

Legends of the Micmacs



Yours very truly
Silas J. Rand

Legends
of
the Micmacs

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



Invisible Books

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Note on the Invisible Books Edition

This book is a careful reproduction of the original: the only material difference is in the transcription of Micmac words. The trouble of obtaining and employing the diacritical marks which Rand used would hardly be compensated by the number of readers who would either appreciate or benefit by it. Rand's spelling is however meticulously preserved.

A matter of greater moment is the defense of Rand's work, and works like Rand's, from the captious and self-serving criticism which has been levelled at it by modern ethnographers.

Rand and his ilk of course labored under the misconception that the Bible and the Greco-Roman classics were in no way comparable to the Native literature of the Americas. Nonetheless, he put aside his prejudices to the extent of encyclopaedically and sympathetically documenting the culture. Without the efforts of men like Rand, we should have no real knowledge of Micmac beliefs at all.

The politically corect ethnography of the 20th century, eschewing Rand's many virtues, not the least of which is his lofty prose style, doggedly reproduced Rand's one flaw: the assumption of incomparability. Nowadays, ethnographic materials are considered on their own terms — to the extent of excluding the kind of cross-cultural sympathy which alone would make clear their universal and enduring value, and communicate it. An example of this approach, which shows in small the whole phenomenon, is the transcription of names.

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Nowadays scholars favor systems of transliteration that precisely account for the sounds of the original language, even though this means using symbols which are unintelligible and unpronounceable to the non-specialist. The point of incomparability is made at the price of unintelligibility. (Rand was here ahead of his time, but he may be excused: his precision was a matter of honest philological zeal: he *wrote* the first dictionary of the Micmac language.)

A more important threat to the truth of Micmac literature is the pernicious business (I use the term advisedly) of *retelling*.

Tragically, for most Native peoples, as for the Micmac, there is no longer an unbroken living tradition of storytelling. But while Rand's book and many like it have been out of print for more than a century, the market is inundated with bowdlerized retellings, usually of a politically correct sort.

A respect for truth and documentary evidence demands of us a basic humility before work such as Rand's. He is a primary source, a Micmac speaker, who lived among the Micmac life-long and obtained his information first-hand. A documentary source of this order is a primary one, as Caesar is for the ancient Gauls. As such he cannot be superceded, since *in a primary source even errors are clues to the truth*. The "improvement" of work like Rand's to bring it into line with modish liberal sentimentality is an act of vandalism. We must candidly reject these dishonest "retellings" which spare feelings that should not be spared, and

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are finally appealing only to skimmers impatient of serious literature.

We owe it to ourselves and to the Native peoples of the Americas to acquaint ourselves directly with the authentic records of their culture, which must become part of ours if we mean to have a real culture at all.

Jacob Rabinowitz

PREFACE.

The following Micmac Legends were collected by the Rev. Silas T. Rand, who was for forty years a missionary among the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia. The stories were related to him in Micmac, by the native Indians, and then translated and written down by him in English; the translations only have been preserved, in no case the narration in the original language. Of his mode of procedure in taking down these legends, Dr. Rand says: "The greater portion of these legendary remains were written out at first, not in Indian, but in English. I never found an Indian, either man or woman, who would undertake to tell one of these stories in English. I heard them related, in all cases, in Micmac. I usually had pen, ink, and paper at hand; if I came to a word I did not understand, I would stop the speaker, jot down the word with its meaning, make a few other brief notes, and then write out the story in English from memory, aided by the brief notes I had made. But this was not all; I always read over the story in English to the one who related it, and made all necessary corrections."

Concerning the origin of these Indian stories, and their relationship to European tales and myths, Dr. Rand says: "I have never found more than five or six Indians who could relate these queer stories; and most, if not all, of these are now gone. Who their original author was, or how old they are, we

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have no means of knowing. Some of them are evidently of modern date, because they refer to events that have taken place since the advent of the whites. Some of them are so similar to some of our old European 'fairy tales' and 'wizard stories,' as told in our English story books, as to lead to the impression that they are really one and the same." Mr. Charles G. Leland, in his "Algonquin Legends of New England,"¹ calls attention to some curious coincidences between the Norse myths and those of the Wabanaki or Northeastern Algonquins, to which branch the Micmacs belong; he inclines to the opinion that these resemblances are to be explained by the theory of direct transmission.

Soon after the death of Dr. Rand, in 1889, the Legends, together with other valuable Micmac and Maliseet manuscripts, were purchased by Professor E. N. Horsford for the library of American Linguistics, Wellesley College, and placed in charge of the Department of Comparative Philology for publication.

The value of this material, collected by the untiring industry of the Rev. Dr. Rand, was readily recognized by Professor Horsford; he did not fail to see in it a contribution of rare worth, alike to the philologist, the anthropologist, and the ethnologist; he believed that traces of the Northmen might be found in these Indian tales, and that the language of the Micmacs might, upon closer study, reveal the impress of the early Norse invaders. He therefore

¹ Preface, p. 3.

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desired that these works should be published, and thus placed within the reach of investigators.

The ability and zeal of Dr. Rand have saved from oblivion the rich material of a whole language and literature; the generosity and scholarly enthusiasm of Professor Horsford have furnished the means whereby the publication of this material is made possible; the service which these two scholars have rendered to a trio of sister sciences will prove more and more a stimulus to research, the more the attention of scholars turns to the study of the aboriginal inhabitants of our country.

The original manuscript of Legends in Dr. Rand's collection is a volume of nine hundred quarto pages. A few of these legends have already been published.

Mr. Charles G. Leland, while preparing his volume entitled "The Algonquin Legends of New England," made use of the manuscript of Dr. Rand for some of his stories of Glooscap, of the adventures of Master Rabbit, and of the Partridge; also for the Chenoo legends, and some tales of magic.

The "Dominion Monthly" for 1871 contains nine legends by the Rev. Silas T. Rand.

The "North American Review" for 1871, in an article by William Elder, entitled "The Aborigines of Nova Scotia," contains several stories about the Kwedech Wars, Glooscap, Kaktoowasees (Little Thunder), and Keekwajoo (the Badger).

The "American Antiquarian," edited by Stephen D. Peet, Chicago, Illinois, contains the following legends:

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Vol. XII. pp. 156-159, May, 1890. The Beautiful Bride.

Vol. XII. pp. 283-286, Sept. 1890. Glooscap, Chukw, Coolpujot.

Vol. XIII. pp. 41-42, Jan. 1891. A Giant Story.

Vol. XIII. pp. 163-170, March, 1891. The Story of the Moosewood Man.

While some portions of the Legends have thus already in substance been presented to the public, yet the entire collection, in the form in which Dr. Rand wrote it, now for the first time appears in print.

In preparing this work for publication, I have endeavored to preserve, as nearly as possible, the wording of the original; some changes have, however, been deemed necessary for the sake of greater clearness, or to remove such slight grammatical inaccuracies as have, evidently through inadvertence, slipped into the text. In the spelling of some of the Indian proper names there is considerable variation in the manuscript, due perhaps partly to oversight, partly to the fact that Dr. Rand, in spelling these words phonetically, availed himself of an admissible variation of characters to represent the same sound, and partly to a real difference in the sound of the words as spoken by different narrators. The English Dictionary of Dr. Rand,² which I have followed in some cases where the manuscript showed various spellings, has been of great service to me.

Since the death of Professor Horsford on New Year's day of the present year I have felt deeply the

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loss of his friendly counsel and genial interest in the editing of this work; yet this loss has been lessened, in so far as might be, by the cordiality with which his family, especially Misses Lilian and Cornelia Horsford, have cooperated with me in the execution of his plans. My thanks are due to Mr. W. F. Ganong, of Harvard University, for valuable suggestions; and especially to Mrs. A. F. Harris, of Chauncy Hall School, Boston, for reading with me the proof-sheets.

A deep interest in the work, as a tribute of respect to his venerated and distinguished kinsman, has been shown throughout by Dr. Benjamin Rand, of Harvard University.

Helen L. Webster

Department of Comparative Philology,
Wellesley College,
November, 1893.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. SILAS TERTIUS RAND.

I know of no more satisfactory way of presenting to my readers a brief account of the life, viewed especially from the side of its philological achievement, of the Rev. Silas T. Rand, than to repeat here the vivid sketch which the reverend gentleman himself gave in response to one who asked him to tell the story of his life.

“I was born,” said Dr. Rand, “at Brooklyn Street, Cornwallis, six miles from Kentville, Nova Scotia. My grandfather came to this province after the expulsion of the French-Acadians. He was one of the English pioneers. I do not know how much land he obtained, but my own father and his youngest brother were allotted one square mile of woodland, — now some of the finest land in the Cornwallis valley. I was the eighth in a family of twenty-two children, and was born on the 18th of May, 1810. My father was married three times. By his first wife, Amy Tupper, he had three children. His second wife was Deborah Tupper, a sister of the late Rev. Dr. Tupper (father of Sir Charles, who is consequently my cousin) ; and by her he had five children, of whom I am the youngest. My father married, thirdly, a Miss Schofield, who bore him fourteen children. The mother of this Miss Schofield lived to be one hundred and six years old, and when she was one hundred, her memory was as clear as a bell. My father died at the age of

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seventy-four; and of the family of twenty-two, only five now survive. Whatever talent I have been blessed with, I have inherited from my mother. My mother never went to school two weeks in her life ; but she was a beautiful reader, and was a poetess of no mean ability.

I was educated in the greatest university of all time, ancient or modern, — a building as large as all out doors, and that had the broad canopy of heaven for a roof. My father taught me to read — and he taught me more thoroughly to work on the farm — when I was a small boy. My father and grandfather before me had been brick layers ; and when I was eighteen years of age, I commenced a seven years' apprenticeship to that honorable and muscle-developing profession. When I was a small boy, I went to school, such as schools were then, for a few weeks to Sarah Beckwith, Sarah Pierce, and Wealthy Tupper, respectively. None of them amounted to much as teachers, and Wealthy Tupper could not write her own name; but there was one thing she could do, — she could and did teach and show us the way to Heaven. During the evenings of three winters I went to school taught by a man, and 'graduated' when eleven years of age. Seven years later, I determined to study and master the science of arithmetic. This I did with the aid of a book.

“I took my first lesson in English grammar when twenty-three years of age from an old stager named Bennett. I paid him three dol lars for the lesson, and after learning it, started and taught a couple of classes of my own at two dollars per pupil. Next, I studied Latin grammar four weeks at Horton Academy, when Rev. Dr. Pryor, now living in Halifax (1886), was principal of that institution. Then, in the spring of 1833. I returned to the work of a stonemason and the study of Latin. There was then no “ten-hour system” in existence. It was manual labor from sunrise to sundown. But I took a

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lesson in Latin before going to work, studied it while at work, took another lesson at dinner, and another at night. I should have told you that my first lesson in Latin was taken the first night of the four weeks I spent in Horton Academy. I heard a fellow-student, the late Rev. Wellington Jackson, repeat over and over again: "The words *opus* and *usus*, signifying "need," require the ablative, as, *.Est opus pecuniae*, "There is need of money." That rule, and the truth it contained, was so impressed upon my memory and was such a perfect illustration of my own circumstances, that I never forgot it. In 1834 I was ordained a Baptist minister by Father Manning, and took charge of the church at Parrsboro, where I preached and continued the study of Latin, as well as of Greek and Hebrew. In 1836 I went back to Horton Academy for a few months; and from that time the study of languages became a passion."

Upon being asked whether he could speak and write a dozen languages, Dr. Rand replied: —

"I could twenty years ago, but perhaps I should have to refresh my memory somewhat to do it in my seventy-sixth year. Twenty years ago I knew English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Modern Greek, Micmac, Maliseet, and Mohawk; I am a little rusty now, as I said, but I could then read Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish almost as well as English. And even now I am reading through, for the second time, Buchanan's Latin History of Scotland. Do you ask which is my favorite language? Micmac. Why? Because it is one of the most marvellous of all languages, ancient or modern, — marvellous in its construction, in its regularity, in its fulness, — and it is the language in which I have, perhaps, done the most good. It is a language into which I have

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translated the Bible, and in which I have been privileged to preach the gospel to thousands of semi-savages.

“After leaving Parrsboro, I was pastor of the Baptist churches at Horton, Liverpool, Windsor, and Charlottetown, respectively, until 1846, when, just forty years ago, I dedicated my life to missionary work among the semi-savage Indians of Nova Scotia. A wonderful foreign mission sentiment had swept over Nova Scotia. The Baptists had sent Mr. and Mrs. Burpee to Burmah; and John Geddes and Isaac Archibald, two young Nova Scotians in the Presbyterian ministry, had devoted their lives to work among the savages of the South Sea Islands. Prof. Isaac Chipman, who was afterwards drowned with a party of students returning from Blomidon, was then at Acadia College; he remarked one day that we should look after the heathen at home, and suggested that I should learn the Indian language. I took hold of the idea, and determined thenceforth to devote my life to the work of civilizing, educating, and christianizing the semi-savage Indians of the maritime provinces. I resigned the pastorate of my church, — that comparatively easy way of earning a livelihood, — gave up all the comforts, conveniences, prospects, and social happiness of a pastor, and devoted a large portion of my life to association with savages, having such comforts as were to be derived from association with them, and spending portions of a lifetime in wigwams and in the woods. Of course, my first task was to master the language, which I can assure you was no easy matter. Fortunately I made the acquaintance of a Frenchman, named Joe Brooks, who had lived among the Indians nearly all his life, and could talk both French and Micmac very fluently; he was also an intelligent man. His father was a French man-of-war sailor, who was captured by the British during the wars between those two empires for

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supremacy on this continent, and was brought as a prisoner to Halifax. He did not return to France with his confrères, but went up to Digby and settled there. The son lived among the Micmacs, married one of them, and translated his name, Joseph Ruisseaux, into Joseph Brooks. He rendered me great service in mastering the Micmac language, and it was from his lips that I first learned of the wonderful legends that, after confirmation by many old Indians, I subsequently gave to the world.

“At that time (1846) the condition of the Indians was not materially different from what it was two hundred years previously. It was the policy of that day to keep them in ignorance and degradation. They were taught to preserve the traditions of barbarism, and on no account to become like white men. But, thank God, all this has been changed in forty years, in spite of bitter opposition and difficulties that were apparently insurmountable. They are now treated not only as human beings, but as citizens. They have the Gospel and other books in their own language; they live in houses, dress, work, and eat like other people, and have property and schools of their own. Forty years ago the power of caste and prejudice against the Indians was so strong in Nova Scotia that even such a good man as Isaac Chipman did not dare to allow me the use of an unfinished and unoccupied room in Acadia College in which I could obtain lessons from one solitary Indian, for fear of affecting the prosperity of the college in which his heart was so bound up. But to-day not only are the doors of that institution thrown wide open to boys and girls, and Indians and negroes, and all other nationalities, but Indians and negroes will be found sitting side by side with whites in the common schools and academies all over the provinces. Of the present condition of the Indians of this province, eighty per cent of the

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improvement has taken place within the past twenty-five years.

“The Indians are not dying out, as some believe; on the contrary, they are increasing. Here are the census statistics of the Indian population of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for the past thirty years : —

Year	Nova Scotia	New Brunswick.
1851	1,056	1,116
1861	1,407	1,212
1871	1,666	1,403
1881	2,125	1,401
[1892	2,151	1,511]

“This shows that the Indians in Nova Scotia have more than doubled in one generation. There are, besides, 281 on Prince Edward Island, which gives us 3,807 Indians in the maritime provinces at the present time. People are deceived by the fact that, whereas they were formerly accustomed to see large numbers of Indians encamped in one place, they now generally find them scattered and broken up into small settlements.

“As regards my support, that was provided for in the early years of my work among the Indians, by the Micmac Missionary Society, which agreed to pay me two hundred pounds a year. That was a nominal salary; but it was saddled with one condition, — provided I could get it. Of course that was a very unsatisfactory method. Twenty-two years ago I adopted the Müller system of living by faith. George Müller is one of the most remarkable Christian philanthropists of the age; he maintains more than five thousand orphan children at Bristol by public charity, and never asks any man for a dollar. Since 1864 I have had no fixed salary, made no public appeals for money, demanded no collections, and never asked any man for a dollar. For twenty-two years I have lived by faith in God,

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— that my bread would be given me, and that my water would be sure, —and during the whole of that time I have never had a demand which I could not meet. Indeed, I could relate to you many wonderful instances of answers to prayer. The good Lord has always supplied my wants, — not always in the way I looked for it, but in his own way.”

From November, 1853, until his death in October, 1889, Dr. Rand resided in Hantsport, Nova Scotia. One who visited him in his home at that place thus describes the venerable missionary and scholar: —

“ One mile back of that pretty little village of Hantsport, stands the home of Dr. Rand. His study is filled, mostly, with old musty books of ancient languages and literature. On his writing-table, and piled on the shelves, are manuscripts of his unpublished Indian works. The sight of this veteran missionary in his study, surrounded by his twelve thousand manuscript pages of Micmac Scriptures, Dictionary, Grammar, and Legends, is a picture worth going to Hantsport to see. He sits at his desk as straight as an arrow; his marvellous memory is still unimpaired; and his remarkable energy and ability to work are apparently as great as ever. For fifty years he has kept a personal journal, and in it are recorded many racy passages on men and events in Nova Scotia during the past half century. But the ordinary man who undertakes to read it is met by one great drawback, — it is written in English, French, Latin, Greek, Micmac, and shorthand, respectively. Dr. Rand devotes about ten hours a day of his time to the preparation of the manuscript of his Micmac-English Dictionary for publication, which has been assumed by the

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Dominion Government. When he tires of literary work, he seeks recreation with the axe and wood-saw. "I learned to use the axe," said the almost octogenarian, "at the age when a certain piper's son is said to have become proficient in the art. I would like to have a race with Mr. Gladstone with the axe; I think I could compete with him as well at chopping as at Latin versifying."

Dr. Rand inherited his passion for versifying from his mother. He published a volume containing about one hundred "Modern Latin Hymns." These Latin hymns were constructed, not according to ancient rules of prosody, but according to the modern English methods of rhyme and rhythm. Among the familiar hymns thus turned into Latin are "Abide with me," "A mighty fortress is our God," "From Greenland's icy mountains, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," "Jesus, refuge of my soul," "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," and many others. Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for December, 1885, published the Latin translation of the hymn "Rock of Ages" of Mr. Gladstone and that of Dr. Rand, side by side. Speaking of the circumstances under which his translation was made, Dr. Rand said: "When I saw Mr. Gladstone's translation, I thought a better one could be made. He had omitted the word 'rock' altogether; and I thought he had poorly translated the line, 'Simply to thy cross I cling.' Several other lines were not literally translated. So I made an attempt myself, and in sending Mr. Gladstone my translation, freely criticised his own. He acknowledged my letter in a proverbial post-card, which I finally deciphered as follows": —

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Dear Sir, — I thank you for the kind terms used in your letter, and I at once admit that your version of the “Rock of Ages” is more exact than mine. Indeed, I can scarcely say that I aimed at a literal translation throughout. The verse you quote is quite accurate, and so, I have little doubt, is the rest that you have seen.

Your faithful serv't,

W. E. Gladstone

Aug. 22, '78.

Dr. Rand has been called the Elihu Burritt of Canada; and he well deserved the name. He possessed a marvellous memory and wonderful linguistic power; he was a man of remarkable energy and ability. The work which he accomplished was unique. The value of that which he has done in the Micmac and Maliseet languages will become more and more apparent as the attention of philologists turns more and more to the investigation of the aboriginal languages of America. He has translated into Micmac almost the entire Bible ; he has compiled a dictionary in that language of more than forty thousand words, and he has, in addition, furnished to the philologian a large amount of other valuable linguistic material. He was the discoverer of Glooscap, that mythological character which Mr. Leland calls “the most Aryan-like of any ever evolved from a savage mind;” and he has saved from oblivion the mythological lore of a people that are losing with every generation their hold upon ancient customs and manners.

II.

Works of the Rev. Silas T. Rand¹

The following list shows that the forty years which Dr. Rand spent as a missionary among the Indians were also years of indefatigable industry as a linguist: —

A Short Statement of Facts relating to the History, Manners, Customs, Language, and Literature of the Micmac Tribe of Indians, in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. Halifax, N. S. Printed by James Bowes & Son. 1850. *Copies in possession of:* J. B. Dunbar (Bloomfield, N. J.), W. Eames (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Pilling, Harvard, Wellesley.

Cisulc Uceluswocn Agenudasic. [Halifax? 1850.] *Literal translation* :God, His Word Told-about. This volume contains also the Ten Commandments ; a short sketch of Bible History; a Christmas hymn of four stanzas, beginning “Sesus, Acjinicsam,” which with the addition of two stanzas has been reprinted separately. *Copies:* Eames, Filling, Wellesley.

¹ For a fuller description of the works of the Rev. Silas T. Rand, the reader is referred to the following bibliographies, which have been prepared by Mr. J. C. Pilling, and published by the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, DC.: Bibliography of the Algonquian Languages (1891); Bibliography of the Iroquoian Languages (1888); Bibliography of the Eskimo Language (1887); and Proofsheets of a bibliography of the languages of the North American Indians (1885).

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The History of Poor Sarah; a Pious Indian Woman. In Micmac. Rules for pronunciation, three lines. Agenudemocn ujit eulegit Sali, sabewit Elnui ebit. Elnuisimca. [Halifax? 1850.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

Hymn. [Four verses in English.] Translation into Micmac by S. T. Rand. [Four verses in Micmac.] [Halifax? 1850?] Four stanzas, in broken English, of a hymn beginning "In de dark wood, no Indian nigh," followed by a Micmac translation. *Copy*: Wellesley. Reprinted as follows: —

[Halifax 185-?]. In Micmac language, phonetic characters. Six stanzas, beginning " Njbuuctuuc encuudegwobjan," etc. *Copies*: Eames, Filling, Wellesley.

Psalm XXIII. [185-?] Text in Micmac language, phonetic characters. Six stanzas. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

Psalm XXII. [Halifax, 185-?] Text in Micmac language, phonetic characters. Six stanzas. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

Hymn. [185-?]. Christmas hymn of six stanzas, in Micmac language, phonetic characters, beginning "Sesuus Uccjnicscam," etc., and Micmac version of "Now I lay me down to sleep," one stanza, in phonetic characters. *Copies*: Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

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The Gospel according to Saint Matthew, in the Micmac language. Printed for the use of the Micmac mission by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Charlottetown: printed by G. Haszard, 1853. Text in phonetic characters. *Copies:* American Bible Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Filling, J. H. Trumbull (Hartford, Conn.), Wellesley.

Pela kesagdnoodumunkawa tan tula uksakumamenoo westowoolkw'. Sasoogoolo Clistawit ootenink. Megdmoweesimk. Chebooktook [Halifax]: megdmagea' ledakun-weekugemkawa moweomee. 1871. The Gospel of Matthew, in the Micmac language, phonetic characters. *Copies:* British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Dunbar, Eames, Massachusetts Historical Society, Quebec Historical History, Pilling, J. G. Shea (Elizabeth, N. J.), Trumbull, B. Rand (Cambridge, Mass.), Boston Public, Harvard, Wellesley.

The Gospel of Saint John, Printed by W. Cunnabell. Halifax, N. S., [In Micmac language, phonetic characters. *Copies:* Pilling, Rand, Wellesley.

Woolegunoodumakun tan tula Saneku. Megdmoweesimk. Chebooktook [Halifax]: meg-umagea ledakunweekdgemkawa moweomee. 1872. The Gospel of John in the Micmac language, Roman characters. *Copies:* British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Shea, Trumbull, Harvard, Wellesley.

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Ferst redingbuk in Mikmak. Kompeild bei the Rev. S. T. Rand, Miçonari tu the Mikmak Indianz, Nova Skoçia. Lundon: Fred Pitman, fonetik depo, 20, Paternoster ro. Charlotvil, Prins Edwardz eiland, North Amerika : Djordj T. Hazard, 1854. Preis Sikspens. *Copies*: Eames, Shea, Boston Public.

A First Reading-Book in the Micmac Language: comprising the Micmac numerals, and the names of the different kinds of beasts, birds, fishes, trees, &c., of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Also, some of the Indian names of places, and many familiar words and phrases, translated literally into English. Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Com pany, 1875. Text in Roman characters. *Copies*: British Museum, Dunbar, Earnes, Massachusetts Historical Society, Filling, Trumbull, Wellesley.

[Vocabulary of the Micmac Language.] In Schoolcraft [H.R.], Indian Tribes, vol. 5, pp. 578—589, Philadelphia, Contains about 250 words. Dated from Halifax, Dec. 10, 1853.

Milicete Numerals. In Schoolcraft (H. R.), Indian Tribes, vol. 5, pp. 690-691, Philadelphia, Dated from Halifax, Dec. 14, 1853.

[Lord's Prayer in the Milicete Language.] In Schoolcraft (H. R.), Indian Tribes, vol. 5, p. 592, Philadelphia, 1855.

The Gospel akording tu sent Luk. In Mikmak. Printed for the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti, bei Eizak Pitman, Bath, 1856 *Copies*: British and

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Foreign Bible Society, Congress, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull.

The Gospel according to Luke. [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1874.] Text in the Micmac language, Roman characters. *Copies:* British Museum, Eames, Filling, Trumbull, Wellesley.

The Buk ov Djenesis. In Mikmak. Printed for the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti, bei Eizak Pitman, Bath, 1857. *Copies:* British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Congress, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.

The Buk ov Samz. In Mikmak. Printed for the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti, bei Eizak Pitman. Bath. 1859. *Copies:* British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Shea, Trumbull, Harvard, Wellesley.

Tan Teladakadidjik Apostalewidjik. The Akts ov the Aposelz. In Mikmak. Printed for the Britic and Foren Beibel Soseieti, bei Eizak Pitman, Bath, 1863. *Copies:* American Bible Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, B. Rand, Harvard, Wellesley.

The Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, etc. In the Maliseet language. Printed for the Micmac Missionary Society, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1863. Text in the Maliseet language, phonetic characters, some headings in English. *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, J. W. Powell (Washington, D. C), Shea, Trumbull, Yale, Wellesley.

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The Book of Exodus in Micmac. Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1870. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, Eames, Pilling, Shea, Trumbull, Harvard, Wellesley.

The Gospel according to St. John in the Language of the Malliseet Indians of New Brunswick. London, 1870. *Copies*: British and Foreign Bible Society, British Museum, Eames, Pilling, Powell, Trubner, Trumbull

[Terms of Relationship of the Micmac, and Etchemin or Malisete, collected by Rev. S. T. Rand, Missionary, Hantsport, Nova Scotia.] In Morgan (L. H.), Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family, pp. 293-382, lines 59-60, Washington, 1871.

Tracts in Micmac: No. 1, Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 7, Talekesuhsutaduks? How are you to be saved? London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872] *Copies*: Eames, Filling, Shea, Wellesley. Reprinted as follows : —

Talekesuhsiltaduks? How are you to be saved? [Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888. *Copies*: Eames, Filling. Tracts in Micmac: No. 2. Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 2, "Wókdayaan." "Be thou clean." London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [Copies: Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley. Reprinted as follows : — "Wokumayaan." "Be thou clean."

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[Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888.] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

Tracts in Micmac: No. 3, Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 4, Uktuloowawoodeel abiksiktasigul." "Thy sins are forgiven thee." London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley. Reprinted as follows : —

"Uktuloownwoodeel abiksiktasigul." "Thy sins are forgiven thee." [Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888.] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling.

Tracts in Micmac: No. 4, Bread cast upon the Waters. No. 8, Wen teladaget? Who is to blame? London Gospel Tract Depot, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row. [1872] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Shea, Wellesley.

[Micmac Lesson-card, No. 3. Halifax, 1872.] The text is in the Micmac language, Roman characters, and begins "Nee-dap, pis-kwa, base." *Copies:* Pilling.

A Short Account of the Lord's Work among the Micmac Indians. By S. T. Rand, Hantsport, N. S. With some reasons for his seceding from the Baptist denomination. Halifax, N. S. Printed by William Macnab, 1873. *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, B. Rand, Wellesley.

RAND'S WORKS

The Gospel according to Mark. [Halifax, Nova Scotia Printing Comany, 1874.] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Trumbull, Wellesley.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans. [With the other Epistles of the New Testament and the Book of Revelation.] [Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1874.] *Copies:* British Museum, Eames, Filling, Trumbull, Wellesley.

The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, with the Epistles and Revelation: translated from the Greek into Micmac, the language of the aborigines of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and P. E. Island. By Silas Tertius Rand. Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1875. *Copies:* British Museum, Harvard, Eames.

A Specimen of the Micmac Dictionary being prepared at the Expense of the Dominion Government of Canada. By Silas T. Rand, of Hantsport, Nova Scotia, Missionary to the Micmac Indians of the Maritime Provinces. [Halifax? 1885.] *Copies:* Eames, Pilling, Wellesley.

The Micmac Language. In *Canadian Science Monthly*, nos. 10-11, pp. 142-146, Kentville, N. S., Oct.—Nov., 1885. A general discussion, including a few polysynthetic words.

The Micmac Indians. In *Our Forest Children*, vol. 2, no. 4, pp. 10-12 Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, 1888. Grammatic Remarks, p. 11.

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— Vocabulary, about 80 words and sentences, Micmac and English, pp. 11-12.

Dictionary of the Language of the Micmac Indians, in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland. [English-Micmac.] By Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, D.D., LL.D. Halifax, N. S.: Nova Scotia Printing Company, 1888. *Copies*: Bureau of Ethnology, Eames, Filling, Boston Athen Boston Public, Harvard, Wellesley. Address for copies, Mr. Porter, Hantsport, N. S.

Promissiones Domini Nostri Jesu Christi factae B. Marg. m. Alacoque. Kulooswwokunul eloo-wedumasooodeaal wejetelooemkul Sasoo Goole ootenink, oochit wejeoollaoot Malgalet Male Alakok, oochit negoola tanik elegasooltijik Negum wasogawa' ookwomlamoonek. [Dayton, Ohio: Philip A. Kemper, 1888.] A small card, 3 by inches in size, headed as above, and containing twelve "Promises of our Lord to blessed Margaret Mary," translated into Micmac by Silas T. Rand. *Copies*: Eames, Filling, Wellesley.

The Only Place of Safety. Tan tet pas ahk ooh-sutogun. [Halifax: Nova Scotia Printing Company, November, 1888.] *Copies*: Eames, Pilling.

Hymni recentes latini, translationes et originales per Silum Tertium Randium, D.D., LL.D. Hantsportus, Novae Scotiae. Halifax, N. S., 1886. *Copies*: Harvard.

Manuscripts

Micmac Catechism. Manuscript, 38 pp. 16°. Written in a small blank book, labelled "Translations from [the Roman Catholic] Indian Prayer-book — Micmac. S. T. Rand, Charlottetown."

Micmac Ollendorff. Manuscript, 86 pp. folio. Title-page reads "Ollendorff's Short Method of Teaching Micmac." Hawksbury, 1866. In the possession of Wellesley College.

The Decalogue as read from the [Catholic] Indian Prayer-book by Peter [Christmas] at Escisogunic, June 12, 1852. Manuscript, 4 pp. 16°, apparently incomplete. This is written in the same blank book as the Catechism described above.

Sentences in Micmac. Elenu wegaadigun. Manuscript, pp. 1-63, 16°. In possession of Mr. J. C. Filling, Washington, D. C.

List of Micmac words resembling Greek, Hebrew, Latin, etc. Manuscript, 34 ll. 16°, in a blank book, leather cover. This is a collection of about 300 words. A portion of this list, comprising words which Dr. Rand considered his best specimens, is repeated in a quarto volume of manuscript, now in possession of Wellesley College.

Legends of the Micmac Indians, and Extracts from the Micmac Prayer-book, with interlinear

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translations into English by Silas T. Rand. Manuscript : title verso blank, I l., introduction, 2 ll., text, 191 ll. 4°. Legends in Micmac and English, 96 ll.

Notes explanatory on the Micmac Translation of the Psalms. Referring principally to the cases in which the Micmac version differs from the English. Written about the year 1855. By Silas T. Rand. Hantsport, Nova Scotia. Manuscript: a copy; 94 unnumbered ll. 4°. In possession of Wellesley College.

Dictionary of the Language of the Micmac Indians. [Micmac-English.] 4 vols. 4°. General plan of the work: 1. To record as many Micmac words as possible. 2. To give their English equivalents correctly. 3. To give the principal parts of the verbs. 4. To write the words phonetically. 5. In possession of the Canadian Government.

[Manuscripts relating to the Micmac language.] 1 volume. 4°. It contains: 1. A lecture on the Micmac and Maliseet languages, pp. 1-63. 2. Sketch of Micmac grammar, by Irwin, pp. 87-134. 3. Conjugation of Micmac verbs, 135-245. 4. Maliseet words, 253-346. 5. Names of places, 373-404. 6. List of particles in Micmac, 405-520. 7. Subjunctive and potential moods, 521. In possession of Wellesley College.

Extracts from the Micmac Hieroglyphic Prayer-book, translated into Roman letters, with

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some of the words in English. [187-?] Manuscript, pp. 1-11, 16 bis—25, 25 bis-38, 40-44, 46-80, 4°. In possession of Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[Small Catechism in Micmac Hieroglyphs, with the corresponding Micmac words in Roman characters. 187-?] Manuscript, 12 unnumbered pages, 4°. In possession of Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Brooklyn, N.Y.

[Tracts and Hymns in the Micmac Language.] Manuscript, pp. 1-340, 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.

Psalms in Micmac and in Maliseet, arranged so as to be sung. Manuscript, pp. 1-17, sm. 4°.

[Hymns in Micmac and Latin.] 1 volume, 4°, pp. 1-196. In possession of Wellesley College.

[Manuscripts in the Maliseet and Micmac Languages,] About 400 pp., mostly unnumbered, 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.

A Lecture delivered before several literary institutions in Nova Scotia, on the Peculiarities of the Micmac and Maliseet Tongues. 52 pp. 4°. "A fair copy is bound up in a volume now in the hands of Mr. Lucius L. Hubbard, of Boston, Mass." — RAND.

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A Vocabulary of Maliseet Words. About 500 unnumbered ll., 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.

[Hymns in Maliseet Language.] Manuscripts: 1. Psalm 50. 2. Psalm 51. 3. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. 4. I'm going home to die no more.

[Maliseet, Ollendorff, and other Translations.] pp. 1—418, 4°, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.

[Manuscripts treating principally of the Maliseet language.] About 400 pp. 4°, bound. This volume contains: 1. The first draught of the tract in Maliseet, entitled "The Ten Commandments," etc. 2. A grammar of the Maliseet language. 3. Translation of the 34th Psalm. 4. A hymn in Penobscot, and one in Maliseet. 5. A vocabulary of the Maliseet language. In possession of Wellesley College.

[Manuscripts in the Maliseet and other languages.] 275 pp. 4°, bound. This volume contains : Bible history in the Maliseet dialect, pp. 1-141. Sketches of a grammar of the Maliseet language, pp. 142-224. The numerals in the dialect of the Penobscot Indians, p. 225. The numerals of the St. Francis Indians, p. 231. Hymns, etc., 239-272. In possession of Wellesley.

List of Indian Names of Places in P. E. Island, obtained November, 1888, by the aid of Peter Jim.

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Manuscript, pp. 207—210 of a large folio account book, in possession of Wellesley College.

Grammar of the Micmac Language, by Silas T. Rand. Hantsport, N. S. pp. 132, 12°, bound. Manuscript in possession of Wellesley College.

Report of the Micmac Mission for 1892. Also a supplement containing my reasons for leaving the Baptists and uniting with the “so-called” Plymouth Brethren, by S. T. Rand, Missionary to the Micmac Indians. pp. 229, 4°, unbound. Manuscript in possession of Wellesley College.

Dreams and Visions and Religion in Common Life. By Silas Tertius Rand, Missionary to the Micmacs. Manuscript, pp. 241, 4°, Unbound. In possession of Wellesley College.

A Lecture on Psalm XXIII. pp. 43, 4°, unbound. In possession of Wellesley College.

An Ancient Icelandic Tale. Translated from the Latin. Manuscript. pp. 50, unbound. In possession of Wellesley College.

[Micmac Lesson Book.] pp. 370, 4°, bound. No titlepage. Contains also a list of Maliseet words. pp. 21, unnumbered. Wellesley.

About a thousand Esquimaux words, gathered from the New Testament in that language. pp. 35, 4°. In possession of Wellesley College.

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Mohawk Vocabulary. By Silas T. Rand. [200 pp. folio, bound. In possession of Wellesley College.

No. 2. Mohawk Vocabulary. By Silas T. Rand. [175 pp. 4°, bound. It bears the date "Tuscarora, Aug. 8, 1876." In possession of Wellesley College.

Mohawk Words, and a translation of the ninth and eleventh chapters of Luke, and of the ninth chapter of Mark. Mohawk and English in parallel columns, with a few sentences in Mohawk and English. 1876. About 125 pp. 4°, bound. In the possession of Wellesley College.

[Manuscripts pertaining to the Mohawk Language]. pp. 210, folio, bound. Contains: 1. Translation into Mohawk of first, sixth, and eleventh chapters of John; of Matthew sixth (by Joab Martin); Luke fifteenth (Marceaux, N. 0.) and of the Ten Commandments. 2. List of Mohawk words. 3. Prayer-book. 4. Micmac characters. In the possession of Wellesley College.

The Gospel of Mark. Capt. Brant's Mohawk translation. [1876.] Manuscript, 48 pp. 4°, unbound. It extends only to the fourteenth verse of the third chapter. A discontinuous interlinear translation runs throughout. The interlinear translation is mostly by Mr. Rand, with emendation thereof and fillings in by Joab Martin, a Mohawk Indian.

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[Mohawk, Seneca, and Tuscarora words. 1877.] 4°, unbound.

Numerals in Mohawk, Tuscarora, Cayugan, Seneca, and Oneidah, Mohawk sentences and a list of Mohawk words. Manuscript, 16 pp. 4°, unbound.

Diary of the Rev. S. T. Rand. Miss Hattie Rand, Hantsport, N. S. This diary and numerous copies of Dr. Rand's printed works are in possession of Miss Hattie Rand, Hantsport, N. S.

III

**The Manners, Customs, Language, and
Literature
of the Micmac Indians.**

In November, 1849, Dr. Rand delivered two lectures on the History, Manners, Customs, Language, and Literature of the Micmac Tribe of Indians in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.¹ These lectures were afterwards published in pamphlet form.¹ A few of the facts therein presented may be of interest to the reader.

After calling attention to the fact that all Indians of North America, except the Esquimaux, strikingly resemble each other in their features, languages, manners, and customs, all of which are modified by the approach of civilization, Dr. Rand thus describes the condition of the tribe of Micmacs: Formerly they dressed in skins, painted their bodies, and adorned themselves with shells and feathers; they used bows and arrows, stone axes and stone arrowheads; they lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, and delighted in war. They have now very extensively changed not only the material of which their clothing is made, but also the fashion, adopting that of their white neighbors. They now make baskets, buckets, and barrels. In

¹ This pamphlet is entitled "A Short Statement of Facts relating to the History, Manners, Customs, Language and Literature of the Micmac Tribe of Indians, in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island." Halifax, 1850.

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some places they till the land on a very limited scale, and dwell in houses. Drunkenness is fearfully prevalent among them, though not so much of late years as formerly, and other vices resulting from the proximity of what we proudly call "civilization." But while we mourn over some of these changes, there are others which call for different emotions. There are no wars with bordering tribes. No ambitious chieftain gains immortal fame by pursuing for months his enemy, waylaying and killing him. The Micmac chief does not reckon among his *sakamoundel* (regalia) the scalps of his slaughtered foes; and there are no torturings and burnings of prisoners. Chiefs are, however, duly elected. The Indians assemble, on such occasions, to give their votes; and any one who knows any just cause why the candidate should not be elected is at liberty to state it. Councils, too, are held, to which ten different tribes, extending from Cape Breton to Western Canada, send their delegates; and they seem to consider the affair as important as it ever was. The mystic dances, too, of the ancient Indians are not wholly omitted. Part of the ceremonies of their great annual religious festival of St. Ann's day consists of the *wigubaltimk* and *neskouwadjik*, the feast and mystic dance of the *sakawachkik*, the Indians of olden times. At the proper time a chief comes out of a camp, sings a singular tune, dances a singular step, and is responded to by a singular grunt from the assembled crowd. They assert that during the ceremony the body of the dancer is impervious to a musket-ball; but woe betide the

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audacious wight who might venture on the experiment of attempting to shoot him!

The wedding ceremony, which consists mainly of the feast, is exceedingly simple. The old people have the disposing of their daughters. If the young man's suit is favorably received, the father of the girl thus addresses him, as he enters the "camp," *Kutakumugual n'tlusuk* ("Come up to the back part of the camp, my son-in-law"). This settles the matter. A feast is then prepared; all the neighbors are invited; they eat, drink, and dance; then, after having engaged in various sports, they finally disperse. The young man then takes his bride home with him. They now, of course, call in the aid of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

The wigwam is a curious structure. No little skill is displayed in its erection. The frame is first raised and fastened. The rows of bark are carefully put on. In the winter it is lined in the inside with spruce boughs, and a thick coating of the same material put on the outside, to prevent the cold winds from entering. Boughs are neatly spread down inside the camp, forming an admirable substitute for carpets, cushions, and beds; and the doorway in winter is also partly closed with them, placed so as to spring back and forth as you pass and repass. A piece of a blanket hangs over the doorway. Every post of the wigwam, every bar, every fastening, every tier of bark, and every appendage, whether for ornament or use, has a name, and all the different portions of the one room their appropriate designations and uses. The fire occupies the centre. On each side is the

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kamigwom. There sit, on the one side of the fire, the master and mistress; and on the other the old people, when there are old people in the family, and the young women when there are young women and no old people. The wife has her place next the door, and by her side sits her lord. You will never see a woman sitting *above* her husband; for towards the back part of the camp, the *kutakumuk*, is *up*. This is the place of honor. To this place visitors and strangers, when received with a cordial welcome, are invited to come. *Kutakumagual, upchelase* (“Come up towards the back part of the wigwam”), they say to him.

The children are taught to respect their parents. Many a white family might take a lesson from them in this respect. The rod is applied unsparingly, to tame their rebellious spirits and teach them good manners. They do not speak disrespectfully of their parents. The ordinary word for being drunk (*katbeet*) a child will not use when stating that his father or mother is in that state; but he says *welopskeet*, a much softer term, though it is not easy to express the difference in English. They do not pass between their parents and the fire, unless there are old people or strangers on the opposite side.

The inmates of a camp have their appropriate postures as well as places. The men sit cross-legged, like the Orientals. The women sit with their feet twisted round to one side, one under the other. The younger children sit with their feet extended in front. To each of these postures an appropriate word is applied: the first is *chenumubasi* (“I sit down man-fashion”), that is, cross-legged; the second is

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nimskulugunabase (“I sit down with my legs twisted around”); the third is *sokwodabase* (“I sit with my feet extended”).

When a stranger, even a neighbor, comes into the wigwam of another, if it be in the daytime, he steps in and salutes them. *Kwa* is the usual word of salutation, resembling both in sound and signification the Greek salutation *kaire* (hail)! Should it be in the night or evening, this is uttered while standing outside. In that case the response is, *Kwa wenin kel* (“Who art thou”)? You give your name; and if they know you, and are glad to see you, you are invited in at once. If they either know you not, or care not for you, they again ask, *Kogwa pawotumun* (“What is your wish”)? You must then, of course, do your errand, and go about your business. When you enter in the daytime, you will not go and sit down in the highest room or the most honorable seat, — that is to say, if you are a well-bred Indian, you will not; but you will make a pause at the lowest place, the place next the door. The master of the camp will then say to you, *Upchelase* (“Come up higher”). As soon as the visitor is seated, the head man of the camp deliberately fills his pipe, lights it, draws a few whiffs, and then hands it to the other; if there be several, they pass it round. Conversation goes forward; all the new and strange things are inquired after and related, and the greatest respect is mutually shown. When the business of eating is going forward, all who are in the wigwam assist; to withdraw during the process of cooking would be rudeness. It would be a most disreputable thing not

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to invite a stranger to partake; it would be a grievous offence for him to refuse.

The women are still accounted as inferiors. They maintain a respectful reserve in their words when their husbands are present. "When Indian make bargain, squaw never speakum," — thus was a merchant's lady once coolly but pointedly reproved by an indignant son of the forest when she objected to her husband's giving him his full price for his feathers. The Indian woman never walks before her husband when they travel. The men at table are helped first. When one comes into your house for a cup of water, he drinks first himself, and hands it next to the other man, and last of all to the woman.

