

remarked that the pot was dead too, and that its soul had gone with the soul of their friend, who was now using it as before.

Lescarbot gives an account of the funeral obsequies of Penno-niac, a Micmac chief, who was killed by the Amouchiquois in 1607. He was first brought back to St. Croix, where the savages wept and embalmed him. They then took him to Port Royal, where, for eight days they howled lustily over his remains. Then they went to his hut and burnt it up with its contents, dogs included, so as to save quarreling among his relations as to the property. The body was left in the custody of the parents until spring, when he was bewailed again, and laid in a new grave near Cape Sable, along with pipes, knives, axes, otter-skins and pots.

Before setting forth on any expedition they would hold a pow-wow, at which certain secret ceremonies were performed for the purpose of discovering whether they would meet with success or failure. They had a respect for the devil, which was quite natural, considering the character of some of their actions; and the fear of ghosts, goblins, and evil spirits, was continually before their eyes. Perhaps their solitary wanderings through the forest were a means of instilling into their minds the extreme dread of the supernatural which infected them. They were in the habit of making sacrifices when in difficulty or danger to the spirit or demon which they desired to propitiate. A dog was regarded as the most valuable sacrifice, and if in crossing a lake their canoe was in danger of being overwhelmed by the winds and waves, a dog was thrown overboard with its fore paws tied together, to satisfy the hunger of the angry Manitou. They were continually on the watch for omens, and easily deterred from any enterprise by any sign which they deemed unfavorable. A hunter would turn back from the most promising expedition at the cry of some wild animal, which he regarded as an omen of failure in the chase. The same superstitions prevail among them to the present day.*

* A good story in illustration of Indian superstition is told by Mr. E. Jack, of Fredericton. He was on a surveying journey, and had encamped near Mount Porcupine in Charlotte County. One of his men named Smith had ascended the mountain to look for Pine, and on his return told Saugus, an Indian, who was with the party, that he saw an old man on the mountain, twelve feet high, with one eye, who called to him "where is Saugus? I want to eat him." Poor Saugus was much terrified at the intelligence. During the night an owl commenced to hoot over the camp and filled Saugus with such consternation that he woke up Mr. Jack to say that "Smith's old man" was coming. Next morning, Mr. Jack offered Saugus to go up the mountain for a knife which Smith had left sticking in a spruce tree, but Saugus was not to be tempted by the bribe to take such a dangerous journey.