim to distance his pursuers, who turned out en masse and gave chase. He had taken the smaller boy with him, and pushed on to the river for dear life.

They soon came to a large waterfall. To conceal himself and his brother, he broke down trees and bushes, and stopped the fall by jamming these obstructions on above; then, hiding below, he imitated the *boo oo oo* of the waterfall. He thus evaded his pursuers, but his turn soon came; he was caught in his own trap. The water above, collecting in force, burst the barriers, and rushed down in

such volume as to sweep all before it. That is the last ever heard of the Badger.

[Related by Susan Christmas, Sept. 7, 1870. She professes to have learned this story, and many more, when she was a small child, from an old blind woman on Cape Breton. The old blind woman used to interest her and other children, and keep them quiet for a long time, telling them stories.]

But the story is not yet finished; it returns to the two girls. They were left on the opposite side of the river, whither the Crane had conveyed them, and where their pursuer had been left to perish. These, having escaped from their enemy, pursued the even tenor of their way. At night they came to a deserted lodge, and entered, to remain for the night. There was nothing peculiar about the lodge but the neck and skull-bone of an animal; this was outside, and assumed a prominence that was suspicious. The elder woman (girl, we would better call her), being somewhat skilled in the dodges of magicians, and withal somewhat of a sorceress herself, was disposed to be cautious, and avoided the bone. The younger girl was inclined to insult it, and, despite the warnings of her companion, treated it with great indignity. They had hardly lain down to sleep when a solemn voice was heard outside, complaining of the indignity. "There!" said the elder; "did I not tell you it was a *boooiin*, a sorcerer? Now, then! you will catch it." The other girl was terribly frightened. "Oh, hide me! hide me under the boughs that line the wigwam." This was said in

a whisper; but the words were instantly repeated by the magician outside, and repeated in a mocking tone. The fears of the poor girl within were redoubled. "Hide me under your *kunneesigum* (large roll of hair on the back of the head)." Under this the girl crawled, reducing her dimensions to suit the occasion. Morning came at last, and the magician, a *senumajoo* (raw-head and bloody bones¹), entered the wigwam. But he was disappointed; there were no girls there. He saw one man, who saluted him with great composure, and invited him to be seated. The elder girl, having hidden her friend in her head-dress, had assumed the garb and look of the masculine gender, and was as cool and undisturbed as though nothing had happened. Senumajoo inquired, "Where are the girls that came here last evening?" "Girls! girls!" answered the supposed man; "there were no girls here." The old chap was outwitted, but he did not readily give in; he made no direct attack, however, upon the other. After a while they left the wigwam in company, and went on. They arrived in due time at a wide river, where Mr. Crane, the ferryman, awaited them, standing, as cranes are wont to do, at the river's brink. He was not the one encountered before; but as the reward of his labors as ferryman, he exacted a similar fee. He was vain of his beauty, and must hear the words of flattery; these the girl readily pronounced, and was safely landed on the opposite bank. But on the passage she told him who and what the other was, and begged him not to ferry him over; so as soon as

¹ Drinker of blood.

he returned he spread his heavy wings, and rising into the air, soared away. The girl, now safe from her dangerous companion, cast a look of defiance across the river towards him, assumed her real form, released her sister from her confinement, and the two went on together.

After proceeding down the river for a while, they came to a small stone wigwam situated on a rough, rocky bank. They entered, and found that it was inhabited by an old lady of the Madooes (Porcupine) tribe. She treated them with great civility, but it was all assumed. She kindled a fire, and prepared a feast. But the place became very warm, — the house was soon too hot for them; but they bore up against the trouble, and partook of the food when prepared. They were somewhat surprised at the smallness of the supply provided, — there was scarcely a taste apiece for them; but it enlarged itself greatly on being swallowed, and its effects were painful and alarming. In response to their complaints the wily old witch went out to the door of her cave, and began to sing her song of sorcery. As she sang, there was a movement among the rocks in the midst of which her cell was fixed, and they shut down over the two guests and hid them forever. So ends the story.

LVI.

THE STORY OF MIMKUDAWOGOOSK.
(MOOSEWOOD MAN).

Away in the woods dwelt a young woman alone. As she had no comrade, she was obliged to depend upon her own exertions for everything; she procured her own fuel, hunted and prepared her own food; she was often lonely and sad. One day, when gathering fuel, she cut and prepared a *noosagun* (poker for the fire) of *mimkudawok*, and brought it home with her; she did not bring it into the wigwam, but stuck it up in the ground outside. Some time in the evening she heard a sound, as of a human voice outside complaining of the cold: "Numees (My sister), *kaooche* (I am cold)." "Come in and warm yourself, then," was the answer. "I cannot come in; I am naked," was the reply. "Wait, then, and I will put you out some clothes," she replied. This was soon done. He donned the robes tossed out to him, and walked in, — a fine-looking fellow, who took his seat as the girl's younger brother; the poker which she left standing outside the door had been thus metamorphosed, and proved a very beneficial acquisition. He was very affable and kind, and withal an expert hunter; so that all the wants of the house were bountifully supplied. He was named Mimkudawogoosk, from the tree from which he sprang.

After a time his female friend hinted to him that it would be well for him to seek a companion. "I am lonely," said she, "when you are away; I want you to fetch me a sister-n-law." To this reasonable

suggestion he consented; and they talked the matter over and made arrangements for carrying their plans into execution. His sister told him where to go, and how to pass certain dangers: "You will have to pass several nests of serpents ; but you must not fight them nor meddle with them. Clap one end of your bow on the ground, and use it as a pole to assist you in jumping, and leap right straight across them."

Having received these instructions, he started on his journey. After a while his sister became lonely from the loss of his company, and resolved to follow him. To give him warning, she sang; he heard, and answered her in the same style, instructing her to go back and not come after him. She did so.

He went on till he came to a large Indian village. He followed his sister's instruction, and entered one of the meanest wigwams. There, as he expected, he found quite a bevy of pretty girls. The youngest of the group excelled in beauty; he walked up and took his seat by her side. As she remained seated, and the parents showed their acquiescence by their silence, this settled the matter and consummated the marriage. The beauty of his countenance and his manly bearing had won the heart of the maiden and the esteem of the father. But the young men of the village were indignant. The young lady had had many suitors, who had all been rejected; and now to have her so easily won by a stranger was outrageous. They determined to kill him.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Meanwhile his father-in-law told him to go out and try his hand at hunting, and when he returned successful they would prepare a festival in honor of the marriage. So he took his wife with him in his father-in-law's canoe, and following the directions given by the old man, pushed up the river to the hunting-grounds, where he landed and constructed a temporary hut. He went into the hunting business in earnest. He was at home in that occupation; and before many days he had collected a large amount of fur and venison, and was prepared to return.

But a conspiracy had been formed to cut him off and rob him of his prize. A band of young men of the village, who were skilled in magical arts, had followed him and reached the place where he had pitched his hut. But now the trouble was, how to proceed; they dared not attack him openly, and in wiles he might be able to outdo them. But they adopted this plan: One of them was to transform himself into a mouse, and insinuate himself under the blanket while the man was asleep, and then give him a fatal stab. But our hero was wide awake. When the mouse approached, he quietly clapped his knee on him, all unconsciously, as he pretended, and squeezed the little fellow most lovingly. The poor little mouse could not stand the pressure, and sang out most lustily. This aroused the wife; who, perceiving that her husband was resting his leg heavily upon some poor fellow, jogged him and tried to make him understand what was going on. But he was wonderfully dull of apprehension, and could not understand what she was saying, but managed by what seemed an all-unconscious

movement to squeeze the wily foe, the small mouse, more affectionately. He did not design to kill him, however, but to frighten him and send him off. Finally he released him; and never did poor mouse make greater speed to escape. He carried the warning to his companions, and they concluded to beat a hasty retreat.

Mimkudawogoosk now prepared to return. He asked his wife if she was willing to take the canoe, with its load, back to the village alone, and allow him to go and fetch his sister; she said she was willing, and he saw her safely off. She arrived in due time, and made report to her father. All were amazed at the amount of fur and food collected in so short a time. They conveyed it all safely up to the village, and then awaited the return of the husband. After a few days he came, bringing his sister; and the feasts and sports began.

After racing and other sports, he was challenged to dive and see who could remain the longer under water. He accepted the challenge, and went out with his antagonist. "What are you?" said Mimkudawogoosk. "I am a Loon," answered the other proudly; "but you, — what are you?" "I am a Chigumooeech." "Ah!" Down went the divers; and after a long time the poor Loon floated up to the top, and drifted dead down the river. The spectators waited a long while; and finally the Chigumooeech came up, flapped his wings exultingly, and came to land in triumph. "Let us try a game of growing," said another. "What will you choose to be?" said Mimkudawogoosk. "I will be a Pine-tree," answered the other. "Very well; I am the

Elm," answered his rival. So at it they went. The one rose as a large white pine, encumbered with branches, which exposed him to the blasts of the hurricane. The other rose high, and naked of limbs; and when the blast came he swayed and bent, but retained his hold on the earth, while his rival was overturned and killed.

The stranger came off victorious in all the contests, and returned exulting to camp. The father-in-law was pleased and proud of him; but his other daughters — and especially the oldest — were dying of envy and rage, and the young men of the village were indignant.

Meanwhile our hero was presented by his wife with a fine little boy; and the oldest sister pretended to be very friendly, and asked permission to nurse the child. But the mother declined the proffered assistance; she was suspicious of the ill-suppressed jealousy of her sister. "I can take care of my babe myself," she told her.

After a while the father-in-law advised Mimkudawogoosk to remove back to his native place. The jealousy of the hunters was deepening. They were enraged to find them selves outdone and their glory eclipsed in everything; they determined soon to make an attempt to rid themselves of him. He took the advice, and departed. His father-in law furnished him with a canoe and weapons, and bade him defend himself if attacked. He went, taking with him his wife, child, and sister. He had not gone far before he was pursued and overtaken. But he was found to be as good in battle as in the chase; his foes were soon killed or dispersed, and he and his

SILAS T. RAND

family pursued the even tenor of their way to their own land. And *kespeadooksit* (the story ends).

[Related by Susan Christmas, Yarmouth, Sept. 7, 1870.]

LVII.
THE STORY OF COOLNAJOO.

[This is evidently a story of modern date, and gives reasons to suppose that it was learned from the whites; but I relate it as I heard it in Micmac from Susan Christmas.]

Three brothers lived together. They had no sisters, and their mother was sick. The youngest was supposed to be a silly fellow, and was always doing outrageous things. One day they killed a pig. The two older brothers went to fetch salt, and told the youngest one to remain and watch the house, and take care of their mother and the pig. They said they were going to salt down the pork, and keep it for the long days. After they were gone, he went out and found some men at work, and told them that if there was a man there named Longdays, he had a pig for him. One of them declared that that was his name; forthwith the pig was delivered to him, and he carried it off. By and by the other brothers arrived, and wondered what had become of the pig. "Why, Longdays has been here and taken it away! Did not you say it was to be kept for Mr. Longdays?" "Oh, you blockhead! we told you it was to be kept for ourselves when the days become long next summer."

Some time after this, Coolnajoo was sent to buy a horse. He made the purchase, and brought the horse home. But there was a long avenue, lined by trees and bushes, extending from the highway

down to the house; and when he came to the head of this lane, he gravely told the horse that this was the road, and bade him go on directly to the house. Saying this, he removed the halter; and the horse kicked up his heels and made for home. The boy arrived home, wondering at the stupidity of the horse; and on relating the case to his brothers, they wondered at his stupidity. "You numskull!" they exclaimed, "you can never do anything right. Why did you not ride him down the lane?" "Oh, I will do better next time," he promised.

So, as the old mother got no better, they sent him to find and bring home a woman to assist in nursing her and in taking care of the house. He took his bridle and started. He succeeded in his expedition, and the woman came with him all quiet and kindly till they reached the head of the lane; but there and then he made an attempt to put the bridle on her head, and assured her that she had to carry him on her back, and walk on all fours down to the house. Persisting in his determination, the terrified woman screamed, broke from her persecutor, and ran.

Chopfallen and sad, he went into the house. What was his trouble? they asked him. "Why! I attempted to bring her home in the way you directed; but she screamed and tore away from me, and crying went back, as hard as she could go." "Oh, you abominable fool!" they exclaimed "was that the way to treat a woman? You should have taken her by the arm, and occasionally given her a kiss." "Ah, well! " he cried, "I shall know better next time."

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

The next time he was sent for a pig. He led the pig all right until he came to the lane. He then tried to make the pig walk on his hind legs; and when the terrified animal squealed and kicked, he attempted to conciliate it by kissing it; but he received such a return from the tusks of his captive as made the blood flow, and caused him to let go his grip, — and poor piggy went off home at the top of his speed.

Poor Coolnajoo returned crestfallen to his home, to relate his adventures, and to be blamed and lectured for the hundredth time for his outrageous stupidity.

His next expedition was for a tub of hog's-lard. This he purchased; but on his way home he passed over a portion of road that was dried and cracked by the sun. "Oh, my old grandfather!" he exclaimed, "what a terribly sore back you have got, — so naked and dry! You shall have my lard for salve, and I will rub it on." So saying, he began spreading the lard over the dry road; and when it was all gone, he went home. "Why have you not brought the lard?" "Oh, dear me! I came across a poor old man lying in the road with his back all sore and cracked; and I pitied him, and spread the lard over him." To this the brothers made no objection until they ascertained the truth of the case; when another attempt was made to teach him a lesson, and with the usual success.

His sixth expedition was in quest of a quantity of needles. These were purchased, but on his way home he passed a newly reaped field of grain. He looked at the stubble, and perceived the holes in the

top; he was sure that when the rain should fall, the water would fill all those holes, and concluded that it would be a very benevolent act to stop them up. This would be a capital end to which to apply his needles. So he opened the packages, and carefully placed one in every straw; and when the supply was exhausted, many remained undoctored. "Alas, poor things!" he cried, "I cannot help you any more, as my stock is out." So he went home without his needles.

Afterward he was sent for some red flannel. Passing a graveyard on his way home, he looked at the crosses, and took them for poor old penitents kneeling in the cold with outstretched arms, and carefully tore up his roll of red flannel and covered their poor shivering shoulders.

After this the two other brothers went together to town to make some purchases, and left him to take care of the sick mother. They charged him to give her drink, and especially to wash her face. He obeyed the directions, but supposed he must wash her face as he had seen her wash clothes, — by thrusting them into boiling water. So he set on the great pot; and when the water was boiling, he took up the old woman and thrust her head into it, and held her there. When he took her out, she was dead, and her lips were contracted to a grin, which he affected to mistake for laughter, and placed her back in the bed, and leaped and laughed at her quiet and pleasant countenance. He ran to meet his brothers, and told them that their mother had not been so quiet nor looked so well this long time. She had not stirred nor spoken, and she was laughing all

the time. They went in, and were horror-stricken. "Oh, you outrageous simpleton! what have you done? You have killed your mother. We shall all be executed for murder."

But now Coolnajoo began to exhibit his shrewdness, and soon became as clever as he had hitherto been simple. "Never you fear," said he; "we will turn the incident to good account, we will make some money out of it. Wait you here; I will run for the priest." So off he ran post-haste, and informed the priest that his mother was dying, and requested him to come with all haste, to perform over her the indispensable rite of extreme unction. The priest started immediately; but Coolnajoo outran him, and took his dead mother and placed her against the door, inside. The priest reached the house, burst the door open, and tumbled the old woman over. Coolnajoo sprang to raise her. Alas! she was dead. "Oh!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands and weeping, "you have killed our mother!" All three gathered round, and the horrified priest did not know what to do. They threatened to accuse him of the murder. He finally succeeded in pacifying them, and gave them a whole handful of money to hush up the matter and say nothing about it.

The development of his shrewdness proceeded. The two other brothers went away one day, and left the place in his charge. Among other occupations he had to tend the pigs. These he sold; but in order to cheat his brothers, he cut off their tails and took them down to a quagmire near the shore, and stuck them all up in the sand. When they came back and inquired for

the pigs, he told them they had broken out of the pen and rushed down toward the shore, and had sunk in the quagmire. They went down to see; and sure enough, there they all were, just the tips of their tails sticking above the ground. They seized hold of the tails, and tried to draw up the porkers; but the tails broke, and down into the mire sank the bodies, as they believed, and could not be found.

Soon his pranks became unbearable, and the brothers resolved to make away with him. They concluded to drown him. So they tied him up in a bag, and took him down below high-water mark and buried him, — not deep, how ever, — and left him to be drowned when the tide came in. They returned; and he soon heard the “Uh! uh! uh!” of a drove of hogs, and called lustily for them to come to his aid. If they would uncover and untie him, he would lead them to a place where they could feast on chickweed to their hearts’ content. The hogs, attracted by the noise, approached the spot. Their noses were soon thrust deep into the soft earth. The bag was soon reached, and instinct alone was sufficient to pull it out; and they soon removed the string, — when up jumped Coolnajoo, who seized one of his deliverers, transferred him to the bag, and the bag to the hole, drove the others away to the field of chickweed, where they were kept busy till the tide returned and covered the spot where he was supposed to lie.

In due time the tide receded, and compunction returned to the brothers’ hearts; they repaired to the spot and dug up the bag, mournfully chanting, “Our poor brother is dead.” Astonishment seized

them when, on opening the bag, there, instead of the brother's corpse, was a dead pig. Meanwhile Coolnajoo had waited at a distance from the spot until his brothers went down to the shore to look for him. When they returned, he was astride the ridge-pole, laughing at them.

They made another attempt to kill him. This time they planned better; they would take him to a waterfall and toss him in above, and let him be dashed to pieces in going over the rapids. So they tied him up in a bag again, placed it across a pole, and started for the waterfall. They became hungry on the way, and placed him by the side of the road, and went to get some dinner. While they were gone, a drover came by; and seeing the bag, he went up and gave it a kick. "Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what is all this?" Coolnajoo replied, and informed the drover that he and his brothers were on a money-hunting expedition; concealed in this bag, so as not to excite suspicion, he was to be taken to a certain place where they would all make their fortunes. He gave such a glowing account of the matter, and with such apparent truthfulness and sincerity, that the drover was deceived, and offered him a whole drove of cattle and sheep for his chance in the money-hunting speculation. The bargain was struck, and the parties exchanged places. But Coolnajoo gave his substitute some cautions: "You must be cautious not to speak, or the cheat will be discovered; my brothers must not mistrust that it is not I. By and by you will hear the roar of a waterfall; do not be frightened. Before lowering you to the place where you are to find the

money, they may give you two or three swings. You must keep still, and not speak; and after that you can have it all your own way." So saying, he went on to the market with the drove. The brothers came back to the bag. "Are you there?" they asked. No answer. But they saw that all was right, placed the bag on the pole, the pole on their shoulders, and moved on.

When they came to the waterfall, they approached as near as they could, and then gave him three swings in order to send him as far out as possible; and just as they let go, the terrified man sang out. They were startled at the voice; it sounded like a stranger's voice. They returned home, and shortly after their brother arrived with his pockets full of money, the proceeds of his drove of cattle and sheep.

So they concluded to share the spoil and remain together. But one night a band of robbers was seen advancing upon them, and they ran for their lives. Coolnajoo was the last to leave the house; and the others told him to "bring the door to after him," — meaning, of course, that he shall shut the door. He obeyed to the letter, — took the door off the hinges, and carefully brought it after him. They made for the woods, and took shelter in a tree, — Coolnajoo dragging the door up after him, and holding it carefully all the while. The robbers came up to the same tree, kindled a fire under it, cooked and ate their dinner, and then began counting and dividing their gold. While this process was going on, Coolnajoo got tired of holding the door, and dropped it down among them. It fell with a noise

that terrified the robbers, who supposed that it had fallen from the sky; so they ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, and left everything behind, — gold, food, and dishes. Down scrambled our heroes, and gathered all up and ran; finally they came to a house, where they remained all night. They divided the money; but Coolnajoo claimed the largest share, as he declared that it was through his efforts that it had been obtained. The next night they called and stayed all night at another strange house. Coolnajoo became thirsty, and hunted around for a drink. Feeling carelessly about, he thrust his two hands into a pitcher, and could not withdraw them. He went out-of-doors, and looked around for some thing to strike the pitcher against, in order to break it. At length he saw what seemed in the darkness to be a white rock. He gave the pitcher a smart blow in order to free his hands; when, alas! he had struck a young woman in the head, and killed her with the blow. At the sight of what he had done, he was terribly frightened, and called up his brothers. He told them what had happened, and proposed immediate flight. They all departed; and his brothers, fearing that Coolnajoo would ultimately get them into difficulties from which they would be unable to extricate themselves, separated from him. By mutual consent the partnership was dissolved. They went each his own way.

Coolnajoo was bent on making money, and an opportunity occurred soon. He kept his eye on the robbers, and saw them going out to bury a dead child; he watched to see where they deposited the

body, and also followed them unseen to their retreat. When night came, he took up the corpse they had buried, and went up to their house. The window was open, and he looked in; they were busy counting and dividing their ill-gotten booty. Piles of money covered the table, and he heard all the accounts of their expeditions. All at once he sent the dead baby flying in among them, — which so frightened them that they took to their heels and left all behind. He leaped in, gathered all the money, and left for home.