The language of the Indians is very remarkable. One would think it must be exceedingly barren, limited in inflection, and crude; but just the reverse is the fact, — it is copious, flexible, and expressive. Its declension of nouns and conjugation of verbs are as regular as the Greek, and twenty times as copious. The full conjugation of one Micmac verb would fill quite a large volume; in its construction and idiom it differs widely from the English. This is why an Indian usually speaks such wretched English; he thinks in his own tongue, and speaks in ours, following the natural order of his own arrangement. He commits such blunders as the following: "Five hundred musquash killum my father," "Long time ago, when first Indians makum God;" for "My father killed five hundred muskrats," and "When God first made the Indians." There are fewer elementary sounds in

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Micmac than in English. They have no *r*, and no *f* or *v*, instead of *r* they say *l*, in such foreign words as they adopt. And droll enough work they sometimes make in translating back and forth from one language to the other, and in attempting not to confound *r* and *l* while speaking English. The name of an hour is in Micmac the same as that of an owl (*kookoogues*), because when they first attempted to say it, they had to say *owl*, and then they could think of the name of that nocturnal bird in their own tongue more readily than they could recall a foreign term.

There is no article in Micmac. The verb "to be" is irregular, and is never used for the purpose of connecting a subject with its predicate. They have a dual number like the Greek. They express the different persons and numbers by the termination of the verb, and like the Greek have a great number of tenses. There are also some words in the language which resemble Greek. The Micmac word *Ellenu*, an Indian, is not very different from *Hellene*, a Greek. *Ellenu esit* ("He speaks Micmac") is strikingly like the Greek *bellenizei* ("He speaks Greek"). But in other respects the language resembles the Hebrew, especially in the suffixes by which the pronouns are connected in the accusative case with the verb. There are words evidently derived from the English and French; but *wellae* ("I am well") appears in so many compounds, and occurs in some form so constantly, as to make the impression that it is original Micmac.

The following are the personal pronouns: *Neen*, I; *keel* thou; *neggum*, he and she; *neenen*, we; *keenu*, we;

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negumou, they. The gender is not distinguished either in the singular or plural of the pronouns. The distinction between *neenen* and *keenu* is this : The former signifies he and I; the latter, you and I. This distinction obtains in all the Indian dialects, so far as I have been able to learn. And it extends through the declension of nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and the conjugation of verbs.

They have various methods of marking the sex of animals: sometimes by different words, — as *cheenum*, a man, *abit*, a woman; sometimes by an additional word, — as *keegulleeguech nabao*, a cock, *keegulleeguech esquaoo*, a hen. The word “squaw” is not Micmac; but a termination, somewhat resembling it, is added to epithets denoting rank, station, or employment, to distinguish the female sex. — thus, *eleegawit*, a king; *eleegaesqu*, a queen; *sakumou*, a chief; *sakumasqu*, a chief’s wife. But as neither adjectives, verbs, nor pronouns are varied to denote the gender of animals, there is no necessity for the distinction of masculine and feminine for any grammatical purpose; but there is a broad distinction between things which have life and those which are inanimate. This requires the distinction of the animate and inanimate gender. The plural of these two classes of words is formed in a very different manner, *k* being the termination of the animate, and *l* of the inanimate: *cheenum*, a man; *cheenumook*, men; *soon*, a cranberry; *soonul*, cranberries. The adjectives, pronouns, and verbs are varied to agree in gender: *kaloosit*¹ *abit*, a pretty

¹Compare *kaloosit* with the Greek *kalos*, pretty.

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woman; *kaloosit cheenum*, a pretty man; but *kalulk koondou*, a pretty stone; *nemeek cheenum*, I see a man; *nemedu koondou*, I see a stone. By varying the termination of nouns, they distinguish the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, and vocative cases; this makes the same number as in Greek. But they are in advance of that elegant language, they have two more terminations, — one denoting that the person or thing spoken of is absent; and the other that the word ends the sentence. The former may be called the case absentive, and the other the case terminative. It is proper to state that these additional endings may be added to each of the real cases.

The following are the numerals: *na-ooket*, one; *tab-boo*, two; *seest*, three; *na-oo*, four; *nahn*, five ; *ussookum*, six; *eloiggunnuk*, seven; *oogummoolchin*, eight; *peskoonabduk*, nine ; *m'tiln*, ten.

The Indian can count as far as he pleases. The prevalent notion that he can count only ten is an error. It is true he enumerates by tens, as all other nations do, and often, like the rest of mankind, uses his fingers in counting; and he happens to have, as others have, just that number of these convenient appendages.

An Indian once boasted to me of the variety of his language, and affirmed that he had at least two words for every idea. "Always, everything, two ways me speakum," said he. But this is not literally true; though I will not affirm that it is not as correct as some of the general rules we meet with in other languages.

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The verb is emphatically *the word* in Micmac. Whole sentences, and long ones too, occur constantly, formed wholly of verbs. All adjectives of the animate gender are real verbs, and are conjugated through mood and tense, person and number. There being no such thing as the verb¹ "to be" used as a copula, the copula is in the adjective itself. I know not how to distinguish the two ideas, a good man, and the man is good. Even the numerals are verbs, and any noun can assume the form and nature of a verb without any difficulty.

They have the indicative, imperative, subjunctive, potential, and infinitive moods, and in the indicative the forms of eleven tenses. They have the active, passive, and middle voices; and by a slight variation of the termination they add to, take from, and vary the original idea almost endlessly.

The present, imperfect, and future are the principal tenses. They use also an auxiliary verb for the rest.

A curious feature of the language is the double negative, which reminds one of the double negative sometimes used in Greek. In Micmac it extends to nouns and adjectives as well as to verbs. It doubles the labor of learning the conjugation, as it consists in placing a negative before the word, and then changing the termination: thus, *Witnessawe*, I witness; *Moo witnessawe*, I do not witness; *Moo witnessawikw*, He does not witness.

¹They have a verb corresponding to the verb "to be," but it always denotes place: *ayum*, I am here; *aki wigwomk*, hw ia in the wigwam.

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They have a remarkable facility for compounding words. Here again there is a resemblance to the Greek. The long words of the Indians are compounds, which, though they lengthen words, shorten speech, and render it more effective. These seem to be common to all the Indian dialects. Cotton Mather said they looked as though they had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel, — a remark which perhaps contains as much philosophical truth as it does wit. The following specimen occurs in their Prayer-book, in the account of the Last Supper; it contains fourteen syllables, when spelled with English letters, and can be made, without much exaggeration, to occupy forty characters *najdejemouweeolowguoddul-laolteedisuneeega* (“They were going to eat supper together”), — in the Prayer-book, written in symbols, one small character represents this formidable word. It is compounded of several by taking their principal parts and dovetailing them into one. The roots are tied together, and they become one long tree.

Some people are astonished to hear us speak of the grammar of the Micmacs. They did not suppose these people had any such thing, or that they ever troubled themselves about “Orthography, Etymology, and Syntax.” Nor do they. They are like the man who, beginning to learn late in life, expressed his astonishment on ascertaining that he had been speaking in prose all his life without knowing it. Grammar is the “art of speaking and writing a language correctly.” But what is it to speak or write correctly? Is it not just this, “to speak and

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write like those who understand and speak the language best”? Were the English language spoken nowhere but in Devonshire, then all the rules of English grammar would have to be constructed in accordance with that fact. The way in which words are pronounced in that place would be the correct mode of pronunciation. Their manner of constructing sentences would form our rules of syntax. So of any other language or any other place. Now the best usage of Micmac is the only usage which prevails. Although they have neither grammars nor lexicons in use among them, yet they have higher authority, — one on which these, wherever they exist, are based, the Micmac *usus loquendi*, — the authority of the best usage. It is interesting to hear them appeal to this authority. “They don’t say it so,” you will be told when you mispronounce a word or construct a sentence improperly; or, *Net na* (“That is it”), *Telekelusultijik* (“That is the way they speak”), when you succeed in expressing yourself correctly. Some diversity, it is true, exists in the language as spoken in different places. It extends merely to the use and pronunciation of a few words. The Indians of Cape Breton amuse themselves occasionally at the expense of the Nova Scotians, and are themselves laughed about in turn by the latter party for their improper or uncouth utterances; and the Indians on Prince Edward Island and at Miramichi are as susceptible of the ludicrous as their brethren, and as conscious of their own superiority.

What can be meant, it may be asked, by the *literature* of the Micmacs? We have been in the habit

of looking upon them as miserable, ignorant, stupid-looking beings. We have been aware that there have never been, to any extent, schools established among them, and that no effort, except on the smallest scale, has been made by the whites to teach them. We have treated them almost as though they had no rights, and as if it were somewhat doubtful whether they even have souls. Now have they a literature? By what effort of imagination can it be made out? Truly the term must be taken with some restriction in its meaning. They possess, however, some knowledge of the arts and sciences. They have a book which they read. Some of them can write both English and Micmac in a very fair hand. Some of them have a knowledge of arithmetic. An instance has occurred in Prince Edward Island of an Indian who prided himself on being able to add up the longest and most complicated sums as rapidly as the most expert accountant. They are in the constant habit of corresponding among themselves by letter. I have obtained a couple of letters written by an Indian who has been several years at Quebec,— one addressed to his father, and the other to the chief in Cape Breton, — and the handwriting would be no discredit to anybody. The method of writing and spelling is curious; the letters for the most part resemble the English, but are sounded like the French. Their book is written in peculiar characters; they have nothing in Roman print. Most of them are acquainted with the contents of this book, but few, however, can read it correctly. Copies of it are multiplied indefinitely by tran

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scribing. And it embraces important matter. It enters into some of the most elevated regions of knowledge and thought. I cannot approve of it as a whole. It states things which are false in fact, and ruinous in tendency ; but it also states much that is truth, and truth of the most momentous import. It is their Prayer-book. It contains condensed extracts from the historical portions of the Bible; a catechism of religion; psalms and hymns and prayers. The contents are early instilled into their memories. The children are taught by their parents; and many a Protestant family might take a lesson from them in this respect.

But they are also versed in other subjects. They have studied botany from Nature's volume. They know the names of all the trees and shrubs and useful plants and roots in their country. They have studied their natures, habits, and uses. They have killed, dissected, and examined all the animals of North America, from the *nestugepegajit* to the *gulwakchech* (from the buffalo to the mouse). They have in like manner examined the birds and the fish. They are therefore somewhat acquainted with natural history.

The Indian has studied geography, — not, however, that of Europe, Asia, and Africa; but he knows all about America. And most especially does the Micmac know about Nova Scotia and the places adjacent. Show him a map of these places, and explain to him that it is “a picture of the country,” and although it may be the first time he has ever seen a map, he can go round it, and point out the different places with the utmost care. He is

acquainted with every spot; he is in the habit of making rude drawings of places for the direction of others. One party can thus inform another at what spot in the woods they are to be found. At the place where they turn off the main road a piece of bark is left, with the contemplated route sketched upon it. The party following examine the *luskun*, as they term it, when they come up, and then follow on without any difficulty.

An Indian is a first-rate hand to give you directions respecting your road. He marks it out for you on the ground, and you cannot have a better guide, especially through the woods. When roads were fewer and more difficult in Nova Scotia than they are now, the Indian's aid was frequently called into requisition. And "Here," said the tawny guide who was years ago directing a party in their travel from Nictaux to Liverpool in the winter, — "here, just half-way." When the road was afterwards measured, it was found that the Indian was correct. Arriving at another spot, he informed them that the preceding winter he had killed a moose at that place. Digging down through the deep snow, he immediately showed them the horns.

They have some knowledge of astronomy. They have watched the stars during their night excursions, or while laying wait for game. They know that the North Star does not move, and call it *okwotunugunwa kulokuwech* (the North Star). They have observed that the circumpolar stars never set. They call the Great Bear, *Muen* (the Bear), and they have names for several other constellations. The morning star is *ut'adabum*, and the seven stars

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ejulkuch. And “What do you call that?” asked a venerable old lady a short time ago, who, with her husband, the head chief of Cape Breton, was giving me a lecture on astronomy, on Nature’s celestial globe, through the apertures of the wigwam. She was pointing to the Milky Way. “Oh, we call it the Milky Way, the milky road,” said I. To my surprise she gave it the same name in Micmac.

Besides these branches of knowledge they have among them historical facts, as already intimated, and facts mingled with fable, and fables apparently without any mixture of facts, treasured up carefully in their memories, and handed down from generation to generation. These singular tales display some talent in their composition, and many of them, all things considered, are exceedingly interesting, as the genuine compositions of a primitive race, just as the wildest or most ridiculous tales of the nursery (some of which, by the by, they very much resemble), such as Sinbad the Sailor, Beauty and the Beast, Jack the Giant-killer, or Cinderella and the Glass Slipper would be, could we but be certain that they were the genuine compositions of the ancient Britons, in the days preceding the Roman Conquest, when our forefathers were barbarians. And viewed in a similar light, why should not the traditionary romances of the Micmacs be worthy of attention? They are, no doubt, genuine. They must have been composed by Indians, and many of them by Indians of a former generation. Some of them are composed with great regularity. One event springs out of

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another, and the story goes on with a wildness of imagination about magicians and giants and transformations and love and war and murder that might almost rival the metamorphoses of Ovid, or the tales of the ancient Scandinavians. Children exposed or lost by their parents, are miraculously preserved. They grow up suddenly to manhood, and are endowed with superhuman powers; they become the avengers of the guilty, and the protectors of the good. They drive up the moose and the caribou to their camps, and slaughter them at their leisure. The elements are under their control: they can raise the wind, conjure up storms or disperse them, make it hot or cold, wet or dry, as they please. They can multiply the smallest amount of food indefinitely, evade the subtlety and rage of their enemies, kill them miraculously, and raise their slaughtered friends to life. Huge serpents are occasionally introduced as big as mountains. A monstrous bird called the *kulloo*, the same possibly as the fabled condor, often makes its appearance. It is a powerful friend or terrible enemy to the Indians: when the former, it saves them from all sorts of troubles, and furnishes them with every good; when the latter, their condition is sad indeed.

Now, all these facts relate to the question of the intellectual capacity of the Indians, the degree of knowledge existing among them; and the possibility of elevating them in the scale of humanity. If such be their degree of mental improvement with all their disadvantages, what

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might they not become were the proper opportunity afforded?

The various tribes of North America seem to have differed but little from each other in their ideas of religion when they became known to the Europeans. With scarcely an exception they were without images. They believed in a Supreme Power, a Great Spirit, the author of good, and also in an evil spirit, the author of evil. The latter is said to have been their principal object of worship. The Indians of Canada call the Great Spirit Manitu, or Menedu, — different tribes probably making some difference in the pronunciation, — and they add the epithet “good” or “bad” to indicate which one they mean. The Micmacs have several names for God. They call him Nixkam, which intimates that we are all his offspring, Nixkamich signifying a grandfather or progenitor. Another word so used is Nesulk, which is a form of the verb *kesedu* (to create), and literally means, “He makes us.” “Our Maker” is, of course, the correct translation. They also call him Ukchesakumou, which signifies the Great Chief. Mundu, which is evidently the same as the Manitu or Menedu of the tribes of Canada, is the Micmac word for devil.

Everywhere the Indians believe in necromancy. Booowin is the Micmac word for wizard. The present generation appears to be as firmly rooted in the belief of supernatural powers exercised by men as ever their fathers were. It was owing to this belief that their powwows (medicine-men, or priests) were formerly able to exercise so much influence over the others. These men were everywhere the

most formidable opposers of Christianity. It is so the world over. The Indian of Nova Scotia now believes *mundu abogunumuaje* (that the devil helped those fellows); but he has no doubts of the reality of their powers. The devil, he will assure you, is very strong. The ancient *boowin* could, he firmly believes, fly through the air (even without a broom-stick), go down through the earth, remain under water as long as he chose, transform himself into an animal, and do all the other feats of witchcraft which our forefathers, as well as learned divines of Salem, in Massachusetts, attributed to the poor old women of their day.

But the most remarkable personage of their traditions is Glooscap. The Indians suppose that he is still in existence, although they do not know exactly where. He formerly resided in Nova Scotia, but, of course, shifted his habitation. He was, to say the least, almost an object of worship. He looked and lived like other men; he ate, drank, smoked, slept, and danced along with them. But he never died, never was sick, never grew old. He lived in a very large wigwam. Cape Blomidon still bears his name, Glooscapweek (Glooscap's home). The Basin of Minas was his beaver-pond, — for he had everything on a large scale. The dam was at Cape Split; and we are indebted to this wondrous personage, so goes the tradition, for the privilege of sending our ships down this passage. For there he cut open the beaver-dam, — and the fact is established by the name which it still bears. The Indians call it Pleegum (the opening made in a beaver-dam). Spencer's Island was his kettle, made

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of a stone. That is still its name; and two rocks, somewhat resembling dogs seated on their haunches, near *u'toowome* (his kettle) are called *u'teek* (his dogs). The kettle is now bottom upward, and the dogs were transformed into rocks when he went away. His canoe was also of stone.

Glooscap was unmarried. A venerable old lady whom he called grandmother kept house for him, and a little fellow named Abistanaooch (Marten) was his servant. He could do anything and everything. The moose and the caribou came around his dwelling as tame as cattle; and the other beasts were equally obsequious. The elements were entirely under his control. He could bring on an intensity of cold when he chose, which would extinguish all the fires of his enemies, and lay them stiffened corpses on the ground.

Glooscap frequently figures in their legends. He seems to have been, on the whole, a noble-minded, generous sort of personage. You do not often meet with any mischievous exercise of his power. Strangers were always welcome to his wigwam, and the needy never failed to share in his hospitality, until some act of treachery on their part or some distrust of his ability called for castigation. His bounty, however, did not cost him much. When hungry travellers arrived, there was no necessity for slaughtering a moose or killing the "fatted calf." The old lady would hang on the kettle, Marten would make up the fire and pour in the water. She would then pick up a piece of an old beaver bone and scrape it into the kettle. As the boiling commenced, these scrapings would thicken

up, and the huge kettle would be soon full of fat pieces of flesh. If the necessity of the case required, a very small piece of this meat would satisfy the most hungry visitor, — for as fast as he cut off one piece, it would immediately appear again.

Glooscap, they say, became offended at the encroachments of the whites; but what displeased him most of all, and drove him away, was their treachery. By direction of the king, an attempt was made to take him prisoner, — an attempt, as it proved, quite as foolish as it was wicked. Little Marten was decoyed before the mouth of a loaded cannon. The match was applied, the powder blazed; but no sooner had the smoke cleared away than the astonished spectators beheld the boy astride on the gun, composedly smoking his pipe. A second attempt was made; this had, of course, it was pretended, been a pure accident. Marten was induced to enter the cannon's mouth, — he must have been small or the cannon very large. The gun was again discharged. Nothing was to be seen this time of the boy; no doubt was entertained of his annihilation. One of the bystanders after a little while peeps into the gun, and behold, there sits the little gentleman, as easy as possible, quietly puffing away at his pipe as though nothing had happened. But unavailing as were these attempts, Glooscap gave vent to his anger, and in his rage abandoned the country, turned over his kettle as he went off, and changed his dogs into rocks. There the faithful sentinels still keep watch; and when he returns he will be as able to restore them to their former life

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and vigor as he was at his departure to fix them where they now are.

Through this vivid sketch of the Micmac Indians, given by Dr. Rand in the pamphlet referred to, we get a glimpse not only of the home life, the out-door life, the social life of this tribe of Indians, but also of their mental life; we can measure their intellectual capacity and their knowledge. Their curious tales show high imaginative power; the flexibility of their language and the copiousness of their vocabulary show a remarkable power of discrimination and expression. One can easily image the constant wonder and delight which Dr. Rand felt as his researches into this unknown tongue revealed to him, more and more, nice distinctions of thought, and varieties of fitting expression for a given object or thought ; even the Indian himself felt pride in his linguistic versatility, and boasted, "Always everything two ways me speakum." Of all the languages which Dr. Rand knew, that of the Micmacs interested him the most; he found it remarkable, not merely in its richness of vocabulary and regularity of formation, but especially in its expressiveness, its simplicity, and its melodiousness. In all of these respects he declares that the Micmac will bear comparison with any of the most learned and polished languages of the world.

HELEN L. WEBSTER.

MICMAC INDIAN LEGENDS.

I.

ROBBERY AND MURDER REVENGED.

Two men once lived together in one wigwam in the woods, on the borders of a lake. The name of one was Pulowech (Partridge); and that of the other was Wejek (Spruce Partridge). These two men were always associated together, and they lived by the chase.

One day Pulowech was walking along the shore in the winter-time, and he discovered three girls seated on the ice, arranging and braiding their hair. He stole up towards them in order to spring upon them and seize one or more; but they were too spry for him, and plunged all together into a hole in the ice, and thus effected their escape. Shortly after this he saw them again, and this time he was more cautious. He took some fir boughs and concealed himself behind them, and slowly creeping along he came so near, before the girls took the alarm, that in her haste one of them dropped the string with which she fastened her hair, the *sakulobee*. This he picked up and carried home with him, and tied down to the place where he usually sat and slept in the wigwam. It was not long before the girl who had dropped her hair-string returned to search for it. She proceeded to the wigwam where it was fastened, and quietly decided to remain and be the wife of him who had thus wooed and won her.

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After this, Pulowech her husband (her “old man” is the term usually applied, and is, contrary to our notions, a term not of disrespect, but of honor) goes away into the forest to search for game. In the mean time his comrade returns, and to his surprise finds a woman installed in the place of female authority. He quietly sits down by her. But soon after, his friend arriving, he is informed that he has made a mistake; that he must not sit there, but march over to the opposite side of the wigwam, as the woman is his (Pulowech’s) wife. This is done without dispute or delay, and everything goes smoothly on.

On their next hunting-excursion the two men go away together, and leave the woman in charge of the establishment. Her husband charges her to keep the door closed, and to suffer no one to enter, — not even her own nearest relatives, not brother or sister, father or mother; for should she open to any one, she would be carried off and murdered. She promises obedience, and the two men depart. They are to be gone all night, and she prepares to take care of the house, and to take care of herself, as directed. She carefully closes the door and fastens it, and lies down to rest. But at midnight she is awakened by a call outside ; some one is asking to be allowed to come in: *Pantadooe!* — “Open the door for me !” But she pays no heed to the call. It is a magician, — a *Boooin* (a *Ponwov*), — and he can imitate the voice of her relatives with spirit-rapping accuracy. There are several of her relatives there. She soon hears, as she supposes, her own brother calling, *Pantadooe!*— “Open the door for me”! Still

she remains firm to her promise; she pays no heed to the call. After a little she hears, or seems to hear, her own mother call, *Noos* ("My daughter"), *pantadooe* ("open the door for me")! Still she stirs not, answers not. Shortly after, she hears her father call, *Ntoos* ("My daughter"), *pantadooe* ("open to me"); *loke cyowchee* ("I am very cold")! Her resolution now gives way; she cannot refuse to let in her old father; she cannot resist his earnest pleadings for admission. She rises and opens the door. Alas for the poor thing! There stands the wily wolf in the form of a man possessed of magical arts and powers, who carries her off, and finally kills her.

Wejek comes in from his hunting, and is surprised to find the woman gone. He goes in quest of her. He soon comes among the scoundrels who have carried her off, and is himself overpowered and killed.

Finally, Pulowech arrives home, and perceives that his wife and his friend are both among the missing. He cannot tell what has become of them, but he has some skill in magic, and puts this skill in practice, first, to ascertain what has become of his wife and his friend, and next, to discover and punish the robbers and murderers. The mode of procedure is this: he takes a wooden dish and fills it half full of water, and places this carefully close to the back part of the wigwam just opposite the door, this being the chief seat or place of honor (as in the Syrian house). Then he lies down on his face and sleeps. In the morning, on awaking, he examines the *woltes* the wooden dish, and finds it half full of

blood. He knows by this that his wife and his comrade have been murdered. He now resolves on revenge. He will seek out and kill those who have robbed him and killed his friends. He gathers up his weapons and equips himself for the expedition. He takes his hatchet, his spear, his bow, and flint-headed arrows, and starts. He goes on a long distance, carefully reconnoitring and examining every unusual appearance. Soon he sees a man's knee protruding from a high cliff, the owner of the knee being apparently embedded in the solid rock. He knows what this means. The fellow is trying to hide, but is displaying unconsciously a vulnerable part. One blow from the hatchet severs the knee close to the rock, and leaves its possessor hard and fast. A short distance farther on he discovers a fellow's foot sticking out from the face of the cliff. The chopping process is repeated; the foot is severed, and the wretch is killed. A little farther on he discovers a poor little squirrel crawling along half dead, and he takes it up and puts it in his bosom, and talks to it. "You must fight to-day, my brave little fellow," he says, "but I will be near to aid you. When I tap you on the back, you will bring forth your young."

His next adventure was with a flock of wild geese sporting in a lake, — magicians they were in reality who had assumed the form of *Senumkwak*. He assails them with his bow and arrows, and kills them all. He ties them together by their heads, strings them across his shoulders, and pursues his course in search of more enemies.

The next one he discovers is in the guise of an ordinary mortal. He is quietly seated in a wigwam, which our hero enters without ceremony, according to Indian custom. He gets a very cool reception. The usual invitation, *Kutakkumoogwal* ("Come up higher"), is not given. The owner of the establishment is sulky and taciturn. He cooks some food, however, and divides it, dipping out a portion for his unwelcome guest. But just as the stranger reaches out his hand to receive it, he twitches it away from him and tells him in a grossly insulting tone that he would rather give it to his dog. He offers it to him again, and again twitches it away with the same insulting remark. He then inquires, "Have you met with any adventures to-day?" "I have," is the answer: "I saw a fellow's knee sticking out from a cliff, and I chopped it off; a little farther on I saw a fellow's foot sticking out in the same way, and I chopped *it* off. Then I fell in with some wild geese in a lake, and I shot them, and have brought them to your wigwam; just step out of doors, and you will see them."

"Come on, then," he replies; "our dogs must fight." "All right!" is the answer. "Bring out your dog! " This is done, when, lo! instead of a dog (*ulumooch*) there comes forth a large, formidable, savage beast called a *weisum*.

Pulowech produces *his* 'dog,' a great contrast to the other, a tiny squirrel, and half dead at that, which he lays carefully before the fire. But soon the little thing begins to move and stretch and shake itself and grow larger, until its dimensions almost equal those of its antagonist. The conflict now

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commences, and rages with unabated violence for some time, when the *weisum* begins to get the better of his antagonist. Then the master steps up and gives her a tap on the back, and she immediately brings forth two young ones, that grow up in a twinkling, and are as large, as strong, and as active as their mother. They rush in and mingle in the fray, tearing away with tooth and nail at the poor *weisum*. He is soon overpowered, and his master begs for his life, owns that he is beaten, and entreats the other to call off his dogs. "Friend," says he, "let us part our dogs; this is not my own dog, but my old grandmother's." That is the last thing in the world Pulowech would think of doing. He pays no attention to the entreaties of his antagonist, and the *weisum* is soon stretched lifeless upon the ground. Whereupon his owner expresses great regret, but not so much professedly on his own account as on account of his poor grandmother, who set a store by her "dog," and will take it grievously to heart that he has been overcome, and has fallen in the fray.

He then proposes an excursion upon the river in a canoe. This is agreed to, and the two launch the fragile "vessel" and set sail. They are soon out into the middle of the river, and are borne rapidly down by the current. Presently they reach a high perpendicular cliff, against which the water is dashing with great violence. It is soon discovered that there is a passage through these rocks, and that the water goes thundering through. Into this narrow, dark passage-way, amidst the boiling surges, the canoe is driven and forced furiously on.

Pulowech maintains his seat and steadies the "bark" as it flies; but looking round he sees that he is left alone, his wily companion having leaped ashore just as the canoe was about entering this horrid hole. Soon, however, he emerges out into the light, and finds the water calm and smooth, — so smooth and still that he can scarcely discover any current at all. He now begins to use his paddle, and moves quietly on. He soon discovers a smoke near the shore, and lands. The smoke issues from a cave, and standing near the door he hears the voices of parties within engaged in earnest conversation: some one is relating to another the adventures of the day. He soon ascertains that it is his "host," who has deserted him so unceremoniously in the hour of danger, telling his grandmother of the death of the several worthies who had fallen under the superior "magic" of Pulowech. When he relates how the last magician who had assumed the form of the *weisum*, her special friend and favorite, is killed, the old lady's wrath knows no bounds. "If he were only still alive," she asseverates, "and would come this way, I would roast him alive,—that I would." "But he is not alive," replies her friend. "I sent him where he'll not see the light again very soon, I can assure you."

Their conversation is now interrupted by our hero's stepping boldly in and presenting himself before them. "But I am alive," he says, "after all, old boy; now come on" (addressing the old lady), *Baksikboksooe*, "roast me to death!" "The old woman gives him a hideous scowl, and says nothing, and he takes his seat. She is of the porcupine "totem," and

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shows her quills. She begins to rouse up the fire. She has formidable piles of hemlock bark all dried for the purpose, and she piles it on with an unsparing hand. The fire blazes, crackles, and roars, and the heat becomes intense; but he does not stir until they have exhausted their supply of fuel. It is now his turn. He goes out and collects fuel, and bestows it unsparingly upon the fire, and then closes and fastens the entrance to the cave. He hears them calling for compassion, but he is deaf to their cries. The roof and sides of the cavern glow and crack with the heat, and by and by the fire goes down and all is still. The last of the robbers and murderers are killed and burned to cinders.

II.
THE MAGICAL DANCING-DOLL.
NOOJEKESIGUNODASIT.

There was once living in the forest an Indian couple who had seven sons, the oldest of whom was very unkind to the youngest. He used to impose hard tasks upon him, deprive him of his just allowance of food, and beat him. Finally, the lad determined to endure it no longer, and resolved to run away. His name, from his occupation, was *Noojekesigunodasit*.¹ His particular work was to take the rags from the moccasins, when pulled off, wring them and dry them.

So he requests his mother to make him a small bow and arrow, and thirty pairs of moccasins. She complies with his request, and when all are finished he takes the moccasins and his bow, and starts. He shoots the arrow ahead, and runs after it. In a short time he is able to outrun the arrow and reach the spot where it is to fall before it strikes the ground. He then takes it up and shoots again, and flies on swifter than the arrow. Thus he travels straight ahead, and by night he has gone a long distance from home.

In the mean time his six brothers with their father have all been out hunting. When they return at evening, he is not there, and the older brother finding him absent is greatly enraged ; he wants him to wring out and dry the wrappers of his feet. He

1) *Kesigunodasit*, to wring and dry socks; *Noojekesigunodasit*, the sock wringer and dryer.

inquires what has become of him. Being told that he has gone away, he resolves to pursue him and bring him back. So the next morning off he goes in pursuit, carefully following in his brother's tracks. For one hundred days in succession he follows on, halting every night and resting till morning. But during all this time he has only reached the spot where his brother passed his first night. He sees no sign before this of his having kindled a fire or erected a shelter ; so he becomes discouraged, gives up the pursuit, and returns home.

The little boy in the mean time has been pursuing his way; he has met a very old man and had an interview with him. *Tame aleen ak tame wejeen?* ("Whither away, and where are you from?") the old man asks. "I have come a long distance," says the boy; "and you, — where are you from?" "You say, my child, you have come a long distance," the old man replies ; "but I can assure you the distance you have come is nothing in comparison with what I have travelled over ; for I was a small boy when I started, and since that day I have never halted, and you see that now I am very old." The boy answers, "I will try to go to the place from whence you came." "You can never reach it," the other answers. "But I will try," replies the boy. Seeing that the old man's moccasins are worn out, the boy offers him a new pair; he accepts them gratefully and says : "I, in return, will do you a great favor. Here, take this box; you will find it of essential service to you in your travels." He then gives him a small box with a cover properly secured, which he puts in his "pouch; " and each goes his way.

After a while the boy begins to wonder what the box contains. He takes it out and opens it. As soon as he has removed the cover, he starts with an exclamation of surprise; for he sees a small image in the form of a man dancing away with all his might, and reeking with perspiration from the long-continued exertion. As soon as the light is let in upon him, he stops dancing, looks suddenly up, and exclaims, "Well! what is it? What is wanted?" "The truth now flashes over the boy. This is a supernatural agent, a *manitoo*; a god, from the spirit-world, which can do anything that he is requested to do. "I wish," says the boy, "to be transported to the place from whence the old man came." He then closes the box; suddenly his head swims, the darkness comes over him, and he faints. On coming to himself again, he finds himself near a large Indian village, and knows that this is the place from whence the old man had strayed. He walks into the first wigwam he comes to (a point of etiquette usually observed by the Indians on visiting a village), and is kindly received and invited up toward the back part of the wigwam, the place of honor. There is but one person in the wigwam, and that is an old woman, who begins to weep bitterly as soon as the young man is seated. He asks the cause of her grief, and is told that it is on his account. She takes it for granted that he has come in quest of a wife, and that such hard conditions will be enjoined as the price of dower that he will be slain. This she proceeds to tell him, and to relate how many who were much more brave and mighty than he appears to be, have fallen under the crafty

dealings of their old chief, who imposes the conditions and works the death of those who come as suitors for his daughters. "Never mind," says our hero ; "he'll not be able to kill me. I am prepared for any conditions he may be disposed to enjoin."

Meanwhile it is soon noised abroad through the village that a strange youth has arrived, to solicit in marriage one of the old chief's daughters. The chief sends him a some what haughty message to come and present himself before him. He answers the summons in a tone still more haughty. "Tell him I won't go," is the answer returned. The chief thereupon relaxes somewhat in his sternness, and sends a very modest request, intimating that he shall have one of his daughters in marriage, provided he will remove a trouble some object, a small nuisance, that hinders him from seeing the sun from his village until it is high up in the morning. This is a high granite mountain; he will please remove that out of the way. "All right," is the quiet response; and the young man sits down in great composure.

So, when the shades of evening have gathered over the village, he quietly takes out his little box and opens it. There, still dancing lustily, is his little comrade (*weedapchejun*). He stops suddenly, looks up, and exclaims, "Well, what is it? What do you want of me?" "I want you to level down that granite mountain," is the answer ; "and I want it done before morning." *Ab* ("All right"), is the answer, — *kesetulabdegedes* ("I will have done it by morning"). So he shuts up his little box, lies down, and goes to sleep. But all night long he hears the sound of laborers at

their work. There is pounding, trampling, shouting, shovelling; and when he awakes, lo! the whole mountain has been removed. When the chief awakes he hardly knows where he is; he is astonished out of measure. "He shall be my son-in law," he exclaims; "go, call him, and tell him to come hither." The young man now obeys his summons. But the chief requires some thing further before he will give him the hand of his daughter. He happens to be at war with a powerful neighboring tribe, and he indulges the hope that by engaging the young man in the war, he can cause him to fall by the hands of his enemies. He informs him that he wishes to surprise and destroy a village belonging to the enemy. "I will join you," says the young man. "Muster your warriors, and we will start to-morrow upon the expedition." Arrangements are accordingly made, and everything is got ready for an early start. But our hero departs that very evening, and comes in sight of the village. There he uncovers his box and explains his wishes to the "dancing doll." He then lies down and sleeps. All night long he hears the noise of war, the shouts of men, the clash of arms, the shrieks of women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying. The noise and commotion grow fainter and fainter, and at length cease alto gether. Morning dawns; he proceeds to view the village. All is silent and still; every soul is cut off, — men, women, and children are all dead. He now returns, and on his way meets the chief and warriors moving on towards the enemy's village. He reports that he has destroyed the whole place as requested. They send, and find that it is even so. The chief now inquires his name. He says, "Noojekesigunodasit;" he is surprised, but fulfils

his promise and gives him one of his daughters for a wife. He builds a large and commodious lodge, and takes up his residence there with his wife, and has a servant to wait upon him. He himself joins the hunters in their expeditions in the forest for game, and all goes on smoothly for a time. But, alas for human happiness! there is always something to mar our repose. This servant manages to steal the "household god," and to run away with it, — wife, wigwam, and all. He accomplishes the feat thus: One day the master of the house went out a hunting, and carelessly left his coat behind with the "Penates," "Teraphim," "Manitoo," or "dancing-doll," "magical box," or whatever else you may choose to call it, quietly stowed away in the pouch or pocket. Now it so happened that his servant had often been led to inquire in his own mind what could be the secret of his master's wonderful prowess. Seeing the coat on this occasion, he takes it up and slips it on. "Halloo! what is all this?" he exclaims, as he feels the box. He takes it out and opens it. "Hie! what are you?" he shouts, as his eyes rest on the dancing image. The little fellow stops his dancing suddenly, looks up, and exclaims, "Well, what is it? What do you want of me?" The truth is now out. It flashes over the fellow. This is a "Manitoo," and he it is that works all the wonders. The opportunity is not to be lost. "I want," says he, "this wigwam with all its contents removed to some spot where it cannot be discovered." The Manitoo replies, "I'll do it for you." Then the man grows dizzy, faints, and soon finds himself, wigwam, mistress, and all, far away in the depths of the forest, and surrounded on all sides by water. Of course he takes

quiet possession, — is lord of the place, the “palace,” and all.

But his triumph is brief. The original owner comes home, and finds himself minus wife, wigwam, magical box, and all. But he still has his magical bow and arrow; and shooting his arrow and giving chase, he is soon at the secluded wigwam, and has discovered his stolen home and wife.

No small management is required to regain the wonder-working box. He waits till nightfall; he looks in and sees the perfidious servant asleep with the coat under his head. He steals softly in, and directs the woman to withdraw it carefully from under him. He then slips it on, opens the box, and wishes himself back, wigwam, wife, servant and all, to their original home. No sooner said than done; and back the faithless servant is in his hands. Summary punishment is inflicted; he is killed, flayed, and a door blanket is made of his skin.

One more adventure and the story ends. The old chief himself is a great *booin* (“medicine man” or “wizard”), whose tutelary deity is a *chepechcalm*, (a huge horned serpent or dragon, fabulous of course, but about the existence of which few doubts are entertained by the Indians). He is chagrined to find himself outdone by his son-in-law. So he makes one more effort to rid himself of him. He says quietly to him one day, “I want you to bring me the head of a *chepechcalm* for my dinner.” “I will do so,” he replies. The dancing-doll is commanded to bring one of these frightful monsters to the village. He does so. The inhabitants see the danger, and they scream and fly in every direction. Our hero walks

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out boldly to meet him, and gives battle ; the fight is long and fearful, but finally victory declares for the man, and he severs the dragon's head from his trunk. He takes this head in his hand, and walks over to the chief's lodge and tosses it in. He finds the chief alone, weak and exhausted, and sitting bent nearly double; he walks tip to him and pounds him on the head with the dragon's head. The old necromancer's magic is gone; his *teeolum* his "medicine," his " tutelary deity," is destroyed, and he falls and dies.

[Here the story abruptly ends. One feels strongly inclined to supply what may be supposed to be a "missing page" in the history, and to install the young son-in-law in the old chief's place, and to give him a long, peaceful, and prosperous reign, numerous progeny, and a good time generally. I shall take no liberties of that kind. I simply *translate* the story as it lies before me, — not translating literally certainly, which would be gross injustice to my original; but faithfully, as I wrote it down from the mouth of a Micmac Indian in his own language.]

**III.
THE MAGICAL COAT, SHOES, AND
SWORD.**

[The following story embodies so many unnatural marvels that I cannot easily fix upon a title. It relates the adventures, however, all through, of one personage, a young prince, who ought therefore to be mentioned in the title of the story. As towns, intoxicating liquors, soldiers, and sentinels are referred to, the story must be of comparatively recent origin. But it is none the less interesting on that account. Its reference to transformations and magic, in general, seems clearly to point to an Indian origin, though the “invisible coat,” “shoes of swiftness,” and “sword of sharpness” look wonderfully like some fairy tale of European birth. It is as follows:]

There was once a large town where a very rich king resided. He had so much money that a particular house was appropriated to it, which was carefully guarded by sentinels. After a time this king became intemperate, and wasted his money in rioting and drunkenness. His queen became alarmed lest he should spend the whole estate and they should be reduced to poverty. To prevent this, she gives directions to the soldiers that guarded the treasure not to allow the king to take any more. They obey her directions, and when the king applies for more money he is told that it is all gone. Thereupon he takes a turn in the fields, thinking over his situation, when a very well-dressed gentleman meets him and

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asks for one of his daughters in marriage. He agrees to give him his eldest daughter (he has three in all) for a large amount of money. The terms are accepted, the money paid, the girl delivered up, and taken away, nobody knows where. The king spends the money in intoxicating liquors, and keeps himself drunk as long as it lasts.

He then takes another turn in the fields, and has a similar adventure; he meets a gentleman who asks for his next eldest daughter, for whom he pays a large price, and whom he carries off, no one knowing whither. The king again expends the money in dissipation. After a while this money is all used up; the king is obliged to be sober and keep so for a time. But a third time, as he is strolling over his fields, he meets a remarkably good-looking gentle man, bringing a "cart-load" of money, which he offers for the king's youngest daughter. The offer is again accepted, and the girl is carried off, to come home no more, no one knowing whither she is taken. The king carouses until he has again exhausted his money (a matter which requires but little time at best, and especially in dreams and fictitious tales). He then becomes sober, and continues so of necessity.

After a while his queen presents him with a son. The little fellow grows, goes to school, and mingles with the other children in their sports. Here he begins to learn something of his own domestic history. He is told that he has three sisters somewhere, but that his father has been a great drunkard, and has sold all three of the girls for intoxicating liquors, *wegoopsibunegu kamiskubu* (a

very curious expression, defying translation; one word denoting that the article referred to has been sold for rum, and that the seller has drunk himself drunk upon it). This information, tauntingly bestowed by the other boys upon the young prince, is received with emotions very far from pleasant. He goes home and tells his mother what the boys have said to tease him, and inquires if there is any truth in it. His mother puts him off, assuring him that the story is false. After a while he begins to believe that there is some truth in it, and he insists that his mother shall tell him all. Seeing the anxiety of the boy, she concludes to tell him, and gives him in detail all the particulars. "You had three sisters born before you, but your father sold them all for rum." "But where do they live?" the little boy inquires. "I do not know," says the mother. "I'll go in search of them," replies the boy. "You cannot find them," she says. "Indeed, I can," he rejoins; "and I will too."

So, one day, the boy directs his servant to harness the "chariot" and put two horses to it. They start off, and drive a long distance until they come to a river which is crossed at a ford. Having crossed the river, the boy sends back the horses and the servant, and goes on alone.

He soon comes upon three robbers who are so busy talking that they do not notice him until he comes close upon them. They seem to be puzzling over some matter that they cannot decide. He inquires what the trouble is, and is informed that they have taken a coat, a pair of shoes, and a small sword, which they find it impossible to divide. He

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inquires about the goods in question, and learns that there is remarkable magic in them all. The coat will render the wearer invisible, the shoes will carry him with incredible swiftness, and the sword will do whatever the wearer wishes.

“Oh,” he says, “I can assist you; I can divide them in the most satisfactory manner. Give them into my hands, turn your backs towards me, stand one before the other, and don’t look around until I speak.” To this they all agree, and arrange themselves accordingly. He slips off his own shoes and slips the new ones on, pulls off his coat and puts on the other, seizes the sword and wishes himself at the home of his eldest sister. In an instant he seems to awake as it were out of a sleep, and, lo! he stands at the door of a large and stately mansion. The three robbers stand still and wait without speaking a word until night gathers over them, when they look around and find to their dismay that they are deceived. Then the three great “loons” go home.

The young man knocks at the door of the house where he finds himself standing, and a lady comes to see who is there. He recognizes her, and salutes her as his sister, older than himself. But she meets him with a cold reception. “I have no brother,” she replies, “so that I cannot be your sister.” “But I am your brother,” he rejoins; “our father is a king. I was born after you and my other two sisters were sold and carried off.” This knowledge of her family history convinces her that he is no impostor, and she joyfully receives and leads him in. “But where is my brother-in-law?” he

inquires. "Out at sea, hunting," she answers, "whither he constantly goes, but turns himself into a whale when he does so. But," she adds, "he knows you are here, and will be home in a few minutes. There, see! in the distance, throwing up a shower of spray, he comes!" This frightens the young man, and he looks around for the means of flight or concealment. But his sister calms his fears. "You need not be alarmed," she says, "for he will not hurt you." Forthwith up from the shore walks a well-dressed gentleman, who immediately salutes the young man as his brother-in-law, and gives him a very cordial reception.

After a few days he proposes to leave them and go to find his second sister. But he is told that the distance is great. Still," says he, "I will go." His brother-in-law offers to supply him with money, but he declines the offer. After he has gone out, his brother-in-law detains him a moment, and gives him a fish-scale, carefully wrapped up, telling him that should he ever get into trouble he would be at his side to assist him if he would warm that scale a little. He takes the scale and departs. After he is out of sight, he arrays himself in his magical garb, and is in a twinkling at his second sister's house. She receives him just as the other had done, but is convinced by the same arguments that he is not an impostor. She is exceedingly glad to meet him, as he also is to meet her (*weledaswoltink*). He immediately inquires for her husband, and is directed to a large sheep feeding in a distant field. Instantly the sheep tosses up his head, and makes a leap towards the house; he comes in upon the full run, and assumes the form of a man as

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soon as he arrives. This man recognizes his brother-in-law, and says, *Numaktem, pegesinoosup* ("My brother-in-law, have you arrived?") *Alajul aa* ("I have"), he replies. Then they are glad to see each other, and he remains there a number of days.

