CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF MINES
HON. LOUIS CODERRE, MINISTER; A. P. LOW, DEPUTY MINISTER.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
R. W. BROCK, DIRECTOR.

MEMOIR 49

No. 4, ANTHROPOLOGICAL SERIES

Malecite Tales

BY

W. H. Mechling

OTTAWA
GOVERNMENT PRINTING BUREAU
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PREFACE

The following myths were collected on five trips among the Malecites, who live chiefly in New Brunswick. The first of these trips was to Oldtown, Maine, in April, 1910, when I collected three tales from a Malecite, who was then living on the Penobscot Reservation. My next trip, in July and August of the same year, was to four St. John River reserves—St. Mary, French Village, Tobique Point, and Edmundston. I succeeded in getting tales from all but the last place. In the summer of 1911 I again visited the Malecites, this time their village on the St. Lawrence—Cacouna, Quebec—and St. Mary and Oromocto on the St. John. In August, 1912, I collected the bulk of this material at St. Mary. My last trip was in December, 1912, when I again returned to St. Mary. The last three trips were taken under the auspices of the Geological Survey of Canada.

I shall not enumerate here all the informants from whom these tales were collected, for the name of each informant as well as the date and name of the place where recorded are given with each myth. However, I shall here mention my chief informant, James Paul, from whom I got the bulk of the material, notably the long myth of the culture hero Gluskap. To him also I am indebted for some European tales current among the Malecites, which have already been published in the "Journal of American Folk Lore," xxvi, 1913, pp. 219-258. Though James Paul has a prodigious memory, I can not claim for him the knowledge of all the material here presented under his name, for he made use of various other Malecites in refreshing his memory concerning the old tales or in filling in gaps of a story, which he had forgotten. I have tried to give in every case the name of the person from whom he obtained his material. It would seem that the greater part of his knowledge was derived from his father and his father-in-law.

Since researches are going on quite rapidly among the neighbouring tribes, the Penobscots, Micmacs, and Montagnais, it would

be a useless task to discuss now in a comparative manner the Malecite mythology; this I hope to do at a later date when the material on the above-mentioned tribes becomes available. At present nothing could be added to Prof. Dixon's study of Algonkin[1] Mythology. I have, however, noted and compared my versions with Rand's[2] and Leland's[3], whenever they give one from either Micmacs or Passamaquoddies.

I am indebted to Prof. Frank G. Speck of the University of Pennsylvania for valuable advice and assistance on the first trip to Oldtown, when I accompanied him; and also for many suggestions during my second trip in the summer of 1910.

I was accompanied on my second trip by Mr. Earl Sheble, who is responsible for the stories about Mekweisit; without his aid, I should have given up these researches almost as soon as they were started.

[1] "The Mythology of the Central and Eastern Algonkins," Journal of American Folk Lore, Vol. 22, January–March, 1909.

[2] Rand, Silas Tertius, "Legends of the Micmacs" (New York and London, 1894).

[3] Leland, Charles G., "The Algonquin Legends of New England, or Myths and Folk Lore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Tribes" (Boston and New York, 1884).

MALECITE TALES

GLUSKAP MYTHS

(1). Gluskap.[1]

Gluskap and his mother came to St. John harbour from the south. Their canoe was an island. They landed at March creek below St. John. The Indians saw him coming and were amazed at the sight of his canoe. At once they knew that he had greater power than anyone else, for he was doing amazing things.

The winter following his arrival he went up the St. John river to where the beaver had their dam.[2] After examining it he proceeded up river in search of more beaver dams, going as far as Mactiquack creek, a little above Kingsclear. Here travelling was difficult with snowshoes; so he slipped them off and left them there. To-day you can see them, for those two islands opposite Mactiquack are called "Gluskap's Snowshoes."

Then he went up as far as Grand falls, across which the beaver had built a dam. He tore it to pieces, as you can see to-day, and drained the water off. He did this so that when he returned to St. John and broke the beaver's dam there, they would have no other pond to go to.

By the time he had finished doing this, spring had come; so he built a canoe and paddle out of stone and went down the river to the place where St. John now is. When he came, the Indians knew that he must have great power to use a stone canoe, so they made him their chief; and in a short time he was known everywhere as the Chief of the Indians.

During that summer he went to the mouth of the Kennebecasis, where the beavers had their homes. These he examined and then he returned to the dam, which was located where the Reversing falls are to-day. He took a stick and broke the dam, so that the

[1] The following long myth of the culture-hero Gluskap, was obtained from Jim Paul, of St. Mary, New Brunswick, in August and December, 1910. The first 67 pages, that is, through the adventures of Turtle, were obtained in August. Jim Paul said he had first heard the story more than forty years before, when he was camping with his father and father-in-law. The rest of the story was obtained in December. Jim Paul had gotten it in the meantime from Newel John, of French Village, N.B. The difference in the style of the two portions is quite evident.

[2] The Reversing falls are supposed to be the remains of this dam. The size of the animals was much larger before Gluskap transformed things to their present size. Beavers were much larger than men and threatened their existence.

water ran through and the sods which were carried away by the flood were lodged below. One is known to-day as Partridge island.[1]

Then he left his grandmother beside the dam with a spear to watch that none of the beavers came through. He himself went up stream in his canoe and came to the beaver's house, which he penetrated, and drove the beavers out. This house is known to-day as "Long Island," and is opposite Rothesay in Kennebecasis bay. Then he called his dogs and went to hunt for the beaver, which he finally found at Milhish bay, between Kennebecasis bay and St. John river, and killed them on a white granite rock. Even to this day you can see the red spots on the white granite where their blood dropped.

He knew that besides these beavers which he had killed there was a young one which had escaped. So again he went up Kennebecasis bay to find it; but seeing that a trap which he had set was not sprung, he returned to the beaver's dam (Reversing falls) and asked his grandmother if the beaver had gotten through. She replied, "No. You know that when beaver want to go through a dam, they make the water muddy, so that you can't see them. The water has been clear here all the time." Gluskap said, "If I don't kill that beaver, he will do a great deal of damage; so I must go and hunt him." His grandmother replied, "No, wait for your brother; he will be here very soon and he will know which way the beaver went." Gluskap said, "It is very strange that I didn't know that I had a brother." "Yes," replied the old woman, "you don't know, but I do." A few days later his brother arrived; he was called Mikumwesu. And Gluskap's grandmother had saved the beaver's tail[2] for him. She roasted it before the fire and gave it to Mikumwesu. While he was eating it, he asked Gluskap if he had killed the beavers. Then Gluskap said that he had killed the old ones but had lost a young beaver. Then Mikumwesu replied, "He has gone up river. Go down to the seashore and gather two stones to throw up river ahead of the beaver to scare him back." So Gluskap did as his brother directed and threw stones up the river; so far did he throw them that they landed ahead of the beaver and scared him back. These stones are called today the "Tobique Rocks" and they are about 3 miles below Perth. The beaver was rather tired by this time and a few miles below the two

[1] Malecites call it Kikw Mikhigin, which they translate as "The sod which broke away."
[2] The tail of the beaver is considered by the Indians as the choicest of all morsels.

big rocks he crawled upon the north bank of St. John river and there he died and turned to stone; he can be seen there to this day.

Gluskap stopped at St. John for a while and killed all the dangerous animals at that time. The beaver was very dangerous because it was very large. Gluskap and his brother Mikumwesu, while sitting one day on the cliff at the Narrows, which was right above St. John, began to discuss the improvement of the river for the Indians. Gluskap suggested that one-half of the river run up and the other half run down; in this manner the Indians would be able to go up stream in their canoes without any difficulty. But Mikumwesu disagreed and said, "No, the Indians would have too easy a time." Gluskap replied, "Well, let the water run up stream as far as Spring Hill half the time and the other half of the time let it run down." To this Mikumwesu agreed. So Gluskap and Mikumwesu set to work to destroy the rest of the dam at St. John, so that the water could go through more easily. Then Gluskap said to Mikumwesu, "I am going to leave a picture of myself on this cliff (this was at the Narrows), so that when the Indians go by here, either going up or down in their canoes, they will always be able to see me and remember me for the good deeds I have done."

He and his brother remained there with their grandmother for some time; but finally Gluskap and his brother went up the river in their canoe, leaving their grandmother behind. When they had gone some distance up the St. John river, they crossed over the watershed and continued on their journey down stream to salt water.[1] While going down stream they saw a camp and went ashore, and found an old Groundhog camping there. They called her grandmother and she began to cry. When Gluskap asked her why she cried, she replied, "Half-stone Man, Izignapogos, is camping below,[2] and I have nothing to give you to eat, because he takes away all our food." Gluskap got very angry when he heard this and said, "Go down and tell him the Chief of all the tribes is here and must have something to eat." So she did as Gluskap requested and found the old man sitting in his camp.

[1] It is doubtful whether they go from here by the Temiscouata waters to the St. Lawrence river, or whether they cross over the watershed and go down the Restigouche to Chaleur bay.

[2] My informant could give no description of this character. First he translated it as "Half-stone Man" and later as "Lopped-sided stone." It is evidently anthropoid in form, as can be seen from the secondary stem—*ap*.

She said, "Gluskap is here and wants something to eat and he says he must have it."

But Half-stone Man laughed and gave her some meat that had been lying about for a long time, and said to her, "That is good enough for him. He is no better than I am. If that does not suffice, let him come himself and try to obtain something better."

So Groundhog took the bad meat back to Gluskap and told him what had happened. He became very angry and told Groundhog to take it back and tell Half-stone Man that Gluskap must have good meat. When the old woman returned this to Half-stone Man, he only laughed and said, "That is good enough for him."

The old woman said, "He will come himself if you do not give him better meat," and threw the meat at him. Half-stone Man only laughed at this; and when Groundhog came back and told Gluskap what had happened, he immediately started to go over to Half-stone Man's camp. But his brother Mikumwesu called him back and said, "You start too quickly. You have forgotten yourself. You don't yet know how you are going to kill Half-stone Man."

"No," said Gluskap, "I have not forgotten myself. I could easily kill all the people in the world."

Mikumwesu replied, "I know you can, but you do not want to use your power till you have to.[1] You will have plenty of use for it later in your travels. Now Half-stone Man is on the other side of the river and you had better wait till he returns."

So Gluskap began to think how he could kill him. Mikumwesu said, "He is getting some fresh meat, so that when we come to his camp we will see the good meat there and will be the more insulted. You should tarry a little while and consider the matter."

So they lingered and perceived Half-stone Man returning in his canoe. Then Mikumwesu spoke, "You can kill him only by shooting him with my bow and arrow." Gluskap decided to do this, but was somewhat piqued to think that Mikumwesu should offer his bow, which was very small.

But Mikumwesu added, "Your bow is not powerful enough." To this Gluskap replied, "What! My bow not powerful enough? It is a stone bow and the strongest in the world."

[1] There are many instances in the mythology of this region of where a person has been rendered helpless by using up all his power.

Then Mikumwesu said, "That I know, but it is not as strong as mine. Mine you must use if you desire to kill him."

Then Gluskap examined Mikumwesu's bow, and seeing how small it was, could not understand why it was better than his own for this occasion; but Mikumwesu explained, "Half-stone Man is a powerful shaman and can dodge the large arrows of your bow. Therefore do you go and quarrel with him, and then I will shoot him for you. This will show you what my bow can do." Saying this he fired the bow at a large rock, showing Gluskap how powerful it was. When Gluskap, at his brother's request, examined the rock he found that it had been pierced completely. This satisfied him. So he went to the camp of Half-stone Man, who had returned and was sitting with his axe and club, both of stone, beside him. He invited Gluskap to sit down. Gluskap did so and said, "Why did you send me that bad meat to eat?"

Half-stone Man replied, "It is sufficient for you. I should not have sent you any without some reward. All in this vicinity must buy their meat of me, for I alone have it; and you should do the same, for you are not a whit better than the rest, though you do call yourself the great Chief. I am the chief here and can keep all food from the men, if I so desire. I will show you my power." So speaking, he grasped his club and struck a great boulder and smashed it to pieces.

"Now," said he, "there is the meat (pointing to the fresh meat). If you will bring someone in payment you can have the meat; but if not, you will go without it."

Gluskap said, "You speak very boldly. A child could kill you."

By this time Mikumwesu had arrived. He knew that Gluskap could kill Half-stone Man if he so desired. While conversing with Izignapogos, Gluskap smelt the odour of sweet-smelling herbs (migwinspipomp = lovadj, the Iroquois material used instead of tobacco) and knew that Mikumwesu was there, he being the only one who smoked it. Gluskap looked at the smoke-hole at the top of the wigwam and saw Mikumwesu standing on the place where the poles crossed. Right then Half-stone Man and Gluskap were going to fight. Mikumwesu seized his bow and arrow and pinned him to the rock. He then came down

to Gluskap and said, "We had best call everybody to come and share the food." And the animals, large and small, were summoned. They were on the verge of starvation when they came. Groundhog rejoiced; Gluskap bade her fear nothing, that she would have plenty to eat.[1] Groundhog said, "You are not through yet. He has some friends down below."

He then started down the river with his brother in their canoe. Gluskap was paddling. His brother suggested going ashore, as one of Half-stone's partners was down below quite close. "I suppose you know the one I mean," he said, "the big Skunk who can shoot across the ocean." Gluskap said he knew, and that he was there to kill dangerous and large animals. Mikumwesu went ashore and cut out a long stick and told his brother to sharpen it. "That is what we'll use," he said, "to plug him up so that he cannot shoot." Gluskap replied, "No, we won't do that, for he is rather dangerous. But when we get down there, I shall light my pipe. There will arise so much smoke, that he will not be able to see and will be unable to direct his shots. Meanwhile I shall plug him up." Accordingly, when they came around a bend to a narrow place with cliffs on each side, they saw they could not pass without incurring the danger of being shot. So Mikumwesu took his groundhog tobacco pouch from his belt, drew out his special smoking mixture, and began to smoke. The smoke arose and went down the river in the manner of a fog, and then they proceeded, enveloped in the smoke. Skunk was ready to fire when Gluskap shoved the sharp stick into him, and down went the Skunk. Mikumwesu asked why he did not pierce him through so as to kill him. Gluskap replied that he did not want to kill him, but desired to keep him until he became small enough that Indians might use him. He then would not be able to hurt anybody, but would just be able to protect himself.

They proceeded down the river and came to another band of Indians. They went ashore and entered the first tent. They were met by an old woman whom they called Groundhog. After she bade them be seated, Gluskap asked for a glass of water which he was very much in need of. On their approach to this village they had noticed that the water was very dirty and slimy and full

[1] It seems he did not actually store up the food, but used his power to keep it out of the reach of the others and within his own reach, in other words, it was potential use of the food.

of bugs, making it unfit to drink. Grandmother replied that she had no water but that Akwulabemu had it all. "Go and tell him that the Chief wants a drink," said Gluskap. The old woman said, "We can get no water except on giving Akwulabemu a young girl. I have given two girls to him already and have but one remaining. Moreover, he tortures all the girls in his camp. They must obey all his commands, and before speaking to them, he pokes them in the face with a hot poker. Were I to go there I could not recognize my own daughter; she is so scarred and all her hair has been burnt off. But Gluskap insisted that she get the water. Groundhog yielded and sent forth her daughter, who had instructions to say that the Chief insisted absolutely on having the water. She arrived at Akwulabemu's camp and stated her errand. Akwulabemu said in reply, "The great man you have at your camp thinks that he is going to have good water to drink." He put a dish of water on the girl's head, saying, "Take this to the great man. I have been washing my face and feet with it." This greatly angered Gluskap, who refused to use the filthy water. He arose, armed with a club, intending to go forth and break his head and free the water. Gluskap first went forth to destroy Akwulabemu's stone canoe, which was floating near the shore. Then he entered the camp, where he noticed many scarred girls who were too frightened to murmur a sound.

Gluskap approached Akwulabemu and said, "Are you trying to destroy all the people? You should have known that I was coming and that I am Gluskap, chief of everyone." The old man answered, "You may be chief of the animals and men, but you will have to fight first." "Thus do you insult me," said Gluskap, and taking his club, he struck him and broke his skull. An animal sprang forth from his head and at full speed rushed toward the canoe. Gluskap immediately gave chase to it. When the animal saw that the canoe was broken, it suddenly became a serpent. Gluskap killed it with his club, and straightway the springs and brooks filled with water that was clear and pure. Gluskap called out all the bugs and worms and made them a great feast of the snake. Gluskap then returned to the old woman's camp and told her to go out and proclaim to the populace that the great chief had freed the water, that Akwulabemu was dead, and that the springs and

river would be filled with clear, fresh water. The old woman did as she was ordered.

Meanwhile Mikumwesu took out his pouch, filled his pipe, and began to smoke. In a short while the tobacco smoke filled the entire village. They recognized that it was Mikumwesu and Gluskap. The former went back to Akwulabemu's camp, and entering, he saw all the young girls sitting around, scarred and burnt. He then went out to the river, secured the brain of the dead snake, and returned with it to Akwulabemu's camp. Seeing a bark dish hanging in the wigwam, he took it and placed the brain in it. He then put a small portion of the brain on the head of each girl. He then filled the dish with water and washed the face of each girl, the result being that every girl acquired a beauty that far surpassed her beauty before she was seized by Akwulabemu. The girls then returned to their respective camps. Among them was the daughter of the chief of the tribe, who was particularly handsome, though she was not aware of the fact that she had suddenly become beautiful. The chief himself was astounded, having heard of how Akwulabemu used to torture the girls. He inquired of his daughter who was responsible for the change and who caused the water to be returned to the people. She told her father of the work of Gluskap and Mikumwesu and he immediately went out in search of them. On arriving at Groundhog's camp, he was invited in. The old woman was particularly jubilant, thinking that Mikumwesu or Gluskap might perhaps take one of her granddaughters. The chief invited the two heroes to come to his camp, but they yielded to the old woman's entreaties to stay with her. The chief accordingly returned to his camp and sent out some of his men to hunt for game. Several bears were caught and these were immediately cooked, the intestines being taken out and filled with grease and maple-sugar. The tribes were then assembled.

During this, one of Groundhog's daughters returned quietly to Akwulabemu's camp and washed her face once again with the water that Mikumwesu had forgotten to destroy. She was now more beautiful than ever before and more so than all the rest. She wrapped up her head and covered her face with cedar ashes. She then proceeded to the great feast where she joined the dancing throngs. The chief, Gluskap, and Mikumwesu were sitting

together arranging for the marriage of Mikumwesu to one of the chief's daughters. Groundhog's granddaughter stole up behind them and listened to their conversation. The chief consented to let Mikumwesu have one of his daughters and Mikumwesu said in reply, "Yes, your daughter is very beautiful, but whoever in dancing will jump over my bow when I rest it upon the ground, her shall I take as my wife." All this Groundhog's granddaughter had heard, and she immediately rushed back, took the water again and washed her face and hair profusely with it. As a result her hair became a beautiful, glossy black and reached almost to the ground. While making her coiffure, she heard a shout. It was the girls who came to dance. But only the Chief's daughter succeeded in going over the bow and she went over the point of it. All then shouted for a wedding. Mikumwesu arose and insisted that they await the arrival of some more of the girls, as he did not insist so much upon the beauty of the girl as upon her ability to jump over the bow. Just then Groundhog's granddaughter entered and started dancing without knowing it. Her beauty astounded everybody and she more than pleased Mikumwesu. She danced around them three times and each time she was in front of Mikumwesu, she bowed to him, saying, "I salute thee, Chief." Then she danced back and danced over Mikumwesu's bow. She picked it up and shot an arrow into the air. It descended and entered the ground to the left of Mikumwesu. She then saluted the chief and sat down on the right of Mikumwesu, who straightway took his pouch from off his belt, brought forth his flint and punk, and lit his pipe and gave it to her. After taking a few puffs, Mikumwesu said that never before did a woman touch his pipe or his pouch. His wife was the first to do so. A wedding followed, much to the jealousy of all the other girls, who could not fathom the cause of her sudden beauty. The chief too was jealous, because his daughter had failed to win Mikumwesu. One day the chief expressed to Mikumwesu his dissatisfaction in the matter, claiming that he should have married his daughter since she stepped over his bow first. But Mikumwesu insisted that he had promised to marry the girl who jumped the best. The chief also told Gluskap of this, but Gluskap supported his friend.

Gluskap and Mikumwesu stayed there for quite a length of

time and did considerable hunting. Mikumwesu quite distinguished himself in bagging game that very few others could get.

While on a hunting trip a young son was born to Mikumwesu, and he was named "Little Thunder." One day, before going out to hunt, Mikumwesu admonished his wife not to leave the boy alone. But it happened, as Mikumwesu was hunting, that Groundhog was in the woods tapping maple trees to make maple sugar. Mikumwesu's wife thought she might as well go over to join Groundhog while she was getting the sap, since the baby was sleeping. While she was collecting the sap, she saw a feather fall right before her. This reminded her of her husband's admonition. She immediately started to return and on her way back she noticed that the sky was very black. She entered the wigwam, but the boy was not to be seen. She sat down and began to cry. After a short lapse of time she arose again and went out to hunt for the boy. She went down to the river. Perhaps he had wandered thither and had gotten into the water hole. But it was in vain, and she returned in tears to where her grandmother was. When asked why she wept, she told her that her boy was lost. Groundhog at once censured her for failing to heed her husband's command. On hearing her grandmother's reproaches, her beauty disappeared and she again looked as when Mikumwesu first appeared. All their former good fortune left them and they had difficulty even in eking out a livelihood. Mikumwesu did not return. He stayed away for fifteen years. During these years she continually kept worrying about her boy.

One night they heard someone place a load just outside their door. The old woman immediately arose and said to her granddaughter that her son-in-law must have returned. She heard him striking his snowshoes together to knock the snow from them. Shortly afterwards she saw him put his head through the camp door. He looked all around the camp, but failed to see his boy. He asked his wife for the boy, and she replied that he was lost. Mikumwesu said to her, "You won't see me again till the boy returns, and your looks will become worse and worse." She pleaded with him not to leave her and ran after him. But he eluded her and flew up a tree; he alighted on a crotched tree and began to sing. The old woman and her granddaughter were again left alone, and they wept. The chief and the other girls now heard of

her plight, and going to her, derided her for winning her husband under false pretenses of beauty. They continued to mock her and this increased her anguish. The old woman tried her best to cheer up her granddaughter.

Meanwhile Gluskap, not having seen his brother for so long a time, decided to pay him a visit. On his way he killed four bears. When he reached his brother's camp, he saw no traces of his brother but he could discern that the wigwam was occupied. He left his burden at the river side and went up to the camp. Mikumwesu's wife was reclining on the floor when Gluskap entered. The old woman told her daughter to arise and receive her brother-in-law. Gluskap shook hands with Groundhog and her granddaughter. On Gluskap's query as to her granddaughter's sadness, Groundhog in tears told the whole story, and how the chief and all the girls derided her because Mikumwesu had deserted her, and how worry made her ill. This greatly angered Gluskap, who wanted to kill the whole tribe with a peal of thunder. When he asked them when they expected his brother to return, Gluskap was told that they thought it little likely for him to return at all. Gluskap made up his mind to go out in search of the boy.

Gluskap called down Thunder and conversed with him, asking if he had taken away Mikumwesu's boy. Thunder replied that he had, because his wife did not obey his admonition. "I want you to return the boy," said Mikumwesu's brother. "That is impossible, unless his wife shall go up on the peak of yonder mountain and stay there for seven days. Then for seven days she must kiss each and everybody. If she follows these instructions, she will recover both her boy and her former beauty." Thunder then departed and Gluskap returned to Groundhog's wigwam and bade her go down to the river and bring up the load that he had left there. Groundhog did as directed and found four bears that were not yet skinned. When Groundhog had left, Gluskap asked his sister-in-law to arise and not to be ashamed. Gluskap then noticed that she again had the same appearance that she had when he saw her in Akwulabemu's wigwam. Gluskap hardly believed his eyes that it was his sister-in-law and he told her to her face that he did not believe her to be Mikumwesu's wife. He then asked for proof from her to that effect. She went to a

corner and brought out a cradle, and the head-strap that was on it was Mikumwesu's belt. These proofs were sufficient for Gluskap and he proceeded to give her certain directions to carry out. "I have got," he said, "among the four bears I have shot, a white one. Take its skin with you and get into it when you go up on the mountain. I shall also give you a piece of flint and punk. Every time you hear a peal of thunder, bring out your flint and strike a light. The thunder-bolts will strike all round you, but do not move, lest you be killed." She then inquired of her brother-in-law how to reach the peak of the mountain. Gluskap added to his explanation, "If it does not thunder after the fourth day, I shall bring you down if you still live."

The old woman then returned with her burden, singing. She brought the bears to the door and began to skin them. The chief was surprised to hear her sing and that she was in such high spirits. He said to the Clam, "Go and see why Groundhog is singing." Accordingly, she went up and hid close to the wigwam and could see what was going on. She returned to her father and said, "No wonder she sings, she is skinning bears." The chief asked where she had got them from. She replied that she heard someone talking inside, whose voice sounded like Gluskap's. The chief was not satisfied until he learned definitely that it was Gluskap. This displeased him and he began to scheme how to get the advantage over him.

It was thundering, while this was going on, at a great distance. Gluskap said to his sister-in-law, "That's not the thunder who was here. Bring me your leather pouch." She brought it out and handed it to Gluskap, and then Gluskap put his sister-in-law into it.[1] Gluskap then tied the bag on the end of his arrow and shot her up on the mountain. When she landed up on the peak of the mountain, it was a few seconds before she collected herself, but when she looked around she did not see the arrow nor the pouch. She took the bear skin and laid it down, sat down on it and looked around. Black clouds were all around. It was still thundering a long distance off. While this was taking place, Gluskap was busy in Groundhog's camp and the brother of Groundhog's granddaughter returned. He had been away for

[1] Unasked for comment by Jim: "He must have squeezed her up pretty small."

some time. He immediately asked his grandmother and Gluskap where his sister was. Gluskap replied that she was up on the mountain and narrated what had happened. "It is the old chief's doings," said Groundhog. "Since your sister married Mikumwesu, they have been plotting to kill your sister and her child, because the chief's daughter was jealous of your sister. I hesitated to tell Gluskap for fear he would become so enraged that he would resort to rash extremities. Gluskap is now trying to get back your sister and her child safely." The young man in anger said to Gluskap, "Do not give me any assistance. I shall do what I am about to undertake myself. I shall kill the chief and all his relatives." And as he said this two stones grew out of his cheeks. Gluskap noticed this and remarked, "You are a veritable stone man." "Yes," he answered, "I have been with Thunders ever since I was a boy. I have acquired all their powers and now I have more power than any Thunder." "You are a great boaster," remarked Gluskap.[1] "Do you mean that you are the strongest on earth and that you are also the strongest among the Thunders?" continued Gluskap.

The young man replied, "No, I am not the strongest on earth, but I have more power than the Thunders."

"What do you intend to do?" said Gluskap. "Will you carry out your threats?"

The young man replied in the affirmative, but he consented to seek his sister with Gluskap and bring her back before carrying out his bloody purpose. Gluskap seized his bow and arrow and told Groundhog's grandson that he would fire an arrow. As the arrow left the bow, he was to seize it and it would carry him whither his sister had gone on the mountain. Accordingly, Gluskap sent off the arrow, the girl's brother seized it, and he was carried up to the mountain. He saw his sister and he was further enraged. Gluskap, who had gone up with him, took her by a hand and led her. The brother in his rage said, "I shall show the people what a Thunder can do. The chief thinks that he controls the lightning." As he said this, he leaped heavily to the ground and lightning struck the mountain as they left it. He also gave a shout and the lightning struck the mountain down and tore

[1] Jim's words were, "You are talking very strong."

the ground up all around it and around the place where the chief had his camp.

"Brother," said Gluskap, "You must be the chief of the Thunders, indeed."

The chief, on the other hand, felt confident that the wife of Mikumwesu was destroyed in the destruction of the mountain and he immediately sent his Clam over to Groundhog's camp to see what had happened there. She heard talking and a voice of a girl was distinguished among the rest. She returned to her father and told him that there was another man beside Gluskap there, but that it was not Mikumwesu. "I think," she said, "it is the girl's brother who has been away so long with the Thunders."

This greatly perplexed and annoyed the old chief, and he finally concluded that it must be someone else than the girl's brother, because he thought he would have been informed if it was a Thunder. Yet he was uncertain, for his belief in his own power was shaken when he saw the mountain disrupted and ground all around it torn up.

Gluskap remarked to the girl's brother, "I could have carried out my purpose without having the girl brought up to the mountain, but I did not want to kill anybody else, unless I was sure why I was doing so. To reveal to you my power I will restore the mountain that you destroyed and will, moreover, place a lake on its summit." As he said this, Gluskap rushed out, waved his hands over in the direction of the mountain and the mountain suddenly reappeared and on top of it was a lake.