He now determined to settle, and to this end built a small house. One day a heavy rain-storm came on; and just at nightfall two weary priests, wet to the skin, called and requested a night's lodging. This he refused, as he had no accommodations for strangers. They pleaded hard, and offered him a large reward; this he accepted, and kept them until morning, but managed to exact a still further contribution from them before their departure.

LVIII.

MOOIN AND MOONUMKWECH
(THE BEAR AND THE WOODCHUCK).

Two old women lived together in a wigwam; there were no neighbors near. They did their own hunting, got their own wood, and lived pleasantly together. They had an abundance of everything, and during the cold winter nights kept a bright, cheerful fire burning in the centre of their wigwam.

One night they lay down to rest, Indian-fashion *witkusoodjike* (heads and points), so that each could lie with her back to the fire. While they were sound asleep, Moonumkwech came up to the door and looked in. He saw that the two women were asleep, one with her feet towards the other's head; and he resolved to have some fun at their expense. So he went and cut a long stick of *owbogoos*, and placed it near the fire until it was hot; he then touched the foot of one, and then of the other. They started, and called out to each other, "Mind! you are burning my feet." "Indeed, I am not!" exclaimed each in turn; and they soon got into a great quarrel. Moonumkwech enjoyed the game marvellously, and laughed so heartily that he literally split his sides, and fell dead just outside the door.

In the morning the women went out and found the dead Moonumkwech at the door; they skinned and dressed him for breakfast. The kettle was hung, he was cut up and put in, and the water began to boil; whereupon he came to life. He picked himself up and put himself together; leaping out of the pot,

he made his escape. He rushed out-of- doors, seized his coat, — his skin, which had been stretched out there, — slipped it on, and scampered into the woods. In jumping out of the pot he stood for a moment on the edge; thus disturbing the equilibrium of the pot, and spilling the scalding water into the fire. This threw up the ashes with great splutter, and filled the eyes of the Bear and blinded her. After this she could not go out hunting, and was entirely dependent on her friend,—who was not the most kindly disposed towards her blind sister, and did not give her the most choice morsels, but fed her scantily, and on the leanest and poorest of the meat, though she had a plenty of the best.

One day, while Mooin was alone in the wigwam, she began to wonder if she could not get her eyes open. So she felt around for her knife, sharpened it upon a whetstone, and then cut across her eyes. Instantly the light dawned upon her. She looked up, and could see a little. Encouraged by her success, she made another incision; and now out of one eye she could see well. She performed the same operation on the other eye, and her sight was perfectly restored. She looked up, and saw an abundance of fatter and better meat than that upon which she had been fed.

Meanwhile her friend came in from hunting, and prepared their dinner. She took a small portion that was the hardest and leanest, and placed it before the Bear. But the latter looked up and cast her eyes upon the fine fat piece hanging there, and looked her companion in the face, who saw with

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

astonishment that her eyes were cured. She was frightened, and escaped the impending, dreaded resentment by an artful dodge. " Bless me! " she exclaimed, " I have given you the wrong dish; I had prepared that for myself. There is yours," — changing the dishes as she spoke.

After this the two women lived in harmony in their domestic affairs, as they had done before the appearance of the rascally Woodchuck.

LIX.
OOCHIGEOPCH

Two old Indians lived far away in the forest. They had no daughters, and only one son.

When the boy was grown up, his mother advised him to begin housekeeping on his own hook. He made inquiries respecting the matter, and his mother gave him all due directions. She prepared his clothes for the occasion, and told him which way to go. He must follow the river, and go up stream. In due time he would come to a small Indian village; he would not find the wished-for girl there, but he would obtain directions. He must enter one of the humblest lodges, and make known his errand. This all came out as foretold. He entered the lodge; and there was an old mother, who received him kindly, and a small boy, who took great pleasure in waiting upon him. The old lady had already divined his errand; and when he stated to her the particulars, she volunteered to assist him. She went over to a neighboring lodge, where two young men resided, and told them that a stranger had arrived (*wajoolken*), and that a fine young man was on a marriage-expedition and needed a guide. Would one of them accompany him? One consented, and his services as guide were accepted. The next day the two went on; they came to a second village, but their directions were to go on to a third. In due time this was reached; it turned out to be a very large one. Here the young man entered one of the poorest and meanest-looking lodges,

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

where an old grandmother and her little grandson, Marten, welcomed them. Before entering, the young candidate for matrimonial honors put off his fine, manly appearance, his ornaments, and his beauty, and assumed a mean garb and a rough, scabby face. Awkwardly entering the lodge, he managed to hit his face with the boughs that were woven by the side of the doorway to keep out the cold, and to set his face to bleeding. In this wretched plight he entered, and took his seat. The old lady knew well that all this was assumed for the purpose of seeing who would marry him notwithstanding his looks, — intending that his bride should enjoy a pleasing surprise when she found out how handsome he really was.

His comrade informed the grandmother who her guests were, and what the object of their expedition was. She then went out to negotiate. There was a chief there, who had a number of daughters; and to him the old woman made application. The old chief had a streak of magic in him; and, despite the young stranger's appearance, he knew that there was something in him. "Let him come," said the chief, "and take his choice of my daughters."

The girls, all in a high state of expectation, were called in and seated round the lodge. At the word given, in blundered the would-be bridegroom. His face was covered with ugly sores, and he managed to stumble against the brush of the wigwam, so as to set them bleeding; and in this condition he gazed around on the young women, in order to select the most beautiful and lovely one. They were

horror-stricken, and screaming rushed out of the wigwam and hid their faces; but the youngest, who was the prettiest and best, kept her seat. He went up and sat down by her side. This settled the matter. The parties were married, but the poor thing could not restrain her tears; these fell thick and fast. But her father told her to stop crying: "He is all right; you will soon find out that you have no reason to be sorrowful."

Meanwhile the other sisters could not restrain their taunts. But she waited patiently for the *dénouement*. In the morning, when she awoke, what was her astonishment in beholding the transformation that had taken place! She could not believe that that was the husband to whom she had been assigned; but her mother assured her that he was the very same one. Oh, how delighted she was! He had applied a little water and washing to his face, and removed all imperfections and impurities; his cheeks were red, his robes were splendid, and he had all the dignity and manly bearing of a chief. Upon this the other sisters changed their tune, and were enraged at the good fortune of their sister. A festival was ordained, and they had eating, drinking, and games; and in due time the young couple arrived at their home. The friend of the bridegroom accompanied them as far as his own village, where he left the young married couple to go on. They arrived at their destination, and were welcomed by his mother; and *kespeadooksit* (the story ends).

LX.
GLOOSCAP'S ORIGIN.

[The following information respecting Glooscap was given me by Gabriel Thomas, of Frederickton. I question, how ever, whether it does not refer to some other fabulous person.]

Glooscap was one of twins. Before they were born, they conversed and consulted together how they would better enter the world. Glooscap determined to be born naturally ; the other resolved to burst through his mother's side. These plans were carried into effect. Glooscap was first born; the mother died, killed by the younger as he burst the walls of his prison. The two boys grew up together, miraculously preserved.

After a time the younger inquired of Glooscap how the latter could be killed. Glooscap deemed it prudent to conceal this, but pretended to disclose the secret, lest his brother, who had slaughtered the mother, should also kill him. But he wished at the same time to know how the younger one could be despatched, as it might become convenient to perform the same operation upon him. So he told his brother very gravely that nothing would kill him but a blow on the head dealt with the head of a cat-tail flag. Then the brother asked, "And how could you be killed?" "By no other weapon," was the answer, "than a handful of bird's-down."

One day the younger brother tried the experiment. Procuring a cat-tail flag, he stepped up

slyly behind his friend, and gave him a smart blow on the head, which stunned him; he left him on the ground for dead. But after a while he came to; and now it was his turn. So he collected a handful of down, and made a ball of it; and with this ball he struck his younger brother and killed him.

Glooscap had many enemies, visible and invisible. The wolves were his dogs; and their dolorous howl and the scream of the loon were notes of lamentation. These animals and birds were lamenting for their master, now that he was gone away.

LXI.
A WAR INCIDENT.

[Gabriel Thomas, of St. Mary, gave me an account of three war incidents, one of which, he said, occurred with the Indians of Canada, since the conversion of those of the Lower Provinces to Christianity. He also stated that the names of the places in New Brunswick are Micmac, and that the Indians of this latter tribe formerly, owned and occupied the place, but were driven back by the Maliseets, whose proper designation is Kuhhus, —plural, Kuhhusoouk, Muskrats.]

The Indians were all assembled in their chapel on Sunday for divine service, when they were suddenly and silently surrounded by a hostile party of Mohawks. They went out of their chapel, and their chief begged permission of the Mohawk chief to utter three words, and to walk round the chapel three times before the work of slaughter began. This not unreasonable request was readily granted. So he deliberately marched round the chapel, singing all the time; and as he came round each time, he uttered a word. The day was fine, and the sky cloudless; but suddenly, as he came round the third time, the heavens were clothed in blackness, and a loud clap of thunder was heard, followed by a torrent of rain. The lightning struck the Mohawks, and prostrated and stunned them all. Whereupon the Christian Indians fell upon and despatched them.

LXII.
AN ARMY DROWNED
BY A SINGLE MAN.

At another time a Maliseet chief with his wife and two boys, were taken captive. On their march homeward their provisions ran short, and the Mohawk chief told his captive that he had dreamed a singular dream. "I dreamed," said he, "that we roasted one of your boys and ate him." "Well," replied the other, "the boys are in your hands and at your mercy; if you choose to make a meal of one of them, you are at liberty to do so." Accordingly this was done. After a short time the Mohawk dreamed the same thing again; and so they roasted the other boy, the father having given his consent.

The father was bound, and could not interfere, had he desired to do so; and he looked on with well-dissembled indifference. Not so the mother; she, poor thing! was sadly afflicted, and moaned with undissembled grief. So her husband remonstrated with the Mohawk, and urged him to release the woman. "You have killed her children, you have me in your power," said he; "let this suffice. Leave the poor woman, and let her shift for herself." To this the other agreed, and the woman was set at liberty; she remained behind, and the war-party, with her husband, went on.

But they were sorely pressed for food. It was proposed to kill one of their own men; but they came to a lake, and the Maliseet chief assured them that there were evidences of beaver, and that

beaver-meat was on every account to be preferred. All hands turned out for a hunt. It was winter; the snow was deep, and the ice thick, and the men were unsuccessful. The captive assured them that if they would untie him and let him give directions, he would soon obtain a supply of beaver. As no danger could result from this experiment, and as they were sorely pinched for food, it was determined to unloose the captive, and allow him to head the hunting-expedition.

The lake was a singular one, — small coves made up into the woods at short distances from each other; and in each of these coves he directed them to cut holes, and at each hole he placed a man, who was to keep a strict watch. The men were all thus disposed at some distance from each other, and each out of sight of all the rest.

His next move was to go around the lake and visit each hole, to see what the prospect was. Approaching the first hole, he listened and pretended to hear a beaver; and while the other was bent down over the hole and listening with all his ears, an adroit and sudden push sent him headlong under the ice. In this manner, one by one, noiselessly he despatched every warrior, and then returned to camp and made his report to the astonished chief. "And now," said he, "your turn is come; and you can try your skill upon me." But, alas! the poor fellow had lost all courage and all strength of resistance. A blow despatched him; and the conqueror soon rejoined his wife, and with her returned to his tribe, to report his skill in strategy and his success in beaver-hunting.

LXIII.
A WAR-PARTY DROWNED
BY TWO WOMEN.

Two Maliseet families away above the Grand Falls on the Oolastook (St. John River), had gone to the hunting-ground in the fall, and had taken up their residence there for the time being. The men were out in the woods hunting, and the women were keeping camp, when a Mohawk war-party came upon the camp and took the women captive. As the women were acquainted with the river below, and the Mohawks were not, they compelled the women to act as pilots to the fleet. This consisted of a large number of canoes; and as the day was fine, these were all lashed together in a body, forming a sort of raft, and were left to drift with the current.

As night approached, the warriors inquired if the river was as calm and placid below as it was there. They were assured that this was the case; but the women knew well where they were, and that the Grand Falls were not far below. Night settled down upon them, and the men were soon all asleep; but the two pilots kept wide awake. When they had approached sufficiently near to insure the success of their bold enterprise, and sufficiently far off to insure their own safety, the two women quietly slipped down into the water and swam ashore, leaving their captors to the mercy of the river. Their fleet was soon carried over the rapids and dashed to pieces. Some of them were awakened before the

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

final plunge ; but they were too far in to extricate themselves, and all perished.

The women were soon joined by some of their friends. They stripped the slain of their clothing and ornaments, and gathered much spoil; then they danced all night for joy, and were highly honored by their nation.

LXIV.
INDIAN STRATEGY.

A large war-party of the Mohawks, coming down the river, were discovered by a solitary hunter. This man was near the shore, and he saw them pass. His canoe was near ; but he had taken the precaution to hide it in the woods, knowing that they would land at night. He waited until dark, and then launched his canoe and glided down cautiously until he discovered their fires on the shore. He then landed, carried his canoe on his back round the enemy, and again placed it on the river. He held on his way without stopping until he reached the village to which he belonged, where he spread the alarm. But unfortunately the warriors were nearly all absent on a hunting-expedition, and only three men could be mustered; but these resolutely under took the task of defending their wives and little ones. Each warrior manned a canoe, and all pushed up the river. They selected their ground, and quietly awaited the approach of the foe.

The place selected as the most suitable for their purpose was the extreme end of a long point, formed by a sharp angle in the river. Here they watched until the fleet of the war-party hove in sight. They now proceeded to action; and their plan was to deceive the enemy in respect to their numbers. The three canoes now showed themselves, and seemed to discover the enemy; then they stopped, and the foremost one landed, and dragged the canoe tip after him into the bushes,

followed successively by the other two. The enemy also immediately landed, and watched to learn the strength of the other party. Their position was on the opposite shore, and so far up the stream that the river below the point was concealed from their view. This was what the others had calculated upon; and no sooner had the foremost one landed, than he hastily conveyed his canoe across the point and replaced it in the water, — so that by the time the third one had landed, the first one was ready to land again; and thus they proceeded successively, while their “friends” on the opposite bank watched and kept count. They continued this operation until dark, when they lighted their torches and carried on the work far into the night. The amazed Mohawks counted until they discovered, as they supposed, that their enemies far outnumbered them, and wisely concluded that prudence would be the better part of valor and that they would better sue in time for peace.

About equidistant from the two hostile camps, in the middle of the river, there was a rock; towards this, soon after daylight, a solitary canoe from the Mohawk party was seen making its way with a “flag of truce.” One of the three on the other side, assuming the dignity of chief, moved over in stately composure to meet the other. Terms of peace were proposed, which after due delay and consideration were accepted; and, finally satisfied, they dug a grave, buried their weapons, and never afterward violated the peace. In dians know how to appreciate generalship as well as brute force. In this instance brute force was used; for, during the discussion of

peace preliminaries, the Maliseet who pretended to be a chief seized a war-club, and striking a rock, shivered it at a blow; this strength of arm was believed to have had no small influence on the other party in bringing them to terms.

LXV.
THE ANIMAL-TAMERS.

A way off in the depths of the forest lived an old couple, who had three grown-up children, — two sons and a daughter. They lived in the usual way; but the boys after a while began to cast about for some better mode of living. The elder suggested that with a little ingenuity and a little magic they could obtain a livelihood more readily than by the precarious method of hunting. “Let us learn the languages of the animals, collect all kinds, tame them, and carry them away to exhibit and sell.” “But how can we manage them?” asked the younger brother. “I will gather the horns of all the animals, and you may gather specimens of the quills and feathers of all the birds; and I shall be able to understand their language by listening to them with a horn placed against my ear. You will burn the feathers out of doors; and when the birds smell the odor of the burning quills, each kind will gather to its own, and you can easily catch and tame them.”

So, having arranged their plans, they began to put them into operation. The elder one hunted for horns, and was seven years in collecting them; the other hunted for quills the same length of time.

Having collected his horns, the one could easily understand the animals and decoy them into his power, and by this means collected a large menagerie; while the other, having burned his pile of feathers and loaded the surrounding atmosphere with the perfume of them, found himself soon

surrounded with every bird of every wing, which he took care to secure.

Their next move was to go to the capital, the residence of the king, and there exhibit their collections, and also dispose of them to such as wished to purchase. They inquired for the king, and sent him word respecting the object of their visit to his city. They asked for a suitable building in which to lodge and keep their beasts and birds; they were supplied with one, and also with seven men to assist them. The king made strict inquiries, before granting this request, respecting their appearance and general bearing. Such a report was made on these points as satisfied the king, and so every facility was afforded them for prosecuting their business.

People flocked from all quarters, proclamation having been made throughout the city and environs that two strangers had arrived with all kinds of beasts and birds, for show and for sale. After all the others had been admitted, the king and queen came with their children. Many of the animals had already been sold; but specimens of each kind remained, and one of each was presented to the king, as a compensation for the privileges granted. The king accepted the present, but took good care to give one in return, and not to be outdone in generosity.

The two men had now accumulated a large quantity of gold and silver; so what remained of their stock was bestowed in largess upon the poor. They took their money and returned home, where they divided the spoil and made arrangements for the future. The older brother agreed to take care of

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

the aged father, and the younger to take the homestead and care for the mother and the sister. The elder one married and began life anew. They divided the land and cultivated it.

The younger man remained for some time unmarried, his sister taking care of the house. She cultivated a garden of her own, and assisted in the more laborious work on the farm. In her garden she had many beautiful white flowers. These for a time were flourishing and beautiful; but one morning she found them all torn off and withered. She felt very sad, and told her brother so. Now it happened that he was a very sedate, kind, charitable, and pious man, though his brother was the reverse; and he divined the cause of the destruction of the white flowers. It was, he felt sure, the work of a bad spirit. He told his sister to rise betimes in the morning, and she would see a man destroying her favorites. So, bright and early, she arose and peeped out; sure enough, there was a man in her garden, at the work of destruction. She returned and told her brother; he directed her to keep away from her garden seven days, and all would come out right again. This she did; and when she went to look, lo! her flowers had bloomed again in all their fresh ness and beauty.

Soon after this the younger brother brought home a wife. Then the father was taken ill, and seemed about to die. The younger brother was very anxious, and wished to do something for him; but the other did not seem to mind it. He thought the old man's time had come; and as he had a wife and several children to look after, he did not deem it worth while to take much pains to save his father,

even if it could be done. The old man died, and they buried him. The younger brother endeavored to improve the opportunity by admonishing the elder one to prepare for his own demise. But the latter would not listen to him, and laughed at his scruples and fears, still continuing in his own course. Not long after, he too sickened and died; he left his property to his wife and children. The mother and sister died also, and the only survivor was the younger brother.

His sister-in-law became lonely and dissatisfied with the place, and wished to remove; but her brother-in-law dissuaded her. "My brother gave you everything, and you have a good chance to make a livelihood here," he said; "but if you remove, I see no chance for you." So she remained.

Some time after this the surviving brother was taken sick. At the prospect of death, he earnestly prayed that he and all his family might be taken to heaven together. This request was granted. In the evening he died; and the next morning nothing was seen of his house or anything pertaining to him. The sister-in-law and her family awoke and looked out; to their astonishment, all was gone.

[Related Nov. 10, 1870.]

LXVI.
THE BEAVER MAGICIANS
AND THE BIG FISH.

There was once a large Indian village where in the dead of the winter food became scarce, and a good deal of suffering was the result. No moose, bear, caribou, or beaver was to be obtained. Finally, one of the women encouraged her husband to try his luck again, and he started off on his snow-shoes. After a while he fell in with other snow-shoe tracks, as though quite a company of hunters had been there. Taking their trail and following it, he came out after a while to a lake, and looking around, up and down the lake, he saw away at the farther end a solitary wigwam, from which smoke was ascending. He approached it and entered. A very old man lay there asleep, while a caribou's head was roasting before the fire. The old man aroused himself at the entrance of the stranger, and welcoming him in inquired whether he saw any young men in the woods as he came. He replied that he did not. But after a while they came in, bringing with them a large amount of venison. "What has kept you so long?" inquired the old man. "The caribou head has been done a long time." They were soon ready for their meal, and the stranger shared the repast. After this the old man inquired whence he had come; he told him, and also related how they were faring at his village. "We are in great trouble," he said, "for want of food." "We must assist our friends," said the old man to his hunters. "Tie him up a good

back-load of meat and let him take it home.” This was done, and he departed.

Arriving at his own lodge, he deposited his burden according to the custom outside the lodge, went in, and sent out the woman to fetch it in, telling her he had a small bundle of food. What was their surprise on opening the pack to find that it was poplar bark, instead of meat, — food for beavers instead of food for human beings. The old man had been deceived. He had supposed himself in an Indian’s hut, when he had been the guest of an old beaver and his litters to the third generation.¹ He had fed on poplar bark instead of beefsteak, and had brought home a back-load of the same, supposing it was moose-meat. [Magicians of all nations and ages are supposed to have the power of making things seem what they are not.]