After a while he announces his intention to visit his youngest sister. He is told that her residence is a long way off. "But I can reach it," he says. His brother-in-law offers to furnish him with money for the excursion, but he declines receiving any. He can travel free of expense. Before his departure, he is asked to receive a small *lock of wool*, and is told to warm that a little, should he get into any difficulty, and his friend would be at his side in an instant to help him. So he departs.

When he is alone by himself, he again clasps his dagger and wishes to be at his youngest sister's house. Instantly he awakes as it were from a sleep, and finds himself standing at the door of a splendid mansion. This time he is recognized at once by his sister, who welcomes him in, and is overjoyed to see him. On inquiring for his brother-in-law, he is shown a gray tame goose in the distance, and is told that that is he. Instantly the goose flies up, makes a dart towards the house, and leaps up at the threshold into the form of a well-shaped, beautiful man. He accosts him as the others had done: "My brother-in-law, have you found your way hither?" *Alajul aa* ("Yes, I have"), he answers. So again all three are very glad to meet each other (*weledabsooltijk*).

After a few days he intimates to his sister that it is about time for him to look after his own private

affairs, and that he intends "to seek a wife." "To-morrow," says he, "I shall start." She tells him that there is a town where he may find a lady to his liking; but the distance is great. This, to a man who can travel by "telegraph" or "magic," is a matter of small moment. When ready to start, his brother-in-law offers him all the money he needs; and this time he accepts it. In addition to the money, a small *feather* is given to him, which he is directed to warm a little in any time of trouble, and his friend will immediately be at his side to aid him.

Thus equipped, he starts, and grasping his trusty dagger, he wishes himself at the town specified, and at one of the remotest houses. There he is in a twinkling, awaking, as usual, out of a deep sleep, not having been sensible of the process of transition. The house where he stands is a mean one, of humble dimensions; he enters, and is cordially welcomed. There are two old women there, whom he found on arriving most earnestly engaged in conversation, as though the affair which they were discussing were one of grave importance. He soon finds out what it is all about. There is to be a royal wedding next day; "but," say they, "the bridegroom will not see his bride long." "Why not?" he asks. "Because," they answer, "she will be immediately carried off." "Who will carry her off?" he asks. They point out to him a very high bluff across the arm of the sea, around which a fierce storm of wind and rain is always raging, and they tell him that within those rocks is a cavern inhabited by an "ogre," who cannot be killed, as he takes care to keep his "soul" and "seat of life" in

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some distant place where it cannot be reached; and as soon as a girl is married he instantly carries her off to his cave, and she is never heard of more.

Next day, all the town is alive with the wedding at the royal residence. The parties stand up; and no sooner are the mystic words pronounced that make them man and wife than the bride vanishes. She is gone, but no one sees how; but all know why and where. Instantly all is turned into mourning. This is the second daughter the poor king has lost; and he weeps bitterly.

The stranger's arrival is now made known to the king. After mutual inquiries and explanations, he agrees to take the other daughter, and to fight the "ogre." The wedding is arranged to come off the next day. The young man then returns to the lodge where he was first entertained, and tells the news. They assure him that he will lose his bride, and he avers that he will recover her again.

So, the next day, the wedding takes place as arranged, and also, as was expected, the bride is instantly spirited away from his side. Nothing daunted or disconcerted, he returns to the lodge and relates all to his friends. "We told you so," say the old ladies. "But," says he, "to-morrow I shall go and bring her home again." They doubt it.

Next morning he equips himself for the expedition. He has an ugly customer to deal with, but he goes not in his own strength. He can pit magic against magic; and in case he is worsted in the encounter, he can call his three powerful friends to his aid. Putting on his shoes of swiftness, his magical coat, and grasping the wonder-working

dagger in his hand, he demands to be placed at the entrance of the ogre's cave. There he stands in an instant of time, in spite of the roaring waves and raging storm. But the face of the rock is smooth and solid; there is no door, and no appearance of a door. He draws his wonder-working dagger, and with its point marks out a door in the face of the bluff. Immediately the door rolls open and displays a vast apartment within, with a great number of women seated in a circle, very evenly arranged. He passes in, shielded from the sight of all by his invisible coat. Even the ugly owner of the cave is outgeneralled. There sits his wife, who was yesterday carried off, and the ogre sits by her side leaning his head on her bosom. All at once he starts up, exclaiming, "There is a wedding in the city," and darts off. In another instant he is back, bringing another woman, who takes her place in the circle. This is repeated from time to time, and in the intervals of his absence the young chief is enabled to converse in hasty snatches with his wife. "Ask him where he keeps his soul," he says to her. She accordingly puts the question to him on his return. He replies, "You are the first one that ever made such an inquiry of me, and I will tell you." He goes on to state that it is at the bottom of the sea, far out from land, but in an exact line perpendicular to the cave where they are. It is locked up in an iron chest, that chest being enclosed in another, and that in another, seven in all, and every one is locked. This information the "prince," who, all invisible, is standing by, receives. He next directs her to ask him

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where he keeps the keys. He tells her this also. They lie in a direct line from the chests on this side.

Having obtained all the information he wants, the young man retires from the cave. First he warms the “fish-scale” given him by his eldest sister’s husband, and instantly the whale appears, inquiring what is wanted. He relates what has happened, and asks him to find and fetch the iron boxes and the bunch of keys. This he does without difficulty; and the boxes are unlocked, one after the other, until they come to the last. In attempting to open this, they fail, and break the key. Then the “lock of wool” is warmed, and instantly the ram with his twisted horns is on hand to render service. He is directed to butt open the box. This he does in a trice by butting against it, when, *presto!* out hops the ogre’s soul, and flies off in a trice. Then the “feather” is heated, and the gray gander comes. He is sent as a winged messenger to catch and bring back the “soul” and “seat of life” of the ogre. Away he flies in pursuit, and soon returns bringing his prisoner, and receives the hearty thanks of his brother-in-law, who then commences operations on it with his magic sword, and by dint of pounding, piercing, and hacking at the soul subdues and after a while kills the magician of the cave. Those around him know not the cause, but they see that he is growing weaker and weaker, that his voice is growing feeble and faint, until at length he ceases to breathe or to move. Then our hero walks boldly and visibly in, and after throwing the ogre out and pitching him into the sea, he crosses over to the city and directs a large apartment to be

pre pared. The women are then all conveyed to this apartment; proclamation is made; and every man whose wife has been carried off is called to come and pick out his own and take her away. After all the rest have found and carried home their wives, the young hero takes his, and goes over to the royal palace.

[Here the story ends, the reader being at liberty of course to finish it out on his own responsibility, and to imagine how the young hero was thanked, feasted, honored, and raised to the highest dignities, and lived long and well. Mine is but the humble office of translator. I add nothing essential to the story. I simply translate freely, or rather tell the story in English in my own language, guided by the Micmac original, as I wrote it verbatim in Micmac from the mouth of Capt. Jo Glode.]

IV.

**GLOOSCAP AND THE MEGUMWESOO
A MARRIAGE ADVENTURE.**

[Note. — Micmacs believe in the existence of a superhuman being in the form of an Indian, named Glooscap. He is benevolent, exercises a care over the Indians, lives in a wigwam, an old woman keeps house for him, and a small “boy fairy” is his servant. The servant’s name is Abistanaooch (Marten).

They believe in other supernatural beings, living in the woods, formed like men and women, and possessing vast powers, who can sing most charmingly, and play on the flute exquisitely. They sometimes are very friendly to mortals, and are able to convert them into Megumoowesoos. Glooscap has the power to make the same transformations.

One more remark may help to add interest to the following tale. The custom of giving a price for a wife is an ancient Eastern custom, as may be seen in the case of Jacob. To set the intended son-in-law to do some dangerous exploit in order if possible to destroy him, has an historical verification in the case of Saul, who demanded of David an hundred foreskins of the Philistines (I Sam. xviii. 25). Saul thought to make David fall by the hands of the Philistines. But to the tale.]

There was once a large Indian village, from which, on a certain occasion, two young men started on an expedition, one to obtain a wife, and the other to be his companion and friend. After journeying a long

distance, they reached an island where Glooscap was residing. He lived in a very large wigwam. Glooscap himself, the old woman, his house keeper, and his waiting-man, Marten, were at home. The young men enter the wigwam and take their seats. A meal is immediately prepared for them and placed in a very tiny dish. This dish is so small and there is so little food, that they conclude that it will make but a sorry dinner. They find out, however, that they are mistaken. Small as is the portion of food assigned to them, they may eat as much as they like, but they cannot reduce the amount; there is just as much in the dish as ever. They finish their meal, and are well satisfied and refreshed.

When night comes on, they lie down to sleep; one of them lies next to Glooscap, his head at Glooscap's feet.¹ Now it happens that as this poor fellow is very hungry, he eats enormously, deceived by the fact that the food remains undiminished; consequently he is ill of colic in the night, and during his sleep meets with an unlucky accident. Thereupon Glooscap arouses him, goes with him down to the river, causes him to strip off and take a thorough ablution. He then furnishes him with a change of raiment, combs his hair, and gives him a magic hair-string, which imparts to him supernatural power, and turns him into a "Megumwesoo." He gives him a tiny flute, and teaches him to discourse sweet music therefrom. He also teaches him how to sing. He had not been

1) This is the way in which, among the Indians, a man and his wife usually sleep. *Witkusoodijik* — they lie heads and points.

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at all skilled in the art of song before; but when Glooscap leads off and bids him follow, he has a fine voice, and can sing with all ease.

The next day this young man solicits the loan of Glooscap's canoe. Glooscap says, "I will lend it to you willingly, if you will only bring it home again; the fact is, I never lent it in my life, but that I had to go after it before I got it home again." (The business of lending and borrowing is, as it would seem, about the same in all places and in all ages.) The young adventurer promises faithfully that he will bring the canoe back in due time, and the two young men go down to the shore to make ready for their journey. They look round in vain for the *kweedun* ("canoe"); there is no such thing to be seen. There is a small rocky island near the shore with trees growing on it, but there is no canoe. Glooscap tells them this island is his *kweedun*. They go on board, set sail, and find the floating island very manageable as a canoe. It goes like magic.

Straight out to the sea they steer, and after a while reach a large island, where they land, haul up the canoe, hide it in the woods, and go forth in search of the inhabitants. They soon come upon a large village. There a chief resides who has a beautiful daughter; he has managed to destroy a great many suitors by imposing upon them difficult tasks, as the condition of marrying the girl. They have accepted the terms, and have either died in the attempt to perform the tasks, or have been put to death for failure. The two young men enter the chief's wigwam: they are politely invited up to an honorable seat; they sit down, and the

Megumoowesoo introduces the subject of his visit in behalf of his friend. There is no long preamble. A short but significant sentence explains all: "My friend is tired of living alone." This tells the whole story, and it takes but two words in Micmac to tell it: *Sewincoodoo-gwahloogvet nigumachu* (they are words of somewhat formidable length). The chief gives his consent, but he imposes a somewhat dangerous condition. His intended son-in-law must first bring in the head of a *chepechalm* ("horned dragon").¹ The terms are accepted; the two young men go out and retire to another wigwam, where they pass the night.

Some time in the night the Megumwesoo leaves the lodge and goes dragon-hunting. He finds a hole in the ground where the serpent hides, and lays a stick of wood across it. Then he dances round and round the hole to induce the enemy to come forth. Presently his "dragonship" pokes up his head to reconnoitre, and then begins to come out. In doing this he drops his neck upon the log that has been purposely placed there for his accommodation, and one blow from the hatchet severs his head from the trunk. The Indian seizes it by the shining yellow horns, and bears it off in triumph. He lays it down by the side of his sleeping friend, rouses him, and directs him to carry it over to his father-in-law. He does so; and the old man, astonished, says to himself, "This time I shall lose my child."

But the young man has further trials of skill to undergo. The old chief coolly says, "I should like to

¹ See pages 79, 129, and 208.

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see my new son-in-law coast down hill on a hand-sled." There happens to be a high mountain in the neighborhood, the sides of which are rugged and steep; and this is the place selected for the coasting expedition. Two sleds are brought out. The intended son-in-law and his friend are to occupy one of them, and two stalwart fellows, who are *booinak* ("wizards") withal, are to occupy the other. They ascend the mountain in company; when all is ready, Megumoowesoo and his friend take the lead, the former undertaking to steer the sled; the two wizards follow, expecting that their friends will be tumbled off their sleds before they go far, and that they will be run over and crushed to death. The word being given, away they speed at a fearful rate, down, down, down the rough path, and the young man soon loses his balance, and away he goes. His companion, however, seizes him with all ease, and replaces him upon the sled, but makes this a pretext for turning a little aside to adjust matters, and the other sled passes them. In an instant they are again under way, and, coming to some of the rugged steeps, their sled makes a bound and leaps quite over the other, which it now leaves behind; the Megumwesoo shouting and singing as they fly, the sled thunders on to the bottom of the mountain. Nor does its speed slacken there; on and on it darts towards the village, with the same velocity, until it strikes the side of the old chief's wigwam, which it rips out from end to end. The poor old chief springs up in terror, and exclaims aloud, "I have lost my daughter this time!" He finds that he has his match.

But there are other trials of magical prowess to be made. He must run a race with one of the magicians. They get ready, and Megumwesoo slips his magical pipe into his friend's hand, thus arming him with magical power; and off they start, quietly side by side at first, so that they can converse together. "Who and what are you?" the bridegroom asks his friend. "I am Wegadesk (Northern Lights)," he answers. "Who and what are you?" "I am Wosogwodesk (Chain-lightning)," is the answer; each of course intending these high-sounding epithets as a boastful declaration of his speed in running. Chain-lightning wins. He arrives about noon, having made the whole course round the world, but not till towards evening does Northern Lights come in, panting. Once more the chief exclaims, "I must lose my daughter this time!

One more game finishes the dangerous sports of the occasion. They must swim and dive, and see which can remain the longer under water. So they plunge in, and again inquire each other's names. "What is your name?" the bridegroom asks the *booin*. "I am Ukchigumooech (Sea-duck)," he answers. "And who are you?" "I am Kweemoo (Loon)," he answers. So down they plunge. After a long time Sea-duck bobs up, but they wait and wait for the appearance of Loon. Then the old chief declares that he is satisfied. The young man may take the girl and go; but the wedding must be celebrated by a regular dance in which all may participate. A cleared, well-beaten spot near the chief's wigwam is the dancing-ground. When all is ready, the Megumwesoo springs up and begins the dance.

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If there is any concealed plot connected with the dance, he determines to disconcert it; at all events he will show them what he can do. Round and round the circle he steps in measured tread. His feet sink deep into the smooth compact earth at every step, and plough it up into high uneven ridges at every turn. He sinks deeper and deeper into the earth, until at last naught save his head is seen above the ground as he spins round the circle. He then stops; but he has put an end to the dancing for that day, as the ground has been rendered totally unfit for the exercise.

The games are now all over, and the young man and his friend have come off victorious in every trial. The "lady fair" is given him for his bride, and the happy bridegroom and his friend, taking her with them, launch the magical canoe and start for *boosjike* ("home"). Their troubles and dangers are not over. The wily old chief sends some of his magical band to thwart them on their way. As they paddle quietly along over the glassy surface of the sea, they perceive that a storm has been conjured up ahead, and it is bearing down apace upon them; but if one conjurer can raise the wind, so can another; and when "Greek meets Greek," then comes the tug-of-war. The only question is which is the more expert warrior of the two. In a trial of enchantment it is the same. If one can blow, so can the other; and the one that can blow the harder beats. The Megumwesoo stands up in the canoe, inflates his lungs, swells out his cheeks, and blows for dear life; he puffs the stronger gale. Wind meets wind; the approaching storm is driven back, and

leaves the sea all (*awibuneak*) calm and smooth as before.

They now proceed on their way, but keep a good lookout for "breakers." Presently they perceive something sticking up in the water, which on closer examination proves to be a beaver's tail. They understand it in an instant. A *boooiin* has assumed this form to lull suspicion; and intends, by a blow of his tail as they pass, to capsize the canoe. Megumwesoo steers directly towards the tail, and just as they come up to it he exclaims, "I am a capital hand to hunt beavers; many is the one I have killed ;" and he deals a blow with his hatchet, which severs the tail from the body and kills the wizard.

They then proceed, but haul close in shore in order to round the point. They see an animal about the size of a small dog, which bears a somewhat unsavory name, and which sometimes deluges his pursuers with a still more unsavory perfumery. This animal is termed in Micmac *abookcheeloo*; in English he is commonly known as the skunk, but by way of euphony he is called Sir John Mephitis. Sir John on this occasion happens to be a necromancer, sent out by the disconcerted old chief to oppose the progress of the wedding-party. He has arranged his battery, and stands ready to discharge his artillery as they approach. But the Megumwesoo is too much for him. He has a spear all ready; he has whittled out a small stick, which he sends whirling through the air with unerring aim, and the poor skunk gives two or three kicks and dies. His destroyer steps ashore and takes a pole, sharpens the end, transfixes the animal upon it, sticks the pole up in the ground, and

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leaves poor Sir John dangling in the air. *Lik-cho-je-nain*¹ he exclaims. "There, sir, you can exhibit yourself there as long as you please."

Their dangers are now all over. They soon arrive at Glooscap's habitation. They find him waiting for them at the shore. He says, "Well, my friends, I see you have returned my canoe." "We have, indeed," they reply. "And what kind of a time have you had?" he inquires. They assure him that they have had a splendid time, and have had uninterrupted success. At this he manifests his great satisfaction he has been cognizant of everything as it went along, and has had no small share in their triumphs. After entertaining them he dismisses them, telling the Megumwesoo that should he get into trouble, he is but to think of him, and assistance will be sent forthwith. The two friends with the bride go home, and then they separate, — one to pursue the course of ordinary mortals, the other to move in that higher sphere to which he has been raised.

¹ *Lik-cho-je-nain* will not bear literal translating.

V.

**THE BOY THAT WAS TRANSFORMED
INTO A HORSE.**

Now, on a certain time in a certain place there were many people living. One man was very poor and had a large family. A gentleman came one day and offered him a very large sum of money for his little boy. He accepted the offer and sold the child, though he was aware of the evil character of the man who bought him, and knew that it would be the means of his eternal destruction. He had sold him to the devil.

After this he had another son born to him. At the age of eighteen months the child was able to talk, and immediately made inquiries about his elder brother. He said to his mother, "Where is my brother?" Then the mother began to weep, and told him that he had been sold by his father. The child asked, "Where has he been taken?" The mother replied, "An evil spirit has carried him off." The child said, *Meniscake!* ("I will go and fetch him back!")

Shortly after this a man entered the house whom no one could see except the little boy. This man said to the child, "Are you intending to go and bring home your brother?" He replied, "I am." The man said, "I will give you directions respecting the way, and will assist you when you are ready to go."

The next morning the child goes out, and the man meets him and says, "Are you ready for your expedition?" The child replies that he is all ready. The man gives him a tiny horse whip, telling him to

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conceal it about his person, and let no one know he has it, and at the proper time he will learn to what use he has to put it. He then points out to him the road that he must take. "Do you see away yonder that road that passes right through a cloud? Go you on to that place, and when you have passed through the cloud you will come to a large house. Go up to that house, and you will meet the owner, and he will inquire of you what you want. Tell him you are looking for work. He will inform you that if you can take care of horses he will give you employment. Tell him you can, and accept the situation. While you are tending the horses, one of them will speak to you, and tell you that he is your brother, and he will inquire what has induced you to come hither. Tell him you have come as his deliverer."

The boy, having received these instructions, proceeds on his journey. He takes the straight road ahead, reaches the thick cloud, passes through it, and comes out on the further side; here he sees a large fine house and goes up to it. He meets the master of the house just coming out. *Cogoowa aleen?* ("What are you here after?") he asks. The child replies, "I am looking for work." The man says, *Ab! peskwah* ("Very well! come in"). He goes into the house, and engages with the owner to attend the horses.

Installed in his new employment, he daily attends punctually to the duties of the situation, feeding the horses and tending them (*esumaje*). Not many days have passed, before one of the horses addresses him in human speech. "My brother," he says, "what has brought you here? It is an evil place;

I was once myself what you are now, and I was set to tend the horses as you do, until I myself was turned into a horse." The child answers, "I have come with the design of taking you home." He answers, "You will never be able to effect your purpose." He replies, "I will try, however."

And try he does, and succeeds too. One day he asks permission to take a ride on horseback, and is allowed to do so. He knows which horse to choose for the excursion; he brings him out, mounts his back, and trots and gallops to and fro for a while, displaying his agility in horsemanship. Then he tells his brother, "To-morrow we will go home." His brother replies, "We cannot do that, we shall be overtaken and brought back." The little fellow answers, "They will not be able to overtake us."

The next morning he again asks and obtains permission to take a ride. First he rides very slowly back and forth ; but soon he starts for home, first walking the horse, then starting him into a trot, and finally into a smart gallop. They are now suspected, and parties are sent after them in great haste. If they can pass the cloud, they are safe ; but before they reach it the boy looks back, and finds that his pursuers are rapidly gaining upon him. He now bethinks him of the whip the angel guide had given him, draws it out of his pocket, and applies it vigorously to his horse's sides. This puts new life into the animal, which, dashing on with double speed, soon begins to distance the pursuers, and arriving at last at the separating cloud, springs into it, passes through it, and is safe.

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He there meets the man who assisted him in his work. "You have brought away your brother I" he exclaims. He answers exultingly, "I have." He then tells him not to go into the village, but to go and pass the night in the woods. With this he takes off his cloak and throws it over his horse. Then the boy takes the horse into the woods, ties him to a tree, and lies down to sleep. The next morning he awakes and sees his brother sitting by, restored to his natural shape; but he is naked: whereupon he leaves him, and goes into the village to beg some clothes for him. These he carries back, and puts upon his brother.

The heavenly messenger now meets them again, and directs them to go home, and carry this cloak, with which the horse had been covered, and put it on their father. Before he dismisses them, he gives them a prayer-book. They have never been taught their prayers. So he opens the book, and calls them to him, and gives them a lesson; they immediately remember the prayers, and can repeat them correctly.

They then go home. They enter their father's house, but are not recognized. They throw the cloak over their father's shoulders. He immediately goes out, and is instantly transformed into a horse. An evil spirit leaps upon his back and gallops off with him.

Then the two boys go out and travel on, but are not seen except by a very few, being invisible to all others. They at length enter a house, and go up into an upper room. In the evening they are again visited by the "angel," who now appears doubly angelic.

He says to them, "We will all remain together for the night." The next morning people call to inquire after them, but they are gone. The doors and windows are all fastened, and the boys' clothes are left in the room; but no tidings can be obtained of the boys.

[The above story was related to me by Joseph Glode, a Micmac Indian, and I wrote it down from his mouth in Micmac. It has too much Indian coloring to have been learned from the white men. The marvellous feats of a "tiny boy," as well as the unnatural transformations, are just in harmony with the wildest Indian mode of thought. But the "angel," the "devil," and the "prayer-book" attest to a somewhat modern invention; but for all that, the tale is none the less interesting.

As in the other cases, I simply relate the story according to the English idiom, not adding to or diminishing from any of the incidents.]

VI.
THE MAGICAL FOOD, BELT,
AND FLUTE.

[The following story has a tinge of modernism about it. The actors are civilized, not savage; and it may be some ancient fairy tale, first learned from the whites, and remodelled by design or accident into the Indian style of the marvellous. The hero's name given by the Indian from whose mouth I wrote the story down as he related it in Micmac, was Jack, which seems to confirm the suspicion that the tale itself is not of Indian origin. The discovery of such a tale in the regions of romance would of course settle the question. I here give the story as I heard it, translating it from the Micmac which lies before me.]

There was once a king who owned a large farm in the neighborhood of the town where he resided; the farm was cultivated by a man who paid rent for it to the king. This man had but one child, a son, who was considered only about half-witted; he was very stupid, and was continually doing silly things.

After a while his father died ; but as he had left a large store of money, the rent was easily met for a year or two. Finally a pay-day approached when there was no cash. The mother consulted with her son as to what was to be done. "The king will call in a day or two for his money, and we have none for him. What can we do?" He replies, *Loob* (" I don't know"). She concludes to select one of the finest cows, and send the boy off to market to sell it. He

agrees to the proposal, and starts with the cow to market.

As he drives his animal along, he passes a house standing near the road; there is a man on the steps who has come out to hail him. He inquires, "Where are you going with that cow?" "I am driving her to market," Jack answers. "Come in and rest yourself," says the man, pleasantly. Jack accepts the invitation, goes in, and sits down. "I want you to make me a present of that cow," says the man. "Can't do it," replies Jack; "but I will be glad to sell her to you, for we are in need of the money." The man replies that he will not buy the cow, but that he wants Jack to make him a present of her. This the boy refuses to do. The man asks if he will have something to eat. He answers in the affirmative, and out a tiny dish is set before him a very small piece of food.¹ The boy looks at the food, and ventures to taste it. He finds it very palatable, and eats away, but does not diminish the amount. After a while the distension of his stomach indicates that he has eaten sufficiently; but his appetite is as keen as ever, and the morsel that lies on the tiny plate is not in the least diminished. He endeavors to stop eating, but finds that he cannot do so. He has to keep on eating, whether he will or not. So he calls out to the man, "Take away your food." The man coolly answers, "Give me your cow, and I will." The boy answers indignantly, "I'll do no such thing; take your dish away." "Then eat on," quietly answers the man; and eat on he does, until he begins to think that his

¹ This is an unmistakable Indian stamp to the story. Their legends delight in making tiny, insignificant things perform great wonders.

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whole abdominal region will burst if he continues much longer. He gives over the contest, cries for quarter, and yields up the cow. In return he receives the little dish with the food, undiminished in quantity or quality, remaining in it. He then returns home with the magical food in his pocket.

Arriving at his home, he is questioned as to the success of his mission. He relates his adventures and says, "I have been robbed of the cow." His mother calls him a thousand fools, upbraids him outrageously, and seizes the fire-shovel in order to knock him down. He dodges her, however, and taking a particle of the magical food on the tip of his finger, adroitly touches her mouth with it as he jumps by her. She stops instantly, charmed with the exquisite taste, and inquires, "What is this that tastes so delicious?" Thereupon he hands the dish over to her; and she falls to eating greedily, while he quietly looks on. But soon sensations and difficulties similar to those which he had himself experienced lead her to call out to him to remove the plate. "Will you beat me then?" he coolly asks. "I will," exclaims the mother, now more than ever enraged, finding herself thus caught in a trap. "Then you may eat away," says the boy. The indignant old lady eats on, until she can really stand the strain no longer, when she yields, and promises to lay aside the "rod of correction;" then he releases her by removing the tiny platter and its contents.

The next morning the old lady sends Jack off to market with another cow. Passing the same house, he is again accosted by the man, who is waiting on the

door-step to meet him; in the same manner as on the former occasion, the man makes the modest request that Jack will give him the cow. Jack, however, has learned some wisdom by his late adventure, and has no idea of repeating the experiment. *Jigulahse winsit* ("Be off with you, you evil spirit"), he exclaims. "You robbed me yesterday; you 're not going to do it again to day;" and he hurries on. The man takes off his belt, and throws it down in the middle of the road. Instantly the belt leaps up around both Jack and his cow, binds the animal's legs fast to her body, and lashes the boy to her side. There they lie, unable to stir. *Apkwable!* ("Untie me!") shouts the struggling boy. "Give me your cow and I will," the man answers. "I won't do it," says Jack. "Then lie there!" is the answer. But the belt, like a huge boa-constrictor, begins to contract, and to press upon Jack and his cow, so that they can scarcely draw their breath. At length the poor fellow gives up the cow, is unfastened, receives the magic belt in return, and goes home. He informs his mother that the same man has again robbed him. The old woman is now more angry than ever. She calls him hard names, threatens to beat and even to kill him, and searches for a suitable weapon; then Jack unclasps his belt, casts it upon the floor, and instantly the poor woman is bound hand and foot, and calls lustily to be released. Jack looks on and says, *Mataedukstuh?* ("Will you beat me, then?") "Yes, I will," she screams; "untie me, you dog!" Jack pulls the magic cord a little tighter round her, and the violence of her wrath abates; she begins to gasp, and promises if he will let her go she will not beat him. Thereupon he unties her, and she keeps her word.

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The difficulty still remains ; the rent is not yet paid, and the mother determines to make one more attempt to sell a cow. Away goes the boy again towards the town, driving the third animal, when the same man again encounters him with the same proposal. "Give me your cow." "Give you my cow, indeed!" exclaims the boy in wrath. "I'll give a stone and hurl it at your head." He is about to suit the action to the word, when the man pulls out a tiny flute and begins to play on it. Jack's muscles instantly contract in different directions; the stone drops from his hand, and, literally charmed with the music, he begins to dance. The cow joins in the jig; and both dance away with all their might, unable to stop. "Hold! hold!" he exclaims at length; "stop your music! Let me get my breath!" "Give me your cow, and I will," answers the man. "I won't do it," Jack replies. "Then dance away!" is the answer; and the poor fellow dances until he is ready to drop from very weariness. He then yields, gives up the cow, receives the magic flute, and returns to his mother to report his ill success for the third time. This time the old woman's rage knows no bounds. She will kill him outright. But while she is in the act of springing upon him with some deadly weapon, he commences operations on his magical flute. The old lady is enchanted with the music, drops her weapon, and begins to dance, but retains her wrath, and long persists in her determination to deal summary vengeance upon the boy. Again and again she orders him to cease playing; but in answer to his interrogatory, *Mataedukstuh?* ("Will you beat me then?") she answers, "Indeed I will." Soon she becomes so weary that she can scarcely keep on her

feet, but sways to and fro, almost sinking. Finally she falls and strikes her head with great force. She yields, and promises to let him alone, and he withdraws the enchantment of his music.

There was another effect produced by the magic flute when the man who met Jack commenced playing; no sooner had the boy and cow begun to dance, than they were joined by a great swarm of hornets. These hornets hovered over them, and danced in concert in the air; they followed the flute; whenever it played they came, but they were invisible to all eyes except those of the musician, and his commands and wishes they implicitly obeyed.

The difficulty of paying the rent remains. The mother is still in trouble about it; but the boy quiets her fears, and undertakes to manage the affair. "To-day," she says, "the king will be here. What can we do?" He says to her, "I'll pay him; give yourself no uneasiness." He then takes a lot of earthen dishes and smashes them up fine, packs the pieces into a bag, and fills it so full that he can scarcely tie it up, then seals the strings with *upkoo-gum*.¹

Presently a carriage containing the king himself and two servants drives up to the door. They have come to collect the rent. They enter the house, and the terrified old woman runs and hides. The boy, however, meets them at the door, and politely conducts them to a seat. They sit down and wait, and he immediately fetches them what seems to be a well-filled money-bag, and sets it down on the

¹ *Upkoo-gum*, wax, tar or any adhesive substance.

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table, making it rattle and chink like a bag of money,¹ as he sets it down.

He then produces his little magic platter and food, and gravely informs the king that his father, before he died, had given him instructions to set that before his Majesty as a portion of exquisitely delicious food. The king takes the bait and falls into the trap; he first tastes a morsel, then falls to eating, and the two servants join him. Meanwhile the boy seems to be very busy getting ready to count out the cash, bustling round, going into another room where he remains a good while, then coming out and lifting up the bag, and, as if having forgotten something, going back into some other apartment of the house.

Meanwhile the king and his servants become gorged with the food; but they can neither refrain from eating, nor push away from the enchanted platter. They call to the boy to come and remove his dish; but he is altogether too busy to hear or to notice them. Meanwhile their troubles increase. Their stomachs become distended beyond endurance, and they are glad to purchase a respite by giving up rent, house, stock, farm, and all. On these conditions the dish and food are removed, and the king and his retinue return to the palace, leaving the good people in quiet possession of everything.

After they have retired, the old woman, who has been watching the manœuvres from her

1) Money in all the *Abtookwokuns* that I have seen is *coin*, not paper, — which indicates a somewhat ancient date to the story.

hiding-place, comes out, and this time praises her boy for his adroitness. He makes over all the property to her, and starts off to seek his fortune and a wife, taking with him the enchanted dish, belt, and flute.

So he travels on, and finally arrives at a town where a king resides who has one beautiful daughter. She has many suitors, for the king has promised her hand to the first one who will make her laugh three times in succession. Now, it happens that our hero is very ill-shaped, ugly-looking, and awkward, and can, by a little affectation, make himself appear much more so than he really is. He strolls about the city, hears the current gossip, and learns about the domestic arrangements of the palace. So one day he strolls into the king's palace among the other suitors and visitors, and looks round at everything, and soon attracts the attention of the servants, who inquire what his business is there. At first he makes no reply. But he knows that, according to rule, unless he answers the third challenge, he will be summarily ejected. So he answers the second time. "Is it true, as I have heard, that the princess will marry the first man who can make her laugh three times in succession?" He is told that it is true, and he says he wishes to make the trial. So he is allowed to remain in the palace.

Being admitted into the apartment where the young lady is in waiting, surrounded by her suitors, who are to be umpires in the trial, he first brings out his magical dish with the enchanted food, and requests her to examine and taste it. She does this cautiously, following the bent of curiosity, and finds the taste so agreeable that she continues to

eat, and offers it to the others, who also eat. To their astonishment the quantity of food does not diminish in the platter, nor does the taste become any less exquisite, although their distended stomachs protest against any further infliction. Finally the protestations of the gastric regions overcome the clamors of the palate, and they attempt to stop eating and to push away the plate. But they can do neither the one nor the other, and so call upon the youth to take away his food. He will do so, but upon one condition: *The princess must laugh*. She hesitates; she had only thought of laughing from pleasure, not from pain. She refuses to comply, but he is inexorable; she may do what she pleases, — laugh, or continue to eat. Finally she can hold out no longer, and she laughs, saying to herself, “He’ll not make me laugh a second time.” As soon as he releases them from the enchantment of the food, they fly furiously at him to expel him from the palace. But they “reckon without their host.” Quick as lightning he unclasps the magic belt, tosses it on the floor, and instantly they are all bound together in a bundle wound round from head to foot, and lie in a helpless heap before him. “Untie us,” shouts the tortured and terrified princess. *Oosugawayan* (“Laugh, then”), he coolly answers. But no, she will not laugh. But he knows how to bring her to terms. He has but to will it, and the obedient belt will tighten its embrace. When she and her guardians can endure the pressure no longer, she gives forth a forced and feeble laugh. Then they are all released. No sooner done, than the men draw their weapons and rush furiously at

him. Before they reach the spot where he stands, however, he has the magic flute to his lips; their steps are arrested, and princess, suitors, umpires, guards, and all are wheeling in the mazy dance. They are charmed, not figuratively but literally, with the music of the tiny magic flute.

At length they grow tired of the exercise, and vainly endeavor to stop; but they cannot do it. "Stop your playing!" they shout. "I will," he answers, "when the princess laughs." But she determines that she will not laugh this time, come what may. But the stakes are for a princess and a kingdom, and he will not yield. She dances till she can no longer stand. She falls upon the floor, striking it heavily with her head. She then yields to her fate, performs her part nobly, and gives forth *tokoo wesawake* ("a hearty laugh"). The music then ceases, the umpires are left to decide the case, and the young man walks away and leaves them.

The news of the affair reaches the ears of the king, and he commands that the young man shall be introduced into his presence. This is done; and the king is disgusted with the looks and manners of the young man, and declares the contract null and void. But the matter must be hushed up, and not allowed to get abroad. The "victor" is to be privately despatched, and another more suitable match substituted in his place. By the king's direction the stranger is seized, conveyed to the menagerie, and thrown in with the beasts. This is a large apartment surrounded by high walls. The ferocious animals rush upon him; but the magic belt is tossed down, and they are all tied up in a heap, their legs being

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bound fast to their bodies, while he sits quietly down awaiting the issue of events in one corner of the yard.

Meanwhile word is circulated that one of the suitors at the royal palace has won the princess's hand, and the wedding is to be celebrated that very evening. "All goes merrily as a marriage-bell," until the hour arrives for the bridegroom to be introduced into the bridal chamber. There the whole affair is quashed. Hosts of invisible foes are there who have entered at the key-hole, and are waiting to vindicate the innocent, defend his rights, and punish the intruder. The victorious Jack has taken his flute and called the troops of hornets to his aid; he bids them enter the key-hole and wait until his rival has unrobed, and then ply him with their tiny weapons about his lower extremities. This they do; and the poor fellow, unable to see the hornets, but fully able to feel their stinging, begins to jump and scream like a madman. The terrified princess rushes out of the room, and screams for help. The domestics run to her assistance, and she declares that the bridegroom is a maniac. They, hearing his screams and witnessing his contortions of countenance, and unable to learn the cause, come to the same conclusion, and hurry away from the palace. Another bridegroom is substituted, who shares the same fate. The king at length concludes that he is outgeneralled; that the young man who has won the hand of his daughter still lives; that he must be a remarkable personage, possessed of miraculous powers. He sends to the menagerie for him. The animals are all tied up; but a thick mist fills

the place, and they cannot see the young man. They attempt to release the beasts, but find this impossible. They bring the report to the king. "Ay," said he, "it is just as I said; he is a necromancer, a remarkable man. Go again, seek him carefully, and if you can find him bring him in." This time they find him. They recognize him; but he is now transformed into a most lovely person. All admire his portly bearing and his polished manners. The wedding is consummated with great pomp. He builds a splendid palace, and, when the old king dies, is crowned in his place. And now a long and prosperous reign.

[This last sentence is added as a finishing touch by the translator.]

VII.
THE HISTORY OF USITEBULAJOO
A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

There were once two Indian families living near to gether. The name of one of the men was Pulowech (Birch Partridge), and that of the other Weechuk (Spruce Partridge). Each had a large family. One severe winter they were greatly straitened for food. Weechuk lost all his children but two, and finally died himself. His wife survived. Pulowech lost his wife and all his children, so he married the widow of Weechuck; she had two children, a son and a daughter. Pulowech used to hunt and provide for his wife and step-children.

One day he did not succeed in obtaining any game, and so he cut the flesh from his back and brought it home. They cooked and ate it. Another day, when he had like ill-luck, he cut the flesh from the calves of his legs and brought that home. This also was cooked and eaten.

After supper the old man lies down and goes to sleep. While he lies there, his wife discovers that he has removed the flesh from his back and the calves of his legs, and she says to herself, "Ah! have I been eating your flesh? I'll go away and leave you to-morrow." So the next morning Pulowech goes out as usual to his hunting. After he has gone his wife washes and dresses herself in her best apparel, and makes herself so pretty that her very eyes are red and sparkling. Then she pulls up her door-post, and goes down the hole into an underground

passage, telling her children to close the passage after her by re-inserting the door-post. She travels on a long distance, comes to a river which she follows down, and finally reaches an Indian village, where there are many wigwams. She enters the first wigwam she comes to, where she finds seated on the ground an old woman named *Mooinasque*;¹ she sees also a boy whose name is *Abistanaooch* (*Marten*). The old woman directs her to go over to the wigwam of the chief. She does so; the chief's wife receives her kindly, calls her her daughter-in-law, and introduces her to their son, who takes her for his wife, and she remains with him.

When her former husband, *Pulowech*, returns at evening from hunting, he inquires of his step-children, "What has become of your mother?" They say, "We do not know." He goes off in search of her. After he is gone the little girl says to her brother, "Come on! Let us wash ourselves, and go out and see if we cannot find our mother." He agrees to the proposal; they get ready, pull up the door-post, go down into the underground passage, follow on, and come out at last to *Meseek oodun* (the large Indian town). The little girl tells her brother not to speak to their mother should they discover her, but wait and see what she will say or do.

So, arriving at the town, they enter the first wigwam they come to and make inquiries. The old woman, *Mrs. Bear*, tells them that a stranger arrived there some time before, and that she went to the

1) *Mooinasque*, the wife of *Mooin*, the bear. An exact translation into the English idiom would be "Mrs. Bear."

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chief's wigwam, where she still is. They inform her that this stranger is their mother. "But do not let her know," say they, "that we have come." The old woman tells them that she has no food to give them. "But," she says, "go over to the chief's wigwam, and there you may succeed in obtaining a little." So the two children go over to the chief's wigwam; on entering, they see their mother sitting there, but she takes no notice of them. After a while the mother rises, takes down some lean meat and some fat, and gives it to them, telling them to go somewhere else and roast it. So they take the meat and go back to the first wigwam which they had entered, and there, together with the little boy Marten, they cook their dinner and eat it. They do not go back to see their mother, but remain where they are.

The next day poor old Pulowech arrives in search of his wife; but she has no idea of going back. She recommends to her present husband to rally his men, seize and kill this stranger, take off his skin, dress it, and make a door-blanket of it. This counsel is followed. The old man is seized and killed; his hide is taken off, and made into a door-blanket. Weechuckeskw (Weechuck's wife, or, in English phraseology, Mrs. Weechuck) next cautions the people against those two strange children that have arrived. "Just such an event once happened," she says, "in my former place of residence. Two strange children came there, and were kindly entertained; but they turned out to be evil geniuses, who cut off the supplies of game by witchcraft; so that all the people came near

perishing with starvation. Take these two children," she adds, "and tie them together by the legs. Do not attempt to kill them, but hang them up on a tree; then let us all remove, leaving them hanging there."

This advice is taken. The two children are tied together by the heels, back to back; a tree is bent down, they are fastened to it, and are left dangling in the air.

The whole village pack up and remove, "bag and baggage." Little Marten is on the watch. He sees the old lady, his grandmother, lighting a piece of touch-wood, and carefully hiding it away to preserve some fire against the time of need. After all have gone, little Marten begs his grandmother to have compassion on his two little comrades, and allow him to let them down. She consents; and he goes to them, kindles a fire at the bottom of the tree and burns it down, then piles up moose-hair for them to fall upon; then by a vigorous application of his teeth and nails, he soon loosens the knots and sets them at liberty. At this stage in the story the boy is named. He is called Usitebulajoo (hanged up by the heels). The two remain in the deserted village to shift for themselves; but Usitebulajoo asks the old woman with whom they have stayed to remember them in future time. "Pity us, poor creatures," he says; "and when the heavy snows of winter fall, sweep it away from before your door, and we shall derive the benefit."

So the people of the village travel on three days before they encamp. They then pitch their tents, and soon raise a large village of wigwams. But they

cannot escape the punishment of their cruelty to strangers and orphans. The Great Spirit is angry and sends them no game, and they are soon reduced to extremities: *kawesooltijik* (they suffer from hunger). The cruel mother, however, has no idea of taking the blame to herself. She blames, or affects to blame, for it all those two evil spirits, those necromancers, her own little children.

The two children, however, are not left uncared for. First they live on small game. They kill mice, roast and eat the flesh, and make clothing of the skins. Afterwards they succeed with larger game. They pray for rabbits; and the rabbits flock into their wigwam, and are easily taken and killed. Their skins are also made into clothing. The little girl does this work, and soon presents her brother with a coat made of this warmer and more substantial material.

After a time the boy asks of Keswolk (the Great Spirit; the Creator, literally) to allow them to grow up at once into a man and a woman. That evening the boy draws into the wigwam two logs of wood as large round and as long as a man. He then says to his sister: *Numees* ("My sister), after I lie down and get to sleep, do you stand these logs up, one at my head and the other at my feet. In the morning, I shall get up and make a fire; when I first call you, do not rise. When you hear me say, 'Sister, the fire is all out,' do not mind; but lie still. After a good long while, however, get up."

She attends carefully to these directions, and when she arises the next morning, her brother has grown up, sure enough, to the full size of a man.

That evening he stands the logs up at her head and feet, and the next morning she has grown up *staga abitos* (like a young woman).

Now, then, Usitebulajoo prepares for himself deadly weapons of a more effective kind. He makes a spear and arrows with stone heads. Having prepared his weapons he says to his sister, *Numees, sabonook eskitpoonook ntoogoolean* (“tomorrow, early in the morning, when I go a hunting”), *akudagisuk upkesintes* (“and return at mid-day”), *tilea tutemoolan tooyu* (“although I shall say to you, ‘Come out’”) *moouktooeow* (“do not come out”). “After I have called to you three times, then come out.” The next morning, accordingly, he gets up very early and goes away to his hunting; at *akudegisuk* (mid-day), he returns, and his sister hears a great trampling and shouting outside; her brother is calling, *Numees, tooyu abogunumooe!* (“My sister, come out and help me!”) She keeps quiet according to orders and lets him call once, twice, three times, as loud as he can: “Come out and help me!” Then all is quiet, and she has still waited a long time. She goes out, and lo! there is her brother sitting astride of a moose, and there are piles of dead moose and caribou lying there slaughtered; her brother is covered with blood, the plain proof of his labors as a butcher. He has brought home his drove and butchered them at his door, which saves the trouble of taking home the meat. *Weledahsit abitase* (The girl is much pleased).

Immediately they both go to work to skin the animals, slice the meat, and dry it in flakes, it being the girl’s part of the work to do the cutting up and

the drying. They have now a large quantity of food. They have also a bountiful supply of *utkwaganeme* (marrow, tried out from the crushed bone), and *kumboo* (tallow, tried out and preserved in cakes).

