

F. Love Song:—

Mākatāwākamīkwāpun

A black-eyed (girl)

Kwāwisiwawitikamākwīpun,

I wanted to marry.

A curious confirmation of the Mississagua legend relating to the Mohawks (vol. ii. p. 146) is found in Parkman ("Pontiac," i. p. 7), who cites a Penobscot Indian as stating that an ancient tradition of his people represents the Mohawks as destroying a village, killing the men and women, and "roasting the small children on forked sticks, like apples, before the fire."

The Mississaguas of Scugog have preserved the names of the original settlers of the island. Long ago two men came to the mouth of the Lindsay River, looking for game; when they reached the island they found plenty of game and settled there. They were brothers-in-law. One was named *Gwingwish* (Meat-bird), of the *wā'bīgan* (clay) totem; the other *Nika* (Wild-goose), of the *ātik* (clk) totem. In connection with names, the Mississaguas have not that aversion to the name of a dead man which characterizes many tribes. Rather, they desire to perpetuate the name, and even to confer it upon strangers. While at the island the writer received the name of *Pā'mīgī'sīgwāshkum* (the sun bringing the day), which he afterwards discovered had formerly been borne by a chief of the tribe. Mrs. Bolin, or *Nāwīgishkōkē*, was often selected to name children of the village; to one little girl she gave the pleasing name of *Nōnō-kāscquā* (i. e., humming-bird woman). The name of the old chief at Scugog is *Gitchibinésh* (Big Bird), his wife *Nāwā'kwens* (the sun at noon), his brother *Shāwanósh* (sailing from the south). Mrs. Bolin's husband's Indian name is *Ōgimābinésh* (Chief Bird); their sons are *Nāwākwāhum* (Middle Thunder) and *Nishishībis* (Young Lion). Other names of Indians were *Ondāsige* (Moon in last quarter), *Ōsāwā'nīmī'ki* (Yellow Thunder), and *Asāwbanung* (Stars in a cluster). *Sā'gīnīnīshan* (outlet of a small creek), a bachelor, seems to be a butt for Indian wit. He is represented as having gone off to a certain spot and built a lot of little "camps." He built fires, etc., and passed his time trying to make people believe he was not alone. He used to laugh and talk, and pretend that he had people living there. John Bolin (*Ōgimābinésh*), while purchasing bread at the store for his son, said with a laugh, "Tom is a bachelor, lonely, he need bread."

Long ago, when a bridge was being made at the Narrows of Lake Simcoe (*Mīdjīkāmīng*), an old man called "Shilling" by the English because he wore a medal, sacrificed tobacco to appease the lion (*mīshībīshī*) which the Mississaguas believed lived there. His In-