

THE INDIAN NAME OF THE ST. JOHN.

To the Editors of the WOLLESTOCK GAZETTE:

There seems to be considerable difference of opinion regarding the proper Indian name of the St. John River. but the evidence, so far as gathered, appears to favor an endorsement of the statement, made in the September number of the GAZETTE, that Wollestock was the name, though I differ from that mode of spelling the word, as I think the pronunciation would be more correctly represented by Woolahstukw. The peculiar final sound, as the word falls from the lips of an Indian, and which frequently occurs in several Algonquin dialects, is not exactly that of the English W, but this letter will convey a better idea of it than any other sign or combination our alphabet affords.

It is probably well known that so excellent an authority as Mr. Hannay has given "Ouygoudy," or "Wigoudi," as the correct name; and also that Dr. Chandler in his poem, "The story of Sylvalla," records a similar opinion, though he spells the word "Ouangonda." The same name in various forms is to be found elsewhere. But opposed to this we find that the Rev. Silas Rand, for many years a missionary among the Micmacs, and who speaks and writes their language with fluency, in his "Micmac Reading Book" gives the name of the St. John River as "Oolastook," and this opinion is supported by the fact that when a Mahleeset is asked, "What is the name of your tribe in your language?" his reply invariably is, "Woolahstukweoyuk." And if questioned further as to the reason why the tribe was called by that name, he will answer that it was because they lived on the Woolahstukw, because their home was on the banks of the river bearing that name, their chief settlements and headquarters being there, proving clearly, if Mr. Rand's record of the Micmac name is correct, and there can be no reasonable doubt thereon upon its correctness, that the evidence of both tribes is in favor of "Woolahstukw," for the different modes of spelling is of no importance in the argument, being purely a question of the writer's ear.

Mr. Rand translates the word as "the beautiful river"; possibly a more correct rendering would be *the river—the river par excellence*.

The word "Mahleeset" (which when thus spelled represents correctly the Indian pronunciation) is the singular form of "Mahleesetchock," *the broken talkers*, or *the people who speak in a broken tongue*, a nickname given them by the Micmacs. Another nickname given them by the same tribe was "Kohusweskeeteheenoouk," a free translation of which is the muskrat people, given them from their habitual pursuit of that animal which the Micmacs looked upon as "very small game—a most unhunter-like proceeding. The Mahleesets retorted by dubbing the Micmacs "Mahtaweswekeetsheenoouk," the porcupine people, from their constant use of the quills in ornamentation.

The length of these Indian words would be reduced somewhat if the letters used were given the value accorded to them in the alphabet prepared by Professor Whitney, of Yale, for the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, and which is now being very generally used by American Ethnologists. When thus written Woolahstukw becomes Wulastukw, and Mahleeset is reduced to Malisit, retaining the same pronunciation as when written in the extended form. In both of these words the accent is on the last syllable.

M. CHAMBERLAIN.

VARIETIES.

Always do your best and every time you will do better.

We understand death for the first time when he puts his hand upon one whom we love.—*Mme. de Staël*.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure.

"Do you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there.

To think kindly of each other is well, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly towards each other is best of all.

A boy will fight like fury for his place at the first table; but when it comes to turning the grindstone, he's harder to find than five aces in a pack of cards.

"When I am reading a book," says Swift, "whether wise or silly it seems to me to be alive and talking to me." Such is the feeling of every student who appreciates the author he reads.

Two Paisley weavers went down to Greenock with their wives and took a house for a week or two. Before the men left they cautioned their better-halves to be sure and go out a good deal and also to drink lots of the sea water (supposed to be good for the stomach.) At this time the tide was full, and on the next visit the men were astonished to see the water so far out. Said one of them, "Heel Rab, but Meg and Jonny hae ta'en an awfu' sowp o' the saut water; my fegs, but they've dune weel."

There is a well known story of the ruin of a London luncheon-shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes mine ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What awful protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more.—*From Temple Bar*.

PAT AND THE DOG.—A poor Irishman passing a butcher shop one day observed some liver for sale. Not knowing what it was he enquired of the butcher, and whether it was cheap and good to eat, receiving an answer in the affirmative. He said he would buy but his old woman knew only how to boil praties, whereupon the butcher good-naturedly offered to write him a receipt for preparing the savoury dish. With this and his purchase dangling conspicuously in his hand, Pat sallied forth in triumph. He had not proceeded far, however, before a lean and hungry cur of a dog, which had been prowling around, snatched the tasty morsel in his jaws, and made tracks as fast as his legs could carry him. Pat, in no wise disconcerted, turned round with a broad grin on his countenance, and, shaking his fist at the canine thief, who was fast disappearing in the distance, said. "Arrah, yo dirty blackguard! yer sowld this time, you've got the liver, but you cant cook it, for I've got the resate in me pocket."