But the community drew one inference from the occurrence. They concluded that they had at least discovered traces of beavers, and setting the

¹ This, my informant assures me, is the case with the beavers. The old ones with their whelps, with the young of last year’s litter, and that of the year before the last, all own and occupy one *wees* (beaver house), and work together as one family. To ascertain such a fact of natural history is worth writing down the story. The beavers get their growth in four years, and begin to breed when three years old, and do not leave the old homestead until then. Thus the family consists of four generations, — first, the two old ones, called *Kesegomskook*; secondly, their young of the year before last, called *Pulumskook*; thirdly, the young of last year, called *Kujebanenbeebk*; and fourthly, the young of this year, called *Peewebk*. They may bring forth as many as six at a litter. I am told that the wild geese do not begin to lay until they are three years old.

hunter to retrace his steps and lead the way, they started for game. They killed a bear on the way, and returned to camp to supply the hungry ones with food. This done, they again started for the beaver-house. What was the old man's surprise to find that his own track was there in the snow, but all the others had vanished? When they reached the lake, there was no smoke and no hut. The old fellow who had played beaver had been nothing else than a wily magician. He had practised a double deception upon his dupe. All his senses had been deceived, and the magician had taken himself quietly out of the way. So the hunters returned empty-handed to the camp.

The hero of the tale now proposed to go and hunt whales. The others objected. They proposed an excursion to hunt white bears. But white bear's-meat was poisonous, he said, it would make them sick to eat it; and he insisted on looking for a whale. "The wind blows," they urged, "and it is no weather for whale-hunting." But the weather cleared up, and the sea became as smooth as oil; the canoe and the spears were not called into requisition. His *peepoogwokun* (a kind of wind instrument) was taken in hand, and the parties went down to the shore. There he sounded his pipe, and the others watched; but no whale made his appearance, and the rest all returned home. Our friend, however, persevered. A whale was seen spouting in the distance, which listened with rapt attention to the flute. It sounded like the cries of his mate. So he pulled for the shore, and before he was aware, he found himself high and dry. The Indian

hastened home and made report. All turned out and helped cut up and carry home the meat; they saved the blubber, which they also conveyed home for domestic use. Portions were sent round to all the neighbors, and after this there was no want during the remainder of the season.

LXVII.
CAUGHT BY A HAIR-STRING.

Away in the woods there was a large Indian town on the outskirts of which resided two old people who had but two children, and they were daughters; both were very fair and beautiful, but they were shy and coy, and did not allow themselves to be seen by everybody. They rejected all offers of marriage.

The chief of the village had a fine son who was expected to take the office when his father should abdicate or die. This young man knew of the two belles of the village, and sought the hand of one of them in marriage.

He interested his father and some of his friends in the matter, and in due time they repaired to the lodge where the girls resided, to enter upon negotiations. The girls kept themselves out of sight behind a screen. The evening passed pleasantly away. They ate, drank, and engaged in games; in due time the old chief asked of the father the hand of one of his daughters for his son. He replied that he would give an answer the next day.

In the mean time the young women, who had of course heard all that had passed, were questioned as to their wishes in the matter. They decided in the negative; and word to that effect was sent to the old chief, the father himself carrying the message.

Now it happened that there resided in the village a fellow who was ill-looking and stupid, a poor hand at every kind of work. He, hearing of the ill-success of the young chief, said jocosely, "I could get one of these girls,

if I chose.” Forthwith some of his companions proposed to accompany him, and suggested that they should go that very evening, — go in suddenly upon them, just as they were beginning their evening meal. This plan was carried out, and the girls had no time to jump behind their screen, so that the boys had a fair opportunity to look into their beautiful faces. They were invited to eat; they said they had eaten their suppers, but yielded to the importunity of the old people.

After supper they engaged in various games, one of which was called the *Mimgwodakadijik*; this was played by hiding in the ashes a small ring which was fished for by the parties, who had hidden their faces when the ring was secreted. First, one would plunge a pointed stick in the ashes, and if he missed it, the other would take the stick and try; the one who found the ring won the game.

Thus the evening passed; but not a word was lisped respecting matrimony, nor did the young women vouchsafe a single word to any one. When it grew late, the visitors went home, and the young man who had boasted jestingly about his confidence of success was somewhat rallied by his comrades upon his failure.

Time passed, and the same young man went into the woods a hunting with a companion, from whom he was separated during the course of the day. He met an old woman wrinkled and bent down, whose hair was adorned with a great display of *sakalobeek*¹

¹ The variation of the manuscript in the spelling of this word has been retained. The *k* of *sakalobeek* is doubtless the dative case ending. Dr. Rand in his Micmac Dictionary gives the spelling *salugobe*. — En.

(hair-strings) which hung down over her shoulders, binding up her hair and then trailing down to her feet. "Where are you going?" she asked the young man. "Nowhere in particular," he replied. "Where are you from, *nogumee* (grandmother)?" he asked in return. "I have not come far," she replied; "but look you here, are you anxious to marry one of those beauties?" "Oh, by no means!" he replied. "But I can assist you, and tell you how you can gain her affections and obtain her for your wife, if you say the word," she continued. He inquired how he was to proceed. "Take this," said she, handing him one of the hair-strings that hung in profusion over her shoulders, "roll it up and carry it in your pouch for a while, and then go watch your opportunity and toss it upon her back; but take care that she does not see you, and that no one knows of the matter but yourself." So he took the *salugobe* and did as directed. Selecting a few of his comrades, he called upon the parties, taking care to bolt in suddenly upon them just as they were about to begin their supper. The girls had not time to hide; the parents treated the visitors with great kindness and attention, and soon an opportunity occurred to toss the *salugobe* upon the back of one of the girls. Soon after this the young men retired to their homes.

A day or two later, as the young man was walking alone in the woods, he saw coming toward him the girl to whom he had made love by tossing at her the *sagulobe*. The old woman who had given him the string was a witch, and the string was a magical snare that had caught the heart of the girl, and she had gone out to meet the object of her

affections. She first addressed him. *Tame aleen?* (“Whither are you going?”) “I am going a hunting,” he answered. “But whence have you come, and what are you doing out here alone? Are you lost?” “Oh, no, I am not lost,” she answered. “You would better return home,” he said, “and I will go with you and tell your parents that I have found you wandering in the woods, not knowing the way home.” To this proposal she agreed. When they arrived, he said to the parents, “I found your daughter lost in the woods, and have brought her home to you.” Whereupon the father inquired of the young man if he would like to take her to be his wife. He answered in the affirmative, and without any ceremony save a festival, the matter was settled.

Some time after this the husband inquired of his wife, “Where did you get that pretty *sagulobe*?” “I found it in my *ntuboonk* (the place where I was accustomed to sit in the wigwam).”

This man now felt disposed to assist the young chief in obtaining the other girl. So he went and inquired if he was still desirous of marrying her. Learning that this was the case, he told him how he could succeed. So they went into the woods together, and soon met the friendly fairy, who questioned the chief as she had questioned the other, gave him a *sagulobe*, and told him what to do with it. He proceeded according to directions, visited the lodge, bolting in suddenly at the evening meal; watching his opportunity, he tossed the magic string upon the back of the girl. It dropped down on the boughs, and was picked up in due time and exercised its magical influence over the heart of

the finder, leading her to fall desperately in love with the young chief. He in the mean time had gone home and kept himself very close for a few days. When he went out a hunting, he met the object of his search, as the other had done, escorted her home, and told her parents that she was lost, though, in answer to his inquiries on that point when they met, she had assured him that she was not lost. Her father inquired if he would like to take her home with him. He replied in the affirmative, and led her away to his father's lodge. A great festival followed, and the young men prepared for their young chief a large and commodious wigwam. *Wechoostijik* (the two men whose wives were sisters) were on the best of terms and were much together.

One day the young chief asked his friend if he would like to learn to be a swift runner. He said, "I would." "I will tell you how you can do it," said the other. "Go, gather some feathers, and let them fly when the wind blows hard, and run after them. You will soon be able to outstrip the wind; and the art once acquired will be permanent. You will be able to run swiftly ever after." He went and tried it; he found that it was even so. Having thus by the aid of magic and practice acquired the power of fleet running, he made further progress. The young chief showed him how he could become strong, and improve his eyesight and his skill in discovering animals in hunting. "Dress yourself up in the ugliest-looking clothes you can find, putting them on outside your ordinary dress. Fight the first man you can provoke to attack you. When he seizes you, slip out of your rags and run; then you can escape

after that from any man or beast that may get you in his grasp.”

This was done, and he soon met a crazy man, whom he insulted and provoked; as soon as he was attacked, he slipped out from his harlequin dress, which he left in his assailant's hands, who imagined the wearer to be in it; so he beat it furiously and left it for dead, the other looking on and laughing the while, but at a safe distance.

“Take a handful of moose's hair,” he said to him, “clasp it in a roll firmly between your thumb and fingers, then hold them up in the wind and blow the hair away; you will be able to see all the moose that are about you for a long distance around. Take the hair of any other animal and do the same thing with it, the effect will be the same: you will see these animals, wherever they are.” He took his lesson and put it in practice, and the result was as predicted.¹

Some time after this, in his rambles he entered a house. The man of the house was away, but the mistress was at home. He inquired where her husband was; she pointed to a field, and told him that he was out there. He looked, but could see nothing except a flock of geese.

He now asked his friend how he could learn to see fishes; he was directed to gather all kinds of fish-bones, to burn them, pound them to dust, and

¹ In order to be able to see birds where they are not visible to common eyes, he must take their quills and strip off the feathery parts, pick them to pieces, blow them into the air, and look in the direction in which they fly.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

blow them up into the wind. This he did; he could now see the fish and call them to him.

He was specially interested in the whales. They are strong, and he desired to acquire physical strength. So he burned a piece of *bootupawigun* (whalebone), pounded it fine, and then, taking his stand on a rock that juts out into the sea, blew the dust away seaward. He immediately saw an immense number of whales in the distance. Again he blew his whale bone dust towards them, and they moved towards him. The young chief assured him that whales never die unless they are killed, and that with their assistance he could obtain a longevity that should border on immortality. Seven times he repeated the process, and one large, powerful monster came and placed himself alongside the rock on which he stood, and inquired what was wanted. "I want you to make me strong," said the man. "Very well," the whale answered; "put your hand in my mouth, and you will find what you want." So he thrust his hand in the monster's mouth, and feeling around found a golden key. "Take that, and you can accomplish whatever you desire. It will defend you against the attacks of enemies, wild beasts, sickness, or any other calamity." So he took the key and went home.

Everything prospered in the place. The inhabitants were well supplied with food; the animals multiplied and could be called right up to their dwellings. They were protected from the attacks of hostile Indians, and so increased and multiplied.

By and by the father-in-law became old and feeble, and the chief told his brother-in-law that the old man was ill, and asked if he could not be made well and young again. But the other objected to this, and thought that they would better let Nature take her course.

After a while the old chief died, and his son succeeded him. He offered to abdicate in favor of *wechoosul* (his wife's brother-in-law). The latter declined the offer, but he rendered his friend all due assistance as long as he lived.

LXVIII.

TUMILKOONTA OO (BROKEN-WING).

An Indian family resided on the sea-shore. They had two sons, the oldest of whom was married and had a family of small children. They lived principally by fishing, and their favorite food was eels.

Now it came to pass at a certain time that the weather was so stormy they could not fish. The wind blew fiercely night and day, and they were greatly reduced by hunger. Finally the old father told his boys to walk along the shore, and perhaps they might find a fish that had floated ashore, as sometimes happened. So one of the young men started off to try his luck in this line; when he reached a point where the wind blew so fiercely that he could hardly stand against it, he saw the cause of all the trouble. At the end of the point there was a ledge of rocks, called in Micmac *Kwesopskeak* (Rocky Point), extending far out; at low water the rocks were separated from one another by the shallow water, but were nearly all covered when the tide was in. On the farthest rock, a large bird, the storm-king, was standing, flapping his wings and causing all the trouble by the wind he raised. The Indian planned to outwit him. He called to the big bird, and addressing him as *Niskamich* (my grandfather), said, "Are you cold?" He answered, "No." The man replied, "You are cold; let me carry you ashore on my back." "Do so," was the answer. So the man waded over to the rock on which the

bird was sitting, took him on his back, and carefully carried him from rock to rock, wading over the intervening spaces of shoal water. In going down the last rock, he stumbled on purpose, but pretended that it was an accident; and the poor old bird fell and broke one of his wings. The man seemed very sorry, and immediately proceeded to set the bone and bind up the wing. He then directed the old fellow to keep quiet and not move his wings until the wounded one healed. He now inquired if it pained him much, and was told that it did not. "Remain there and I will visit you again soon, and bring you some food." He now returned home, and found that the wind had all died away; there was a dead calm, so that before long they were supplied with a great abundance of food, as the eels were plenty and easily taken. But there can be too much even of a good thing. Calm weather continued for a succession of days, causing the salt water to be covered with a sort of scum. The Indians call it *ogopegeak*, and say it is the result of sickness and vomiting among the larger fish; this scum prevents the fishermen from seeing into the water, and consequently is adverse to eel-spearing. This took place on the occasion referred to, and so they sought for a remedy. The big bird was visited and his wing examined. It was sufficiently recovered to admit of motion, and he was told to keep both his wings going, but that the motion must be steady and gentle. This produced the desired effect. It made a slight ripple on the water which dispersed the *ogopegeak* (scum), and the eel-fishery could be attended to without trouble.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

After a while the older brother proposed to try for larger fish. "Let us go and hunt for whales," said he. "But how shall we call them?" his brother asked. "With our *peepoogwokun* (flute),"¹ was the answer. So away they started on their whaling expedition; but it proved a failure, as the whales would not come.

Their next project was of a different kind. At a long distance from their home, there was a settlement of white people, the city of a king. They started on a visit to that city to see what they could find to do. Between them and the city a river flowed, over which was a bridge, guarded by a sentry at each end; no one was allowed to pass over this bridge except the king or some of the royal family. The brothers attempted to pass, but were stopped and positively refused a passage over. So they retired and consulted. They knew of a powerful soporific, and this they sought and prepared. It operated on the olfactory organs; they brought it to the sentries and proposed it as a specific for the headache. They took it, and eagerly snuffed the odor. Very soon they were sound asleep, and the two men passed over the bridge. They walked freely about the town unsuspected. They learned where the king's residence was, and ascertained that it was surrounded by seven

¹ The *peepoogwokun* is a wind instrument of any kind, as a flute, horn, or trumpet. I have been unable so far to learn the form of the ancient Indian pipe. But the name *peepoogwokun*, I am assured, continually occurs in the ancient stories. Compare the first syllable, *peep*, with *pipe*.

enclosures, one beyond another; and that these were passed by seven gates, at each one of which a sentry was posted.

The younger brother aspired to be the king's son-in-law, and the plan proposed for securing the object was first steal some article belonging to the princess, and having carried this off, the capture of the princess herself would easily follow. But the project was difficult and dangerous.

First and foremost, the seven sentries had to be passed. This required manoeuvring. When they reached the first gate, the sentry demanded their name, and they answered, "Putao (Broth)." They pretended to belong to the royal stables and to have business at the palace. So the guards allowed them to pass, never dreaming that they had come over the royal bridge.

Reaching the palace, they concealed themselves until all were supposed to be asleep. In the mean time they had ascertained the location of the apartments of the princess. After all was still, the man quietly approached her window, pushed it up, and entered the room. The princess awoke and called out, "Who are you?" "Putao (Broth)," he answered. He had given the same name when hailed by the sentries at the bridge and at the palace-gates. She screamed, and he caught a quilt from her bed and escaped. His comrade joined him, and in the darkness and confusion they easily made their escape, and concealed themselves until morning. Meanwhile all was noise and excitement at the palace. Every person sprang up and rushed to

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

and fro to secure the intruder. A cannon was fired, and the whole city roused, but the men escaped.

The next day they crossed the bridge without trouble. They reached their home and related their adventures; but the princess-stealing project turned out a failure, as did his brother's attempt to catch the big fish from the deep. He learned to fish in shoaler water and keep nearer home.

LXIX.
A PRIEST LOST IN THE WOODS
WITH HIS SERVANT PETER.

There was once a priest who had a servant named Peter. One day they went into the woods hunting partridges, intending to be gone several days. They made provisions for the excursion, and Peter started with a heavy load on his back. They camped out for several nights, and finally got lost. For some days they wandered about until their clothes were torn to tatters, as they had to pass through a thickly tangled undergrowth. After being almost worn out and starved to death, the priest directed Peter to climb a high tree and see if he could discover a human habitation. He succeeded in seeing a hut in a clearing a long way off. They hastened thither as fast as their weary limbs would carry them. About dark they reached the hut, and found it occupied by a man, his wife, and two daughters, who received them kindly and prepared food for them. Peter ate ravenously, but the priest was more cautious; he ate sparingly, for he well knew that it would be dangerous to indulge his appetite too freely. The man of the house was absent, but he came home in the evening. The house was small, the people poor, and the sleeping accommodations scanty. But the two girls offered to take the floor and allow the strangers to occupy their room. To this arrangement the priest would not consent. He and Peter lay down together on the floor.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Now, it happened that the woman of the house had made a large pot of pea-soup, had poured it into a crock and put it away for the morning's breakfast. Peter and the priest had seen where the crock was placed; and the latter, whose appetite had not been appeased, watched the crock with longing eyes.

Some time in the night, and when the household were all asleep, poor Peter's gnawing hunger led him to covet the pea-soup. He proposed to the priest that they make a raid upon the jar; but the priest objected, because it would be stealing. They must wait till morning, when the mistress of the house would give them their breakfast. They had taken no money with them, and therefore had no means of remunerating their host. Peter could not be persuaded that there could be much harm in taking some of the soup just to appease his craving appetite. After a while the priest concluded to find the crock, first help himself, and then give Peter a share. Having helped himself, which he was obliged to do with his hands for the want of a spoon or dish, he came with his two hands full for Peter; but missing his way in the total darkness, he lost his bearings, stumbled into the girls' room, and landed his cargo of hardened pea-soup on their bed.

The second time he was more successful, and Peter received his portion. He now proceeded a third time to the crock, and plunged in his two hands in his own behalf, when, lo! they stuck fast, — he could not disengage them. He called Peter to his aid, but Peter could not withdraw the crock. They were obliged to go out-of-doors and break it.

This was a sad, mortifying scrape to get into. They carefully covered up the fragments in order to hide their mischief. "Shame! shame on us!" said the priest. "This serves me just right; it is a judgment upon me for going a third time to the crock. For the first and second time there was some excuse, as we were hungry; but that should have sufficed."

Soon a sharp contention was heard in the room where the double portion of hardened pea-soup had been misappropriated; and the coming of the mother to settle the difficulty increased the mortification of the priest, as it revealed the extent and embarrassing nature of the mischief. Nothing remained but to get away as early as possible; they did so, urging as their reason that their home was not very far, and that their clothes were so torn they were not fit to be seen.

When they were a good distance from the house, the priest halted and spent some time in prayer. He had done wrong, he said. First, he should not have undertaken a partridge-hunt on so large a scale; the time would have been better spent in devotion. Then, this crock,— to go and steal! Alas! that was a terrible scrape for a priest. He must pray and do heavy penance, or he would not be forgiven.

But Peter was not so serious. To him it appeared a capital joke; he could not restrain his laughter. He argued that to steal to satisfy one's hunger is not a very great sin. He admitted that it would not do to carry anything home without the knowledge and consent of the owners; and as to praying, that was good and proper of course, but

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

there was a time for all things. If we were to pray all day, how could the wants of the body be provided for? The pea-soup scrape he could not help laughing about whenever he thought of it, and he did not think that the sin was very great. He assured the priest that he was making too serious an affair of it.

The priest thought differently, and could not help feeling mortified and ashamed long after they reached home. He had to command the jocose servant to cease talking about it. Peter complied with the letter of the command, but could not forbear for a good while afterward occasionally proposing another expedition for partridges. But he could never again prevail upon the priest to venture far into the forest. His master's hunting expeditions were of but a few hours' duration, and extended only a short distance.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Dec. 2, 1870]

LXX.
A FAIRY TALE.

[Newel Jeddore, Jim Paul, and Prosper Newell were some years ago passing along up the Musquedobit River, near its *embouchure*, when they came to a place where the bluff was high. Jim Paul informed his companions that it was reported to be a haunt of Wiguladamooch, or Fairies. As a proof of the reality of their existence in that locality, he told them the following story.]

Ned Jeddore, Newel Jeddore's grandfather, was one day stopping near the haunt of the fairies, when he took upon himself to insult them and challenge them to a fight. He pulled off his coat, and cursing them called upon them to come on if they dared; but no fairy appeared to accept the challenge or revenge the insult. So he lay down and went to sleep. When he awoke, he found himself tied hand and foot. He could see no cords; but he was unable to free himself. He called out, "Who tied me?" *Neen* ("It was I"), responded a voice from the cliff. "Oh, untie me!" he cried, "and I will never insult you again." Where upon he felt the hands of some one passing over his hands and ankles, as if untying the cords, and soon found himself free.