Thunder was surprised, but he remarked to Gluskap that he thought it was inexpedient to have the mountain restored, because he thought that the people would think that Thunder did not have it in his power to destroy it irrevocably. But Gluskap insisted that the mountain be there forever. "Never again shall any Thunder destroy the mountains," said Gluskap, "all that Thunder shall have power to do will be to destroy the serpents which are under the earth."

Gluskap also objected to having Thunder kill the chief and his relatives, but wished to reduce them to impotence instead, so that they would be like the common people. But Thunder was granted his wish that Gluskap do nothing until he returned in

three days with his nephew. When the latter appeared on the scene, he was seen to have little stones protruding from his cheeks. His sister was overjoyed to see her little son, whose appearance was so different from what it had been. The little fellow played with his youthful companions, and Gluskap noticed that when the other boys would make him angry, he would make a strange noise which sounded like thunder and that there was a flash (of lightning), just as when flint was struck.

Thunder then declared his intention of hunting up his brother-in-law. Gluskap advised him that he had gone to the end of the world and would return within a year, and that, therefore, he thought it best to await his return. Thunder agreed to wait.

Meanwhile, the girl's brother would each day give the chief a mighty scare. He would cause lightning to strike the chief's camp and cause the poles to fly from off his camp[1].

Mikumwesu at this time made up his mind to begin his return home. Something seemed to tell him that something extraordinary had happened in his home, and he became anxious to see his wife again.

He completed the journey and arrived at his old camp, and recognized his son who was playing on the outside. Mikumwesu determined to reveal himself to no one but his son. The boy looked up and immediately let out a cry "Father," which the occupants of the wigwam heard. They started out, but Mikumwesu already had the boy in his arms and was invisible to all save to Gluskap. The boy, however, could be distinguished. Gluskap was angered by the tactics of his brother on his return and said to him, "What is your object in thus trying to hide yourself? You cannot conceal yourself from me, therefore come down. You ought to be thankful for the wife you won." No one but Mikumwesu could hear Gluskap.

Mikumwesu yielded to his brother and came down. He was happy to see his boy and took the stones out of his cheeks and also freed him from the thunder. He said, "He will be powerful enough without being a Thunder, for his father is powerful."

Mikumwesu then went out and brought in the water that his wife had used on the eventful night of their marriage. He again

[1] The outside poles of the wigwam which keep the bark in place.

washed his wife's face with it and again it restored to her her former beauty. She looked just as when he had married her. Thunder, her brother, then said, "We must have a wedding feast all over again, because, although I was absent, I knew all about your marriage, being unable to be present. We were on a journey southward to kill a huge serpent."

Mikumwesu's brother-in-law then went out and saw a big moose. It was so large that he had to resort to his power in the use of lightning in order to slay the beast. But even this did not avail him any, for Gluskap had taken from him the power to kill with lightning. All he could do with lightning was to kill serpents that were dangerous. He then returned and told his brother of the big moose, as tall as the trees, that he could not despatch. Mikumwesu said to his brother-in-law, "Take my bow and go out and shoot him. You will find it outside leaning against the wigwam. He hunted round, but could not find the bow. He did notice a little bow which appeared to him clearly to be a child's bow. Accordingly he came in and reported to his brother that he was unable to find it.

Mikumwesu said, "It is indeed quite strange that you who are a Thunder and can see over everything and can see through the mountains are unable to see that bow. Here is the bow."

Thunder replied, "I did see that bow, but thought surely that that was a child's bow."

"You should have known better. Try to lift it."

Thunder tried to raise it, but was unsuccessful, although it was exceedingly small. Mikumwesu, however, easily succeeded in raising it and he gave it to Thunder. The latter then could handle it with ease just as though it was a feather, so light did it seem. And he remarked to Mikumwesu, "You could not kill anything with this."

"Then put it down," replied Mikumwesu.

Thunder complied with the words, "I shall go and fetch my own bow. My grandmother must have a bow somewhere." He asked his grandmother where he could find his father's bow.

His grandmother said that it was up in the winter camp, sticking under the polls. He brought it to Mikumwesu and said, "This is a man's bow."

"You call that a bow!" ejaculated Mikumwesu. "Well and good, now go out and shoot your game."

Thunder went forth and soon came up to the animal. He fired repeatedly, but every arrow bounced back, refusing to pierce the animal. Crestfallen, he returned to the wigwam, and said to Mikumwesu, "The bow is too limber."

Mikumwesu derided him, "Your bow must be a new-born babe's bow. Come out with me, and I shall shoot it."

They had not proceeded far when they came upon the animal feeding. Mikumwesu bent his bow and fired straight at the animal's heart. His aim was perfect and the animal fell dead. They went up to it and bound its legs together. Mikumwesu said, "You are a powerful man. You should be able to carry it back to camp. Thunder claims to be the strongest of creatures."

"Yes," said Thunder, "I can carry it back." Then Thunder crouched down, lifted up its legs and got under it to carry it upon his back. Then he straightened out, but could not budge it. He came out and admitted that he could not carry it.

Mikumwesu said, "You go in advance and cut down some of the trees and I shall get the brute to the camp."

Just as Thunder started, Mikumwesu thought to himself, "I shall give him some power just to see what he can do." Then he said aloud, "Pull them out by the roots."

Thunder grabbed hold of a tree and succeeded easily in pulling it out by the roots. He kept doing this for some time and Mikumwesu, who was sitting down on the dead moose, watched him. He laughed at Thunder as he watched him toil. "He'll have something to say when he gets to camp," he thought to himself. Mikumwesu then picked up the moose and carried it to the camp. When he dropped it, it jarred the earth all around. Mikumwesu then entered the camp and met Thunder. Thunder asked him, "Did you meet with any hindrances on the path I cleared for you?"

Mikumwesu replied in the negative.

"It was a powerful man who cleared that path for you," said Thunder.

Mikumwesu replied, "It was a powerful man who brought the animal, too."

Gluskap heard these retorts and they displeased him, for he did not think it became brothers-in-law to speak to each other in such manner. He spoke to Mikumwesu in such a way that no one else in the camp could understand him,[1] saying, "I do not like the way you are treating your brother-in-law since you returned. It seems that you are trying to pick a quarrel."

Mikumwesu replied, "I know that he is after me and I do not wish you to interfere in anything that occurs between us. He has tried to hurt me once already."

At this juncture, Thunder interrupted, saying to Mikumwesu, "Let us go out and skin the moose."

Accordingly they went out and skinned the moose. Mikumwesu's wife also came out and told her husband to get the lungs, intestines, and liver for her, for she was going to cook them. Mikumwesu opened the animal and easily took out the lungs, but the animal was so large that he had to go inside it to get the liver out. While Mikumwesu was inside cutting away at the liver, his brother-in-law, Thunder, drove his knife between the ribs of the animal, intending to kill Mikumwesu. His blow fell right in between his two shoulders, but pierced only the skin. Presently Mikumwesu came forth with the liver and said, "I slipped inside and fell down on the moose's broken rib and it cut me between the shoulders." He wished to conceal from Thunder that he was aware of the latter's attempt on his life. He went into the wigwam and took off his shirt and found that he was bleeding in the back. His brother-in-law came and, seeing him bleeding, remarked, "You must have hurt yourself considerably when you fell on the broken rib." Thunder then ran out and secured some moss from a maple tree and, after chewing it thoroughly, put it upon Mikumwesu's back and said, "It will be all right in a day or two." Thunder thought that he had no suspicion that he had stabbed him.

[1] Jim says that he has heard old Indians talking together and he could not understand anything of the conversation. When he asked his father about it, he explained the words and he says it seemed very simple. Willie Ellis also told me how his grandfather asked him to get him his pipe and he could not understand. It is probably a manner of talking by using descriptive phrases, a sort of poetic term being used instead of the normal word. Old Sacobi is about full-blooded. He was a member of the chief's family. St. Mary Indians are divided into two parties, one of which deems itself to be full-blooded, while the other calls itself half-breed. One day a group of breeds were sitting around in Sacobi's house and Sacobi said, "Soon the cat will catch the white mice." None knew what he was talking about, but Jim did, and he answered, "The cat has been chasing the white mice for many years and will soon get caught in the trap of the white mice." The meaning of this was, of course, first, the full-bloods were chasing the half-breeds hard. The answer meant that they have been after them for many years, but would soon overdo it and get caught themselves. This was "high language."

But Mikumwesu in indignant words told Gluskap that Thunder had stabbed him while he was cutting the liver of the animal. Mikumwesu then told Thunder to go out and summon all the neighbours to the coming feast. On his way, Thunder dropped into the chief's camp, who casually asked what Gluskap and Mikumwesu were doing. He informed the chief that they had designs upon his life, but they had not succeeded in hurting him yet. Young Thunder said, "I do not like the way Mikumwesu treated my sister. I thought the time I sent his baby away with the Thunders, he would never come back."

"Yes," said young Thunder, "he tried to injure me, but I don't think that he can do it. Nevertheless he is a hard man to get ahead of. What shall we do with him?"

The chief said, "I have a brother who lives down this river where the mountains close in on each side of the stream. With his help we can kill Mikumwesu. Later on, when Gluskap, who calls himself chief, happens to go down past the mountains, he will be killed there. We shall allow no man to lord it over us." Finally the chief concluded, saying, "Go down and tell my brother about the big feast."

Thunder did as the chief requested, and when he neared the mountains, he heard the old fellow growling, which led Thunder to suspect that he must be very strong. When Thunder entered, the old man accosted him thus, "What trouble is it that brings you here now? Never did a man come to see me without my knowing it, and never has a man come past my dogs."

"Your brother desires you to come up to the great feast that the great men are going to give."

The old man desired to be informed as to the identity of the great men.

Thunder told him that the two great men were Gluskap and Mikumwesu.

The old fellow fell back and laughed and said, "I suspect the mission my brother wishes me to fulfill; he fears these two men will supersede him. I shall go up with you, but my dogs will not growl while I am gone." He called the two mountains his dogs, for they came together with a crash and then separated, immediately coming together again, like the fangs of a dog.

They finally reached the chief, and he told his brother about Gluskap and Mikumwesu.

The two brothers and young Thunder then held a council. The chief's brother said, "When Mikumwesu gets up from his skauwan,[1] you come over and sit alongside of me. When he gets directly opposite you, use your power and salute him. With your left foot stamp vigorously on the ground. He will then sink in up to his neck. Then I shall finish him with my club. If I fail in this, then my dogs will finish him when he gets down to the river. Never has anyone succeeded in getting past my dogs, without losing his life."

Accordingly Thunder went over to Mikumwesu's camp and said, "I have not only notified everybody in the village, but I have even notified the chief's brother."

By this time the feast was ready. They had a large brush[2] camp. The young men carried the food over to the hall. Young Thunder went out and shouted to everybody that the feast was ready. Men, women, and children thronged to the scene of festivities. Gluskap led in the procession with Groundhog, and Mikumwesu brought up the rear. On the way Mikumwesu's wife asked him if he knew all that would take place and he replied in the affirmative and told her that the chief's brother was present, and that he and his two accomplices were planning to kill him. Mikumwesu also boasted to his wife that nothing could kill him.

"But I know something that will kill you," said his wife to him. "Directly behind the place where your seat has been assigned they have placed a quill, so that when you lean back it will pierce through to your heart and kill you. That medeulin,[3] the chief's brother, has planned it and he is a great medeulin."

"You are right," said Mikumwesu, "but I would not have sat down. On the contrary, I would have stood on the quill. My brother-in-law has already tried to kill me."

"Yes, I am aware of that," said his wife, "and unless you kill him soon, he will find out a means of killing you."

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[1] "Skauwan" is a personal song and dance possessed by every Malecite of note. It is sung at any political or military function in which its owner takes part.

[2] Brush sides, but no roof.

[3] Medeulin, a shaman. A medeulin differs from a gimp in that his magical power is not restricted to warlike deeds.

"Well," concluded Mikumwesu, "I think I shall not step on it, but rather will cut it off."

Soon they entered the hall, which was completely filled. Mikumwesu bowed and shook hands with all the guests. Everybody marvelled at him, for he was such a small man. Mikumwesu took a careful look at the chief's old brother. They soon invited him to sit down at his assigned place. But before seating himself, he drew his knife and began to cut off the boughs that were hanging around the side. He cut them all off, and then something dropped which he immediately picked up. He then exclaimed that a porcupine had dropped a quill and that there must have been a porcupine where these boughs were gotten. The chief's brother scrutinized him sharply, for he realized that it would be difficult to get the better of him. He also felt that something was going to happen and he trembled. Gluskap was fully cognizant of all that was taking place, but he adhered to his brother's request that he should show no interference. He also was certain that his brother could well take care of himself.

The skauwan commenced and all took their turns. Mikumwesu was last in order. He danced backwards and forwards before all the grandees. Gluskap, the chief, and his brother were all sitting together. When he would come to the big dish, he would fill his bark dish up with soup and drink it down. Then he was ready for business. He did not touch the ground in dancing. Thunder felt his impotence to do any harm to Mikumwesu. The latter continued dancing and added words to the music and all listened to his song, which narrated the whole conspiracy against his life, and he was closing the song with words to the effect that he was going to kill his brother-in-law very soon. Just then Mikumwesu danced before his brother-in-law; he rushed over to him, grabbed him by the throat and by the legs, doubled him up and broke him in two. He added the words, "You may be as strong as a rock, but I have put an end to you now."

Just then the old man arose to strike Mikumwesu with his club. But the latter was too quick for him, and seized Gluskap's club, and would have killed his assailant, had not Gluskap intervened and requested that Mikumwesu merely wound him to make him go home in suffering. The conspiracy was thus ended and the old man returned to his camp in pain.

Gluskap arose and made an address, in which he said that no man shall get power who does not use it right. Gluskap, Groundhog, and their friends then returned to their camp.

Gluskap then told Mikumwesu that he would leave him, but before doing so, he intended to seize the old man's dogs and put sticks in their mouths, so that they could no longer bark. So Gluskap set out, taking his nephew, who was now quite grown, with him. Mikumwesu also left, so that Groundhog was left alone. When Mikumwesu reached the two mountains, he noticed that Gluskap had carried out his plans with regard to the dogs.

Presently they arrived at a village, where it was soon known that strangers were in their midst. All came out to see the small Mikumwesu who had come over in a large canoe, and they marvelled at him. The old folks felt certain that the strangers were Mikumwesu and Gluskap, for no others could do their feats. The chief of the band happened at the time to be absent. But Turtle happened to be there, skinning and cutting up meat that he had trapped on a hunting trip. He was at this time drying it and doing other camp duties. While Fisher was away, Klu[1] came with his partner to the hunter's camp. They entered and said to Turtle "Kwe," and Turtle answered, "Kwe." He knew that they were hungry and immediately procured them some dried meat.

He met Turtle, whom he took with him, and they hunted together for some time. Turtle was lazy and stayed around camp and did the cooking and the smoking of the meat. But Fisher hunted hard and brought in a goodly lot of game. One day, when Fisher happened to be absent, the large bird Klu came to visit Turtle. Turtle brought out some smoked moose meat and pounded it up fine, then gave it without any water or other liquid to Klu. The latter choked on it, so Turtle cut him up and smoked him. The large wings he hung up. When Fisher came home and saw all the meat hanging up, he was pleased, and thought that Turtle must have been very industrious. But when he saw the wing of Klu, he felt very different and cried out, "Now you are going to get into trouble, you have killed the chief." For Fisher knew that Klu was chief of a band of Indians who lived not far distant. He told Turtle that these would soon come in search of their chief

[1] Eagle? Buzzard?

and would kill him. Fisher knew that he could get off, but that Turtle could not, so he offered to carry him up a tree, as the place of greatest security. Turtle accepted. So Fisher clambered up and made a nest on the limb of the tree. He told Turtle to remain there until things had quieted down and he came back. On the way down he pulled all the bark off the tree so that Turtle could not come down. Fisher went away as fast as he could. Soon Klu's band came around to hunt for their chief. After a while they found some feathers and then they saw the wing hanging up. So they knew that Turtle had killed their chief. They began to hunt for him, but could not find him. When some of them got under the tree, he thought it would be a good joke to defecate upon them. So he pushed himself backwards to get into the proper position. In so doing he lost his balance and fell down. Klu's tribe saw him falling, but they could not see him when he landed. But after a while they found him hiding under a waltes.[1] They wanted to kill him immediately, but could not decide on the means. One suggested hanging, but the turtle seemed to be very much pleased. He even went to get a rope for them. But when they saw his willingness, they said that it would not do to kill him this way. "He does not seem to mind it." So they suggested burning and began to collect the wood, but when they saw Turtle also collecting wood, they decided that the method would not do. Another proposed drowning. When Turtle heard this, he appeared very sad. And when they began to push him, he held back. So now, thinking that they knew what Turtle surely hated, they decided to throw him into the water. This they did and he sank right to the bottom, and they thought they had killed him. But Turtle swam under the water and finally came up under some girls who were washing clothes. And he looked at the private parts of one and said, "She is fine," and then at another and said, "She is a little better."

When the girls heard him talking down under the water, they ran up to the village to tell the people. They said, "We thought you said you had drowned Turtle. He did not appear to be very much dead when he looked up at us as we were washing on the logs."

[1] Probably a reference to the Turtle's habit of getting under his shell, the shell resembling a waltes, or wooden plate.

When the people heard this, they cried out, "We must kill him wherever he is. That was a clever trick to appear to be afraid of drowning. We should have known better than to try to drown him." So they went down to the water to hunt for him, but he was not there. They went all along the shore in their canoes, and several girls who were going along the shore found him. He was lying on his back and sunning himself on a rock. The men rushed ashore and found him, and all between his legs was fly-blown. The white spots are still visible. They seized him and said, "You won't escape us this time," and they handled him roughly. He remonstrated but they replied, "You are not going to kill any more of our chiefs." Turtle said, "Why did not your chief come before me like a man, so that I could tell that he was a chief? He came like a bird and I could not tell what he was." "No," said they, "you can't give us any excuse." So they took him into their hall, where they held their councils.

While they were holding council, Gluskap and his brother arrived. Gluskap said to Mikumwesu, "Uncle is in a bad state. It is all my doing that he has been doing this. I wanted him to kill the chief, so that I could have some fun with him. But we will not let him know that we are present till he is suffering under torture. Perhaps the people will let us know what is going on." After they had held council over Turtle, they started to torture him by burning him with fire-brands. They wished to drag him through the fire. He begged them to stop, but they would not. Finally some of them said, "Why do we not call Mikumwesu, so that he can come up and see the fun." So they went down and informed him. And Mikumwesu said that he would go up and see the fun. As they were going up, Gluskap said to his brother, "I told you they would let us know." When they came to the spot where they were torturing Turtle, Gluskap did not recognize his uncle, who was all covered with ashes. This, however, was only feigned, for he did know him, but thought it best to say it was a wooden plate. Just as they were going to throw the Turtle again into the fire, he spoke up and said, "Don't throw me into the fire again." When Gluskap heard him speak, he laughed and said, "Why, is that you, uncle?" Gluskap walked up to him and, just by willing it, he turned the Turtle into a man, and lo and behold!

there was a fine looking young man standing there. Gluskap said to him, "What is the trouble that they have?"

So Turtle told him what had happened. And Gluskap said to him, "They can't kill you for killing a bird. Some chiefs have birds which they send around." Now all the others were whispering among themselves and they said that he must be Gluskap. Then, when they perceived that it was Gluskap, they went up to him and asked him to forgive them, saying that they did not know Turtle was his uncle. Then Gluskap and his uncle left the place. They went to a town where they lingered for some time, working. Finally Gluskap said to his uncle, "You had better be getting married." To this Turtle replied, "Where am I to find me a wife?" "Why," said Gluskap, "we'll ask the chief for his daughter." Turtle admitted that the girl was agreeable to him, but, he said, "How are we to get her?" "I'll go myself and get her," replied Gluskap.

So Gluskap went to see the chief. He told the chief that the Turtle, his uncle, wished to get married.[1] But Gluskap had to go himself, because the second chief was a close relation of the chief. Gluskap, however, was a chief. The chief or second chief was notified, and he and the other man went and talked to the chief, telling him that his uncle wanted to marry his daughter. Then he went out, leaving a bundle of furs. So the chief called his relations and had a talk about the wedding, and asked them whether they should consent to have Turtle or not. The chief's wife said, "Do you suppose we would marry Turtle as he looks at present?" The chief replied that Gluskap could make Turtle assume any shape and form he desired. "Moreover," he said, "Gluskap is a powerful man and cannot be refused." So they went and informed Gluskap that there was to be a wedding. And at this the people all rejoiced[2].

[1] According to the old Indian custom, the bride and groom never saw each other. They take the kluswagin or wedding present, consisting of a blanket of beaver skin or of some cheaper fur and a string of wampum, to the chief. The young man does not go himself, but sends a delegate—not his father, but some other relation. They go in company with another man, usually the second chief, to see the parents of the girl and leave a present. They talk the matter over, though it is never decided immediately. The father of the girl collects all the relations and they discuss the parentage, ability, and future prospects of the young man. If all is acceptable to them, the girl is informed, and she can decide to accept him or not. If she refuses him, two men take the present back. If she decides to have him, two men are chosen as delegates to inform the young man. The girl's father keeps the gluswagin. This consists of two parts. The first is a present, usually a string of wampum which is given to the father ceremonially. He keeps it until another young man in the tribe wants to get married, who does the same as the young man in this instance. The second portion consists of furs or blankets and belongs to the girl's father. It was symbolic rather than real property. As a rule a second chief takes the wampum.

[2] But for three days after they were married by the chief, they could not live together. According to the Indian custom they had to make preparations for the feast in those three days.

While they were preparing things for the feast, Gluskap told Turtle (whom he had changed into a young man) to go up to his bride and get her to come down, as there were a couple of canoes that were to cross over to the island to get some berries for the wedding. So she got ready and got some girls to accompany her. They went across to the island. Gluskap was paddling one canoe and Turtle's brother-in-law, the chief's son, was paddling another. Gluskap had the girls who accompanied the bride with him. With his brother-in-law was the bride, her husband, and a few others. After they had obtained the berries, Gluskap advised them to get back before it blew very hard. On the way home he decided to have some fun by letting his uncle do some tricks. "Whatever I imagine him to do, let him do," he said to himself. The canoes were going side by side. Turtle got up and put one foot on one and the other on the other. Just as Gluskap saw his uncle doing this, he shoved the canoe away. Overboard went Turtle. They did not stop, but went right on ahead. One said, "What is that that just went overboard?" "That," replied Gluskap, "is my uncle." The bride felt very much ashamed. They went back and found him floundering around and had great difficulty in getting him into the canoe. Then Gluskap said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, trying to do these tricks and finally falling overboard." They returned, and when the third day arrived they had a great wedding feast[1].

That evening they had their wedding dance. They were dancing until the bride and groom came in, and they danced the short horn dance.[2] About the middle of the night they took the bride and groom to the camp of the chief and put them to bed.

The next morning the old chief's wife got up and looked on the opposite side of the camp, where her daughter and son-in-law lay, and saw the Turtle's back sticking out from under one of the blankets. She picked up a poker and began to jab him in the back. She said, "What is a turtle doing there beside my daughter?" not knowing that it was her son-in-law. The chief informed her who it was. Before that Turtle had asked his nephew what he

[1] In those days it was not necessary to eat in one place. Each man brought his plate and the food was given to him. This he took home and ate. An Indian goes out and shouts, "Waldewak"—"Bring your plates." (*Walet* is plate.)

[2] In those days the horn was made of bark.

had to do as a married man. "Why," replied Gluskap, "as all others do. Work and support and raise a family." A few days went by and Gluskap did not see his uncle. Then he went over to his lodge to find him. When he found him, he said, "I am ashamed of you—the way you are acting. I do not believe you have been out of the camp at all. You have been alongside of your wife all the time." Turtle said, "I must do that which you told me. You said I should raise a family." Gluskap said, "I don't mean that." "But what do you mean?" asked Turtle. "I want you to do the same as any other young man who gets married. Go off and hunt. Capture a whale. You should have done that even before you slept with your wife." Turtle chided Gluskap for not telling him beforehand, but the latter told him that he should have known these things. "But how can I capture a whale?" asked Turtle. "You go out to the end of the Metis and make a deadfall. Do that when the tide is low, and when the tide comes in the whale will be caught in it. Place heavy weights upon it, using seven loads of logs for this. After completing it, test it. If it is not sufficiently weighted, put more on." So Turtle went out and built the deadfall. After he got it built, he set it. He did not know how he was going to try it. He had to try and see how strong the trigger was. Finally he crawled into it and sprung the trap and the weight came down upon him. Thus he was caught. He squirmed and tried to get out, but there was no way of doing so. When Gluskap saw that his uncle did not come back, he suspected what the trouble was, for it was all of his doing. So he wished him there for some time, and all his wishes were fulfilled. After a day and a night he wished him out of the trap. After he had gotten him out, he asked, "How did you get into the trap?" Turtle replied, "I went in to test it." Gluskap replied, "I didn't tell you to go in. You might have tested it with a log. Thus you might see how much it would hold." Then they went back to the village.

In about a week's time he said to his uncle, "You ought to start tomorrow and inspect your traps and see how much you have caught. Then you will have done what a man should do who is newly married." Early the next morning Turtle started to his trap. When he got there, he found a big whale in the trap. He took it out and put it on his shoulder. After he brought it

to the village he threw it down before the door of the house where his nephew was staying. As it fell it jarred the ground. He shoved his head inside the door and said, "Nephew, I've got him." Gluskap said, "You fool, you, why do you bring it here? Why don't you take it to your father-in-law's?" Then Turtle placed it on his shoulder again and took it over to the house of his father-in-law. The chief looked at it and said, "I did not think that my son-in-law could carry a whale on his back. Never could a man carry a whale before."

So one day Gluskap said to his uncle, "Your brothers-in-law, those young Carabous, are going to play football. You ought to go with them. And after the game they will hold races." So they went out on the field where they were going to play. It was near the camp of the chief. There they played and Turtle performed excellently. And Gluskap thought, "Let my uncle fall down." So he fell down, and the others tramped over him. They stopped, and in the afternoon they were going to have a foot-race, and the winning post was near the camp of the chief. In the meantime Gluskap was in the chief's camp while the races were going on. When Turtle reached the crowd, the young Carabous said to him, "How can you run? You can hardly walk; you had better go back, as you will shame us all."

All the contestants stood up in line and Turtle was among them. Turtle sprang into the lead immediately, and when he got to the winning post, which was near his father-in-law's camp, he jumped right over the camp. Every time he jumped over, he yelled. But Gluskap thought to himself, "The next time you jump, you will be caught on one of the poles on the camp." It happened as Gluskap thought. Turtle got stuck on one of the poles and was changed into the form of a turtle. There he was, stretching his legs, trying to get loose, and feeling very much ashamed of himself.

Gluskap, who was inside the camp, pretended not to see him, but picked up a poker and began to poke the fire. The sparks and smoke flew out at the peak into the face of Turtle. He yelled down, "Do not poke the fire." Gluskap looked up and, seeing him, said, "What are you doing up there? You always want to do more than the other men, and now you are caught."

In the following winter, when the snow covered the ground and the time was good for hunting moose and all the sons of the chief were making snowshoes, Gluskap said to his uncle, "You go with them too, and make snowshoes." Turtle asked how big he should make them. "Seven times the span of your palm," replied Gluskap. So Turtle went home and told the old chief that he wanted a pair of snowshoes, as he was going out hunting with him. He wanted them seven spans in length and wanted them with fine meshes. The chief's wife, who did not like her son-in-law, replied, "He cannot go away from the house without getting snowed under." "Never mind," replied the chief, "do you not remember the time he brought the whale home?" So they got the snowshoes ready and started out. When his brothers-in-law saw him following, they said, "What good can you do here? You had better go back. You can scarcely walk on snowshoes. You will only be a bother to us." For as they were going along Turtle would fall down every now and then, until he became so sore that he could scarcely walk. One of his brothers-in-law said, "We told you not to come along, as you would only bother us." Another said, "Put him on the toboggan, and when we reach camp we will let him attend to it. That is all he is good for anyway."

The next morning they began to hunt the moose. Turtle insisted on going with them, but they wished to send him back. They came to a yard and one of the brothers said, "The moose have started," and they told Turtle to follow and perhaps he might overtake them by night if he went straight along. So they started after the moose and Turtle tried to go too. But he fell down immediately and they passed on their snowshoes right over him. Turtle was way under the snow. He had great difficulty in regaining his feet. Gluskap thought it was time he was doing better. So Turtle started. He jumped over low trees instead of going round them. He passed his brothers-in-law, but they did not recognize him, so fast was he going. They could not even follow his trail, as the steps were too long for them. When they finally overtook him, he had killed and skinned the moose and had cooked dinner for them. They felt very much ashamed when they arrived at the way they had been abusing him. After the meal they went back for their toboggans. When they returned they took two

quarters apiece, but there were still two moose left. Turtle piled it all on his toboggan. One of his brothers-in-law said, "He can't haul that." The two started and left Turtle pulling and trying to move his load. After his brothers-in-law had gotten out of sight, he started off and, taking a short cut, arrived ahead of them. They saw where he got ahead and one brother said to the other, "He can only have one quarter, going so fast." When Turtle got to the camp, he went right on with his load. The two brothers-in-law, seeing this, said, "He intends to go right on and say how little we can do. We will have to go right on."

