

earth—that he arose from the dead, and came out of his grave, and, fought again in defence of his country's liberties. That 'Toonail' could face single-handed a whole army of Mohawks, and they could neither kill nor take him prisoner. That he could dive under the water, and remain below the surface as long as he chose—and a thousand other things as absurd and ridiculous, 'too numerous to mention.'

They also believe in the existence of *fairies*. And, strange to say, their account of these superhuman beings, agrees, in most particulars, with that of the Legends of our own ancestors. They live under the earth. Several caves in the rocks of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are pointed out as the undoubted residence of the 'Wiggulladdum-moochkik.' They are invisible, except when they choose to show themselves to mortal eyes, like *our* fairies. Their size also corresponds. They often, too, assemble and spend the night in dancing and riot, and scamper away home as soon as the day dawns. They are immortal of course.

Sometimes they mingle with men. Glooscap is represented in one of their legends, which I have often heard, as entertaining a wedding party on their way home. He invites them to feast and dance at his residence. Little 'Martin' is despatched to invite his 'comrades' to join them. He soon returns leading a host of little men and women, of the size of *Tom Thumb*, dressed up in the most costly and splendid manner,—arrayed, as a matter of course, in the Indian costume. They feast and dance. Glooscap himself engaging in the same exercise—until morning. 'Wopk elmedahjik,' 'at day light they retire.'

As might be supposed this array of supernatural agency is not always supposed to be exercised for good. The guilty are not only punished for their crimes, but the innocent are often made to suffer. Thus instances are not infrequently introduced in their nonsensical tales, in which virtuous young women are disgraced, and become mothers, through supernatural agency, in revenge for some real or imaginary slight on their part, or that of their friends; while they themselves are perfectly innocent, and ignorant of the authors of their degradation and ruin.

The victim of such monstrous wickedness was the Mother of 'Kool-pee-joat.' (Sometimes he is called also *Egulupchoat*. Both words signify, '*Rolled with a handspike*;' the reason for which name will appear anon). She was a beautiful girl, the daughter of an influential and powerful chief. They were not of the Micmac tribe, but belonged 'far west.' Several young men had sought her hand in marriage. Some of them had won her heart, but her parents refused their assent to the nuptials. One of them—a *boo-o-win*, a 'medicine man,'—a *necromancer*, vowed vengeance. When the poor innocent girl became aware of her situation, sad indeed and piteous was her state. She knew the fate that impended over her, and resolved if possible to hide her shame and