[After Jim Paul had finished the story, some one of the party felt a disposition to try if they could raise the fairies. One of them shouted, *Alasoodumeikoop ho* ("Ho! come to prayers")! A

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

voice far up the rocks responded, *Alasoodumeikeep ho* (“Ho! come to prayers”)! Another of the party shouted, *Keloowol ho* (“Ho! come and get your food”)! A voice far up the rocks responded, *Keloowol ho!* (“Ho! come and get your food”) !]

LXXI.
A WONDERFUL BULL'S-HIDE BELT.

There were once two old people who had one son about fifteen years old (*weegjik keesehook*). One day he was walking out and saw a man skinning a bull. He asked the man what he was doing; the man told him that he was skinning a beautiful bull that died that day. The boy asked him if he would sell him a strip of the hide a few inches broad, cut from the very top of the back. He told him he would. So he went home and asked his father to give him a little money. "What do you want of it?" asked his father. "I want to buy a piece of raw-hide for a belt." "But I have no money to give you; ask the man to trust you." So he went over and requested the man to trust him. This he was unwilling to do, but he offered him a strip of the hide for a day's work. This condition was accepted; the boy went to work, and performed an amazing amount of labor, fully as much as any ordinary man would do in a week. At the close of the day the man cut him off a strip of the bull's hide from the part that extended along the back, from the neck to the tail, and which in Micmac was called *ootokoobalow*. The man asked him what he was going to do with it, and he told him he was going to learn to be a doctor.

The boy took home the strip of raw-hide, dressed it, and made a belt of it. He did not remove the hair. One night he dreamed that a man came and told him to cut a few hairs from the belt, tie them up, and then find seven more bulls and cut a

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

small bunch of hairs from each of their backs; he told him further that he would then become a very good cattle-doctor, that his skill would continue seven years, that during the same period he was to use the hairs cut up fine for medicine, and that with this belt he could by wishing obtain whatever he desired.

The next morning he followed out the directions given him in his dream. He carefully cut a small bunch of hairs from the belt, then went and found, one after another, seven live bulls, from whose backs he cut a small bunch of hairs and tied them up. He cut them up fine as often as he had to doctor an ox.

He then started on a tour of cattle-doctoring. He soon learned that a rich gentleman had a fine, beautiful bull, which he greatly prized, that was sick. He went and examined the animal, and told the owner that he was a cattle-doctor. The owner set him to work. First, he made a slight incision in the leg to start the blood; after this he inserted his medicine and closed the wound. He then scraped round the roots of the bull's horns, and rubbed in the medicine. He directed water to be brought, in which the animal should be washed all over, and then that something should be given him to eat. He went home, but returned the next day to visit his patient. He found him perfectly well. The owner asked him how much his bill was; he replied that he had no specific charge, but would leave it entirely to the generosity of the other. The man offered him a *wenjoodeam* (ox); but he did not want animals, he wanted money. "Well," said the man, "I would not

have lost the bull for fifty pounds; if that will satisfy you, you shall have it." "That will do," said the boy, pocketing the money. This very successful beginning encouraged him to proceed. *Na keloolk ebategu* ("Now, that was good luck"). When he came home, he gave the money to his father, who laid it up. After this he travelled about and practised cattle-doctoring with great success.

He used to sleep with his belt under his head, and one night he dreamed that a man came to him and told him to go and place his belt in a certain large pasture. He must go the next day, but must get both his breakfast and his dinner first, and then he must wait until the same hour of the day, when he would find a very beautiful bull which he might lead away as his own. He followed these directions, and left the belt the following afternoon. The next day, at exactly the same hour, he returned to the place, and there found one of the most beautiful animals of the ox kind that his eyes ever beheld. As he drove him along home, every one who saw him admired him, and the news spread in all directions.

Not far off was a city in which the king resided. The king heard of this wonderful bull, and desired to see him. So the boy went to the city, taking his pet with him. Now, it happened that the animal could understand his master; they could converse together, or at least the bull knew all that was said to him, and so was informed where they were going, and what the object of their journey was.

The king was wonderfully taken with the beauty of the bull, and wanted to buy him. But the owner would not sell him at any price. Now it

happened. that the king himself had an animal of the same kind that was considered a marvel. But this was quite eclipsed by that of the stranger. The king's bull was a great fighter. He could conquer anything, — bull, dog, lion, bear, or any other animal,— and the king wished to see him try his horn on our hero's bull. So he proposed that they should be let loose in a field together for a fight. To this the owner agreed, and instructed the animal accordingly. He must not kill the king's bull, but knock him down and show that he was entirely in his power.

So the bulls were led out into a large yard, and a host of people gathered to see the sport. The king's bull was soon knocked down, when the king, anxious to save his beautiful animal, asked the doctor to call off his bull. The doctor had only to speak to him, and the bull quietly left the other and walked away.

The king now inquired if the doctor could cure his bull of the wounds he had received. This he promised to do, and succeeded; the king rewarded him by giving him one hundred pounds and a fine horse. This money he took home and gave to his father, who laid it up as he had done before with the fifty pounds.

After awhile he went again to the city, and inquired after the favorite bull. He found him well, but applied a drug to him in some way that made him furious; he raged around, gored the other animals and the people; the whole city was in confusion, hundreds of people being killed by the mad bull, and all the rest terribly frightened, until at

length, by the direction of the king, he was fired at with a cannon and killed.

Soon after this, the doctor, sleeping on his magical belt, had another dream. At a certain hour the next day, he was told that he would be visited by the king and one of his servants, who would pretend to desire to see his favorite bull, but whose real design would be to poison him to death. He was directed to drive up the bull and the horse, and to lock them up in the barn; and then, when the king came, to pretend to go and hunt for the animals, but instead of doing so, to go into the woods and wait until the king went away.

He got up early in the morning, fetched home the animals, and locked them up in the barn. At the hour indicated in the dream, the king and one of his servants made their appearance at his house, and inquired how the animals were coming on. They asked to see them. He said he would go and find them; so off he went, slipped into the woods, and waited until near evening; when he came out, he found that the king had got out of patience and gone home. He was jealous of the doctor for having a finer animal than his own, and desired to destroy it, but was defeated.

The king made him a great offer for his bull. He would give one hundred pounds for him. This was refused, and the king made an offer of three hundred pounds, which was accepted. He was willing to part with him, for he knew that his seven years were nearly up.

After this, sleeping with his belt under his head, he had another revelation. He was directed to

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

collect a quantity of cattle's hair, place the belt upon it, and leave it in the pasture for twenty-four hours. He did so, desiring that the pasture might be filled with cattle. The next day he went out, and, sure enough, there were all sorts and sizes of cattle of the finest breed. He drove them up, and told his father that they were all his. "But how came you by them?" the old man asked. "They were given to me," was his answer. "Who is it that gives all good things? God alone, surely."

Soon after this, by directions in a dream, he placed a handful of sheep's-wool out in the field and laid the wonder-working belt upon it. The next morning, he found an immense flock of sheep there. He did the same with birds, geese, and other animals, and they came forth at the bidding of the belt.

One night he was notified that the devil would make an attempt to steal his animals; in order to prevent this he must be doubly upon his guard, not to sin, not to give the enemy any advantage, and then, girded with his belt, he must go down into the pasture, sit upon the ground, and watch his cattle. This he did, and soon he saw a fellow attempting to drive away some of his animals. But he was baffled in the attempt, and went away at last without being able to take a single animal. He was to put the belt out there; and as the devil approached the belt would fight him and tie him up until the man was willing to let him go. This took place; and when the young man gave the word, the belt unfastened and the devil decamped.

SILAS T. RAND

He now consulted with his father about a division of the property. He told his father that he might keep all the money, and if he survived him he might have all the property. But meanwhile the seven years of promised prosperity had expired, — the belt lost its power and all the riches vanished.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Jan. 17, 1871.]

LXXII.
THE TORTOISES.

Two Indians of the Tortoise tribe, a man and his wife, dwelt by themselves; they had a very large family. One day when the man was absent, a woman came to the wigwam and introduced herself. She claimed to be a Mikchikch (Tortoise). "Have you any children?" asked the other. "Yes, I have," was the reply. The next day she came with about thirty eggs, and offered to sell them. The other replied that she had nothing with which to pay for them. "I will take one of your little boys," she answered. But the other would not consent to that. So after a while she offered to give the eggs to the woman, who accepted them, intending to cook them for breakfast. She told her to hide them in the warm sand out-of-doors, to keep them fresh and to prevent the children from breaking them.

The woman complied with these directions, covered the eggs with warm sand and ashes, and left them all until night. The next morning she sent out her old man to bring in the eggs, in order that she might cook them; when, lo! he found creeping around thirty young children, — *little tortoises*. (The mother had got rid of her children, and wished to marry again, having left her first husband.) "What does this mean?" he exclaimed. His wife understood the secret. These are that woman's young children, whom she has thus ungenerously left. "I will kill them," said he. "Oh, no! that will never do," she replied. "But let us pack up and

leave them to shift for themselves.” This they did, and went on till they came out to a large lake, on the banks of which was a large town, Mikchikch oodun (Tortoise town). They were of the tribe called Amalokunokcheechk, and were arrayed in the most beautiful robes.¹ They learned that there was a wedding going on; they were invited to join the festivities. They found that the bride groom was a big, stout fellow, and the bride was the very woman who had so lately forsaken her children. There was assembled an immense number, and they feasted all day and danced all night. There was a beautiful level place all along the shore where they danced. They danced until they became weary, and then suddenly dived into the water and refreshed themselves. The two strangers, seeing them suddenly disappear, supposed they had fallen to the ground. They were themselves seated on the ground, and did not exactly see how they plunged into the water. But after a while they appeared again, and continued the dance.

After several days the word went out for the wedding-feast to cease, and all retired. The old fellow who had come was about to build a wigwam, but the chief of the town told him that he would give him one already made. So he took possession of this and stayed all night. In the morning, when they turned out, they could see no one. All had disappeared, having plunged into the water. So the

¹ This is all poetry from beginning to end. The tortoises lay their eggs in the sand; they are hatched by the heat of the sun. These small fellows are beautifully variegated in their shells. There are three species of them.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

old man and his family were there by themselves. He had but little to do (the tortoise is a very lazy animal), so he lay and slept the most of his time.

Two strangers arrived, and stayed there awhile. The old man said to them, *Neen na ntoodunum* ("This is my town"). They played a trick upon the old Tortoise. They noticed that his abdomen was very large, and they thought a reduction of the intestines would be no unkindness. So they cut a hole in his belly while he was asleep, and cut off a piece of the gut. After a while they cut off another piece; and so at several different times they cut off pieces, thus reducing it to a few inches in length. This is the reason why, to this day, the tortoise has so short an intestinal canal and so small a paunch.

By and by these two fellows went home. On their way they met a stranger, and were anxious to know to what tribe he belonged. He evaded their curious questionings. He said he was a Tortoise. They said, "You are not; you are a Badger." He insisted that he was not. They told him that they could tell after a while; they seized him and cut open his belly and examined his internal arrangements. They found that he was not what he professed to be. His bowels were like in form and extent to those of other people. They sewed him up again; he was all right, and they let him go.

Afterward one of these men said to his father, "Father, there is an immense town not far off where we found an old Tortoise, who said it belonged to him." So the old man sent some of them back to examine again.. Sure enough, there was a large town; but they did not go very near it.

They returned and made a report. The old man told them that it would not be possible to kill these fellows, but it would be very easy to frighten them. So they went down in large numbers. They saw no town, but a great number of logs around the lake, extending far out into it. As they raised a shout, off they jumped into the water. (This is all a poetical description of the tortoise.)

LXXIII.
THE LOON MAGICIAN.

Away near a lake there was a large Indian town. One poor couple resided some distance from the main settlement by themselves. They had two small children, — the elder a boy, and the younger a girl. These two children used to go down to the shore of the lake fishing. One day the boy asked the girl, "Can you tell what kind of fish I catch?" She replied, "Of course I can." Soon after the girl flung out a fish and asked of her brother, "Do you know what this is?" "It is a trout," said the brother. "No, it is not," she answered. "It is a *Takoonow* (a species of trout, but brighter in color). "There," said she, "after all your crowing I have beaten you."

They kept on and fished along the shore, when they heard a loon howling in the distance. This brought over the girl a lonely feeling, and she asked her brother to go home. They then returned and carried home their fish, which their mother cooked.

After this the two little children, who were always playing together, built a little playhouse, and were often seen talking very earnestly with each other; but the people could not understand them, and thought them very queer little folks.

One day the boy told his sister that he would make her a suit of clothes. This he did out of leaves of all sorts, colors, and sizes. Having rigged her out thus, he took her away with him down to the shore, and there they soon heard the Loon howling in the distance. The boy said to her, "I will hide; but do

you go down and walk along the shore, back and forth." She did so, and the Loon saw her and came up to her. (Any red or brilliant color attracts the loon, and he will come so close as to be easily killed.) She asked him, "*Niksksamich* (Grandfather), where have you come from?" He replied, "From nowhere in particular."

She ran back and called her brother to come. He came down, standing behind her so as to conceal himself; and the Loon asked them what they wanted. They replied, "We do not want anything." He gave them instructions and power, and after this, whenever she heard the Loon she felt lonely, and the people saw that she often sat a long time in one place, as if in deep thought. They often saw the children earnestly talking together. The Loon conversed with them, but he did not allow any one else to know what he said. He told them that the whole town was to be destroyed, and a Kookwes would come and destroy them. He directed them to tell their parents to remove down to the shore, and to go into the water when the Kookwes arrived.

The children went home and told their parents, "We are to be attacked by a Kookwes, and the town is to be destroyed." "Who told you so?" asked the father. "The *Kveemoo* told us so." "If the Loon told you so, it must be true," said the old man; "we will remove at once." Forthwith they began to remove. The other Indians inquired what all this was about. "Why are you removing?" "We are to be attacked," was the reply, and the whole town destroyed. "Who says so?" asked the chief. "My little boy was told so by

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

the Loon,” said the old man. “Pooh! your son is not much, and the Loon is nothing. I don’t believe a word of it.” But the family went down to the shore, and walked on until they heard the Loon call three times. At the third call they halted, and erected a lodge near the shore. The next day the Loon came, and told the children that on the following evening the attack would be made, and that when they heard the yell of the giant they must wade off into the water. In the night, sure enough, they heard the shout and the onset, the wild screams, and commotion of the sack of the town. They made out into the lake, and remained there until all was over. In the morning they went out and found that the people were all killed, and that some of them were devoured. They remained in their present camping-place, where they were not discovered. The girl and the boy went often down to the shore, and the Loon came and conversed with them. He instructed the boy how he might be able to run fast, and to walk on water, and to fly in the air, so that he could hunt in all these regions successfully.¹

Now they had plenty of everything; Kweemoo tells the young man to think of him should he ever need his assist ance, and he will come.

¹ Two ideas are here to be noted, — the supernatural power of the loon, and the nature of the gift. The loons and other birds give notice of a change of weather by their screams; the change in the pressure of the air affecting them. Seeing that they can foretell some things, it is an easy and natural poetic fiction that they can foretell everything. Power over the water, air, and forest simply denotes being a successful hunter of animals, birds, and fishes.

One day Kweemoo asked the girl if she would be his wife. He said that this lake was his country, and if she would live with him she should have everything she wanted. She said, *Mogwaa* ("No"). But when she went home, she consulted her mother, who advised her to accept the offer; for he would certainly be very kind to her. (Loons never quarrel.) So after two or three consultations the agreement was made. One day when she went to see him he gave her a beautiful little plaything, speckled like a turkey's egg, which she carried home and showed to her mother. It was a large beautiful egg. "What shall I do with it?" she said to her mother. "Put it carefully in this bag of feathers." She put it away carefully, and often played with it; she prized it very highly.¹

One day the Loon told the girl that he would be in danger the next day. Some men would come to hunt him. She told him to go ont behind a rock that stood up in the lake, and remain concealed until the men went away..

Sure enough, the next day a canoe arrived containing two men. They were friendly. They remained, and made a visit, which they then invited their friends to return. The Loon told the girl not to go. The old people and her brother might go if they chose, but she would better not go. The strangers urged her.; but she told them that she could not, and showed them what a beautiful little plaything she had to engage her attention, pointing to her

¹ This is poetry. This egg plaything, so precious and needing to be handled with such tenderness and care, is a babe, a little loon.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

loon's egg. So she remained; but her parents and her brother made the strangers a visit after a while at their own village.¹

The young man soon became an object of envy. He out-did his companions in everything. He could hunt, fish, and fowl better than any of them, outrun them, and beat them in all their games; so they resolved to poison him, and planned to carry their design into effect on the following evening. But that night he heard the voice of the friendly Loon, and heeded the warning. He told his parents they would better hasten home.

Soon after this the Loon warned them to remove away from the other Indians to the upper end of the lake. The parents did not go with them, and they were killed.

The Kweemoo told the brother and sister that he would dwell with them, and give them all the assistance in his power for the following seven years. He kept his word. They occasionally removed, and held themselves entirely aloof from the other Indians. The girl was wonderfully delighted with the place, so they never from the lake.

When the seven years were nearly ended, the Loon informed them that they must now separate. He went away, remained three days, and then returned. He told them that he had been in his own

¹ Another visit was made by the strangers, and the Kweemoo hid again while they were there. This visit was returned, and all went again but the girl; she remained with her friend, who never came to the wigwam, but whom she visited at the side of the lake.

native town, but had been so taken up with his thoughts of them that he had come back. Soon after his arrival three more loons came and were introduced as his comrades. They all went back after a short visit.

LXXIV.
WEGOOASKUNOOGWEJIT
AND HIS WONDERFUL HEN.

Two old people who had one son, lived by themselves; they also had a *tabulch* (goat), that furnished them with milk.

After the boy had become quite a well-grown youth, he said one day to his parents, "I will go and look for some kind of employment, in order that we may have wherewith to buy food and other necessaries." So he went away, and soon came to a large farm, where he saw a man at work, whom he recognized as the master of the establishment, and whom he asked for employment. The man inquired how long he wished to be employed and what he wanted for pay. He told him that he wished to be employed for one week, and that he wanted money, or something that would be useful at home. They made a bargain, and the boy went to work; his employer was astonished at the amount of labor performed. He did as much in one week as ordinary men would do in a year.

At the close of the week they settled, and the man paid him one half in money, and offered him a hen for the remainder. But the boy said, "Of what service will the hen be to me?" "She will lay for you a dozen eggs a day," was the answer. So he agreed to take her as half his wages, and went home. When he reached home, he exhibited the results of his labors, and was questioned respecting the use of the single hen. He told them that she would be a

great acquisition to the family, as she laid a dozen eggs a day. So he put her in a small place by herself for the night, and in the morning, he came in bringing a dozen eggs, and *lokweledasooltijik* (they were all wonderfully delighted.)

After a time the young fellow started off on another expedition. He thought he could make money by selling his wonderful hen. He went on, passing through two towns in succession, and then came to one where a king resided. He asked to see the king, and offered to sell him a remarkable bird. The king told him to bring along his bird and let him look at it. So he returned home and fetched the bird. When he came to show it to the king, the latter was somewhat indignant when he saw that it was nothing but a hen; but when he heard of her remarkable fecundity, he was willing to test the truth of it, and the hen was care fully shut up for safe-keeping for the night. The next morn ing it was found that the report was true. There were the twelve eggs in confirmation.

The king now asked the price of this wonderful bird. "I will fix no price," he answered, "but you may pay me whatever you choose." So he gave him ten pounds, which he took willingly and went home.

Shortly after this, he was told by a man whom he met in a dream, that he would have a call in a few days from some one who would wish to buy his goat, but that he must on no account sell her to him, as he was an evil spirit, and had no good object in view in offering to buy her. The man, he was told, would go away, but would renew his

solicitations the next day. He must then tell him that if he would give him a whole royal city for the animal, he might take her. All this took place. A man came, commended the goat, and was very urgent to buy her. He was decidedly refused, however, but he renewed the request the next day. "I will let you have the animal," the young man said, "if you will give me a whole royal city with all its wealth." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the other, and took his departure.

Soon after this the boy concluded to take his goat to the royal city and try to sell her. So he got all kinds of flowers, wreathed them round her head and horns, covered her with a beautiful cloak with fringes, and led her, thus adorned, to the market. The goat was greatly admired. He showed her to the king, who was wonderfully pleased with her, and offered him one hundred pounds for her. This he accepted, the money was counted, and the king had her placed in a yard where the royal pets were kept; the yard was guarded by sentinels, — two at the outer, and one at the inner gate.

In the evening the young man thought it would be a fine speculation if he could steal the little creature and take her back home with him, in addition to the bag of money which he had received for her. So, arranging his plans, he took a few cakes and a couple of bottles of rum, and went up to the outer guards, and told them that the king, fearing lest some one should steal his beautiful goat, had sent him to watch all night with the inner guard. They, on this representation, let him pass; and he told the same story to the other sentry, and took his

place with him. By and by he exhibited his lunch, — his cakes, and what he called tea in his bottles. He told his comrade to drink the contents of the bottle and eat the cakes, and he would go and carry some to the other soldiers. So he went back and told them that the king had sent them the refreshments, and assured them that the contents of the bottle would keep them awake. They swallowed the bait, and were soon intoxicated and sleepy. He went back to his other friend, whom he found snoring on the ground; returning, he found the others very sleepy, but trying hard to keep awake. He advised them to take a nap, and let him keep watch. But in the mean time, having put the guard to sleep, he took the goat and decamped. The inhabitants of the city were all asleep; he got away unsuspected, and reached home before daylight, so that no one saw him. He took care of his goat, and then gave an account of his success to his parents.