In the night the chief woke up and went out to get some wood for the fire. Hearing the shrieking of a toboggan on the snow, he looked up and saw Turtle coming with the load. He went in and woke up his wife, saying, "Turtle has come with a load." But she replied, "What, do you suppose Turtle could pull a load? It is our sons." But the chief woke up his daughter and told her to get some food ready for her husband. Soon he appeared, and the chief said to his wife, "He has brought two moose in one load." His two brothers-in-law did not arrive until the next morning, and when they did, they were utterly exhausted. The next morning Gluskap went to see his uncle and praised him for his feat.

Gluskap proceeded up the St. Lawrence river. Very soon he encountered some huge serpents, and also numerous canoes were seen lying about in the vicinity. Gluskap quickly came to the conclusion that the serpents had killed the owners of the canoes. But Gluskap continued until he arrived at the encampment of some Indians. Gluskap immediately sought out the chief's lodge. Here there was given him some dried meat, but no water whatever. In eating this Gluskap nearly choked. Upon meeting the chief, Gluskap inquired why he had been given the dried meat to eat. The chief replied that it was the customary diet offered to strangers. Gluskap then seized his bark dish of dried meat[1] and hurled it into the fire, at the same time giving the chief to understand that he would have to go to the trouble of cooking some meat for him that contained some water. Gluskap added that he thought the chief had designs upon his life by

[1] The dried meat seems to have been the ordinary smoked dried meat which required mixing with grease or water before it could be eaten; it was pounded before eaten.

offering him this dried meat. The chief took Gluskap's actions and words for an affront and said, "You men who come to us from other bands do us great harm. There is a great man who lives up the river who has a host of serpents which have nearly killed us all."

Gluskap inquired as to the identity of the man and his reply was that the man in question was a great chief called Gluskap, known to be the chief of all the tribes. This made Gluskap very wroth. He sprang up quickly and branded the story as a lie, declaring that he was Gluskap, chief of all the tribes, and that he would immediately seek out the man to put him to death, for he had killed all his people.

Gluskap arose and declared that he would bring the man into his presence. He shouted and the thunder pealed and struck and knocked down the poles of all the camps in the vicinity. The chief now knew that it was really Gluskap and, therefore, rushed out to assemble all his band. They all quickly were gathered together and surrounded Gluskap. The latter then asked the chief what offense had been committed by the man who purported to be himself. The chief replied that he had killed more than half the band, especially women. Gluskap then asked the chief for the services of two men who were to go and fetch the fellow that Gluskap might see him. This the chief was reluctant to do, fearing that the men would suffer death, but his respect for Gluskap's power made it necessary that he comply with his orders.

Two men were chosen to inform the man that Gluskap desired that he come at once into his presence. Soon the two messengers were standing outside the door of this great magician, who in a very gruff voice bade them enter, adding that he would soon roast them in the fire. But they delivered Gluskap's message. The great man replied that if Gluskap desired to see him he would have to come in person. Accordingly the messengers carried back to Gluskap the reply. But Gluskap bade the messengers to return again, making his command more emphatic. But the great man was unchanged in his attitude. But when the messengers told him that there would be dire consequences if he refused to heed the commands of Gluskap, he assented, saying, "I shall go down to see the man who claims that he is Gluskap and I shall make trouble for him."

They started out, the two men having been ordered to carry the man's canoe down to the river. The two messengers, upon reaching what the man called a canoe, found a huge stone turned over, having the shape of a canoe. They reported to the great man that they could not budge it. At this the old man scoffed, saying, "How strange that Gluskap should send to me two men who were deficient in strength." The old man then picked up the canoe and carried it down to the river as easily as if it were made of bark.

The messengers, as they passed by the camp, noticed three girls sitting within. Their faces were marked with scabs. They inquired of these girls what was their trouble. They told them that the old man had tortured them by burning them with a red-hot poker. When asked where they belonged, the girls replied that they lived in a village which was some distance up the river, and they had not been there for quite some time. They also told the messengers that the old man could take any girl he desired from any of the villages; so much was he feared. The men then told the girls about Gluskap's being down at the village and of his power. They asked the girls to come with them to Gluskap and thus seek the latter's protection.

They went down the river, and when they had arrived, the two emissaries at once proceeded to Gluskap and told him what had happened. When Gluskap heard all he said, "I was certain that he would come. If he hadn't I would have killed him right where he was, but now I shall not put him to death until my brother has arrived." Gluskap was also told of the three girls.

Presently they heard the approaching footsteps of the bogus Gluskap. His steps made the ground tremble. At this Gluskap remarked that he was approaching rather boldly. Gluskap then pulled out his pipe and filled it with megwins pipamp (Lovage), lit it, and blew great clouds of smoke into the camp. The chief did not understand this and asked Gluskap for an explanation. The latter replied that the false Gluskap would stand his club against the camp and thus try to break down the camp, since it was so heavy.[1] When the impostor came to the camp, he did place his club against the camp and was surprised to see that the

[1] It is not quite clear what magic Gluskap employed to prevent the weight of the heavy club from breaking the wigwam in. It is, however, evident that the smoke somehow prevents it.

camp was strong enough to resist it. He immediately realized that he had to cope with one who had great power. However, he put on a bold front and entered. He saw Gluskap seated and that on each side of his cheek bones was growing a stone. He entered and seated himself without going up to shake the hand of Gluskap. A few seconds later there entered the three girls to whom the emissaries had spoken. Gluskap bade them sit down on the vacant places beside himself. He then passed the pipe to the impostor for the latter to smoke it. But the latter was unable to lift it. It was too heavy for him. Gluskap laughed mockingly, saying, "What a great fellow you are to attempt to usurp Gluskap's name, when you are unable to lift even his pipe. Why is it that you can handle your huge club and canoe and paddle the latter?"

The old man replied, "I do not use that kind of pipe. I have one which I would like to have you smoke." This made Gluskap realize that he had a hard man to deal with, but he accepted the invitation. The old man then lighted his pipe and handed it over to Gluskap. The latter was well aware what the old fellow had in mind to do. By this time the smoke from Gluskap's pipe had disappeared from the camp. This was the first time that the impostor had caught sight of the girls, who were sitting by the side of Gluskap. He interrogated the girls, asking them why they had thus come to a gathering of men. He commanded them to return at once to the camp and look after it. But the girls refused to go, saying that they stayed at Gluskap's side and would seek his protection. They said if they had to live and be tortured they preferred to die there.

Gluskap took the pipe, but instead of smoking it himself, he handed it to the girls and they took a puff out of it. Then Gluskap took the pipe and threw it out of the top of the camp. Then he said to the old man, "That's the way I use a pipe coming from a stranger. I may be tempted to do the same with you before my brother comes." He then pulled forth from his pocket a stone which he gave to the girls, and he told them to rub their faces with it and then go down to the river and wash their faces. The girls did as they were told, and when they returned, all the scabs had disappeared from their faces. The impostor was certainly impressed by the great power of Gluskap.

But presently he arose and wished to fight. Gluskap bade him sit still, as he was not yet ready to kill him. Gluskap then arose and went out of the camp, accompanied by two men. He went down to the river. When they reached the place where the serpents had been seen, they made two deadfalls. After this was done they returned to the chief's house and, calling him forth, told him what had taken place. Then Gluskap entered again into the presence of the impostor. The latter complained to Gluskap that he was ill. He said he would need to exercise that day and that he would return on the next day. Gluskap told him that he would have to walk back on foot, because his canoe was broken. The pipe which he had thrown out of the smoke hole had struck the canoe and had broken it.

The old man had to start back on foot. When he passed the place where he had left his snakes he called for them. They answered this call, but on trying to reach him, they were caught in the deadfall. One, however, was so powerful that he escaped from the trap which had been set for him. Gluskap told the chief that he would have to follow this serpent to see that it did no damage down river. Gluskap ran fast and outstripped it and then lay in ambush for it. When it came in sight he slew it with his bow and arrow. When he had killed it, he summoned all the bugs and insects to partake of the serpent, which would supply them with food for a long time to come. Gluskap then returned to the chief and informed him that he had killed the helpers of the old impostor and that they would lose no more men through the serpents. But the man himself, he told the chief, was extremely powerful and in only one way could he overcome him. The only problem that disturbed him was whether to await the arrival of his brother or to slay the impostor at once. While they were discussing this, Weasel came into the chief's camp and informed him of the arrival of a man at Loup Cervier's camp. Gluskap at once knew that it was his brother. The chief immediately called in Sable and bade the latter go to Loup Cervier's camp to discover who the man was. Sable did as he was ordered. He soon returned and declared that it was Mikumwesu, a very small man. The chief informed Gluskap of this fact. Gluskap said he was long awaiting his brother, since he had not seen him for some time. It was indeed an opportune time, he remarked, for the meeting.

Accordingly, Gluskap ordered Sable to return and inform his brother of his presence in the chief's camp. Sable soon was in the presence of Mikumwesu again, and when the latter arose to go with him Loup Cervier remonstrated that it was not right that the chief should always ask that people come to his camp to see him. Mikumwesu, however, asked Loup Cervier not to be troubled by such a matter, especially since his brother was at the chief's camp, and that he had not seen him for many years. Mikumwesu arose from the ground right in front of Loup Cervier and, flying through the air, alighted on the cross poles of the chief's lodge. But he was visible to no one but Gluskap. The latter, on seeing him, gave him a hearty greeting, to which Mikumwesu, although still invisible, made answer. Gluskap then bade his brother come in. This the latter did through the smoke hole. Mikumwesu did not become visible until he was seen sitting by the side of Gluskap, smoking a pipe. The chief was very much astounded by the appearance of Mikumwesu and wondered that a man of his size could be possessed of such great power.

Gluskap inquired of Mikumwesu how he happened to have come to that village. He replied that he had come from the north and had stopped in each village to see if he could find Gluskap. Gluskap then told him how opportunely he had come. He said to him, "There is a powerful man over yonder who has killed nearly half of this band. I want you to kill him."

"Where is he?" said Mikumwesu, "I want to kill him at once."

"Wait until tomorrow," said Gluskap.

But Mikumwesu was determined to act immediately. He called Weasel and gave him his bow, bidding him go to the dwelling place of the man and shoot him in the eye while he slept. Weasel accordingly started out and came to the camp of the impostor. He crept around as noiselessly as he could, trying to locate his man. The impostor, however, spied Weasel and exclaimed, "Ah! Mikumwesu has sent you to my camp to spy and tell him on your return what is going on here."

Consequently, Weasel had to return to Mikumwesu and report that his plan was frustrated. When Mikumwesu heard the news he declared that he would go in person, for then the impostor would have to deal with a man who could make himself invisible.

Accordingly, Mikumwesu started out on his journey to the impostor's camp. He travelled through the air and alighted on a tree that was bent directly over his wigwam. From this point of vantage he could look directly down into the impostor's camp. He saw the false Gluskap stretched out upon the floor on his back, playing with and talking to his serpents.[1] He was saying to them, "He has killed your father and your mother, but he has not killed you. In time you will be able to do as much damage as the larger serpents have done." At this moment, Mikumwesu took aim with his arrow and shot it into the eye of the false Gluskap and pinned him to the ground.[2] Mikumwesu tied the serpents up and brought them back to the village, where he tied them to a tree outside of the chief's camp.

Gluskap came forth and asked his brother what he had done to the impostor. To this query Mikumwesu replied, "I wasted no time and despatched him. I fastened him to the ground and he will turn to stone. In this way he will be clearly visible to all the Indians that pass by. I have also brought back two of the baby serpents which you had failed to kill. They are outside, tied to the tree. Had I not gone myself, they would have remained unseen and would have grown up to do a great deal of damage."

Gluskap deemed it advisable to kill the young serpents at once, fearing that they would grow very quickly. He had the bears called. These despatched the serpents at once and divided the spoils with the other animals.

The chief went forth and proclaimed that the serpents and the great man who falsely called himself Gluskap had been killed. They all gathered together and sent forth men to spear salmon to provide for a good feast. Every canoe returned with a large load, for this was the first time that one had gone out spearing and returned in safety from the deadly serpents. The next day they celebrated at a great feast. Many gifts were offered to both Gluskap and Mikumwesu, but they refused to accept any of them.

During the course of the banquet Gluskap inquired of Mikumwesu where he had seen Turtle last. Mikumwesu replied that he had seen him about two hundred years previously.

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[1] Those were some young serpents, the offspring of the old one which had been caught in the deadfall.

[2] This man can still be seen on the St. Lawrence river, my informant claims.

"At that time," said Mikumwesu, "He had fifty children."

On hearing this, Gluskap replied, "By this time he must have a nation of his own." Gluskap then inquired of Mikumwesu when he had last seen his wife. Mikumwesu replied that he had not seen his wife save once since the time they left. "My son," he said, "is travelling towards the west."

"It is strange," said Gluskap, "that I have not seen him, for I have travelled over that way."

Mikumwesu replied, "You could not discern him. For he travels after my fashion, right through the air."

It was ten years before Gluskap and his brother left. Finally, when the ten years were over, Gluskap said, "I am going up the river to kill all the dangerous animals and break all the dams, so that the Indians can use them without incurring danger." Mikumwesu decided to continue his journey southward. On the next day, Gluskap went up the river and told the tribe that he would return before long. He arrived at a place called Kchikpihiganuk (big dam), situated about where Montreal now is. In those days there was a big dam where the Lachine rapids now are. There Gluskap found many Indians. In the first camp that he entered he found an old woman living. The old woman, Owl by name, immediately ejaculated, "You are the man they call Gluskap."

"Yes," replied Gluskap, "I have come here to fix up everything."

"That is indeed well," said she, "for the dam has done lots of damage. The water is foul and it abounds in serpents who devour all the fish. The man who falsely called himself Gluskap possessed many serpents which came up here."

"Never mind," said Gluskap, "I shall fix everything up all right. I have killed the man who posed as Gluskap."

The old woman then said, "We have here the uncle of that man, and he is almost as wicked as the man who was down the river. He takes all the game that we procure. He leaves for us only the parts that are hardly fit to eat, and very little even of that. In consequence, the people here are starving. I have nothing to eat, save if I cut off some of my own flesh."

"You will not have to resort to that," said Gluskap, "for I have killed two beavers on my way up, and if you go down to my canoe you will find them there. Bring back also my paddle and weapons.

Moreover, let no one know that I am here. In a short time we will have a fine supper."

Owl did as she was directed, but felt so happy that she began to sing. She then went back to get the rest of Gluskap's things, continuing all the time to sing. When she had emptied the canoe, she turned it over. She picked up Gluskap's bow and arrow and his paddle, and on arriving with them to the camp, she discovered that Gluskap had already skinned one of the beavers. The old woman then took it, cleaned it and prepared to cook it. She wanted to notify the neighbours, but this Gluskap would not permit. When the beaver was almost done, the old woman went out to fetch some water. She was still so happy that she could not refrain from singing.

The old magician who was wont to take from all the people their food, heard old mother Owl singing and began at once to suspect that something was wrong. He, therefore, summoned Skunk and bade him go over to Owl's camp and learn what it was that made her so happy. When Skunk arrived at her camp, he discovered Gluskap and Owl sitting together and feasting. He also spied the huge beaver that was hanging from the pole of the wigwam. Skunk returned and told the shaman what he had seen. When the shaman heard this he decided to get the beaver. He accordingly sent Skunk over to slay Gluskap by voiding the contents of his bladder upon him.

Gluskap had, however, seen the Skunk. When the latter came, he was prepared to receive him. He had prepared a bark torch and fastened it to a stick. The old Owl then inquired what he intended to do with it. "Oh," replied Gluskap, "Skunk is coming to shoot the contents of his bladder upon us, and I wish to scorch him when he tries it."

"No, don't do that," said the old woman, "for Skunk is one of the favorites of the shaman. If you do that he will kill us both."

"Fear not, mother," replied Gluskap, "I will see to it that neither of them will harm us."

Skunk arrived presently and Gluskap was in position to receive him and carry out his plan. A few seconds later the Skunk was running fast towards the shaman's camp, burning and yelling for assistance from the shaman. When he arrived at the latter's

camp, his master was scarcely able to recognize him. He was burnt so badly that he swelled out considerably. The shaman was very much enraged at this. When he learned what had occurred, he sent out Mink to Owl's camp to get definite information as to the identity of the stranger. Gluskap, however, had in the meantime gone to set a trap, and old woman Groundhog was visiting old Owl when Mink arrived. The former was inquiring of the latter where she had gotten the beaver meat. To which the old Owl replied that she had obtained it from the great chief Gluskap, who had come from afar in his canoe. Then old woman Owl related how Gluskap intended to kill the shaman, who was the uncle of the man whom he had slain down the river. Groundhog then inquired whither Gluskap had gone. Owl told her that he had gone off to set a beaver trap.

Groundhog then inquired if Gluskap had a wife with him. To this Owl replied that she guessed that she would be his wife.

"But Gluskap would not have you," said Groundhog.

"Then why did he prefer to come to my camp when there were so many others that he might have gone to?" answered old Owl.

When Mink heard these things about Gluskap, he returned to the shaman's camp and reported them to the shaman. The shaman was very much enraged when he heard of the death of his uncle. He also was enraged to hear of the plot against his own life.

But nothing of moment took place that night. On the next morning Gluskap went forth to visit his traps and found a couple of beavers in them. When the shaman discovered that Gluskap was catching abundant game and bringing it into Owl's camp, he decided he would put an end to it. He went over in person to Owl's camp. He was in the act of taking down the beaver meat when Gluskap entered. The latter took hold of him and forcibly sat him down. He then ordered Owl to go forth and summon the chief and all the people. The Owl did as she was commanded, and presently all the people were assembled in Owl's camp. Gluskap then bade the people go to the shaman's camp and take all the meat that he had in his possession and distribute it among the people. He declared that he had no intention of killing the shaman, but rather intended to starve him. So Gluskap told

the Indians to build a sweat-house that would be so tight that no heat could possibly escape. Then Gluskap put him into it, when it had been constructed. He kept throwing hot stones in and throwing water on them. The heat became so intense that the old man begged for a little air, but Gluskap refused to give it to him, mockingly asking him where his power had gone.

While the old man was thus being tortured, a Thunder Cloud appeared on the horizon and drew very close. It was not very loud thunder, however, and Gluskap thought that he recognized the voice of Mikumwesu's son (his nephew). Soon young Thunder descended and was delighted to see Gluskap after so long an absence. Gluskap then told Thunder that he desired him to kill the shaman, who was then being tortured in the sweat-house. He also told him that he wanted him to destroy the dam completely, so that the river would be thoroughly clear. He then wanted him to go down the river and destroy all the dangerous beasts. These things his nephew promised to do.

Gluskap then departed, intending to visit his grandmother, whom he had left many years before, when he set out on his wanderings.

(2). Gluskap and the Turtle.[1]

Turtle wanted to get married and, therefore, inquired of Gluskap how to go about getting a wife. Gluskap said, "Go and hunt a whale." "But I have never hunted whales. How do you do it?" replied Turtle. Gluskap said, "Go down to the bay and build a deadfall." "But how can I find out when I have one strong enough to hold a whale?" inquired Turtle. To this Gluskap answered, "Go try it yourself." Now Gluskap was a powerful shaman and whatever he wished Turtle to do Turtle would have to do. Therefore, when Turtle tried the trap, Gluskap wished that it would catch him—and it did.

Three days later Gluskap went to the trap and found Turtle in it. He asked Turtle what he had done and expressed his surprise and chagrin at finding him trapped in this way on the eve of his marriage. Gluskap then assisted Turtle out of the trap.

[1] The following story was secured in Malecite text, and translated by Simon Paul, of Tobique Point, N.B., in August, 1910.

Turtle then asked Gluskap what undertaking he was to enter upon next. Gluskap told him to set it again and he would catch a whale. Turtle did as he was bidden and Gluskap's prediction was fulfilled. The whale was then laid before the chief's door.

The chief naturally judged Turtle to be a great hunter on seeing the game he had caught, and, therefore, was anxious to have him as his son-in-law. Turtle assented, a great feast was held, and an elaborate wedding dance followed.

After the marriage, however, Turtle, being naturally lazy, would do no hunting, but lived at the expense of his father-in-law. This made Gluskap feel very much ashamed of him and he urged him to go out hunting, advising him to make a pair of snowshoes and go moose-hunting. Much to Gluskap's delight Turtle succeeded soon in catching a moose.

Soon Gluskap and Turtle parted, the former going off, much to Turtle's regret. After Gluskap's departure Turtle became lazier each day. As a result the chief would keep him no longer and Turtle had to go off elsewhere. He swam around until he came to a Micmac village, where he found a woman who pleased him exceedingly. They, therefore, lived together. Turtle took the shell off his back and used it for a canoe in which they paddled around.

After a time Gluskap began to wonder what had become of his friend Turtle, and started out in search of him. He finally found him with his Micmac woman. Gluskap asked him why he had deserted his wife, and Turtle replied that her temper and treatment of him were so unendurable that he was forced to leave her. But Gluskap knew otherwise; he knew that it was due to Turtle's indolence and laziness that the chief had sent him off. He, therefore, told Turtle to go back to his wife, promising to make the necessary arrangements with the chief. Everything happened as Gluskap had predicted. That very night, when Turtle went to bed, Gluskap changed him into a real turtle. The next morning the chief's daughter was surprised to find a turtle at her side. This greatly alarmed her, but she knew that it must be her husband. Gluskap then changed Turtle back into a man again and thus gave the people to understand that Turtle must be a marvellous man to perform such feats.

(3). Gluskap's Tricks.[1]

Gluskap was living for a time at an Indian village. Turtle lived outside this village. They were great friends, and Gluskap called him uncle. Turtle believed everything Gluskap ever told him.

One day Gluskap said to Turtle, "A fine, big, active man like you ought to have a wife. Why don't you get married? Why don't you marry the chief's daughter?" Turtle was very willing and gladly consented, but far from being a fine, big, active man, he was small, old, and lazy. He did not see how he could get the chief's daughter to marry him and he put this problem before Gluskap. Gluskap advised him as follows: "Go to the bay and make a big deadfall. You can catch a whale in it and thus prove to the chief what a great hunter you are."

Turtle went down to the bay immediately. He cut down a tremendous tree and built a huge deadfall. Gluskap told him to try the deadfall once, but not to dare try it a second time. Gluskap left him and Turtle tried the deadfall. He easily escaped, because Gluskap so willed it. But Turtle thought to himself, "That log is too light; if I can escape so easily, it will not hold a whale at all." So he took it out and cut down the largest and heaviest tree he could find. When the trap was completed he tried it a second time, but this time, of course, he was caught and was drowned.

Three days later Gluskap came along and brought Turtle to life again, and then asked him what he was doing. Turtle replied, "I was trying the weight of the log, when I fell asleep."

After removing Turtle from the trap Gluskap set it again and soon they caught a whale. Turtle then asked Gluskap what was to be done with the whale. Gluskap in reply bade him take it up and convey it to the door of the chief's wigwam. Turtle always tried to do whatever Gluskap bade him, and he usually was surprised to find that he could do whatever he tried. So this time he picked up the whale and carried it to the door of the chief's house without the slightest difficulty. The chief, on seeing this done, deemed Turtle to be a great hunter and powerful man, and, therefore, readily gave his assent when Turtle asked for his

[1] Obtained from Jack Solomon, French Village, July, 1910.

daughter's hand in marriage. The chief prepared a great feast, and a big dance was held, which lasted several days.

Part of the festivities was a ball game. The chief's daughter had been a great favorite of the young warriors and they were naturally very jealous of Turtle. Gluskap knew that they would kill him if he did not intervene and save him. Now the wigwam of Turtle's father-in-law was to one side of the place where they were going to play ball. Gluskap told Turtle to jump over this wigwam when he got the ball and the young fellows came after him. Gluskap cautioned him not to do it more than once.

Soon after the game started Turtle got the ball. Immediately all the players started after him, with the full intention of killing him. Turtle ran towards the wigwam and lightly jumped over it. In this way he eluded all his pursuers. But the thought occurred to Turtle, "Now that I can easily do that, I will get the ball again, and again I will jump over the wigwam." He obtained the ball a second time and jumped, but instead of clearing the wigwam he caught in the intersection of the poles right above the smoke hole.

That night Gluskap went to the chief's house. At first he pretended not to see Turtle, but finally he looked up and said, "What are you doing up there, Turtle? Aren't you ashamed of yourself to be caught on the smoke hole so soon after you were married?" Then Gluskap took him down.

On another occasion Gluskap persuaded Turtle to go hunting with him. Turtle could not travel very fast and moreover he had only one snowshoe, therefore Gluskap told him to get the Caribou boys to haul him to the hunting grounds. Turtle started on ahead with the Caribou boys, Gluskap following later. The Caribou boys travelled so fast that Turtle rolled off the toboggan into the snow, and before Turtle could call to them the Caribou boys were out of sight. They were going so fast that they could not hear him. They had proceeded several miles before they discovered the accident.

Meanwhile Gluskap passed close by Turtle, but he pretended not to see or hear him, and not much later Gluskap had overtaken the Caribou boys. They were considerably agitated over the loss of Turtle and feared lest he freeze. Gluskap assured them, however, that Turtle must have gone on ahead to get the camp ready.

This they were reluctant to regard as credible, but, trusting in Gluskap's wisdom, they continued on their journey. On arriving at the hunting grounds, sure enough, Turtle was there. He had a wigwam built and there was plenty of game in it. All this Gluskap had accomplished, for it gave him keen pleasure to hear Turtle brag, and, also, he wanted the Caribou boys to regard Turtle as a great hunter.

(4). Gluskap's Origin.[1]

(From Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs")

Gluskap was one of twins. Before they were born, they conversed and consulted together how they would better enter the world. Gluskap determined to be born naturally; the other resolved to burst through his mother's side. These plans were carried into effect. Gluskap was first born; the mother died, killed by the younger as he burst through the walls of his prison. The two boys grew up together, miraculously preserved.

After a time the younger inquired of Gluskap how the latter could be killed. Gluskap deemed it prudent to conceal this, but pretended to disclose the secret, lest his brother, who had slaughtered the mother, should also kill him. But he wished at the same time to know how the younger one could be despatched, as it might become convenient to perform the same operation upon him. So he told his brother very gravely that nothing would kill him but a blow on the head dealt with the head of a cat-tail flag. Then the brother asked, "And how could you be killed?" "By no other weapon," was the answer, "than a handful of bird's down."

One day the younger brother tried the experiment. Procuring a cat-tail flag, he stepped up slyly behind his friend, and gave him a smart blow on the head, which stunned him; he left him on the ground for dead. But after a while he came to; and now it was his turn. So he collected a handful of down, and made a ball of it; and with this ball he struck his younger brother and killed him.

Gluskap had many enemies, visible and invisible. The wolves were his dogs; and their dolorous howl and the scream of the loon were notes of lamentation. These animals and birds were lamenting for their master, now that he was gone away.

[1] The following information respecting Gluskap was given me by Gabriel Thomas, of Fredericton. I question, however, whether it does not refer to some other fabulous person.

(5). Wind Bird.[1]

Raven was a chief who had a band of followers, among whom were his son-in-law Turtle and the Caribou boys. For many days none of this band had done any hunting or fishing, for it was so windy that they could not get near any game, nor did any one dare launch a canoe. Gluskap was then staying at that village. He knew why it was windy, for the Wind Bird was flapping his wings harder than usual. So he advised Chief Raven to send the Caribou boys up the mountain where Wind Bird lived, to tie his wings. The Caribou boys went. It took them a long time to get to the mountain, but when they got there they found Wind Bird flapping his wings and making a great noise. It was so windy that they climbed up the mountain with difficulty. Wind Bird was making such a noise that he did not notice them, so one of the Caribou boys picked up a stone and knocked Wind Bird down. Before he could get up, they tied him fast with cedar bark ropes. Then they returned home.

For a while everything was delightful. They caught many fish and killed much game, but there was no wind at all. After a time all the waters became stagnant. It was very warm, too, for there was no cooling breeze. Then Chief Raven consulted Gluskap, for he did not know what to do. Gluskap told him to send the boys back and order them to untie one wing. Raven ordered them to go, and they untied one wing and loosed him.

Since then everything has gone well. There is only occasionally a high wind. That is when the Wind Bird is trying to escape.

(6). Sakilexis Aids the People.[2]

One day, when Sakilexis was on a journey, he came to a village on a stream. The first house he came to was the one in which Woodchuck lived. She welcomed him cordially, but soon began to cry, for she knew how badly strangers were treated in that village. She made such a noise that the villagers came to see what

[1] Obtained from Joe Nicholas, Tobique point, August, 1910.

