

whatever creature they desired, and if they did but go to the water side and signify their desire, the animal would come swimming to them! I have heard an Indian say that he lived by the river, at the foot of the Teddon, the top of which he could see through the hole of his wigwam left for the smoke to pass out. He was tempted to travel to it, and accordingly set out on a summer morning, and laboured hard in ascending the hill, all day, and the top seemed as distant from the place where he lodged at night as from his wigwam, where began his journey. He now concluded the spirits were there, and never dared to make a second attempt.

I have been credibly informed that several others have failed in like attempts. Once three young men climbed towards its summit three days and a half, at the end of which time they became strangely disordered with delirium, etc., and when their imagination was clear and they could recollect where they were, they found themselves returned one day's journey. How they came to be thus transported they could not conjecture, unless the genii of the place had conveyed them. These White hills, at the head of Penobscot river, are, by the Indians, said to be much higher than those called Agiockochhook, above Saco.

(39). How Two Malecites Were Captured, and What They Did to Escape.¹

A young Indian and his uncle were hunting together in the western part of the country, when a band of strange Indians came near them. The old man being a ginap, knew that they were coming, and told his nephew that their enemies were close at hand, that they knew of their own presence and were making preparations to attack them. The young man suggested that they permit themselves to be captured in order to see the enemies' country and villages, trusting in his own power to escape, for he was also a ginap, although his uncle was not aware of the fact. So the old fellow agreed, and they divested themselves of their clothes as if in preparation for battle; then they lay down, one on each side of the wigwam, for they were not going to make any resistance.

¹ A story which Jim Paul got from his father-in-law, who in turn obtained it from his father. Told me in August, 1912, at St. Mary Reserve.