

dwelt for a time with his brethren on the Island of St. John. During his stay among them, he at one time fixed his wigwam near this stream *(Minnewauken—mysterious water) as it was called by the Indians, because of the malignant monsters that dwelt therein. His family was comprised of three persons, his son Sunfells, his fair daughter Miniota, and his wife.

He told his son Sunfells not to go upon the creek when out on hunting expeditions, but always to return by land, lest the monsters should attack him. For some time Sunfells obeyed the wishes of his father, but one day as he was returning home very late, being tired and hungry, he came to the margin of the stream, opposite his father's camp, and ventured to cross in his canoe. He had gone about half-way across the creek, when strange rumbling noises were heard from the bottom, the creek began to rise and become turbulent; and Sunfells became terribly afraid. He paddled for the opposite bank with all possible speed, but his canoe was over-turned and he was precipitated into the waters, where he soon perished. The chief was deeply enraged at the disobedience and loss of his son, and vowed eternal vengeance upon the *manitous* of the stream. Miniota was almost frantic with grief, and hardly could be restrained from throwing herself into the creek which was now lashed to a foam by the creatures within.

The father determined to watch for a favourable opportunity in the morning to carry out his threat, when the monsters would leave the waters and seek repose upon the mossy banks.

At the break of day, he took his bow and arrows and went to the creek to execute his project. Lest he should be detected he hid himself in a hollow pine tree, near the bank. Not till noon did the monsters issue forth, and laid themselves down upon the soft, warm moss, where, not being used to the heat of the sun, they were soon overcome by a deep sleep. The chief now took careful aim with his bow and flint-pointed arrow, and seriously wounded one of the water deities. Aroused from their sleep, they were terribly enraged, and plunged into the water,

*Now a small creek lying to the N.W. of the old French Fort and flowing into Warren Farm Cove.