[2] This story was obtained from Frank Francis, Tobique Point, N.B., in August, 1910. Although my informant called the hero Sakilexis, it should undoubtedly be Gluskap. I have never met any other Indian who has heard of Sakilexis; those who know this adventure all attribute it to Gluskap. Moreover, in Leland, "Algonquin Legends of New England," pp. 114-118, this story is told of Gluskap. See also pp. 7, 51, and 52 of the present volume.

was the trouble, and when they saw it was a stranger, they began at once to plan how they could kill him.

They had in that village the skull of a great medeulin (shaman), which would open its mouth and bite whenever it was thrown at anyone. Then its jaws would close like a steel trap, which meant certain death to anyone who might be near it. Not long after they had discovered Sakilexis they came to him and proposed that he should join them in a game of ball, to which, of course, he consented. The first man who threw the ball did not hit Sakilexis, but Sakilexis saw the danger, for the skull bit at him. So when it was thrown at him again, he succeeded in kicking it so hard that he broke it to pieces. Some of the Indians were glad, for they were sorry to see so many strangers killed.

The next day the villagers came to him again. This time they wanted him to wrestle. Groundhog told him that he would be killed if he went, but he said he could take care of himself. When he came to the wrestling place, he was very much surprised, for he found a rocky place instead of a grass plot. In the middle of the pile of rocks a man was standing with his legs planted in holes up to his knees. As soon as he saw Sakilexis he said, "Is that little fellow the one who wanted to wrestle so badly?" Sakilexis said, "I can't wrestle very well, but I'll try wrestling with you anyway." The big man said, "You catch hold first, and see if you can throw me." But Sakilexis said, "You try first." But the wrestler insisted, so Sakilexis took hold, and as he did so, he said, "I wish his legs would break off just like cedar sticks." As soon as they began to strain, his legs did break just like cedar twigs. Sakilexis picked him up and tossed him headlong on to a pile of sharp rocks. That was his last wrestling bout.

The people now hailed Sakilexis as a great hero. They thanked him for killing the tyrant and breaking the skull. Soon his fame spread to a village where the people were suffering on account of the failure of their water supply. All the streams had dried up and the people were dying of thirst. They sent messengers to Sakilexis to ask him to come up and save them. Sakilexis asked the cause of this drought, for there had been plenty of rain. They said that Akwulabémi, the Master of Water, was the cause of the drought. He had built a dam and had thus formed a great pond. Here he stayed all day long and drank the water.

Sakilexis promised to deliver them, and went to the dam. There lay Akwulabémi, with his belly as large as a hill and his mouth as big as a cavern. Sakilexis said to him, "Break down your dam, so that the brooks may fill up and the people may get some water to drink." Akwulabémi told him to go about his business. Sakilexis said, "If you don't break it at once, I will pierce your belly and kill you. Then I guess they will have plenty of water. I'm the man who killed the wrestler." Then Akwulabémi became frightened and promised to obey. He broke his dam, and all the rivers were flooded and the people had plenty to drink.

(7). Some Adventures of Gluskap.[1]

[His adventure of diving and crawling along the bottom; his adventure with the Half-stone man; his adventure with the Sharks; his adventure with the Thunder; with the Wizard; with the Skunk; and how Sable fooled his sister.]

Gluskap lived with his younger brother and sister. The brother wished to depart in order to marry a chief's daughter who lived on a large island. Gluskap accompanied him, leaving his sister behind. They proceeded down to the shore, where they found Gluskap's canoe, which was made of stone. After turning it over and draining out the water, they embarked in it. They then started to go to the island. On the way they played altestáganuk,[2] a short time after which Gluskap's brother declared he was hungry. Gluskap, however, urged him to wait, and they continued playing.

Shortly after Gluskap dived in and crawled along the bottom to the place whence they had started from. He soon found his sister and bade her put up some food. She prepared some corn soup fattened with beaver meat and other viands, put them up in a bark dish, and gave them to Gluskap, who went back to the canoe by the same route that he had come by. After his brother had eaten his fill, they proceeded on their journey to the island.

When they found the chief's house, Gluskap put his brother alongside of the chief's daughter and said to him, "This is your

[1] This story was secured from Mrs. Grey, of Cacouna, Quebec, in June, 1911. It does not seem to be a story concerning the culture-hero Gluskap. However, since my informant called the chief character Gluskap, I have classed it as such.

[2] A game of dice with sticks and disks.

wife." While Gluskap was conversing, the chief's boy appeared and stated that Half-stone man wanted to play dice with Gluskap. In a few minutes he arose and went to the Half-stone man and played dice with him. They played for wampum, and soon Gluskap was in possession of all his opponent's wampum. This irritated the Half-stone man considerably, and he felt that if he broke the dish,[1] Gluskap would be unable to win further. Accordingly, when it was his turn to throw he hit with all his might, so that it split and all the dice went flying about. Gluskap unconcernedly said, "Oh, that's all right, I have some in my little bag." So they went on playing and Gluskap still won. While they were thus indulging in this pastime, the chief's son came and said that sharks had carried off his sister, whom Gluskap's brother had just married. But Gluskap was not alarmed and declared that presently he would go in pursuit of his sister-in-law, and meanwhile kept on playing.

A short time later Gluskap proceeded to the shore, dived in and swam to where the sharks were, and took his sister-in-law from them and brought her back safely to his brother, admonishing her not to leave the man who was her husband. He then betook himself to Stone-man and ordered him to give up playing dice with anyone whatsoever.

Soon after Gluskap came into contact with Thunder. He was a great and powerful wrestler and wished to combat Gluskap. Gluskap agreed to wrestle with him among the rocks. While they were struggling, Gluskap thought, or willed, that Thunder's legs be broken off just below the knees. Then Gluskap seized him, hurled him among the rocks, and killed him. Gluskap then came back to his brother and sister-in-law and told them that he planned taking them back with him in the canoe. So they embarked, and after a while the woman began to cry. On inquiry Gluskap learned that the cause of her tears was a medeulin[2] which she saw in the distance. To Gluskap this meant more adventure and more fun. He went over to where the medeulin was, and camped there for the night. During the night the wizard arose and scattered some firebrands all around Gluskap, his brother, and his brother's wife, that it might spread and burn them up. He thought that

[1] In which the dice were tossed.
[2] Shaman.

Gluskap was asleep, but the latter was wide awake and saw it all. When the wizard lay down to sleep again, Gluskap arose, and with his bow brushed the bark and other combustible material aside from his relatives and pushed the fire and firebrands over towards the medeulin, and in his sleep the wizard was soon consumed in flames.

The next morning Gluskap wanted to go out fishing. He took his sister-in-law's fishing hook. She wanted to accompany him, but he refused to assent to this, declaring the wind to be too strong and that it would blow her hair off her head. Accordingly, Gluskap went alone. When he had been out but a short time upon the water, the Wind-wizard raised such a wind that it blew his stone canoe very far out and blew all the hair from his head, except a little on the back. After a while the wind died down and Gluskap went to seek out the Wind-wizard. The latter told Gluskap that it was always so windy when he himself went out. But Gluskap saw through the deception and forbade him at the peril of his life ever to raise such a wind again. After this they departed again in their stone canoe.

Shortly after his sister-in-law began to cry again, and on inquiry this time he learned that Skunk-wizard was near at hand. But Gluskap reassured her, telling her that there was some more fun in store for them. Skunk turned his anus toward them to break wind and blow them away, but Gluskap exerted all his strength and caused the canoe to be lifted far away out of harm's reach. Then he prepared a plug and returned to where Skunk was. They caught him and plugged his anus up. Then Gluskap asked him never to do that again.

Then they started home. They had been absent for some time. Their sister had been taken sick, and on their return she reproached them for their negligence.

POKTCINSKWES STORIES

(8). The Bear Lover, Magic Pipe, Storage of Water, and Other Incidents.[1]

Poktcinskwes and her husband and their two children were hunting together. Her husband used to go away every morning to attend to his traps, and he would leave his wife and children at home. Poktcinskwes used to say to her older child—the younger one was still sucking—"I am going away now to dig Indian potatoes[2] and will not return for some time." She did not, however, go to dig Indian potatoes but went to her bear lover, who lived in a hollow log. When she arrived at this log, she would knock three times on top of it, and then the bear would know that she had come. Then he would come out and spread a deerskin on the ground, and then they would copulate.

This went on for many days, but finally one day her husband came home early and inquired of the older child where his mother was. He replied that his mother had gone to dig Indian potatoes and had been gone all day. That night, when Poktcinskwes came home and did not have any potatoes with her, her husband grew suspicious but said nothing. So the following day he made a pretence of going to attend to his traps, but after going a little way returned home and, hiding within view of the camp, watched it. Not long afterward his wife came out of the wigwam and disappeared in the woods. Her husband followed her and saw her stop at the hollow log. He hid in the bushes to see what was going to happen. Soon the bear came out and spreading the deerskin

[1] The following story, which was obtained from Louis Paul, of St. Mary, in July, 1911, seems quite badly mixed. One would suppose that it was made up of several myths, which, indeed, seems likely. The first part, The Bear Lover, seems to have little connexion with what follows and, indeed, seems to have a different spirit and style. I would be tempted to consider it as belonging to an entirely different class of myths, if it were not for the fact that among the Menominee (14th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology) we find a similar story coupled with the culture hero. In the Menominee Myth the grandmother of the culture hero has the bear paramour. The culture hero finds this out in a similar manner, but sets fire to the bear. Instead of forcing his grandmother to eat it, he eats it before her eyes. The Fox (Jones' "Fox Texts," page 161) have a story which resembles this Malecite tale very much more closely than the Menominee story just mentioned. In our story of the Bear Lover, the guilty wife is in all probability not Poktcinskwes, for her actions seem incompatible with what we know of that character (see pages 54-61.) I can find no version of it in either Leland or Rand. However, Leland gives a story of a woman who has a serpent lover, which shows some points of similarity (Leland, "Algonquin Legends of New England," p. 293). Rink gives a tale quite similar to Leland's in his "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo," p. 145. The other incidents are coupled with various individuals in other myths; they will be pointed out in the order of their occurrence.

[2] These are the roots of a certain herb, which is quite common in New Brunswick. They have very little resemblance to potatoes.

on the ground, lay down on it with the man's wife. However, the husband restrained himself and hid away until his wife returned home. Then, after the bear had re-entered the log, he went up and killed him.[1] Then he returned to camp, entering from the direction of his traps. That night, while they were eating supper, he told his wife that he had killed a bear and asked her if she could eat it all. She, not suspecting that it was her lover, said that she could. So the man went to where the bear lay and skinned it, so that his wife could not recognize it.[2] Then he brought it into camp, again entering from the direction of his traps. After cooking the bear, his wife ate it all. Then her husband told her what he had done, and went away and left her.

Soon after he left, she told her sons that she could not stay with them after the trick that their father had played on her. So, cutting off her right breast,[3] she told her older son to tell his father that she left that to feed her baby with. When the father came home and saw what his wife had done, he was very angry and decided at once to follow. Before going he left a stone pipe with the children and told them to look at it every morning until they found it filled with blood, which would be a sure sign that their father was killed.[4]

After many days he tracked his wife to a village. Poktcinskwes had there married Chief Klu. The husband entered Woodchuck's house.[5] As soon as she saw him, she began to cry. When the chief heard her crying he said, "A stranger must have arrived, for I hear Woodchuck crying." So he sent Martin to find out. Martin peeped into the wigwam and saw a stranger within. So he returned and told Klu what he had seen. Immediately Poktcinskwes knew that it must be her husband, and told the chief to send Raven to eat him up. So the chief sent Raven, who ate the man up.

The following morning one of the boys looked into the pipe and saw it overflowing with blood. They knew at once that their father had been killed. So they started to find the murderer.

[1] In the Fox story the husband kills the bear when he catches him in union with his wife.
[2] In the Fox story he forces his wife to flay it.
[3] This incident is found in Rand, "Legends of the Micmacs," p. 59.
[4] The incident of the magic pipe is common; it occurs also in the second Mekweisit story.
[5] Woodchuck is always an old woman in Malecite mythology. The strangers always entered her house on arriving at a village. Immediately she begins to cry. My informant said, "If you take notice, woodchucks are always crying when you see them feeding."

They finally arrived at the village where the father had been killed. They too, entered Woodchuck's house, and again she began to cry. Again the chief sent Martin to see what was the matter with grandmother. Martin returned and told the chief that there were two strangers in Woodchuck's house. The chief's wife again urged her husband to send Raven to make away with them. But Raven, when he saw them, took a fancy to them and brought them home, and told his wife that he wished to adopt them, for they had no children. So they considered how they could keep the two boys without the chief's finding it out. They decided to make two birchbark boxes,[1] and put a boy insiide each box. Raven lived a considerable distance from the chef's house, so that the chief would not find out the boys' presence save by accident. Raven fed the boys well, and every night you could hear the boxes crack and creak as the boys grew. Raven was kept quite busy making new boxes to fit them. After a while they began to crawl out of the boxes and around the wigwam. Later they grew too large to be recognized, and Raven discarded the boxes. Then he made them little bows and arrows. At first they couldn't use them, but they soon learned how, and later the larger boy shot a chickadee. Then he went to Raven and asked him to make him a larger bow, so that he could shoot something larger. Then Raven proudly said to his wife, "Didn't I tell you those boys would be great men some day?" With his new bow the older boy now shot a robin, and took it to Raven and asked for a larger bow.

One day the boys went to the village and recognized their mother, who was the wife of Klu. She did not recognize her sons, not suspecting that they were alive. Soon after the older boy killed his first big game, a moose.[2] The old folks made the feast ready and the boy told his grandfather to cook the liver just as dry as he could. When the feast was ready, the chief came with his wife and their little baby. Many other people were also there. The older boy gave his mother the dry liver to eat. While she was eating it, he took her child and dropped it. Although she saw what he was doing she could not yell, for her mouth was full of the

[1] People or spirits are commonly kept in birchbark boxes in the mythology of this region. Rand in his story of the Magical Dancing Doll relates a similar incident.

[2] When a young man killed his first big game, he had to make a feast.

dry liver. So the baby was killed and her efforts to scream choked her.

A trail led by their camp. Raven had cautioned the boys not to use this trail, but they paid no attention to him. They had been very successful in their hunting and had collected a large quantity of jerked moose meat. So they took the moose meat and started back this trail. They travelled two days and came to the house of Groundhog. They entered it and immediately she began to cry and said, "Boys, you have disobeyed Raven and you are almost sure to be killed. Still, if you follow my directions, you may escape. When the people discover that you are here, they will ask you to play ball. They will have a skull for a ball. Be careful not to catch this skull in your hands, but if you get a chance, kick it."[1] Not long after the Indians found out that two strangers had come to their village. Everything happened just as Groundhog had foretold. When the ball came toward the older boy, he kicked it, and it flew across the field straight toward a man who was standing there. The ball, which was a skull, opened its jaws and bit the man, killing him. Then they started the skull again, but this time one of the boys kicked it so hard that it broke in pieces. Then the boys returned to Groundhog's house, and the next day they started on their journey again.

They travelled along a rocky trail for a week and wore their moccasins out. Every day the trail grew smaller and smaller, but still they did not come to any camps or rivers. On the seventh day they heard the sound of chopping and went toward it, and found it was Raven who was chopping. Raven took them home, but scolded them severely because they had not heeded his advice.

A short time after that they collected a large quantity of moose meat and started on a second journey. They travelled for many days before they came to a village. They noticed that the rivers were very small, as if there was a great drought. They had great difficulty in getting water. At last they found a village and entered Woodchuck's wigwam. They asked her for a drink, and then she began to cry, saying, "Akwulubemi has collected all the water." Then they insisted that she go and ask him for

[1] The same incident occurs in the sixth story of the present collection.

some. So she went to Akwulubemi and he gave her some dirty water that he had used to wash in. When grandmother Woodchuck brought the water back to the older boy, he became very angry and threw it out of doors, for it was so dirty. Then he sent the old woman back for more water. This time Akwulubemi had just finished washing his feet. So he gave her that water to take back. This time the younger brother became very angry and went to Akwulubemi and told him he must give him some good water. Akwulubemi refused to give him any water. So the youth grappled with Akwulubemi and finally threw him down, breaking his back. Then they broke the dams and let all the water flow in the streams.

Then the boys again started away and came to a river, on the shore of which lay a stone canoe. They launched it and began to play altestagenuk.[1] After a while they drifted past a village where there were many beautiful maidens who kept coaxing the boys to land, which they finally did, while the canoe floated off and sank. After a while the boys went to sleep, and during this sleep the older one dreamt that the fire kept moving over toward him. He took out his knife and stabbed it and it died down. Then he looked for his brother, but he was not in the wigwam. So he got up and went and walked for a long while before anything happened. It was quite dark, however, and at last he walked into a deep chasm and fell down. At the bottom he found a big tree which he chopped down with his knife.

When he awoke, his brother was not in the wigwam, nor could he find any of the maidens. So he walked down to the seashore and found a hollow log. He crawled into it and closed up the end. He floated around for a long while, and finally noticed the log had ceased to move. So he opened the end of the log and looked out. To his surprise he saw a great many lumpegwenosizuk[2] playing on the seashore. When he called to them, they ran down and jumped into the sea. He wanted very much to catch one. So he dug a hole in the sand and crawled in and covered himself up. Soon the little fellows came out and started to play.

[1] This game consists of a dish made of bird's-eye maple, six round bone disks, and fifty-four counters. This is the Algonquin game of disks and dice common throughout this area. See S. Culin, "Games of the North American Indians," 24th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, pp. 49-86.

[2] They are little people who inhabit the water.

After a while they were playing right over him. So he jumped up and seized one. He said to the little fellow, "Now, I have caught you, so you will have to be my chum." The little fellow said that it was impossible, but that he would go and get his sister who would chum with him. The older brother was reluctant to do this, for he feared that he would see neither the little fellow nor his sister again. The little fellow promised to leave his belt behind him.[1] So the older brother consented and in a little while the little water spirit returned with his sister and left her with the older brother. The older brother started with his little companion, and when night came, they put up a wigwam; and while he went to collect the firewood his little companion hid behind one of the poles. When the older brother returned, he was very much disappointed not to find the little water spirit. When she saw how downcast he was, she was very much pleased and came out from her hiding place. During that day's journey he had not been able to kill any game, so he was very hungry. He had not spoken of this to the little water spirit, but she knew what was troubling him and said, "We'll soon have supper." She put a grain of corn and a very small piece of moose meat into a tiny bark pot and put it on the fire to boil. The older brother thought to himself, "What use will that little bit of meat be to me?" She knew what he was thinking about and said, "Don't you worry about it, for there will be plenty for both of us." When the food was cooked, and they began to eat it, there was plenty and some left over. Every night afterward she did the same thing and the meat sufficed until they got back to Raven's house. So that when she began to bake bread out of snow, they didn't say anything.

(9). Poktcinskwes I[2].

A band of Indians who had a chief by the name of Raven were hunting together once, when the chief's wife became sick and died. Then they moved on to the hunting grounds of Sturgeon, who was an Indian who wore a sturgeon skin coat. He looked just

[1] This is an instance of contagious sympathetic magic. By leaving the belt with the older brother the water sprite puts himself in his power. Instances are very common throughout the globe where power is gained over a person by the possession of a belt or hairstring, etc. Rand gives an excellent example in his tale No. LXVII, "Caught by a Hairstring."

[2] The following story was obtained in text in January, 1911, from Jack Solomon, of Central Kingsclear.

like a sturgeon, lived with his grandmother, and seldom spoke. One day his grandmother said to him that it was time for him to get married, but he said, "Grandmother, the girls are too proud here to suit me, but I will marry. The one who can feed me with Indian corn soup[1] shall be my wife. Tell the girls this."

Then the old woman told the girls about it. She said, "Whoever feeds my grandson shall be his wife." Now there were three girls in the chief's house. These girls dressed themselves in their best clothes and went to feed Sturgeon. One after another they tried to feed him. Soon after each one began to feed him, he would vomit in her lap. The girls left him, saying that nobody could feed him. All the girls tried except the chief's youngest daughter, and at last the chief said to her, "My little one, you had better go and try," but she answered, "I'm not pretty enough." Nevertheless she fixed herself up and went to try her luck. On the way she met Poktcinskwes and asked her where she had been. Poktcinskwes said she had been to Sturgeon's. She was carrying something on her back and the chief's daughter asked her what it was. Poktcinskwes said that it was a baby. The chief's daughter was surprised to see her carrying a baby, so she asked her whose baby it was. Poktcinskwes said it was Sturgeon's. The chief's daughter then asked Poktcinskwes to show her the baby, but Poktcinskwes refused, for she really had a piece of hemlock bark.[2] When the chief's daughter arrived at Sturgeon's house she entered, and the old woman said to her, "My grandchild, have you come to feed my grandson?" She replied, "Yes, grandmother."

Then the old woman gave her some Indian corn-meal, and she said to the other girls who had come with her, "I can feed him. You girls didn't treat him right." So she fed him and he vomited on her, but she paid no attention to that, but kept on feeding him the corn-meal until he had eaten it all. Then she went home and

[1] Indian corn soup is made from corn, which was ground between two stones; the lower, about six inches in diameter, was softer and had a slight declivity into which the upper, which was smaller and harder, fitted. These stones were the only method of grinding corn employed until twenty years ago, both among the Micmacs and Malecites. Many Indian families still have them. This corn soup was somewhat thinner than thin mush. It had some fat, preferably of beaver, in it, besides the ground corn.

[2] My informant evidently has in mind the incident where Poktcinskwes is fastened to a tree by Fisher's magic and gets away only by taking part of the tree with her. See Leland, p. 48.

told her sisters that she was going to be married at once.[1] The oldest sister said, "I'd better marry Sturgeon; you are too homely." But the younger sister replied, "Don't bother me, sister! Why didn't you feed him just as I did? You girls were much too particular." Then Sturgeon's grandmother said to the youngest daughter, "You did just right when you told your sisters not to bother you."

After the marriage was over they had a big feast.[2] Sturgeon had gathered together plenty of every kind of meat for it. Then Poktcinskwes little by little stole all this meat, but nobody could tell who the thief was, for she changed her appearance every time she came. But one day, when the boys and girls were playing in Poktcinskwes' camp, they saw how many provisions she had. So they told the chief about it and he ordered them to go and get the provisions. After they had gone to her wigwam and taken all the provisions away from her, they began the dance.[3] It was then that Sturgeon first took off his coat.[4] That was the first time that they were able to see what he really looked like. He was, indeed, a handsome man. Poktcinskwes was dancing with the rest, but Sturgeon did not know her and thought she was his own wife, for she had taken her form. Two days after the dances were over, Poktcinskwes disappeared. Three weeks after this some one said, "What is the matter with our grandmother Woodchuck? She is crying."[5] Then they sent Mink[6] to see what was the matter with Woodchuck. "Perhaps some strangers have come," they said. When Mink got there, Woodchuck said, "Go away from here. You are always the first to come whenever any stranger arrives."

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[1] This Cinderella incident, where the youngest and despised daughter gets a husband desired by her older and more favoured sisters, is a common one, occurring among the Micmacs. See Rand, p. 104. The incident of the disguised suitor is a similar one, in which the young man is rejected by the older daughters and marries the youngest. After the marriage he puts on his fine clothes, and the older daughters are then very sorry that they rejected him. For the rejected suitor, see Rand, "Legends of the Micmacs," p. 336.

[2] After every marriage of any importance was celebrated, a feast was held. Indeed the feast was the principal part of the marriage ceremony. It was the duty of the bridegroom to provide the meat for this feast.

[3] The ceremony was held up because of the disappearance of the provisions to be used in the feast. Dance here is practically equivalent to feast, for the dance was a part of the feast and took place immediately afterwards.

[4] His coat was a magical one made out of the skin of a sturgeon. By wearing it he could disguise himself as a sturgeon.

[5] This is the usual Malecite myth formula. A stranger always goes to Woodchuck's house first, and she invariably begins to cry, because of the danger the stranger is in. This habit of crying was probably suggested by the natural call of the woodchuck.

[6] Usually Mink is the one sent to spy on the stranger. A mink would make an excellent spy.

Then Mink went to the chief's camp to notify him. He said, "A woman has come to Woodchuck's house who looks like your wife, chief." The chief sent his daughter[1] to find out about it, When she came to Woodchuck's house, she peeped in. Immediately she started to cry and said, "Is that you, mother?" "Yes, my child, it is I," Poktcinskwes answered, for she had assumed the form of the chief's dead wife. The chief's daughter said, "You had better come home with me," but Poktcinskwes said, "I can't, I'm too wet."[2]

The chief's daughter returned home, and her father said, "Who is it?" She replied, "It's my mother." Then the chief said to his youngest daughter, "You had better go and tell your mother that I say she should come home."

When the youngest daughter got there and saw her mother, she too began to cry and said to her mother, "My father told me to tell you to come home." Then Poktcinskwes said, "Your father had better come himself if he wants me to come home." Then the youngest daughter went home and said, "Father, my mother says you must come after her yourself if you want her to come home." Then Chief Raven started immediately. Just as soon as he saw his wife, he also burst out crying. His first words were, "Where have you been?" She said, "I have come from the place where you buried me." Then the chief said, "You had better come home," but she replied, "I can't go home now; my clothes are wet through. If you get me some dry clothes, I'll go home. Bring the dress I wore when I got married." The chief went after it and soon brought it back, and after she had put it on they went home together.

Everybody was very much surprised to see the chief's wife, for they all knew that she was dead. The chief made preparations for a big feast and they danced for one whole week.[3] A year afterward she had a baby, which Skweotimos[4] had brought.

Two years after the feast they found out that she was not the chief's wife, but Poktcinskwes. The chief called together all the

[1] This must have been one of the older daughters.

[2] It is not clear what she means by being too wet. Perhaps it was a rainy day, but more probably she refers to the fact that she had come out of the grave, where it would naturally be wet.

[3] Of course this is not any set feast or dance, but a feast of thanksgiving. After the return of a successful war party a feast of thanksgiving was celebrated, as well as on other fitting occasions.

[4] Skweotimos is a mythical Malecite character that has now taken on the European functions of the "stork" in addition to his own characteristics.

men and told them it was Poktcinskwes. Then he said, "Make as big a fire as you are able. When you have made it, let me know." When they had finished making the fire, they told him, and he said, "Kick Poktcinskwes into the fire." So they kicked her into the fire. Then she said, "I'd like to turn into moose-flies, mosquitoes, and all kinds of bugs." And as the sparks and ashes ascended from her body, they turned into various insects.[1]

(10). Poktcinskwes II.[2]

Poktcinskwes wanted to get married. Although she was very good-looking, she could not get any one to marry her, for she had such a fiery temper.

At last she dressed a log up like a man, and put it in the corner of her wigwam. She cooked supper and arranged everything for two. She called her husband and told him supper was ready. Of course, he did not budge. She tied her skirt fast to the log with a piece of cedar bark and told him she would leave him if he did not treat her better. He did not answer. She said, "Now, I'm going," and started away. After she had taken a couple of steps the cedar bark pulled her skirt. She said, "I knew that you would not let me go. You won't do anything I ask you."

(11). Fisher and Poktcinskwes—*First Version.*[3]

Fisher was going to be married to Whistler, and Poktcinskwes was jealous of her, for she wanted to marry Fisher herself. One day Fisher and Poktcinskwes set sail in their canoe for an island to hunt bird eggs. Poktcinskwes had her clam with her, who was a great shaman and could foretell the future. When they arrived at the island, they separated so as to cover more ground. While Fisher was hunting eggs, Poktcinskwes returned with her clam to the canoe and set sail. Later in the day, when Fisher returned to the place where the canoe was, he found that it was gone. There was no way for him to get back to the mainland.

[1] This incident of the ashes of a malevolent being becoming the troublesome insects is a common one. In Micmac it is the bones of Kitpoosegunoou's father that are ground up and cast in the air to become noxious insects. See Rand, "Legends of the Micmacs," p. 67. I also have a slightly different version of the Kitpoosegunoow myth, which I hope to publish in Micmac together with other Micmac myths.

[2] The following short story was told me in the summer of 1910 by old chief Francis' wife, of Tobique Point.

[3] Obtained from Jim Paul, St. Mary, July, 1911.

While he was standing on the beach, Fox came along and asked him what was the trouble. When Fisher told him, he said he was very sorry but could not help him. He advised him to call Grandmother Heron. So Fisher did what Fox advised him to do; and when Grandmother Heron came, he told her what was the matter. Grandmother Heron said she did not think she was strong enough to carry him on her back to the mainland, but if he would first get her some little fish to feed upon, she would try to see if she could rise with him on her back. Fisher did as she requested and when she had eaten the fish, he got on her back and she tried to rise, but she was unable. She told Fisher to call Grandfather Whale, for she was sure he could ferry him across to the mainland.

