

Black Cat wandered about the island, until at last he found a wigwam of the grandfather, the "Morning Star," who told him he was on a very dangerous island. He told him it was the habit of the Great Beaver to destroy every one who came to the island.¹

He told the Black-Cat to climb a tree, and when he needed help to call out for him. Night coming on, water began to rise about the base of the tree, and the Giant Beaver came and began to gnaw at its base. The friendly ants² tried to keep the tree upright, but the water continued to rise and the Beaver kept on gnawing. Then the Black Cat in his sore dilemma called out, "Grandpa, come!" The grandfather responded, "I am coming; wait till I get my moccasins." The water rose higher. Again Black Cat called out, "Come, grandpa, come!" "I am coming," his grandfather said; "wait till I get my cap." Again Black Cat called, "Hurry, grandpa!" "Wait until I get my pipe," said the grandparent. But the waters had reached him. The tree swayed to and fro. "Come, grandpa, come!" said Black Cat for the last time. Then he said, "I am coming; wait till I open my door;" and then he opened the door of his wigwam and the Morning Star came forth, the water began to recede, and the Beaver swam away.³ Then Black Cat's grandfather told him to come down, and he would send him over the water to the other shore on the back of the Wewillemuck. Black Cat thought that Wewillemuck was too small to carry him over, but his grandfather told him to seat himself between his horns, and when he wished Wewillemuck⁴ to go faster he should tap him on the horns. The grandfather then gave his grandson a small bow and arrows, and put him on the snail's back between his horns.

As they were crossing the channel, Wewillemuck said to the Black Cat, "When we get near shore tell me." But Black Cat gave Wewillemuck a sharp rap on the horns, and the snail jumped forward and went so far that both went a far distance inland.

¹ Quahbet, or the Giant Beaver, was not on the best of terms with Black Cat, for Glooscap had slain many of the beavers, whose bones still exist, and are of giant size. This hatred probably arose, says Leland, from the time when Quahbeetsis, the son of the Beaver, inspired Malsumsis to kill Glooscap.

² The ants assisted Black Cat in many ways. They were also friendly to Leux, and on one occasion are said to have gathered the bones and fragments of the "Merry God" together and restored his life. Whether in the present instance they tried to keep the tree upright by piling the earth about its trunk or not, the narrator does not say.

³ Possibly the gnawing of the Beaver is the ripple of the waves around the base of the tree.

⁴ Mrs. Brown has identified Wewillemuck as the snail. Some of the Indians say that it is a large lizard like an alligator. The bark picture of this creature, made by Noel Josephs, is that of a nondescript difficult to identify.