

I confess the statement of the hoary headed chieftain saddened me. I don't believe in the theory that the Indians are the lost tribes of Israel; but my mind reverted instinctively to the declaration of the Most High, by the mouth of the prophet Hosea: 'I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early.' And I thought of the oppressed and persecuted Jew of the present day longing and waiting for his Messiah, chanting the lamentations of Jeremiah around the walls of Jerusalem now desolate, and saying, 'Wherefore dost thou forget us forever? and forsake us for so long time? Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days, as of old.'

To what extent the belief in Glooscap exists among the different tribes of Indians, I have not ascertained. The *Maleseets*, however, who occupy the western portion of New Brunswick, and who speak a dialect quite different from the Miamaes, know all about him. One of them at Fredericton told me that a party of Indians, a few years ago went in quest of him, and actually found him. They were seven years, if memory serves me, in reaching his habitation. He was always at work making darts and arrows—preparing I suppose to arm 'his children' for a regular war of extermination, when their time comes. The party consisted of three men. They were kindly received, and hospitably entertained, and at the close of the interview they were allowed to make each one a request for some special favor. One desired to live long. Whereupon the old patriarch, taking him up by the hair of the head, carried him out of the wigwam, swung him round several times, and then placed his feet upon the ground, and lo! he became a cedar tree!! I forget what the others desired, nor did I ascertain the special object of the Mission. But they were only *three weeks* returning home. They came in a sort of aerial railroad, crossing lakes and rivers and all such obstructions, without touching them.

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KOOL-PEE-JOAT.

In order to understand the origin and history of this worthy, the reader must be apprised of the universal belief in necromancy prevailing among the Indians everywhere. Certain individuals, following a regular course of initiation, in time take the *degree*, and are looked up to with much superstitious reverence, and are supposed to be able to work miracles, and do all sorts of wonders. They are the 'Medicine Men' or *Physicians*,—the counsellors of the nation, and the most expert chieftains and warriors. The Miamaes, professing as they do, the Christian Religion, have, of course, no such characters among them now. But they do not question their existence in former times among their fore-fathers; and among other nations at the present time. They will tell you with the utmost sincerity of expression, that 'Argumou,' a chief of recent celebrity, 'died twice,' 'tah-boo-nepk.' That after having died, and after having been buried all winter, he took it into his head to revisit the