So Fisher called Grandfather Whale, and when he came, Fisher told him what was the matter. Grandfather Whale told Fisher to get four round white pebbles and get on his back. These pebbles Fisher was to use to make the whale go faster, in case it went too slow. So Fisher got on its back and they started off. They had not gone far when Fisher began to sing derisively, "I am carried along by an old bulge-eyed fellow whose hair is all dishevelled." Grandfather Whale was being followed by a lot of small fish. He thought they were doing the singing. So he asked Fisher what they were singing. Fisher said they were singing, "Hurry up, grandfather; hurry up, old man; take your grandson ashore, for a big storm is coming." Soon after this Fisher threw the white pebbles one after another to make the whale go faster. The last one he threw when they were quite close to the shore. So Whale went very fast and got stranded far upon the beach. He was very angry when he found he was stranded, for he didn't know how he could get off. But Fisher promised to shove him off. After Grandfather Whale was afloat again, Fisher went away.

He had not gone far when he met Grandmother Groundhog. She had his little brother Sable on her back. When he saw Fisher coming he was very happy and cried out, "O, grandmother, here comes my brother Fisher." So Groundhog looked around and saw her grandson Fisher. She too was glad to see him, for he was a good hunter and always kept them well supplied with game. She ran toward her grandson and little Sable fell off her back. It was some time before either Fisher or Groundhog noticed his absence. Then they went back to where Groundhog had been

when Sable first saw Fisher, and hunted for Sable, but he was not to be found.

Meanwhile, Sable had wandered off and come upon a big snake, who said when he saw Sable, "Ho! ho! Now I will have a fine fat roast for supper. Go get me a nice straight stick, so I can use it for a spit to roast you on." So Sable went away to hunt for a straight stick and began to cry and sing, "O my brother Fisher, they are going to roast me on a spit." Fisher was hunting for him at the time and heard him singing. So he found his little brother and asked him what was the trouble. Sable said, "A big snake is going to roast me on a stick and has sent me to find a straight stick." So Fisher said, "Don't get a straight stick, but get as crooked a one as you can find, and when the snake reproves you, tell him that you will straighten it for him. Then heat it as hot as you can, and say to him, 'that is good enough for you,' and strike him over the head with it. I will wait near by and will kill him as he chases you." Sable did as his older brother told him, while Fisher hid himself in the bushes beside the trail. When Sable ran by, followed by the snake, Fisher jumped out and cut the latter to pieces.

Then they made a feast of the snake and invited everyone to come and eat it. So when the guests arrived and they divided it up, the head fell to Pismire, who was displeased and grumbled. But Fisher told him not to be dissatisfied, for there was lots of meat inside the head, and after he had eaten up the meat it would make him a large house with lots of rooms in it.[1] Even today pismires always build their mounds with lots of rooms in them. Turtle was late in coming to the feast, for he was a slow traveler. When he arrived and asked for his share, Fisher was angry because he had come so late. So he turned him on his back and took some of the blood of the snake, which by this time had congealed, and threw it at him. It fell on the under side of his legs, where you can see it to-day if you will look for it.

After this Fisher and his brother Sable returned home and Fisher got ready for his marriage with Whistler. When Poktcinskwes knew that Fisher was planning to get married, she decided to try and catch him. So she hid behind a tree and waited for

[1] Compare p. 77 of this volume.

Fisher to come back from the chief's house. When Fisher got near the tree, he knew that Poktcinskwes was waiting behind the tree to catch him. So he used his wish[1] that Poktcinskwes should be stuck fast to the tree. So when she tried to jump out and catch him, she could not, for she was fast to the tree. So Fisher went on to the wedding dance. Poktcinskwes had a little axe with her. With this she began to chop herself free and after a while she succeeded in doing so, though there was still a large piece of the tree fastened to her, which she could not get off. So she covered it up with a blanket in order to make it look as though she were carrying a baby on her back. She followed Fisher to the dance, took her place beside Fisher and danced beside him all evening. Someone asked her what she had on her back, and she replied, "It is my baby." Then they asked, "Who is its father?" "Fisher," she said. Poktcinskwes caused so much trouble that Fisher decided to burn her up. He set fire to her wigwam, and as she was burning, the last thing she said was, "I want to become bees, hornets, and flies and mosquitoes, so that I can bother the people all the time." And when the wind blew the sparks into the air, they became bees and all other sorts of noxious insects.

(12.) Fisher and Poktcinskwes—*Second Version.*[2]

Poktcinskwes, Fisher, Martin, and Bear were all collecting eggs on an island. Fisher and Martin were brothers and Bear was their mother. Poktcinskwes was a powerful medeulin (shaman).

All of them had come in Fisher's canoe. Poktcinskwes put Bear and Martin in the canoe and pushed off with them. She paddled them to the mainland. When they got to the clam beds, she told the clams to laugh at Fisher, if he followed them. Fisher was sleeping while they were crossing. When he awoke, he noticed that his canoe was gone, and he knew that Poktcinskwes must have stolen it.

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1 There are many instances of the potency of a wish in Malecite and Micmac folk-lore.
2 Obtained from Mrs. Sabatis Innis, Tobique Point, August, 1910.

He waited on the beach until he saw a Whale. He called to him and said, "Grandfather, set me across." The Whale was willing to oblige him because he addressed him as Grandfather, but he said, "I think you are too heavy; you will sink me." Fisher said, "No, I won't; let me try." Saying this, he stepped on, and since the Whale did not sink, Fisher was in a hurry to be off, but the Whale said, "No, first get three smooth white pebbles, and if I go too slow, throw one at my head, and I will go faster."

Fisher did as he was told and then got on again. At first the Whale was fast enough, but after a while he slowed down. Fisher threw a pebble at him and he increased his pace. Soon afterward he slowed down again, and he heard the clams laughing and knew that the water must be shallow. Fisher threw another pebble at him, and again he increased his pace, and soon he was hard and fast ashore.

It was late when they arrived at the other shore, so Fisher slept there all night. When the morning came, he helped the Whale out into the deep water, and then he started on Poktcinskwes' trail. Finally he saw them ahead. Bear was carrying Martin on her back with his face towards the rear. For that reason Martin saw Fisher coming and exclaimed, "Here comes my brother Fisher!" Bear and Poktcinskwes turned around, but Fisher had disappeared. Poktcinskwes said, "Oh no; your brother is a long ways from here now. He will have a hard time getting here too." Then they went on again. In a little while Fisher came in sight again. This time Bear and Poktcinskwes turned around quickly when Martin said, "Oh, there's Fisher," and, much to their surprise, saw him too. When they were camping that night, Poktcinskwes left camp for a short time, and while she was away, Fisher came into the camp and told Martin to throw Poktcinskwes' child into the fire. When Poktcinskwes came back and saw what had been done, she chased Martin to kill him. Fisher was hiding behind a rock, and he jumped up when she caught Martin. Poktcinskwes was frightened when she saw Fisher and said, "I was only playing with Martin." Fisher knew what she wanted to do, and threw her into the fire. As the ashes and cinders flew up, they became black flies and mosquitoes.

(13). Fisher.[1]

As Fisher was going away, he heard some girls laughing. So he went toward the sound of their laughter, and when he came to where they were, he found them standing by a swing. They immediately invited him to swing, but he refused, saying he was afraid the rope would break. So the girls offered to try it first. While they were swinging, he cut the rope and they fell into a huge kettle, which was boiling over a fire nearby. Fisher went away, leaving them to scald to death.

Soon Fisher came to some women who were making tump lines[2] out of the inner bark of the bass-tree. After watching them a while, he told them that when his sister made them she always baked them and it improved them very much. So one of the women gave Fisher one to roast, and after he had finished, it proved to be an excellent one. Then all the women roasted theirs and, of course, burnt them all.

Then Fisher went away and found some women who had four children each. Fisher told these women that they looked just like his sister. After a while he told them how his sister raised her children, which was to put them in a stream to soak over night. He said that when the child was removed the next day, it was a full-grown man. So one of the women gave him her child to soak, and on the following morning, when he removed the child from the stream, it was a full-grown man. When the other women saw this, they too put their children to soak, and, of course, drowned them all.

Fisher left before the women had removed their children from the stream and soon came to a house where two very old women lived. They recognized him at once and one said to the other, "Now Fisher must die." Saying this, she took her little axe and killed him, skinned him, and put him into a pot to boil. While he was cooking, one woman was seated on each side of the fire

[1] This story was obtained in text from Mrs. Sabatis Innis, of Tobique Point, N.B., in August, 1910. It is quite evident, from its beginning, that an incident which is closely connected with what follows has been omitted. According to Leland the various incidents of this story are performed by Racoon. The incident of the skinning and cooking of the hero is related in the story called "How Master Fox played a trick on Mrs. Bear," p. 174 of Leland's "Algonquin Legends of New England." The other incidents are found in the story called "How Fox deceived the Ducks, cheated the Chief, and beguiled the Bear," p. 186 of the same book. The story of the skinning and cooking of the hero, Leland gives as Micmac. Of the latter he has two versions, one Micmac and the other Passamaquoddy.

[2] The tump line is a burden strap which passes from the burden resting on the small of the back across the forehead. If the burden is a heavy one, it is worn across the forehead. If the burden is a light one it is worn across the chest. Tump-lines were formerly plaited out of the inner bark of the bass tree, as the ones in this story, or they were cut from a tanned moose-hide.

sewing. After a while Fisher jumped up and splashed the boiling water over both. At once both the old women got angry and accused the other of splashing the water on her, which of course she vehemently denied. Then they fell to fighting, and while they were fighting, Fisher jumped out of the kettle and, snatching up his skin, ran away.

Soon he came to a house where a family of bears lived. Seeing only small bears about, he inquired of them where their parents were. When they told him that they were away hunting, he killed them all, save the smallest, which escaped and hid away. After he had killed them, he set them up on their haunches and propped their mouths open, so that it looked as though they were laughing. Then Fisher went away. When the old bear came home that night, he thought that his children were laughing, so he said, "Why are you laughing, my children? I have not killed any game to-day." Then the little bear came out of hiding and told his father that Fisher had done it.

MEKWEISIT STORIES.

(14). Mekweisit and His Brother.[1]

Jack Solomon's Information About Mekweisit.

In olden times there was a tribe of Indians who were red. Each one of these red men was known by the name of Mekweisit, "little red one." Whenever any of the other Indians came near, these natives would run away. It was very seldom that an Indian could see one, and if he did, he was almost sure not to get a good look. Their dress was unlike the dress of the other tribes. They wore a loin cloth and leggings and moccasins of a peculiar cut. They did not wear any covering for the rest of the body, but instead they painted it a deep red.

One day, a couple of Indians found some of the red men in swimming. When they came out, they were not red as the Indians expected, but were the colour of the other tribes of Indians. This surprised the Indians very much and they asked the red men why they were not red as they usually were. A Mekweisit replied, "None of us are red, but we paint ourselves red each day." Then the Indians asked him why they were not friendly with the other Indians, but always ran away. To this he answered, "We do not want you to know that we paint; we want you to think we are always red."

While walking along the shore of the sea one day, Mekweisit and his brother were very much surprised to see a strange land off in the distance. Mekweisit made up his mind that he would go and see it.

Since he would need a canoe to reach it, he had to camp for a few days and build one before he could cross over. When the canoe was completed, he paddled across, and, on drawing near the shore, the first things he saw were two little people.

[1] The following story and the explanation of the "Red People" suggest at once the Beothuks. There is little doubt that they were known to the Malecites, by hearsay at least. The statement in regard to their dress and painting seems to have some basis in fact. The story and the information were both given me by Jack Solomon, of Central Kingsclear, in July, 1910.

One was already undressed, but the other was just undressing. Mekweisit waited until he finished undressing, and then both of the little creatures went in swimming. Mekweisit landed some distance from where they were, and, going quietly along the shore, he took the little fellow's clothes. Then Mekweisit covered himself with sand, so they could not see him when they came out from their swim.

The little fellow hunted around for his clothes and, as he could not find them, he knew that someone had stolen them. He at once called out, "Give me my clothes; I must go." Mekweisit answered, "Come and get them." But when the little man came towards the place where he heard the voice, Mekweisit jumped out of the sand and caught him. He begged Mekweisit to let him go, but the red fellow said, "No, we must be chums." The little fellow replied, "That cannot be, for I have a chum already. But if you will let me go, I will go and get you a chum." "Who will this chum be?" "I will go home and get you my sister." "Oh no! If I let you go, you will not come back." "Yes, I will! Yes, I will!"—So Mekweisit let him go; but after he had vanished from sight, he was sorry he had done so, "For," he said to himself, "I should not have let him go. He will not come back." He made a wigwam, however, and camped there to see if he would come back.

As soon as Lumpegwinosis was set free by Mekweisit, he went straight home. When he came to his wigwam, he said to his sister, "I promised a young fellow that you would be his chum. You must go with me to him." His sister said, "All right. If you have promised, I will go." The next day, while Mekweisit was sitting in his wigwam, Lumpegwinosis came and said, "This is your chum. No matter what she does, do not scold her." Then Lumpegwinosis left them, and Mekweisit grew very fond of his wife, and his wife liked him very much too.

Meanwhile, Mekweisit's brother was still waiting for him on the shore where they had built the canoe, so he began to think something had happened, and decided that he had better go and find his brother. He made a canoe and crossed over the bay (gulf). He found his brother's canoe lying upturned on the beach, and in a little while he came upon this wigwam. He was much surprised to see the dainty little wife his brother had. The three

camped together for some time, and Mekweisit's brother grew very fond of Mekweisit's little wife. Every morning when this Lumpegwinosis combed her hair, Mekweisit's brother watched her.

One day Mekweisit went out hunting while his wife and her brother-in-law stayed at home. When his sister-in-law began to comb her hair, he said to her, "Let me comb it for you," and she replied, "You may if you want to." While he was combing it, Mekweisit came back. He did not say anything then, but he was very jealous. The following day he spoke to his brother about it and told him he would have to go away. Accordingly the brother left.

After his brother had been gone for a few days, Mekweisit was sorry that he had sent him away. He remembered that his father had told him before he died not to quarrel with his brother, no matter what he did. He knew that he had told his brother the same thing. That was why his brother had not become angry when he sent him away.

One day he told his wife to pack up plenty of food, for he was going to hunt for his brother and bring him back. "I am sorry that I sent him away," he said. "You must stay in camp alone until I come back. Here is a pipe that my grandfather gave me; when it is filled with blood, you will know that I have been killed." After she got the food ready for him, he started away. Every once in a while she would look at the pipe to see if it was still empty.

The fifth day after leaving home, Mekweisit found where his brother had been, for he had left a red spot on the stone where he had been sitting after taking a swim. This stone was on the shore of a large body of water. Mekweisit decided that his brother must have crossed over to the other side. There was no canoe on the shore and Mekweisit sat down and cried, for he did not see how he could get across.

On the other side of this lake was his grandfather's wigwam, but he did not know it. His grandfather had a very wise dog. Now this dog began to howl just as soon as Mekweisit began to cry, and his grandfather knew at once that somebody wanted to get across; so he sent a man over in a canoe to see. Mekweisit

was very glad when he saw a canoe coming. He got in, and they went back to his grandfather's, where he found his brother, who asked where he had left his wife. Then Mekweisit told him that he had been hunting for him for five days. Mekweisit said he was sorry for what he had done and that he wanted him to go back and live with them. He said that his wife was waiting for them. His grandfather said, "No, you must go back and get your wife and then we will all live together here. How did you lose your brother?" "We were hunting together and I lost him," replied Mekweisit. "That is not so," said the grandfather. "You had a quarrel with him."

The next day his brother paddled him back to the other shore. It took several days to reach home. His wife had been very lonely all the time he had been away and was very glad to see him again. He told her that he had found his brother and also his grandfather, and that they were going to live with them. "Pack up plenty of food and we will start tomorrow," he said.

The first thing his wife did was to make a tiny canoe about as long as one's hand. When Mekweisit saw it, he said, "What's that for?" "To take us across the lake," she said. Mekweisit did not see how they were going to get across the lake in a canoe of that size, but he did not dare ask her more about it, because her brother had warned him not to offend her. She then made a tiny little bark kettle and took a little piece of moose meat. "Now, I'm ready," said she. He said, "Aren't you going to get some provisions together?" She answered, "No; I have all we need." He wanted to expostulate with her; but he dared not do so, for her brother had said, "Let her have her own way in everything, and it will come out all right." He said, "Well, if you are ready, we will start right away."

Then they started off, he carrying the canoe and she carrying the little kettle. That night, when they made camp, she made a fire, put up a forked stick, and hung up the kettle, just as if it were a big one. He wondered at the proceeding, but he dared not question her. When the little piece of moose meat was done, she cut him off a piece, although the whole thing was no larger than a walnut. But as soon as she had cut the piece, it became as large as a good-sized piece of boiled moose meat. Every time she

cut a piece off the meat remained the same size, but the slice grew large. Thus they travelled for three days, and the moose meat did not give out.

On the morning of the fourth day they came to the lake on which his grandfather lived. Mekweisit was going to call so that somebody would come after him, although the lake was far too broad for his voice to carry across. But his wife said, "Don't call for a canoe; it will be of no use. Take hold of one end of this canoe and pull, and I will pull from the other end." So they both took hold and pulled. To Mekweisit's great surprise, the canoe stretched until it was large enough to hold them both, and plenty of room was left for their belongings.

They launched the canoe and paddled across. His grandfather was very glad to see them, and after he had greeted them, he said to Mekweisit, "Now you must go over to the village and tell all the people to assemble here." "I don't know the way," said Mekweisit. "Follow my dog and he will show you the way." So he followed the dog until he came to the shore of a lake. Mekweisit wondered how they could get across; but the dog evidently did not wonder, for he immediately began to howl. It was not long before a canoe put out from the opposite shore. When it had come across, Mekweisit said to the solitary Indian, "Tell the people to come over to my grandfather's wigwam to-night." Without asking any questions the Indian said, "I will tell them."

The dog took him home by a different way, but it was not long before they were back. "Now," said his grandfather, "cook plenty of food, for to-night we are going to have a big wedding dance." So they went briskly to work and got everything ready. That night the whole village came over, and they danced and feasted until daybreak.

(15). Mekweisit.[1]

Three Indians were living together—two brothers and their sister. Both men were great medeulins (shamans), but the older was the greater. The girl was well behaved and did everything she was told to do. Her two brothers were often away.

[1] Obtained from Mrs. Laport, Tobique Point, N.B., in August, 1910.

In all things but one the girl had her way, for her brothers forbade her to go into the southland. The girl promised never to go, but as soon as her brothers had gone out of sight she was sorry that she had promised, for she wanted very much to see the country to the south of her. She decided, however, to go just a little way south.

So she set out and travelled a long time, and the country through which she went seemed very beautiful to her. She saw nothing to fear, and this made her wonder why her brothers would not let her go south. Finally she came to the sea-shore. It was the first time she had ever seen the sea, and she thought it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She wandered along the shore, picking up all sorts of shells, which she found there. At last she picked up a red stone that looked just like a little baby; this she wrapped up and put in her bosom. Then she happened to notice that the sun was close to the horizon. This frightened her, for she thought, "What will my brothers do if they come home before I arrive? Probably they will kill me." She started home at once and did not think any more about the red stone she had picked up.

Her brothers had not returned and she began to prepare supper at once, for they might arrive any minute. While she was boiling the moose-meat, she heard a baby crying. At first it sounded very weak, as if it were a great way off. It puzzled her, for it seemed to come from her breast. Could the red stone she had picked up on the beach be alive? What could she do with it? She could not kill it; yet if her brothers saw it, probably they would kill her. So she took an old pair of moccasins and put it in one of them and hid it in the bushes.

The brothers did not return home until the third day. During that interval the young one grew like a weed. At last the brothers returned, and while they were eating their supper, the little red baby began to cry. They asked what it was, but the girl did not answer. The younger brother went to see what the sound was, but the older one hung his head. He became very sullen. Soon the younger brother returned with Mekweisit, the little red one. He was not angry at his sister, for Mekweisit pleased him; she was so cunning. The older brother, however, was very much

displeased. He did not eat any supper, nor did he eat anything on the following day.

The younger brother liked Mekweisit immediately. At once he made her a cradle board, and then he made her a doll. Mekweisit grew like a weed. Soon the cradle was too small, and in a very short time she was running around. During this time the sister kept thinking that the older brother would kill the baby. The younger brother knew what was worrying her, so he told her not to worry. "We'll just let him alone and he will soon learn to love her," he said.

The little red one kept growing very rapidly. She called the sister "Mother," and the brothers "Uncle." In about two years she was almost full grown. She learned to do all kinds of work, for she was very apt. About this time the sister died. It had taken the older brother all this time to overcome his dislike for the little red one, but after the sister's death he began to like her. The younger brother knew what was going to happen, so he told Mekweisit to get plenty of provisions and clothes ready for a long journey.

Soon after this the older brother fell in love with her and thought, "Now, if I could only get rid of my brother, I would have her all to myself; while he is alive, she will never marry me." The younger brother knew everything that his brother thought, for he was a great medeulin (shaman). His brother did not know that he was a medeulin, therefore he was not suspicious.

When the older brother proposed that they go hunting, the younger one consented. The older one said, "Brother, let's go moose hunting. I'll go one way and you go another. After three days we will meet." The older brother planned to kill the younger and then come back and tell Mekweisit that he had not seen him. So they started off in different directions.

The younger brother soon came back. "Pack up, and we'll start on our journey right away," he said to Mekweisit. She hurried and soon she had everything ready. Just as they were starting, the younger brother said, "I want it to snow very hard." Soon it began to snow.

When the older brother came back after three days, he found the camp deserted. He could tell by looking at the place where

the fire had been that they had been gone for some time. It was hopeless to try to find their trail, for it had been snowing for the past three days. He had a dog, however, that was a wonderful tracker, and he said to this dog, "Don't track game to-day; track my brother." Soon the dog found their trail and followed it. It was a good many days before he drew near to the flying pair, for they had three days' start and they were traveling as fast as they could.

The younger brother could tell that his brother was drawing near, for he was a powerful medeulin. At once he began to hunt for a hollow tree, and when he had found one, they climbed into it. When the older brother and his dog came to this tree, the dog stopped and began to bark, which caused him to think that they had been following an animal. This made him so angry that he killed the dog immediately, and left the tree without even going near it. After a while Mekweisit and the younger brother crawled out of the tree. Thinking that his brother had left that part of the country, he built a wigwam and set traps for the winter.

The winter passed without much thought of the older brother, for they knew that they were safe from him during the winter, but when spring came, they began to think about him again. As the younger brother was a medeulin, he knew he would have to meet his brother soon. He told Mekweisit he would have to meet him, and said, "When I meet him, I will yell three times. At first it will be loud. If the second and third times are also loud, you will know that all has gone well; but if the second is fainter, and the third is fainter still, you will know that I am being killed. If he kills me, go to the place where the noise seems to come from, and cut off my head and knee-caps. Wrap my head up and be careful of it. Wash my face every morning. If my brother finds you, cook my knee-caps with deer meat and be sure to put them on his plate, covered with deer meat."

After a few days the younger brother said he would have to go and fight with his brother. Soon after this, she heard a loud yell; a few minutes later, she heard a second, not so loud as the first. She thought to herself, "He is getting beaten, but perhaps the third will be louder; he still has a chance to win." So she listened, but she could scarcely hear the third at all. She now knew the younger brother was killed. Not long afterwards the older

brother came into camp. She would rather have seen anyone else, but she had to look pleasant, so she said, "Hello, Uncle! Where have you been? We have been waiting for you for a long time."

As soon as she got a chance, she went to find her other uncle. She soon found him and cut off his head and his knee-caps. The head she wrapped up and hid near the camp, but the knee-caps she cooked with the venison. That night, when her uncle ate supper, she kept urging him to eat more venison. Finally he got the knee-caps on his plate. He tried to swallow one, but it choked him. She was very much pleased when he died.

The first thing she did the next morning was to wash the face of her younger uncle's head. Then she combed his hair. She thought, "I will be very lonely if I stay here; I had better go and find a village." So she got some food together and started. Every morning she unwrapped her uncle's head and washed his face and combed his hair.

One day she saw a big giant coming. She thought, "Oh, I wish I were as big as that fellow." As soon as she had said it, she began to grow, and soon she was bigger than the tallest tree. She had no weapon, so she pulled up a tree and used it for a club. She was none too soon, for the other giant was just ready to club her with another tree, but she had grown larger than the giant and killed him. Then she immediately became small again.

She continued on her way. Not long after that she saw a very large, fat woman coming towards her. When this woman came close, she said, "Poor girl, your troubles are not over yet; but if I swallow you, you will be safe." So she swallowed Mekweisit, pack basket, snow shoes, and all. Then the fat woman went to the spring where the village people got their water. While she was sitting there, Chief Fisher's daughters came for water. When they saw the fat woman sitting there, they said, "Oh, look at Frog; she must have someone in her belly, she is so fat." Just then Mekweisit moved and Fisher's daughters added, "And it's alive, too." But Frog said, "Let me swallow you and see if you will be alive." Fisher's daughters were afraid when she said this, and ran home.

Frog thought it would be safe for the red one to go now, so she vomited her forth and told her to go straight up the path and to stop at the first wigwam. Mekweisit did as she was told and found that it was Groundhog's wigwam. Groundhog welcomed her very cordially, but soon she began to cry, as she knew what Fisher's daughters always did to a pretty stranger. Groundhog made such a noise that Fisher's daughters came to see what was the trouble. When they found the pretty stranger in Groundhog's house, they went home to plan how they might kill her.

Soon they returned and wanted Mekweisit to play altestaganuk with them. Groundhog did not want her to go, but Mekweisit insisted. So Groundhog gave Mekweisit her altestaganuk and told her to play with that set. Mekweisit in turn gave Groundhog her bundle, but told her on no account to open it. Mekweisit went with them to Fisher's wigwam and there they played altestaganuk. The first game Mekweisit lost. The second she won. If she lost the third game, they were going to kill her. While they were playing the third game, they heard a great commotion outside, and Fisher's daughters stopped playing to see what was the matter. Mekweisit was greatly astonished to see her uncle's head flying around, biting and killing everyone. She said to Groundhog, "Why did you unwrap my bundle? I told you not to, and now look at all the trouble you have brought about."

After a while Fisher's daughters came after Mekweisit again. They told her there was going to be a dance, and asked her to come and dance; but Mekweisit said, "No, I never dance." In a little while they came for her again, but she refused to go. They came a third time and a fourth time, but she refused. At last someone brought word to her that there was a person without any head dancing. Immediately Mekweisit thought, "Now, that might be my uncle." She picked up her bundle and went to the place where they were dancing. Sure enough, there was her decapitated uncle dancing around. Quickly she unwrapped his head and put it on his body. Then they both went away together.

MISCELLANEOUS MYTHS AND TALES

(16). Kiwakw[1]

Long ago an Indian and his wife were camping far away on the banks of a river. One day the Indian went away hunting. While he was away, his wife went down to the river to get some water. She began to muse, seeing her face in the water, but soon she saw another face mirrored on its surface beside her's. This she at once recognized as the Kiwakw or cannibal giant.[2] She knew if she betrayed the least fear she would be killed. She had great presence of mind and turned around and said, just as if she had not seen him in the water, "How are you, father? Where have you been so long?" Then she led him to the wigwam and bade him sit down and began to cook him a dinner. After he had eaten, he insisted upon doing all the work.

She knew that her husband would be home before nightfall, and she also knew that he would be eaten unless she could forewarn him. So towards evening she set out in the direction she thought he would come. After a while she heard him coming. When he got near her, she told him that the Kiwakw had come early in the day and had remained all day. She said, "When you get to camp, say to him, 'Good evening, father,' then he will not hurt you." The husband did as he was told, and the Kiwakw did no harm to him.

The Kiwakw stayed for many days. He was quiet and gentle and did not say much, but wanted to do all the work. Whenever either of the Indians would go to chop some wood, the Kiwakw would take the axe and in a very few minutes he would fell several trees. After a while he became even more pensive.[3] When they asked him what was the matter, he answered, "In a few days I

[1] The following story was obtained in April, 1910, from Barney Sapier, of Central Kingsclear, who was then stopping at Oldtown, Me. It is substantially the same as the Passamaquoddy version given by Leland in his "Algonquin Legends of New England" ("The Story of the Great Chenoo as told by the Passamaquoddies"), p. 246. However, my version has several details which are not found in his. Rand gives it in his "Legends of the Micmacs," XXV. "Adventures with a Chenoo or Northman." Leland repeats the same story, calling it "The Chenoo, or the Story of a Cannibal with an Icy Heart," and heads it Micmac and Passamaquoddy. This is evidently a mistake, for he afterwards refers to it as the Micmac version, when comparing it with his real Passamaquoddy version. He changes one of the Chenoos to a female Chenoo, though Rand states they were both male. This also was probably a mistake, due to confusion with his Passamaquoddy version in which one is a female. In my version they are probably both males, though it is not specifically stated what their sex was.

[2] In Leland's Passamaquoddy version he appears at the door of the wigwam.

