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**SUMMARY.—LITERATURE:** Indian Legends, by Lieut. Governor Gordon.—**SCIENCE:** Leaves from Gosse's Romance of Natural History. (continued).—**EDUCATION:** Associates in Art, a paper read before the McGill Normal School Teachers' Association by Jas. McGregor Esq.—Arithmetic, by John Bruce, Esq., Inspector of Schools, (continued).—The evils of long lessons.—**OFFICIAL NOTICES.**—Appointments: Examiners.—School Commissioners.—Diplomas granted by Boards of Examiners.—**EDITORIAL:** The seventh annual meeting of the St. Francis District Teachers' Association.—Essay by Professor Miles on the School System of Lower Canada.—District of Bedford Teachers' Association.—**NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.**—De Sola: *Valedictory Address to the Graduates in Arts of McGill University.*—Monro: *History, Geography and Statistics of British America.*—Canadian Naturalist and Geologist.—*La Revue Canadienne.*—Gordon: *Wilderness Journeys in New Brunswick.*—Conscience: *L'Orpheline.*—Géin: *La Gazette de Québec.*—Lemoine: *La mémoire de Montcalm vengée.*—*Manuel de phrases françaises et anglaises.*—Coderre: *Examen médico-légal du procès de Pierre Dutil.*—Girouard: *Etude sur l'acte concernant la faillite.*—*Tableau des délais fixés dans le Bas-Canada.*—Notice sur la vie et la mort de M. Prévost.—*Dawson: On some points of the History and Prospects of Protestant Education in Lower Canada.*—**MONTHLY SUMMARY:** Educational Intelligence.

these are very picturesque and curious. They are more or less connected with each other, and form part of one great legend, very nearly resembling that of Hiawatha—that is to say, a hero, not a God, but more than man, is supposed to have existed, who ruled all things living, and in whose time animals and men spoke to each other freely. A few specimens of the nature of these stories will not, I think, prove uninteresting.

## THE STORY OF THE GREAT BROTHERS.

“Long time ago, in the ages which are passed away, lived the great twin brethren, Clote Scarp and Malsunsis. (1)

“That was in the days of the great beaver, feared by beasts and men; and in that time there was but one language among all things living.

“Now, whence came the brethren, or what their origin, no man nor beast knew, nor ever shall know;—nay, they knew it not themselves.

“And it came to pass one day, as they sat together in the lodge, that Malsunsis said unto his brother: ‘Brother, is there aught existing that can slay thee?’ ‘Yea,’ answered Clote Scarp: ‘If I be struck, though never so lightly, with an owl’s feather, I shall die.’ (But he lied unto him.) ‘Will aught slay thee, O brother?’ ‘Yea, truly,’ answered Malsunsis: ‘he that toucheth me with a fern root shall kill me.’ And herein he spake the truth.

“Now there was no malice in the brethren’s hearts when they asked each other this, and it was their purpose and desire each to shield each from harm. Nor did Clote Scarp deceive his brother for any fear he had of him, but because he was very prudent and very subtle, and cared not that any man, nay,—not his brother—should know that which made his life depend upon the will of him that knew it.

“But it came to pass, that as Malsunsis thought of these things day by day, it came into his mind to slay his brother, that he alone might be great among beasts and men; and envy of his brother began to eat up his heart. But how these thoughts arose no man nor beast knoweth, nor shall know. Some say that Mik-o the squirrel taught him thus to think, and some say Quah-Beet-E-Siss, the son of the great beaver. But some say he had no tempter save himself. No man nor beast knoweth this, nor ever shall know.

“Now one night, Clote Scarp slept in the lodge, but Malsunsis lay awake. And he rose up and went out, and called to Koo-Koo-Skoos the owl, and said: ‘O owl, give me one of your tail feathers.’ ‘What for?’ said the owl. ‘I may not tell thee,’ said he; but in the end he told him. Then said Koo-Koo-Skoos, the owl; ‘Thou shalt not do this wickedness through my help. Nay, more: I will screech until I wake thy brother, and will tell him all thy design.’ Then Malsunsis grew very wroth, and caught up his bow

## LITERATURE

### Indian Legends.

From Governor Gordon's Wilderness Journeys in New Brunswick.

We spent some days at this spot, which was an almost perfect camping-place. The narrow outlet abounded in fish to so great an extent, that E— once caught forty-one in about as many minutes; and whilst we had a pretty view, we were well screened by bushes on one side, and had on the other a small patch of partially burnt wood, through which some remarkably fine pines were scattered.

Here we fished, we drew, we bathed, we chatted, we idled, we trapped, we made expeditions to shoot ducks and deer, and, in short, had several days of very great pleasure. One day E— and I circumnavigated the lake, paddling ourselves; on another occasion, after wandering about among the great pine-trees, and dining on ducks shot the night before, W— and I made an expedition to ascend Teneriffe. E— was too lazy, or voted it too hot to come with us. We went down through a chain of small lakes connected by short streams, or mere narrow straits, and on the way examined the traps set by W—, in which we found two musquash—one living, the other drowned. After passing through several lakes, we turned to the right, up one which makes a sharp angle with the course of the river, and which brought us nearly under the mountain. We had a stiffish climb, the upper part of the hill being all bare rock, but from the top we had a very good view—not so extensive, however, as that from Mount Sagamook. Though more picturesque. We came upon some fine pines during our ascent. It was dark long before we returned to camp, and nothing could be more picturesque than its appearance, lighted up by the red flames of a large fire which was itself for the most part concealed from us by the bushes. After devouring our supper of trout, I sat long over the fire, listening to Indian legends. Some of

(1) Malsunsis, “the Little Wolf,” was not the name of the second brother, which has escaped my recollection, Clote Skarp, I am sorry to say, means “the big liar.”