One of the uses to which the young lady applies the tallow is to adorn her person. She uses it for hair-oil, and uses it freely. Her hair flows down over her shoulders, and becomes stiffened around her with tallow, into *pedoogooich*, *mema kumooub*¹ (a regular white cloak). This singular toilet arrangement receives in the story a still more singular explanation. It is done to suit the taste of her lover, for she has attracted one to her magical bower. He comes in the shape and form and with the habits of *mooin wopskw* (a huge white bear). He is a man, however, — a magician, who assumes this form. Their meetings are carried on on the sly. The place of assignation is some distance from the lodge, on the borders of a lake. There Sir Mooin Wopskw awaits her approach. He quietly and very lovingly licks off all the tallow from her head; then she returns to attend to her domestic duties, but says nothing to her brother of this new object of attraction and attention, by whom she has been enchanted.

Meanwhile the Indians who had taken the advice of the cruel mother, and had forsaken the children in their apparently helpless condition, are suffering all the rigors of continued famine. After a while an old woman named Kakakooch (Crow)

1) The *ub* at the end of a word simply makes the case terminative: that is, the end of a sentence.

leaves the rest, and returns to the deserted village in quest of food. She hopes to find the two partridges there, and to make a meal of them. What is her astonishment, on approaching the place, to see smoke arising out of the wigwam! Her astonishment is increased by the discovery of such vast quantities of meat lying there in the flakes. Madame Crow, true to her nature (for individuals or tribes retain largely the character of the animals whose name they bear), does not wait to be invited, and does not ask leave, but commences operations on the dried meat. The girl goes out, sees what is going on, and tells her brother, *Uchkeen* ("My brother"), *mijesit kakakooch koojumoogu* ("the crow is eating out of doors"). He replies, *Numees, piskwach* ("My sister, let her come in"). So the girl invites her in, and furnishes her with food. Then taking a portion of the entrails of the animals, she winds them carefully around the shoulders of her guest, so that she can carry them home conveniently. She then charges her to tell no one, but to go home and feed her children. She is directed to gather mushrooms as she goes, and to show them to the neighbors if they happen in while the children are eating, and tell them that these are all that she has for them. She promises compliance and goes home. She prepares the portion for her children, and they eagerly feed upon what is brought. The other Indians see that this woman is feeding her children, and they send a little girl as a spy over to her wigwam to find out what is going on, and to report accordingly. She sees nothing but the mushrooms, and goes back and tells this.

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There is another family which is, however, well supplied. Little Marten and the kind old grandmother lose nothing by the kindness they have showed to the deserted orphans. They are bountifully supplied by the skill and magical prowess of those they have rescued from destruction, — so deeply seated in the human consciousness is the idea that virtue is rewarded and vice punished.

In the mean time Usitebulajoo has an abundant supply. But he observes that the cakes of tallow diminish very rapidly, and he inquires the cause. The girl assures him that she has eaten it. The next morning in his hunting excursion he ascends a high hill which overlooks the lake where Sir Mooin's haunt is. What is his surprise to see his sister walk out and take her seat near the lake, and soon after to see the huge white bear come out of a copse, walk up to her, and commence his loving caresses. Having finished his meal, he retires, and she goes home. When her brother returns at evening, he asks for an explanation. *Taladegit nut mooin?* ("What is this bear about? Why do you allow him to lick your head?") She replies, "Should I not allow this, he would kill us both." "Well, then," says her brother, "tomorrow I will go out with you, and we'll see how it will be."

So the next morning he takes a quantity of tallow and melts it, and applies it to her flowing tresses, stiffening them into a tallow cloak around her shoulders. Then taking his bow and a good supply of *lut cabmun* (flint-headed arrows), they go out together to meet Sir Mooin Wopskw. He

arranges his sister so that from the place of his concealment he can have a fair shot at the bear's heart. Nor does he have to wait long. The huge monster soon makes his appearance; and, all unconscious of the trap that is set for him, applies his tongue to his favorite food, the tallow. A twang and a whiz send an arrow straight into his heart; but white bears, and some black ones, are exceedingly tenacious of life. This part of the fiction is therefore in harmony with fact, when the *Abtookwokun* goes on to state that not until six arrows are shot into him does he die. They then proceed to strip off his white mantle, and to reduce his huge fat carcass to dimensions suitable for conveyance to the wigwam. The girl's part of the labor is, as usual, to slice up the meat and dry it.

In the mean time Madame Crow comes frequently over to her neighbors in quest of food (*nedooksiktumat*). She cannot long conceal her success from those around her; they come suddenly in upon her, and see her supply of provisions. Where upon she flies up and utters the familiar cry, *Cab! cab! cab!* *Usitebulajoogik westasumeeek* ("The two children you hanged on a tree are safe and sound"). They wonderingly inquire, *Taloet?* ("What does she say?") Those who have understood her words explain them to the rest, — Usitebulajoo and his sister are all right, alive, and well! and off goes Mrs. Crow. Having learned how the case stands, the whole village remove next day, and return to their former place. It is evening when they arrive. They find one wigwam inhabited, and sure enough there is Usitebulajoo living in luxury. Mooinaskw (Mrs. Bear) and her little

boy Abistanaooch (Marten) enter, and meet with a very cordial reception. Not so the rest. Mrs. Partridge, their mother, goes in; but they take no notice of her. She reminds them that she is their mother, but they are deaf to all she says. She uncovers her bosom, and reminds them that she has fed them from her gentle breast and hushed them in her arms to rest. They say nothing in reply. In their hearts they say, "Yes, and afterwards you would have killed us if you could." So she goes out and returns to her own wigwam. After her departure, Usitebujaloo directs his sister to send round a portion of food to each family. So she rises and takes a portion of the bear's meat, both fat and lean pieces, which she sends round to each. But little Marten and his grandmother are entertained on the best fare in their own quarters. He luxuriates on the soft skins in which he rolls himself. He feasts on the fat of the land; pieces of moose and caribou meat carefully roasted are set before him. All eat enormously. Even little Marten is made sick, and gets little rest during the night; but he is all right in the morning. Not so the others. They gorge themselves with the meat of the white bear. But vengeance no longer sleeps. There are magic and poison in the food. They fall asleep, and it is their last sleep; they never awake. In the morning every one lies dead. Then Usitebujaloo and his sister move from the place. They leave Mooiaskw and her little boy in possession of the camp and all the food. They promise to return and supply them when this is all gone.

Meanwhile the two travellers move on until night overtakes them; *welabk ketoonijik* (at evening they halt for the night). Early the next morning they

start again, and at evening they come out to the sea. There they take up their abode, and Usitebulajoo erects a large wigwam. He goes into the forest, as he has done in the other place, drives up the moose and caribou to his door, and performs the same process of butchering them, thus saving the labor and trouble of carrying home the meat, as ordinary mortals are obliged to do. But trouble awaits him also. There are other Indians in the neighborhood, and he is soon considered a trespasser. The hunters discover that the moose have been driven away from their usual haunts. There is evidently in their estimation something wrong. It is determined to search into the matter, and six young men start on the expedition, and soon come upon the large *meskeek* (wigwam). They are kindly entertained and feasted. Night comes on, but they will not consent to remain there. They promise, however, to repeat their visit the next day. They return to their own town and make their report. A council is called, and the elders consider what is to be done. After a while a veteran, a *booin*, a *ponwow*, explains the case, and tells them what they can do and what they cannot do. They cannot kill him, for he has a charmed life; but they can pit magic against magic, and may, if they manage shrewdly, confine him, and thus prevent his further depredations. Open force is of no avail; they must have recourse to artifice. If they can succeed in getting *chepichkaam*¹ *oosumool* (a dragon's horn) inserted into his hair, it will enlarge,

1) The *chepichkaam* is a huge horned serpent, wanting only the wings to be our fabulous dragon.

wind round a tree, and hold him fast. This scheme they resolve to carry into effect.

So about noon the next day the six young men return to Usitebulajoo's wigwam. A feast is provided for them, and after the meal is over they sit and talk. While they are talking, the visitors draw out the dragon's horns. Each young man takes two horns in his hand, — a red one and a yellow one; while they talk they carefully adjust the horns to their heads, one on each side. They offer their host a couple in a friendly way. But the girl takes the alarm. She sees through the plot, and whispers to him to beware. "Do not touch the horns; they'll be your death!" But, alas! who can resist the influence of fashion? This slavery is in all ages and places the same. One may as well be out of the world as out of fashion, whether in civilized or savage life. He must do as the rest do, even though he die. This he whispers back to her. *Numees* ("My sister"), he says, *ejelabdoo* ("I cannot help it"). *Tanteladakadeedich nigumak* ("What my comrades do"), *meamooch teladega* ("I shall certainly do").

So he takes one of the dragon's horns and inserts it in his hair; but he cannot take it out. While they sit there the horn grows up, pierces through the top of the wigwam, and winds round and round a tree, holding him hard and fast. Then the strangers, having succeeded in their magical stratagem, take their departure. After they are gone, the poor girl gives vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. She says, *Uchkeen, nabaskik* ("My brother, they have killed you"). Then she attempts to set him free. She first takes a *wokun* (knife), and com

mences sawing upon the horn; but the horn is so hard that the knife makes no impression upon it. Then she tries a stone, but all to no purpose. Finally she tries a clam-shell. This makes some impression; it scratches the horn a little. Every morning she goes out and gathers clam-shells, and then continues her melancholy task during the livelong day, making but sorry progress. But after a while the clam-shells in the immediate neighborhood fail, and she has to go far out on a *kwitawa* (extended point of land) for them. She fills her lap and returns to her work; and when they are used up, she goes back for more.

One very fine day she sat down, out on the point of land, to rest herself awhile; and presently she fell asleep. While she slept a whale swimming by becomes enamoured of the sleeping beauty, seizes, and carries her off. She is far out at sea when she awakes, and can scarcely discern the shore. At evening they land and go up to a large wigwam, where the new-corners see an old man and a young woman sitting. The old man greets her cordially, calls her *Ntlooswaskw* ("My daughter-in-law"), and she becomes the wife of his son *Bootup* (the whale), who has stolen her and run away with her.¹ She remains; for, alas! she has no power to help herself. But she often goes down to the seaside and looks anxiously in the direction of her former home, where her unfortunate brother is confined and

¹ This whale is a man. In harmony with the explanation already given respecting names, the whale would be a *sea-going* race, *islanders*, living far out to sea, and fond of this mode of life.

imprisoned. Her sister-in-law observes that she often weeps, and at length learns the cause. Bootupaskw (Mrs. Whale), as we may now call her for convenience, relates the whole affair, — how she has a brother, away across on the other shore, confined by a magical horn to a tree; how he was fastened there by some young men who came to their wigwam; and how in her endeavors to release him, she had been stolen away and carried to this distant island home. Her sister-in-law is moved by her sorrowful tale, and promises to assist her in making her escape; she promises, moreover, to help her release her brother. If she can procure some red ochre, and make a circle with it round the horn, the magical power will be broken, and the horn will snap off. But to procure this red ochre is the difficulty. It can be obtained only from a great distance. A little shrewd planning obviates the difficulty. Time has already passed, and among other changes has introduced a dear little boy into the Whale's family; the little fellow is his father's pet; he can cry lustily when he wants anything, and he can talk a little; his father will do anything to please him. So with the combined influence of magic and careful drilling he is taught to cry and utter as he cries, *Weuknjub! weuknjub!* ("Red ochre! red ochre!") and to do it with especial emphasis when his father comes in in the evening. The father wonders what has got into the child that he should cry so. *Taladeget mijooahjeech* ("What is the matter with baby"), *teleutkedemit* ("that he cries so")? he asks. The mother replies, "He is crying for some red ochre." He says to him, "Stop your crying; I'll

bring you some to-morrow." He accordingly brings home some red ochre, and the little fellow is greatly pleased with it.

The next move is to get the old whale out of the way, so that the two women may slip off unperceived and unmolested to return to the mainland where poor Usitebulajoo is confined. The baby is next taught to cry for a piece of the red cloud in the west at sunset. Flis father tells him that this is a difficult task, as it is so far to go, but he will start early and get some for him. About midnight he starts on his western expedition for a piece of the red cloud; and when he is fairly gone the two women take the babe and go too, but make for a different point. The way is long; it is a long time before the land is in sight, but they do see it at last; they no sooner see the land than they see behind them indications that they are pursued by the husband and father. They see the water spouting up as the whale comes up to breathe, and they observe that the next time he rises he is *uttigu-nahjik* (much nearer). They spring to, wield their paddles dexterously, and are rapidly nearing the land; but the pursuer is rapidly gaining upon them. Some of the baby's things are thrown out to attract his attention and detain him, — his clothes, his dear little cap, his moccasins, and his coat. When the old whale comes up to these, he swims round them again and again, crying bitterly, and then rushes on after the flying canoe. Then the mother takes the *utkenakum*, *ak kopesoounul* (cradle and cradle-clothes), and tosses them overboard. The father stops again and weeps over these awhile, swimming round and round them, uttering cries and lamentations. Now the canoe reaches the shore, and

they are safe; one leap places them on *terra firma*. He seizes the canoe with his teeth and vents his rage on that, crushing it to atoms. But he cannot pursue the fugitives any farther. He calls for his wife to come back, or at least to leave the child. She will do neither the one nor the other. Him she does not love and never did, but she cannot help loving her babe. Alas for Mr. Whale! he turns sorrowfully away and goes home crying.

The women go up into the woods. Usitebulajoo's sister says to her *maktemul* (sister-in-law), "Do not go to see my brother; kindle a fire and warm the baby, for he is cold. Let me go to my brother." She enters the wigwam; he is there still, alive and well; for as he had plenty of provisions at the time he was fastened, he had not lacked for food. But the wigwam and his whole person are in a sad condition. His sister soon applies the potent *wenkuch* to the horn, and instantly it snaps and he is free. He can hardly stand; she has to hold him up. He rapidly recovers his strength. They go down to the shore, and she washes him thoroughly, clothes him, and then brings him up and introduces him to her sister-in-law, and he takes her for a wife. She promises to remain with him forever, but upon this condition, — that he shall take her quite away from the shore, and never bring her in sight of it again. *Mooelaluun uktanook* ("If you do not take me to the sea-shore"), *tilea nasin-skugeboonkuk, telipkje-wigumadeduksunoo* ("although it should be thirty years, so long will I be your wife"). He agrees to this arrangement. "I will never bring you to the sea-shore." So he promises. *Na sokogwedahjik* (Now, then, they go up from the shore into the forest).

There they dwell. They construct a large wigwam. Usitebulajoo hunts as usual, and the women dress the meat and take care of the house.

In due time *mijooahjeechaik* (a babe) is added to the household, the heir of Usitebulajoo. Provisions are supplied in abundance. The two boys grow up and play together. By and by Bootupasees (young whale) informs his playfellow that he has a father living, and that his home is on the deep. *Neenmooch* ("My father"), *abbaktook aik* ("is out at sea"). *Keel kooch kigunak* ("Your father is here, in the wigwam").

After a time they conclude to remove to some other place. While they are threading their way through the forest a storm arises, the rain falls in torrents, and a dense fog shuts in. Usitebulajoo cannot see the usual marks, and loses his way. The whole company go astray; they are turned about. After wandering on for a while they encamp for the night, and a fire is built. Supper is prepared and eaten, and they lie down and sleep. The next morning Usitebulajoo's wife awakes before the rest, and goes out to reconnoitre. Where should she be but close by the sea-shore, the broad ocean full in view? Her old instincts return; she cannot resist the temptation to plunge in and return to her former haunts and habits. She is now free from her marriage vow, and she determines to return to her home and kindred. Quietly she awakens her own little boy and her nephew, and says, *M'tokedabnech* ("Let us all go down to the shore"). The little fellows arise, and follow her to the shore. She plunges in; and nothing loath, they follow at her

invitation. By and by Ustrtebulajoo awakes; and lo! his wife is gone, and the two boys are gone also. He eagerly inquires of his sister if she knows anything about them. She is as much in the dark as he is. They rush down to the shore; there they discover the woman and the two children breasting the waves like little whales, as they are. He shouts to them, and begs of them to return. "Come back! come back!" he cries in grief, "nor cross the raging water. Come back, my boys, and bring your mother back!" But they are deaf to all his entreaties. *Noo* ("Father"), says his little boy, *telimskus ukeech* ("my mother said to you"), *moouktelalin uktanoogu* ("you must not take me to the sea shore"). "You have not kept your word, and we are now going home. My mother is going to return to her father and mother, and my comrade is going to his father." Then they make off all together out into the open sea. Ustrtebulajoo looks longingly after them; and as he watches, he sees Bootup (the old whale) spouting in the distance. Soon he sees Bootupasees coming up by Bootup's side, and watches them as they make off together toward their distant home.

ADDITION NO. I TO LEGEND VII.

For a long time Pulowech brought home from his hunting excursions nothing but *moosok* (lean meat, without either bone or fat). His wife asked him why he brought only lean meat; she told him that she was tired of such poor fare, and that she wanted some fat to eat, for her stomach needed greasing. He did not give her any good reason for not bringing home the bones and the fat; she finally became distrustful lest there were something wrong, so she determined to follow him and watch his doings. This she did slyly, concealing herself. She saw him gather fir-boughs, break them up, and spread them on the ground; then she saw him take a knife, cut off the flesh from the calves of his legs, and lay it on the boughs. He powwowed these pieces into a large pile, and mended his legs by powwowing the flesh back upon them. Seeing this, she ran home crying, and told her children that they had been eating the flesh of their stepfather, who was an evil spirit, and that she must go and leave him. Her girl was small, and the boy was a babe at the breast; but she left both of them behind, pulled up the door-post, and went down the hole.

After she had gone half-way to the Indian town, she cut off one of her breasts and hung it up on a bough. When she entered the old woman's wigwam where little Marten was, who had proved himself to be the children's friend, the old woman began to cry and said, "You will be killed." Little Marten used to visit the other wigwams; and when

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he heard his grandmother crying out, his business was to run and see what the matter was.

While Pulowech was in pursuit of his wife, he saw her breast hanging to a limb of a tree; he recognized it, but did not touch it. When the children saw it, they too recognized it; the girl took it down and placed the nipple in the mouth of the baby brother, and the milk flowed plentifully. He nursed and was satisfied. She carried with her the "bottle of milk."

When Madame Crow found the survivors, she was loaded with *'msookse* (sausages made by turning the entrails of the bear inside out, thus filling them with the fat that adheres to them, washing the outside and drying them like sausages).

Then the whole village removed, having extinguished all the fires, and, at the suggestion of the mother, having hung the children upon a tree. The old woman who befriended the children had previously lighted a piece of touchwood and hidden it in the sand under the fire, so that it was preserved for the use of her protégés. When she was ordered to join the removing party, she promised to do so; but she lingered to release the children and to supply them with fire.

ADDITION NO. 2.

When the little boy has succeeded in killing small game¹ he sends word to the friends who defended them before their departure from the village. He has an easy and cheap mode of telegraphing, for the resources of magic are boundless. He rolls a mouse-skin around an arrow, and then shoots it towards the rising sun. The arrow goes direct to the wigwam where the kind old woman and Marten live. The old woman recognizes and understands the message, and is greatly pleased. The same process is repeated when rabbits and beavers are killed. In the latter case strips of fat beaver's meat are rolled round the arrow. This arrow always enters the door of the wigwam, and sticks up in the ground. The meat is unwound, and in addition to the information it conveys, it furnishes the people with supplies of food during the terrible famine.²

[This addition, as also that to No. 8, was related to me by Susan Christmas, Oct. 10, 1870.]

¹ When the little boy began to hunt, he shot his arrow straight up into the air; and down came various small animals, that supplied them with food. Was not this to teach the weak and needy to look to Providence?

² These are interesting facts. This is the first I have heard of such a method of sending despatches. There was another point which I had not learned before. *Amoogwadije* ("whenever they wished that the various animals might come to them, they came"). Like the fairy-tale of our own fatherland, —

"The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire."

VIII.
THE HISTORY OF KITPOOSEAGUNOW
A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.

There were giants in the olden times who were fierce and cruel, and often possessed of superhuman powers; they were cannibals, and were covered with hair.

In a certain part of the forest dwelt such a man, a *kookwes*¹ (giant); with him dwelt his wife and one son. The parents were now old; the son's business was to scour the coun try and find out the haunts of the people. When he had discovered them, he would return and give the necessary directions to his father, who killed and dressed the game, and then conveyed it home on *tobakunaskool* (sleds with broad bottoms). So long as this supply lasted they would remain quietly in the lodge, amusing themselves, and passing the time after the manner of other *memajoewook* (people). When their supply of provisions was exhausted, the son would start on another hunting expedition, and the same process would be repeated. Thus passed the years away.

But on one occasion, while the young hunter of men was away in the forest, he caught sight of a beautiful girl, and became greatly enamoured of her. He could neither kill her, nor tell his father where she was. He followed her to the lodge, where her parents — now an old, gray-headed couple — resided. He found that she was their only child, their only stay and

¹ Compare the Greek *gigas*, "a giant."

support in their advanced age. He asks for their daughter in marriage. He is told that they cannot spare her while they live; for she is their only dependence, since they are now too old and feeble to hunt the bear, the moose, and the caribou. He promises to obviate this difficulty by supplying their wants himself. He also freely states that his father is a giant and a man-eater; but he promises carefully to conceal their place of residence from him in case they consent to give him their daughter. Upon these conditions they consent to the match, and he returns home. But he has wasted the day in his own private affairs, and has made no discoveries of game for his father. This is nothing extraordinary, and excites no suspicion. His father inquires kindly whether he has discovered any tracks; he replies that he has not. He says nothing, however, of the love affair.

The next day he goes out hunting again, discovers the traces of human beings, returns with the news, and sends off old *kookmes*, with his weapons and broad-bottomed sleds.¹ After the old man has gone off, the young man tells his mother about the beautiful girl and her gray-headed parents, and solicits her assistance in carrying out his project. She had observed that he was melancholy and taciturn, and had inquired the cause. He then asks his mother if she would treat his wife kindly should he fetch her home, and if she would intercede with the old man in their behalf; or, in case the father would not consent to his

¹ The whole bottom is made of one wide piece bent up in front, so as to slide easily over the snow without sinking in.

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marrying, if she would assist him in concealing his wife. The mother sympathizes with him in his perplexities, and promises to help him.

So when the two old folks are there alone, the mother relates the whole affair to the father, and asks him if he will allow the son to bring his wife home. He says at first that he will, but immediately after adds, "He must not bring her here."

That evening after the young man has returned from hunting, his mother relates to him what his father has said. So the next day he goes and fetches his wife home, but not to his father's wigwam. The young man, with his mother's help, manages to conceal his wife until the next day, when he goes to work to erect a stone hut; it takes him two days to build and fit it up. He then brings his wife to it, and there they dwell together. For his own parents he hunts people, but he hunts animals for his wife's parents.

In due time they have a son, who is born in the spring of the year. He grows up and is soon able to run about and play. His father has his own food preserved in a bear's intestines and paunch, which is generally hanging in the wigwam.¹ The little boy is cautioned by the mother not to hit, with his little bow and arrow, the sack containing his father's food.

Time passes, and the mother is on the eve of giving birth to a second son. The father is out hunting, and the little boy is amusing himself with his bow and arrow. Several times the arrow nearly strikes the sack

¹ The small intestines of the bear, covered with fat, used to be turned inside out, thoroughly washed, and then dried like sausages, the roll of fat forming the filling.

containing his father's food. His mother cautions him, saying, "Take care, my son, that you do not hit that sack!" But directly the arrow goes whizzing through the air and pierces the bag. From the hole thus made the oil begins to drip. She rises, takes a dish, and places it under to save the oil. But there is a very intimate connection between this mystical sack of food and the man whose special portion it is. The wound and the waste at home affect the owner's body, however far away he may be. As drips the oil at home, so wastes the man's strength away; he sits down weary and faint, well knowing what has happened. He comes home at night, but he has no appetite. He blames his wife for her carelessness, though he says but little; he then lies down and sleeps. The next morning the young man goes over to his father's wigwam and says, "Father, you may have my wife for food." So the old man, taking an iron cane in his hand, and his sled with a fiat bottom, goes over to his son's stone hut.

The little boy sees him coming, and frightened runs to his mother, saying, *Kejoo! kookwes wechkoeeet* ("Mother, there is a giant coming"). She says, "No, my son, you need not be afraid ; that is your grandfather." He enters the hut. The woman receives him respectfully, inviting him up to the seat of honor at the back of the wigwam; he sits down and places the end of his iron cane in the fire. After a while he recommends to his daughter to have a care for her personal neatness. The woman admits the propriety of the old man's suggestion; while she is engaged in carrying out this suggestion, he draws out the heated iron and is about to thrust it through her body, when

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her boy gives the alarm. *Kejoo! kaksusk!* ("Mother, he is going to burn you"). Upon this he thrusts the iron back into the fire. She looks up, but sees no harm, and again proceeds with her labors. The old man watches his opportunity a second time, thrusts her through with the heated iron, and then proceeds, cannibal-fashion, to dress her as though she were a beast. Her living unborn babe is thrown into a well, — a deep hole near by in the ground, whence water is obtained; the *kookwes*, loads up his sled and goes home, leaving the little grandson weeping bitterly for his mother.

When his father returns at evening, he tells him the pitiful tale. His father comforts him, tells him not to mind, and after a while succeeds in pacifying him.

So things go on as usual, except that the little boy is left to amuse himself alone while his father is away on his hunting excursions. One day he goes and peeps down into the well. What does he see there but a dear little live boy! They look at each other and laugh. Finally the little fellow comes out of the well and plays with his brother. But at nightfall, as soon as he hears his father's footsteps, he runs and jumps into the well.

The little boy now asks his father to make him two little bows and arrows. He does so, but asks no questions; and the little fellow says nothing of the discovery he has made. The next day he goes again to the well. His brother, who at this stage of the story is named Kitpooseagunow¹ comes up and invites his

¹ This name signifies that he was taken from the side of his mother. They sometimes thus preserve the calf of a moose or caribou, after the mother has fallen. The calf thus saved alive is of course remarkably tame, and can be easily reared.

brother to play with him, first for a while out of doors, and afterwards in the hut, where they make a good deal of confusion, tumbling things topsy-turvy, as boys are wont to do in boisterous play. At evening their father's approaching footsteps are heard, and Kitpooseagunow smashes the bows and arrows, dashes off to the well, and jumps in again.

The father is astonished to see such a litter and confusion in the hut. "My son," he inquires, "has any one been here playing with you to-day?" The boy then tells him what has happened, and proposes that he shall use some measures to conciliate and tame the little brother. He proposes that he shall bring in birds' tails of all sorts, colors, and sizes, and that with these he shall endeavor to attract his attention. This the old man at once proceeds to do. At the boy's suggestion, he then hides himself until Kitpooseagunow comes in. The plan is that the boy shall seize and hold on to his brother till the father comes, who is to rush in when he hears the cry. Soon the boy calls, and his father runs in and finds the younger brother struggling to get away. The old man approaches cautiously, holding out the pretty tails. Kitpooseagunow seizes one after another, and throws them into the fire. At last one of the tails attracts his attention; he becomes quiet, and suffers his father to take him in his arms. The father immediately conceives a great affection for him, and gives him all sorts of pretty playthings.

Time passes, and one day Kitpooseagunow tells his brother to go with him and gather birch-bark, and bring it into the stone hut. So they

bring in loads of this combustible material, and tear it up. Their father checks them; they will surely burn up the hut if they do not desist. They pay no heed to the warning, however, for that is just what they mean to do. The father has been guilty of an act of cruelty and perfidy, and the time of vengeance has arrived. When morning comes, Kitpooseagunow sets him the same task which the old *kookwes* had assigned his mother when he plotted her death. Whereupon the father unrobes and begins the operation, which is expressed by a single word in Micmac, — *Nootkoomadoonu*. As the work becomes dull and monotonous, he nods over it and falls fast asleep. Kitpooseagunow says to his brother, *Tooabdenech* (“Now let us go out”). He then sets fire to the heaps of birch-bark and goes out. They fasten the door and brace it. Soon the old man awakes and calls lustily for help; but he calls in vain. They hold him a fast prisoner in the flames. His cries soon cease, and the brothers retire. After a while they return and gather up the old man’s bones, which were burned to chalk, and pound them up to powder. Kitpoose then blows them to the winds, and tells them to turn into flies. This is done; and thus originated flies of all kinds.

They now proceed with their work of vengeance, and go on to their grandfather’s wigwam; as they go in, they pass a straight, beautiful white-birch tree, with pretty, smooth bark. The little magician calls his brother’s attention to the beauty of the birch. Then he takes a fir-bough in his hand and whips it, imprinting the marks of the fir-leaves upon the birch-bark. This

was the origin of the *soosoon*, the marks that are now always seen on the birch-bark.

On the way to their grandfather's wigwam they kill a moose. They do not dress it, but leave it there for the old man. When they arrive they inform him respecting the moose, and direct him to go with them for it. He takes the sled, and they all go away together. The old man directs them to build a fire, while he skins and dresses the moose. Then they roast a portion of the meat, by sticking it on to the end of a stick, placing it near the fire, thrusting the other end of the stick into the ground, and turning the meat round when one side is done.¹ After the meat is roasted, they all eat. When they have done eating, Kitpooseagunow says to his grandfather, *Nootkoomadoon*. The old man obeys, commences the ominous operation, nods over his work, and soon falls asleep. Then the two boys take the *ootelgue* (the caul that covers the moose's intestines), hold it over the fire until it is scalding hot, and then put it over the old man's head as he sleeps. This burns and smothers him to death.

Then Kitpooseagunow seizes a knife, takes out the liver, roasts it on the fire, and tosses it on the pile of moose meat upon the sled; they then start for the hut. The grandmother goes out, unties the meat, and brings it in. Kitpooseagunow then gives her a roasted liver for her supper, directing her somewhat authoritatively to eat it. She obeys with reluctance, while he tauntingly inquires how she

¹ All this is expressed in a single word in Micmac, *Sogubahsi*; and another single word expresses other modes of cooking. Meat roasted in this way is said to be very fine eating.

likes it. She informs him that she does not like it at all, and gives him to understand that she knows whose liver it is, and that she also knows who he is. She says this in a surly tone, and he raises his hatchet and kills her with a single blow. [Were I at liberty to do so, I would alter at least this part of the story, and say that she was spared; but I must translate, not invent, and tell the story as it is, not as it ought to be.] The brothers then quietly occupy the lodge all night, and leave it in the morning.

They now move on, and finally come out to a lake, where being thirsty they hope to find water; but to their surprise the lake is dry, as are also all the rivers and streams in the neighborhood. Old Ablegemoo (the Bullfrog), a surly and suspicious thief, has been apprised of their approach, and has determined to cut them off. He has called to his aid his magical powers, and has collected all the water in the country in bark vessels, which he has hung up in his own wigwam. The two travellers enter the first wigwam they come to, and ask for a drink. The woman of the house sends her boy over to the chief's lodge for water, informing him that two strangers have arrived and that they are thirsty. The little fellow returns with a small portion, from which he has been lapping on the way, as he is nearly dying of thirst. The water is muddy, and Kitpooseagunow dashes it out, telling him to go back and bring some better water. The little fellow returns, and respectfully delivers his message, but meets with no better success. The old woman, however, interposes this time, and begs that the water may not be thrown away, but given to the

little boy. This reasonable request is complied with, and he is sent back a third time, but he does not succeed any better. Then our hero starts up and says, "Come on! I will go myself this time. I'll be bound that I will obtain some water that is fit to drink."

So over he goes to the chief's lodge. He finds the lodge very large and filled with women, the wives of the chief, who is sitting in the back part of the wigwam, selling the water to the famishing people. A huge bear is lying there, which the women are employed in skinning. Some of them grow tired, and others take their place. The stranger looks on for a moment, and then says, "Let me skin the bear;" accordingly he lays hold of the skin and strips it off at a jerk. He then seizes the old chief and doubles him across his knee, breaking his back, crumples him up into a heap, and kills him. He then tosses him out of the wigwam, orders the women out, seizes a club, and smashes all the barks that contain the water. Away the water runs, and again fills up all the lakes, ponds, rivers, and brooks, and the famishing country is relieved. He then walks quietly back to the lodge, and says to the old lady, "You can now hang up as much water to dry as you choose." She replies, "No need of preserving water now; it is so abundant."

Ever since the breaking of old Bullfrog's back, these animals have had a crumpled back.

During the evening Kitpoose requests the mistress of the establishment to make him a *kwedunooch* (a tiny canoe). She does so, and he forms a tiny bow of a fir-bough, and uses a single hair for a

bow-string. When the canoe is finished, it is sent down to the shore, and the next morning the two boys start away in the canoe.

On their way down the river they see a huge giant standing on the bank, brandishing a spear, as though looking for fish, but in reality determining to defend the pass against these two formidable invaders of his territory. The little bow is now brought into requisition, and a tiny arrow is sent whizzing at the monster, who leaps to the opposite shore and falls dead. The two boys now pursue their course, and come after a while to a weir belonging to another giant. Kitpooseagunow seizes and tears it to pieces. The owner did not happen to be there, but he soon came to see if anything had been caught. He perceives that his fishing apparatus has been destroyed. He goes home in great wrath, and begins to vent his rage on the innocent and defenceless members of his household. First he raves at his wife for neglecting to watch the weir, and then he kills her; afterwards he kills all the children and his daughter-in-law; he finally falls to upbraiding himself, saying, "It was my own weir, and my own special business to watch it." So he kills himself, and thus our little avenger, in true "Jack-the-giant-killer" style, manages by his adroitness to kill the giant and all his family.

They then proceed; but Kitpooseagunow tells his brother, "I shall have to steer the canoe now." They soon come to a rough, dark passage, where the river runs under a mountain. They go dashing into the dark hole and thunder through, emerging into fair weather and smooth water, and soon arrive at the region of the

Madooeses (Porcupines). There they land, enter a wigwam, and seat themselves in the part opposite the door. The mistress of the establishment receives them with apparent kindness, but secretly determines to destroy them. Her house is a cave made after the *Madooes* fashion. She determines to kindle such a fire as will smother or burn them to death.

She kindles a roaring fire of dried hemlock bark; the elder brother is soon overcome and falls dead. But the other catches the Porcupine in her own trap; he piles on more fuel and blows up the fire, until she succumbs. He then takes his dead brother out into the open air and resuscitates him; they then get into their canoe and push on. They next arrive at the settlement of the Mice, where they land, and are invited to remain to attend a festival which is to be held the next day in their honor. To this they agree; but when the time comes for eating, the younger brother tells his elder brother not to swallow the food, for it has been poisoned. He is to hold it in his mouth until he goes out, and then slyly eject it.

After the feast is over they take their departure, and push on until they reach the territory of the *Adoodooechku* (Red Squirrels). Here they are treated very hospitably. The chief, in true Eastern style, comes out to meet them, and invites them to come to his wigwam. He proclaims a feast for the next day; here there is neither poison nor danger. They engage in various sports; besides the common dance they dance the *'nskowokum* (a sort of mystic dance); the young men run and wrestle. While the feast is going on, Kitpooseagunow whispers to his brother, and

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tells him to conceal in his bosom a small dish¹ that is there used, and carry it away. After all is over, they retire to the lodge which they first entered, and stay there all night. The next morning they are again on the move bright and early (*wopkeskutpook*) As they glide along, Kitpooseagunow shoots a small porpoise and takes it into the canoe. By and by they come to a large wigwam, and find on entering it, that it is the habitation of the renowned Glooscap (a sort of demigod, who figures largely in all Micmac legends, and of whose existence few doubts are even yet entertained, especially among the older people). Here they land, and enter the lodge. They find at home the lord of the mansion, his housekeeper, an old 'woman, and a small boy named *Abistanaoob* (Marten, or Sable). The hospitable old lady sends the boy to the spring, while she brings her culinary apparatus into requisition, and prepares a supper for the guests. After supper, and when they are about to retire to their quarters, Glooscap challenges Kitpooseagunow to a trial of their superhuman powers. He intends to conjure up a bitter cold night, and see if he can overpower the little fellow with the cold. So he remarks to him as he goes out, "The sky is red, we shall have a cold night." When they have arrived at their lodge where they are to pass the night, Kitpooseagunow directs his brother to try out the porpoise, while he goes in quest of fuel. This the brother does; he builds up a roaring fire, and prepares to do battle with the cold. The porpoise-oil — of

¹ As no mention is made afterwards of the dish, I strongly suspect that my edition of the story is defective, and that some pages have been left out.

which there is an abundance, small as was the porpoise — is poured into the fire; but despite all efforts, at midnight the fire is out, and the cold so intense that the elder brother, the only merely mortal one of the company, is stiffer in the icy arms of death. But his brother cannot be injured. As soon as it is light, he calls to life his brother, who immediately springs to his feet.

Glooscap, finding himself matched, sends a polite invitation to his friend to accompany him on a beaver-hunt. He sends word that he is all ready. Then they go far into the forest, where they come to a lake. Glooscap looks round and says, "Here are traces of beavers." They do not, however, have very good success; they kill but one, and that is very small. Small as it is, it is not to be despised; and Glooscap resigns his share in favor of the stranger, who fastens the little beaver to his garter, and thus carries it to the village, where they pass the night.

Before retiring, Kitpooseagunow remarks dryly to Glooscap, "The sky is red again this evening; I think we shall have a bitter cold night." Glooscap, of course, takes the hint; and now it is his turn to do battle with the cold conjured up. So he sends little Marten out to gather wood, and they build up a roaring fire, but at midnight it is all out; the old woman and little Marten are frozen stiff. Early the next morning, Glooscap calls out, *Nogumee, numchase* ("Grandmother, get up"). *Abinstanaooch, numchahse*, ("Marten, get up"). Up they spring, as well as ever, and are immediately about their morning work.

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The morning is bright and fine. Kitpooseagunow calls his brother, and they start off in their small canoe. The water is as smooth as oil, and they soon come to the sea-coast; they push out far from the land, to hunt loons. (This they do, by chasing them and making them dive, until they are tired out and so nearly drowned that they can be readily captured with the hand). At sea they capture larger game; they kill a small whale, and tow him in. He is given to the old lady who waited on them in Glooscap's hall, and she is minutely instructed how to prepare it for food. She is to erect a flake, slice up the meat, and dry it on the flake. This she proceeds to do after their departure; it takes her two days and nights to finish it.

After one more voyage, the two adventurers land, leave their canoe on the shore, and go up into the woods.

All this time the younger brother has kept the little beaver-skin dangling at his garter. But as he strides on through the woods, it begins to increase and soon breaks the lashing and falls to the ground. So he twists a sapling into a withe, fastens it round his loins, and hangs upon it the now large skin. As he moves on, the skin grows big apace, so that it breaks down the trees, as he ploughs a path through the forest. Finally they arrive at a large town, where they go immediately to a store, and offer their beaver for sale. The merchant wishes to purchase the fur, but doubts whether he is able to pay for so much. He directs them to weigh it; they do this, but it takes all day. The merchant begins to pay; but it takes all his cash, all his merchandise, all his horses, and all his lands.

Kitpooseagunow now dismisses his brother. The legend says nothing of the size of the boys; but taking the hint from the growing beaver-skin, we may conclude that they long ago grew to the size of men, or else they did so on their last journey through the woods. However that may be, they now appear before us as men full-grown.

The elder brother departs; he does not seem to have received any share in the fur-speculation, which I should say indicates a mistake somewhere. He goes out in quest of work. He reaches a large bay, where he finds a settlement; he goes into one of the houses and asks for work. The man of the house is away, but the mistress furnishes him with employment.

He learns that the master of the house has been absent a year. But shortly after he engages in the service of the house, the master comes home. When the wife sees him coming, she runs upstairs and hides. This clearly indicates that there is something wrong. The master comes in, looks round, examines his weapons, and finds that there is blood upon them; one of them is even dripping with blood. One of his servants has blood upon his face. He calls for his wife. She makes her appearance, and lo! there is blood upon her face. He next looks on the floor, and that too is bloody. He then asks what has become of his sister. His wife answers that she does not know. He replies, "But you do know." He then inquires, "What is the meaning of this blood upon both your faces? And this sword, why does it drip with blood?" His wife again says, "I do not know." He answers, "You do,

though.” Then he rises and removes the bloody boards in the floor. There lies the murdered sister, her breast pierced with a sword. “What means all this?” he inquires. Then he bursts into tears and mourns for his poor sister, thus barbarously murdered. “To-morrow,” says he to the murderers, who stand convicted by the blood, which, according to universal tradition, cannot be washed off, “I will deal with you for this.”

He now prepares to bury his sister. First, he has a coffin made, then he prepares the corpse for burial, and on the next day he conveys her to the tomb.

Returning from the burial, he sends everybody out of the house, and sets fire to it. When it is half burned, two devils appear in the midst of the flames; then up to the fire he drags his wife with one hand, and the servant with the other, and says to the two devils, “I deliver these two murderers to you;” then he throws them into the fire.

Kespeabdooksit (here the story ends).

[The preceding is one of the first *Abtookwokun* I ever heard related. Susan Barss, a woman with a humpback, told it in Micmac; and Jo Brooks interpreted it as she went along. I afterward wrote it down from her dictation, on the shores of the North River, Prince Edward Island, where Brooks was encamped. This was in the summer of 1847.

It is a singular composition, and certainly displays great inventive skill for an untutored Indian. How ancient the invention of the tale is, I have no means of knowing. The individual who

related it to me said she learned it from her father, and she and others gave me to understand that it was old. Even if this be the case, which I have no reason to doubt, it would necessarily undergo some change in passing from one to another unwritten.

I can see in it some faint resemblance to the story of Moses.

1. There was the miraculous preservation of the infant in the water, brought home by his brother, as Moses was by his sister.

2. His miraculous powers.

3. His being the avenger of those who had been oppressed and injured.

4. His travels and adventures as he leads his brother away through the wilderness, killing the giants that come out to oppose him.

5. His adventures with Chief *Ablegmoo*. Smashing up the vessels containing the water, causing it to flow out and fill the lakes and brooks, as Moses smote the rock in the wilderness.

6. His miraculous creation of flies. He scattered the dust of his father's bones towards heaven, as Moses scattered the ashes, and smote the dust, as Moses brought locusts and flies.

7. The stealing of the dish at the festival has some resemblance to the cup in Benjamin's sack.

8. The miraculous increase of fur and the mode in which payment was made bear no faint resemblance to the remarkable crops of corn during the seven years of plenty.

Payment was made (1) in money; (2) when that failed, in goods; (3) when goods failed, in houses;

(4) when houses failed, in lands; (5) when lands were all gone, then in people.

All these resemblances may, indeed, be imaginary or accidental; but one thing is real,— the universal belief in miracles, which pervades mankind. A being sent from God, or coming from the other world, must prove his mission by doing what uninspired mortals cannot do. And there is again the craving of the human mind after the marvellous. How the Bible in this respect satisfies all the longings of the human heart! It is one scene of wonders from the opening of the grand drama of the Creation to the close, where is unrolled before us the picture of the new heavens and the new earth, with all their wonders and glories.

The mention of a town, of money, of iron, and of a store clearly indicates acquaintance with the white invaders of the country. But the story, even in these particulars, may be old; for we must bear in mind that this continent has been inhabited by Europeans for over four hundred years.

The remembrance of these singular legends displays intellectual powers. This itself is a matter of interest. An Indian who has lately been assisting me in collecting them was able, after once hearing a long story, to relate it to me correctly, from beginning to end. This man had learned to read in a few weeks, I may say in a few days; for I taught him his letters, and he showed such proficiency that he could read a chapter from the Testament after about six weeks' study. What a shame and sin it is that these people have been kept down in the dust, despised and neglected so long, as though they

were unable from intellectual incapacity to rise in the scale of civilization and usefulness! May God in mercy forgive us for past neglect and unbelief, and give us more faith, diligence, and wisdom for the future!]

ADDITION TO LEGEND VIII.

An old *kookwes* (giant) lived away in the deep recesses of a forest. He had a wife, a son, and three daughters. The son was engaged in hunting game for his parents, but after a while he became desirous of keeping house on his own account. He consulted his father; for he was afraid that should he marry a woman of another tribe, the old father would devour her. The father, however, promised not to molest her, provided that he would not bring her home.

So he started in quest of a wife. The course which he took was winding and zigzag, crossing and recrossing his steps, so that his father could not follow him and find the place whence he should bring his wife.

On the first night he came upon a wigwam inhabited by two young men; but they were absent when he arrived. He thought that he heard near the door a sound which indicated that human beings were not far off. He kindled a fire and awaited their arrival. Soon they came. They were somewhat startled at the presence of a stranger; but as they treated him kindly, he soon felt quite at home. He told them the object of his journey, and one of them agreed to accompany him.