[3] Up to this point my version is the same as Rand's, but now several incidents are omitted which Rand gives.

will have to go and fight another kiwakw. He[1] is very large and terrible and it is doubtful who will win the fight. Perhaps you can help me. I will give you a little ball which you can put in your gun.[2] Shoot him right between the eyes. He will give a terrible yell, and you must put something in your ears, so that the noise of his screams will not kill you." Then he gave the Indian a ball which looked like a bullet, but was soft.

After a few days the giant said, "To-day I will have to fight. Stuff something in your ears and load your gun. After that come with me and I will hide you close to the place where we are going to fight."

The Indian loaded his gun and filled his ears, and went with the giant to the place where the fight was going to take place. After the giant had hid, the Indian went away. Not much later the Indian heard a great noise and soon he saw the two giants approaching. The giant that had been living in their wigwam for some weeks had now grown taller than the highest tree. The other giant was still larger.[3] Soon they began to tear down trees and use them as clubs and to hurl big boulders at each other. Then the strange giant gave a terrible yell. In spite of the stuffing in his ear the Indian lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness, the strange giant had the friendly one down and was just going to kill him. Then the Indian thought of the gun and aimed right between the eyes of the strange giant. When the smoke of battle cleared away, the strange giant was lying on the ground and the friendly one had gotten on his feet. The latter looked exhausted and grew smaller every minute; finally the Indian had to assist him back to the wigwam. When he got there, he lay down and gave them directions to make him a large kettle of medicine.[4] When it was finished, they gave him some to drink

[1] Leland's Passamaquoddy version makes it a female. Mine may also be female, for it is a common thing for these Indians to call a woman "he" and "him". There is no gender in Algonquin, but instead the distinction between animate and inanimate. Many times I have had to question my informants as to whether they were talking about a man or woman, and often they have replied that they did not know; the story did not state which it was.

[2] In Rand it is the magical horn of the dragon, which used to slay the giant. This is thrust in the other giant's ear. It is evident that the use of the gun and bullet in my version is a modern incident substituted for the older one.

[3] Rand does not state that the other giant was larger in his version, though it is quite likely he was, for he got the better of the friendly Chenoo. The incidents of the battle are the same in the Micmac version.

[4] In Rand's version the Chenoo takes a drink of boiling water a long time before the fight. However, he does not vomit ice, but all sorts of filth—remnants of his previous cannibalistic meals. The incident of the ice being melted occurs in Rand's Micmac version in connexion with the killing of the giant. In that story they have to cut up the conquered Chenoo and burn him to prevent him from coming to life. When they come to his heart, they find it to be made of ice, so they break it up and melt it in the fire. The ending of the two stories is quite different.

and not long after he began to vomit. He vomited a big piece of ice. The Indian kicked it into the fire in spite of the protestations of the giant. Again he vomited ice and again the Indian kicked it into the fire. The giant tried to stop him, but was unable. When he vomited the third time, he stopped the Indian from kicking the ice into the fire. If the Indian had kicked it into the fire, he would have died. After a while the giant got better.

(17). Partridge.[1]

Partridge was going north alone. During the day everything was quiet, but every evening, when he was making camp, he heard a noise in the north like talking, but it was far off, much too far for ordinary conversation to travel. Every morning when he awoke he heard the same noise. For five evenings and five mornings the same thing took place. On the sixth Partridge overtook Raven, Wolf, and Pismire, who were quarreling over the division of a moose.[2]

When Partridge saw the cause of the trouble, he offered to make the division for them. This was satisfactory to all, so he gave Pismire the head, and said, "You will have plenty of food, and after you have eaten it you will have a house with lots of rooms in it."[3] He gave Wolf the bones, saying, "Take these, you have good teeth; you can crack them and take all the marrow out."[4] To Raven he gave the meat.

After Partridge had made this division, he went away. When he had travelled a couple of days, he heard a great noise like the sound of footsteps. This continued for four days and at the end of that time he came to a tree with a Raccoon in its top. Mikumwesu[5] was dancing around it. He had worn quite a deep path in its roots. Partridge asked him what he was doing, and Mikumwesu

[1] The following story is in its main outlines the same as the Passamaquoddy version given by Leland on p. 290 of his "Algonquin Legends of New England." It was related to me by Jack Solomon of the Central Kingsclear Reservation in July, 1910. It is probably Indian in origin, but shows plainly European influence.

[2] This episode is omitted in Leland's version. I believe it is undoubtedly of French origin. It exists also in Spanish Folk-lore; *cf.* Aurilio M. Espinosa, J.A.F.-L., p. 398, vol. XXIV, where the animals are Lion, Tiger, Eagle, and Ant. See also p. 61 of the present volume.

[3] Ant hills are supposed to resemble the skull of a moose, at least in arrangement, the eggs, of course, corresponding to the brains.

[4] This is supposed to be the origin of the wolf's habit of chewing bones.

[5] Mikumwesu is the Malseite form of the Micmac migimuwesu. He plays a prominent part in the mythology of that region. In the Gluskap story told by Jim Paul (see pp. 1-40) he is Gluskap' brother.

said "I'm trying to dance this tree down, for I'm hungry and want to eat Raccoon." Partridge offered to fell the tree in short order if Mikumwesu would give him the Raccoon's skin for doing it. The agreement being made, Partridge felled the tree and Mikumwesu killed and skinned Raccoon. He made Partridge a nice wigwam out of the skin; turning the fur inside, he told Partridge to enter. Partridge did as he was told and went to sleep. In the morning, when he awoke, he was very warm. When he came out of his wigwam, he found that Mikumwesu had left, for he was a great traveller.[1]

Partridge folded the skin up and travelled on. After a few days travelling he met Kiwakw,[2] who had just come from the north. Partridge asked him what kind of a country it was up north. Kiwakw said that it was a fine country. Partridge said to him, "Let's chum together and go to see this fine country." Kiwakw said, "Very well. We will go back together." So off they started. Kiwakw had a very large wigwam on his back. He saw Partridge had something too, so he asked him what he was carrying, and Partridge said, "That's my wigwam." Kiwakw said, "I guess that's no good; it's too small," but Partridge said, "It's good enough for me."

When it became dark, Kiwakw put up his wigwam. It was a large one with three rooms in it. Partridge then put up his little raccoon-skin wigwam. It was small but cozy, and he had plenty of provisions in it. When Kiwakw saw how cozy it was, he immediately took a fancy to it and wanted to trade houses with Partridge. But Partridge was perfectly satisfied with his own; besides, he was afraid he could not carry Kiwakw's big wigwam on his back.

Kiwakw saw that he would have to use strategy, so he invited Partridge into his wigwam. There were three rooms in this wigwam and in the second many bottles[3] were stored. Kiwakw took

[1] In fact, according to Malecite tradition, since the death of Gluskap, Mikumwesu does nothing except travel from one Indian village to another counting and keeping track of the Indians.

[2] Kiwakw is a cannibal giant, who lives in the North and eats nothing but human flesh. Leland n his version does not call this character Kiwakw. This is evidently a mistake on the part of my informant, for the actions of the character are quite incomprehensible if he is Kiwakw. For the true Kiwakw see Leland, "Algonquin Legends of New England," pp. 537-55; Rand, "Legends of the Micmacs," p. 190; and this volume pp. 75-77.

[3] These bottles, of course, contained intoxicants. Partridge had never seen liquor of any sort and, therefore, mistook it for medicine. This incident is not given by Leland. It is probably introduced to explain why the intestines of partridges do not agree with dogs, or, as the Indians say "make them drunk."

down a few bottles and mixed Partridge some medicine. He told Partridge to drink it, for it would do him good. Partridge drank it and liked it so well that he asked Kiwakw to give him some more. Kiwakw mixed some and Partridge promptly drank that. In a little while Kiwakw gave him some more. When Partridge had finished his third portion, he asked Kiwakw if he would give the bottles with the wigwam if they traded houses. Kiwakw said he would, and gave him another drink. By this time Partridge was fairly drunk and soon went fast asleep. When he awoke it was morning and he found himself in a snow drift instead of in the wigwam. He flew up into a tree and began to eat the birch buds. So partridges do even to this day, and even to this day, if a dog eats partridge guts, he gets drunk.

(18). Rabbit's Tricks.[1]

Sable was the mother of several children, which were very troublesome to take care of. So one day, when Rabbit came to see her, she asked him if he would not like to stop with her and take care of the children, promising him plenty of food and that his duties would be light. Rabbit consented, but, after he had been there for some time, became very tired of his duties and decided that the easiest way to get rid of them would be to kill the children. At first he did not know how, but finally thought of a scheme, which would not endanger him. He said to Sable, "Once I lived in a village where children grew very fast."[2] Sable inquired why they grew fast at that particular village. "Well," said Rabbit, "they put the children to soak in the creek over night and the next morning, when they take them out, they are full grown. That is their way of making the children grow quickly." "If I should do that to my children, would they too grow quickly?" inquired Sable. Rabbit replied, "Why, certainly, I did that to my children and they grew up in one night." So Sable and Rabbit tied the feet of the young Sables together and soaked them in the water. Sable said that she would not be back the next day, and requested Rabbit to take the children out of the water at the right time. But Rabbit left soon after Sable. He doubled on his tracks and

[1] Told by Jim Paul, St. Mary, August, 1912.
Compare with the 13th story in this collection.

did everything possible to prevent Sable from following him, and then he went away as fast as he was able. When Sable returned to the camp, she could not see either Rabbit or her children. So she went down to the brook and there she found her children drowned. Then she said, "Rabbit has killed all my children and fled. But I will catch him yet," and she started to follow him.

Rabbit came across Loup Cervier on his journey, and the latter said to him, "You'd better stay with me and nurse this baby of mine." So Rabbit consented.

One day Loup Cervier went to tap maple trees for the purpose of making sugar, and left Rabbit in charge of the baby, who was crying continually. Rabbit wondered what could be the matter with the baby. Looking at the child and seeing the brain palpitating at the anterior fontanelle (bregma), he said, "No wonder, here is an abcess." So he took a porcupine quill and pierced the fontanelle, and the brain ran out. So the baby stopped crying and died. Rabbit put it back into the cradle and said, "It is sleeping well now." Since the baby was quiet, Rabbit thought that he would go over and help Loup Cervier collect sap. Loup Cervier said, "How is the baby?" "Oh, it is sleeping all right now, but it is no wonder it could not sleep well before, for it had an abscess on the top of its head; when I opened it, lots of matter ran out and it stopped crying at once." Loup Cervier said, "I believe you have killed my child." Later Loup Cervier returned to the camp, and Rabbit, seeing there was something wrong, became frightened and left as soon as he could.

When Loup Cervier returned to her camp, she found that Rabbit had killed her child, and immediately decided to start in pursuit. Just as she was about to start, Sable came along and asked if Loup Cervier had seen Rabbit near there. "Yes," replied Loup Cervier, "he has killed my children." Sable answered that he had killed hers too.

So Sable and Loup Cervier started in pursuit. Rabbit knew that they were coming, but said, "I'll fool them," and turned himself into a grey-headed old man. When Sable and Loup Cervier, following the tracks of this old man, finally arrived at his camp, they asked him if he had seen Rabbit go past. "Yes," said the old man. So they asked him where he went. He replied,

"You had better stop with me to-night and you will catch him before noon to-morrow. He is very much tired out." So they remained with him and he gave them disguised rabbit's excrement to eat and urine to drink.[1] Loup Cervier asked why the bread he gave them was so round and black. "Why," he said, "that is made out of Indian meal and is baked in the ashes." Why is the stuff you gave us to drink so red?" He said that it was made of berries. As soon as Sable and Loup Cervier were asleep, he left. When they awoke the next morning they found themselves in a bank of snow and could not get out easily, but could see Rabbit's tracks leaving there. So they said, "That was Rabbit who fooled us."

Now Rabbit, on his journey, came to a sea-shore. A little island was right opposite. Birds were flying about on the island. When they saw Rabbit, they came over and pursued him to the island. When Sable and Loup Cervier came to the sea-shore, they caught sight of Rabbit jumping round and saw the birds flying round and alighting on the trees. So they said, "There he is on that ship." Rabbit had made the island look like a ship. So Loup Cervier said, "I will swim out." Then Rabbit turned round and Loup Cervier, seeing his excrement, thought it was cannon balls. Loup Cervier said, "You are lucky you are on a boat or else we would have your life."

(19). Laks Goes Salmon-Spearing.[2]

Laks came to a river which was quite wide, and, seeing on the other side some women fishing, he immediately took a fancy to them and wanted to possess one of them, so he asked his brother[3] how it could be done. His brother told him to cut off his penis and fasten it on a long sapling. Laks thought the suggestion a good one and at once acted on it. He tried to thrust the stick across the river and come up under the women with it, but when the end

[1] Of course disguised as a drink and bread.

[2] The following story was told me by Jim Paul, of St. Mary Reservation, in July, 1910. Leland, in his "Algonquin Legends of New England," p. 179, gives a similar tale about Laks. Lake is a large animal of the feline tribe, probably Wolverine. The Indians translate it as Loup Cervier or as Indian Devil. All the animals of this family have a peculiarity of urinating with their penis turned back between their legs. This is evidently an origin myth to explain this peculiarity.

[3] A Malecite always calls his anus "brother." They say, when a person breaks wind, that his brother is talking. Invariably they call out what it sounds like. They believe it has a prophetic purport. In this myth, whenever Laks' brother speaks, it merely means that Laks is breaking wind and interpreting it.

of the stick was in the middle of the river, a large fish swallowed his penis and ran away with it.

Laks was indeed in a sad plight, so he asked his brother what they could do. His brother said, "We will go spearing fish." So he got a canoe, and when nightfall came, he went fish-spearing. Laks' brother told him to spear the fish with the large belly, for that was the one who had carried his penis away. However, he cautioned him against spearing it in the belly. After a while a large fish swam towards them. Laks saw that it had a large belly, so he was very careful to spear it in the tail. When they cut it open, they found the missing penis. Laks' brother told him to put it on quickly while there was still life in it. Laks was in such a hurry that he put it on upside down. Since that time he had to let all women alone.

(20). How Wolverine was Frozen to Death.[1]

One day Wolverine[2] visited his older brother Bear, who was very glad to see him, and at once put the pot on the fire to cook him something.[3] After the food was cooked and they had eaten it, Bear said to his younger brother, Wolverine, "How would you make a fire if you did not have any flint and steel?" Wolverine acknowledged that he would be helpless without flint and steel. "Now I will teach you," said Bear, "how to make a fire, when you do not have any flint and steel." Having said this, Bear went out and got some maple bark, which he put in a little pile, and then jumped over it. As soon as he jumped over it, it burst into a flame. Then he said to his younger brother, "Now I give you power to make a fire."

Wolverine was very happy and was in a hurry to get away and try his power. As soon as he got out of the house, he started to run. He continued running until he got to a place where he could no longer see Bear. Then he collected some maple bark and made a little pile of it and jumped over it. When it broke into a blaze, he was very much pleased. He took out his flint

[1] The following story was secured in Micmac text from Michel Domenick, of Burnt Church, in November, 1912.

[2] The Micmac word is variously translated as panther, lucifee, lox, Indian devil, etc. It is evidently the same as Leland's Lox and Lucifee. I am inclined to think from the descriptions they give it, that it is Wolverine.

[3] It is customary for a Micmac to prepare food for his guest as soon as he arrives.

and steel and threw them away, saying, "These are no longer of any use."

Wolverine had no use for the fire he made; he only made it to try his power. So he went on, but he had hardly gotten out of sight of his first fire, when he decided to make a new fire. After that he made fires more frequently until at last he made them every ten steps; but finally his power gave out, for he had used it all up.[1] When he next collected a pile of maple bark and jumped over it, it did not burst into a flame. By that time it had grown dark and was very cold, and he was indeed in need of a fire. Then truly he jumped, but no success crowned his efforts. He had thrown away his flint and steel and was very much frightened, for it was very cold. He kept on jumping, but it grew so cold that he froze to death while he was jumping, He lay there until it was spring, when he thawed out. He was lying there dead, when his younger brother, Raccoon, came along and saw him.

Raccoon went over and tried to wake him up, saying, "Older brother, get up, you are over-sleeping; it is very late." Then the Wolverine rubbed his eyes, got up and said, "Younger brother, I overslept. I would have lain there forever, if you had not come by and awakened me." He would have rotted there, but, as it was, he got his strength back and was as strong as ever.

(21). How a Man Avenged Himself on His Wife's Paramour.[2]

Once long ago a woman had a lover. Her husband finally grew suspicious, so she had great difficulty in meeting her lover. The latter grew very impatient, so they agreed to cut a hole in the wall of the wigwam right beside the place where she slept. After her husband went to sleep at night, they had intercourse through this hole, but during the day the woman covered up the hole with a piece of bark. One night the husband awoke while his wife was having intercourse, but was not certain about what was taking place. His wife did not know that he awoke. He said nothing, but when morning came and his wife went to get

[1] Indians who have power always fear using it, if they have no urgent need of it. They are afraid that if they abuse it, they will lose it.

[2] The following story is very interesting on account of its close resemblance to the Fox tale given by Jones on page 145 of his "Fox Texts." It was related by Jim Paul of St. Mary Reservation in July, 1910.

water, he investigated the place where she slept and found the loose piece of bark. He removed it and discovered quite a large hole. Then he understood all. That night when they went to bed, he said to his wife, "I will sleep next to the wall tonight." His wife objected, but the more she objected the more he insisted, so he slept next to the wall. He did not go to sleep that night, for he knew his wife would steal out and warn her lover, if she found an opportunity.

About midnight he heard a scratching at the wall of the lodge. He quickly drew his knife and waited. Immediately the piece of bark was withdrawn to admit the man's penis. The husband seized it with one hand while with the other he cut it off. The man screamed in agony. Then the husband gave the penis to his wife and said, "Here's what you loved. Take it and go. I no longer want you." The other man died from loss of blood.[1]

(22). Alaista.[2]

Alaista was an orphan, who lived alone with his grandmother in a strange wigwam, for it had no door and the only view of the outside world was of the tree tops, which could be seen through the smoke hole. His grandmother left him alone every day, for she went out through the smoke hole in the morning and did not return until night. When he was young he did not mind it, for he had never known anything else, but as he grew older, he began to wonder about the outside world and where his grandmother went each day. One day he said to her, "Grandmother, where do you go every day after you leave me?" She did not want to satisfy his curiosity, so she replied, "Oh, you don't want to know."

He was far from being satisfied by this answer, and the next day after she left he began to speculate more and more about the outside world. Finally he decided to go out too and see for himself what lay beyond the walls of his house. That night, after his grandmother came home, he said to her, "Grandmother, I am

[1] In the Fox story the penis is suspended from her girdle and her brother then understands what she has done, so he clubs his sister to death. Later that the husband marries his first wife's sister and lives contentedly together until old age claims both.

[2] The following story was related to me in August, 1910, by Mrs. Laport of Tobique Point. The name does not seem to be Malecite; she was unable to explain it, and said she never heard of it in any other connexion than that of the name of the hero of the story. It is probably a corruption of a European name.

going out with you to see too what is outside." She, however, refused to take him, but, fearing that he might possibly go alone, she told him when he grew up and did go out, that he must never walk on the ground, but instead must walk on the tree tops. She also told him that he must never wade through water, but instead must throw stones in the streams to make steps, so that he could walk over dry shod. The next morning, soon after his grandmother left, he too went out by the smoke hole and began to walk away on the tree tops. This he had no trouble in doing, for he was a great shaman, although he did not know it.

He had not gone far when he came to a stream, where he had to descend from the tree tops. There he no longer heeded the commands of his grandmother, and, instead of making stone steps, waded right through the stream. When he stepped out on the opposite bank, he was surprised to see that he had no flesh on his calves. Then he was very sorry that he had not heeded his grandmother's warnings and sat down on the bank to think what he would do. Finally he decided to wade back through the stream and see what happened. When he stepped out on the opposite bank, his legs were as perfect as ever. Then he knew at once that Abldamkin was the one who had done it. This made him so angry that he decided at once to kill Abldamkin, so he went to the pool below to hunt for him. There he found Abldamkin without much trouble and killed him.

Alaista knew that he had a grandfather, so he decided to go and find him. He continued in the same direction and soon arrived at his grandfather's house. He entered without knocking and found his grandfather filling snowshoes. Alaista said to the old man, "Grandfather, I have come." But the old man did not seem to hear him, for he did not look up. Again he repeated it, but with no better result, and the third time he still did not disturb the old man. So Alaista went up close to him and slapped him on the back. Then his grandfather looked up and said, "Oh, are you here, Alaista?" for he recognized him at once. His grandfather was very glad to see him and took down his pipe, which they both took turns in smoking.

In the afternoon Alaista's grandfather said that it was time for Alaista to go home. He told him of a path leading to the right, which was very dangerous and cautioned him to avoid it.

So Alaista started off and soon came to the path which led to the right, but instead of heeding his grandfather's warning, he immediately took that path. He had not gone far on that path when he came to a house, which he immediately entered. Three girls were working inside, but as they did not see him, he sat down. After a while one of them turned around and saw him. She did not speak to him, but instead turned to the others and told them. They then put a big kettle on the fire and when the water was boiling, threw Alaista into it. Then they called all the conjurers and made a great feast. His grandfather too was a great shaman, and, therefore, was invited, but he did not arrive until the feast was almost over. At once he knew that his grandson had disobeyed him and was being eaten. He was still in time to save him, for Alaista was not entirely eaten, so he at once set to work to conjure and after much work succeeded in restoring him. Had he been entirely eaten, he could not have saved him.

(23). The Talking Vagina.[1]

Once there was a man who was a great medeulin (shaman). He could do almost anything, but the greatest thing he could do was to make anything talk. He would say to a dog, "Whose dog are you?" or to a canoe, "Whose canoe are you?" and immediately it would answer, "I am John's," or "I am Peter's." This ability often helped him when he was in trouble. He could tell whether or not a man was lying, or whenever he thought he was losing his way, he had only to ask a tree, "Are you on the trail?" and it would answer "Yes" or "No."

This famous shaman was single, but one day he thought, "I had better be married." So he went to look for a girl that suited him. Finally he found one and decided to marry her if she should prove to be a virgin. He asked her to marry him and she agreed. He then asked her if she was a virgin and she, of course, said that she was. He then said to her vagina, "Is what she says true?" The vagina said, "No, it is not true." So the medicine man refused to marry her.

[1] The following story, which was told me by Barney Sapier, of Central Kingsclear, in April, 1910, shows a strong European influence, though some of the conceptions seem to be native.

He tried a second time, but his success was no better than the first time. His success on the third occasion was no better than on the other two.

When he tried the fourth girl, she said she was a virgin. Then he said to her vagina, "Is it true that you are a virgin?" But the vagina did not answer. The shaman thought that his power was gone, but it was not so. The other girls had told her what had happened to them, and she had saved herself by filling her vagina with moss.

(24). The Origin of Corn[1]

In olden times things were quite different from the way they are now. In very olden times, long before the coming of the white people, the Indians did not have any corn nor any other crop, but they lived entirely by hunting and fishing. Men lived to be a hundred years old, but women lived to be only fifty.

In those days there lived an old chief who had many daughters. They were very good-looking girls with sparkling eyes and glossy black hair. One, however, was different from the others—indeed, she was quite different from all Indians. She was beautiful, too; but her hair was golden—like the inside of the summer bark of birch.

A young warrior, who was a stranger to that village, came one day. In those days, whenever a stranger came, contests were held. In these contests this stranger was always victor. He was brave when he was with the men; but when he was near the women, he was backward and silent. Indeed, he paid no attention to them. But one day he saw the chief's daughter, Sagamaskwesis —the one with the golden hair. He at once took a fancy to her. The two young people agreed to marry. The warrior told the old chief that he wanted to marry his daughter, and arrangements were made for a big feast and dance.

After they were married, they did not live at the village, but went away and trapped by themselves. They were fond of each other, and, when the woman was nearly fifty and was about to

[1] Obtained from Joe Nicholas, Tobique Point, August, 1910. For the Passamaquoddy legend describing the origin of corn, see Journal of American Folk-Lore, Vol. III, p. 214. The beginning is somewhat different: it is not his wife and no mention is made of women dying when fifty years old and men one hundred.

die, her husband told her how sorry he was that they must part. She said, "We need not part; you can have me with you forever, if you want to. Just do as I tell you." He was overjoyed and readily agreed. Now their wigwam was standing in about half an acre of second-growth timber. She told him to cut down the trees and burn them. "Then tie my hands together with cedar bark and drag me seven times around this clearing; but no matter what happens, don't look back." After he had felled all the trees and burned them, the clearing was dotted with charred stumps of the burnt timber. So after he had dragged her around seven times, there was nothing left of her but her skeleton—all the rest had been torn off by the stumps. When he saw this, he felt very unhappy and wondered why she had told him to do it. He left his wigwam and that part of the country at once, for he felt very downcast. It was in the spring when he left; but when the autumn came, he had a longing to see the old place, and he returned. The place was no longer black with charred stumps; it was beautiful with the yellow waving corn. The yellow tassels reminded him of his wife's golden hair. Then he thought of her words, "If you want to have me with you always, do as I tell you."

(25). The Man Who Followed His Wife Into Spirit Land.[1]

Once there lived an Indian who loved his wife exceedingly well. Indeed, so much did he love her, that he determined to follow her spirit when she died.

The Indian's wife fell ill, and when she showed no signs of recovery, he made preparations to follow her spirit. First, he cut a hole in the bark of the wigwam at the side of her bed, for he thought to himself, "She surely will go out this way." He then went outside the wigwam and seated himself beside the hole to watch for the flight of the spirit. Presently, he saw something go out through the hole which had the appearance of a puff of smoke. He knew at once that it was his wife's spirit. He, therefore, collected the things necessary for the journey and followed in the direction taken by the departing spirit. All this happened in the morning. He travelled until nightfall, when he came to a

[1] Obtained from Louis Paul, St. Mary, in July, 1911

camp, inside of which he found an old woman. He asked her if she had seen his wife pass, to which she replied that his wife had passed about noon, going like the wind. He then questioned the old woman about his chances of overtaking his wife. This she did not know, but advised him that if he continued on his journey he would come to the house of an older woman, who could better answer this question.

The Indian, without resting, continued travelling all that night and the next day. When dusk fell, he arrived at the camp for which he was searching. Here he found a woman who looked older than any he had ever seen before. As a mark of respect he addressed her as grandmother and asked her if she had seen his wife pass. She replied that his wife had passed the previous evening, going like the wind. Her, too, he asked if he could overtake his wife, and similarly she replied that this she was unable to state, but referred him to an older woman who dwelt farther along.

He arrived the next evening at the camp of this woman, and she appeared still more aged than the last. Indeed, he thought she must be the oldest woman in the world. Upon putting to her the question he had put to the others, he learned that his wife had passed the morning of the day before. He asked her if he could overtake her. She remained a long time silent, closely scrutinizing him. At length she replied, saying, "It will be very hard, but if you do exactly as I tell you, perhaps you will succeed in doing so. I will give you a little nut to take with you. To-morrow morning you are to set out in the direction I will indicate to you. Do not stop on your journey until you come to a wigwam. On your way you will hear all sorts of noises behind you, but on no account are you to turn around. You will even hear your wife's voice, but you will lose all if you turn around. When you reach the wigwam, go in and sit down in an out-of-the-way place. After a while the spirits will arrive and begin dancing around the wigwam. Your wife will be among them. When she dances past you, open the nut, and you will thus bring her back to life. And as she goes past you, close it. Pass out of the wigwam, and proceed to return in the same direction whence you came."

The Indian followed the instructions of the old woman. But it took him much longer to return than it did to come. Several nights had passed before he reached the first grandmother, who asked him how he had made out, to which he replied that he was fairly successful. He then passed the nut to his grandmother. She scrutinized it favourably. She told him that the nut was full of oil, and bade him, when he reached home, dig up his wife and to grease all her joints with the oil, which would just suffice for the purpose. She also gave him a wooden comb to comb her hair. The Indian expressed his thanks and the next morning departed. It was several days before he reached the home of the second old woman. She, too, questioned him, after which he again proceeded on his way.

It was a long time before he reached his home. Upon his arrival he perceived that all the people had grown greatly aged. For he had, to be sure, been a long time absent. With his own hands the Indian made a wooden shovel, and, having dug his wife up, he began to oil her bones. There was no flesh on her, for she had been buried for a great while. When he had exhausted his oil supply, the woman looked as natural as she had before her death. Her first words were a request for a drink.

The Indian then rushed to his mother-in-law's to get clothes for her. The old woman began to weep, but he bade her rejoice, for she would soon see her daughter again. From an old moosehide bag she took out some clothes, and with these the Indian returned to the place where he had left his wife. After she had dressed, the two proceeded to the camp where her parents were. Upon their appearance the old pair became young again, appearing just as they had before the death of the woman.[1]

[1] When I first heard this story, I was inclined to think that it was European in origin, but I have since found in Le Clercq's "New Relation of Gaspesia" a similar myth, which he obtained from the Micmacs before they had had any intimate contact with Europeans. The tale given by Le Clercq has incidents which differ from that just given, but the two stories have in common the journey to the spirit land and the return with a soul contained in a nut. I reprint here the myth from p. 209 ff. of Prof. Ganong's admirable translation.