Soon after this he went away again to seek his fortune. He soon met a man, who asked him where he lived, where he was going, and all the usual questions that pass between Indians when they meet. He told this man that he was a servant of the king, and that he had a beautiful herd of goats, which he was going to see. From the man's appearance, and his offering to join him in copartnership, he thought that the man must be rich. He accepted the proposal, went home and told his parents, and then went out in quest of his friend. He soon fell in with him again, and the other asked him if he was really the owner of so large a herd of goats. He told him he was not, — that they all

belonged to the king but one, and that one the king had given to him.

He now inquired of the other who and what he was. He said, "I am a robber; and if you will join me, we shall soon become immensely rich." So they agreed to go into business together, travel round the country practising in that line, and soon acquire a vast amount of money. They continued together several years; when, as they were passing a solitary place, the young man thought it would be a good speculation to rob his comrade and appropriate the whole of their earnings to himself. So he struck him down while off his guard, and having killed him, flung him into the river, took all his booty, and went home. His father remonstrated with him and blamed him when he heard what he had done. But he was neither commanded nor persuaded; he told the old people that they might have the goat, and he would go and look after himself. Away he went to seek a wife. He had not gone far before he fell in with a man who inquired into his business, and learning what it was, offered to assist him and to lead him to a place where there were some beautiful girls. He accepted the kind offer, and followed the man, who took him to the city, and pointing to a certain house, said, "There is where they live. You can go in; I shall go on my way home." The young man entered the house; he saw two very beautiful girls there, and an old woman, who he learned was their mother. He asked where her husband was. She told him that she had no husband, — that he was dead. "Would you not like to have a man stop here with you?" he asked. "I do not know," was her

answer. He next asked, "Are these your daughters?" "They are," she replied. "Will you let me have one of them for a wife?" "I will, if they have no objections to it," was the answer. The question was then put to one, who replied that she would not marry him unless his name was Pulkajumooch. He declared that this was not his name, but that he was called Wegoaskunoogwejit.¹ Whereupon the other girl replied that he was the man for her, and he took her for his wife.

The wedding festival was held with all the usual festivities. The young lady asked, "What are we to live on?" He told her that he could easily provide for all her wants. So now he hunted, and they were all well provided for.

One day the chief came running to the village, telling them that there was a great whirlwind coming, smashing down trees, and that they must secure their tents. They all ran out to secure their wigwams; and though the trees were smashed down by the wind, it did not touch the wigwams.

Soon after this, all hands turned, under the direction of the chief, and constructed weirs for eels. This fellow remained in his tent, and did not go to the work. That night a storm of rain came on and swelled the river; during the darkness

¹ *Wegoaskunoogwejit*, an imaginary being, who was supposed to cut down trees with one or two blows. The Indians say that they sometimes hear in the woods, as it were, the sound of an axe upon a tree, and then see the tree fall, even on a calm day, though no one is visible. They suppose that this invisible spiritual being has felled the tree.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

Wegooaskunoogwejit went down to the river and broke the weirs. The next day they went down to look for their eels; but there were none, and the weirs were gone. This fellow told them that the flood had broken and carried them away.

Now, then, one of the men inquired if his name was not Pulkajumooch. He told him that it was not, but that it was Wegooaskunoogwejit .

By and by the chief heard this, and sent his son over to inquire. But now he denied that his name was Wegooaskunoogwejit but said it was the name of a younger brother who was now dead. He had left this brother seven years before, and had given him a goat. Thus ends the story.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Jan. 27, 1871.]

LXXV.
PULES, PULOWECH,
AND BEECHKWECH
(PIGEON, PARTRIDGE, AND NIGHTHAWK).

Away in the depths of the forest were three families, — the Pigeons, the Partridges, and the Nighthawks. “Come on,” said they one day to one another, “let us see which will build the finest wigwam” So the Pigeon went to work and erected a high one, not very tight, but built with wicker-work, and made airy and spacious. The Partridge thought she would make hers more lowly, and so kept very near to the ground, and made her habitation so low and so much like the trees and leaves around that an enemy and, even a friend might pass without seeing it Mrs Nighthawk took less pains than any of the others, and made no hut at all. In due time they all reared families of children, but Mrs. Partridge had the greatest number. Mrs. Nighthawk’s family were the most poorly off; for when the rain came down, they, had no shelter whatever.

The Nighthawk stated in extenuation of her neglect that she did not intend to remain in that locality long, but meant to remove very early in the fall. The Pigeon too observed that she was not so solicitous about her abode as she would be if she did not have to shift her quarters often, in order to find food. But Mrs. Partridge said that she remained always in one locality.

One day while their mother was away from home, the children of the Partridge saw a man coming along; they were dreadfully frightened, and

ran screaming in every direction, and hid. The man passed on, and they came out of their hiding-places again.

When their mother came home, they told her how frightened they had been. "My young brothers skulked about under roots and into holes," said one of the elder girls, "and hid away where they could neither be disturbed nor seen."

Soon after this they saw the Fox coming along; they were terribly alarmed at the sight, and flew away out of his reach; but he passed on. Going down to the shore, he saw a small keg floating to land, and found, to his joy, that it was full of honey. He ate very greedily of the honey, and then left it; but on second thought, returned and voided his urine over the keg, lest some one else should take possession of it. When he arrived home, he told his wife and children what a feast he had found, and promised them that he would go and bring it home. He went again and ate bountifully, but never carried a morsel of it home. He told the family how sweet the food was, and invited them all to go with him to the place and eat of it. So they all went down together to the shore, and feasted on the honey. As they were coming home, they met a man whose name was Fisher, of whom Wokwes demanded where he was from and whither he was going. "From no place in particular," he replied; after a few words had passed between them, they agreed to go off together and hunt in company. So the Fox, leaving his family to return home and shift for themselves, went off with the Fisher, and the two came down to the lake. There the Fox told the

Fisher that they would have a race round to the opposite end of the lake, one going to the right side of it and the other to the left, so as to meet at the place appointed, and the one who arrived there first should be leader.

So away they ran; and the Fox, having just taken his dinner, made no delay, and, being swift of foot, soon reached the destined place. But the Fisher was hungry, and on his way he saw a Porcupine, which he stopped to kill, skin, and devour.¹ This delayed him, and the Fox became leader of the company.

They agreed to keep together seven years, and to perform the circuit of seven lakes; this would bring them back to the place of starting. So they went on together.

After a while the Fox got tired of his companion. The Fisher was too slow and too lazy for him. They came out to a lake and saw a man, beautifully dressed all in soft black fur, coming to meet them. The Fox asked him what his name was. He said, "My name is Keoonik (Otter). He asked in turn, "Who are you?" "I am a Megumoowesoo," was the answer; and he proposed to the Otter to join company with him. To this the Otter consented. Meanwhile the Fisher came in from hunting, fetching a load of Porcupines; the Otter came round and began to handle them, when, getting his fingers pricked, he started back and exclaimed, "What is all this?" "Oh, nothing," said

¹ The Fisher feeds on porcupines; and though he gets quills in him, he does not seem to mind it, for they do not penetrate far and soon rub out; he strips the skin clean off before eating the flesh. (Nancy Jeddore.)

the Fisher, "but my pouch!" Meanwhile the Fox was determined to make a change in the company. He said to the Fisher, "You are so slow and lazy that I am tired of you; so we will give up our engagement and separate." He then inquired his name, which he had not known before, and learned that it was Upkumk (Fisher). This led him to insist on separating. The other was not very unwilling to yield to the proposal, and so took himself away.

Now, then, the Fox told the Otter that he was hungry, and the Otter inquired what kind of food he liked. He told him that he was very fond of eels. "Well," said the Otter, "I can catch the eels, if you can dress and cook them." "I can readily do that much," answered the Fox. So the Otter slipped into the water, and soon returned bringing out a very large eel. This he laid upon the bank, and again returned to the water, and soon came back to the shore with another eel. These the Fox soon skinned and cooked, and they took their dinner together.

The Fox admired the dress of the Otter, but was surprised at the size of his tail. He inquired, "What does all this mean?" "Oh!" said the Otter, "that is not my tail; it is my staff."

The two continued together for some time, but the Fox got tired of his comrade. Their natures and their habits were so unlike that they could not agree. Sometimes the Fox wished to run with all his might, and the Otter could not keep pace with him. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Otter preferred swimming rather than walking, and then the Fox could not go with him.

So one day, as they were going along, they saw a man coming to meet them. The Fox inquired his name. He told him it was Amalchoogwech (Raccoon). The Fox then told the Otter that he might retire, as he did not want his companionship any longer. The Otter slipped into the water and departed, while the Raccoon joined with the Fox. But he soon found the Raccoon even slower and lazier than the Fisher, and getting out of all patience with him, sent him off. He soon after met two other men, who inquired of him what his name was, and he told them that it was Megumoo wesoo. He asked one of the strangers what his name was, and was told that it was Amalchoogwech (Raccoon). "Bah!" said he, "I do not want your company. You are of no use. I just dismissed one of your tribe, he was such a worthless creature." But the other said his name was Moochpech (Mink). So he invited the latter to join him, and they went on together.

They had not proceeded far before they saw three men coming to meet them. One of them had a large pack on his back, and the Fox asked him who and what he was. He said, "I am a Megrimoowesoo." "And these your companions, who are they?" "One is Mulgigunop (the Mighty), and the other is Pipsolk (the Conqueror)." "Well," said the Fox, "I would like to join your party." He then turned and said to the Mink, "We can separate now, and you can go about your business, and I about mine." So the Mink slipped off; but before he went the Megumoowesoo imparted to him the

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

special gift of crying very easily.¹ To the Fox he also imparted the ability to run fast.

The Mink having departed, and the Fox having joined the three others, there were now four of them. The Fox had by this time passed the series of seven lakes, and arrived at the one from which he started. He told his friends that he had been away from home a long time and must soon think of returning. Upon going a short distance they saw a wigwam, and learned that they were in the neighborhood of a village. They entered the wigwam, and after remaining a time, the mistress came home; she proved to be Mistress Partridge, the same that the Fox visited at the commencement of our story. He recognized the old lady, but she did not know him. He asked her if she did not remember a man that passed that way seven years before. She now remembered him, and was very glad to see him and his comrades. They remained there a year.

Mrs. Partridge told them that there were two more towns just above, and they went on to visit them. The first one they reached was Pigeonville, and they told the queen of the place, the old Pigeon, that they had to pay her a visit; as they had remained one year at Partridgeville, so they would like to stay as long there. But she told them that they could not remain there a whole year, for, as they all lived mainly on berries, they would have to remove and

¹ The mink is very easily moved to make an ado. If he gets into any trouble, or if he is trying to drag something and cannot succeed, he will squeal and whine, and take on in a very doleful way. (Tom Brooks.)

go farther south when food got scarce. But she told them that there was another village a little farther on. They went, and in due time arrived at Nighthawkville. But when they proposed remaining a year there, the Nighthawk chief informed them that they could not remain very long there; that on the approach of the autumn they removed to a warmer climate.

Megumoowesoo and Fox now remained together, but sent the Mighty and the Conqueror back, advising them not to form any matrimonial alliance, as they would only be disappointed; for the women of these parts were apt to get tired of any change in the mode of their living and fly back to their own quarters, and this was particularly the case with the young ladies of Partridgeville.

The two men thought they understood their own business best; so they went to the tent of the old Partridge and saw many beautiful young ladies there, and asked the mother to give each of them one for a companion. She readily consented, but gave the girls the hint to fly back, and not go home with the fellows. The two girls went with the men back to where they left their comrades; but before they reached the place the women were directed to sit down behind a large, old, rotten log and await further orders. The two men went on and joined their comrades. When they came up to Megumoowesoo and the Fox, they were soon told to go and fetch their wives. The Fox thought he would like to see a plump young Partridge. What a splendid dinner it would make! Back went the two fellows to look for the pretty birds; but as they

approached the old, rotten log, up flew the Partridges with a whiz, and away back they went to their own village.

[Such is the story, as related to me to-day, Jan. 28, 1871, by Nancy Jeddore. She has also explained it; and I see an allegory of natural history in it. First, the creation of wig-wams: the pigeon builds on trees, but merely crosses a few sticks, and takes no pains to make the nest warm and soft, as do the other birds; the partridge gathers a few leaves, and sits among them, her back looking very much like leaves, — so that a passer-by would hardly notice her as she sits there; the nighthawk lays her eggs on the ground without any nest, and selects a piece of burnt land, because her back most resembles that.

All the birds except the partridge migrate, the nighthawk first of all, about the beginning of September or the last part of August; the pigeon goes off when the berries fail.

So when the Fox passes, all the little flock of Partridges hides and flies up out of the way of the Fox; and so on through the whole. The incompatibility of animals whose habits and tastes are opposite is set forth in the story. The recurrence of the number seven — seven years, seven lakes — is noteworthy.]

LXXVI.
THE ADVENTURES OF TORNADO
AND WAVE.

There was an old couple who had two sons; the name of the elder was Tornado, and of the younger Wave. The two boys grew up together, and were always in company, whether they played, worked, or slept. They went off one day together on a hunting-excursion. Tornado hunted the birds, and Wave the fish. They soon collected a large quantity, which they conveyed to their parents, and then started off in company to take a tour. After a while they came out to a large lake, in which they saw a great number of islands. But they saw by the ascending smoke that there was a village on the opposite side. They planned together to rush suddenly upon this town, and overturn all the wigwams, so that they might have a fair sight of all the beautiful girls. Down they rushed pell-mell upon the vil lage, and overturned all the tents; and then, cooling down, they were able to walk round and contemplate the ruin they had caused. The chief inquired their names. "My name is Tornado, and my younger brother's name is Wave." The chief inquired whence they had come ; and they replied, "From no place in particular." He asked where they were going; and they said they were travelling about, visiting various places. The chief informed them that there were three more towns beyond him, and after they had passed these they

would come to one where a king dwelt. So they left this place, and pursued their route.

When they had passed on to the third town, they made inquiries about the royal city. They were told that they must go on till they came out to a great clearing, beyond which they would see a high mountain; and on ascending this, they would see the city beyond.

They went on, and found all as they were told. When they reached the royal city, they inquired after the king, and were shown to his residence. He was informed that two handsome-looking fellows had arrived, and were desirous of seeing him. They were called in; and after some inquiries as to who they were, whence they came, and whither they were going, they offered to engage in his service if he would employ them. He inquired what they could do, and they were free to own that they knew nothing about the ordinary work of servants; but they said they could bring in the vast resources of the air and sea. He engaged them for one week, and they went out hunting. They informed him that they could not be separated, but must hunt together. So Tornado first commenced operations on the sea-fowl; he caught an immense number, and Wave assisted him in bringing them to the city. Then Wave went out and brought in fish of every kind, an immense number, — so many that the two could scarcely bring them in.

The king was exceedingly well pleased with their labors, and told his courtiers what a pair of profitable servants he had. Their time was not up, so he offered to hire them out; and one of the rich

men of the place took him up, and employed the two servants. Accordingly they hunted for him, and brought him an abundance of the treasures of the sea and of the air.

After the expiration of their week, they were paid off and discharged. Before they left, however, they concluded to give the inhabitants an illustration of their power for evil as well as for good. So they put forth their powers, and made sad havoc in the town. Among other troubles, an immense *ausampaak* (tidal wave) rolled in and did a great amount of damage.

After a while Tornado proposed to his brother to go a hunting in the woods. "But," said the other, "how shall we kill the moose, bear, and caribou?" "We will make the trees fall upon them," said the other. So away they went, and caused a great slaughter among the animals of the forest. "Now, then," said they, "let us go and get us each a wife, and then return to our parents." Said Tornado to Wave, "I will prepare me a dress of caribou-skin; but you must dress up in the skin of a bear, and then go picking berries;¹ there you will have an opportunity of meeting the young women, because they also follow that employment; and I will sit down at a distance and look on." So they carried this scheme into execution. Tornado dressed himself in caribou-skin, while Wave donned the dark robe of the bear; the latter went out to the blueberry plains, whither the girls resorted, and before long he saw a crowd of them at their work of

¹ *Maweesee*, future *mooeesedes*, to pick berries; hence the name of the bear, — Mooin, the berry.gatherer.

gathering berries. They took him for a bear, and immediately started for home. He watched their movements, and saw the direction they took. They saw farther off what they thought was a caribou. Wave gave the signal to his friend, and they started for the same place. They came out to a lake, which the girls were obliged to go around. Wind went round the lake in the opposite direction, but took a short cut directly across the lake; this caused some commotion in the water. Arriving on the other side of the lake, they waited for the girls, having doffed their disguises, — their bear and caribou skins. When the girls came up, they saluted them respectfully, and went on along with them; but they did not tell their names or whence they came. Aoolamsun said his name was Wibbun, and the other said his was Kogun.² When they arrived at the town, the news soon spread. They were shown where the chief dwelt, and called upon him. He inquired their names, but they did not tell him. They informed him what their object was in visiting his domain; each was in search of a wife.

There was one man in the village who knew all about them; he told the others what their names were, and that if they harbored the strangers, the town would be in trouble. They were entertained, however, and directed to a place where there were a couple of beautiful girls. They went in; and, sure enough, there were two girls, so very fair and lovely

² *Kogun* (foam of the sea) is that which collects on the water during a calm, but which is dispersed by the lightest breeze. Thus the two heroes take names from exactly the opposite objects.

that the strangers were quite pleased with them. The mother did not give them a very cordial welcome. They asked, "Are these your daughters?" "They are," she replied. "Will you give them to us?" they asked. "I will not," she answered; "I cannot spare them under any consideration." "What are their names?" "They are Wibbun (Calm) and Kogun (Foam-in-the-water)," she answered.

The old lady now asked who they were, whence they came, and if their parents were still living. They told her in reply their names, and that they had left their parents seven years before, but had left them a bountiful supply of food; that since they left home, they had spent one year (though it was really but one week) in the service of the king, and that now they were desirous of obtaining wives and then of returning home to the old people. The old woman now began to consider the matter, and thought that they must be rich; she told them that she would agree to let one of her daughters go, but the other man must go to some other lodge and select a wife. They told her this could never be. "We are two brothers, and are so indissolubly united that we are in fact one, and must marry sisters. It is the same with your two girls; they are sisters and must always be together, they cannot be separated." "All right," she replied; "you may take them both." So Tornado took Calm, and Wave took Foam. They then had a wedding-festival, and the mother of the girls told the old chief; he raised no objections to the arrangement, but objected to the removal of the parties from his place. They told him they would return and bring back the girls after having made a

visit to their own parents. They went home, and found the old people alive and well, and still supplied with provisions from the store they had gathered before they left home. They remained there awhile, and the women became homesick and desired to revisit their parents. Tornado felt disposed to dispute the point with them, and tried to excite his brother to oppose their going and to raise a storm. But Mrs. Calm was found to have power as well as her husband. She exerted that power in opposition to him, and conquered. There was no storm raised, and they all pleasantly visited the old people. After remaining awhile, the men proposed to return home they said that if the women were unwilling to go, they would leave them behind and go home alone. To this the mother objected. "Take them along with you," she said. "Should you leave them, they will only be beset by other suitors." So they went together back to the old place.

Some altercation took place now and then between the mother-in-law and the daughters-in-law. The old lady was jealous of the attention shown them by their husbands, and thought herself neglected. She took the greatest dislike to Calm, whose smooth brow she occasionally succeeded in ruffling. But her husband interposed, and argued the case with her. "Like as we are brothers, so they are sisters, and they cannot live if you separate them any more than can my brother and I." He appealed to the old man. "What is your name?" said he. "My name is Tornado." "Well, have you a brother?" "I have one younger than I, whose name is Wave."

SILAS T. RAND

“Well, do you love each other?” “Indeed we do.”
“Well, then, let us all live together in harmony.”

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 2, 1871.]

LXXVII.
THE ORCHARD-KEEPER.

There was once an old man who had been an orchard-keeper to a king. After the king's death a small farm, a house, and an orchard in which stood seven trees of special superiority were given to the old man. The produce of his plantation was sufficient to support the man, his wife, and their two children. The elder child was a son, the younger a daughter. The old people and the son were very devout and exemplary, but the girl was of a contrary disposition. She neglected her prayers, and was reckless in conduct. They dwelt together, and for some time all went smoothly with them.

After a while, when the apple-trees were loaded with fruit, the seven special ones, which were giving great promise, were robbed. One after another they were found in the morning stripped of their fruit, and the owners were at a great loss to know who was the perpetrator of the theft. They determined to watch. The depredations were always committed in the night; and so one evening the father and son placed themselves where they could see and not be seen, and watched for the thief. Before long they saw a bear approaching. He made directly for the trees, and while they looked he seemed to be more like a horse than a bear. But when he came to the trees, he climbed directly up into one, and began shaking off the apples. They were now alarmed, and ran home for their guns.