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They reach a large *oodun* on the bank of the river. The young man who is in quest of a wife, being determined that he would not be married for his good looks, assumes the appearance of a wrinkled old man. The chief of the place has several marriageable daughters, and agrees to give him a wife. There is a festival appointed, and in due time the bride is presented to her future husband. She is shocked and distressed at the old man's ugly appearance; but there is, alas! no help for it. But on awaking in the morning, what is her amazement at seeing such a young-looking fellow at her side! She calls out to her mother to know what all this means: "What has become of my husband, and who is this that has assumed his place?" "Oh, that is your husband! His old, ugly appearance was only assumed to try you." *Na lok weledasit abitasu* (then the girl was overjoyed). She consents to go home with him, and the three return together; the young friend takes leave of them when he reaches his home. The young *kookwes* erects a lodge a long distance from his father's home.

The tale then proceeds as in the legend. The bear's paunch is hung upon a tree outside, and not in the wigwam. When the young child is grown up and becomes a playmate for his brother, he is told of the manner in which their mother was killed. When they are burning the old man, the father is taunted with his crime of allowing the mother to be killed. "Ah! give my mother away again to be eaten up, will you?"

When they arrive at the grandfather's wigwam, having stifled the old man with the heated caul, they

return and kill the grandmother and the three daughters.

There is some difference in the incidents that occur in their course down the river.

For instance, the one calls the old fellow that had gathered all the water Ablegemoo, and the other Tadagale. The old man sold the water, for women, — a wife was the price of a drink. When Kitpooseagunow entered his wigwam, the Bullfrog attempted to strike him; but in the attempt, which was twice repeated, he hit and killed a woman who sat next to him.¹ The old woman, who with Marten had treated them kindly at this place, forewarned them of all the dangers they would encounter on their way down the river.

She first encountered a giant who tried to catch them with a boat-hook.² The second straddled across the river, and with a spear disturbed the water and sought to capsize the canoe. Kitpooseagunow shoots him, but he does not fall dead. The giant escapes to the top of a high cliff, where Kitpooseagunow finds him, under the guise of a kind old woman who has come to help him; he extracts the arrows, and kills the giant.

¹ Now, whenever a bullfrog is discovered, the Indians know that water remains there all summer.

² The first hook was of wood. Kitpooseagunow's brother tried to break it, but failed. Kitpoose snapped it like a pipe-stem. The giant then ran across a point, and tried them again with a hook made of horn. But Kitpoose snapped this off easily. Susan represents the fellow as killing his wife and daughter, but I think this is her error. She has left out the *weir* story, to which that incident more naturally applies.

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Susan's edition says nothing of a visit to Glooscap, but relates that event as having been an encounter with a mighty magician. During the intense cold an ice-stream entered his tent, put out the fire, and killed all the inmates except the master. The next evening he attempts to return the compliment of the ice-visitor; but Kitpooseagunow shuts him off at the door.

The conclusion of the story differs as told by Susan Christmas and Susan Barss. The version of the former gives Kitpooseagunow a wife before he parts from his brother. They cannot pass the places guarded by magicians and sorceresses without shooting. Their last visit was to an old woman of the Skunk tribe, whose daughters were very beautiful. He determines to marry one, but the old woman informs him that he shall never sleep with her. So he proposes an excursion to a neighboring ledge of rocks out at sea, for the purpose of gathering eggs; while he is busy finding eggs, she seizes the canoe and paddles off with it, thus intending to leave him to die, as she has left many a one before. But when he finds that she is gone, he calls a gull, who takes him up in his bill and carries him ashore. He arrives before the old *Abikchelo* who marvels greatly at seeing him there. He then insists on taking possession of his wife; but the old woman, when he lies down, piles on all the skins she can in order to smother him he, however adroitly cuts a hole through each one, and lets in the air; in the morning he comes out as well as ever, takes his wife, and starts for home. His brother also takes a wife; and *kespeakdooksitkik* (their stories end).

IX.

**THE SMALL BABY AND THE BIG BIRD.
A TALE OF MAGIC, MURDER, WAR, AND LOVE.**

[It may be laid down as a universal principle in Indian legendary tales, that feebleness and littleness are made by supernatural power to overcome strength and size. This contrast between the seeming incapacity of the instrumentality to accomplish the object proposed comes out in nearly every tale. Hence we have tiny children attacking huge giants beasts, serpents, and birds and overcoming them with tiny weapons, such as bows made of a fir-stalk, with a single hair for a string, or a spear made of a sharpened splinter. Then we have companies of hearty men fed from a tiny dish; fine scrapings of a beaver bone, enlarged into huge pieces of meat by being boiled; a small canoe sewed up by a woman in one evening, made to carry two men over a boisterous, boiling sea. In all this there is a marvellous coincidence with the Bible representation of God's dealings with man. For all through this Book we see the principle exhibited that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence . that, according as it is written, He

that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.' (I Cor. i. 27, 28, 29, 31.)

Now, whether those legends have to some extent the traditional reminiscences of God's dealings with mankind of old for their basis, or whether they are pure inventions, they show the bent of the human mind, and that the Divine Revelation is in harmony with man's necessities and the promptings of his nature.

In the tale that follows there figures a remarkable bird, a monster in size, into the form of which certain sanguinary chiefs, who are wizards, powwows, and cannibals, are able to transform themselves, retaining their intelligence, and able at will again to resume the shape of men. The tradition of such a bird is not a fable, though the bird itself is fabulous. I lately saw somewhere a book in which a captive, who had been released from his forced sojourn among the American Indians, gives an account of his adventures; among other things he mentions their belief in a "big bird" called a "Culloo." The editor tells the story of the Culloo, but adds a note in which he intimates very clearly his suspicions that the "big bird" fable is an invention of the captive. But this editor was mistaken. The Culloo figures often in Micmac legendary lore. Big birds are now known to have existed in former ages, for their tracks have been found in the rocks. An account of the "condor," slightly exaggerated, like the pictures of Barnum's giant, would easily swell into the monster of Indian fable.

The following is a translation of the original which lies before me in the form in which I wrote it down from the mouth of an Indian woman named Susan Barss, in Charlotte- town, in the winter of 1847 — 1848. I shall confine myself to the details of the story, — to the facts, if I may use this word in a figurative sense; but I shall tell the story in my own way, and sometimes introduce a remark of my own as a comment, but in such a manner that it may be readily distinguished from the text.

The first sentence of the story is *Weegigijik kesegook* (“The old people are encamped”), by which is meant simply: “This is a tale of ancient times, embodying ancient manners, beliefs, customs, conditions, and operations.” The tale then proceeds. “There was once a large Indian village.” These two expressions stand generally at the head, and form the introduction to every legend. The reader is requested to bear in mind that the Indians, whatever they are now, were once a mighty people, and had large and well-populated villages. The facts of their past greatness are supposed to spread sheltering wings over their present degradation, and to be some compensation for it. How like their more civilized brethren, who glory in the greatness of their ancestors, and demand to be ennobled and honored for it! But our story goes on.]

An old woman wanders out into the forest for some purpose, and finds a very small infant lying on the ground. She takes it up and brings it home. It is so small that she easily hides it in her mitten. The

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next day, under the impression that this babe is something wonderful, and that she is to protect it and then be protected by it, she accordingly removes with it from the village, and goes far back into the woods, where she erects a small wigwam and lives alone. She has no milk for her babe, but she makes a sort of gruel from the scrapings of the inside of raw-hide, and thus supports and nourishes it, so that it thrives and does well.

The old woman in the mean time lives on rabbits, which she knows how to ensnare and dress. By and by the little protégé begins to run about and talk and play. One day he asks his foster-mother, *Noogumee abeech leedooe* (“Grandmother,¹ make me a little bow and arrow”). She complies with his request, and he goes out hunting. He walks about, shooting his arrow. He sees a mouse, shoots at it with his arrow, and kills it. He then walks proudly home with all the dignity of a hunter, informs the old lady that he has killed a huge wild beast, and directs her to take her carrying-strap and knife and go out to fetch it home. She goes as directed, and sees the “tiny monster” stretched on the ground. With great dignity she ties its legs together, lays it on her back, and bears it home. He then gives her further directions. She is to take off the hide and dry it for a mat to lie on. In the time of trouble it will prove a ready help, for there is divination in it. She carefully follows his directions in every particular.

¹ *Noogumich*, voc. *Noogumee* means, literally, “my stepmother, foster mother, grandmother,” and is a term of respect applied to any aged female.

Not long after, he again comes strutting in, announcing that he has slaughtered another huge wild beast. *Westowooleekw* (“We are highly favored, we have good luck”), he says, and gives the same directions as before. This time the old woman finds a red squirrel stretched upon the ground. She ties it up as before, skins it, and makes another enchanted mat of it, which he promises will help her in coming troubles.

Next, he shoots a rabbit. This is treated and dressed in the same manner as the others were, and the hide transformed into another magical mat.

After this he has higher aims. He means to attack the larger animals. He inquires of his foster-mother if she can not find a *lutcabmun* (stone arrow) for him. She hunts until she succeeds in finding one. He now constructs a bow on a larger scale, and goes out early in the morning; before nightfall he has killed a moose and a caribou, and brings in a load of meat. Now, then, the heart of the old woman rejoices. She sees the reward of her care and labor, and is bountifully supplied with her favorite food, and with suitable materials for clothing and blankets.

The next morning, when he is about starting for the woods, the old lady cautions him not to cross over to the other side of a certain swamp. Should he go over, trouble will be the result. He promises faithfully that he will not cross over. However, while walking in the woods, he begins to wonder what there is over there that should deter him from going. He thinks of it awhile, and then determines to go; but he finds the great dismal swamp so difficult to cross that he gives

up the expedition, and turns back after he has gone about half-way. He has torn his clothes with the bushes, and carries home with him these and other marks of his rashness and unfaithfulness to his promise. But the news has preceded him. Those magical mats have given the information. His foster-mother, all bathed in tears, meets him, and inquires if he has been over the swamp. He declares that he has not. She entreats him never to go. "You will be the means of destroying our lives," she says, "if you go." Again he solemnly promises that he will never go.

But the next day he is again tempted to cross over; and this time he succeeds, despite the difficulties of the way. On reaching the farther side, he finds a large Indian village, but it is deserted. There are many wigwams, but no people. He goes into the first hut he comes to. The inmates had evidently decamped in haste. The process of cooking had been going on when they left, for there hung the kettle over the fireplace; the food in it was cooked, but the kettle had not been removed from the fire. He enters another wigwam, where the food has been cooked and dipped out into dishes, but not eaten. In another, there were indications that the meal had just been finished when the inmates departed. All this looked so suspicious that he left the place without entering any more wigwams.

He now returns home, only to find his foster-mother in great trouble. "Oh, my child," she says, "why did you go there? You have been the cause of our destruction. Now we must remove thither. To-morrow we must go."

Accordingly, the next morning they are impelled, charmed, constrained by magical influence, to bundle up their *ootapsoonool* (effects), and cross over to the deserted village. They select a commodiously constructed lodge, and establish themselves in it. In the evening the boy asks the old lady for a single hair from her head. He uses this for a bow string, and makes a bow and little arrows with stone heads to suit it. Having prepared his weapons, he lays them aside until they shall be wanted.

The next morning a huge Culloo is seen hovering over the wigwam, reaching down his terrible claws, in order to seize and carry off the inmates while they are asleep. The little boy, however, is too cunning to be thus caught. He is watching and ready. He seizes his tiny bow and arrows, of which he has six, and shoots them all into the breast of the bird, which tries in vain to extract them, and soon spreads his wings for home. He reaches home with great difficulty, faint and sick from the effects of his wounds.

Early on the following day the boy leaves his home for an excursion into the Culloo territory. He tells the old lady that in order to learn how he is faring, and whether he is alive or dead, she must watch the mats and pipe. Should she see blood on them, she may know that he is killed; should she see no blood, she may know that all is well with him. So he bids her adieu, and goes on.

On and on he travels, over hill and dale, mountain, marsh, and morass, until he has nearly reached the village of the savage old Culloo chief;

there he meets a troop of girls going out for fir-boughs to spread down in their wigwams. They are talking merrily, and uttering loud shouts of laughter; but the moment they see him they begin to weep bitterly. He inquires the cause of this sudden grief. They tell him it is on his account, and that of his parents and sister. "To morrow," say they, "at noon, your parents and sister are to be killed and eaten by the old Culloo chief." He then goes on [we may suppose he quickened his pace], and they continue collecting their fir-boughs.

But he had previously encountered a company of men going out on a hunting excursion. They were talking loud and laughing when he met them, but they began immediately to weep on seeing him, and to tell him the same sad story. From the girls he has learned the size and form of the village and the location of the lodge where the chief lives, and also where his own father's lodge is. The chief's lodge is in the centre, and the others are placed round him in concentric circles. The Culloo devours them in rotation, and our hero's parents are next in turn.

[No more light is thrown by the story on his history previous to his being picked up by the old woman, but I presume we are at liberty to fill up the lacuna. He was dropped from his mother's bosom while the savage old Culloo was carrying her off through the air, and spared to be reared by the good providence of the Great Spirit, to be an avenger of wrong and outrage, and to be a great deliverer.]

Having received all this information, the young man proceeds to the town, where he goes at once to the lodge of his parents. His parents and sister fall a

weeping as soon as they set eyes upon him, for they immediately recognize him. His father says: "Alas! my son, what a pity that you have come hither! To-morrow we are all to be killed and devoured. Would that you had stayed away!"

But present wants are not allowed to be neglected on account of coming troubles. The girl immediately gets him some dinner. While he is eating his dinner, a son of the old chief comes over with a whining message from his father. His father is very ill, and, hoping that the stranger may have some medical skill, wishes that he should visit him.

"Tell him," he replies, "that I will come when I have eaten my dinner; and tell him further, that I will kill him instantly when I come. Go home, and deliver this message to your father." The boy returns home, and the stranger composedly finishes his meal. When the chief's son arrives at his father's hut, the sick man inquires, "My son, what said your brother?" "He told me that he could not come until he had finished his dinner, and that he would kill you instantly when he did come."

So when the young man had finished his eating, he rose and said, "Now I will go and see the sick man." When he enters the chief's lodge, he sees the poor old creature there, and his six arrows sticking fast in his breast. "My brother," says the chief, "my bosom pains me dreadfully." "Yes," says the young man, "and I shot those arrows into your breast when you came to carry us away and devour us. Now, then, I have come to finish the work which I so auspiciously began." So saying, he strikes the old man a blow with his hatchet and kills him. He then

kills the whole brood, — one, and only one, escapes. He is a little fellow, who has crept away, hidden under the boughs. The young man looks around to see if any have hidden themselves, and discovers the boughs moving. He suspects what is there, and calls out to hint to come forth and be killed; but he begs off. "Spare me; I have it in my power to reward you. I will carry you about on my back wherever you wish to go." "But perhaps you will watch your opportunity to kill me some time for killing your parents." "No, I will not; and when I am grown up I will take you to a place where you will find some beautiful girls, from among whom you may choose a wife." "I will spare you," he replies, "on these conditions; and should you ever entertain any designs against my life, I shall be beforehand with you, for I shall know it in time, and will immediately kill you before you can kill me."

The young man now goes back to his father's lodge, to their inexpressible joy, and to the relief of all the captives. He takes the young bird Culloosees along with him. The bird is fed daily; he soon grows up and begins to try his pinions. After a while he is able to take long excursions; but he always comes back to his owner, and gives every proof of faithfulness.

One morning, after having taken his breakfast, he says, *Nsees* ("My brother, older than I"), "let me give you a ride through the air on my back." So they go out. His master seats himself quietly on his back, and the bird then flies up and carries him far away, but after a while brings him back to camp. The next

morning he proposes to carry him out on his hunting-excursion, — to go a hawking. So they sail over the forest until they find a moose, which the young man kills and dresses. The Culloo eats his dinner first, and then all is piled on his back and safely conveyed home.¹

Their next adventure is to go for his old foster-mother. While she is quietly seated in her wigwam at her work, she sees the terrible Culloo approaching, and is greatly alarmed, expecting of course to be killed and eaten up. But she is soon reassured. Her boy shouts to her not to be alarmed, for it is his tamed animal ; they have come to fetch her to their now peaceful home. He assures her that she has nothing to fear, as he has destroyed the cruel old magician chief. They accordingly gather up all their effects, which they pile on the bird's back; he bears them rapidly, safely, and faithfully back to their home in the *meskeek oodun* (large Indian town).

The next day the Culloo says, “ My brother, come, let us now go to the place where the beautiful young women are.” He agrees to the proposal, and prepares to go in search of a wife. Quietly seating himself upon the back of his “winged horse,” he finds himself carried up higher and higher into the aerial regions, until the earth, having grown smaller and smaller, finally disappears altogether from

¹ These birds are described in some legends as able to carry a great number of men on their backs at once, with immense piles of fresh meat; they have to be fed every few minutes with a whole quarter of beef, which is thrust into the mouth while they are on the wing.

view. Here they come to another earth, surrounded by a lofty, frowning precipice; but the Culloo scales these inaccessible heights, and lands his rider safe upon a beautiful plain, where stands, not far from the edge of the cliff, a large, well-built wigwam. They walk in. There sit an old woman and her two daughters. The mother and mistress of the establishment intimates her knowledge of their visit, and her consent thereto by the usual invitation and address, *Kutakumoogewale ntloosook* ("Come up towards the back part of the wigwam, my son-in-law"). They walk up and take their seats. The two young women occupy, according to custom, one side of the wigwam. The first thing to be done, according to Indian etiquette, is to prepare food for strangers when they arrive. The mother accordingly hangs on her kettle and prepares food for them, — makes them some porridge of the inside scrapings of a moose-skin. The Culloo whispers to the other and tells him not to eat it, for it is poisoned, but to stir it round and round in the dish. He does as directed. As he stirs it round, it foams up and overflows, when he dashes it — I should say, very ungallantly — into the old lady's face. Instantly the skin of her face peels off, and she rushes out into the open air, saying to the girls as she goes out, "I cannot, as it seems, please them with my cooking; do you attempt it."

Thereupon one of the girls rises and goes to work. She brings out some choice pieces of moose meat, caribou meat, and beaver meat, puts them into a kettle, stirs the fire, and has them cooked and set before the guests in a very short time. So they

eat and are satisfied. The shades of evening gather round them; the young man makes his choice between the two girls, and without ceremony takes her for his wife. Before they are asleep, she whispers in his ear, "My mother will again attempt to kill you to-morrow; she has already killed a great many men who have come to take us for their wives."

The next morning, before breakfast, the mother-in-law informs him that he must wrestle with her,¹ as this is the custom of the place, and all her sons-in-law have complied. He says to her, *Alajul ab* ("All right"), and they walk out immediately for the contest. She girds herself with a belt made of raw-hide, and chooses her ground on the verge of a cliff, intending to toss him over and kill him. His faithful servant, however, approaches, and whispers in his ear that he will watch on the wing below, and if he falls will catch him and bring him safely up.

The two wrestlers now clinch and prepare for action. She tells the young man to make the first attempt, but he declines the honor of precedence, and invites her to test his strength and skill. She makes a plunge at him, exerting all her strength, but she cannot move him from his feet. It is now his turn, and with one toss he sends her flying sheer over the precipice, and down she goes to the bottom and is dashed to pieces. The Culloo is

1) This idea of setting a suitor to do something which shall endanger his life, or of killing him for the non-performance, occurs so often in these old legends that the custom of the time is clearly indicated thereby.

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watching on the wing below; he sees her coming, but turns his head away and lets her pass.

The two men now returned to the tent. There was great rejoicing at the result of the contest. The girls are glad their old mother is dead. *Weledaksooltjik.*

They conclude to move at once from this spot, and go bag and baggage some distance into the woods, where they erect a comfortable wigwam. The men hunt, and keep the family well supplied with food; the two women slice up and dry the meat, and take care of the house. This is always the business of the women.

The next event of importance is the birth of a son; and all are greatly pleased with the baby. He was, no doubt, the greatest marvel that they had ever seen; but attention to his babyship must not be allowed to interfere with graver matters. The two women and the child had to be left alone in the wigwam while the men were away on their hunting expeditions.

One day while the men were in the forest, and the women were at home, the Culloo became troubled. His friend observed that he could not eat, and inquired the cause. He replied: "There is trouble at home. Some strange Indians came there last evening and stole away the babe, and I do not know who or where they are who have done the deed." At this information the distressed father makes a spring for home, and leaps upon the back of his faithful friend. "Hold! hold a minute!" the Culloo cries; "let us go out into the open air first, and then we will make for home as fast as possible." They hurry homeward. As they

approach the wig-warn, they hear the loud lamentations of the women; and as soon as they enter, they are told the sad tale. Some strange Indians had been there, and robbed them of their precious babe. Culloo says, "Let us go after them;" and they set out immediately. They search a long while, and at last, after going a great distance, they reach an Indian village where they suspect that the child is. It is now so dark and foggy that their approach is unperceived. They discover a large wigwam; around and within which a dance is going on. The dancers are men, and all are naked. The Culloo and his friend take a seat near the door outside, conceal themselves, and await an opportunity to seize the boy. He is now as big as a man. His father cannot tell him from the others; but Culloo knows him, and gives the word. When the child comes round to the door in the dance, the father must grab him, and be off in an instant. So they watch; and soon the Culloo says, "Seize him!" He misses his grasp, and has to wait till he comes round again. The second time he is more successful, and catches the man, who instantly becomes a child in his father's arms. He leaps astride the winged horse, who, before the party have time to recover from their surprise, is far up in the air and on the homeward way.

The women are anxiously waiting, and in the distance hear the welcome sound of the crying child. Soon the men arrive, and all rejoice at the recovery of the lost one.

But now great caution is necessary. They must first destroy all the enchantment that may still linger about the child. The Culloo gives all the directions, and they are minutely followed. He must not be

allowed to nurse until he has been carefully washed all over and dressed anew. He is then put to the breast, and the enchantment is destroyed. In the evening they are directed to prepare their weapons and to look out for an attack, as the defeated Indians will surely seek revenge.

Each man prepares for himself a bow and six stone-headed arrows, and the next morning no one is suffered to go out of the wigwam. At the given time the young man is directed to shoot an arrow through the opening of the wigwam above. Immediately they hear a man falling from the top, with a rattling noise. Then the Culloo shoots up another arrow, and another man falls. Each one shoots his six arrows, and each one causes six men to fall. They are now told to remain still inside the lodge for some time to come. First, the Culloo goes out. The wounded men have all arisen and gone home; but they have left traces of their wounds, for the ground is covered with blood.

After they have taken their morning meal, their winged friend directs them to pack up at once and leave the place, as these enemies will surely return in greater force, and kill them all. So they remove. First, they return to the old wigwam, where the wife was found; the sister-in-law gathers up the things that had been left, especially her own wearing apparel; then all, mounting the back of the Culloo, sail away over the bank that bounds this high region, and descend towards mother earth. Lower and lower they wing their way, until finally the earth appears in view, and after a while they discern the village whence they went in search of a wife. They

come to the lodge of the young man's father, and find the old people still alive, who are wonderfully pleased to see them, and delighted with the little grandchild and with the daughter-in-law. [We may take the liberty to add that the sister-in-law is soon wooed and won by some tall, dark-eyed chieftain, and makes an excellent wife and mother; she soon becomes reconciled to the change of customs and climate of these lower regions, and ceases to pine for her Highland home. Our tale, however, says nothing of all this.]

The neighbors prepare a feast, and spend the night in dancing, revelry, and play.

X.
THE INDIAN WHO WAS
TRANSFORMED
INTO A MEGUMOOWESOO.

There was once a large Indian village where a chief and many people resided; among them was a young man who was so ugly-looking, so dilatory, and so awkward in hunting and in every other kind of business, that he was generally despised and ridiculed. He lived with an old woman who was his grandmother, both his parents being dead. He used to go out hunting with the rest; and one day, lagging behind as usual, he went astray. A heavy storm of wind and rain came on, and he was lost.

As he was without provisions, he wandered about hungry and faint, and would have perished but for a man who kindly cared for him, asked him home, fed, and entertained him for the night. His wigwam was large, commodious, and well stored with provisions and fur; the skins of beavers, foxes, martens, minks, and muskrats being stuffed in behind the poles of the wigwam all around.

In the evening the owner of the establishment brought out a flute, and played upon it in a most charming manner. It turned out that the occupant of this wigwam was a Megumoowesoo.¹ The young

¹ A sort of demigod, a fawn or satyr, possessed of superhuman power, often meeting with human beings and enticing them away. The Indians still believe in the existence of these demigods, but regard it as a great sin and calamity to be enticed away and entrapped by them.

man was delighted with his company, and wished to remain with this newly discovered companion, who treated him so kindly.

The next morning, however, when he awakes, he is kindly informed that he is now at liberty to take home as much of the food and fur as he can carry on his back. The Megumooesoo ties up for him a bundle which is so big and heavy that he finds himself unable to move it, much less to carry it. His friend, offering to carry it for him, shoulders it, and they go off together. Arriving at the outskirts of the village, they rest the load upon the ground, the bearer saying to the young man, "I have assisted you so far, but I can go no farther; should you wish to see me at any time, come out here and I will meet you." He then leaves him, and the young man goes home. To his surprise, he produces great excitement. He is astonished to learn that he has been gone a whole year, and has been given up as dead. It was supposed either that he had starved to death, or drowned, or frozen to death. The people gather in — young and old, men, women, and children, from all quarters— to look at him and ask him questions. He tells them that he has been hunting, and has left his load at the outskirts of the village. They go out and bring it in, and are amazed at its size and weight. They have to unbind and divide it into many portions before they can transport it to the village.

In the mean time the young man has resumed his place in his grandmother's wigwam. After a while he thinks of taking to himself a wife; having become so rich and prosperous, he looks

somewhat high, ugly as he is in form and features, and bad as his reputation has hitherto been. So, according to Indian custom, a custom not wholly done away with yet, he consults his guardian, and deposes her to make the needful request of the girl's parents, — in short, to obtain for him a wife. One brief sentence, one single word, expresses in very figurative language the idea to this old lady. He says to her one day, *Noogumee, noogoo oologwa mitoogwe* (“Grandmother, come on! make an evening visit”). She understands what this means, and says to him, “My grand child, where shall I go?” “To the chief's house,” he answers. So she goes over and introduces the matter very curtly, in this wise: “Chief, I and my grandson are tired of living as we do, there being only two of us. I am becoming old and feeble, and cannot take care of the house as it requires.” The chief understands all the rest. It is a request that he will allow one of his daughters to go and be mistress of this establishment, and make a third in the party. He does not consider long. “Your grandson is ugly and lazy, and you are poor.” This is a flat refusal. She fails in her enterprise, and goes home and tells her grandson. He takes it very coolly. It does not drive him mad. He simply says, *Moo ejelahdookw* (“We have done our part; we cannot help it; it is not our fault”).

Soon after this he recollects what the Megumoowesoo told him, — that should he wish to see him again, he should go out to the spot where they last parted, and he would find him there. So taking leave of his grandmother, he retires to the spot indicated; and there, sure enough, he finds his

friend. He greets him cordially, and invites him home. They do not have to travel far; he finds all the luxuries there that he found in his first visit. But they meet with a remarkable adventure on their way. The Megumoowesoo kills a large, fat moose, dresses it, and divides the carcass in two parts, places one of the parts on his own shoulders, and asks his companion to fetch along the other. To his surprise he was able to shoulder the burden with all ease, and carry it without tiring.

In the evening the Megumoowesoo brings out his flute again, and plays upon it. After a while he says, *Nedap, nedowe-peepoo-gwen?* ("Comrade, do you know how to play the flute?") He replies that he does not. He then tells him to take the flute and he will show him how to play. He applies the instrument to his lips, puts his fingers upon the holes, and to his astonishment and delight he can play as sweetly as his friend. He passes two nights this time at this "enchanted castle," and is then dismissed. When the Megumoowesoo sends him away, he endows him with the same magical powers which he himself possesses, removes all his deformities, and enables him to work all the wonders he can work, and then leaves him. He then binds up a monstrous bundle of furs and venison, of which the wigwam is full, shoulders the burden, and walks triumphantly home. When he enters his grandmother's wigwam, he discovers that he is so transformed that he cannot be recognized until he tells who he is; and he also learns that he has been absent from the village two *years* instead of two *nights*, as it had seemed to him. His grandmother is

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wonderfully delighted on learning who he is, and what he has become. The whole village is now astir; and all the people, old and young, come trooping to the wigwam, greatly astonished to see the change that has come over him.

In the evening he takes out his flute and plays it. The inhabitants of the village are charmed and astonished beyond measure. The young women, arrayed in their best robes and ornaments, flock to the wigwam continually, each one "setting her cap" for him; but he treats them with great contempt, turns his back upon them literally, and looks in the opposite direction. Presently the chief comes over to the lodge on special business. He has an errand with the old grandmother. He informs her that he is now willing that his daughter should come over to their lodge and reside with them. But the young man replies, *Mogwa, wedumedalumlooloo noogoo* ("I have no need of your service now"). He has become independent; and now that he is so rich and beautiful, he resents the slight put upon him when he was poor and ugly.

In a few days he repeats the request to his grandmother which he had made on a former occasion, to go out and find a wife for him, or, as it is poetically expressed in the tale, make an evening visit. She says, *Noojeech, tame leedes?* ("My grandchild, where shall I go?") He replies that away to the extremity of the village is a small wigwam, in which reside two poor orphan girls. To that wigwam he desires her to go. She rises slowly, goes to the appointed place, does her errand, and immediately receives a favorable answer. She says to one of the

girls, "Will you come over and stop with us?" The young lady understands the import of the question, and modestly replies, "If you and your grandson both desire it, I will go." She is given to understand that this is the case. She then goes home immediately with the mother-in-law, and becomes the young man's wife without further ado.

But when this is noised abroad, there is a great commotion made. The other girls are enraged, and are ready to kill the poor bride. But they rave and rage in vain. The young man removes from the village, takes his grandmother, his wife, and her sister, and goes far back into the woods, and — "further deponent saith not."

XI.
THE ICE MAN.
A FABLE.

On the banks of a wide river there was situated a large Indian town. One very cold winter, nearly all the inhabitants perished. The few who survived did so with the greatest difficulty. But spring and the warm weather come at last. The snows melt from the hills, the ice from the streams and lakes, and all float down with the freshet except one huge ice-cake. This lodges in the interval some distance from the bank, and for a long time resists the influence of the sun, and makes the air cold for a long distance round.

At length a stout, resolute Indian determines to get rid of the hindrance; so arming himself with a huge bludgeon, he boldly attacks the monster, and as he pounds away he exclaims, "Come on, do your best, freeze me again if you are able." At every blow the enemy gives way, and is at last so reduced that by dint of prying and pushing it is tumbled over the bank and borne away by the current. "There," exclaims the Indian, "be off with yourself, and never come back!" "Thank you," exclaims the Ice King; "you have done me a great favor; but I will make you another visit next winter."

So the man works round all summer; but as autumn approaches, he bethinks himself of the threat of the Ice. He concludes that the threat will be carried out, and he prepares to battle with the foe. His first step is to erect a wigwam in a place

convenient for fuel and water. Then he lays in a good store of kindling-wood, cutting down old dry trees, and splitting the fuel up fine. He prepares oil to be poured on in case of emergency, and fits himself out well with winter clothes. Winter comes at last, and with it comes the Ice King. All round his influence is felt, stiffening the lakes and rivers, and covering the ground with snow. The weather becomes colder and colder, until one day the Ice King himself walks boldly into the wigwam, and takes his seat on the side opposite to where the man is sitting. So cold are his body and breath that the fire is nearly extinguished, and the man all but chilled to death. He bestirs himself, and kindles the fire, putting on dry wood and pouring on oil. After a while the fire begins to blaze up, and the man's limbs become active and strong. He then bestirs himself with more energy, and piles on wood. The fire roars, crackles, and blazes higher and higher, and the Ice King hitches back. Presently he takes another hitch, until he brings up against the wigwam, and can get no farther. Then he begins to sweat and grow smaller and weaker apace. Finally he cries for quarter. "My friend," he says, "you have won the victory ; now, then, let me go." Then the man rises, takes the poker and shoves the fire away from the side where his sister is sitting, and allows the Ice King to pass out. So he rises and passes out, saying as he goes, "My friend, you have fairly conquered me twice in succession; now you shall be my master forever." So saying, he takes his departure.

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After this, that man has no trouble with the cold. It is summer with him all the year round. He needs neither cap, nor mittens, nor moccasins.

[Such is the fable. The moral is easy. First, resolution overcomes all difficulties. Second, "a wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." If he has been caught one winter unprepared, he will take care to look out the next time. Third, a man who has had the foresight, wisdom, and industry to provide himself with a comfortable dwelling, plenty of fuel, and suitable clothing, does not mind the winter. He has warm weather all the year round.]

XII
THE INVISIBLE BOY.
TEAM AND OCHIGEASKW.

Nameskeet oodu Kaspemku (a large Indian village, was once situated on the borders of a lake).¹ At the extreme end of the village, somewhat retired, lived a youth whose *teomul* was a moose. This youth had the power of assuming the form of a moose, and in addition to this, he could render himself invisible. He offered to marry the first girl that could see him. The young women of the village were allowed to make the trial, and many flocked to the lodge to try their luck.

The young man's sister kept house for him. She always received his visitors kindly, and towards evening, when it was time for him to come in from his hunting, she would invite them to take a walk with her down to the shore of the lake. When she saw her brother approaching (for to her he was never invisible), she would say to her companions, "Do you see my brother?" Some of them would answer yea, and some would answer nay, — *alt telooejik, aa, alt telooejik, mogwaa*. To those who thought they had seen him, or who wanted to make the rest think so, she would say, *Coogoowa wiskobooksich?* ("Of what is his shoulder-strap made?") She generally received as an answer the name of one of the various articles out of which

¹ *Koospem*, or *Coospem*, a lake; *Kospemk*, or *Caspemk*, on the borders of a lake.

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this important portion of the hunter's equipment was usually manufactured. Sometimes they would say, "A strip of raw-hide;" sometimes, "A withe;" and sometimes, something else. But the moment they replied to this question, she would know that they did not see him. "Very well," she would answer; "now let us go home to the wigwam."

When they entered the wigwam, she would tell them not to sit in her brother's seat, but that they must all keep on her side of the room, and not by any means cross over to his. When he came and threw down his burden, they could see it. When he pulled off his moccasins, and his sister hung them up to dry, they could see them. Then the sister would set the girls to cook the supper. They would cheerfully engage in getting the food ready, indulging the hope that when they came to eat it they would be able to see him. They were mistaken, however, for they did not see him. Sometimes they remained all night, the guest of their female friend, but they saw nothing of the other occupant of the lodge. The next morning they would return to their own homes, and others would make the same attempt with similar success.

Now it happened that in the village there resided an old man, a widower, who had three daughters, the youngest of whom was puny and often sick. The others considered her a great source of trouble, and ill-treated her; the oldest girl, on whom devolved the charge of the house after her mother's death, was especially unkind to her. The second daughter was less unfriendly, and sometimes ventured to take the poor little girl's part; but the oldest kicked and cuffed

her about, and often burned her hands and face intentionally. When the father would come in from hunting and inquire respecting the little child's troubles and burns on her arms, face, and other parts of her body, the oldest girl would throw all the blame on the little girl herself. She had been playing with the fire or near the fire, and had burned herself. The marks, scars, and scabs that covered her gave her the name of Oochigeaskw (the girl that is covered with scabs).

One day the older girls arrayed themselves in their finest clothes, and went down to the wigwam of the Invisible Boy, whose name was Team (the Moose). They spent the afternoon with his sister, and at the proper time she invited them to walk with her down to the borders of the lake, and watch for the coming of her brother. They went; and when she saw him, she put the usual question, "Do you see my brother?" "The eldest one said, "I do." The next one said honestly, "I do not." "Then tell me what his shoulder strap is made of," said the sister to the older girl. "Of a strip of raw-hide," she replied. "Very well," said the girl; "let us go home." They went home to the wigwam, and the hunter came. They saw the load of moose-meat which he brought, and the clothing of his feet, after it was removed, but him they saw not. They remained all night, and returned the next morning to their father's house.

That evening, when the old man arrived, he brought a quantity of small, beautiful, variegated shells, out of which in former times *wampum* was manufactured, and for which, in these later times,

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glass beads are substituted, and called by the name *weidpeskool*. He gave them to the girls, and the next day they engaged in *napawejik* (stringing them up).

That day little Oochigeaskw gets an old pair of her father's moccasins, soaks them, and asks her sisters to give her some of the pretty shells, a few of each kind. The older sister refuses, and tries to prevent the other from giving her any. She calls her a "lying little pest," and tells her sister not to mind her. "Oh!" she answers, "the poor little thing! let us give her some, a few of each kind." This is done. Then she goes out and gets some sheets of birch bark, out of which she manages to construct a dress, making some figures on the bark, and fashioning out of it garments similar to those worn in ancient times by the Indian women, but which are now, to the great chagrin of some of the elder ones, rapidly degenerating into the fashion of their pale-faced sisters. She constructs a petticoat and loose gown, a cap, leggins, and a handkerchief, and on her tiny feet she puts her father's huge moccasins, which come up nearly to her knees, and thus arrayed she goes forth to try her luck in the celebrated wigwam at the remote end of the village. She has to undergo a continuous storm of ridicule throughout the entire journey. Her sisters make sport of her, and order her not to go away. The men and boys shout after her as she goes on in her funny dress, and cry, "Shame! shame!" But she hears them not, nor regards them, but resolutely pushes on. She succeeds in her enterprise, of course. [A writer of romance, whether savage or civilized, who would make her fail, would deserve a horsewhipping, and

would further deserve to have his book burned. Such pluck insures the reward.]

The little girl in her harlequin dress, her face covered with sores, and her hair singed off, is kindly received by the sister of Team. When nightfall comes on, she is invited to take a walk down to the borders of the lake to watch the young man's return. Presently the sister sees him coming, and asks her companion if she can see him. She says she can. "Tell me, if you see him, what his shoulder-strap is made of." "A rainbow," she exclaims. "Ah! you can see him," says the girl. "Now let us hasten home, and get ready for him." So home they hie, and the sister first strips her guest of the uncouth and uncomfortable robes, and administers a thorough ablution. All her scabs and scars come off, and her skin is beautiful and fair. She next opens her box and brings out a wedding garment, in which she directs her to array herself; then she combs her hair, braids it, and ties it up. The poor child thinks within herself, "I wonder what she is going to comb, for I have no hair on my head." But under the magic touch of her friend's hand, beautiful, flowing hair adorns her head. After she is thus prepared and arrayed, she is directed to go and occupy the side of the wigwam where the brother will sit, and to take the wife's seat, next to the door.

Immediately after this, the young man arrives, comes in laughing, and says, *Wajoolkoos* ("So we are found, are we")? *Alajul aa* ("Yes"), she answers. So he takes her for his wife.

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The scene now shifts to her father's home. In the evening the father comes in from his hunting, and inquires where the child is. Her sisters throw no light on the question. They say, "We saw her going away, and called after her to come back, but she did not obey." Bright and early the next morning he goes in quest of her. He searches and inquires in all the wigwams, but finds no trace of her. He enters the wig wam of the Invisible Boy. He sees two young women sitting there, but does not recognize his child, so wonderfully has she been transformed. But she recognizes him, and tells him all that has happened. He gives his cordial assent and consent to the transaction, tells the girl to remain there and be a good and dutiful wife, and assist her husband in all his domestic affairs. Then he returns home, and tells the news to the other daughters. He tells them what a fine looking fellow their sister's husband is, and how beautiful she herself has become. [My "edition" of the story fails to state how the news was received by the two sisters and the other ambitious young ladies of the village. We are quite at liberty to supply the missing page. But we must not overlook the fact that everywhere, deeply seated in the human consciousness, is the idea that the Supreme Ruler will relieve the oppressed and humble the oppressor. We must now return to the newly married pair, along whose pathway in life — brief and full of marvellous incidents — the thread of the narrative conducts us.]

Team and his wife and sister live together in peace and harmony. Team supplies food and

raiment by the chase; the women take care of these, and prepare them for use. The birth of a son occurs in due time. He grows up, and begins to run about and play. His aunt one day called his mother's attention to a moose's leg bone which lay in the wigwam, and tells her to take special care that the child does not break it; after the father shall have come in from his hunting, he may break it, and eat the marrow. One day, shortly after this, the women are very much occupied, having a large quantity of meat to slice up and dry. They are at work out of doors, and the little boy is allowed to run about and play, almost unnoticed. He has a little maul for a plaything, and goes about hitting everything he comes to, and at length smashes the leg bone. Soon after, his aunt, having occasion to step into the wigwam, sees the broken bone. She immediately begins to weep, calls her sister-in-law to come and tie up the child, and go with her to look for her brother, for his leg is broken. So she does as directed, ties up the child in his cradle, slings him on her back, and they go a long distance, taking the direction that the man had taken in the morning. At length they find him sitting down by his load of moose-meat, with his leg broken. He tells his wife to take the child and go back to her father, as he can no longer support her. He tells his sister to go back to the wigwam with his wife, and then to return and bring a kettle and an axe. This is done. The wife goes home to her father, and takes her babe with her; the sister takes the axe and kettle, and goes back to her brother. She finds him sitting there still, in the same place where she left him. He now says

to her, "My sister, if you love me, kill me with the axe, and cut off my head." The poor girl remonstrates. She can see no necessity for such extreme measures. His leg will knit together again, and she hopes he will recover. He tells her this can never be, that his end has come, and by hastening his death she can save him from a prolongation of trouble and pain. She must therefore obey his directions. When he falls, he will be a moose, and she must skin the animal, dress it, and cure the flesh. His head she must skin, and keep it always with her, as a "medicine bag;" and while she keeps that, he will be her "guardian genius," her *teomul*, and she will be safe and prosperous; but should she let it go out of her hands, misfortune and calamity will be the result. Upon this, she complies with his request, strikes him down with the axe, cuts off his head, and, sure enough, there lies a real moose before her. This she proceeds to dress. She removes the dead animal from that place some distance up into the woods, away from the shore of the lake, kindles a fire, and slices up and dries the meat to preserve it, according to custom. She tries out the tallow, and preserves it in cakes. She cracks up the bones, puts them into the kettle and boils out the marrow; this she puts into a dried bladder, and, to preserve it carefully, skins the head, and makes a bag of the skin. She is two days at her work, and when all is finished, she removes some distance farther up into the woods, erects a wigwam for herself, carries all the moose-meat thither, and hangs it up or spreads it out on sticks properly

placed over the smoke and fire, that it may be thoroughly dried and preserved.

There she passes the night. The next morning, as she awakes, she sees a huge giant, Kookwes, stalking tip towards her humble tent. He enters the wigwam; she addresses him respectfully, calls him her brother, and invites him to a seat. He looks up and sees the abundant supply of venison that fills the place; he praises her industry, at the same time putting on a hungry look. She takes the hint, rises, hangs on her kettle, and puts half the moose-meat into it. When it is cooked, she unrolls a sheet of birch-bark, and places the food on it before him. She takes a wooden dish, and places in it half the tallow, half the marrow, and half of everything; he eats it all. Being now satisfied, he lies down for a nap. After a while he awakes, and proceeds to give his hostess some advice. He recommends her to remain where she is, and not think of removing. He assures her that it will be a very difficult matter to reach an Indian settlement. Among other obstacles, two huge serpents, one on each side of the path and as big as mountains, will guard the way. She cannot possibly get around them, she cannot climb over them, and it will be impossible to pass between them. Having finished his information and his advice, he takes his leave; not, however, before she has bestowed upon him the other half of her venison, enough to make him one more meal.

After he is fairly out of sight, she goes away herself. Not withstanding the interest the old savage has seemed to take in her welfare, she strongly suspects that he was planning for his own

interests, not for hers. She holds the charmed and magical "medicine bag" in her hands, and, following its impulses and guidance, she is safe. This tells her to go away, and she goes accordingly.

She finds that what the Kookwes has told her about the difficulties and dangers of the way is true. She comes to what seem to be two mountains, but they are in reality two huge serpents, or giant magicians, who have assumed this form. But she grasps her "charm," *teomul*, "guardian genius," in her hand, and keeps steadily on. She finds that the serpents are fast asleep, and she passes right on without any harm. These enemies have been baffled.

By and by she comes to a point of land extending into the water, where she sees *Meseek oodun* (a large Indian village) *Pegwelkul wigwomul*. There she halts, and goes into the first wigwam she comes to, — a very small one, — and stays all night. She finds two old women there, one of them a miserable, wicked old hag, but the other quite a civil and good woman. The next day she goes out and looks around the village, plays at the *woltesakum*.¹ She returns to the same wigwam, where she remains all night. The next morning, when she goes out, she forgets her "medicine bag." She had stowed it away under the boughs and eaves of the wigwam the evening before, supposing no one saw

1) A sort of dice made of pieces of bone cut round like buttons without eyes, and having marks on one side. They are tossed up in a dish, and the manner in which they fall indicates the progress of the game. This game is generally played by two women.

her. But the ugly old creature mentioned before was not asleep, as she had supposed, but awake and watching. She saw where the bag was put, and after its owner had gone out, she went to see what was in it. As she drew it out, lo! she had her hand in a man's hair; a living man was there, who sprang to his feet, all painted, and his arms bound round and round, all ready for battle. He strikes the poor old creature dead at his feet, and then kills the other occupant of the lodge; then he rushes out, shouts, utters terrible war-whoops, and strikes down every person that comes in his way. His sister recognizes him, goes out to meet him, and begs him to be quiet. She cries out, *Uchkeen* ("My brother, younger than I")! He rejoins: "Get out of my way with you; *boonajeme* (leave me alone)! Why did you not take care of me? Had you taken care of me, as you promised, I should always have been with you, and we should always have shared alike; but now —" and he strikes her to the ground.

