

Glooscap had no fixed residence : 'twere strange if he had. Several places are, however, distinctly marked as his abode for a season. One of his wigwams was on the top of Cape Blomidon. The Basin of Minas was his Beaver pond. He cut open the passage at Cape Split. He was one day after a huge moose with his dogs in full cry, when the moose, not exactly relishing the idea of being taken, took to the water. In the middle of the Bay of Fundy the mighty hunter transfixed him to the earth, and he became an Island of a thousand acres, and remains until this day, the Isle of Haut : or, as the Indians call it, 'Mus-cwe-sect-kik. Many other Islands are pointed out as his work.

He had another beaver pond of huge dimensions in Oo-num-ah-gie, (Cape Breton). The Indians there will assure one with the greatest gravity imaginable, that they have ocular demonstration of the truth of the legend. They have actually picked up the huge bones and teeth of Glooscap's beavers. A tooth has been found *five inches* across, and bones in proportion. Some of these bones are said to have been deposited in the Museum connected with the Mechanics' Institute at Halifax. Whether the *Savans* coincide in judgment with the Indians respecting them, comes not within my province to enquire. I simply detail facts—the facts of the tradition, I mean, or, if you please, the *facts of the fiction*.

Glooscap cut open two channels of communication between his beaver pond (the Bras d'or lake, and the sea.) On the Point that runs out between those two entrances, he cut for himself a home in the rock. There it remains to this day, and the Indians pass it not without awe. Few have the hardihood to enter it. Some have done so. Taking a torch light in their hands, and buckling on all the extra courage they could command, they have attempted an exploration of the gloomy cave. But such sights have met their eyes, and such sounds have saluted their ears, as have filled them with fear and quaking, and they have been glad to make good their retreat.

'But why did Glooscap leave you?' I asked a respectable old Sachem one day. 'Because we had become so depraved and wicked,' was the reply. 'My children have become so lawless and sinful,' said he, 'that nothing but oppression, hardship and distress, will bring them to repentance. I will go and leave them. I will no longer admonish and protect them. They shall be given over into the hands of their enemies. They shall be oppressed and brought low, and in the time of their greatest calamity they will come to a better mind. Then I will return and be their chief, and they shall prosper again.'

'And do you really believe he will come back?' I enquired. 'Ahmooch eduh,' was the prompt reply; 'assuredly we do.'

'But where is he now?' 'Toowow,' 'we cannot tell, but somewhere in the far west.'