But before this the old woman had had a dream in which it was revealed to her that it was the devil that stole the fruit, and that his object was to circumvent and carry off the whole family as well as their *welool* (food).

When, therefore, the men returned for their guns, she said to them, "You are mistaken; it is not a bear, it is the devil." They, however, took their guns and returned to the tree, where they saw him under the tree quietly filling a large bag with the apples; this he afterward laid across his back and carried off. They followed him for some time; but he seemed to slip from their sight as if he had suddenly sunk into the ground.

The next day the son proposed to go in quest of him, and with his father's consent he started. Then his father, taking his prayer-book and going out into the orchard again, spent a long time in prayer. There was one tree, the seventh of that cluster of seven, which had been the old king's special gift, and which the demon had not been able to touch; under that tree he kneeled and prayed.

Meanwhile the son pursued his way, intending to go down to the infernal regions to capture the stolen apples. On the road he met a man who inquired where he was going; he answered that he was on his way to the nether regions, that he was pursuing thither a thief who had stolen his father's apples, and that the thief was no other than Mundoo (Satan) himself. On and on he went for a long distance, until, ascending to the top of a hill, he suddenly slipped, and down he went a long distance into a hole in the earth. He reached the bottom

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

without injury, and soon found himself in a large, spacious house, where he saw a huge bag full of apples; these he immediately recognized as the ones which had been stolen from his father's trees. He saw there, too, the author of the theft, and a very large company of women whom the devil had succeeded in decoying to his dark abode.

The young man immediately attacked and overpowered him. He beat him until he was so soundly thrashed that he was glad to beg for quarter. This the young man refused to give except on condition that he would solemnly pledge himself to let the apples alone in the future, and also promise never to touch one of the family. The terms were conceded to with one exception. Satan said he would have one of them, — the father, mother, and son would be safe, but he would promise no further. He was now released, but the young man walked about as conqueror. He had grappled and subdued the demon in his own den, and had after that no fear.

It was not so easy to return to the upper regions,¹ however, as to go down. He was thoroughly tired of the place before he could get out, and then had to have help. His mother dreamed that he was there, and she was instructed at the same time what to do. She told her dream, and directed her husband to make a strong basket,

¹ *Facilis descensus Averno;
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere
ad auras, Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

Virgil, book vi. line 125.

tie a cord to it, and then take it in the evening and lower it into an old cellar that was not far off. This he did; and down, down, down went the basket a long distance, and finally stopped. Presently a pull was felt and received as a signal from below; when the basket was drawn up, lo! the young man all safe and sound was found in it, with a huge bag filled with the apples, which had been retaken from the infernal depredator. *Lok weledasit kesegoo*, right glad was the old man to learn that his son had come off victorious. He had spent much of the time during the young man's absence in prayer. He now ceased his severe devotions, and resumed his ordinary work. The son announced the pleasing news that he had subdued the arch-enemy, and extorted a promise from him that here after the orchard and the family with one exception should not be molested. He did not say who the unfortunate one would be; but as the daughter was heedless, and would not attend to the concerns of her soul and to the counsels and entreaties of her parents and brother, it was strongly suspected by her parents and known to the brother that she was the one. They continued to admonish, and she continued to slight their admonitions.

So after a while she took it into her head to go out visiting evenings. This the others had no objection to, provided she did not go alone. Her mother told her to let her brother accompany her, and her brother urged the same thing; but, no! she would go alone and go in the evening. She went, and her brother followed at a short distance to watch her. He soon saw that she was attended by a

young man, and he knew too well who it was. He again admonished her to beware, but his warnings were unheeded. Finally she went out and never returned. Her brother knew where she had gone; Satan had carried her off to his dark dominions. So they did not seek her, and soon ceased to mourn for her.

Some time after this, the old man advised his son to go out and seek some other employment. Their little place would support himself and wife; the son could look for something better. So the young man departed to go to the town where *elegawagiku* (the king resided). Before he reached it he came out to a large pasture filled with various kinds of domestic animals; there were horses, cattle, and sheep feeding in different places, and he saw in a corner of the field a man just rising, who had been lying on the ground watching the animals. This man asked him whence he came and whither he was going; he answered that he came from the country, and was going to the royal city for employment. His father had been in the employ of the former king, who had treated him very kindly, and he was going to see if he might not be as successful with the king's son. The boy now inquired to whom all these cattle, sheep, and horses belonged. The other told him that they belonged to the king, and that he was stationed there to watch them. "Well," said the boy, "I should like to join you, and you could take the cattle and I the sheep." The other, not objecting to this arrangement, instructed the stranger how to find the city. "Go on beyond those woods," said he, "and on emerging

from the woods you will immediately see the town." He ascertained that these directions were correct, and soon came to the royal city. He now inquired for the king's residence, and the king was informed that a young man had come who desired to see him. The king called him in, and inquired who he was and whence he came; when he learned that he was the son of his father's old servant, he was much pleased. "I was well acquainted with your father," said he, "and I shall be most happy to employ you. What can you do?" "Why, I can tend your sheep, and I was just speaking with your shepherd, who told me that he would like much to have assistance." "Well," said the king, "that man has kept my cattle seven years; how long do you think you could stand it?" "I can stand it as long as you please, I think," was the answer; and the bargain was made.

When the young man came to the field, he made an arrangement with the shepherd that he himself should make the sheep his peculiar care, while the shepherd guarded the rest.

While at his work in the field the young man did not forget his devotions, nor neglect to serve God. The other kept an eye upon him, and saw him often upon his knees, lifting up his hands towards heaven, and wondered much what he was about. He noticed that while the young man was acting thus strangely the sheep would gather in a circle round him and smell of him. He concluded that the fellow must be crazy, and thought it his duty to report him to the king.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

So he went and related the strange conduct of his fellow servant. "He often kneels down and remains in that position for some time, lifting up his hands and acting like a crazy man." The king understood the matter better than his servant. He was glad to learn that the son of the pious old servant was treading in his father's footsteps. He was satisfied that he would be none the less faithful to his prince because he was faithful to his God.

There was another thing that puzzled the elder shepherd. The junior partner in the business did not eat his dinner when the king sent it out to the field to them. He took his breakfast and supper with the elder shepherd, but at noon he refused to eat, and said that he had already taken his dinner; sometimes, after he arose from his knees, he took some food that had been placed at his side and ate it. But when the other inquired whence it came he would "Oh!" he answered, "some one has dropped it there." He would never tell him what he was doing when he was kneeling.

On learning that he was carefully watched he gave the fellow a severe reprimand. "Why don't you business and leave me to mind mine?" he asked. "What are you always watching me for? Do you think I am a thief? Do you know what becomes of those who steal? Do you know they go to hell? I shall take good care of the flock committed to my trust, and you attend to your own business, and never mind me."

But the other was not to be thus disarmed of his suspicions, or deterred from entering his complaints. This time, however, he met with a

severe rebuke from the king. "Do you attend to your own work," he said to him, let that other man alone. He is a good and serves God, and I can trust him."

The king had another interview with the young man, and promised him that if he would take good care of the sheep he would see him well paid. He had by this time become very anxious about home. He wanted to see his father and mother. The king commended him for his diligence, and wished him to remain, but told him that if he desired to go he might, and that he would be paid. After weighing the matter, however, he concluded to remain a little longer. [It was after this that he gave the other the lecturing for interfering with him. The elder shepherd had noticed another strange thing that he did, — that he would often walk about the pasture and look in every direction. He was asked to explain this as well as other anomalous actions. "Why, I am watching my master's sheep," he said. "I wish to be faithful to my employer, and I must see that wild beasts or other thieves do not steal any of the flock."]

One day, when he was in the field at his business, whom should he see coming towards him but his father? They were mutually rejoiced at the meeting. They inquired after each other's welfare. The old man told his son that his mother was dead, and that he was lonely and wanted him to come home. The father then returned, and the young man went to the king and told him that his mother was dead, and his father was all alone and wished him to return. So the king paid him off, and asked

him if he would carry anything else home in case he gave it to him. He told him he could not. So he took his money and went home.

His father now told him that they would cultivate the piece of land which they owned, and that it, together with the house and orchard, should be his when he himself should die, and that from the produce of this and the apple-trees they would be able to obtain food enough to last them for some time. They received that year a wonderful crop; they themselves ate the fruit that grew on the seventh tree, which was out of the reach of Satan, and under which the old man had been able to pray with such success. From the crop that year they obtained a sufficiency to last seven years, and then they gave themselves wholly up to prayer.

The young man thought they would be more comfortable if they had a housekeeper, and proposed bringing home a wife. But the father decidedly objected to this. It would breed trouble, he feared. "We can live together quietly," said he; "but if you bring a woman she may be dissatisfied, and may not be kind to me, and you would better remain single." To this the other agreed.

But one day he saw a woman pass his window, and she passed several days in succession. It was the same woman every time, and the young man inquired of his father what it meant. The father cautioned him that it was a temptation from the adversary, and he was bound to be upon his guard. So he paid no attention to her, and her visits were discontinued.

By and by the father sickened and died. Then the son became exceedingly lonely. He concluded

to sell all the property except the seventh tree. This was reserved in the compact. He remained unmarried because his father had enjoined it, but he left the place and started off to seek new adventures, with the price of his farm in his pocket.

He had not gone far before he met a man who asked him where he was from and whither he was going; on learning the particulars he offered to accompany him. The man told him his name was Sakawach (Old Times, or The Ancient One). He gave his name as Nebookt (Forest). Old Times told his comrade that he resided in the ancient town of Old Times, which was not very far away. "Are you a married man?" asked Forest. "No," said the other; "are you?" "I am not," was the answer. "Then let us join interests and go together." To this they agreed, and Forest was invited to accompany him home. He found there a very large town, and learned that the inhabitants were numerous, that they lived promiscuously together, and that there was no such thing as marriage among them.¹ There he remained for a time, but he was not at all satisfied. He could not enjoy the society of the townsfolk; after a while he died and went to heaven, where he rejoined his father and mother.

[Related to me by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 7, 1871. She says she heard the story from her mother, who was a real *Ninjun*.]

¹ *Sakawachwage*. This, as explained by the narrator, indicates the state of society among the Indians in their native heathen condition.

LXXVIII.
WISKUMOOGWASOO AND MAGWIS
(FISH-HAWK AND SCAPEGRACE).

Two men, Fish-hawk and Scapegrace, met and conversed together. Scapegrace said to Fish-hawk, "I think I can rise as high in the air and fly as swiftly as you can. [The Fish-hawk flies higher than any other bird; he dives down and catches a fish, and is sometimes pursued by the eagle, while bearing off his prize; in that case he drops his fish, which is immediately seized and carried off by the enemy. The Magwis is a heavy-moving bird, and is not particular about his food; so says Tom Brooks.] Scapegrace proposed that they should enter into partnership and hunt together. Fish-hawk said that he was very particular in his choice of food, — he would not eat what was stale; he must have it fresh and sweet. Scapegrace replied, "As to myself, I can eat anything. I do not mind how old and stale the food is; it is still palatable." "Very well," said the other. "Come on, let us take a trip together, and see how we make out. We will go and visit a neighboring town." He made this proposal because he supposed he could very soon outstrip Scapegrace, and leave him to his fate. So they started in company.

Very soon the Fish-hawk was far ahead and out of sight. He reached the town, and reported that an ugly stranger was on the way, and warned them to have nothing to do with him. "He eats all kinds of carrion; he is bringing his food along with him, and

will endeavor to persuade you to eat of it. But do not listen to him; the stuff is poison, and his object is to kill you all."

Fish-hawk, having been entertained and fed, went away. After a while Mr. Scapegrace arrived. He was directed to the lodge of the chief. There, after the usual inquiries had been made, a feast was prepared. Scapegrace ate what he brought, and offered of it to the rest. They pretended to eat it, but took good care not to do so. After the eating was over, he asked them if the food was pleasant to the taste. They replied, "Yes." He now told the chief that he was in search of a wife, and inquired if there were any girls in the village to be disposed of. The chief told him there were, and directed him where to go. He inquired the name of the mother of the young ladies, and was told that it was Amalchoogwech (Raccoon). Scapegrace walked over to the lodge that had been pointed out. One of the girls was standing outside, and saw him coming. She called to those in the lodge, *Magwis, wechkoheet* ("Scapegrace is coming"). She gave him anything but a kind reception. She ordered him off, saying, *Ulumeye* ("Go home"). But he persevered, entered, and made known his errand. "Are these your daughters?" he inquired of Mrs. Raccoon. "They are," she replied. "Will you give me one for a wife?" "No, I will not," she answered. Thus repulsed, he took his departure.

After he was gone from the place, his comrade, Fish-hawk, returned and inquired, "Did the stranger of whom I spoke come?" "He did," was the answer. "And did he bring his own

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

food, as I said he would?" "He did," said they. "And did you eat of it?" They assured him that they did not. "It was well that you took my advice," he answered. "You would all have died had you eaten of the poisonous stuff."

He now told the chief that in case anything were about to happen to his village, he would be able to give him warning of it. "You will only have to think of me, when you see a bird flying very high over your village, and I will be on hand to tell you what is going to happen." Fish-hawk now went home. After he was gone, the chief pondered long and anxiously over what he had been told by the stranger. "He must be a great Booin," thought he. "He could foretell the coming of Magwis, and he spoke of some untoward event about to happen to our village. I wonder what he could mean." One day as he was thinking deeply on the subject, he cast his eyes upward, and saw a bird very high in the air, wheeling about in circles, and wished that it might be Wiskumoogwasoo, and that he might come down and pay him a visit. No sooner said than done. The man was there. "You spoke of trouble about to ensue," said the chief to Mr. Fish-hawk, "when you were here before. Did you have reference to anything in particular?" "I did," was the reply. "Your village is to be attacked by a Kookwes (*gigas*,¹ giant), and unless you use precautions, you will all be destroyed." "How long before he will be upon us?" asked the

¹ The Greek word for "giant."

anxious chief. "Seven days hence," was the reply. "But you must get into your canoes and push away out into the lake; you must get beyond the hearing of his horrible whoop, or you will be killed by the noise."

Having uttered his dolorous message and given his instructions, the stranger departed again for his home.

Now it happened that there was a clever fellow in the village, named Ooskoon (Liver), who was somewhat of an adept in the art of magic, and he told the inhabitants that they need not be much alarmed. "The giant cannot kill me," said he. "I know how to manage him, and I can tell you all what to do; but let us get the canoes and all things else ready in time."

When the time came they manned their canoes, and taking in all the women and children, moved out far into the middle of the lake. Ooskoon directed them to fill their ears with tallow, so as to prevent the whoop of the giant from being heard. All did this, and then awaited the onset. They could not tell, as they could neither see nor hear, whether the enemy had reached the village or not. But Ooskoon after a time removed the tallow from one of his ears, and sure enough he heard the whoop; but it did not sound very formidable, nor did it injure him in the least. He therefore told his friends they need not be alarmed. They might remove the stuffing from their ears, as the sounds would not injure them. They followed his advice, and all was silent. The enemy was evidently baffled and had retired. They sent home scouts, who

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

found everything quiet, and returning reported accordingly. So the people went home.¹

In a day or two their friend Fish-hawk made them another visit, and asked if the Kookwes had visited them as he had predicted. "He did, and we escaped by taking to our canoes and stuffing our ears with tallow." "Which way did he go?" asked Mr. Fish-hawk. "Well, I think you can tell that yourself," was the answer, "as you are well acquainted with the lay of the land around here, and so well informed on all these important matters." Taking the hint, he went home, and did not obtrude any of his predictions or advice upon them afterwards.

But now Mr. Ooskoon had some adventures. He told his friends that he wished to travel a little and see the world; he would give over the authority to the old chief whose place he had been occupying.

So he started. On his way he met a stranger, who inquired where he was from, and whither he was going, and what he was in quest of. He replied that he was travelling for amusement, — to look at the world and to pray. "To pray," said the stranger, — what is that?" "Oh, nothing," he replied; "I do not choose to tell you what that is. But how far is it to the next town, and what kind of a town is it?" The stranger gave him all the information he

¹ The villagers were now so pleased with the wisdom and skill of Ooskoon that he was elevated to the chieftainship instead of Fish-hawk. Ooskoons opinion was that Mr. Fish-hawk had fulfilled his own predictions, and after all was a man of small consequence.

required, described the place, and told him where he would find the chief's residence. So he went on. After a while he reached a large town ; and away across to the very farther side, as he had been told, resided the chief upon whom he, as a stranger, should call. He had not been from home but seven days. The chief inquired his name. "I have no name," was his answer; "my father's name was Ooskoon (Liver), but he never gave me any name." "Where are you from " asked the chief. "From no place in particular," said he; "I have been roving about night and day for the last seven years." "Humph! " said the other, "that's a likely story; seven days, you mean." "No," said the other, "I mean seven years; I have been cruising about seven years." "Can you tell the difference between a day and a year?" asked the other. "Of course I can!" "Well, can you tell me how many days there are in seven years?" This was a poser; he could not do the sum, and had to give it up. "Well, see here! "said his friend; "go away yonder to that end of the village, and you will find a man who will be able to tell you the difference between seven years and seven days. He will be able to give you all the information and advice you need." Ooskoon went on.

He met a man, of whom he inquired where the royal city was. He told him that it lay beyond the adjoining forest, but that it would be difficult to reach it, as the forest abounded in formidable beasts of prey; but should he escape their jaws and get through the forest, he would discover the town just beyond. He thought he could overcome the wild beasts; he could conceal himself in a hollow

tree while they passed, and elude them. So he went on; when he heard the roar of the wild beasts or saw them coming, he took refuge in the hollow of a tree, and so escaped. He found the town where the king dwelt, and spread the alarming news that a multitude of wild beasts were coming down upon them, and recommended an immediate turn-out to hunt and destroy them. The alarm spread, and soon reached the royal ears. The king sent for the stranger, and heard his report. He had come across that forest, he said, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. He had seen an immense number of savage beasts of formidable size coming towards the city. The king mustered all his men, and sent them off armed to meet the savage invaders. Ooskoon offered to conduct the party, but fell back as soon as he reached the forest, and concealed himself behind a tree, while the army passed on. After they had all gone by, he came out, waited awhile, and then, meeting one of the townsfolk, he sent him back to the king to say that they had destroyed most of the wild beasts, and that it was the unanimous request of the men that he would come out and bring all the royal family to see them. Back posted the fellow in hot haste, and announced the news in the palace. Immediately the royal carriage was brought out, and all hands started to see the beasts. Ooskoon dodged behind a tree while they passed, and then, hastening to the town and the palace, told the steward that the king had sent him in great haste for some weapons and some money. These were given him immediately; and the rascal made off as fast as his legs could carry him,

taking care to go by a path that led in the opposite direction to that in which the king and his soldiers had gone. Having reached a place of safety, he deposited his ill-gotten booty; and after a few days, having disguised himself, he returned to the town. Here he inquired if there had been a stranger there recently, whom he described; they told him there had been. "He is a great rascal," said he, "although he is my brother. I am in search of him; can any one tell me which way he went?" This they could none of them do. He said, "The fellow is a great liar and thief; and if you can catch him, kill him at once." Ooskoon now went on in quest of further adventure.

He fell in after a while with a fellow-traveller, of whom he made inquiries respecting the geography of the land. "There is a large Indian town," said he, "not far off, where I reside." "Are there any marriageable young women there?" asked Ooskoon. "Oh, many of them!" was the answer; but the chief will not allow any of them to be carried away from the town. He wishes to keep all the young men and young women under his jurisdiction." "But I will manage it," said Ooskoon; "I will be bound I can steal and carry off two girls, — one for each of us, — if you will unite with and help me." To this the other appeared to agree, and they went together to the town. "But wait a moment," said Ooskoon; "let us exchange dresses." To this his friend consented; and thus accoutred, they went on. The other directed Ooskoon to a wigwam where there were several girls, and went along with him. Ooskoon asked the

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

mother for one of the daughters, and she told him that it depended upon the chief; he must go and consult him. Meanwhile the other said he must step out and fetch the bundle he had left; and as soon as he was outside, he ran over to the chief and gave the alarm. "There is a fellow in yonder lodge who is devising to steal and run off with two of the girls; you would better despatch him at once." The chief needed no urging, but forthwith sent a man, who entered suddenly and killed Ooskoon.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 15, 1871.]

LXXIX.
THE WHALES AND THE ROBBERS.

There were once seven towns not very far apart, belonging to one tribe. On a certain occasion a company of young people, composed of a young woman and a young man from each of these towns, started on an excursion to the sea-shore. They told the chief of the town from which the company set out that they were going to the sea-side, and would bring to him a faithful report of all they saw and heard; and should they find anything to bring away, they would bring that to him also.