(26). Reprint of a Tale from Le Clercq's "New Relation of Gaspesia"[1]

Our Gaspesians, in common with all the other Indians of New France, have believed up to the present that there is in every thing, even in such as are inanimate, a particular spirit which follows deceased persons into the other world, in order to render them as much service after death as these had received therefrom during life. Consequently, they say that our voyagers were equally surprised and comforted to see on their arrival an infinity of spirits of moose, beavers, dogs, canoes, and snowshoes, which hovered pleasingly before their eyes, and which, by I know not what unknown language, made them understand that these things were all in the service of their fathers. But a moment later they thought they should die of fear and terror when, approaching a wigwam like those which they had in their own country, they saw a man, or rather a giant, armed with a mighty club, and with bow, arrows, and quiver, who, with his eyes gleaming with anger, and a tone of voice which indicated the completeness of his wrath, spoke to them in these words; "Whoever you are, prepare yourselves to die, since you have had the temerity to make this journey, and to come all alive into the Land of the Dead. For I am Papkootparout, the guardian, the master, the governor, and the ruler of all souls." In fact, distracted to fury as he was at the outrage our Indians had committed, he was about to slay them with great blows of that horrible club which he had in his hand, when this poor father, keenly penetrated by grief for the death of his only son, implored him, more by tears and sighs than by words, to excuse the temerity of this enterprise, which in truth deserved all punishment from a just anger, if he was not willing to soften the rigour of it out of consideration for a father who considered himself blameable only because he had too much tenderness and affection for his child. "Discharge against us if thou wilt, all the arrows of thy quiver; crush me by the weight of thy club," continued this afflicted father, presenting to him his stomach and his head to receive the blows of the one and of the other "since thou art the absolute master of my life and death; but

[1] Le Clercq, Father Chrestien. A New Relation of Gaspesia, with the Customs and Religion of the Gaspesian Indians (Publications of the Champlain Society, V.). Translated and Edited, with a Reprint of the Original, by William F. Ganong, Ph.D. (Toronto, 1910).

indeed, if there still remain in thee any sentiments of humanity, of tenderness, and of compassion for mortals, I beg thee to accept the presents which we have brought from the Land of the Living, and to receive us among the number of thy friends." These words, so submissive and so respectful, touched the heart of this little Pluto with compassion, and he, becoming alive to the grief of this afflicted father, told him to be of good courage; that he would pardon him this time for the outrage he had committed; and that finally, to overwhelm him with favours and with consolation, he would give him before his departure the soul of his son; but that in awaiting this extraordinary favour, he wished to amuse himself with him, and play a hand of Ledelstaganne, which is the usual game of our Gaspesians.

This friendly discourse dissipated entirely all the uneasiness and apprehension of our voyagers, who staked at the play everything of importance which they had brought from Gaspesia. Papkootparout staked, for his part, Indian corn, tobacco, and some fruits, which he assured them were the food of these souls. They played with close application from morning until evening. Our voyagers, however, remained the victors. They won the Indian corn and the tobacco of Papkootparout, who gave both to them with so much more pleasure, since he believed these men deserved to live who had had the good fortune to win all the most precious and rarest things which the dead possessed in the Land of Souls. He commanded them to plant these in Gaspesia, assuring them that all the nation would receive therefrom an inconceivable advantage. This, say our Indians of to-day, is the manner in which the Indian corn and the tobacco have come into their country, according to the tradition of their ancestors.

Whilst the father was rejoicing in his good fortune, it happened that the son arrived invisibly in the wigwam. The chant of a number of spirits and the rejoicing that was made among these souls was, in fact, heard very distinctly. But this was not that which the father had asked. He hoped, in accord with the promise which had been made him, to obtain the soul of his son, which remained always invisible, but which became in an instant the size of a nut by the command of Papkootparout, who took it in his hands, wrapped it very closely in a little bag, and gave it to our Indian. Therewith he gave him orders to return at once to

his own country; to lay out, immediately after his arrival, the body of his son in a wigwam made for the purpose; to replace this soul in the body; and above all to take care that there be no opening, for fear, said he to the father, lest the soul come out through that and return to this country which it was leaving only with extreme repugnance.

The father received with joy this animated bag, and took leave of this Indian Pluto, after having seen and examined attentively everything which there was of much importance in the principality of Papkootparout. That is to say, he saw the place of shades where lay the wicked souls; this was overlaid with nothing but dried-up and badly arranged branches of fir. But the place of the good Indians had nothing except that which was charming and agreeable, with an infinity of fine barks adorning the outside and the inside of their wigwams, into which the sun came to comfort them twice each day, renewing the branches of fir and of cedar, which never lost their natural verdure. Finally, there was an infinity of spirits of dogs, canoes, snowshoes, bows, and arrows, of which the souls were making use for their pleasure.

Note, if you please, that ever since this imaginary voyage the Indians have not only believed that souls were immortal, but they have also been persuaded, by a strange fancy, that in everything of which they made use, such as canoes, snowshoes, bows, arrows, and other things, there is a particular spirit which would always accompany after death the one who made use thereof during life; and it is actually for this reason, and in this foolish fancy, that they bury with deceased persons everything which they possessed while on the earth, in the belief that each article in particular renders them the same service in the Land of Souls that it did to its owner when alive.

Our voyagers, however, returned joyously into their own country, and having arrived there they gave to all the Gaspesian nation a full account of the marvels which they had seen in the Land of Souls, and commanded all the Indians, on behalf of Papkootparout, to plant forthwith the Indian corn and the tobacco which they had won in playing with him at Leldestaganne. The orders which were given them on behalf of the governor of souls were faithfully executed, and they cultivated with success

the Indian corn and the tobacco for the space of several years. But the negligence of their ancestors, say they, deprives them today of all these conveniences so useful and so essential to the nation as a whole.

One knows not how to express the astonishment and the joy of these people when they heard of all these marvellous fancies, and that the father had brought back in a bag his son's soul, which would instruct them in everything from the moment when it was seated again in the body. The extreme impatience which these Gaspesians felt to learn news of the other world induced them to build promptly a wigwam in the very manner Papkootparout had directed. Their hopes, however, were vain and useless, for the father, having entrusted the bag to the care of an Indian woman, in order to assist and to dance more freely at the public festivals which were made for his happy return, this woman had the curiosity to open it, and the soul escaped immediately and returned whence it had come. The father, on hearing the news thereof, died of chagrin, and followed his son to the Land of Souls, to the great regret of all the Gaspesian nation. This it is, and this only, which makes our Indians believe in the immortality of souls.

From these false premises, based upon a tradition so fabulous, they have drawn these extravagant conclusions—that everything is animated and that souls are nothing other than the ghost of that which had been animated; that the rational soul is a sombre and black image of the man himself; that it had feet, hands, a mouth, a head, and all other parts of the human body; that it had still the same needs for drinking, for eating, for clothing, for hunting and fishing, as when it was in the body, whence it comes that in their revels and feasts they always serve a portion to these souls which are walking, say they, in the vicinity of the wigwams of their relatives and their friends; that they went hunting the souls of beavers and of moose with the souls of their snowshoes, bows, and arrows; that the wicked, on their arrival at the Land of Souls, danced and leaped with great violence, eating only the bark of rotten trees, in punishment for their crimes, for a certain number of years indicated by Papkootparout (sic): (228, i.e. 328); that the good, on the contrary, lived in great repose at a place removed from the noise of the wicked, eating when it pleased them and amusing

themselves with the hunting of beavers and of moose, whose spirits allowed themselves to be taken with ease. Such is the reason why our Gaspesians have always observed inviolably the custom of burying with the deceased everything which was in their use during life.

(27). The Moose People.[1]

There were two old people who had one son, a hunter, who was always away hunting. He did not return once to his father's camp during a whole winter, but in the spring he came back. And then his parents coaxed him to get married; but he said, "No, I can't get married while you are alive." They said, "Don't let us hinder you from getting married; if you can find a woman, marry her." So he collected plenty of food and said to his father, "Goodbye; I am going away now, but I will come back to visit you a year from now." So he started off and came to the place where he was going to hunt.

He built a camp and set his traps. Sometime later in the winter, while he was walking along a stream, he was surprised to see a wigwam before him with smoke coming out of it. When he went closer, he saw a woman's tracks all around it. He knocked at the bark door, and was told to open it. When he did so, he was surprised to see a very pretty woman standing before him. Immediately he took a fancy to her. She gave him a seat, and immediately began to prepare some food, for she had plenty of provisions. When he asked her, "Where is your husband?" she told him that she had none. "I live alone," said she. After he had finished the meal, he said, "I am going home now, but I will come and see you again. Is there anything that you want?" She replied, "No, I have everything that I want."

So he went away, but could not help thinking about the girl. She pleased him so much that he kept thinking she would be a fine helpmate for him. His pensive mood interfered with his hunting so much, that he no longer had any desire for the chase.

[1] The following singularly colourless myth, which reminds one strongly of some Eskimo tales, does not resemble any of my other Malecite stories. It was taken down in Malecite from the dictation of Barney Sapier, of the Central Kingsclear Reservation, who was then at Oldtown (April, 1910).

One morning he decided to go to see her, and he started off. When he got there, she asked him why he had left her and suggested that he remain with her. He agreed to remain, and after they had their supper, they told each other stories.

One day in the following spring, while they were still hunting, she said, "Let's go down and take care of your parents." But he said, "No, you could not get along with them." She said, "I'll try it." At once they started and shortly after they arrived there, she gave birth to twin boys. The grandfather was very proud of his grandchildren.

Late in the autumn, before the son went away hunting, he said to his mother, "Mother, don't abuse my wife while I am away, or she'll leave you." She said that she would not, but as soon as her son left, she began to abuse her daughter-in-law. One morning, after her daughter-in-law had cooked breakfast and was playing with her young boys, she said to them, "I'm going to look for your father," and went away. Her track led through the woods. But the track looked as though it were made by a moose. That day, while her husband was going through the woods, he saw a moose coming. Just as he was going to shoot, it said, "Don't point that gun this way." And he looked again and saw his wife standing before him.

Meanwhile the boys were left in their grandparent's charge. Every morning they raced, but one morning their grandfather overheard them talking. One was saying to the other, "I'm getting lonesome for my mother and father. Suppose we go and look for them. To-morrow, before the sun rises, we'll go." The other replied, "Can you do anything that a medeulin can?" "Oh, yes," said the first, and he turned himself into a moose and ran off like the wind. He went only a short distance, when he turned around and came back and said, "Brother, you always want to race me; let's race now." So they started, but soon were back again although they had gone a great distance. The next day one said, "Let's go and build the morning fire for our grandfather before we leave." So the other agreed and proceeded to do so. One said to the other, "Let's get a bear for our grandfather," so they started off and had not gone very far when they came upon a bear, which they killed for their grandfather. They returned to the wigwam

and said to him, "Grandfather, go and haul home the bear which we have just killed. He's over there in that little bunch of trees." The old man hauled his toboggan over and found a very big bear lying there. He put it on his sled and hauled it home, and then went to play with his grandchildren.

The next morning when the old man woke up, he did not hear his grandchildren. He thought they were sleeping late, but when he went to look for them, they were gone and the fire was out. Then he went back and said to his wife, "This is what you have brought upon us. Now we are alone, but I'm not going to stay with you, for I'm going to look for my grandchildren." So he started after them and finally found four moose tracks. This forced him to conclude that they must have turned into moose. During the day he lost the track, but he still kept hurriedly onward and finally arrived at salt water. Their tracks went into the water. Upon looking far out he saw four whales spouting in the water. The old man jumped up and down on the shore, and the whales, seeing him, turned back and tried to come in to shore, but could not, because the water was too shallow. So the old man turned back.[1]

(28). The Mountain Man.[2]

This is the beginning of my story.

There lived an old couple and their only daughter together. The daughter was a good girl and always obedient. But when one day her parents told her to get married, she replied, "No, I will not get married unless that mountain (pointing to a mountain in the distance) becomes a man."

While picking cranberries one day the young girl heard a voice behind her. When she turned around, she saw a man on the far side of the river. He struck her as being a remarkably handsome man.

"Come over here," he said to her.

"But I cannot," she replied, "I have no canoe."

"Then jump," he said.

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[1] The ending of this story is quite similar to Rand's Usitebulajoo, "Legends of the Micmacs," p. 44. I am inclined to think that there was more to the story, which my informant forgot.

[2] This story was secured in Malecite text and translated into English by Barney Sapier of Central Kingsclear, N.B., while I was on the Penobscot Reservation at Oldtown, Maine, in April, 1910.

"It is too far; I cannot," she retorted.

She did not know who the stranger was, but with her last words "I cannot," she rose up over the river and came down lightly on the other side.

The stranger then said to her, "Do you remember what you said to your father when he asked you to get married?"

"Yes," she replied, "I said I would not get married until yonder mountain became a man."

The man then said, "I am that mountain, and I have come down to marry you."

The girl assented and preparations were made for the marriage. After the preparations were completed, the man said to his bride, "I am a mountain and I can do anything you would wish me to do. Tell me if you are poor, and what does your father do?"

"Nothing at all; he is too old," she said.

"Well," said the mountain man, "it is getting late, and I must be on my way. I shall return at the same hour to-morrow. Tell your father about the arrangements we have made and tell him to get some food together.[1] Good-bye."

The girl went home to her parents and said to them, "What I have said about the mountain has come to be true. To-morrow at this time I am going to get married to the mountain man. Go over to the open field, and you can get food or anything you wish."[2]

At the appointed place and time on the next day she appeared, where her lover was awaiting her. They proceeded to her home immediately. When he met her parents he said, "Your daughter and I have decided to get married, as she once said she would marry if the mountain would turn into a man. I am that mountain."

The old man assented and the pair were married. The bridegroom then told the old man that he intended making his own home[3], and to this the old man agreed.

When they had departed, the mountain man told his wife to hold tight to his belt. She obeyed and shut her eyes. She became wholly unconscious and did not recover her senses until she arrived

[1] It is the custom of the bride's parents to give a feast at the time of the marriage of their daughter.

[2] In view of the fact that the girl's father was too old to hunt the mountain man had put it in the field, and thus the custom of the parents supplying the food would be complied with.

[3] Instead of living with his wife's parents, as was more customary.

at the top of the mountain. Upon opening her eyes she perceived a little wigwam and two large snakes in the doorway with their heads together. The mountain man kicked them and ordered them out of the way. "Don't you know your master?" he said. Inside the wigwam two old people were seated, and when the newly wedded bride entered, they looked sharply at her, but nevertheless made her welcome.

One child was born to the girl. After a lapse of time the young boy grew into manhood and his father made him a bow and arrow, with which he could kill squirrels and partridges.

One day the mountain man asked his wife if she desired to see her parents, and, as she wanted very much to do this, her husband said, "Well, get ready to go and visit them." They set out and the mountain man lowered his wife and child down the mountain. He admonished his wife not to let their young son play among the other children. He also told her that if she wanted anything to eat, whether ducks, geese, or anything else, all she was to do was to ask her son to point at them.

But one time she forgot the warnings of her husband. The boy was playing with the other children and, on pointing his finger at one of the children, killed him. The woman, on rushing to the door of the wigwam, was confronted by her husband, who chided her, saying, "I told you this would happen. Let us go home. Never shall you see this place again."

Thus ends the tale of the mountain man.

(29). The Boy Who Lived With the Bears.[1]

One autumn a young boy was lost in the woods. His parents were camping at the time close to a lake. The young boy wandered around in the woods and finally came to a bear's den. He did not know what it was; so he did not enter, but stood looking around, until an old she-bear appeared, whom he mistook for a woman. She said to the little Indian, "Come in and see my grandchildren." He entered and saw two cubs there, but thought they were children. He was very hungry at the time, so the she-bear gave him all sorts of berries and beech-nuts to eat. The young Indian was

[1] This story was obtained from Jim Paul, St. Mary Reserve, in August, 1912. He claimed to have gotten it from Noel John. It is given by Rand, "Legends of the Micmacs," XLIV, p. 259.

quite contented to stay with the bear. At night he slept between the cubs and thus kept warm.

During the winter the old she-bear said to the Indian, "There is a hunter nearby now who is coming straight to our den.[1] I am afraid he will kill us, but don't you cry, for you won't be killed. There is only one way by which we can all be saved; I will try and force him off his course." So the old she-bear stuck her paw out and started to push with it in the direction in which she wanted the hunter to go, in order to make him change his course.[2] After a little while the old she-bear said, "We are all right now. We won't be bothered any more this winter."

So in the month of May all the bears left the den and went down to the brook to catch the fish which were then going upstream. There were lots of suckers in the brook. So the young fellow told his grandmother to go and sit down in the middle of the brook while he went and drove the fish upstream. As he drove them up he shouted, "There they go, grandmother," and she caught them and threw them on the bank. At this time an Indian was going upstream to see some beaver traps, and heard the boy calling out. He listened and decided it was the lost child. So he went back and told the parents that he had found the child. All the men started up the brook to find him. When they got there, they listened and heard the boy calling, "Grandmother, there they go up the stream." So the men stole carefully up until they were within sight of him. Then they saw the boy driving the fish upstream, while the old she-bear was throwing them ashore. So the men rushed upon them, and when the old she-bear saw them coming, she ran away with her cubs and the boy. However, the boy could not travel as fast as the bears and was soon left behind. When the men came upon him, he was crying, "Grandmother, don't leave me," for he had forgotten his own parents. They caught the boy and killed the she-bear and her two cubs. The young fellow cried terribly when he saw that his grandmother, as he called her, was killed. But they told him that it was not his grandmother, but a bear; but they could not make him believe that it was not his grandmother.

When the young boy grew to be a man he remembered that the old she-bear told him never to kill a female bear, for he would not

[1] This incident is omitted in the Micmac version as given by Rand.

[2] This is another good case of sympathetic magic. The bear tries to induce the man to change his course by pushing with her paw in that direction. She, as it were, tries to push his trail over.

live long after killing one. He became a great hunter and had wonderful luck, but he never killed a she-bear, though he killed many male bears. After he got married his wife said to him, "It is very strange you never kill a she-bear. Tell me why it is," for his wife suspected that there was some reason; she knew he had been lost and had stayed with the bears all winter. But he said it was only accidental that he didn't kill female bears. One day his wife feigned to be sick, and when her husband asked her what would cure her, she said nothing would cure her except lying on the pelt of a she-bear. She did this to make him kill one. He went hunting and found a bear's den. While standing before the den a she-bear came out and spoke as follows. "Wait a little before you kill me, for I have something to say to you. Your wife has told you to kill a she-bear. But you are now going to lose your luck and you will no longer have good fortune in hunting." When the young man heard this, he thought he had better refrain from killing the female bear. But she said, "You were going to kill me before I told you this, and now you will have to." So he killed the bear and took her home and skinned her and gave the pelt to his wife, who pretended to get better. But his luck left him, and soon after that he was killed.

(30). The Man Who Lived with the She-Bear.[1]

There was an Indian who was a great bear hunter. One day in the autumn he left his family and went in search of bears. After some days, he found a bear's den and broke a hole into it. He spoke to the bear,[2] saying that he was sorry he had to kill it. The bear, however, answered, saying, "You don't know how much harm you have done to bears. You have killed a great many she-bears with cubs. I am now coming out. You can kill me, if you want to, but I advise you not to, for you have a long journey home. You will not have good luck, nor will you get any more game, and, therefore, you will probably starve in the woods. If you remain here and do not kill me, I will save you from starvation, for I have plenty of food in my den."

[1] This story was told by James Paul of St. Mary, in August, 1912.

[2] A Malecite always tells a bear before he kills it that he is sorry that he is in need of food and has to kill it. After he kills it, he is careful to put the bones together and the skulls out of reach of other animals, so as not to scare away the spirits of the bears.

When she had finished saying this, she came out, but he had decided not to kill her, so she went back into her den and he followed her, for he seemed to hear a voice whispering in his ear, "Go in." After he had entered, the bear closed the hole up again. When the hunter looked around him, he saw all sorts of berries and dried meat in the den. So he stayed there and lived quite well, for he had plenty to eat, and got water by melting the snow.

That winter was a very hard one, for a great deal of snow fell and game was very scarce; many hunters died of starvation. The Indian was convinced of the sincerity of the she-bear, for he knew that he probably would not have gotten home alive had he killed her. He was very grateful to her and treated her as his wife.

In the spring the hunter said he was going to pay a visit to his village, but promised the she-bear to come back soon and protect her from the hunters. When he got back to his village, he only stayed a very short time before he returned to the bear's den. He continued to live with her as her husband. Whenever he came upon a bear trap while he was out hunting he would spring it, for now he was a friend of the bears and never killed any, but on the contrary did all he could to help them.

In the late spring the she-bear gave birth to his children. Some time after that when he was down stream fishing, he heard the call of his wife and knew that some hunters were coming towards his den, so he hastened back to try and save her and his children. When he got there, he found them breaking into his den. He said to them, "What are you doing, trying to break into my camp?" But they replied, "This is not your camp; this is a bear's den. You have been staying with a she-bear here. That is why you stayed so short a time in the village."

When the she-bear heard this conversation taking place, she came out of the den. As she was coming out, one of the hunters saw her, and raised his tomahawk to kill her, but when her husband saw that, he struck the hunter down with his tomahawk and killed him. The other hunter, seeing that the odds were against him, ran away. As soon as he got back to the village, he told his fellow townsmen what had taken place.

This man who was living with the bear knew very well that his townsmen would soon return to avenge the death of their com-

rade, so they took council together to see what was best to be done. The she-bear told him to go and kill a he-bear and bring the skin and meat back to the den. Meanwhile she was to go with her cubs to a cave which was near by.

So the hunter went and killed a bear. He carefully skinned and hung up the meat outside the den. Not long after he had finished his work, the war party came from his village. They asked him if he had killed the man, but he said that a bear had entered his camp while he was away and had killed the man. He said that he had since killed the bear and pointed to the skin and the meat.

They were satisfied with his story and returned home. When they got back to the village his wife said that she knew that he was living with a she-bear, for she had had a dream in which she saw quite clearly her husband in a den with a she-bear. "Moreover, when he came home," she said, "after being away all winter, he did not sleep with me, but slept alone. I will go back with you to the den and see for myself. Did not this man see him defend the she-bear against his own tribesmen?"

So they consented to take her to the den and all started at once. When they got there, the man was not to be found, so they examined the den and found the unmistakable traces of the man as well as the bear there. The human tracks were quite fresh, so they knew that he must be close by, and began to hunt for him. Near the river they found very fresh tracks, where he had been getting fish. They decided to lie in ambush for him. Early the next morning they saw him coming down to the river followed by two cubs, who did not walk on all fours, but walked erect as human beings. The hunter did not hesitate, but walked straight down to the bank of the river, but the cubs hung back as if they knew that there was something wrong.

When the hunter was almost down to the shore, the other Indians rushed out from ambush and surrounded him on all sides. His wife was among the first and immediately began to scold him, saying, "So this is what you have been doing, is it? Living with a she-bear all winter! And you have murdered your fellow tribesman to protect a she-bear!"

The Indians had been so busy with the man, that they paid no attention to the cubs, who had meanwhile escaped.

His wife continued to scold him, saying, "You will have to die if you do not bring us to that she-bear. We will burn you to death." The man made no reply, so the woman added, "He has lost his power of speech and has become like the bears. Let us make a fire and burn him to death."

So they at once set to work to build the fire. Meanwhile they tied the man close by and his wife went up to him and cut his face with her knife. This made him yell and he said, "Why are you cutting my face? You are hurting me." "Oh," said she, "I knew you could speak. Now you will have to bring us to where the bear is." He promised to bring them to the she-bear, provided they would not kill the cubs.

Then they unloosed him and he led them to the cave. Before they got there they could hear the cubs crying. The men paid no attention to their promise, but, led on by the woman, proceeded at once to kill the bear and the cubs. Before the she-bear died she said to her husband, "You did not try to save me, although I saved you once and would have saved you again if you had followed my advice. You did wrong and will suffer for it, for you will be destroyed by the bears."

After the men had killed the bears, they separated, some of them going home, while others started at once to hunt. The woman stayed with her husband, for he intended to start at once on the hunt. They had not been there long, before a drove of bears came upon him and tore him to pieces. They did not molest the woman at all.

(31). The Indian Who Understood the Language of the Dogs.[1]

An Indian hunter, who was camping by the bank of a river, had two dogs, one of which he liked very much and fed well, while the other he cared little for and gave little to eat. One day another Indian arrived to set his traps in the country which stretched away from the opposite side of the river.

The newcomer did not know that there was an Indian camping on the opposite side of the river, until he heard the dogs barking at night.

[1] This story was told by James Paul of St. Mary Ferry, New Brunswick, in August, 1912.

One day the newcomer built a raft and crossed over the river with his dog. As soon as he got there his dog began to play with the well-fed dog of the other Indian. When they began to bark, the newcomer could tell what they were saying, for he understood the language of the dogs. His own dog asked the well-fed dog of the other Indian whether he found much game in that part of the country. The other dog said that it was very scarce. Then the thin dog spoke up and said, "If my master would feed me well and treat me as he does his other dog, I would get him lots of game, for there is plenty of game here, but since he hardly feeds me, I can't hunt for him."

The newcomer said nothing about the conversation, but when he was going, he offered a beaver skin for the thin dog. The other Indian said that he did not want to sell him, but would give him away, for he was no good. The new hunter, however, insisted upon giving a beaver skin for him.

He fed him well and in a few weeks he was in good condition. Then he took his two dogs out to hunt. The two dogs started off in different directions, but in a short time his new dog returned barking to let him know that he had found game. So his master followed him and he led him straight to a bear's den. After his master had killed the bear, he led him to a beaver pond, where he killed several beaver. Every time that they went out hunting, his new dog found game, but his old dog found very little.

One day the dog's old master came to visit his new master. His old master was surprised to see so many furs in the camp of the newcomer, for he had gotten very few. When he saw his old dog, he did not know him, he looked so well. He began to admire him and wanted to buy him, but his new master said, "That is your old dog, he gets all my game for me. If you had treated him decently and fed him well he would have done the same for you. Now I will not sell him for any price."

TALES OF WAR AND ADVENTURE.

(32). How the Mohawk War Party Was Drowned.[1]

A Malecite chief was camping one night with his wife and daughter on an island, situated not far from where St. Leonards now is, when a war party of Mohawks came down the river in canoes. Seeing his campfire, they approached and surrounded it. Before they reached him, however, he had awakened, and, jumping to his feet, sought to escape. A fight ensued in which many Mohawks were killed, but finally, being dealt a blow with a tomahawk from behind, the Malecite chief was slain. Since they were not familiar with the river, the Mohawks decided to spare the women's lives, that they might use them as guides. The next morning the Mohawks built a raft, on the completion of which they all embarked and proceeded down the river. They did not put ashore when night came, but drifted on. During the night all the Mohawks were asleep, and presently the raft neared the upper basin of Grand falls. The women immediately recognized it and noiselessly slipped into the stream and swam ashore. They then ran rapidly to the falls and arrived in time to see the raft dash over the falls. They were overjoyed to see that all the Mohawks had drowned, for in wreaking vengeance on the Mohawks they probably saved the lives of their own tribesmen at the same time.

The women returned to their village and narrated to their people what had happened, but they were not believed, since it was thought that they had murdered their chief. But a few days later the appearance of floating bodies in the stream, unmistakably Mohawks, gave credence to their story, and thenceforth the two women were highly respected.

[1] The next two stories tell how an Iroquois war party went to its destruction over the Grand falls. The first version was obtained during the winter of 1911 from Frank Francis, of Tobique Point. The next version is a reprint of one of Rand's five Malecite tales found in his "Legends of the Micmacs." These stories are very interesting because of their close resemblance to a Cree myth dealing with the same subject, found in A. Skinner's "Notes on the Eastern Cree and Northern Saulteaux" ("The Legend of Iroquois Falls"). Finding it among two branches of the Algonkin stock, which had in all probability no influence on each other for a very long time, would lead one to believe that it harked back to the coming of the Iroquois when the Algonkin were not so widely scattered. It will be interesting to see, when the data are in from the other Algonkin tribes which are known to have been at war with the Iroquois, if they also have this myth.

(33). A War Party Drowned by Two Women

(*From Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs."*[1])

Two Maliseet families away above the Grand falls on the Oolâstook (St. John river), had gone to the hunting ground in the autumn, and had taken up their residence there for the time being. The men were out in the woods hunting, and the women were keeping camp, when a Mohawk war party came upon the camp and took the women captive. As the women were acquainted with the river below, and the Mohawks were not, they compelled the women to act as pilots to the fleet. This consisted of a large number of canoes; and as the day was fine, these were all lashed together in a body, forming a sort of raft,[2] and were left to drift with the current.