[Related by Susan Barss, and written down from her mouth in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in the winter of 1848, and translated from the original, May, 1869, by S. T. Rand.]

**THE ADVENTURES OF
KAKTOOGWASEES.
A TALE OF ANCIENT TIMES.**

There once lived far back in the woods an old couple who had but one son. They lived by themselves, quite remote from any other Indians. Their only boy had grown up without ever having seen anybody but his parents; he was under the impression that they were the only human beings in the world. The father's name was Kaktoogwak (Thunder); and the son, as is usual with Indians, took his father's name, with the termination that signifies "young," or more properly, "little."¹ The boy's name was Kaktoogwasees (Little Thunder). They all lived together, and the boy grew up to manhood. After a while he noticed that his mother's eyesight was failing, and he asked her in surprise, "What is the matter?" She told him that she was growing old, and could no longer attend to the affairs of the family, as formerly, and that he must go and find some one who had good eyesight to keep the house; she directed him respecting the preparation to be made and the journey to be taken. She assisted him in preparing a wedding suit, *kelookul ak weltegul* (pretty and well made); then, when he

¹ This termination is *cheech*, or sometimes *sees*. *Cheech* is Micmac; *sees* is Maliseet and Ojibway, and is the same in some of the other kindred dialects. This difference is merely a very usual change of *ch* into *s*, and sometimes occurs in Micmac

inquired which way he was to go, she bade him go toward the setting sun.¹

The next morning she ties up his fine clothes in a bundle, and tells him not to put them on until he reaches the village where he is to get his wife. The boy takes the bundle and starts. He travels on day after day, until he has nearly reached the place where the sun sets; there he hears in the distance, up a long valley, the rattling of the *altestakun omkwon* or *woltes takun*.² He soon reaches the wigwam where the play is going on, and where he finds the chief, named Keekwahjoo (Badger), just in the excitement of concluding the game. The chief invites him up to an honorable seat and treats him kindly; he remains there for the night. He lets them know where he is going, and what his errand is. So the next morning, after breakfast, the chief says to his comrades, "*Datoot*, (Friends), cannot some of you accompany our young brother on his expedition?" They reply that he is himself at leisure, and advise him to go. Then the chief informs Little Thunder that he will accompany him on his journey, and that they will have great sport during the expedition. So they two go on together.

They soon reach a large point of land, where stands a man with one foot doubled up and tied to his thigh. The Badger, who is now master of ceremonies throughout the tale, inquires of the man why his leg is tied. He informs him that he has to tie his leg to keep from running away; that should

¹ The tradition among the Micmacs is that their fathers came from the Southwest; and the old people up to a very late date spoke of their home in the Southwest.

² Indian dice. See Legend XII, page

he have both feet free, he would not be able to keep himself from running so fast that he would be away off round the world in no time.¹ The chief says to him, "I and my friend here are going to attend a great celebration. Will you join us? You will make an important addition to our party." He replies that he is at leisure and will go. The three now go on together until they come to another *meskeek kwesawa* (a great point of land), where they see another remarkable personage, — one whose breath is so strong that he has to stop up his nostrils to keep from raising such a hurricane as would sweep away everything.²

He is requested to give them an illustration of his blowing powers, — to unstop the nostrils for a moment. He does so, and in an instant raises such a wind that the poor Badger is hurled heels over head. He clings with all his might to a rock to keep from being blown away, while he calls out to the mighty man to close his nostrils and stay the wind. So the mighty man closes his nostrils, and the storm is over.

The chief then invites him also to join the party, and he accepts the invitation. They travel on together; and their next remarkable adventure is the discovery of a wood-chopper of such mighty prowess that he cuts down lofty pines, and trims them out from end to end for fencing-poles. He

¹ In this queer metaphor we can easily see how a restraint upon the appetites and passions could be enjoined, — if this be the object of the legend.

² Another impressive lesson on restraining the stormy passions.

too is requested to join the wedding-party. He has but one objection to going. He has a large family to support, and should he leave them any length of time, they might suffer. Keekwahjoo proposes to obviate this difficulty by engaging in a hunting excursion on a small and novel scale before they go any farther, in order to supply the wants of this family. So they remain all night at his wigwam, and arrange their plans for the morrow. The next morning they start on their hunting expedition, and go, not into the forest, but to the neighboring town, where the white men live. They go into a store. The Badger chief directs them to engage the merchant very closely in conversation, and while his back is turned, the mighty Pine-chopper is to take up one of the barrels of money and make off with it. This is done. Then they all go out, and are far away before the theft is discovered; but as soon as it is discovered, the party is pursued by a company of soldiers. They look round and see that the pursuers are gaining upon them and pointing their guns at them. Keekwahjoo directs the man of mighty breath to let loose the winds; and in an instant a storm is raised, clouds of dust and darkness are whirled about, the whole party is dispersed, and the fellow who had taken the money is driven deep down into the ground, barrel and all. The soldiers come up; but the robber is nowhere to be found, and no sign can be discovered of the money. After diligent search the soldiers go back, and the party hunt round for their missing friend. They find him after a while buried in the ground, and dig him out;

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the sand and the fright together have swollen his eyes almost to bursting.

They now go on to the lodge of the Pine-chopper, where they passed the previous night; and the proceeds of their novel hunting expedition furnish such a supply for the family that the master of the house joins the party.

There are now five persons in the company; and when night comes on, they encamp. Gooowaget (Pine-chopper) is directed to gather wood and kindle a fire, while the others go out in quest of game for their supper. He does as directed. They soon return, having killed several rabbits, and find that their friend, always accustomed to do things on a large scale, has built a tremendous fire. He is informed that he has also gether overdone the matter, and that the next time he is only to build a small fire. So they remain all night, *sogoobahsooltijik* (they roast meat, stuck on sticks, before the fire); they eat their supper, and lie down and sleep.

The next morning the party are again astir, and push on until it is time to halt for the night. Pine-chopper is once more left to prepare the camp, and the rest take an excursion to the woods to find something to eat. He is told to make a shelter of boughs, standing them up in a circle, so as to break off the wind, while they are away. They soon kill a caribou, and bring in the meat all ready to roast; they find that their friend has cut down huge trees, erected a mighty wigwam, and kindled a very small fire. The chief informs him that he has now overdone the matter in another direction, and that in the future he should not build any kind of a

shelter, but merely kindle a fire. So again they roast their favorite food in their favorite way, stuck on sticks before the fire, eat their supper, and go to bed.

The next night they arrive at the lodge of the celebrated Glooscap, where they are kindly received and entertained. The Badger chief *kedooktumat* (wishes to smoke), and Glooscap hands him a pipe so small that he can hardly see it; but he smokes away with it, and finds that it answers the purpose admirably. The host next despatches his waiting-boy, little Marten, for a supply of water, and the kettle is hung over the fire. The old woman brings out a small beaver bone, and scrapes it into a wooden dish. After she has done so, she puts the scrapings into the kettle, and kindles the fire. The Badger chief says to himself, "We shall make but a sorry supper out of that." But he should have known better, and he is punished somewhat for his want of confidence in the hospitality and superhuman power of his host, and his ability to make much out of little. The kettle soon begins to boil, the little scrapings thicken up into large pieces of meat, fat and lean, and he finds the food so palatable and so abundant that he eats enormously, and makes himself sick before he can stop. This puts him and others to a great inconvenience during the night, and calls forth a gentle reproof the next morning from the host.

The next morning, after breakfast, Glooscap sends the boy to examine their fishing-nets. He finds that a small whale has been caught. He comes up and makes the announcement. Glooscap now

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directs Keekwahjoo, the Badger chief, to go down to the sea and give himself a thorough washing. When this is done, he brings out goodly raiment, and gives it to him, — a coat, a shirt, leggins, drawers, and beautifully adorned moccasins. He tells him to put them on; he does so, and is forthwith endowed with remarkable power, as well as with fine clothing. Glooscap now directs him to go down with the boy to the shore, tar the canoe, and stop all the leaks. So down the two go to the shore, and Badger looks round for the canoe; he sees no canoe, there is nothing there but a singular-looking rock. On capsizing the rock, he finds that it is in reality a canoe, and they proceed to examine the leaks and to put on the tar. When they return to the lodge, the Badger requests Glooscap to assist him against the dangers and difficulties of the way, for he is sensible that they are great. Glooscap replies that this is true, and that he will give him directions and advice. He proceeds to do this.

“First,” he says, “you will reach a large point of land, where you will encounter a huge skunk¹ who will attempt to kill you. When you come in sight of him, do not attempt to fight him, but take this *cheegumakun*² and with it sing as well as you can. If this sets him to dancing, you can pass safely by; he will not in that case do you any injury. You will next come upon a lot of beavers;³ one, which will be very

¹ A necromancer who has assumed the form of a skunk.

² A sort of tambourine, beaten upon with a stick. It is made of a thick piece of bark.

³ These are magicians in the form of beavers.

savage, will attack you. You are to make use of the same weapon,—charm him with your singing and your music. If he comes up out of the water to listen, you are all right. In that case he will do you no injury.”

Having imparted this information and given these directions, the party *boosjiek* (set sail). They go on a long distance; and just as they are rounding a point of land they see the huge skunk standing ready to give them the benefit of his powers when they come within range. Keekwahjoo takes up the *cheegumakun* and begins to beat upon it and to sing; when lo! the skunk changes his position and begins to dance with all his might. So they pass by in safety.

Soon they reach another bend, and round another point. Here they see a beaver's tail protruding above the water. They approach cautiously, and the music again strikes up. Immediately the beaver raises his head out of the water, and listens to the enchanting strains; and the party pass by in safety.

On and on they go, until they come in sight of a large village, where they land and take the path that leads direct to the chief's lodge. They enter; and the chief, previously apprised of the object of their visit, or divining it, gives his consent in the usual way, by addressing Kaktoogwasees (Little Thunder) as his son-in-law, and inviting him up to the place of honor, the back part of the wigwam. This chief's name is Keukw (Earthquake),¹ and arrangements are

¹The fact that the Micmacs have a particular word to designate an earth quake, *keukw*, seems to indicate a greater

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immediately made for celebrating the wedding. Preparations are set on foot for a feast to be held the next day. But Little Thunder dances the mystic dance, called *nskowokun* by way of introduction, that evening, and raises such a storm that old Earthquake is alarmed for his own personal safety; for it thunders and lightens, and rains and blows. "Hold! hold!" cries the terrified chief; "enough of such boisterous introduction!" So they eat their suppers, and retire to rest.

Early the next morning there is a gathering around the old chief's lodge. The wigwam is completely filled with the subordinate chiefs and their men. Before the door they clear away a spot, level it down, and make it smooth for the dancers. But before they have begun the games, a rival makes his appearance, who has no idea of allowing the daughter of the chief to be taken away by a stranger. He has assumed the form of the terrible Chepichalm (huge dragon); he comes right into the wigwam to seize and carry off the girl. The Badger chief rises and says to him, "What are you after?" Receiving no reply, he seizes a tomahawk, and with one blow severs his head from his body, while all look calmly on. Then he chops him up into pieces, and tosses him out of the wigwam. Shortly after this the food is brought in, and they all eat. The old chief Earthquake says, "Let the young man rise and play before us." First, they engage in a foot-race. Two men are brought out, each having

frequency of the phenomenon than ever occurs in their country, and seems to point to a residence farther south, where earthquakes are frequent, whence the name may have been transported.

one of his legs tied up; they are set free, and each one has a glass filled with water put into his hand. They are to see which will run the faster and the steadier, thus playing a double game; and the race-course is the circuit of the globe. Off they start at the word; Badger's comrade comes in first, and his glass is still full to the brim. After a little, his competitor arrives, and his glass is only half full. So victory declares for Little Thunder's party.

Next the chief gives the word, and a game of wrestling begins. Two Pine-choppers engage, and take their stand on the edge of a precipice. But Glooscap's power imparted to Badger comes in play this time also. His comrade gains the victory; and the other is tossed over the cliff and killed.

The sports now close; and it is time. Little Thunder takes his bride, and the wedding-party starts for home. But their troubles are not at an end. The braves and conjurors of the land in the far West, though foiled and compelled to lose the prize, are by no means reconciled to it; they would like much to cut off the whole party before they arrive home, and especially before they leave that particular region. One of them conjures up a storm, and sends it after them to strike them as soon as they reach the open sea. They see the commotion astern, and prepare to meet it. Magic is pitted against magic, wind is sent against wind. The hurricane comes direct from the village they have left. The nostrils of the Wind-Blower are unstopped, and "with distended cheeks and lungs inflate," he opposes the pursuing tempest. The two storms meet and struggle for victory on the open sea. The contest is soon decided. The magic of the

disappointed necromancer fails; his blowing is blown back upon himself, and the sea is smooth for the receding canoe.

When they arrive at the Beaver's Point, they find the same old fellow there again in his wrath and power to oppose their progress; but he cannot resist the magical tambourine and Keekwahjoo's enchanting song. His anger is turned to laugh ter, despite himself. He puts down the formidable tail that was to strike and capsize the canoe, puts up his head, and manifests his joy.

They pass Skunk Point in the same way. The baffled foe has returned again to the charge, has prepared his odoriferous volley, and stands ready. But another tattoo beaten on the magical *cheegumakun* and another enchanting song, causes him to halt, wheel about, and begin to dance in an ecstasy of joy. During the operation the canoe with its precious freight passes swiftly by.

That evening they arrive at Glooscap's Castle. Glooscap meets them, congratulates them on their success, and proposes that they shall hold a second day's wedding at his house. To this they all agree, and preparation is made accordingly. He sends out to invite the neighbors; among others, *wiggulladun-moochik*¹ (a troop of fairies) is called to the feast. These are the comrades of little Marten².

¹ There is a strong belief in fairies still among the Indians. The habits of these beings resemble remarkably those of our fairies, both ancient and mod. em; for belief in them among Europeans has not yet died out.

² From this I infer that Marten, who figures always as Glooscap's servant, is a fairy.

He is told to wash himself, change his clothes, and go and invite his friends and comrades to the feast. This he does, and soon brings in a troop of these little people of both sexes, all dressed up and ornamented in the most exquisite manner, their clothes all covered with little variegated wampum shells. Next, the old lady, Glooscap's housekeeper, is requested to exercise her culinary skill, and to provide a supper for the party. This is soon done, to the best of her ability; and the whole company feast together. After the eating comes the dancing, which is kept up until daylight; they take breakfast, however, before the company breaks up. Glooscap himself, though always represented as somewhat staid and dignified, has engaged in the sports, and dances with the fairies. The fairies go home, and the wedding-party leave the canoe where they borrowed it, and go on toward home by land. They retrace the same places which they passed on their journey, and stay all night again where they stayed before. At length they arrive at Pine-chopper's wigwam, where they pass the night, and leave that companion. Next they reach another stage; their companions drop off, one after another, till at length Little Thunder and his bride, the daughter of the Earthquake, reach their home, unaccompanied by any one. The old people are well, and glad to see their son again; they are pleased with his success and with his choice.

XIV. THE HONEST MAN AND THE ROGUE.

This tale begins in the same manner as most of the others, reiterating the important fact that “there was once a large Indian town or village.” Alas! nowadays there are no large Indian towns. It may therefore be the more proper to retain these mementos of what once was. In this large Indian town lived two Indians, who were associated in partnership, but who were very diverse in character. One was a kind, honest, industrious, and sober man; the other was a drunkard, an unkind, artful, and dishonest man. He constantly defrauded his companion in the division of the profits of their labor, and spent his money for liquor.

On one occasion they had made a large number of baskets, and the rogue was planning how he could cheat his partner out of his share. So he proposed a question to his comrade; out of this question arose a bet, and each staked his share of the baskets against that of the other. “Which,” asks the rogue, “is the more beautiful place, — heaven or hell?” The other replies, “Oh, heaven, of course, is the more beautiful place.” “No, it isn’t,” says the other; “hell is the more beautiful place. Come on; I’ll bet all my share of the baskets against you that I am right, and we will go over and ask the priest.” “Done!” says the other, sure of succeeding. Accordingly they call upon the priest together, and ask, “Which is more beautiful, — heaven or hell?” He replies, “Oh, heaven is the more beautiful

place.” They reply, “All right!” and go out. As soon as they are by themselves, the one who had started the question says to the other, “Which did he say was the more beautiful?” “He said heaven was the more beautiful.” “Oh, no; you are mistaken altogether. He said that hell was the more beautiful place.” To settle the matter, they return to the priest and ask the question over again: “Which place did you say was the more beautiful? Did you say hell was the more beautiful?” “Oh, no,” he answers; “I said that heaven was the more beautiful.” So they go out again, and the rogue gives the other a nudge with his elbow, saying with a smile, “There! didn’t I tell you so? He said that hell was the more beautiful place.” By this time the good, honest man is quite satisfied that the other is intending to cheat him, and that there must either be a quarrel, or he must give up his right and suffer himself to be defrauded. Very properly, he resolves to choose the lesser of the two evils; he therefore lets the fellow take all the baskets, but he determines to have nothing more to do with him. So they part,— the one rejoicing in the success of his scheme, and pitying the weakness of the fellow who would allow himself to be so easily cheated out of his property; the other rejoicing in a clear conscience, and feeling glad that he had been enabled to suffer rather than contend. But he is entirely destitute, and has to beg in order to obtain a little food. He does not succeed very well; for begging is at best but a sorry business, even in fable. After a while he obtains two small cakes of bread, which he takes with him.

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The other sells his baskets well, gets *pegwelk sodeawa* (plenty of money), which he spends in rioting and drunkenness.

As the poor man travels along, he meets a very old man, who was leaning upon a staff, and who looked destitute. An intense feeling of pity springs up in the man's bosom towards the poor aged man; he speaks to him respectfully and kindly, and divides his all with him.

Then the old man asks him where he expects to pass the night. He says, "I do not know." "I will send you to a good place," says the old man. "Do you see this road descending in a straight line to yonder patch of woods?" "I do," says the other. "Follow that road," he adds, "and turn off to the right, just before you come to the woods ; go on a little distance, and turn again to your right, and you will come to a tree which has a crotch in the top, under which you will see that the ground is without grass, and beaten hard and dry. Climb up into that tree and adjust yourself in the crotch, and remain there until morning." He then bids him farewell and goes on. The man takes the road, finds everything as described, climbs the tree, and ensconces himself in the crotch for the night.

After dark he hears the sound of approaching footsteps, and begins to tremble. His fright is increased when he finds that a number of men have come and sat down under the very tree in which he has pitched his tent. Directly they kindle a fire and begin to smoke. After they have smoked awhile, one says to the other, "Tell me a story." He replies, "I do not feel like telling a story just now; I would

rather you would sing for me while I dance.” So he strikes up a tune, and the other dances until he is tired; then he sits down, and the other gets up and dances; after wards they sit down together and smoke. Thus they pass the greater part of the night. Finally one says to the other, “Come on! now tell your story.” He begins and tells about a certain blind king who resides in a certain city, and whom all the doctors have failed to cure. There is a remedy, however, that would restore his sight if any one would apply it, — it is the sweat of a white horse.

Daylight now dawns in the east, and the men go away. Our friend comes down out of the tree, resolving to take advantage, for his own sake and that of others, of the information he has gained. He determines to find the town and the blind king, and to cure him if possible.

He does not have to seek long; he soon finds that it is all true, that he is in the very town, and not far from the royal palace. He enters, and states that he wishes to try his skill on the king’s eyes. The king, hearing of this, calls for him; he goes in, and is asked if he is the man who will undertake to cure his blindness. He answers in the affirmative, and the king allows him to try. He directs the king to take a seat out-of-doors, while he hunts for a white horse. The king does as directed, and the man soon finds a white horse, which he mounts and drives up and down the road until the horse begins to sweat freely; then he dismounts, wets a handkerchief with the sweat, goes up to the king, and opening one of his eyes, squeezes some of the moisture into it.

After he has held it together awhile, he tells him to open it. He does so, and lo! he can see as well as ever. He then does the same to the other eye, and with the same result. The king is overjoyed. He looks around, and examines his palace outside. "How beautiful!" he exclaims. "Is heaven itself as beautiful?" The man replies, "Oh, sir, heaven is much more beautiful." But the question reminds him of his late adventure with his former partner, and leads him to think that the other gained nothing and that he lost nothing in the speculation.

The king now offers, in the excitement of the moment, to give him almost everything that he possesses. He will load him with riches and honors, so that nothing can ever reduce him to poverty. But he declines all this. "Give me," says he, "as much money as I can conveniently carry with me; that is all I ask." This is done. He takes his money and wends his way homeward, bestowing it liberally upon every poor person he meets; so that by the time he reaches home he has only a couple of shillings left. He then meets the same poor old man who directed him to the tree, and is rejoiced to see him again. He tells him of his adventure with the king, and that he has given away all the money that he received except two shillings, which he will divide with him. The old man thanks him, and goes on.

Meanwhile the news of the adventure spreads, and reaches the ears of his former partner in business, who seeks him out and asks for the particulars. He tells him his story, and the rogue determines to try his luck in the tree; the other

repeats to him the directions which he had received from the old man. The rogue follows the road down the hill, turns off to his right, and then again to the right, and finds the tree; he climbs up, and awaits the events with great interest. The men come back as before, kindle a little fire, talk, smoke, and dance; then one asks the other for his story. Our hero in the tree is now all attention, and leans forward to catch every word. "Tell a story, indeed he answers, "after a fellow has got rich by my story-telling; and perhaps he is up in the tree now, waiting for more information." With that he seizes a stone in the darkness, and hurls it with great force into the tree. it strikes the fellow right in his forehead, so that he pitches heels over head down among them at the foot of the tree, dead.

After the man had imparted to his former dishonest partner all the information respecting the way in which he obtained his money, he was seen going away in company with the old man; and neither of them was ever heard of more.

[This story was of course invented or improved after the introduction of Christianity; and yet the question referred to the priest would seem to indicate but a very slight acquaintance with the most obvious doctrines of Christianity.

Several precepts of Christianity are clearly taught; for instance, non-resistance, charity, and the reward which even in this life, and especially in the life to come, attends suffering for righteousness' sake. The poor old man was of course an angel, and

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the going away with him to be seen no more was going to heaven.

That the deceiver should be caught in his own trap, and lose where the other gained, is in harmony with the teachings of all times. The fable of the poor man who lost his hatchet in the river and got a golden one, and of Sir Topaz and the humpback Edwin,—

“But wot ye not his harder lot?
His luckless back the hump had got
Which Edwin lost before,” —

all illustrate the same idea. But the adventure in the tree, the sweat of a white horse curing the blindness, and the smoking, dancing, and story-telling under the tree, all seem original inventions, and such as no one but an Indian would think of. I conclude that the story is original.]

XV.

**THE ADVENTURES OF ABABEJIT, AN
CHIEF AND MAGICIAN OF THE TRIBE.**

[This is a tale of the wars between the Micmacs and a tribe of Canadian Indians, called by the former Kwedechk. It is somewhat uncertain to what tribe the Kwedechk belong. The tradition is that they were driven from their provinces by the Micmacs, who came from the southwest. The story illustrates well the Indian mode of warfare. Concealment, night attacks on single families, the murder of women and children, and the strong belief in magic which everywhere prevailed among Indian tribes, are finely brought out in the story. It was related to me, and I wrote it down in Micmac in 1848, in Charlottetown, from the mouth of an intelligent Indian named Jacob Mitchell, who was then sick with consumption, of which he died soon after. I published a translation of it some years ago. I here make a new translation from the original, which lies before me.]

A way down towards the mouth of a river there was once an Indian settlement. In the fall, when it was the season for fur, the men were in the habit of going up the river in their canoes on their hunting-excursions. Once, when they were going to their hunting-grounds, two of them stopped half-way, and went back from the river into the woods, where they remained hunting until spring.

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Both of these men were married, and had their wives with them. The name of one was Ababejit. He had no children of his own, but his wife had two sons and one daughter, — the children of a former husband. His comrade had no children.

When spring opened, they brought all their meat and fur down to the river, preparatory to its removal to the village in their canoes when the ice should break up; here, while they were waiting, both families occupied one wigwam.

One day Ababejit asks his comrade if he would not like some fresh meat; he replies that he would. So they go out together, and kill a fine moose, and carry home a supply of meat. When they arrive home, the comrade of Ababejit directs his wife to cook some of the fresh meat. While this is going on, Ababejit lies down for a nap. While he is asleep, he has what he considers an ominous dream. He dreams that a flock of pigeons have alighted on the wigwam, and completely covered it. He deems this an indication that a swarm of enemies will soon alight upon them.

When the food is made ready, they awaken him, and he takes his dinner with the others. After the repast is over, he says to his comrade, "Do you know what is about to happen?" He replies that he does not know, but is quite sure that if any important event were about to happen, he would become apprised of it. This implies that he has no great confidence in his friend's prognostications, unless he has the same himself. This Ababejit considers a slight to himself; so he says nothing of his dream.

Soon after this the river breaks up, and shortly they hear the cry of a wild goose sailing down the river. When the goose comes opposite to the wigwam, she flies up a short distance, alights again in the stream, and comes drifting down with the current.

The wife of Ababejit's comrade asks him to shoot the wild goose. But he does not care to do so; and again it rises when it comes opposite to the wigwam, and flies up the stream. The woman is *enceinte*, and desiring very much a piece of the wild goose, she cries because her husband will not shoot it for her. He, seeing her tears, takes his gun, and when the bird comes down the third time, shoots it.

Now, it happened that a party of the Kwedechk, enemies of the Micmacs, were coming down the river on the other side, to attack them. They hear the report of a gun, and immediately halt and send forward three scouts to reconnoitre; these scouts proceed carefully to the place where the gun was discharged, observe the wigwam standing on the opposite bank, and recognize it as a Micmac wigwam.¹ They return and inform the warriors, who lie by for a night attack.

Ababejit, believing that he has been admonished of the danger in his dreams, does not sleep, but keeps watch that night. Having been snubbed by his comrade for supposing that he possessed superior prophetic powers, he says nothing to him or to any of the rest respecting his suspicions, but quietly waits and watches all night in the wigwam. He is aware

¹ The Kedeck call the Micmacs Noojebokwejik.

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when the war-party approaches, he knows when they are opposite the place, and when they are crossing the river. There he sits in the *kutakumook* (the place opposite the door).

The strangers manage to construct a bridge there of floating ice-cakes, and just before daylight succeed in effecting a crossing. Ababejit sees them coming, and afterwards arranging themselves on the shore next to the wigwam. He sees them levelling their pieces at the wigwam, and then he touches his friend on the side with his gun, and says, "We are all killed. Now get up." He springs up just as the guns are discharged. Ababejit being wide awake, has his magical power all in exercise, and is unscathed. The bullets cannot injure him. His comrade would have been just as safe had he been wide awake and watching. But as he was just arousing himself, his medicine was at fault. He is struck in the leg, and his thigh is broken. He cries out, "Comrade, I am killed." The little girl is killed out right. As soon as the war-party discharge their pieces, they rush upon the tent to seize their prey. Three of their braves instantly block up the door in their attempts to enter. Ababejit fires at one of them, then seizes him and kills him. The man with the broken leg has by this time roused himself, and awakened all his magic; he has seized his tomahawk, and taking his position on his knees at the door, he strikes down every one who attempts to enter, and tosses him into the back part of the wigwam.

Two men have entered, however, before he got his position at the door, and have seized Ababejit,

and are struggling to tie him, so as to carry him off to their own territory to torture and burn him. During all this commotion the two boys have not awakened. But they awake before the old man is secured, and one of them calls out, "Who is this attacking my stepfather?" "My child," the old man answers, "we are attacked by a war-party; we are all killed." The boy springs to his feet, draws his knife, and rushes upon one of the men, and by a little assistance from the old man, he manages to stab him in the back and kill him. The work of despatching the other is now easier, and he is soon put out of the way.

Ababejit now rushes out-of-doors, where he is again immediately seized. He had no weapon in his hand when he went out, for he had left his spear the evening before sticking in a tree near the wigwam. When he comes out, he makes a rush for this weapon, but is seized by three men before he reaches it; they are about to bind him, and he is just despairing of his life, when he recollects himself, and seizing one of them by the testicles, renders him powerless, and tosses him aside; then he seizes the other two in the same way, and immediately is free. He rushes on towards his spear, and is again seized. But he had stretched some strips of rawhide from tree to tree near by, and so in the struggle with the one that has seized him, he urges him in the direction of the extended strips of rawhide, and by tripping him over them clears himself from his grasp. Seizing his spear, he now returns to the fight, and lays them dead, right and left, until he grows weary in the work. All this time he hears his

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comrade singing his war-song in the wigwam; he is busy defending the door. Two of their braves, possessed of magical powers, still survive. He has already killed one of them, and now he succeeds in killing another.

He then determines to enter the wigwam and rest. Stepping up to the door, he announces himself and is allowed to enter. He then tells his two boys to crawl out under the back part of the wigwam after he has gone, run home as fast as possible, and report the destruction of their party, and the approach of the hostile band. He raises the back a little before he goes out, so as to allow them to creep out under it, and then he returns to his work. He has not been long engaged with the enemy before he sees his two boys running in the direction of home, and two men chasing them. He gives chase himself, but they gain on him; then he shouts after them and paralyzes them by the war-whoop. They halt; he comes up and knocks them on the head. Looking up, he sees another man pursuing them. He calls after him to let the children alone: "Come here, and meet a man!" He soon despatches this fellow, and then the boys are afraid to go on, and persuade their grandfather to go with them and not to return to the fight. But he says, "I must go and defend your mother." They beg of him not to go: "Let them kill her; but lay it up against them, and pay them off at some future opportunity."

Just then he hears the poor woman calling for help, and reminding him that he has promised to protect her; but the children plead so hard for their own lives that he concludes to go on with them and

leave the rest to their fate. He stops and listens awhile before he starts.

It is now broad daylight, and he hears a great outcry at the wigwam. The cry soon ceases. He knows what this means; so he goes on with the boys to the village, and sounds the alarm. Men immediately arm and go up in search of the enemy to the place where the attack was first made. They find all dead except the young wife of the warrior whose thigh was broken by the first volley fired upon the wigwam. She has been carried off alive. But they can find no traces of the enemy, nor can they find the bodies of those that have been killed. They have been carefully removed, and hidden under the shelving bank of the river, to save them from being scalped and dishonored. The place has been plundered not only of all the fur and venison which they had succeeded in collecting during the winter, but of everything else as well. The enemy have taken all away. They search a long time, but can find no traces of them.

The enemy retire to the top of a neighboring mountain, fearing the Micmacs, as they know that word has gone on to the village. There they hide for a long time, until the snow is all gone. They kindle no fires in the daytime, lest the smoke should reveal their place of concealment. They build their fires and do their cooking in the night.

Their supply of food is exhausted before the snow is gone, and they suffer severely from hunger.

The Micmacs have now returned to their settlement, and the strangers are grown so thin in flesh that their rows of teeth can be seen through

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their lantern cheeks. They now start for home. Reaching a lake, they halt and build a supply of canoes; in these they push on towards home.

Now, it so happened that when the Micmac hunting-party went up the previous fall, and Ababejit and his companions remained behind, a far greater number of men went than were accommodated with canoes. Some of the canoes carried four men, and some five; so that, should they be successful in hunting, they could construct additional canoes and be supplied with men to man them and bring down their venison and fur. They went up to the lake where the strangers built their canoes; they passed through it into the river beyond, and went up still farther, to the place where they spent the winter and fall in hunting. In the spring, when they were ready to return, they built an additional number of canoes, and were now, with all their fall and winter work, on their way home.

Rounding a point of land, the two parties meet suddenly and unexpectedly. The Micmacs see the wife of their comrade in one of the canoes, and they easily divine the rest; they conclude that their comrades are all killed.

They assume, however, to mistrust nothing. The Micmac chief kindly recommends to the other that they halt for the night. They do so, but no one sleeps; they are somewhat distrustful of each other, and keep careful watch during the whole night.

While they are getting things ready during the evening, and walking about, they contrive to approach the woman and exchange whispers. They

learn by a single sentence all they wish to know. "Where is your husband?" asks one, in a low voice, running hurriedly by her. "Killed," is the answer. This tells the whole tale.

Early the next morning the Kwedech chief, with his "stolen wife" (she is thus designated in the story), is seen going down towards the shore alone. The Micmac inquires where he is going. He informs him that yesterday, in the hurry of embarking, they forgot their kettle, and that he is going back to fetch it. After he is gone, the Micmac chief directs his men to furnish the strangers with breakfast. So they bring out choice pieces of fat meat and cakes of tallow, and cook them an abundant supply. They are very hungry, and they eat accordingly. Surfeited with food, and weary with their watching all night, and becoming less suspicious from the kindness shown them, they are all soon either buried in sleep or too sleepy to notice what is done. The chief then directs his men; each selects his mark, and shoots; thus nearly all are laid in the dust; the few who survive are easily despatched.

One remains, however, who will be more difficult to kill than all the rest; for he is a "brave," and a *Boowin*.

The first step taken is to deceive him, if possible; for as he will have heard the report of guns, he will be on his guard. The Micmac chief directs his men to exchange clothes with some of those that are killed, to set them up in a sitting posture by means of stakes thrust into their bodies, and to place them along on the bank as though

looking on; he then bids them take some of the canoes of both parties, and commence paddling about in the water, shooting in every direction, and shouting, as though at play. This is done. The Kwedech, as anticipated, did hear the report of the guns, and said to the woman, "They are fighting." But when, on cautiously approaching, he saw, as he supposed, his men mingled with the others, some of them seated on the bank and looking on, and the others paddling their canoes about, shooting in every direction, and shouting, he said, *Mogwa paloltjik* ("No, they are at play").

The Micmac chief has in the mean time concealed himself near the place where the other will land. He has sent one of his men to say to the woman, as the canoe approaches, "Just turn the bow a little, and come here," so that he may be able to shoot the man without shooting her. This is done. But the Kwedech chief observes, as he approaches, that the party seated on the shore never stir; and he soon concludes that they are dead. "Turn the prow a little," says the man appointed to that duty, to the woman; and she obeys the direction. The chief fires, but he is too late; the other has got his eyes open and his "magical steam" up before the trigger is drawn, and the ball cannot touch him. With one spring he capsizes the *kwedun*, and leaps into the water. His *teomul* is the loon, whose form and habits he immediately assumes; he dives, and remains under water a long time.

The men rush gallantly to the rescue of the woman, seize and carry her ashore. The young men

now conclude that the fellow must be dead; but the chief knows better. After about two hours he makes his appearance at the top, in the shape of a loon. They launch the canoe and go after him; but he dives again, and they cannot find him. They collect their canoes in a body, and hunt for him. Directly one of them is upset, then another, and soon many more; but no one is hurt, for he scorns to lay hands on the common people. He is searching for his equal, the chief who has fired upon him. Soon he discovers which canoe contains him, and then he ceases to trouble the rest. The Micmac sees him approaching, and makes a thrust at him with his spear, but misses him. He makes a second attempt, and again misses him. "Now, then," says he, "I have but one more chance; let me step to the prow of the canoe." This time he takes special care, and succeeds in striking his spear into him. He then shouts, "Oh he is trailing his red ochre ashore!"¹ Some of the men say, "He is dead somewhere." "No, he is not," replies the chief. "Let us land, for he will make immediately for the shore." They do so, and see him apparently dead upon the water, floating in towards the land. As he drifts up, the more youthful and inexperienced of the party are eager to rush upon him; but their chief restrains them. "He is not yet dead," he tells them; "and should he succeed in killing one of you, he will be as well and as active as ever." So he himself lands and approaches the wounded brave, strikes him in the head with his tomahawk, and kills him.

¹ Meaning, I think, that he is leaving a streak of blood as he goes.

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He then calls to the woman, and tells her to select her husband's scalp, and come and "bury her husband." She comes, and asks for a knife. She rips open his breast with the knife, and thrusting in her hand with the scalp of her slaughtered husband, buries it deep, making his body the grave. Then they take the woman with them, and all go home.

After a while this woman gets another husband. This man has two brothers younger than himself, who are in the habit of hunting in company. The woman on one occasion went out with them into the forest, having one child, an infant, with her. They erected a wigwam, and the wife took care of the house while the men hunted. It was part of her business to slice up and dry the meat that was brought in. The men went every morning to their work, and returned at evening.

One day, while she is alone at work, the little dog begins to growl and then to bark. She looks up, and not far off among the alders she sees a great shaking, which instantly ceases as soon as the dog begins to bark. She is convinced that it is not caused by an animal, and mistrusts that a war-party is near. When the men come in at night, she tells them what she has seen, and intimates her fears. They laugh at her; she begs of them to leave the place immediately and go home. The two younger brothers conclude that she is lonely, and tired of remaining there, and that she has made up this story to induce them to go; they tell their brother to take his wife off home. She protests that this is not the case, but she is sure that if they remain they will all be butchered before

morning. She beseeches them with tears to leave the place, but they are deaf to her entreaties.

As they will not go home, she determines not to stay in the wigwam all night. So she takes her babe, and going some distance away, but not out of hearing, she prepares a place, where she lies down for the night. For a long time she lies awake and listens. She hears the men at the wigwam singing and dancing, and when all is still she falls asleep. When she awakes in the morning, she hears the little birds singing around her; but she cannot open her eyes, for something is the matter with the top of her head. She presses her hand against her forehead, and pushes open her eyes. When she sees that the sun is up, and finds that she has lost her scalp, she thereupon takes a handkerchief and ties up her head, so as to keep her eyes open. Now she sees that her child is killed, having been stabbed in the mouth with a two-edged knife. Her head pains her much, so she binds on the leaves of the *lipkudamoonek* and returns to the wigwam; there she finds every man lying dead in the place where he had lain down, — killed and scalped while asleep.

After having seen all this, she starts for home. Arriving at the village, she reports the death of her husband, brothers-in-law, and babe. She brings corroborative testimony of the truth of her story on her head; she proceeds to bind up her scalp by bringing the skin as near together as possible, and stitching it.

The men then muster, and pursue the foe; but as they do not succeed in getting upon their trail, they return home.

[The foregoing is, I must say, a very interesting and important story. It is really and purely Indian. The ground work of the story has too much of artless truthfulness to make it necessary to believe it otherwise than real, while many of its details are certainly fiction. But even the fictitious portions must have had the current belief for their basis, and it is interesting to learn from their own legends what the current belief is or was. The mode in which the warfare was conducted, as the legend represents it, must be the real Indian method.

Who first framed it, or through how many hands it had passed before I wrote it, I have no means of knowing. I wrote it exactly as dictated to me by my friend Jacob Mitchell, as already stated, at a time when my knowledge of the language would hardly have permitted me to add a sentence of my own coining, even had I been disposed. I have not translated literally, but have told the story without change, in my own way. Poor Jacob did not understand the word rendered "red ochre," *sekwon* (see note on page 229); he had to guess at the meaning of the sentence, and led me astray in my translation, or my narrative, of 1850.]

XVI
THE KWEDCHK AND
WEJEBOWKWEJIK

[The following incident in the wars that were waged between the Micmacs and their enemies was related to me by a poor old Indian named Michael Snake. I did not write it down, and have not the original before me. I tell the story from memory; but the facts were of a nature to make an indelible impression upon my mind.]

There was war between the Kwedechk and Wejebowkwejik, or Micmacs. A party of the former had attacked a village in the absence of the men, and had carried off the chief's wife. The men returned soon after, and learned what had transpired; the chief, taking another warrior with him, went in pursuit of the retreating war-party, intending to recapture the woman. He came upon their trail, and following on night and day, finally overtook them. They were encamped for the night in a large wigwam which they had constructed, and in which they had built two fires, — one at each end. The two men waited until night; they approached the wigwam cautiously, and as there was no sent keeping guard,¹ they were able to come near enough to see that the place was filled with sleeping men, and that the woman was sitting up,

¹ It is said that the setting of a guard was one of the hardest things for the Indians to learn.

mending the moccasins that the men had taken off. They noticed, too, that there were two *boochkajooos* (large vessels of birch bark) filled with water standing just inside the wigwam, — one near each door. Having reconnoitred the position, they proceeded to action. The chief went round to the point where the woman was sitting at her work, and unclasping his belt quietly, slipped it under the bark of the wigwam along by her side. She sees it, recognizes it, and readily reads the despatch. She does not scream, but gets up quietly and goes out to meet her husband. She informs the two men of the numbers and condition of the warriors, and they proceed to plan and execute their mode of attack. First, the woman goes in and gathers up all the moccasins, brings them out, and hides them. In case of pursuit, this will delay the pursuers somewhat, as they will find deep snow an impediment to bare feet. Next, they tie a stout string across each door, just high enough to trip any poor fellow up who should undertake to rush out in the darkness. Then they dash the water from the *boochkajooos* over the fire and extinguish it, thus leaving the men in total darkness. As soon as this is done, they shout and make the most unearthly yells, putting on all the force that their lungs can afford to increase the noise. The warriors are awakened, and start to their feet; every man grasps his weapons. Supposing that the wigwam is full of enemies, they strike about them in the darkness and confusion, knocking each other down at every blow. The two men, with hatchets in hand, are stationed outside at each door; and when any one attempts to go out, he

trips over the string that has been stretched across the door, and is instantly despatched by a blow from the hatchet.

The tragedy soon ends. They are all killed except two or three, who are wounded and overpowered. These are informed of the number of the attacking party, and are directed to return to their own country, and to tell their people that *tabboo Wejebowkwejik* (“two Micmacs are a match for a whole army of Kwedeckh”).

Another incident may be here related. I have forgotten who was the author. The scene was laid somewhere above the falls,¹ on the Oolastook (St. John River), New Brunswick. The chief actor was a woman, who had been, as in the preceding story, taken possession of and carried off by the enemy; she had been so long with them that they had begun to place confidence in her. Once they were coming down the river on a large raft, and being unacquainted with the geography of the place, they knew nothing of the falls. But she knew, and wished to make her knowledge subservient to the interests of her own people. The day was fine, and the men were all asleep; but she kept watch, and managed to get the raft well out into the middle of the river. She then slipped off and swam ashore, leaving the raft with its precious freight to go over the falls, and be dashed to pieces and destroyed.

¹ The falls were, I think, those above the city and below Indian Town.

ADDITION TO LEGEND XVI.

I learned a few particulars from Andrew Paul, of Dartmouth, respecting this legend. He gave me the following beginning of the story: —

The Mohawks and Micmacs both once inhabited these lower Provinces. They quarrelled and fought, and ultimately the latter drove out the former. They did not usually fight in open field, but their plan was to waylay their enemies, surprise them, creep upon them, and kill or take captive the women and children while the men were away.

On one occasion two Micmacs were hunting, and they remained away in the woods, at a distance from their wig wam. One night one of them had a dream that alarmed him, as it led him to think there was trouble at home, where their wives were, one of whom had a child, — a small boy. In the morning he told his dream to his comrade, and they concluded to lose no time in reaching home. When they arrived, they discovered that a war-party had been there. Both the women were gone, and the child was dead; a stake had been run through his body and stuck up in the ground close by the fire, so that the flesh of the child had been roasted, and left there on purpose to harrow up the feelings of the father and enrage him to the utmost. It was winter, and the tracks of the snow-shoes indicated to what tribe the enemy belonged, their numbers, and also the road they had taken. Roused and maddened beyond all endurance, the two men determined on pursuit. That night they reached the

place where the war-party had encamped for the night. They had erected a large lodge, and built two fires. The next day they came up to the second night's encampment, and found the same indications. The third day they overtook them, but waited until night before they approached. When they had reason to believe all were asleep, they crept up quietly and found only the two women awake; they were sitting, one at one end of the long wigwam and the other at the opposite end, each near a door, mending the men's moccasins. One of the men outside crept up to the door, and thrusting in his belt, dropped it by his wife's side. She recognized it instantly, took it up, and went out. He directed her to communicate with the woman at the other end of the lodge; they both went out, and all together arranged their plans. The women brought each a bark of water; the men sent them on towards home, and waited for them to get a good start before they attacked the sleeping warriors. Then, tying a string across the door, and dashing the water over the fires, they gave the war-whoop, and the contest began. The Mohawks sprang to their feet, seized their tomahawks, and supposing the wigwam full of enemies, hacked each other down, the two men standing outside killing every one who attempted to go out. All were killed but two. They took these, and running a knife under the cords of their wrists, they inserted a string under the cords, and thus bound their hands behind them; and fettering them with cords inserted under the sinews of their heels, they let them go to carry the tidings home and provoke another attack by way of

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revenge. The two Micmacs, having recovered their wives and destroyed their enemies, returned leisurely to their homes in triumph.