Away they went down to the shore, and while there they heard most delightful music. It was so sweet and charming that they thought it surely came from heaven; but they were mistaken. It was the crying of whales;¹ so one of the parties told the

¹ I have learned to-day several important points in natural history. (1) The whales, so says Nancy Jeddore, often, and especially when struck with a harpoon and in the agonies of death, utter sounds that resemble the sound of a wind-instrument with a great variety of intonations, very musical and delightful to hear. (2) The fish-hawk will not eat fish that has fallen out of his claws. He will not take any that are dead, though they lie in plenty on the shore. (3) There are three kinds of loons. The largest kind inhabit the fresh-water lakes. This is called in Micmac *Coospemedwach*. It is this that makes such a doleful, dismal howl. It is a very handsome bird, spotted, and having a bluish-black neck and head. (4) All the birds that feed on fish and flesh have the faculty of disgorging themselves at will. The paunch is a long sack. They swallow bones and all, and when the flesh is digested, throw up the

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

rest. Presently they saw a shoal of whales spouting in the distance, crying and coming in towards the shore. The noise affected the girls, and made them feel very sad. This the young men perceived, and warned them. "Look at them," said they, "but do not pay any attention to the music they are making. If you do, you will be over powered by their enchantment and carried off." The girls, however, could not help listening; but when they saw the whales approaching the shore at full speed, they fled alarmed, and concealed themselves in the woods, but the men remained.

One whale seemed to be the chief and leader of the rest; and finding that he could converse with them, they conceived a very high opinion of his abilities. He was certainly, so they learned, some supernatural agent, and could grant them what ever they asked.

So one by one they proffered their requests. The first one wanted to obtain one of the most beautiful girls for a wife; the second desired shrewdness and wisdom; the third, that he might be endowed with great strength; the fourth, that he might be victorious and successful in all he undertook; the fifth, that he might live long; the sixth, that he might be a magician; the seventh, that he might become a king. The friendly whale

bones. A crow or an owl will do the same thing. An owl will swallow the leg-bone of a rabbit; this cannot pass the small intestines, and so after the flesh has been dissolved in the stomach, the bone is disgorged as well as the fur. There is a bird of the gull kind that will swallow a mackerel, and then be unable to fly. If alarmed, it will disgorge the fish and fly.

promised all that they asked for, and then retired. Now said the one who had been dubbed king, "Let us go and look for the girls." Away they went, and soon found the frightened girls; but they did not tell them what had happened. They let them know, however, that they had nothing to fear from the whales.

But the young man who had been promised a beautiful bride immediately made his selection, for the choice of his heart was one of the company; and when he proffered his heart and hand, she, nothing loath, accepted the offer, and they walked home together as man and wife.

When they reached the town whence they had set out, this girl told the chief all that she had seen and heard. "We heard," said she, "the most enchanting music as we sat by the sea-shore. We verily believed that the enrapturing strains proceeded from the sky; but we were mistaken. It was produced by a shoal of whales. These approached the shore. We looked at them and listened until we got frightened, and then we girls all ran away. Thus have I told you, as I promised, all that we saw and heard. We did not find any thing to bring home, except that I found a husband; but him I must keep myself, I cannot give him to you."

The young man who had been promised a kingdom told a dream to his father. *Noo, pawei* ("Father, I have had a dream"). "And pray what did you dream?" asked the old man. "I dreamed that I became a king and was made immediately rich." "Very well," was the father's response, "all right;"

and he encouraged the son to hope for the fulfilment of his dream.¹

Now, there was one girl of the company who had listened to the sweet music made by the whales, and who could not get the music out of her head. It haunted her night and day, but especially in the night. The would-be king heard of this, and he became enamored of the beautiful maid. "That is the girl for me," said he to himself, "if I can only manage to get her." So he called on the young lady, and made proposals. She at first rejected him. She would not marry until she had found the man who had been destined for her husband, as had been intimated to her by some supernatural means. She had the name of the man, and until she was sought in marriage by one of that name, she intended to remain single. "What is his name?" he asked her. "Nadadasoode (Wisdom)," she answered. "If that is the case," said he, "then I am your man, for that is my name. It was given me by the whale on the day of our visit to the sea-shore." Still she hesitated. But one day while the seven men were together, she heard one of them address one of the others by that name. She was struck with the name and the circumstance, and thought her suitor might be right. She had been told that there was no such name in any of the seven towns. But it seemed there was such a name; and her wily suitor, though it was addressed to the one who had requested to be "wise," had appropriated it to himself, and said to

¹ Then he went to the king, and related the whole circumstance of the whales, and how all seven of the men had received new titles.

her, "Didn't I tell you so? You heard that fellow addressing me and calling me Nadadasoode. Now I hope you will believe that I am the man destined to be your husband." Not only did he appropriate to himself the name of Nadadasoode, but he took all the other names. He was the husband of the beautiful bride, he was the "mighty one," he was "the conquer all," he was "long life," he was "Boooin," and he was "king." Thus deceived, the poor girl consented to become his wife; and so they were married and their union celebrated with all the usual festivities.

Some time after this, he proposed to go with her again to the sea-shore, and see if they could have another interview with their marine friend. They arrived at the place in due time, and heard the music of the whales. But she, poor woman! was overpowered by it, and fell dead to the ground. This adventure affected him but little. "Let her go," said he; "I can easily get another wife." But the whale made his appearance again, and confirmed his previous promise. "You will be king," said he, "in due time." "How many servants shall I have?" "You will have seven servants," said the whale. Satisfied with this confirmation of his aspirations, he returned home, and reported that the whale had carried off his wife. He had this report circulated about the town, and warned the people not to go down to the enchanted shore.

In the mean time the would-be king consulted his father, and recommended him to go in quest of his kingdom. So he started; but he obtained the

companionship of Nadadasoode,¹ and the two set out together.

On their way they had to pass through a forest where there were a number of large ferocious wild-beasts. "Oh, what shall we do?" said the terrified would-be king, when he saw the wild beasts making at them. "Climb the nearest tree with all haste," said the other. This direction was immediately put into execution. The animals were not of a kind to follow them up the trees, and they were safe. They remained on this lofty perch until the enemy had retired. Then they came down and went on their way.

By and by they reached a large town where a king dwelt; they found the palace and sought an interview with his Majesty. But previously the would-be king had asked advice of his wily comrade, as to the best plan of procedure. He had proposed the following: "Tell the king you are his brother, and that you were carried off by Indians when a little boy, and that you have lately discovered who you are, and have come to make yourself known to him." This plan he followed. Having been introduced to the king, he informed him, when he was questioned, who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, what his business was. "I am your brother," said he. "Did your parents never tell you that when you were a child, you had a brother that was carried off by the Indians?" "No, they did not," said the king; "I have never heard of such an event." But suddenly, as if

¹ This word may be translated "wisdom;" but "shrewdness, cleverness, subtlety," would perhaps be nearer the real meaning.

just recollecting himself (for Nadadasoode who had a touch of the magical about him and could use enchantment, now brought his powers to bear upon the king), the latter exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly! I remember all about it. I did have a brother carried off by the Indians, and have often heard my parents speak of it." "Well," said the other, "I am the man. I have been often told that you were my brother, and have come to make you a visit." He was received with the utmost cordiality and confidence. The king had it proclaimed all over the place that a long-lost brother had been found. The king also told him that he would divide the kingdom with him, and said, "Should you outlive me, you shall be king in my place." A house was furnished him, and seven men given him as servants.

Thus established, he and his wily servant began to plot further. "Our affairs are now going on prosperously," said they to each other. "When we shall have succeeded in obtaining all the wealth we need, we can return to our own home."

Now the king had a very fair daughter, and a plot was laid between the two to draw her into the trap; the plan was carried out in this way: The pseudo-king often rode out with his brother, who treated him with the greatest attention, all the family doing the same, and often visiting him and his friend at their own residence. One day the king was asked by his pseudo-brother if he would be willing that his niece should reside permanently with them and oversee the house, as it was rather dull and lonely there. No objection was made to the proposal. The young and

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

beautiful princess could keep house for her own uncle without any seeming impropriety, and she was soon installed accordingly. To get her for his own wife or mistress was of course out of the question, but he, would manage to get her for his friend. This was planned, and the plot went on.

“Uncle,” said the young lady one day, “who is this man, and what is he, that you have with you here?” “Oh, he is the son of the parties who brought me up,” he answered, “and he is my servant.”

One day when the two kings were about going out for a drive, the pretended uncle told the niece that he wanted her to come out and meet them when they returned, and Nadadasoode, his servant, would escort her. To this she agreed, and accordingly at the proper time they set out. But Nadadasoode led her along to where there were beautiful flowers growing by the wayside, to which he called her attention; she went forward gathering the flowers and admiring them, until he had led her away into the forest, and roamed and roamed until he knew she would never find her way out alone. He then slipped out of sight and left her. He soon heard her call. He knew she was lost, and gave no answer, but took the way that would bring him to meet the kings. They inquired after the princess, and he said he had left her back a small distance gathering flowers. When they came to the place, she was not there, and he said she must have gone home. But when they reached the palace, nothing had been heard of her. The king and all were alarmed. “Can you find her in the forest?” said the

king to Nadadasoode. "I will do my best," said he. "Find her," said the father, "and she shall be yours." "Agreed," said the other. "Remember your promise;" and he darted off to the place where he had left her. He called, and she soon answered, and was overjoyed to find her way back. "I lost you," said he, "and thought you had gone home."

When they returned home, the king, her father, did not fail to fulfil his engagement. The princess was given to the fellow in marriage. A great festival was made in honor of the occasion; the citizens were sorely displeased, but the king had his own way.

Soon after this the two rascals concluded that their game must be soon played out. "Let us wind up the business," said they, "and retire." So the pretended brother told the king that his friend had had an alarming dream; and from what he knew of him, he had reason to believe that what he had dreamed would come to pass, for he had never known it to fail. The dream was that they were to be attacked in a few days by an invading army. The town would be sacked and the people destroyed. "Your barns will be burned on the night preceding the attack."

The warning note having been sounded, preparations were made accordingly. It was arranged that the two kings should remain in one house, and that should be the king's palace.

When all was ready, Nadadasoode one night watched his opportunity and set fire to the king's barn. All was commotion and confusion. The king ran to assist in getting out the horses and cattle;

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

while he was out and the house was left alone, the wily robbers laid their hands on as much as they could carry off, and then ran away. When the king returned, they were not to be found. He could not imagine what had become of them, but concluded that they had probably perished in the fire. Here the story ends.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 10, 1871. She says that she learned it, with No. LXXVIII. and many others, from her mother.]

LXXX.
THE DOCTOR.

There was once a man who had seven sons. Their mother died when the youngest was but a child. The father was a poor, hard-working man. The eldest son was still small when his mother died, but he could assist a little in taking care of his brothers. They did very well in obtaining food, but fared badly for clothing; they missed the mother sadly in the matter of washing and mending. Sometimes while the old man wrought in the field he would send the eldest son round to beg for clothing for his brothers.

To add to their troubles, one of the boys hurt his knee and was a cripple for several years.

One day, while the father was alone at his work, a stranger came up to him and inquired after his welfare, and also after the state of his family. Now, it happened that a few nights before, he had seen this very person in a dream; he had dreamed that this person asked all the questions which he in reality did ask. He declared that he was a prophet, and that he knew the man's family affairs. He told him that his seventh son would be a great physician, and that he would begin to acquire the art of healing at the age of seventeen, that he would study the nature of plants and roots for a whole year, and would then cure his lame brother; after this his fame would extend, and he would grow rich by his art. His eldest son would become a king. "As for

you," he said to the father, "you will die in seven years from this time."

All these things the worthy man treasured up in his mind, but told no one of them until the seventh son had reached his seventeenth birthday. Having arrived at this age, the young man took to searching and tasting roots and herbs. Towards the end of his seventeenth year, after he had acquired considerable knowledge of the habits and properties of plants, he one day met a stranger in the woods who inquired what he was doing. He gave him at first an evasive answer, but finally discovering that the man knew all about it, he told him the whole truth. The man encouraged him to proceed, and taught him how to know the poisonous and injurious qualities of the plants and roots from their healing virtues. He would be able to test them by the smell. He was also directed never to administer his remedies internally; they were all to be applied to the surface. He was thus empowered by supernatural means both to prepare his remedies and to administer them. He must divide the profits with his father.

The next day he tried his skill on his brother's knee. He carefully rubbed on his preparation and awaited the result. The next week the knee was well. The news soon spread, and it was not long before he had an application to visit a sick person in the neighborhood, who was very low and given over to die. He examined the case, and gave the patient encouragement that he would recover. At the same time he acknowledged that he could not cure all cases. "When a man's appointed time has come," he said, "no skill can save him; then he must die."

The next day, after having been thoroughly rubbed and manipulated, the patient was able to sit up in his bed, and in one week he was well, though it took him some time recover his strength completely.

Soon after, his third brother sickened and died. His father could not readily understand why the same skill that wrought such wonders in the other cases should not be efficacious in this one. But the young physician had already given the explanation; the boy's time had come. "And, father," said he, "yours will soon come too. It is now nearly seven years since you had that visit from the prophet. Did he not tell you that in seven years you would die?" "Yes, he did," was the answer; and the event verified the prediction. The man fell sick, and in a few days expired. All the rest of the brothers soon followed, except the oldest and the youngest.

These two concluded to leave the old homestead in the country, now that the rest had all gone, and remove to some town. So they started to travel. After a few days they reached a city where a king resided, whose only child, a son, had been ill for four years. When the two strangers were questioned respecting their place of residence, their business, and their object in visiting this place, they told the straightforward truth. Their father had been a poor man, they said, and they too were poor; but the younger one was skilled in the healing art, and the other could do ordinary kinds of work, and wished to get his living by his labor.

They were soon informed that the king had a very sick child, who had been a long time in a dangerous condition. They managed to acquaint

the king with their arrival and skill, and were soon sent for to go to the palace. The child was carefully examined and pronounced curable. The proper remedies were applied and the doctor was about leaving, when the king requested him to remain all day by the patient. But he replied that it was not necessary; he had other patients to attend, and would visit the child on the morrow. The next day when he came, the child was able to sit up, and was much better. In a few days he was wholly cured, though his strength did not return immediately.

The king was so overjoyed that he gave him, as he had promised, half of his kingdom. He declined this for himself and handed it over to his brother. He continued to practise his profession, and his fame was greatly enhanced by his success at the palace. He opened a school for instructing others in the art, though he could not impart to them the miraculous knowledge which he himself possessed.

One day he had another visit from his old friend, the prophet. He tried to find out his name, but he could not succeed. The old man told him he had no other name than Neganikchijetegawenoo (the Prophet).

After a while the king was taken ill, and ascertained that his time had come. His son was not yet old enough to assume the reins of government; so the king, calling him to his bedside, gave him a charge. The son was to give the whole authority into the hands of the doctor's brother, until he should become of age, and then he was to assume the half that would fall to him by right. To this all consented, and then the old king died.

SILAS T. RAND

In due time the young prince was of age, the authority of his part of the kingdom was handed over to him, and all went on harmoniously. The two brothers became immensely rich, and used their wealth in promoting the interests of the kingdom and of all concerned.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, April, 1871.]

LXXXI.
THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

There was a large Indian village owned and occupied by the tribe of the Sakskadook (Flying Squirrels).¹ Near by was a large lake, on the borders of which resided two brothers. One day one of these said to the other, "Come on, let us go to the next town and pay a visit." "Agreed," said the other. So away they went ; before long they arrived at the town, and inquired for the chief's residence. This was pointed out to them, and they were soon on good terms with the chief's son. But they were astonished at the paucity of the inhabitants; hardly any one seemed to be stirring. But as soon as the sun went down, and evening came on, the town was alive with people. They were running round, scaling the trees, and sailing overhead in the air. One of them asked in his astonishment, "What does all this mean? Are these magicians?" "Oh, no," his friend replied, "they are Sakskadook' (Flying Squirrels)."

The next day they proposed to the young chief to take an excursion with them and see what they could discover. He promised to go in seven days. On the seventh morning he directed the other two to go round the lake, and he would join them on the opposite side. So they did as he directed, while he went across, sailing over in the air; then they all set

¹ The flying squirrels move about only in the evening. They make their nests and rear their young in old trees, making their bed of bushels of old, dry bark, wood, and moss.

off together. They went in a northerly direction, and after a while came out to an Indian village. They inquired how far it was to where the king resided. They were told that they must pass two more villages, and that the third one would be the place. So on they went; but before they reached the *oodun* they came to a wide river; here there was a bridge, which was the peculiar property of the king, and no one was allowed to cross without special permission, — a precaution taken to prevent robbers from entering the place.

The three travellers applied to the servant who guarded the bridge for permission to pass, and he went and made his report to the palace. Inquiry was made as to who they were, when they had come, what kind of looking fellows they were, and what their professed business was. To all these questions satisfactory answers were given, and the three men were permitted to enter the town.

They had taken care all along to let it be known that the leading man of the Party was a chief's son, and that they two were servants.

Some days after the three adventurers had taken up their abode in this royal city, they announced that they expected the arrival of a large vessel. The vessel arrived accordingly, manned by a party of the Flying Squirrel tribe. The king, the townsmen, and especially the king's son were greatly pleased with the vessel, and wanted to buy her. So a bargain was struck, and the vessel was sold for a large price; and the sailors who came in her were engaged for a voyage, in which the king's son was to make a pleasure-trip. They made great

preparations for the excursion, and a bountiful supply of all sorts of needed stores was laid in, and the expedition started. The two men who were not of the Flying Squirrel tribe acted as treasurers to the adventurers, and took the price of their ship and the sailors' wages, and waited in the woods till the Flying Squirrel sailors should join them.

The ship in the mean time stood off with a fine breeze, and all went on smoothly till nightfall, when the sailors, taking advantage of their ability to sail through the air, left the vessel and returned to their companions. The prince, on awaking in the morning, was surprised to find the ship floating at the mercy of the waves and winds, minus his crew. They were drifted ashore, and he and his party got home the best way they could, and found that they were all deceived.

Meanwhile the adventurers had divided their booty and gone off home.

The king, finding that he had been duped, pursued the party to their own village. But they were apprised of his approach by one of the leading men, who had been notified of it in a dream. They made use of their wings to escape, so that when their enemies arrived they found nothing but a deserted town; and as there was no possibility of following the trail, they had to return home and bear their loss as best they could.

LXXXII.
THE FAIRY.

Away in the woods, in a solitary wigwam, dwelt three brothers, who were all unmarried. Two of them usually went out a hunting, and one kept the house. The one who remained at home and did the cooking usually went into the woods the following day; and thus they hunted and did housework in rotation continually.

One day, just as the evening meal had been prepared, a very small person entered, — small as the tiniest child, — and said that he was hungry, and asked for food. This was freely bestowed, a quantity being placed in a dish and set before him. He greedily devoured it all, and asked for more. This was given and despatched; nor was he satisfied until all that had been cooked for the three men had been eaten up. The little man then retired.

When his two companions came in, their brother related his adventure. They all wondered, and the other two said that it must have been an evil spirit; and should it come back while they were at home, it would not fare so well.

The next day one of the others took his turn at housekeeping, and the same thing occurred; back came the small man just as supper was ready, and solicited food. He did it so piteously, and withal with such apparent earnestness and need, that the man forgot his resolution and fed him to the full, — he devouring again all that had been cooked.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

On the third day it was the turn of the eldest to remain at home; he said that he would not be imposed upon, and carried out his threat. He refused to feed the little man, ordered him to leave the wigwam, and when he refused to do so, the master of the house grappled with him, but found it no child's-play to manage him. The small chap had physical strength equal to his eating powers. The man, getting worsted in the struggle, was glad to let go his grasp; whereupon the imp sprang out of the wigwam and fled, the man following with a sharp iron weapon in his hand. Just as they came to the face of a high precipice, the weapon was thrown at the fugitive and thrust completely through his body; at that instant he darted right into the face of the rock, carrying the weapon sticking through his body.

The next day the same man kept house again, and was visited by the same personage, the iron still sticking through him. He begged the man to withdraw the weapon, but he stoutly refused. Finally the *wiguladumooch* (or, as Nancy Jeddore pronounces it, *eguladumooch*, fairy) promised the man that if he would withdraw the iron from his body, he would take him and his brothers to a place where they would find some beautiful young women for wives. Upon this the weapon was withdrawn. "But how can you get cured of the wound?" asked the man. "Oh, that is an easy matter!" answered the fairy; "I can readily manage that." Upon this the other two men arrived from the woods, and were informed of the bargain that had been made. The fairy led off, and bade the men

follow. He led them to the top of a high cliff, and through a door which opened into a large cave; here was a fine and spacious room, around which were seated a row of small women, of the same rank and species as the fairy who had brought them thither. Above these were seated rows of men of the same genus. The three men were led up to the women, and directed to take their choice. At first they rejected the proposal, but finally concluded to take each a wife home, although they well knew that the women would immediately desert them.

So they stepped up to the row of women, and each took the object of his choice. The women followed them home; and the next day they were asked if they understood the mysteries of housekeeping, — the art of cooking especially. “Indeed we do!” replied the fairies. So, having installed them in office, all the men went out to hunt; but when they returned in the evening, the birds had flown and the cage was empty.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, July 23, 1871.]

LXXXIII.
UPSAAKUMOODE.

There was once a family of Indians consisting of a father, mother, two sons, and one daughter. They were very poor. After a while the younger son proposed to his brother that they should travel and see if they could not find some better prospect of obtaining a livelihood, or at least of finding them each a wife. The elder brother declined going, but encouraged the younger to try his fortune in some other place. He gave him some sage advice, and among other things directed him to make a large sack of deerskin, — such a sack as is called *upsaakumoodé* (a bag of a particular form and use). He was to gather all sorts of pretty things and put them in this sack, and then induce the girl of his choice to go in and look at them, when he would run off with her. [A poetical representation, I opine, of the various ways devised by young men to entrap and ensnare girls.] The brother followed these directions, and shouldering his sack, started on his expedition.