XVII.
THE LIVER-COLORED GIANTS
AND MAGICIANS.

[The following was related to me by Nancy Jeddore. She professed to have heard it from some relative of hers many years ago. Were it necessary to locate it, I should say that it occurred at the mouth of the St. John River, New Brunswick. There is fog enough there, certainly, to meet the case; the sea opens to the southwest, and the Chenook would have a chance to come on from the northern regions. However, it is not necessary to fix the site; but it may be proper to inquire whether the extravagant absurdities of these fictions may not have had a more solid basis. For instance, vessels with sweeps would strike the mind of a poor savage as an immense canoe, and it would be easy to magnify the men who could paddle such immense canoes into giants and wizards. Then, what would they make of the sound of fire-arms, but a war-whoop so loud that it would kill those who heard it? In one of the tales these formidable Northmen with their battle-cry escape by hiding in a deep pit; and it would certainly seem natural that such a place would be a safer shelter from fire arms than the top of a hill. The Indians are an observant people; they had perceived that those who stood high were cut down by the noise that killed, while those low down in a hollow or hole escaped; from this they drew their own inferences. When we remember how these things must have appeared to

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the savages at first, and how they must have been magnified in relating, then we can easily account for the additions made afterwards, and the distorted, extravagant, and unnatural representation which these *abtookwokun* now exhibit.]

There were once a man and a woman living quite by themselves near the sea-coast; they had a large family, and were very poor. They were in the habit of going away in their canoe in quest of game. On one occasion, when they were some distance from home, a thick fog shut in around them, and they lost their way. They paddled on a long time, however, but could not get through the fog nor see the land. They felt very anxious and sad, and thought much about their children at home, most of whom were very small.

After a while they discern something looming up in the fog; to their astonishment, it proves to be an immense canoe; and soon after they see two others. Each canoe contains eight men, and each man has a paddle. Our wanderers are hailed, and the leader of the fleet asks them the usual question: *Uchkeen*,¹ *tahmee wejeaok?* (“My younger brother, whence come you?”) He replies, “We are lost in the fog, and our poor children are left alone at home.” This was said in a somewhat subdued and sorrowful tone of voice, and would move the hearts of worse fellows than these proved to be. The other replies: “Come in with us, and we will convey you to our camp, where you will be kindly treated and

¹ This epithet indicates that the speaker has no hostile intentions.

cared for. I can guarantee you a kind reception, as my own father is the chief; so you have nothing to fear." This invitation allays their alarm, and they accept the proffered hospitality. Closing up on each side of the little craft, two men from each of the two canoes clap their paddles under the stern and prow, and easily lift the tiny thing, with its two Lilliputian occupants, into the canoe of the young chief. Presently they emerge from the fog and reach the shore, when lo! there appear three immense wigwams, proportionate to the size of the men and canoes, standing in a row on the bank; the chief, a man of large stature, is coming down to meet them.

"Halloo!" says he, "whom have you there, my son? Where did you pick up that little brother?" "*Noo* ("My father"), he replies, "I found him lost in the fog." "All right," adds the old man; "bring him home to the lodge." So two men take hold of the canoe, one at each end, while the two people remain sitting in it, and carrying it into the lodge of the chief, place it away under the eaves. The chief addresses them kindly, and directs that some food be prepared for them. He further informs them that his name is Ooscoon¹ (Liver), and that the man who brought them home is his son.

Soon after this the chief sends off his men on a hunting-expedition. When they return, our adventurers are able to form some definite notion of the amazing size and strength of their new acquaintances. They come in with a string of

¹ Nothing is known as to the reason of this singular name. But it may have been the unusually dark color — liver-color — of the tribe.

caribou fastened round their loins, in their belts, as a Micmac would carry a string of rabbits, and carrying them apparently with the same ease. They have also beavers and otters strung in with the caribou. These excursions were often repeated.

One day the chief informed his people and the two strangers that there was to be war, — that in three days from that time they would be attacked, ¹ for a Chenoo² was approaching. He therefore directs his men to get ready and go out to meet him, and destroy him before he comes to the village.

So they choose out four men, — the two sons of the chief, and two others; these are despatched on the morning of the third day to meet and cut off the formidable Chenoo. When it is nearly midday, the *sakumow* tells the Micmac and his wife that they must stop their ears and roll themselves up in the skins, to prevent being killed by the war-whoop of the formidable Chenoo. He instructs them how to do it; they must melt a quantity of tallow, and not only fill their ears but also completely cover the sides of their heads. This is done, and they roll themselves up in the blankets made of dressed skins, and await the onset. They are told that he will whoop three times. Presently they hear the terrible shout; and tightly as their ears are closed, they scarcely survive the concussion. But it sounds

¹ To be able to foretell important events was deemed essential to the character of a brave; he would have been a poor *booin*, or necromancer, who could not have predicted the approach of an enemy.

² There is really a tribe of Indians in the northwest called by this name, Chenoo.

much fainter the second time; the third time it is so faint that *sooel moo noodo-abdigool* (they scarcely hear him at all). The chiefs now tell them to get up; for the danger is all over, and the enemy is killed.

Soon after this the warriors return, and report that they met, encountered, and destroyed the enemy, but that they had a hard fight.

They are now informed that in three days more their military services will be again required; for a huge giant, a cannibal, — a *kookwes*, — is coming to attack them. So, at the time appointed, the warriors again go forth to meet the foe; and our friends of the smaller type are again directed to stop up their ears with tallow, and double the blankets made of dressed skins around their heads, in order to break and deaden the thunderings of his loud-sounding lungs and throat. They do so, and go through the same sensations as on the former occasion. Despite all their precautions to deaden the sound, it almost kills them; but it grows fainter and fainter at every repetition, until the third time it is scarcely heard at all. They are now released from their fears and from the tallow cakes. When the warriors return, they bring marks of a fearful struggle in which they have been engaged. They are covered with blood, and quite large trees have been torn up by the roots and run through their legs, where they are still sticking, as they have not taken the time or trouble to extract them before reaching home; but as soon as they find leisure to sit down, they pull them out just as ordinary mortals would do with thistles and small splinters. They inform the chief that the foe was a very formidable one, that they had a dreadful battle,

and came near being overpowered. One of the sons is so much exhausted that he faints and falls dead on reaching the door. But the old chief goes out to him, and asks him what he is doing there; he bids him rise. So he rises again, restored to life by the wonderful power of the old chief, and says he is faint and hungry; as soon as he is fed and rested, he is as well as ever.

The old chief inquires of the two strangers if they are tired of remaining there with him. They say they are not, but that they can not help feeling anxious about their children at home, and wish very much to return. "Tomorrow," says he, "I will send you home." So the next morning their canoe is conveyed down to the shore, packed full of meat and furs of the choicest quality, and of all the different kinds of caribou, beaver, and otter; they are directed to *tebahdikw* (get in), and then a small dog is called and put in charge of the canoe. The master says to them, "This dog will conduct you safely home; each of you must take a paddle and guide the canoe in the direction in which he sits looking." He then says to the dog, "Do you take good care of these people, and conduct them home." He then says to the Micmac, "You will be reminded of me again in seven years from this time." *Tokoo boosjik* (Then off they go).

The man takes his seat in the stern, and the woman in the prow, and the dog sits up in the middle of the canoe; he keeps his ears and nose pointing in the direction in which they are to go. They glide so rapidly over the smooth surface of the water that they are soon in sight of their own

home. The children see them coming, and are greatly rejoiced. The dog seems to share their joy; he runs up to the children and wags his tail in great glee. The man now thinks that he can keep the dog, but he finds himself mistaken. Such a faithful servant, in whom so much confidence has been reposed, will not desert his owner; and the first thing they know, he is gone. He has no need of a canoe, nor does he go round by land; he goes back as he came, and scuds off upon the full jump over the surface of the water, as though it were ice.

The old man and his wife now continue to reside in the same place. They have lost nothing, but gained much, by this trip to the land of the Livers.

The man has become a much more efficient hunter by this means, and has now no difficulty in providing for his family. Time passes on, and he is so occupied with other affairs that he has nearly forgotten being lost in the fog; but the seven years are now up, and he has several singular dreams, which bring all back to his remembrance, and lead him to imagine that something important is going to happen to him. Among other things, he dreamed one night that he saw, approaching from the southwest, a whale, which came close up to the shore where their wigwam was situated, and there began to sing so charmingly that he was entranced beyond measure.

He tells his wife the dream in the morning, and asks her opinion of it. He now remembers that when the Liver chief told him that he would think of him in seven years, he said that he would be looking towards the southwest. He says to his wife, "It must be that I am about to be transformed into

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a *megumwesoo* or a *booin*.” She inquires what a *megumwesoo* is: “Is he a spirit, a *manitoo*, good or bad?” He replies that he does not know, but he thinks that it is not an evil spirit, but a human being.

That day they do see a huge fish coming in from the southwest; but it is a shark, not a whale. They see his big back fin rising out of the water, and he seems to be chasing the smaller fish. He comes close to the shore, but he does not sing; and after a while he retires, going back the way he came.

Shortly after the visit from the shark, which is looked upon as an evil omen, the little dog that had guided them home comes to see them again. The children and parents are all delighted to see the dog again, and he seems to be as much pleased as they are; he runs up to them, wags his tail, and all but speaks. [It is a marvel that he did not also do this; surely, it requires no more miraculous power than to gallop off over the water.] But dogs can understand what is said to them; and so before his departure the old man tells him: “I will make you a visit in three years from this time, and I will look to the southwest.” The dog licks the hands, eyes, and ears of the old man, and then goes back home again, straight over the water.

After three years the old man launches his canoe and goes in quest of Liverland, which he finds without difficulty. He finds the wigwams standing there as before. The chief is still alive, but his sons are dead; they were killed three years ago, and the visit of the shark¹ and the dog were both connected with the event.

¹ A mighty necromancer, a who had assumed the form of a shark.

The chief is pleased to see his old friend; he tells him of his troubles, and speaks of his own approaching death, when he hopes to go away to his own kingdom. He is now old, and does not know what day he may be called away. He wishes the Micmac visitor to take his sons' clothes and wear them; and with the clothes he will receive all the wonderful powers which his sons had possessed. "Take them home with you," he says; "and when you wear them, think of me."

So the man takes the clothes and returns home. There he puts them on, but they are a "world too wide" for him; nevertheless, to his astonishment, as soon as he has arrayed himself in these magical robes, he fills them completely. He is as large as the giants of that giant-land; his knowledge and wisdom are increased in proportion to his physical size and strength. When he puts off these clothes, he is as small and weak as ever.

[Here the story ends very abruptly. There should have been something more. The very idea of the old chief of Liverland placing the robes of his dead sons upon this man, and making him what his sons had been, implies that he had adopted him as his heir and successor. I strongly suspect that this addition belonged to the original tale, and that it has been most stupidly forgotten. Of course he went back to the land where the big men were, and was installed in office even before the death of the old chief.]

XVI THE SOLITARY MAIDEN.

A young girl, a daughter of a king, was lost in a forest. She wandered about for a long time, and finally came to a well-built house surrounded by a small clearing, which was cultivated as a garden. She found the doors open, but no person within. There was plenty of food, and everything seemed to invite her to help herself, — which she concluded at length to do, as she was tired and hungry. She remained all night, and still no one made his appearance; but she continued to occupy the building, and to partake of the bounty its stores afforded. She remained there seven years without meeting with anything remarkable. Every season she cultivated the garden, and paid particular attention to her flower-beds. She had one beautiful bed of white flowers, which she cultivated with special care.

One day, as she was sitting in her room, she heard some one singing, but she could see no one. It seemed like the voice of one who could sing well, but she was not charmed with it. A feeling of mistrust came over her that it was from the Evil One; and she would not yield to the influence of the musician's powers, whoever he might be.

She spent much of her time in prayer; and now she prayed more earnestly than ever.

One day she was walking in her garden, when she observed a little dog coming towards her, which seemed anxious to attract her attention and

to fawn upon her. But she was suspicious of the dog; she was under the impression that it was not a real dog, but some sorcerer who had assumed that form with the evil design of alluring her to her ruin. The dog after a while went away; but the next day he came back, and continued to make her a visit every day for some time. All this tended to confirm her fears, and strengthen her determination to shun him.

One night she had a dream. She dreamed that some one told her that a man would come to pluck her white flowers, but she must be beforehand with him. She must take a pair of scissors and clip them all off; then she must carry them into the house and burn them. So the next morning she did as she had been admonished in her dream to do; she cut off all the fair white blossoms, and threw them into the fire.

Shortly after, she saw some one hastily passing by her window several times. She rose, looked out, and saw a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman walking about in her garden, looking at her flowers. He walked up to the bed where the white flowers had bloomed, and stood gazing at the spot as if disappointed. She went out and asked him what he was doing there, and what he wanted. He said he wanted nothing in particular. He then went into the house, and asked her if she lived there all alone. She said she did, and that her father had sent her there. "How long have you lived here alone?" he inquired. "Seven years," she replied. "What do you live upon?" said he. "I have no lack of provisions," she answered. He then told her that he was a prince,

and that he lived in the royal city, which was not very far off. This, however, was a falsehood; he was an evil spirit, and was endeavoring to destroy her soul by tempting her to her ruin. She understood him, and calmly replied:

“I choose to remain here, and to live alone, as I have hitherto done; and I do not desire the company of any one.” Thereupon he produced a number of books filled with beautiful pictures, and requested her to look at them; but she refused. He then produced a beautiful ring, and offered to give it to her if she would accept it; he said it had belonged to his mother, that he prized it very much, but that he would bestow it upon her if she would take it. She said she had one ring already, and that it was enough; that her ring had belonged to her mother, and that she desired no other ring; and she said, moreover, that her father was a king. The gentleman said that he would go home, but that he would return again; and he took his leave. After he was gone, she carefully locked all the doors and retired to rest. Early the next morning she heard some one in the kitchen. She went to see what it meant, and what was her astonishment to see sitting there the same gentleman — or some one like him — who had paid her a visit the day before. She wondered how he got there; he must be a sorcerer, or an evil spirit. But she resolved bravely to give him battle, and not be deceived by him; she determined to fix her mind steadily upon God, and to pray earnestly for help. The gentleman now rose and said, *Elumea* (“I am going home”), “but I will return to-morrow.” She spent the day in prayer,

and retired that night to rest; but before the morning dawned, she, with her house and all that pertained to it, had been transported to heaven.

[The narrator of the above, Nancy Jeddore of Hantsport, informs me that she heard it when quite young. It has a clear moral lesson in it, and savors strongly of the nunnery. This young lady retires from the wide world of sin and temptation, shuts herself up in a cloister in the depths of the forest, —or, as it comes out in the course of the story, gets lost, which we may understand morally, — and is sent to this heaven-protected place by the king, her father, who provides amply for her, giving her some work to do, but leaving her much time for prayer. She cultivates flowers, and especially one bed of white lilies (moral purity), which she is taught to defend at all hazards. But even here she is not safe, — the Devil can scale the fence; and she is taught to “beware of dogs,” to stop her ears to the enchanting music, and to all the allurements of the seducer. She is enabled to resist by the exercise of prayer, self-denial, and faith; and when there is no longer a refuge for her on earth, she is carried beyond the reach of all danger, and taken up to heaven.

This seems evidently the moral of the story, and one cannot but strongly suspect it to be a modification of a legend concerning some saint. I am not sure of this, however, and I have written it down in Indian, as repeated to me, and have translated it.]

XIX.

THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT-GIRL.

[The following story was related to me by Nancy Jeddore, of Hantsport. She supposes it to be of Indian origin, and told it to me in Micnac. I have not written the original.

While it relates to the white people, it bears unmistakable marks of Indian authorship. First, the king is supposed to have a neighbor king so near that his son could go and bring his bride home in one day.

Second, the king's business is supposed to be to look after the poor, and to see that they are well supplied with seed potatoes.

Third, it does not seem to have occurred to the author of the story that the poor peasant-girl's education and pre training would be likely to appear occasionally, and reveal her humble birth. All this is as natural as possible, as exhibiting the consciousness of the untutored Indian. If the girl was kind and good and beautiful and well dressed, she was of course fit to "set before the king."]

There was once a king who had two sons and one daughter. He lived in a large town, and had many fine horses, many servants, and seven donkeys. He was in the habit of driving out in his carriage, and taking his queen and three children with him; but when he did so, he took, instead of horses, the seven donkeys to draw the carriage.

After the eldest son was grown up, he became dissatisfied with this arrangement, and questioned his mother about it; he got but little satisfaction, though he obtained permission to drive a pair of fine horses.

One day he drove out with his brother and sister and a couple of servants; he went beyond the limits of the town, and, passing around the outskirts, came upon a very small, humble-looking house, where an old woman and a young girl — her granddaughter, whose parents were dead — resided; they were out of doors at their work in the garden. The prince halted at this house, and told the company that he would go in and ask for a drink of water. The servant remonstrated, and begged to be allowed to go for the drink; but the prince chose to go himself. As soon as this splendid coach drove up to the door, the old woman and the girl fled into the house. The old woman, whose clothes were ragged, concealed herself; but the girl, on seeing that the coach halted, and that one of the young gentlemen was coming in, hastily tied on a clean apron, and adjusted her attire as well as the emergency would admit; as soon as she heard the rap at the door, she opened it cautiously a little way and looked out. The young gentleman asked for a drink of water. She immediately took a pitcher, and obtained a fresh supply of the pure, cooling beverage; taking a tumbler in one hand, in which a clean towel was placed, and the pitcher in the other, she put both into the hands of the visitor. The prince walked back to the carriage, gave all a drink of water, and then returned the pitcher and tumbler to the girl,

slipping two or three pieces of gold into the pitcher before he did so. She received them from his hand, and the royal party went on their way.

When the girl had set down the pitcher, she noticed the shining pieces lying at the bottom of the water, and not knowing what they were, she asked in surprise, *Noogumee, cogoowa weget?* ("Grandmother, what are these?") The old lady tells her it is *sooleawa* (money), and that they can now buy food and other things sufficient to make them comfortable for some time.

But the prince was wonderfully pleased with the beauty, modesty, neatness, and general appearance of the girl. He determined to make her another visit, and in case he could gain her consent, to make her his wife.

So a few days after, he arranged his plans to make another visit to the humble cottage. He told his mother that he would not be back to dinner, but would take some food and dishes with him; that he was going some distance into the country, and that he would call at some convenient place where he could have his dinner prepared for him.

When the coach arrived this time, the girl was absent, having gone out to obtain some seeds and other supplies for her garden, and no one was at home but the grand mother. The prince called again with the ever-ready excuse, the want of a drink of water. This the old lady gave him, but she did not know that it was the same young gentleman who had called on the previous occasion. When he had taken his drink, he proceeded to ask some questions of the old lady, in order to discover

where the lovely object of his search was. "Do you live here alone?" says he. "No," she answers; "I have a grandchild living with me." "Is your grandchild a boy or a girl?" he asks. "A girl," she answers. "How old is she?" says the prince. "Nineteen years old," she answers. "Where is she?" he inquires. "Gone to hunt up some seeds for our little garden," she answers. "Will she be back soon?" he asks. "She will," is the answer.

He then tells her that he is taking a drive out into the country, and that as he expects to be back a little before noon, he would like to come there and take lunch if she will allow him; he tells her at the same time that they have their provisions with them. The good woman modestly suggests that her accommodations are none of the best, and that she has no suitable cooking-apparatus to answer his purpose. But he removes all her objections: her nice little room will just suit him; and as for cooking-utensils, he has a supply of them with him. This arrangement being concluded, the coach moves off. Soon after, the girl comes in from her begging expedition, and the old lady tells her what has occurred. She immediately goes to work and tidies up the room, and gets herself in as good trim as her limited circumstances will allow; and at the appointed time the coach arrives. The baskets and jars of provisions are brought in, and then the servant is sent away to some other place to attend to the horses and to get his own dinner; the old lady and her granddaughter assist in preparing for their guest. When all is ready, he invites them to eat with him. But they hesitate; they are too bashful; they

feel themselves unfit to eat with a gentleman. It requires some perseverance to overcome the bashfulness and hesitation of the girl; but she yields at last, and they eat and drink and enjoy themselves at their ease. After dinner he makes them a present of what is left, — dishes, kettles, and all; for he had laid in his stores with an unstinted hand. He then remains awhile longer, asks a great many questions respecting circumstances *kakeijesemilemaje*; and among other things, he learns how poor they are, and that they are sometimes pinched for seed (Indians are always pinched for seed in the spring). He inquires why they do not go and lay their troubles before the king. They tell him that they are too poor for this. But they are told that any one can have access to the king who has any business of importance to transact with him. Finally, the young prince, in a very business-like way, asks her if she would be willing to be his wife. The poor girl looks upon the proposal as a joke, and refuses; when, however, he persists in his suit, and convinces her that he is in earnest, she argues very sensibly that she is too poor and incompetent to be the wife of a gentleman. But the old grandmother decides the question more promptly. She whispers to the girl, *Tulim aa* (“Tell him yes”). Finally, she decides to think it over, and give him an answer by and by. It is now time for the arrival of the servant, who has been told at what hour to come for his young master, and who has been enjoined to strict secrecy under a threat of being hanged if he should reveal aught; at the appointed hour he drives up with the coach, and the prince, who has not yet lisped a

word about his rank, takes his leave, promising to return after seven days.

The coach then drives home, and the mother of the prince questions him as to where he has been. He tells her he has been over into another town in a neighboring kingdom, and the queen's curiosity is satisfied; she asks no more questions, and he tells her no more lies.

After a day or two the prince intimates to his father that a widow and an orphan living in the outskirts of the town require a little looking after, and he requests him to call and see them. So one day he and his queen drive out that way; the king goes in, and being informed of their poverty, and of the difficulty of obtaining seed for their little patch of ground, inquires, as the prince had done, why she did not apply to the king for assistance. She says that she does not know the king, and doubts whether he would allow her to approach him, even if she did know him. But he tells her she is mistaken, — that the king would assist her, did he know her case; and he encourages her to find him and try.

True to his promise, the young prince makes them another visit in seven days. They are expecting him, and are all ready to receive him. The pieces of gold left in the pitcher of water at his first visit have been well spent, and the inmates of this humble dwelling are arrayed in more comely suits of apparel; the house is made to look as tidy as possible. This time the prince is attended by two servants instead of one; but neither of them has been there before, and secrecy is enjoined upon

them as upon the other, and under the same penalty of being hanged if they tell. He now inquires of the girl if there is any place where the horses can be fed. She says they can be accommodated in the small stable where they keep their cow, but there is no place for the coach. They manage, however, to hide the coach behind the stable. This time all go in, get their dinner, and eat together. He now proposes to marry the girl; she finally agrees to think the matter over. He promises that she shall hear from him in three days, and that he will come again, but he does not say when.

Three days after this he sends her a well-filled *luskeigun*¹ and when she opens it, she and her grandmother are astonished and delighted beyond measure at the contents. It is packed with clothes, jewels, and gold sufficient to make the possessor a princess. She arrays herself in her new robes, and tells her aged friend that she will marry the young man. In due time he comes for her. He has told his father he is going for a wife, and in answer to the inquiries as to who and where she is, he tells him she lives in the next town, and is the daughter of the king of that place. So everything is prepared for the wedding; the oxen and the fatlings are killed, and he goes away in his coach to bring home the girl. In due time he arrives, and she is so beautiful and so splendidly arrayed that all hearts are captivated; the wedding festival is celebrated with great pomp, and no one ever mistrusts the *ruse*.

¹ *Luskeigun*, box, trunk, or chest.

[The story needs the touch of a fairy or of a magician's wand to complete it, or else a plot which shall make it appear that this poor girl was really the daughter of a duke, and had in some way been spirited off in her infancy into this humble home, and that it was natural to her to adapt herself to her new situation.]

XX
THE TWO WEASELS.¹

There was once a widow who had two grown-up daughters; as they were remarkably fair and white, they went by the name of the Uskoolsk (Weasels). One day their mother sent them out into the woods to dig *seggunbin* (ground-nuts), and they lost their way. They wandered about in the woods until night came on; then they prepared a place to lie down and rest till morning. It was a calm, clear night; yet they could not sleep for a long time, but lay revolving in their minds their unhappy condition. The stars were shining brightly above them, and in watching them they finally began to forget their troubles. They noticed that some of them were large and bright, while others were so small that they could hardly see them. They began to wonder what they were —

“Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”

They imagined them to be the eyes of human beings, and speculated as to what kind of husbands they would make. Said the younger to the elder, “Which would you choose for a husband, the large stars or the small ones, — a man with the big eyes or with the little ones?” She replied, “I like the big stars best ; I should prefer a man with the large,

¹ See a second version of this story, under the title of “The Badger and the Star-wives,” Legend LIII.

bright eyes.” “And I,” said the younger, —“I like the little stars better; I should prefer a man with the small eyes.”

After a while they fell asleep. The younger one awoke, and moving her foot, touched some one, who immediately called out: “Take care! you have upset *nebijegwode*.”¹ She too sat up and looked. There sat a small, wrinkled old man with his eyes sunk into his head, and so sore that they were almost closed up; the stars had heard the conversation, and the little wrinkled old man had taken her at her word. She had made a mistake.

Immediately after this the elder sister awoke and moved her foot; when, to her surprise, she also touched some one, who called out: “Take care! you have upset my *sekwon* (red ochre).” She sat up and looked around, when, lo! a tall, well-formed warrior, all arrayed in his plumes and finery, his face and arms painted in the gayest hues, with large, lustrous eyes, sits there looking at her. She had preferred the Large Star, and there he sat. But they told the girls to keep quiet, to lie down and compose themselves till morning, and not even then to stir until they heard the squirrels singing; and not to mind the noise of the *adoodooech* (red squirrel), but to wait till they heard the singing of the *abalpakumech* (ground squirrel), and then they might get up. So they composed themselves, and remained quiet until they heard the singing of the ground squirrel. Then they opened their eyes and

1 *Nebijegwode*,, medicine for the eyes; eye-water, eye-salve.

looked about them; when, to their astonishment, they found that they had been meddling with things too high for them, and had got themselves away up in the very top of a large, tall white-pine. There a little bed of moss had been prepared for them, where they were snugly ensconced, but down from which it was impossible for them to come without help. They had been changed into weasels, but retained all the powers and principles of human beings.

So they waited for help. Sundry personages passed by during the day, — all of them animals, brutes, which were at the same time men who had the power of assuming the form of their tutelary deities, their *teomuls*, and whopossessed at the same time power to perform many other wonderful feats. The first who presented himself at the foot of the tree was a Moose (Team). They called out to him, '*Nsisemen, apkwablin nesalin!*' ("Our elder brother, set us free, take us down! We will go home with you, and be your wives"). He looked up disdainfully at them ; the slender forms and fair white skins of the little weasels only awakened disgust and contempt in the bosom of Sir Moose. He told them scornfully that he was already married, — that he had married in the autumn; and he strode on.

Next the Shaggy Bear (Sir Mooin) approached; to whom they made the same request, imploring him to climb the tree and relieve them from their perilous situation. They promised that if he would only take them down, they would bestow upon him all they had, as a reward; they would be his wives, and wait on his lordship in that humble capacity.

But he said that he had been married in the spring; and he assured them that he had no regard for them whatever. So he growled, and walked on.

Next came a beautiful little animal of the same genus as they, but of a different species; this was a Marten, and they implored his assistance. But, alas! they were just as unsuccessful as before, — each tribe, each race, each species, preferring to mate only with his own kind. The Marten said that he was married in the early spring;¹ and he scampered off, leaving the little weasels still up in the pine-tree.

Next came a Kekwajoo (Badger), an animal said to be very mischievous, and fond of play and fun. When the little weasels implored his assistance, he pretended to comply with their requests and to accept their terms; he thought that he could have some fun with them by teasing and tormenting them if he had them in his power ; so he ascended the tree and brought down the younger one first. During the descent the older sister, understanding his motives, and having no intention of fulfilling her promise, planned to outgeneral him; she took off her hairstring,² and tied it into a hundred knots, weaving it among the branches of the tree in the most difficult manner. The Badger, having carried down the younger sister, came back for the other,

¹ Here is a little natural history. These animals pair in these different seasons of the year.

² The Indian women of old used to allow their hair to grow long, then double it up on the back of the head, making additions to enlarge the roll, and then bind all together in a bunch with a *suggalobee* (long string) in short, they wore “waterfalls.”

and landed her also safe on the ground. Then she requested him very politely to return and fetch her hairstring, which she had forgotten, and to be very careful not to break it. So he returned, as requested; it took him a very long time to untie all the knots. Meanwhile the two Weasels constructed a hasty tent, — a bridal chamber; they brought in to assist them in the enterprise certain friends of theirs,—a bundle of thorns, a company of hornets in a hornet's nest, a company of pismires, and an ant-hill; all these they placed at proper stations in the little lodge, and then they ran away for dear life.

After a while the Badger, having untied the *suggalobee*, comes down and looks for the young ladies. He sees a small wigwam, and hears people laughing and chatting in side. Supposing, of course, that the two girls are there, he rushes in. The place is dark; and the first thing he knows, he has put his nose in among the thorns, — which causes him to yell and beat a hasty retreat. Then he hears a voice, apparently that of the younger sister, saying, *Numiscale* (“Towards my sister;” that is, “Go to my sister yonder”). Away he plunges in hot haste, right into the ant-hill, and gets himself well bitten for his pains. But at the same time he hears another voice saying, *Nkewchkale* (“Go towards my sister,” — that is, “my sister younger than I”). Away he plunges, in the dark, into the other corner, straight into the hornets' nest, where he meets the force of their terrible wrath and more terrible stings. He now begins to realize that he has been outgeneralled. He had intended to have a little fun in teasing and tormenting the girls, and lo! the fun has been all on

the other side. He is now enraged beyond all bounds ; he will pursue and tear the little whoppits to pieces, that he will. He runs out and smells round for their tracks; finding them after awhile, he rushes on after them as fast as he can go.¹

Meanwhile the girls have reached the banks of a wide, rapid river. There is no means of crossing, but a large crane is standing on the edge of the water; they call him uncle, and, as they are in a great hurry running away from an enemy, beg of him to set them over. He replies that, as he never works without pay, they must at least acknowledge the beauty and excellency of his form, and praise the beauty of his robes; he bids them to say *pegeakopchu* (he has straight and smooth feathers). "Indeed, indeed," they answer, "that is true enough; our uncle has straight and beautiful feathers." "Confess also that I have a beautiful, long, straight neck." "Oh," they answer, "indeed our uncle has a marvellously long and straight neck." "Acknowledge also that my legs are beautifully straight." "True, indeed," they answer; "our uncle has wonderfully long and straight legs." The vanity and conceit of the old fellow being now sufficiently gratified, he stretches out his neck and makes it reach quite to the other bank; and across on this potent bridge the two little Weasels scamper.

Scarcely have they reached the opposite bank when, dashing down to the shore, comes the Badger in pursuit. He looks about for a crossing-place, and seeing none, asks the Crane in rather an insolent manner to set him across. But the Crane demands the

¹ The badger is a slow-going beast.

same tribute of flattery, of smooth, bland words, at least, before he will perform the service. The Badger is in no humor for flattering any one; he feels cross, and so in repeating the sentences dictated by the Crane, he adds a syllable or a word indicating that the facts are just opposite to what the words of the Crane signify: "Yes, yes, indeed, indeed! your legs are straight, and beautifully pointed, too, are they not? Smooth and fine, indeed, are your feathers, and covered with mildew and dust. A wonderfully straight neck you have, — straight as this;" as he says this, he takes up a stick and bends it back and forth, back and forth, crumpling it from end to end.

So the Crane stretches out his neck across the raging water, and the Badger attempts to cross upon it; but when he gets half-way over, his bridge begins to shake greatly, and sway from side to side, and finally takes a sudden cant, and away he plunges into the rapids, and is borne away headlong down with the current. He calls out: "I wish to land at Cahligunuch! — where indeed he did land, in other guise than he desired. He was dashed ashore upon the rocks, killed, and left high and dry.

Meanwhile the girls went on. Towards evening they came upon a deserted village, and went into one of the wigwams to pass the night. The elder girl, fearing the effects of magic, cautioned her sister to meddle with nothing ; but the younger sister was not so careful, and did not attend to this warning. They saw lying near the wigwam the neck-bone of an animal (which, with the aid of a little imagination, could be made to look somewhat like the face of a person) ; this bone the younger

sister was not careful to treat with respect, but kicked it around, and in other ways treated it with contempt.

They lie down and try to sleep; but they soon hear the *chemuchkegwech* (neck-bone) shouting out, and complaining of the indignities that have been put upon him, and using very indignant and reproachful epithets towards the one who did it. The poor girls begin to tremble. "Didn't I tell you you would kill us if you didn't mind?" the elder says to her sister. But the other is more frightened still, and begs her sister to conceal her, to let her hide in her roll of hair. As soon as she speaks, however, the magician astride the neck-bone mocks her, repeating her words insultingly. Nothing hurts them, and in the morning all is quiet; they push on their way in search of some Indian village, and go on down the river near the shore.

After a while they see a young man on the opposite side, with a bow and arrow in his hand. They call out to him to help them over, making the usual offer to become his wives if he will comply with their request. He lays his bow across, and they pass over to his side; he then tells them to go on, that he merely helped them out of pity, and that he has housekeepers in abundance. They proceed down the river, and soon see a canoe with two men in it. They ask to be taken in; the men take them in, and go on. These are two sea-birds, — a Kweemoo (Loon) and a Magwis (Scapegrace). As they paddle on, the Loon begins to admire the two strangers, and becomes quite enamoured with their beauty of form and dress. He tells them that he is a native of the Wigem territory,

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the land of the Owealkesk (very beautiful Sea-duck), and that he is one of the tribe. The Magwis cautions them not to believe anything this fellow says, for he is lying and trying to ensnare them. Arriving at the territory of the Oweakjesk they land. The strangers are delighted with the appearance of these people, so beautiful in form and features, and so splendidly arrayed and ornamented. These people were no less pleased with the strangers, they were so white and of such a fine form. They were soon selected by two young chiefs, and the weddings were celebrated with great pomp. They feasted, danced, wrestled, and raced on foot and in canoes. Poor Kweemoo was annoyed and chagrined, and tried hard to vent his spite on the people, but failed. During the canoe-race he capsized his canoe, and called out for some of the young women to come and pick him up. The Sea-duck told them not to mind him; he will not drown, he will do well enough. So, staying in the water as long as he pleased, and finding that no one came to his assistance, he thought better of it, and concluded not to drown himself that time. The two young ladies, after their marriage, settled in their new homes.

The story does not end here; it goes back to the former home of the two lost Weasels. They had one *oochigunumool* (brother younger than themselves); and as the girls did not return the night after they left home, it was concluded that they were lost in the woods;¹ the next day, their brother went in search of them. After a long time he came upon

¹ At a time when all was forest, it must have been a very easy and common thing even for Indians to get lost. This is said to have been the case.

their track; coming to the river, he was ferried over on the neck of the Crane; he went down along the shore until he reached a point of land called Cajaligunuch, where he perceived something unusual on the shore; he knew not whether it was a stone, a beast, or a man. He went up to it, and lo! there was the dead Badger in a state of putrefaction, and full of maggots. He stood gazing at it; and soon it spoke, and inquired what he wanted. He answered that he wanted nothing in particular. "Where are you going?" asked the Badger, springing to his feet in the form of a man, and shaking off all the maggots. The youth told him that he was looking for his lost sisters. "I can tell you where they are," said he; "come along with me." He went on a short distance, and pointing to the opposite shore, very far off, he said, "Your sisters are over there." "But I cannot go there," said the youth. "Yes, you can;" said the other; "I can take you over in my canoe." So he went on with him. The Badger asked him to let him look at his bow and arrow; he handed them to the Badger, who broke them. When the youth remonstrated, the Badger promised to make him another. He took him into the canoe, and landed him on that distant point, — a place exactly opposite to that where his sisters really dwelt; and there, having vented his spite upon the innocent youth, he left him. [Here the story leaves them both.]

[The preceding story was related to me by Ben Brooks, of Falinouth, Nova Scotia. He understood English very well for an Indian; I read to him the

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translation,— or rather, the story as I put it down in English, — and he pronounced it correct. He is confident that the story is of Indian authorship, of which there can be no reasonable doubt. He thinks it has been handed down from ancient times; of this there is internal evidence, — particularly in the polygamy which it presupposes, and the confident belief in magic.]

XXI
THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF
NOOJEBOKWAJEEJIT,¹
A MICMAC BRAVE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WARS BETWEEN THE
MICMACS AND THE MOHAWKS (KWEDECHK).

[The following story was related to me by a daughter of Peter Toney, of Pictou. She said she learned it from her father's eldest brother, Francis John Toney. He was eighty-three years old when he died, and he died the first year that the cars ran from Halifax to Bedford; his father's name was Charles, and his father's name was Atween Wirrie.²]

Two young Micmacs, brothers, were married at one and the same time,—early in the summer. The ensuing fall, they went with another man into the woods to hunt, taking their wives with them. A war-party of Mohawks (Kwedechk) discovered and killed them all, except one of the women. The chief of the party directed the men to spare her, and he would make her his wife, she being *enceinte*. They returned to their own place, up in Canada, and took the woman with them. Once up in that far distant land, escape was hopeless; and she resigned herself to her lot, and endeavored to acquit herself in her new situation as well as she could. She soon won

¹ Spelled also Wejebokwajeejit.

² They say that the tale was learned from the great-grandfather of Atween Wirrie.

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the affections of her Mohawk chief, who taught her his language; and when her child by her first husband was born, he was wonderfully fond of it, made it his own, and became more than ever attached to the mother. The child, who proved to be her only one, was a boy.

The little fellow throve finely, and when he was a year old he could run about; he soon outdid all his fellows in stature, strength, and cleverness. At the age of three years he was so bright and promising that the other boys became jealous of him, and began to taunt him with being a foreigner, an alien, and an enemy. "That man is not your father," they said; "he is our uncle. Your father is dead; for that man killed him, and brought your mother here from a place very far off." The little fellow was vexed, went home and told his mother what the boys said, and asked her if it was true. She told him not to mind what they said, for it was not true, and they only wanted to tease him.

Time passed, and lie was seventeen years old; he had grown up rapidly, and had shown many indications of magical powers. He had made no further inquiries about his origin, but he had pondered for a long time upon the taunts of his playfellows. He suspected that they had told him the truth; one day, when his reputed father was absent, he again urged his mother to tell him the facts about his father. She then told him all about his real father, the husband of her youth, the attack of the Mohawks, the slaughter of all but herself, her union with his foster-father, and how she was brought to this place, where she expected to end

her days, never again to behold her native land. "But where is your native land?" he inquires. "Away towards the *oochebenook* (sunrising)," she tells him. *Talesootjijk?* ("What language do they use?"). She gives him a specimen. "Have you any relatives living?" he asks. She informs him that she had, when she left, two brothers, and his father had one older sister. "I shall go and see them," he replies. "It is very far away, and you will be pursued, overtaken, and brought back or killed if you attempt it," she tells him; but he resolves to call in the aid of magic, to take vengeance on the murderers of his father, and then return to their country.

The first step was to learn the Micmac tongue, which his mother diligently taught him, taking care that no one should know of it. One evening she and her husband went out visiting, and when they returned they were astonished to find that the son had grown to the dimensions of a giant during the evening. He lay stretched out upon the ground, and his huge form extended from one end of the wigwam to the other. His mother at first did not recognize him, but on discovering who and what he was, she was in no wise displeased; neither was his father. He was evidently a brave, a *booin*, a *powwow*, having the power of enlarging or diminishing his size at will.

The next day he requested his father to procure for him the frame of a pair of snow-shoes. His father, who had always been so fond of him that he had indulged him in everything, complied with his request, went out and hunted for a suitable stick,

and soon returned with the bows split out, and all ready to be dressed and framed. "Tut!" says he, "these will never do! they are not half large enough. I must go myself." So off he starts, and soon returns with a pair of bows of such huge dimensions that it takes a whole moose-hide to fill one shoe. The snow-shoes are finished and laid by. Other necessaries are got ready for his intended excursion, among which are a supply of clothing and twelve pairs of moccasins. His mother furnishes him with a map of Megumaghee (the land of the Micmacs), drawn upon a piece of birch-bark; she also makes for him a tiny pair of snow-shoes after the Micmac model,¹ so that he will know their tracks when he finds them.

When all is ready, he ties up his bundle, collects his weapons, and prepares to start at dead of night. The snow is very deep; this excites his magical powers so that he *powwows* the whole village into a deep sleep, then steals softly into the tents of all the subordinate chiefs, seven in number, kills them with his tomahawk, and scalps them all. He then returns and performs the same operation upon his foster-father, taking with him the eight scalps as mementos of his bravery, and making off for dear life.

He takes long and rapid strides; he cannot step quite a mile, like Hiawatha, but his single steps are equal to six of an ordinary man. He knows he will be pursued, and tortured without mercy if he is

¹ Every tribe has its own particular model of canoes, paddles, wigwams, clothing, snowshoes, crooked knives, and many other things.

overtaken and overpowered. Morning dawns, and he knows that his angry pursuers are like hungry bloodhounds on his trail. He prays for fog; and a dense mist surrounds him, and helps to baffle his pursuers. But finding that they are gaining upon him (for he is not alone in his glory of witchcraft; magic can be pitted against magic), he slips off his snow-shoes, and dives down under the deep snow, and makes his way beneath the surface as fast and as far as possible. His tracks consequently suddenly end, and his pursuers come to a dead halt; they understand the dodge, however, and concluding that he is not very far off, begin operations with their spears, striking them down into the snow and going round and round in an ever-widening circle. They do not succeed in hitting him, but they come very near doing so. He can hear their talk, and they wish him to hear; they desire to deceive him,— to make him think that they have given over the pursuit and returned home. “We must go back,” say they, “and wait till the snow is gone and the leaves have come.” They do in fact retire, but renew the pursuit once more. He now uses another stratagem to elude them. He springs with a flying leap, and seizes a tree without touching the ground, climbs to the top of that tree, and leaps to another; thus, squirrel-fashion, he runs across the forest, and does not touch the ground again until he is very far from the spot where he left it. This process is repeated again and again; some times he leaps from the top of a tree to the ground, making his tracks so few and far between that his pursuers finally abandon all hopes of capturing him and return, but

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with the design of following him in the spring to wreak their vengeance upon him. They kill his mother as an accomplice to the deeds of her son.

Meanwhile, living on the game he kills, and resting himself when fatigued, he presses on until he reaches the land of the Micmacs. He travels on to the Bay of Fundy, which is marked on his map. He soon comes to a place where a moose has been killed, and all taken away except the heart. He now compares his little snow-shoes with the tracks, and sees that they are exactly alike; he knows that he is in his own country, and he feels secure. He roasts the moose's heart, eats it, and goes on leisurely. After a while he reaches a deserted camp; he ascertains the direction in which the people have removed, and follows on. He comes to another deserted camp; but he knows that the people have recently left it, for the fires are not yet out. He now throws away his huge snow-shoes, and strips off his Mohawk ornaments. His long flowing tresses he carefully rolls up, turning the ends under next to his head, so as to make his hair appear short; he takes a quenched firebrand and blackens his face and hands, so as to hide his fair skin and fine countenance, and look as ugly as he can. In this disguise he travels on until he comes up to the encampment. He does not go into any of the wigwams, but crawls under a pile of fir-boughs outside, and lies down.

This wigwam is inhabited by an old woman and a young lad, who is her grandson. The old woman sends the boy out that evening for a pot-hook, and he goes searching for a suitable stick for that

purpose, when he happens to step on the pile of boughs under which our hero has ensconced himself. "Halloo!" he calls out, "what are you about?" The boy is startled; he can see no one, and concludes that it must be something supernatural, and that he has received a warning; he exclaims, *Emulsiktumei!* ("I hear something supernatural") *Moo emulsiktumowun* ("You have heard nothing supernatural"), says the stranger; he forthwith comes out, and shows himself to be a veritable Indian, — a Micmac, speaking that language, but extremely ugly in person and attire. The boy runs in and tells his grandmother; she tells him to invite the stranger in. He is accordingly called in and hospitably entertained, according to the custom of the red man.

There he remains for some time, taking great pains to conceal his good looks and his great abilities, and saying nothing of his history. He is very indolent, and careless of his personal appearance. After a few weeks the old woman gets tired of waiting upon him, and gives him a hint that he ought to look out for a housekeeper and set up housekeeping for himself. He laughs dryly at the proposal, and requests her to look out a wife for him. She undertakes the mission, and goes over to the chief's lodge for that purpose. The chief has three daughters, — all clever, good-looking girls; but the youngest is the most beautiful of the three. The whole transaction is concluded in Indian style. Little is said, and what is said is not by any means taken literally; the meaning is hinted at, but not expressed. Thus, when the old woman informs the

young brave that he ought to take to himself a wife, she simply says to him, "I am tired of cooking for you." He takes the hint, and answers: "Then look out some one else for me." She waits until late in the evening, and then calls on the old chief at his lodge. "To make a visit late in the evening" is a single word in Indian, which expresses, figuratively, "to go in quest of a wife;" the business being transacted for the young man by a deputy, — his mother, grandmother, or guardian. On the present occasion the visitor is of a very humble grade; she has not been in the habit of visiting the chief's lodge (even in the wilderness there are some fragments of caste to be found). When the old chief sees her, he divines her errand, and invites her up towards the *upchelaase* (seat of honor); he says, "Come up higher." She, however, modestly sits down near the door, and is silent, waiting for a word of encouragement. "Grandmother," says the chief, "what can have brought you here at this late hour? You do not come very often." "No, I do not," she answers; "and I rather think you know what I have come after." "Well," he replies, "if the article you want is here, you are welcome to it." This tells the whole story; the matter is settled. She has succeeded in her mission, and returns home. "Well," says the young man, when she returns, "did they push you out of doors?" She answers, "No." This is all that is said and done, so far as the courtship is concerned (it is the ancient Jewish custom, and has not yet entirely disappeared, either among the Jews or other Eastern nations or among the Indians).