He soon reached a small town where everything was in its pristine condition, the stone age not having passed away. He asked for the chief, but was informed that there was no chief and that they had no intercourse with strangers and foreigners. He also informed him that there was a town some distance farther on, where the people were like him self, but he would pass, before he

reached it, another very large one of the ancient style. So he went on.

After a while he reached the looked-for *sakawachwa oodun* (ancient town). It was very large and populous, but everything indicated the age of stone. Men were everywhere making *lutkaamunul* (stone arrow-heads). With an old man thus employed he entered into conversation, and was informed that here were none of the new-fangled inventions. They had no intercourse with other nations, and adopted none of their manners. But at some distance farther on there was a town inhabited by Micmacs, like himself.

The traveller passed on, and came first to a deep, broad river, which he forded; after that he reached a lake, went round it, and on the other side found a large town; he inquired for the chief's lodge, and was directed to it. There was quite a commotion produced, the people shouting and running together to see and welcome the stranger. He visited the chief, and was questioned as to who he was, whence he came, and what his business was. He replied that he had come from a long distance, that he had been sent by his father, and that his intentions were friendly. This gave general satisfaction. The chief and all the rest treated him with the attention and respect due to a stranger. He went home with a young man belonging to the common people, who treated him very kindly and became his confidential friend. The young people of both sexes mingled freely in their visits, and conversed together. The stranger, becoming

enamored of one of the chief's daughters, determined to steal her and run away.

So in pursuance of his plan, he sallied forth with his *upsaakumooode*, and gathered all the beautiful flowers, stones, and other curiosities that he could find, and put them in the sack. He then came home, and let his friend into the secret, and got him to play a part in the *rôle*. Taking the sack with its contents, he carried it to a place where the young people were gathered together, and allowed them to look at the curious contents. One after another peeped in, and finally the young man who was in the secret was invited to crawl in and remain awhile. When he came out, he related some of the wonders he had seen, and was gravely informed that he did not stay long enough. Had he remained sufficiently long, he would have seen unheard-of wonders. The young ladies were inspired with a longing to see these wonders, but he was not very ready to gratify them. They were allowed to look in, however; and the one he had chosen for his wife was informed that he would allow her to go in and see all the wonders of the magic show-box. She contrived to meet him alone, and he allowed her to crawl into the bag; he told her she must keep moving and not speak for a long time. As soon as she was fairly inside the sack, he tossed it over his shoulder and ran towards home. As she was moving about all the time waiting and watching for the wonders that were to burst upon her sight, she was unaware that the bag itself was on the move, and flying through the forest as fast as Indian feet could fly. But her patience was at length exhausted, and she called lustily to be set

free. He then quietly put down the bag, and let out his captive. Her wish to see and know the rare and curious was now gratified; but [like her mother Eve and many of her sisters and brothers of all ages and races] her unlawful curiosity had got her into a scrape from which there was no means of extricating herself. She had now to submit to her lot; she was lost, and had not the slightest idea of her whereabouts; of course it was impossible for her to return. She shed tears, uttered some complaints, and thought how sad her parents would be. They would suppose that she had been drowned in the lake. But now she had no choice left but to submit to her captor; so she followed him home.

They soon came to the ancient town, which was one of the curiosities he had promised to show her if she would enter his magic sack. His promise was now fulfilled to the letter. He showed her all the curiosities of the stone age, and they passed on. When they reached the small town near his own, they remained there several years. The people inquired his name, and he said it was Ursaakumoodo (hand-bag).

After the lapse of years he went home to his father. His brother did not recognize him. He inquired, "Who are you?" "It is I," he answered, and was now recognized. The woman was introduced as his wife, and the old people were mightily pleased.

After a short time the young man died, and his brother married his widow.

LXXXIV.
THE FISHERS AND THE RACCOON.

There was an old couple who had four children, two boys and two girls; they were of the Upkumk (Fisher) tribe.

One day one of the boys asked his mother how many people it would take to kill them all off. She replied that it would not take many; one man could kill them all. But she informed him that they were safe against the attacks of some tribes, — as, for instance, the Porcupines. “They can not kill us; go and hunt them.”

One day this young chap took it into his head to go away on his own account. He had not travelled far when he met a man with whom he entered into conversation. He was one of the Amalchoogwech (Raccoon) tribe. They agreed to join their interests and hunt together. After proceeding a short distance they came upon a stone wigwam, which they entered and found empty; but they learned from its appearance that it belonged to the Porcupine¹ tribe.

They now went forward, and before long came out to a large town. It was near a river; they saw a great many people dressed in beautiful black clothes, rich and costly, who belonged to the Otter tribe.

They were received in a friendly manner, and offered to remain and work for their living, if agreeable to all. The Otters agreed to the proposal.²

¹ Porcupines love to burrow in the rocks.

² Fisher cannot fish, and Raccoon's skill in that line is not great; but one can hunt on land, while the other hunts in the water.

Now, the Otter tribe is very moral and strictly honest. The other Indians, such as the Bears, the Foxes, the Raccoons, the Wild-cats, and the Squirrels, are all great thieves, and commit depredations upon their neighbors; no one has ever complained of the Otters. They never steal their neighbors' geese or hens, or kill their sheep or cattle. In short, it is a well-dressed, well-behaved tribe. Had the Otters known of Don Raccoon's pranks, they would have demurred in admitting him into partnership.

Fisher would not undertake to hunt, but showed that he was very skilful in skinning and preparing the game; he was, therefore, installed housekeeper and cook.

Away went the Otters into the river, and returned laden with stores of all kinds of fish. While they were out of sight, Raccoon went off in a different direction. The farmers in the neighborhood were relieved of some of their poultry, and these were added to the pile.

Meanwhile Fisher performed the business of skinning eels with marvellous dexterity.¹

The parties dwelt together for seven years, and then Fisher proposed that he and Raccoon should return home. The Otters were so well satisfied with their company that they bestowed upon them, at

¹ These animals hunt porcupines, whose quills are not able to defend them. Having secured their prey by the throat, plunging their noses right under the belly of the porcupine, the Fisher rips the skin open along the belly, where there are no quills, and then strips it clean off before beginning to eat. Hence, in the allegorical Ahtookwokun, Don Fisher is represented as a capital hand at dressing game.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

parting, an ample supply of beautiful clothing, — rich, black, soft, and glossy.

When they arrived at the spot where Fisher met Raccoon, the latter was told by his companion that he need not go along farther; so he stopped, and Fisher went on. When he reached home, he found his mother still living, but his brothers and sisters had all been killed by one of the hostile tribes. His mother was glad to see him, and he remained and took care of her.

[Related by Nancy Jeddore, Oct. 19, 1871.]

LXXXV.
THE KING'S DAUGHTER
AND THE MAN SERVANT.

There was once a poor man whose family consisted of two boys and three girls, besides himself and wife. The father died, and the youngest son went away to seek his fortune. He travelled on until he came to a royal city, and introduced himself to one of the king's grooms. He asked for employment. The groom, seeing that he appeared like a smart fellow, engaged him for a while, and found that he gave such good satisfaction that he kept him on for two years.¹ At the expiration of this period the young man began to aspire to higher distinction, and wished to be taken into the king's household; he easily prevailed upon the groom to intercede for him. The king was informed respecting the matter, and appointed the day and hour for an interview.

"Let him come and see me," said he, "to-morrow at such an hour." At the appointed time our hero was on hand, and as soon as the king saw him he recognized his cleverness, and saw that there was something above his station in his bearing. Grasping his hand, he bade him welcome, and inquired into his parentage and place of residence. The young man informed him that his father's brother was a king, that his father had died when he was small, and that his mother had been defrauded of her husband's estate, and reduced to

¹ He remained two years with the groom, and then served seven years with the king.

poverty; so he had grown up in want and neglect. The king believed his story, and made inquiries of the keeper of the royal stables respecting the young man's demeanor, and was pleased to learn that it was in every respect unexceptional. He therefore engaged the youth as coachman and as one of his body-servants. The young man was thus employed for seven years, during which time he was diligent at his work, and used all his leisure and opportunities for improving his mind. He had agreed at first that at the end of seven years, if his services were not satisfactory, the contract should be broken. The king was greatly pleased with the young man, and was convinced of the truth of his story; he liked him better than any of the rest of his servants, for he was diligent, trustworthy, and pious.

Now the king had two children, a boy and a girl. The princess, from the first, conceived a strong affection for the young coachman. From her chamber window she used to watch him while at his work, and he often drove the coach in which she and her brother rode out; she took care to bestow upon her dignified but obsequious servant gentle words and gracious looks. One day, lingering behind after the coach had returned to the palace and her brother had left, she openly confessed her passion, and asked the youth to marry her. She herself, she said, would intercede with the king for the favor. He objected, saying, "I am poor; your father will never consent to the match, and your application can only end in defeat and danger to us both." But she was not to be baffled. "What if you

are poor," she answered, "you are of royal descent, noble in your behavior and mien, and riches are easily acquired." He was captivated by her charms and conquered by her arguments, and they agreed that she should broach the subject to the king, her father, and ask his consent.

She did so, and was at first repulsed. She argued that his poverty need be no objection, since that could easily be removed. The king loved his daughter; and his affection for her and also for the young man, whom he believed to be of royal descent, prevailed over all objections, and the nuptials were decided on. He called the young man, promised to load him with honors and riches, and appointed the day for the wedding.

Meanwhile the news of the approaching wedding spread over the city. The humble condition of the expected bride groom was kept secret. It was given out that he was a prince from a distant city. At the appointed time the marriage was celebrated with great splendor. Guns were fired, trumpets sounded, and bells rung. At the palace all was festivity and mirth; crowds pressed round to catch a glimpse of the happy pair, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. After this he returned to his own place, and found his mother still living, and their relatives all scattered, earning their livelihood by manual labor. He took his mother home with him to his palace, and provided for her in an honorable way till her death.

[How like some of our own legends! Is it not really one of our own? In the hands of Tennyson

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

what a splendid poem it would make! He could begin with the misfortunes of the young count, could paint in brilliant colors the progress of events, and introduce a splendid *dénouement* of the plot.

Related, Nov. 16, 1871, by Nancy Jeddore, who, as she says, heard it from her mother, who had a large store of legends.]

LXXXVI.
USKOOS AND ABUKCHEECH
(WEASEL AND MOUSE).

There was once a large Indian town on the borders of a lake, and out some distance in the lake there was a large island.

In this town resided a widow who had three children, two boys and one girl. The names of the boys were Uskoos and Abukcheech (Weasel and Mouse). Weasel was the elder. The family were very poor, and the cause of their poverty was that they were too lazy to work for a livelihood; they lived by plunder.¹ The two boys did the principal part of the plundering; they always lay by in the daytime, and strolled out at night for their depredations, thus escaping detection. As these fellows were never seen at work, it became a matter of wonder to their neighbors how they lived. It was agreed to examine into the matter, and to see if the robbers, whose depredations were beginning to be felt quite seriously, could be detected. So a party of young men, at the chief's suggestion, paid the family a visit one evening. They found the mother and sister bustling about, but the two boys were asleep. They slept the whole evening, until their visitors had gone home; then they slipped out to their pranks.

One day the chief summoned them before him, and submitted them to a cross-examination. "What

¹ The squirrel collects nuts for himself, and hoards up for winter, but weasels and mice never do; they are great thieves.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

work do you follow," said he, "and how do you get your living?" They said that they were honest and industrious Indians, and that they hunted to obtain their food and clothing, as other good men did. So they were dismissed; but the chief sent a party to watch them, and while they were being watched, they, in turn, watched the watchers. They would slyly peep forth from their hiding-places, and if the coast was not clear they would slip back and hide. Thus they managed to elude the vigilance of their enemies, whom they finally determined to avenge by an onslaught on a large scale. They went out and mustered all the weasels and mice of the surrounding region, and plundered the whole town. All the meat in the town was carried off in the course of a few nights, and all the clothing and skins were gnawed and spoiled. This was beyond endurance; and the chief summoned his council, and all agreed to remove over to the island. This was done; but our heroes remained behind.

After the rest had gone, they had full sway and plenty to eat. They walked boldly about in the daytime, and were observed from the island. An exploring-party was sent over to inquire into matters, and they found the two robbers in possession of the place, and revelling in plenty. The explorers were accosted in a friendly manner, and treated with all becoming respect. "Are you not troubled with mice and weasels?" they asked. "Oh, not in the least," was the answer; "they have all disappeared from the place." Learning the condition of things, the chief and all hands agreed

to return, as their wigwams were all there, ready to be inhabited.

For a while they were unmolested. The two thieves had plenty, and they waited until the others had brought in their supplies, and their own were nearly exhausted, before they commenced operations again. The chief suspected there were necromancers among them; but others thought the rogues, whoever they were, must be something worse than necromancers, even evil spirits, they were so sly and destructive. The chief called the two chaps, Weasel and Mouse, and consulted them. They offered to rid the neighborhood of the thieves, provided they were well rewarded. "What reward do you demand?" the chief asked. "That your eldest son shall receive our sister in marriage," was the reply. To this the old sachem would not consent, and so the trouble continued on a larger scale, for our heroes again called in the aid of their fellow Weasels and Mice of the surrounding region. This brought the chief to terms, and the young man took home his bride. The two boys now told their mother that they would not steal any more from the old chief because he was providing for their sister. They succeeded, too, according to agreement, in defending the place for some time, their neighbors never venturing over except by special invitation. But after a while the trouble broke out afresh, and the two brothers, who had proved themselves before so clever in protecting the property of their neighbors, were again appealed to. The reward demanded this time was that their mother should be provided for, and supplied with food and

clothing. To this the chief agreed, and the thieving stopped. The old lady was removed to her new abode, and the sons told her that they were going away to seek their fortunes, and would not return for three years. A scheme, proposed by the elder brother Weasel, had been concerted between them to go to the place where the white king resided and rob him.

So bidding their mother and sister farewell, they started, and after travelling awhile came to a broad, beautiful valley, through which flowed two large rivers, and where they found an Indian village. There they inquired how far it was from the city where the king lived. They were told that it was very far off, but that they would come to another town before they reached it. So on they went, and arriving at the town they asked for employment. They were introduced to the chief, and he wished to know what they could do. They said that they could do almost anything, but they were special adepts in obtaining and bringing away booty. He employed them, and they plied their trade steadily for a year, when they were paid off, and went on. They were determined to get an introduction to the king and rob him.

They travelled on a whole week before they reached the city. They could not enter it without leave from the king, as he was jealous of strangers. He was afraid of robbers. They accordingly sent up word that they wished to see the king. They said that their father was originally from this place, and that he died while they were children; they had

come to visit the old place, and, if possible, get employment and remain.

In due time they had an interview with the king; he inquired what business they followed. Weasel said that he was a blacksmith by trade, and Mouse said that he could board and shingle houses. There happened to be plenty of work in these two departments, and they were soon installed in their new occupations. In the mean time they waited for night and darkness, in order to begin their more congenial employment; they executed their plans to rob the king. Being men in the day time, they could be Mouse and Weasel both in shape and nature at night. The Mouse cut through into the king's apartments, where the money and other valuables were. The Weasel stepped in through the hole and carried off the prey. Small and sly and slippery as he was, he was very strong.¹ He carried all out; they carefully closed the hole, and then returned to their home. They told their mother that the king had made them a present of all this. This ends the story.

[by Nancy Jeddore, Feb. 19, 1872.]

¹This is true of the weasel. "One of them," says Nancy, "can almost drag a rabbit."

LXXXVII.
THE THREE KINGS.

Away very far from other human habitations on the borders of the sea, dwelt two Indian families. One son and three sisters younger than he, besides the two parents, constituted one of these families. The others consisted of the two old people who had no children. They were all poor. They did not know that there were any other Indians; but the father of the four children knew that, far away to the southwest, there was a large city where three kings resided and ruled.

One day after his son had grown to manhood, he told him to go in search of this city and beg of the king some assistance. "Ask him," said he, "for some seed, that we may till the land and raise the means of living. The ground here is fertile, and would make an excellent garden had we but seeds to plant. Ask him to give you instructions how to plant and cultivate the different kinds of seeds; his servants will give you all the necessary information."

The young man immediately prepared to execute his father's orders, and started on the expedition. He was charged to make all possible despatch and not to stay. He started according to instructions, and travelled towards the southwest, and was one whole year in reaching the place.

He had one memorable adventure on his way. He came out to a large pasture full of all kinds of animals, wild and tame, and was alarmed lest they should attack and kill him. So he stepped back into

the woods, and started to go round them. He soon heard a voice calling to him, but he could see no one; the voice told him not to be afraid, as the animals were all under his control, and would not touch him; but first he was questioned as to who he was and what he wanted. He then resumed his course across the field, and through the midst of the herd unmolested.

In due time he arrived at the city. It was large and beautifully built, and astonished the stranger by its magnificence. He entered a house of humble appearance and made inquiries. He was questioned in turn. "Where have you come from? What is your errand?" "I came," he replied, "from a distant place, and I wish to see the king, in order to obtain assistance from him to enable us to support ourselves by cultivating the land." His host informed him that it was as his father had told him, — there were in the city three kings; that this arrangement had been established when the city was first built, and had been adhered to ever since. He told him where the residence of the kings was. He went over to it, and the porter examined him, and, after being satisfied that he was all right, went and spoke to the king in the stranger's behalf. The king fixed a time when he could be seen; and when that time arrived, our friend was on hand. He knelt before the king, who extended to him his right hand, which he kissed. He then made known his errand. The king left him, but promised to be back in an hour. When he returned, one of the other kings came with him. They gave him money and several kinds of seeds, seven of each kind. He was

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

to plant each kind by itself; they told him he must be careful not to pluck the fruit before it was perfectly ripe; then they would realize seven bushels to every seed. This would be sufficient to seed the whole region. He must be liberal with it. Those who were able might buy it, but such as were poor must receive it gratis. The kings invited him to remain there for a season with them, but he declined their invitation, as his father had charged him to return immediately. So they dismissed him, but informed him that there was a much shorter way home than that by which he came. Upon this route they put him, and in one week he was at home.

When spring opened, they prepared the ground and planted their seeds, which came up and grew with wonderful rapidity.

Now it happened that the father was a very religious man; he was strict and regular in his devotions, and prayed a great deal. He chose, as a place of prayer, the field where the crop was growing, which he made it his business to watch. Every day he resorted thither carrying his prayer-book, in which he read morning, noon, and night. The crop grew so rapidly and spread so wonderfully that he could almost see it grow.

One day a voice addressed him,—but he could not see the speaker, — admonishing him that a jealous enemy was meditating mischief, and would seek to destroy his garden, with all that pertained to it; but if he persevered seven days in prayer, the design would be frustrated. “Is this your garden?” said the voice. He answered, “No, it belongs to my

son; I am simply here watching it." When he returned home, he informed the family what he had heard; it was concluded that an aangel had spoken to him, and that the enemy referred to was the devil. The old man doubled his diligence in his devotions for seven days; and the foe, who ever he was, was kept at bay.

When autumn came, and the crops had ripened, it was found just as the generous king foretold; each seed had produced seven bushels. This was carefully gathered and disposed of according to the directions received. There was enough to supply the neighbors as well as themselves with seed, and plenty besides to be used as food.

Soon after this the old man died, and they buried him. The son felt sad, and thought the mother would soon follow; he told his sisters so, but they thought differently. One day he was gone so long that they became alarmed, and one of the girls went to look for him; she found him dead. Here the tale ends abruptly.

MEMORANDA.

OOTABAKUNASKOOK.

This is a kind of sledge, made flat and wide, of several pieces bent over, like the iron of a pair of skates, at the forward end. The several pieces of which it is composed are about three or four inches wide and half an inch thick, and sometimes ten feet long. No nails are used in its construction, but it is fastened together with green hide strings. Several pieces of wood are laid across, and holes are pierced through the slats; these cross bars are tied down firmly, the string on the outside being sunk into a groove to keep it from catching and wearing off. Rock-maple or beech is preferred as the material for the construction. A small round stick runs along on the top lengthwise, on each side, to which the load is bound. The whole forms a light, convenient, yielding, yet strong sledge for conveyance through the woods. Such sledges are especially adapted for hunting on snow-shoes, as they readily yield to the uneven surface, slipping over the snow and windfalls; and even if they capsize, they sustain no injury, — the load, being bound on, can be readily righted. This was the *tobakun* of olden times.

COOKUMIJENAWANAK.

Name of a place; signification, the Grandmother's Place. There are two places in Nova Scotia called by this name. One is at the

SILAS T. RAND

outlet of the Grand Lake into the Shubenacadia River. Right in the middle of the river there is a rock a little more than a foot above the surface, and sufficiently large for two persons to stand upon and fish. It is looked upon as a very lucky place to fish. The Indians think it was made there for them. They think a great deal of it, and would be sorry to have it removed.

THE END.