Such is the wooing and winning. The wedding follows. This is managed by the young lady's parents. The chief says to his wife next day, "Our neighbor over there is poor, and we must send her a present." The girl's mother first goes over and carries some food and clothing to the old woman of the lodge where our friend Wejebokwajeejit lives. Then she returns home, and taking the youngest and most beautiful of their three daughters with her, goes back; and as she enters she finds the young man and the boy seated on one side of the wigwam, and the mistress of the establishment on the other. She bids the boy get up and take a seat at the farther corner, and tells the young man to move a little farther up from the door. Then she directs the girl to sit down by his side, just below him, next to the door, and informs her, *Na uktuboon* ("There, that is your seat"). The marriage ceremony is concluded; she is now the young man's wife.¹ He erects a wigwam of his own, and establishes a new home.

During all this time the young man has not thrown off his disguise. He is testing the sincerity of their hospitality; if they are friendly to him as a stranger, without expecting a reward, he will repay them in due time. There will soon be an opportunity for displaying his abilities as a warrior

¹ The details of an Indian wedding, under their ancient *régime* would of course vary. No priest, however, was necessary; after the negotiations were finished, the young man would sometimes go and sit down by the side of the girl selected for him, and that finished the ceremony.

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and as a hunter. He means to bide his time; the Kwedechk will be down, and he will know when.

Spring comes, and a festival is held, at which there is a general gathering. It is Easter. They remain together several days. The other two daughters of the chief have in the mean time been married, and their husbands are very likely fellows, and they are very proud of them; they all reside with the chief. After the festival is over, and the inhabitants of the neighboring villages have dispersed to their homes, the chief and all the people of the village remove to the sea-shore, in order to take advantage of the fishing-season.

When the leaves begin to put forth, Wejebokwajeejit prepares for the anticipated visit from the Mohawks, and sends word to the chief, advising him to assemble the warriors for a festival and military drill.¹ The chief consults his subordinates, and they agree to the proposal; word is circulated, and the people assemble. While the cooking is going on, and some of the women are strolling round out of doors, the two sisters of our hero's wife come over to the place where their youngest sister is superintending the culinary operations. They begin to taunt her about her husband's ugly looks and lack of energy. The poor thing, having been pretty in her girlhood, and having been much thought of, had been vain and proud; and her sisters cannot help enjoying with malicious delight her apparent humiliation. "You were much prettier than we," say they, "but we are

¹ He divines the time when the Kwedechk will come down.

more than even now; your husband is as much uglier than ours as you are better-looking than we. He is of no use; in case of war, our husbands would be of some service, yours would not.”

These reproaches sting her to the quick, but she says nothing. She leaves them, and goes into the wigwam. Her husband perceives that she is grieved about something, and kindly inquires the cause. She does not tell him; but her tears will start, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them.

But the time has now come for him to throw off his disguise, and to let them see what he can do, and how he can look. He tells his wife to bring him some water in a dish; he then washes himself thoroughly, and brings out his choice robes and puts them on, paints himself and puts on his military ornaments, and marches over to the chief's lodge, where the festival is being held. They go through the ceremony of eating, and the captains begin the warlike performances. First one and then the other dances the *nskowokun* (war dance). When Wejebokwajeejit's turn comes, he opens his medicine-bag and draws forth eight Mohawk scalps, which he flourishes *à la mode* as he dances; when he has finished, he goes up to the chief, grasps his hand, places the scalp-locks on his knee, and tells him these are proofs of service already performed, and should the time come, he is ready to show him what he can do.

At this juncture a scream is heard, and there is a commotion outside; a woman bursts into the lodge, crying out that a neighboring village has been attacked, and that her husband has been killed. She

is followed by another, and still another, all making the same announcement. The warriors grasp their weapons, and rush forth to the defence. Our hero is far in advance of them, armed with all his powers of magic, dealing death at every blow among the invaders. By the time the others have come up, he has slain all but two, whom he has taken prisoners; to these he "reads a lecture," and then sends them to carry the news home. "But before I dismiss you," he says to them, "I will mark you." He then proceeds, in true savage style, to put such a mark upon them as will render a verbal report unnecessary, should they reach their home. First, he cuts off their noses, then their ears, then their cheeks; and thus disfigured, they are dismissed, to make a report to their tribe of the success of their expedition.

Ever after, this man is duly honored by his tribe; and his wife hears no more taunts about his lack of beauty, activity, and courage.

XXII.
AN INCIDENT OF THE WARS WITH
THE KENEBEK INDIANS.

There had existed for some time a state of hostility between the Kenebeks and the Micmacs. Two parties of the former, led by two brothers, had come down to Pictou, and had fortified themselves in two blockhouses a little below the mouth of the Pictou River. These blockhouses were constructed of logs, raised up around a vault first dug in the ground. The buildings were covered over, had each a heavy door, and were quite safe fortifications in Indian warfare. About seven miles to the eastward, at Merrigomish, the Micmacs were entrenched in a similar manner. It was some time before there was any fighting; the parties kept a careful eye upon each other, but there was neither friendly intercourse nor actual conflict between them.

One night a party of Micmacs went out torching, — catching fish by torchlight. They were watched by the Kenebeks, who ascertained that they did not return to their forts after they came back to the shore, but lay down on the bank about midway between the fortifications of the hostile parties. This was too strong a temptation to be resisted; two canoes came upon them, filled with armed men. They were surprised, and all but two were butchered; these made their escape. They rushed to the water and swam for life, but were hotly pursued. They came to a place where a tree had fallen over into the water from the bank; it lay

there with a quantity of eelgrass piled up and lodged upon it; there they took refuge, hiding under the eelgrass and under the tree, so that their pursuers missed them in the darkness. After the search had been abandoned, the canoes returned, and the two men came from their hiding-place and hastened home to spread the alarm. Their dead companions had been scalped, and their bodies consumed by fire; this news roused all the warriors, and they resolved to attack the party that had committed the outrage, and avenge it. They had a small vessel lying inside the long bar that makes out at Merrigomish; this was immediately emptied of its ballast, drawn across into the sea, filled with men, arms, and ammunition (for it was since the advent of the French), and immediately moved up to the Kenebek ports, where it was run ashore. The party was led by a *kenap* (brave), whose name was Kaktoogo (Thunder), — or, as this name, first rendered into French and then transferred back into Indian, has come down, Toonale (Tonnerre). They ran the vessel ashore, and in his eagerness for the encounter he leaped into the sea, swam ashore, and rushed upon the fort without waiting for his men. Being a mighty *ponwow* as well as a warrior, he could render himself invisible and invulnerable; and they fell before him as the Philistines fell before Samson and the jaw-bone of an ass.

Having despatched them all, he piled their bodies into the building and set fire to it, thus serving them as they had served his friends. When all was accomplished, his wrath was appeased. He then, at the head of his men, walked up towards the

other fort without any hostile display; the Kenebek chief directed his men to open the door and admit them in a peaceable manner. This chief had taken no part in the fray; he had disapproved of the attack upon the torching-party, and had tried to dissuade the others from it. So, when Toonale entered the fort, there was no display of hostility. After their mutual salutations, Toonale dryly remarked, "Our boys have been at play over yonder." "Serves them right!" answered the chief; "I told them not to do as they did, for it would be the death of us all."

It is now proposed that they make peace, and live in amity for the future; a feast is made accordingly, and they celebrate it together. After the eating come the games.¹ They toss the *altetakun* — the Indian dice. They run and play ball. A pole is raised at the edge of an empty space some three hundred yards across; the parties arrange themselves four or five on each side; the ball is thrown into the air, and all dart towards it to catch it; he who succeeds in catching it before it strikes the ground darts away to the pole, all on the opposite side pursuing him; if they can catch him before he reaches the pole, his party loses; then the one who seizes him throws up the ball, and another plunge is made after it; it is seized, and the fortunate party dashes off again for the pole; thus the excitement is kept up, amid shouts and bursts of laughter, until the game is finished. This game of ball is called *tooadjick*. Another kind is called

¹ See 2 Sam. ii. 14: "And Abner said to Joab, Let the young men now arise and play before us."

wolchamaadijik; this is played with hurleys, the ball being knocked about along the ground.

“Did they not wrestle?” I inquired of my friend Peter. “Oh, no!” was the reply; “wrestling is apt to lead to a quarrel, and they would not under the circumstances run any risk on that score.”

There was one more game mentioned; it was pitching quoits, — the name of which, *soopalaooltjik*, is so clearly Micmakified French (*jouer palet*)¹ that the origin of the play, so far as our Indian friends are concerned, is clearly marked and stamped upon the language.

In all these games the Micmacs get the victory; and if they are impartial historians, they usually conquer in their wars with other tribes, and with the whites. Unfortunately, I have not yet the records of the opposite parties, the Mohawks and Kenebeks; but if we may judge from what takes place among other nations, their accounts would present a very different view. But to return to the Kenebek fort at the mouth of Pictou harbor.

After the games were ended, the Kenebek chief gives the word: *Noogoo elnumook!* (“Now pay the stakes!”) A large blanket is spread out to receive them, and the Kenebeks strip themselves of their ornaments and cast them in; the following articles were enumerated by the historian: *mchoowale* (epaulets),

¹ The French sound of *j* does not exist in Micmac; in transferring French words they invariably use an *s* for that sound. They have no *r*; in the case above mentioned, they drop this letter. Thus, *jouer palet* becomes *soopalaooltikik*; the *ooltikik* being just the plural ending, and common to all verbs of that class.

pugalak (breastplates), *niskumunul* (brooches), *nasaboodakun* (nose-rings), *nasogwadakunul* (finger-rings), *nasinigunul* (a sort of large collar loaded with ornaments, more like a jacket than a collar), *epelakunul* (hair-binders), *egatepesoon* (garters, sometimes made of silver, as in the present case), *abwesunable* (hat-bands). These articles were piled in, and the blanket filled so full that they could scarcely tie it; then another was put down, and filled as full. After this the Kenebeks returned to their own country; a lasting peace had been concluded, which has never been violated, and probably never will be.

[Related by Peter Toney.]

XXIII. STORY OF A KOOKWES.

Some little boys were out hunting. A *kookwes* (giant) was prowling round, watching for his prey, hunting for people. In order to attract the boys, he imitated the noise of the cock-partridge, the drummer; this he did by slapping the palms of his hands upon his breast. The little boys heard the noise, were deceived by it, and fell into the trap. The huge giant (the giants are amazingly strong) was a cannibal, and covered with hair like a regular gorilla; he seized the boys, and intended to dash their heads against a stone; but he mistook an ant-hill for a stone, and so merely stunned them all, except one, who was killed. The giant then placed them all in a huge *boockkajoo* (birchen vessel), strapped them on his back, and started for home. The boys soon recovered, and began to speculate upon their chances for escape; it certainly must have seemed rather a hopeless undertaking, but we never know what we can do until we try. One of the boys had a knife with him, and it was agreed that he should cut a hole through the *boockkajoo* and that they should jump out one after another, and scud for home. In order not to awaken suspicion, they waited until they heard the limbs rattling on the bark, as the giant passed under the trees, before the process of cutting commenced. As soon as the hole was large enough, one slipped out, and another and another, until all were gone but the dead one; the

giant was so strong that he never perceived the difference in the weight of his load.

When he arrived home, he left his load outside and went into his wigwam, where he had a comrade waiting for him, to whom he communicated his good success. On opening the cage, the birds had flown, all but one (*tokoo sogoobahsijik*). They proceeded to roast the prey by impaling him on a stick and placing him before a hot fire; then they sat down by the fire to watch and wait till he was cooked

The children soon reached their home and spread the alarm. A number of the men armed in hot haste, and pursued the giant; before the meal was cooked, they reached the place. Whiz! came an arrow, and struck in the side the giant who had carried off the children; he made a slight movement, and complained of a stitch in the side. Soon another arrow followed, and another, but so silently and so swiftly that neither perceived what they were. The fellow fell slowly over, as though falling asleep; and his companion rallied him on being so sleepy and going to sleep before his tender morsel had been tasted. Soon he also began to be troubled; sharp pains began to shoot through him, and as the arrows pierced him he also fell dead.

[The above story was related to me by Peter Toney, as an illustration of the stupidity as well as the physical strength of the giants. It will be observed how in this they resemble their brethren of European fiction; those that “our renowned Jack” slew were some of them remarkably stupid, — the Welsh giant, for instance.]

XXIV. THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

An aged couple resided alone in the forest with their only son. The young man provided for his parents by hunting. One day he brought down a crow with his arrow, and the snow was stained and reddened with the blood of the bird. As the young man gazed upon the three brilliant colors thus brought together in contrast before him, he was struck with the singular beauty of the combination. "Would," thought he, "that I could find a girl whose tresses were as jetty and glossy as the raven's wing, whose skin was as white as the driven snow, and whose cheeks were as crimson as the blood that stains it! I would marry such a girl, could I find one." When he came home, he told his mother what had passed through his mind. His mother informed him that there was such a girl, but that her home was far away, — too far for a winter's travel; but when summer came, he might go and fetch her. He resolved to do this, and his mind dwelt much upon it.

Meanwhile he pursues his vocation of hunting, becomes absorbed with other matters, and forgets his *beau idéal* of beauty. Spring comes, soon followed by summer. One day, while he is exploring the forest in quest of game, he encounters a well-dressed, good-looking man, who salutes him in a friendly way and asks what he is doing out there. He tells him he is in quest of venison for the use of his household. "Well,"

rejoins the stranger, "of what were you thinking about so much last winter?" It takes the young man some time to find out to what he refers; finally he recalls to mind the circumstance of the dead crow, and the wish that had passed through his mind respecting the beauty of the girl he would like to marry, and what his mother had told him. He relates the whole affair to the stranger, who assures him that he knows of such a girl, and can guide him to the place where she lives, and assist him in the important business of winning her for his bride. This stranger is a Megumoowesoo; and the young man accepts his proposal, goes home to inform his parents, and to make preparations for the journey. Having made all his arrangements, he starts off, and soon is joined by his friend of supernatural prowess. On they go in company, until, after several days' travel, they reach the borders of a very large lake. About midway between the extremities of this beautiful sheet of water, on the shore, is a large wigwam, inhabited by an old man. He receives them kindly, inquires whither they are going, and what their object is. The Megumoowesoo answers for his young friend; and Glooscap — for it is no other than he — does not disapprove of the adventure, but gives a word of encouragement. They must cross the lake, however, and they see no means of transit. But the veteran offers to lend them a canoe, and accompanies them to the shore, where they are directed to step upon a small island which is covered with trees and rocks, and are told that this is his canoe; as soon as they embark and unmoor, the island craft moves off by magic, and

glides over the glassy surface of the lake without sail, rudder, or oar, and conveys them straight to the distant opposite shore. There they land, moor their boat, and start upon their long journey through the forest. They had passed one danger, of which they had received timely warning from Glooscap. This was a huge skunk, — a necromancer who had assumed the form of this animal; he had taken up his position on the extremity of a point of land extending far out into the lake, around which it would be necessary for them to go. There he stood as they approached, all ready to deluge, stifle, and drown them as they passed. The Megumoooesoo was too much for him; making a slip-knot at the end of a cord, with a movement sudden and adroit he rendered powerless the magician's means of offence and defence, by cording the orifice of his unsavory reservoir, and they passed the enchanted place unscathed.¹

Not far had they proceeded on *terra firma* before they encountered a man with a strong-built, muscular frame, who was chopping logs. Seeing no means of conveying them to the shore, they asked him how this was done. "I take them on my back," was his answer. He then inquired whither they were going, and what their business was. They told him, and he proposed to accompany them; to this proposal they all agreed, and the three went on

¹ The opening of the sack containing the fetid fluid, which is the same in both male and female of this disagreeable animal, is projected in the form of a tube when the animal is about to discharge his bile.

together. They soon came up to another man, who was hopping along on one foot, the other being tied close up to his body. They asked him why he tied up his leg. "To keep from running too swiftly," he replied. "Were I to untie my leg," said he, "I should go around the world in four minutes." "Let us see you run," they replied. Whereupon he untied his leg, and, *presto!* he was out of sight, and in a few moments returned from the opposite direction, having run in the mean time round the whole world. On learning the object and destination of the party, he offered to go with them; and his company was cheerfully accepted.

They next come up to a man of portly size and mien, whose nostrils are carefully closed and guarded. "What is the meaning of all this?" he asks. "I thus hold back the storm and restrain the whirlwind," he replies. "Let us see a display of your powers," asks the superhuman guide of the company. Immediately he releases the pent-up winds, and they rush forth to the work of destruction, tearing up the earth, overturning the rocks, and smashing the forest. This man also joins the party.

In due time they reach a wide, beautiful river, meandering through an extensive meadow, which runs parallel to a chain of high mountains, at whose base is a perpendicular bluff, and midway between the bluff and the meadow is a large Indian town. The inhabitants are well clad, of goodly stature, and commanding mien. They make their way to the chief's lodge, share his hospitality, answer his questions, and make known their errand; they have

been informed that in this town dwells a beautiful girl, whose skin is as white as snow, whose cheeks are as red as blood, and whose hair is as black and as glossy as the raven's plumes; and that this young man has come to woo and to win her. They are informed that the story of the girl is correct, but that the task of gaining her hand and heart is difficult and dangerous: he must enter the lists with the other suitors, and contend with them in certain athletic games; to the winner the prize will be awarded. The terms are accepted; and after several days of feasting and preparation, the contest begins. First they dance, and the Megumoowesoo comes off victor. Then they run. Another party produces a runner who has to confine one leg on all ordinary occasions. They are let loose, and start for a race round the globe; our friend's comrade comes in four minutes ahead of the other competitors, and wins the day. Next, they engage in feats of strength, lifting, pitching rocks, wrestling, and pulling at each other at square angles, grasping with their hands a piece of wood; our log-lugging friend carries off the palm in all these exercises. One more trial completes the contest. They must coast down the side of that mountain, and leap the bounding precipice with their sleds; the one who reaches the ground unscathed carries off the beautiful girl. Two parties volunteer for the dangerous experiment, — the Megumoowesoo and his young friend, and two other men of mighty magic. The whole village turn out to witness the exciting scene. Down from the beetling battlement dash the sleds; and as the Megumoowesoo and his charge reach the verge of

the cliff, he utters a shout, and down they dash to the ground all right, and hold on their headlong way through the village, and far out upon the grassy mead that lines and adorns the banks of the broad-flowing river. The other party dash headlong over the cliff, and are killed.

The contest is now ended; the young stranger receives his prize, and celebrates the wedding feast. The party then leave for home, bearing away the beautiful bride. Not far, however, have they proceeded, when a terrific roar and crashing is heard thundering in their rear. They look round, and are horror-stricken at the sight; a terrific whirlwind, conjured up by the magicians of the village, is bearing down upon them, ploughing up the earth, rending the rocks, overturning the trees, and snapping them like pipe-stems as it comes on. Now comes in play the prowess of the man with the mighty breath. The plugs are withdrawn from his nostrils, and the storm is let loose; whirlwind meets whirlwind in mid-forest, and mingles heaven and earth in their rage.

The retreating party are again triumphant; tempest turns on tempest, and storm chases back the storm, sweeping away everything in its course, rending the village to atoms, and destroying all the inhabitants.

The party now proceed at their leisure; each comrade drops off as he reaches his home. The Megumoowesoo, his young friend, and his bride reach the lake and embark on board the magical canoe, and are swiftly conveyed to the other side. There Glooscap meets and greets them; they relate

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their adventures, and are kindly entertained. Afterwards they go on. The superhuman guide slides off to his home; and the young couple arrive safe, to cheer and delight the aged and anxious pair.

And so the story ends.

[Related to me by Ben Brooks, Aug. 31, 1869. He heard it long ago, but cannot tell the origin; he is quite sure it was manufactured by the Indians of the olden times.]

XXV
ADVENTURES WITH A CHENOO,
OR NORTHMAN.

Two Indians, a man and his wife, with one small boy, went one fall far away toward the northwest, into the forest, to hunt and trap. Having pitched upon a suitable place for their purpose, they erected a comfortable lodge, and prepared to spend the hunting-season there, and also to continue in the same place until spring, intending after that to return to their native village. All went on for a while according to the usual routine of Indian life on the hunting-ground; the man brought in plenty of game, and his wife had her hands full of business slicing and drying the meat, preparing her husband's food, and taking care of her little boy.

One day, while collecting firewood, she observed an unusual commotion among the bushes, as though some large animal — a moose, a bear, or a deer — were making his way through them. She looked anxiously towards the place, and soon discovered an object that caused her heart to thrill with horror; it seemed part human, part beast, part demon. It was of the size and form of an old man, stark naked and with a hideous countenance; his lips and shoulders seemed to have been gnawed away; he carried a small pack on his back. From what she had heard of the terrible Chenoo from the north, she concluded he was one of that horrid tribe, a cannibal, and that he would surely kill and devour her. With great presence of mind, she

determined to try the effects of a ruse, and treat him with unwonted attention and kindness; she would pretend to mistake him for her own father, and rejoice over him as though he were so in reality. So, bounding forth to meet him, she exclaimed, "Why, my own dear father! where have you come from, *telipkitoon* (after being gone so long)? Come in, come in!" Seizing him by his hand, she led him with all haste to the lodge; and manifesting great sorrow at seeing him look so woe-begone, she hastened to bring out a suit of her husband's clothes, which she begged him to put on. He made no reply to all these demonstrations, but accepted the clothes, put them on, and took his seat. She inquired if he was not hungry, and hastened to prepare a meal, which she placed before him, but which he scarcely tasted, maintaining all the while a stern and angry-looking countenance, but saying nothing. She smothered her emotions of terror as best she could, and pretended to be so glad to see him, bustling about and making herself as busy as she could be, telling her little boy not to pass before his grandfather, lest he should accidentally touch and disturb him.

After a while she went out to complete her supply of fire wood for the night; while thus occupied, her visitor rose and walked out where she was. "Now," thought she, "my hour has come; he will certainly kill and devour me." Her fears were increased by his asking for the axe; they were, however, soon dissipated when, on taking the axe, he commenced a vigorous onslaught upon the trees. He cut them down and broke them up as though they had been straw, and soon had such a

quantity piled up that she had to stop him. *Noo*, *tabeagul bookssoogul* ("My father, there is fuel enough"), said she. He laid down the axe, walked into the wigwam, and took his seat as before; she followed him in, and seated herself also near the door. They sat in profound silence; yet she ever and anon looked earnestly out for the approach of her husband. As soon as she saw him, she rose hastily, went out, told him what had happened, what she had done, and begged him to aid her in carrying out the ruse. He did so; coming in, he accosted the stranger as *Nchilch* ("My father-in-law"), and repeated the question: "Where have you come from, and how long have you been away?" He also seemed to manifest great delight in seeing his father-in-law again. The stern countenance of the old Chenoo relaxed a little; and the husband began to relate all the adventures that had occurred since the father-in-law had been away, and in which he was of course supposed to be intensely interested.

He listened, but without manifesting much interest, and when food was prepared, he was again urged to eat; this he refused to do, eating only a very scanty measure. When night came, he lay down and slept, — which his terrified host was unable to do. All the following day the Chenoo maintained the same sullen taciturnity, and the man never left the wigwam. On the third day the Chenoo began to yield to the power of kindness; and addressing the woman, and calling her *Ntoos* ("My daughter"), he inquired if she had any tallow. She told him she had a great quantity. He requested her to melt some for him; she did so, and melted a quantity sufficient to

fill a gallon measure. He requested her to have it very hot; she brought it up to the boiling-point, when he raised the kettle to his mouth and drank it off. It made him so sick that he turned deadly pale, and soon began to vomit. Up came the melted tallow, and with it a vast amount of offal, and all abominable things that were appalling to the senses; it required a vigorous effort of arm and shovel to remove it from sight and smell. After this disemboing operation the old chap seemed better, and lay down and slept. When he awoke, he asked for food, and ate heartily; and when the roaring fire operated too powerfully on his cold-bred carcass, he requested in a gentle voice that a screen might be placed between him and the fire. This was done, and soon he became so social and familiar that their fears were dispelled.

One day he asked the woman in a gentle voice, *Ntoos, pela weeos?* ("My daughter, have you any fresh meat?") She told him she had none. He then asked the man if there was a spring of water in the neighborhood. He was told that there was none nearer than a half-day's journey from that place; if he desired to be shown where it was, he would go with him. "We must go to it," said the old Chenoo "we will start to-morrow, and you shall lead the way." They made all necessary preparations. The man had several pairs of snow-shoes of different sizes, as is usually the case: one pair of largest dimensions for light snow, and others varying in size to suit the hardness of the crust, — a small, light pair being quite sufficient when the crust has been formed by a hard frost after a rain. The

Chenoo was supplied with a suitable pair, and at early dawn the two started off for the distant spring. The Micmac was surprised at the fleetness of his companion; as the former was young and active, and the other appeared old and decrepit, it seemed marvellous that while he was leading off at the top of his speed, the Chenoo kept up without any apparent effort.

In due time the spring was reached. It was large and beautiful, and the snow was all melted away around it.

The Chenoo doffed his robes, and began a vigorous magic dance around it; soon the water rose and fell, as if lifted by some huge monster below. Such a monster there really was, and he soon made his appearance; it was a huge *taktalok* (lizard).¹ First he raised his huge head, and soon made a move to come out, when he was met by a blow from the tomahawk, which stiffened him, and he was dragged out and cast upon the bank. This was the male; a similar process of magical dancing brought up the female mate, of a lesser form, which was in like manner killed and dragged out. This novel hunter then began his operations of dressing the game he cut off the head, the feet, and the tails of the crocodiles, took the skin from the bodies, and removed the intestines,—throwing all the offal into the spring, to grow up, or rather down, again into another pair of lizards of ordinary size, out of which these huge ones had been *ponnwowed*. The

¹ *Taktalok*, Micmac; *agatalakw*, Maliseet. Alligator and crocodile are evidently of a similar origin.

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meat greatly resembled bear's-meat. The two carcasses would each weigh about two hundred pounds, — such a load as two ordinary men would not care to lift, and which it would be utterly impossible for them to carry far; our Chenoo friend bound the two carcasses together with withes, adjusted the burden to his shoulders, and bade his comrade lead off. It was now considerably past noon; and as the journey was long, they started off on the run. The man without the burden considered himself very swift upon the foot ; but the Chenoo with his heavy load, pressed close upon his heels. “Can you run no faster?” the Chenoo inquired after a while. “No, I cannot,” was the answer. “Well, the sun is getting low; and at this rate darkness will be upon us before we reach the lodge,” replied the Chenoo So he called a halt, directed his comrade to get upon the load, to brace his back against his, and to hold his head low, so as to avoid the limbs of the trees as they passed. Having fixed himself firmly on his friend's shoulders, the latter started off at such a pace that *nebesokunoojul samas tukteskugulchel wegwasumugwegul* (the bushes fairly whistled as they flew through them), and they reached home some time before sunset.

The mistress of the establishment, on being told what the venison was, felt somewhat reluctant about having anything to do with it; but her husband encouraged her to dress and cook it for their guest, but not to eat of it herself. The flesh resembled that of a bear, both in taste and looks.

The man ventured on one occasion to taste it, and testified this; but the Chenoo alone fed upon it.¹

Towards spring, life in the woods was varied by another adventure. One day the startling announcement was made that in three days an attack would be made upon them by another Chenoo from the distant north; and preparations were made for war, offensive and defensive. The man, wife, and child were to be concealed in a cave, and their ears carefully stopped, as the war-whoop of the terrible Northman would kill them, should they hear it distinctly. Should they escape the first onset, the first whoop, they would more easily survive what follows. "When you hear my voice," he says to them, "you will be all right again." Before the dreaded day arrives, the Chenoo sends the woman out to fetch a small bundle which he brought on his back when he came, and which was hung upon the branch of a tree, where it had since remained untouched. He tells her to open it, and throw away anything offensive to her that she may find therein, and to bring to him a smaller bundle which is within the other. She does as directed, and on opening the bundle, she finds to her horror a pair of human heels and legs, — the carefully preserved remnants of a former horrid meal; these she throws away as far as she can fling them, and brings in the smaller bundle, as directed. He opens this, and takes out a pair of dragon's horns about six inches in length, — one of them has two small branches, the other is smooth and straight; he gives the forked one to the

¹ The Indians will eat almost anything in the shape of fish, flesh, or fowl; but they do not eat *choojechke* (reptiles).

man, and informs him that this is the only weapon that can prevail against the approaching foe. The arrangement is for the Chenoo to go out alone against the enemy, and the others are to conceal themselves and stop their ears, as directed. "But should you hear me calling and saying, 'My son-in-law, come out and assist me!' you must come to my aid at once." All this is done. The encounter takes place; and though the man, woman, and child are concealed below the surface of the earth, with their ears stopped, the sound of the terrible war-whoop almost splits their heads, and makes them nearly crazy. They immediately hear the answering whoop of their friend and ally; their heads cease ringing, and they are all right again. Now the combat begins, and rages furiously; rocks are hurled from their places, the ground is torn up, trees are broken and crashed down in all directions. The party in the cave listen to the frightful commotion, and hold their breath in terrible suspense. Presently they hear the voice of their friend calling for help: "My son-in-law, come and help me!" Away he darts at the word, and soon comes up to the combatants. What a sight meets his eyes! The two men have swelled into the size and bulk of mountains; the stronger has the other down, and is making rapid thrusts at his ear with the terrible dragon's horn. Our little friend cannot be seen by the foe, he is so small; and he tauntingly tells the other, "You have no son-in-law to assist you, and *nabujcol* ("I will soon take your accursed life)."¹

¹ It is a mistake to suppose that the Indian cannot swear in his own tongue; he can do so, but not so fearfully as an Englishman can in English. The Indian introduces his venom

Meanwhile the one who is underneath keeps wabbling his head rapidly from side to side, to evade the deadly weapon which is aimed at his ear; and the son-in-law is directed to thrust his weapon into the ear of the foe. This he does by one well-aimed blow, and the magical horn comes out through the other ear, and assumes the size of a crow-bar; he is directed to push one end into the ground, raise the other end and place it by the side of a tree. As soon as the horn is thrust into the ground, it takes firm root there, and cannot be withdrawn; as soon as the other end is raised and placed by the side of a tree, it winds itself around, climbs the tree like a vine, and cannot be disengaged. The victim, thus pinned, is conquered, but not killed; the other now disengages himself, and both begin operations on the fastened foe. They first prepare a large quantity of fuel, then kindle a huge fire. They next hack the prisoner in pieces, and burn his flesh and bones to ashes, being careful that not a particle of raw flesh shall remain unconsumed. Should this be the case, their labor would be all in vain, — all the work would have to be done over again; as from that small particle of flesh would spring a living Chenoo exactly like the other. They work with a will, and soon have subdued all but the old fellow's heart ; this is formed of solid ice, so cold and hard that it instantly extinguishes the fire, which has to be rekindled around it again and again. It, however,

into his speech by inserting an extra syllable; thus, *nabul*, "I kill you; " *nabujcol*, "I take your cursed life," or some such spiteful epithet.

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grows smaller by degrees; and finally a few well-directed blows with the hatchet so reduce it that it melts and vanishes. The party then return in triumph to their camp.

In due time spring returns, and they prepare to go down the river to their more southern home; the now domesticated guest is persuaded to accompany them. They construct an additional canoe for his accommodation; it is covered, not with birch-bark, the usual material for Indian ship-building, but with the more unusual kind,—the skin of a moose; the craft thus formed being called a *moosoolk* (moose-ship).¹ When all is ready, they start and sweep rapidly down the river, now swollen by the thaws and rains of spring; the Chenoo occupies the *moosoolk*, and the other takes the lead. Soon the river spreads out into a vast lake; and while they are gliding leisurely over its calm surface, the Chenoo makes a sudden dash, dives under the thwarts of the canoe, and conceals himself in the bottom. He is asked to explain the cause of this sudden movement. He replies that he has been discovered by one of his brethren, who stands upon a mountain, the outlines of whose blue tops are just discernible in the distance. The Chenoo is standing there, looking over the face of the country. He can see one of his own kind, even at that distance; but he cannot discern either the canoe or the other persons of the party. The domesticated

¹ The Indians have several names for a canoe: *kwedun*, a bark canoe; *ntool*, my canoe, my water-craft of any kind; *moosoolk*, a canoe covered with moose-skin; *skogumoolken*, a new canoe; *nkanoo'ken*, an old canoe.

one must therefore keep concealed, or he will be pursued, compelled to fight, and perhaps be overcome; he prefers peace to war. So his craft is taken in tow by the other, and conveyed across the lake until it contracts again to the ordinary width of the river. The Chenoo then lands, and refuses to venture upon the water again. He asks for a description of the place where they propose to land and pass the night; he then goes forward on foot. Meanwhile the canoe, impelled by the strong arms of the man and woman, and assisted by the swollen and rapid current, makes furious headway; but what is their astonishment, in coming rapidly around a point, to see smoke arising through the trees at their proposed landing-place, and on heading in for the shore, to find their friend stretched out in calm repose, sleeping by the fire he had kindled! He goes on by land again the next day, and reaches the resting-place long before his comrades arrive in their canoe.

As they go south, and get into the warm weather, the heat overcomes the man from the frozen north; he grows weaker and weaker every day, — so much so, that when they reach their home he is nearly dead. The people of the village gather round and look at him. His lips are healed, and his teeth no longer grin ghastly as when he first came; his shoulders, too, are healed; in short, his whole appearance is changed. He is tamed and humanized, but he is not a Christian. His friends, though they had been converted to the Catholic faith, had not yet learned to trouble themselves much about others; they now, however, send for

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the priest, who finds the poor Chenoo as ignorant as a beast of the first principles of religion. He endeavors to instruct him; and the Chenoo soon lends an attentive ear, is baptized, and dies in the Catholic faith; and *kespeadooksit* (here ends the story).

[This story Louis Brooks heard from his grandfather, Samuel Paul, a chief, who died in 1843, at the age of eighty years; he was famous for relating old stories of war. This story gives a vivid picture of the supernatural powers attributed to the Chenoo, and affords additional proof of the tradition of these remarkable beings having arisen out of the first visits of Europeans with fire-arms and spy-glasses; they always delighted in displaying before the astonished natives the astounding effects of their artillery, and it is not likely they were very scrupulous about firing blank cartridges, nor very particular as to the way in which the guns pointed.

Related to me by Louis Benjamin Brooks, who supposes it to be true, and written down Sept. 5, 1859.]

XXVI
ORIGIN OF THE WAR BETWEEN
THE MICMACS AND THE KWEDCHES.

On the two opposite banks of the Restigouche, near its mouth, were two towns, — one inhabited by Micmacs, and the other by the Kwedeches.¹ They were at peace with each other, and frequently attended each other's festivals.

On one occasion the Micmacs had attended a festival of the Kwedeches; and while the children were engaged in some of their games, a child of the Micmac party was killed. Nothing, however, was said about it at the time, and it was passed over as an accident; but the circumstance was remembered. Not long after, the Kwedeches were invited to a feast by the Micmacs. They feasted, they danced, *tooadijik* (they played ball), tossing up the ball; the one who caught it had to run to a fixed pole, and if he reached it without being caught, he won the game; if he was caught, he yielded, and the one who succeeded in grasping and holding him took the ball, and the party to which he belonged had the next throw. The players were stark naked, except a cloth around their loins, so as to make it a difficult matter to seize and hold them. Generally, this could be done only by grasping them by the hair of the head. Another game was the *alchamadijik* (hurley).

¹ *Kwedech* is the singular form of this word, and is both adjective and substantive. As substantive the plural is either *Kwedechk* or *Kwedeches*, both of which forms occur in the manuscript. — ED.

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The women, too, had their games, — the *altestakun* (a sort of dice); and the *wobunakun* somewhat like *altestakun*.

While the games were proceeding, the Micmac boys took occasion — accidentally, as they would have it supposed — to revenge the death of their comrade by killing two of the other party. Nothing was said of the matter at the time, and it was passed over as an accident; but the young folk laid it up in their hearts, and awaited an opportunity for revenge.

Time passed, spring opened, and the season for catching salmon came. The regulation between the two tribes was this: each took its turn annually for the first and best part of the fishery; one year the Micmacs went first to the fishing-ground, which was at a considerable distance up the river; the next year the Kwedeches went up first. This year it was the Micmacs' turn. About fifty of the younger men went up with their canoes, being several days reaching the place. They had not been there long before the Kwedech chief's son, who had been brooding over the wrong done by the Micmac boys in murdering two of his tribe, planned and executed a scheme of retaliation and vengeance. Without the knowledge of the chief, his father, and the old men of the tribe, he collected a company of warriors, and marched up by land to surprise and cut off the whole party of Micmacs. Reaching the place, they lay hid, waiting for the darkness of night to shroud their diabolical scheme.

The Micmacs were out spearing salmon by torchlight; after they came ashore, they kindled

fires and began roasting fish for their suppers. The salmon were split, and placed head downward on a split stick, small sticks being placed across on each side, between the fish and the split stick that held it; then the gridiron was stuck into the ground near the fire, and when one side was done, the fish was turned by simply turning around the instrument that held it.¹ While the cooking process was proceeding, the men, all unconscious of the storm that was about to burst upon them, were laughing, talking, and joking. The Kwedeches crept up in the dark ness, the crackling of the fires and the noise of the merry multitude helping them to approach unheard; a shower of well-aimed arrows laid all the Micmacs in the dust. One old man was wounded, but not killed. He was a powerful *ponwaw*; but the attack was so sudden and unexpected that he had no time to summon up his magical powers; otherwise he would not have been hurt. He was struck in the side, but the wound was not mortal. He made a rush for the river, and plunged in. Just at that place there was a deep hole in the curve of the river; at the bottom of this hole there were some large rocks, from under which the sand had been swept away by the current, leaving a passage far beneath the shelving rocks. Into this passage he crawled, and concealed himself. Having his magic now fairly up, he could remain under the water as long as he pleased; he knew he would be hunted for, and so he was. He was seen to rush towards the

¹ They call this mode of roasting fish *peseegubasit*: to cook meat in the same way is called *sogobasit*.

river and plunge in; and the canoes were immediately manned, the torches lighted, and the river everywhere searched. They discovered him at last, but they could not get at him with their spears. They watched him all night, and the next day; after all, he managed to evade them, and passed far down the river.

Somewhere below, a spring gushed out of the rock; and to this place the exhausted man crawled, and lay down for some time, so as to let the water flow over his wound.

In the mean time a man and his wife, who started for the fishing-ground some days after the others, and were now poling their canoe slowly up the stream, reached the place where the spring was. The wife proposed to go ashore for some cool, fresh water. On approaching the place, they saw something red where the fountain gushed up, and on coming nearer saw something singular, — it might be a log, it might be a man; but it was evidently something unusual. Soon they saw that it was a human body, and supposed it was a corpse. The red leggins and the other garments were recognized by the woman as belonging to one of her uncles. *Nkulamooksis na!* (“It is my uncle”) she exclaimed. They approached cautiously, being terrified at the sight of a dead body; they soon learned, however, that he was not dead, but wounded, and faint from the loss of blood, and weak with hunger. He said to them, *Tasameek* (“You see the whole of us”), and related to them the particulars of the attack and slaughter.

They take him into their canoe, bind up his wounds, and care for him, and immediately return to the village and report the distressing news. In a few days this man's wound is so far healed that he can go over to the village of the Kwedeches and make report to the chief. He shows his wound, and gives the names of the perpetrators of the foul deed; while they were watching him in the water, he was looking at them in return, and is thus enabled to testify to their identity. He throws all the blame upon the young chief, the leader of the murderous band. They had hoped to kill all, so that no one would be left to tell the tale; as no one, in that case, would know who had done it. In this they are disappointed and defeated.

A demand is now made upon the whole village, — not, however, to punish or deliver up the individuals who had committed the deed; the whole tribe is made responsible, and they must retire from the place or try the fortunes of war. Three days are given them, and they are told that unless they remove bag and baggage, they will rest there forever: *Na oola tet tulekes pukumiksedoksap* (“Here you will end your days”).

As the Micmacs are altogether the stronger in numbers, the others conclude to remove, and immediately begin their preparations; all is ready on the third day, and the parties begin their sorrowful retreat. The young Kwedech chief is severely reprimanded by his father, as the author of all their troubles.

Before they leave, the chief of the Micmacs makes a fare well visit to the chief of the other tribe.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

“We will continue to be friends,” he says. “You will once in a while think of the place you have left; and when there comes over me a lonely longing to see your face again, I will make you a visit; and when you wish it, you can come down and see us.”¹ The whole village now depart, and go up by easy stages to Canada, travelling onward till winter, though with long intervals of rest. They halt for the winter on the borders of a large lake.

Some time in the winter, when the rivers and lakes were thoroughly frozen over, the Micmac powwow who had been wounded in the fatal affray at the fishing-grounds, having been thoroughly healed of his wounds, proposed to the young men of his tribe that they should pay a visit to their departed friends. All were eager for the adventure; but he limited the number, selected his men, and started off on the expedition. They followed the trail of the others, which was marked by the deserted camps on the road, and knew well when they were nearly up to them. They reached the lake on the farther shores of which, and beyond an intervening mountain, the Kwedeches were encamped. To the top of that high lookout the young Kwedech chief was in the habit of making daily excursions, that he might look far over the lake, to see whether any danger was approaching under the disguise of a visit of friendship from the outraged nation they had left behind.

¹ Friend Louis explained this to me as conveying a warlike threat, though couched in such words of kindness. Compare Psalm lv. 21; also 2 Kings xiv. 8, for something similar.

A little before nightfall, the Micmac leader sends four subordinate chiefs, masters of the magical art, down upon the lake to explore; they walk out upon the ice one after another, and then return to camp. It so happens that just then the young Kwedech chief is at his post on the mountain, looking out over the landscape to the eastward; and on returning to his lodge he reports having seen *four white bears* walking out one after the other upon the ice, looking around, and then returning. These four scouts, on the other hand, relate what they saw; they saw an *abooksigun* (lynx) on the opposite side of the lake, on the top of the hill, looking round, and then, turning about, gliding quietly back down on the other side of the hill.

The report of each party is understood, and measures are taken accordingly. The Kwedech chief says to his rash son, "To-morrow you will be paid for your folly. You see now what you have done for us; we shall be attacked and destroyed." The young man is not going to be alarmed; he blusters, and boasts of what he can and will do. The Micmac leader informs his friends that they have seen the author of the mischief, — that the lynx which went slinking over the hills was he. "To-morrow," says the chief, "we meet."

And so they do meet,—at first apparently in the most friendly manner, taking each other by the hand, and mutually inquiring the news, asking after each other's welfare, and having a feast together. After a while the Micmac proposes that the young men shall go out upon the ice and play. To this proposal the Kwedech chief cordially consents.

LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS

The young men begin operations, dancing the *nskowokun* (war-dance), shouting and stamping, and making the thick ice rise and fall like the waves of the sea in a storm. It becomes in a short time pretty rough play; they seize each other and wrestle, and the victor stabs his victim to the heart. The Micmacs soon carry the day, having killed or disabled all the warriors of the party.

The most horrible part of the tale is the beginning of the fight. The Micmac leader of the party was quietly seated in the old Kwedech chief's wigwam; the son of the latter was sitting there also, and a young girl, the sister of the young man, was sitting on the side where the Micmac sat. The Micmac made a spring upon the poor girl, and plunging his knife into her bosom, killed her instantly, and ripped her open; filling his hands with her warm heart's blood, he drank it, and then, again filling his hands, rushed over to the brother, offering him a draught, as a challenge to single combat; this the brother accepted. Intoxicated and maddened by the horrid potion, these two began the fray; seizing their hatchets, they rushed out, uttering unearthly yells, and attacked each other with might and main. The poor Kwedech, notwithstanding all his previous vain-glorious boasting, was soon overpowered and killed.

This was the signal for a general *mêlée*. Far and wide over the lake resounded their yells. They used neither bows nor hatchets nor spears; strength of muscle, agility, and the scalping-knife did the work of death. The Micmacs were victorious; they lost but few men in the battle. They laid no further hand

on the women, children, or old men they took no prisoners, but bade them adieu, — telling them that when they felt disposed to make the Micmacs a visit in return, they might come on. They then returned to their own place.