As night approached, the warriors inquired if the river was as calm and placid below as it was there. They were assured that this was the case; but the women knew well where they were, and that the Grand falls were not far below. Night settled down upon them, and the men were soon all asleep; but the two pilots kept wide awake. When they had approached sufficiently near to insure the success of their bold enterprise, and sufficiently far off to ensure their own safety, the two women quietly slipped down into the water and swam ashore, leaving the captors to the mercy of the river. Their fleet was soon carried over the rapids and dashed to pieces. Some of them were awakened before the final plunge; but they were too far in to extricate themselves, and all perished.

The women were soon joined by some of their friends. They stripped the slain of their clothing and ornaments, and gathered much spoil; then they danced all night for joy, and were highly honoured by their nation.

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[1] New York and London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1894, p. 344.

[2] In my story it was a raft, which seems more natural, since there are several rapids in this part of the river, which are so rocky that it makes it quite impossible to travel in the manner described above without ramming holes in the bottom of the canoes. For this reason the method of travel described in this myth is an unheard of one.

(34). An Army Drowned by a Single Man.

(From Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs."[1])

At another time a Maliseet chief, with his wife and two boys, were taken captive. On their march homeward their provisions ran short, and the Mohawk chief told his captive that he had dreamed a singular dream. "I dreamed," said he, "that we roasted one of your boys and ate him." "Well," replied the other, "the boys are in your hands and at your mercy; if you choose to make a meal of one of them, you are at liberty to do so." Accordingly this was done. After a short time the Mohawk dreamed the same thing again, and so they roasted the other boy, the father having given his consent.

The father was bound, and could not interfere, had he desired to do so; and he looked on with well-dissembled indifference. Not so the mother; she, poor thing! was sadly afflicted, and moaned with undissembled grief. So her husband remonstrated with the Mohawk, and urged him to release the woman. "You have killed her children, you have me in your power," said he; "let this suffice. Leave the poor woman, and let her shift for herself." To this the other agreed, and the woman was set at liberty; she remained behind, and the war party, with her husband, went on.

But they were sorely pressed for food. It was proposed to kill one of their own men, but they came to a lake, and the Maliseet chief assured them that there were evidences of beaver, and that beaver meat was on every account to be preferred. All hands turned out for a hunt. It was winter; the snow was deep, and the ice thick, and the men were unsuccessful. The captive assured them that if they would untie him and let him give directions, he would soon obtain a supply of beaver. As no danger could result from this experiment, and as they were sorely pinched for food, it was determined to unloose the captive, and allow him to head the hunting expedition.

The lake was a singular one—small coves made up into the woods at short distances from each other; and in each of these coves he directed them to cut holes, and at each hole he placed a man, who was to keep a strict watch. The men were all thus dis-

[1] P. 342.

posed of at some distance from each other, and each out of sight of all the rest.

His next move was to go around the lake and visit each hole, to see what the prospect was. Approaching the first hole, he listened and pretended to hear a beaver; and while the other was bent down over the hole and listening with all his ears, an adroit and sudden push sent him headlong under the ice. In this manner, one by one, noiselessly he despatched every warrior, and then returned to camp and made his report to the astonished chief. "And now," said he, "your turn is come; and you can try your skill upon me." But alas! the poor fellow had lost all courage and all strength of resistance. A blow despatched him, and the conqueror soon rejoined his wife, and with her returned to his tribe, to report his skill in strategy and his success in beaver hunting.

(35). A War Incident.

(*From Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs."*[1])

The Indians were all assembled in their chapel on Sunday for divine service, when they were suddenly and silently surrounded by a hostile party of Mohawks. They went out of their chapel, and their chief begged permission of the Mohawk chief to utter three words, and to walk round the chapel three times before the work of slaughter began. This not unreasonable request was readily granted. So he deliberately marched round the chapel, singing all the time, and as he came round each time, he uttered a word. The day was fine, and the sky cloudless; but suddenly, as he came round the third time, the heavens were clothed in blackness, and a loud clap of thunder was heard, followed by a torrent of rain. The lightning struck the Mohawks, and prostrated and stunned them all. Whereupon the Christian Indians fell upon and despatched them.

[1] P. 341.

(Gabriel Thomas, of St. Mary, gave me an account of three war incidents, one of which, he said, occurred with the Indians of Canada, since the conversion of those of the Lower Provinces to Christianity. He also stated that the names of the places in New Brunswick are Micmac, and that the Indians of this latter tribe formerly owned and occupied the place, but were driven back by the Maliseets, whose proper designation is Kuhhus—plural, Kuhhusoouk, Muskrats).

(36). Indian Strategy.

(*From Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs."*[1])

A large war party of the Mohawks, coming down the river, were discovered by a solitary hunter. This man was near the shore and he saw them pass. His canoe was near; but he had taken the precaution to hide it in the woods, knowing that they would land at night. He waited until dark, and then launched his canoe and glided down cautiously until he discovered their fires on the shore. He then landed, carried his canoe on his back round the enemy, and again placed it on the river. He held on his way without stopping until he reached the village to which he belonged, where he spread the alarm. But unfortunately the warriors were nearly all absent on a hunting expedition, and only three men could be mustered, but these resolutely undertook the task of defending their wives and little ones. Each warrior manned a canoe, and all pushed up the river. They selected their ground, and quietly awaited the approach of the foe.

The place selected as the most suitable for their purpose was the extreme end of a long point, formed by a sharp angle in the river. Here they watched until the fleet of the war-party hove in sight. They now proceeded to action, and their plan was to deceive the enemy in respect to their numbers. The three canoes now showed themselves, and the foremost one landed, and dragged the canoe up after him into the bushes, followed successively by the other two. The enemy also immediately landed, and watched to learn the strength of the other party. Their position was on the opposite shore, and so far up the stream that the river below the point was concealed from their view. This was what the others had calculated upon, and no sooner had the foremost one landed, than he hastily conveyed his canoe across the point and replaced it in the water—so that by the time the third one had landed, the first one was ready to land again; and thus they proceeded successively, while their "friends" on the opposite bank watched and kept count. They continued this operation until dark, when they lighted their torches and carried on the work far into the night. The amazed Mohawks counted until they

[1] P. 345.

discovered, as they supposed, that their enemies far outnumbered them, and wisely concluded that prudence would be the better part of valour and that they would better sue in time for peace.

About equidistant from the two hostile camps, in the middle of the river, there was a rock; towards this, soon after daybreak, a solitary canoe from the Mohawk party was seen making its way with a "flag of truce." One of the three on the other side, assuming the dignity of chief, moved over in stately composure to meet the other. Terms of peace were proposed, which after due delay and consideration, were accepted; and, finally satisfied, they dug a grave, buried their weapons, and never afterward violated the peace. Indians know how to appreciate generalship as well as brute force. In this instance brute force was used, for, during the discussion of peace preliminaries, the Malisect who pretended to be a chief seized a war-club, and, striking a rock, shivered it at a blow; this strength of arm was believed to have had no small influence on the other party in bringing them to terms.

(37). The Adventures of Elnadu.[1]

In the autumn of the year Elnadu went into the woods to hunt, taking his wife and sister-in-law with him. When they got to the hunting ground they made a winter camp[2] and the other preparations for winter. During the winter Elnadu knew that the enemy were approaching. One evening, when he came home, he knew that the enemy had surrounded their wigwam and that they would soon close in upon them. He also knew that the enemy hesitated to make an attack on account of his reputation for bravery. The enemy were pondering on a scheme to capture him without any danger to themselves. The following morning Elnadu started hunting as usual, and when the enemy knew he had left the wigwam, they entered the camp and made the women promise to help them. Under pain of torture, they forced the

[1] This story was told by Jim Paul, of St. Mary Reserve, during the summer of 1912. Elnadu is supposed to be a historical character. He was a very brave chief.

[2] A winter camp differs from a summer camp in that it has a square log base composed of three tiers of logs. On top of this square log wall a pyramidical bark structure is erected. The crevices are well stopped with moss and sometimes the bark superstructure is covered with spruce boughs. Like the conical wigwam the smoke-hole is at the apex. They both have a wind-shield, which is shifted when the wind changes.

women to promise to play with Elnadu and then propose to him that they tie him up to see if he could break loose. Then they were to come upon him. That night, when Elnadu returned, the women carried out the plan, and, having asked him what he would do should the enemy appear, they rushed out of the wigwam and shouted. Immediately the enemy rushed in and tied him securely. Then they started for their own country, taking Elnadu, the two women, and Elnadu's child along with them, so as to have the pleasure of torturing them. Elnadu's wife was pregnant. On the journey the women were forced to keep the fire going all night and to dry the toe rags[1] for the men. The snow was quite deep, and once, during a very severe snowstorm, they were forced to make camp and remain there until the weather improved. So they took advantage of their forced stop to make new snowshoes. Having finished these, they started on again.

One night one of the warriors of the enemy began to sing his war song.[2] At once Elnadu knew what was in the mind of the warrior and said to him, "It is not necessary that you sing; take your choice of either the women or the child." So the warrior got up and cut a stick and sharpened it, and, after transfixing the child, placed him before the fire to roast. The screams of the child almost drove its mother frantic. Then Elnadu reproved her, saying, "Don't cry. If you had not tied me, this would not have happened." Then the chief ate the child before its parents' eyes.

Next day they continued their journey. By this time it was almost spring. After they had marched for a few days, Elnadu told the women to try and make their escape that night. He told them to leave during the night, and he would try to detain the enemy. Next morning, when the enemy found the women had left, they wished to follow; but Elnadu said, "Why do you want to follow the women? They are only cowards and it will give you no sport to torture them. It is much better to let them starve in the woods. I am the person who has killed your brothers. You had better torture me." So the warriors changed their

[1] The Malecites, of course, did not have socks, but wound pieces of dressed deerskin around their feet in winter.

[2] This song was the individual property of this warrior. Each warrior had his own individual song of this type.

minds and did not follow the women, but continued on their journey.

A few days later Elnadu sang his war song. The chief told him to pick any one of his followers to eat. Elnadu said, "I do not eat human flesh; all I want is a beaver. There are lots of them in the lake near by."[1] So the chief consented to give Elnadu a feast of beaver meat and sent some of his warriors to capture them. They broke the beavers' dam but were unable to capture a beaver, for Elnadu used his power to keep the beavers away from them.[2] So they returned to the chief empty handed. Elnadu laughed and said, "Your men are no good. You and I will have to go down to catch this beaver." So Elnadu and the chief started, and when they got there, the chief cut a hole through the ice by the side of the beavers' house. Elnadu went on top of the beavers' house to scare the beavers out. The beavers, however, would not come out. Often they approached the door of the house, but would turn and go back, for Elnadu used his power to keep them in. Elnadu then said to the chief, "If I had one hand free, I could take a stick and push it through the top of the house and then you could catch hold of them as I drive them out." The chief replied, "If I let you have one hand free, you might escape." But Elnadu said, "How could I do that with only one hand?" So the chief was deceived and undid one of Elnadu's hands. So Elnadu took a stick and began to poke with it inside the beavers' house. The beavers would come right to the edge of the door, but Elnadu had the power to hold them back. So, when the chief stooped far over to put his hand inside the beavers' house to drag a beaver out, Elnadu quickly shoved the chief through the hole in the ice and he was drowned. Then he unloosed his other hand and had little trouble in killing the warriors, who were well-nigh powerless without their ginap. However, he saved two to send back to their own country to tell of Elnadu's feat.

He then turned back to overtake the women. It was then spring. Before Elnadu overtook the women, his wife had given birth to a child in a little hut which her sister had constructed. After doing that, her sister gathered a pile of wood so that the sick mother could keep a fire going. Then she started back to notify

[1] See No. 34, reprinted from Rand, of the present collection, where the same incident occurs.
[2] Quite commonly the ginaps used their power either to bring the game close or to keep it away.

her tribe of Elnadu's capture. When she arrived at Meductic, she met four warriors, two of whom were Elnadu's brothers. At once these men started to rescue Elnadu. While Elnadu was travelling along on the side of a hardwood ridge, his wife looked down and saw him. She did not know how to attract his attention, for she was out of wood and was too weak to call. So she pinched her child and caused it to cry. Elnadu heard the noise and stopped and listened, but the noise had ceased and he again started on. Again his wife pinched the child, and this time he distinguished it as the voice of a child, and, looking in the direction from which it came, he saw some smoke. He went immediately in that direction and found his wife and baby. Elnadu had a porcupine on his back which he had caught. He cooked it for his wife.

They remained there some time to give his wife an opportunity to regain her strength. Before she got strong, the four braves, accompanied by Elnadu's sister-in-law, arrived. They were very much surprised to see Elnadu and, since he had killed all of the enemy, they returned to their own village to feast and celebrate the victory.

(38). A Story Told to John Giles.[1]

A digression. There is an old story told among Indians of a family who had a daughter that was accounted a finished beauty, having been adorned with the precious jewel, an Indian education! She was so formed by nature and polished by art that they could not find for her a suitable consort. At length, while this family were once residing at the head of Penobscot river, under the White hills, called Teddon, this fine creature was missing, and her parents could learn no tidings of her. After much time and pains spent, and tears showered in quest of her, they saw her diverting herself with a beautiful youth, whose hair, like her own, flowed down below his waist, swimming, washing, etc., in the water; but they vanished on their approach. This beautiful person, whom they imagined to be one of those kind spirits who inhabit the Teddon, they looked upon as their son-in-law, and, according to their custom, they called upon him for moose, bear, or

[1] Taken from "Memoirs of John Giles," 1689; p. 45.

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.

In the midst of these preparations the old man told his nephew that the enemy was coming, prepared for the attack.

After making some preparations, the enemy charged and overpowered them and were about to bind them with rawhide strips, when the older man told them not to go to that trouble, for they were willing to go with them without being bound.

So the enemy did not bind them, and all started together for the land of the captors. On the way thither it began to snow and they were compelled to go into camp. Here they had to remain for some time to make snowshoes, for it was necessary to kill some caribou in order to obtain the material.

When the snowshoes were made, they resumed their journey and came to a lake called in Malecite "Pure Lake." Here they tarried, for it was spring and they could no longer go on snowshoes; accordingly, they built canoes.

Now the young man's uncle was a powerful ginap and he made use of his power to keep all the beaver away, so that their captors could not kill any. The result was that the game was scarce. His nephew was also helping him. This young man became quite intimate with a young man of the other tribe. Both the old and young man had great power, but the young man advised his uncle to permit the game to approach them, for his friend of the other tribe was on the verge of starvation and would probably soon die unless he obtained some food. Accordingly, the old man told a member of the other tribe to proceed down to a certain lake, where he would be sure to get some beaver. So that man went down with one of his men. When they arrived at the lake, they found beaver, but were unable to catch them. They, therefore, returned to the camp empty-handed. The old man jumped up and said to the returning party, "What is the trouble? Why did you not get the beaver?"

But the young man said to his uncle, "You must go yourself, for my chum is very hungry." The old man said to the warrior who was the leader of the enemy, "You could catch me, but you cannot catch the beaver. Come with me and I will show you how to catch beaver." Accordingly they did so. The young man's uncle seemed to bring the beavers to him and the leader of the enemy killed them. "I'll show you what a Malecite can do,"

said the young man's uncle. They brought the beaver back to camp and had a great feast. After eating to satiety they had left a supply of beaver meat sufficient to last them until they returned to their village.

When they arrived at the village, the whole band of Indians gathered together and shouted, "We have two ginaps from the St. John river; therefore let us torture them."

When the chief heard this, he came forth from his hut to see them. When he saw the young man he thought it was his own son whom he resembled.[1] So the chief said, "Do not kill this fellow. He is my son. I will adopt him."

Then they built a dance hall out of bushes opened at the top, with a door at each end and a guard at each door. When it was completed, they ordered the young man's uncle to give his war song before he was tortured. His uncle accordingly danced back and forth three times from one door to the other. On the third time he raised his war club as if to kill the guard, but did not strike him; nevertheless, the guard fell down. Then he danced back again and did the same thing to the other guard, who also fell down as if dead; then he went out and turned into an owl and flew away. But he had barely enough strength to fly over a ridge of hills which could be discerned in the distance. The chief was going to send his braves forth after him, but the young St. John River Indian told the chief that it would not be of any use to follow him, "for he flies like the wind, and is doubtless already at our village." If, however, they had followed him, they would probably have caught him on the other side of the mountain, for his power was completely exhausted. In this way the young fellow saved his uncle's life, for he was able to get home successfully.

When his nephew had become a man, he told the old chief of the tribe which had captured him to accompany him to the St. John. To this he consented, and when they arrived there, the Malecites did not harm the old chief of the enemy, because he had saved the young Indian's life. Here they remained several months and they returned to their own country (on the St. Lawrence river). Some time after this the old chief died, and the young man returned to the Malecites. On the way back he came to the Alagash River lake,

[1] He had lost his two sons when they had previously gone out to fight the Malecites.

where he found some Malecite hunters. These he informed that a war party of another tribe was very near at hand. Knowing that they did not have a ginap, he told them that they were in a dangerous place and pointed out the mountain where the chief ginap of the enemy was hunting for snakes. On the following morning he put on his cedar slat snowshoes, started for this mountain, went around it, and found where the tracks of the enemy's ginap went up the mountain. He followed these tracks, but when he got to the top he could not find the brave, but only his snowshoes, which were standing against a tree. A more careful search, however, revealed him in the top branches of a pine tree. About the same time the chief perceived him. The hunter sat down upon a log and drew forth his pipe and lit it, while he waited for the other to come to the ground. After he had smoked one load, he took the brave's snowshoes to one side and said to himself, "These are my own snowshoes." When the ginap of the enemy heard this, he began to descend the tree. The latter said, "Give me a chance. Don't shoot me while I am still in the tree." He tried always to keep on the other side of the tree from the Malecite, but the latter kept following him around. When he got close to the ground the Malecite shot his arrow at him. The other brave dropped to the ground still alive. He told the Malecite that he was fortunate, for he would not have killed him so easily had he been on the ground.

The Malecite said, "You still want to talk. I could kill a dozen like you." And as he said this, he raised his hatchet and despatched him. He then put on his adversary's snowshoes, for they were better than his, because they were netted with rawhide. Previous to this the Malecite snowshoes had always been made of cedar boards. Now seeing the smoke arise from the enemy's camp, he knew where they were hiding and, stealing up, killed them like so many animals, for they were helpless before the hands of a ginap after the loss of their own. He then went back to his followers on the lake and told them that the danger was over, for he had killed the enemy. So each one took a pair of the snowshoes belonging to the enemy, for they were netted with rawhide like the ginap's. When spring came they went down the St. John river in their canoes to their own village.[1]

[1] Here the version of Newel John stops; the following is the version of Gabe Aquin, the father-in-law of Jim Paul.

When the ginap got to be quite an old man, he went out hunting with his three nephews to the same place where he had been captured when he was a boy; they also had their wives with them. While they were hunting, the oldest nephew said to one of his brothers, "I think that the enemy are near our camp, and if you go there, look carefully about you for tracks before approaching it." The younger brother did not believe his older brother, and when he came to the camp, he did not reconnoitre and examine, but went right in, and the enemy captured and killed him. The oldest brother told his youngest brother to go to the camp, watch carefully for the enemy, and learn if his brother had arrived safely. He did as he was bid, found his brother's tracks, and went straight into the camp. He saw the enemy at last, but at the same time the enemy saw him. He fled and the enemy followed. He went straight for the inlet of the lake. When he got about half way, he curved and made for an island, and concealed himself there.[1] When the enemy came to a place where they could see the head of the lake, they could not discern him. So they thought that he had gone over very swiftly and gotten past there, for they had not yet come to a place where the tracks turned. Therefore, they thought it useless to follow and turned back. When he saw that they had left, he went back to where his brother was. He told him of the death of his brother and warned him not to go back, because the enemy had holes in the house to look through. The older brother said it was of no use to try to protect the women, that they would not be harmed anyhow. The youngest brother felt quite downhearted, for he had just been married, but he consented. So they decided to go in search of their uncle, having great faith in his power. When they found him two days later, they told him what had happened. The young man said that if he had a man to go with him, he would go after them. "But what use is there for you to be concerned about the women, when there are lots of them at Ekpohak?[2] If I wasn't so old now, I could help you." The next day the young man said again that if he had a man to go with him, he would go after them. The uncle assented, but he said that they should not go until the next day, for the enemy would be

[1] The lake was, of course, frozen over.
[2] Literally translated, "the end of tide water," now called Spring Hill.

watching on that day. So they started on the following morning. When they got close, the uncle said to his youngest nephew, "What can you do to help?" He answered, "I can make it rain hard." The uncle replied that that would be of no avail, for when they would make camp, they would make a good one out of bark.

He then asked the oldest nephew what he could do to help. He answered, "I can make it snow hard." The uncle replied, "That will be better, for they will only be able to make a brush camp and we will be able to get at them." So he made it snow hard, and the uncle and his two nephews made a brush camp for the night. During the night it stopped snowing. The uncle asked his nephews, "Who will go and see how they are lying?" This was so that they would make no mistake and kill the women. The youngest volunteered and the uncle told him, "They may hear you," but the young fellow assured him that they would not. So the youth started out, and when he got there, he found a camp situated on each side of the fire. He came up close and peered through a hole which he made. He saw the women working the hides for the manufacture of toe rags. The men had made a device—a stick was arranged in such a manner that it was easy to give the alarm and rouse everyone in case of need. Thinking themselves secure, they had provided no guards, and were sleeping soundly. He crept up right behind his wife, but she did not know that he was there. Accordingly he reached through and dropped his pouch to give her the news. She recognized it, but she did not then pick it up for fear of giving the alarm. Soon after she arose and went out, pretending that she was going out to fetch some wood. Her husband followed her. He told her that they were going to rescue her. He then went back and told his uncle what had happened. Then they returned to the camp where their wives were held in captivity. On the way he told his uncle that he would do the killing. But his uncle said that he would do it himself. The women in the meantime had burnt up all the moccasins and toe rags. They told the women to start right off and that they would overtake them. So one brother stood at each end of the camp, while the uncle went in among them and shot and killed the ginaps. When the warriors heard the noise and saw the ginaps dead, they jumped up and made off. The uncle got to one door and killed all who attempted to escape through it. The oldest

brother, on the other hand, let all his men by, knowing that they would not be able to go very far with nothing in the way of protection for their feet. They all then left the camp. The young man asked his younger brother how many he had killed. He said, "None." It wasn't long when one man came followed by two more. The old fellow asked them, "How many of you are there?" He replied that about fifty were still alive. So the old fellow said, "If you had not taken the women, this would not have happened." The old man then took his hatchet and killed the three. Soon the rest came back. The old man asked if any were missing, and they replied that there were not. He, therefore, upbraided them and slew all but three. After cutting off their ears, he sent them back to their own country to tell their people what had happened. He also cut off a finger from the hand of each.

(40). Story of the Two Malecites Who Went West. How One Was Killed and the Other Married and Escaped.[1]

Two Malecites went west on a journey to explore the country of the enemy. They were encamping in a place in this country, when an owl came and lit upon a tree near their camp. After it had alighted, it hooted. This it continued to do for some time.

After a few days one of the Indians took sick and died. After his death the Indians of the strange tribe came to the camp and saying nothing, carried the corpse away. As they were quite numerous, his companion could not object. When they had carried it some distance, they ate it, because game was so scarce, that it seemed as if it were kept away by the spell of some great magician.

In two or three days the owl returned to the camp where the other Indian was still living and did the same thing as on its first appearance. But before this the daughter of the chief had visited the camp and taken quite a fancy to the stranger, for he was very comely. So when the owl returned, she felt a desire to save him, for she knew that it was the owl who had killed his companion. So she secretly went to his camp and told him that it was her uncle, who was a great shaman disguised as an owl, who was

[1] The following story was obtained from James Paul, of St. Mary, in August, 1912.

trying to kill him as he had killed his companion. After communicating this to him, she left, but returned the following day, when they decided to ask her father to permit them to get married. This the chief permitted, for the young man seemed to have great power and obtained a great deal of game, which he gave to the chief.

Some time after the marriage the Indians held a council, for they thought that the young man was banishing the game from their country. As he was now in the chief's family, the latter would have to be paid blood money for his death. The chief was absent from this council, so a delegation was sent to him with big bundles of fur as a payment for the life of his son-in-law. The chief, however, refused.

While these things were taking place, the young man was away from the village hunting. When he returned, his wife told him what had taken place. She told him that her father might change his mind, for he also was beginning to think that the young man was responsible for the condition of the game. The young man again went away on a four days' trip. When he returned with lots of game, his wife said, "My uncle and one of my brothers have consented to sell your life." That day, when he visited his father-in-law, his father-in-law asked him if he had found any bears in his travels (for, although he brought back much game of many sorts, he never brought any bear meat). The young man denied seeing any bears. His father-in-law replied, "You must have come across some bears, for I see some red mud on your snowshoes. Did you not jump across a brook or a spring which was unfrozen?" He said he had. The chief asked him if it was far away. The young man replied that it was only a short distance. So the chief went out and shouted that his son had found bears. The next morning the chief told the young man to take his uncle and brother-in-law to the mud hole. The uncle thought that the bears would kill his nephew. Before they started, the young man's wife said to him, "My uncle will kill the two small bears, leaving the big one for you. When he sends you to kill it, don't attempt to kill it from the side, but rush straight for it and hit it on the head with your hatchet."

When they arrived at the unfrozen spot in the brook, they built a trench and a dam for the purpose of flooding the bears'

den and driving them out. The first bear to come out was one of the small ones. The young man's uncle killed it. Soon another small one appeared. The old man killed that, too. Then the old bear came out and the uncle told his nephew to kill it. It was very large, and the old man thought that it would kill his nephew, but the young man did as his wife had told him and easily killed it. The old man thought, "My young son-in-law had some unknown way of escape from my spell."

Some days after this the young man went on another hunting trip, which lasted for four days. On his return, his wife told him that her father was willing to sell him, but one of his uncles still held out, saying that the young man supplied them with game and if he were killed, they would starve. His wife continued, "We will have to leave now. I have power to kill my relations. I will do it to my uncles, but I will not to my father. Go in the morning due east. Travel as fast as you can. In four days I will follow you and I will soon overtake you." After they had started, he brought a big bundle of furs to the chief, and he told them that they would have to await the return of the young men. When the four days were up, the chief said to his daughter that it was time for her husband to be back. His daughter said, "You know how long he usually stays — four or five days or more." On the fourth day his wife followed him. In one half a day she overtook him on a long barren. She told him that they would have to hurry, for his enemies had already started out in pursuit. Soon after she looked back and saw that they were coming, and she knew that they would be overtaken. So they circled and came back to within a few feet of their former tracks. She said to her husband, "Can you hit them at that distance?" As it was only a few feet from the trail, he said, "I would be a very poor shot if I couldn't." So she took off one of her snowshoes and stood it up. Then they got behind the snowshoe,[1] and when her uncle passed them with her other relatives, he shot him. The other men picked him up and carried him home, for they were powerless without him.[2]

[1] She used her power to make them invisible. It is quite evident that those following their tracks could not see them.

[2] Her uncle was the only shaman in the party. They realized that it would have been quite useless to attempt to capture the fugitives without the use of magic.

So they started off again. Not long afterwards his wife said, "My other uncle is after us; we must circle again." So they did as they had done before, and killed the man, who was then carried away as the other had been before him. Now the only relative left who had power to overtake them was her father. The young man's wife said to him, "Hurry, I don't want my father to overtake us, for I will not kill him. We are very close to the line. If we reach it, we will be safe." They hastened, but her husband became quite exhausted. She finally had to take him by the hand and assist him. However, they just got over the line as the old man reached them. The chief said, "You are lucky that you got over the line; you are safe now. If you had not crossed the line, I could have captured you and taken you back." The old man then told them that they could come back over the line, and that they could also remain all winter and in the spring build a canoe and go down the river. He described the best streams for the return journey. "There are three falls which you must go down on foot and explore before you pass in the canoe," said he. "In doing this you must put on a bear's skin, for otherwise there might be something to injure you, but by putting it on you avoid the danger." The old man then returned home.

And when spring came, they made a skin canoe and descended the river just as they had been told by the old man. They finally arrived at their village. There they remained a year or two, and at the end of that time the young man asked his wife if she would like to see her parents. She said that she would, but was afraid that her husband might get killed. He told his wife not to worry over that, promising to take her to see them without any danger. So they poled up the St. John and the Madawaska river and portaged to the St. Lawrence. They came upon another tribe and remained in their village for some time. While there, they heard that a chief of another tribe was there trading furs.

So the young man said to his wife, "I guess that is your father." She agreed with him. Then he asked her if she would like to see him, but she did not want to.

So he said to her, "I think I will go to see him." So he put his hatchet in his belt, and when he found his father-in-law, he shook hands with him. Then he said to him, "You made all sorts

of plans to kill me and indeed sold me for the furs which you are even now exchanging. I will not kill you secretly, but in the presence of all." And as he spoke, he raised his hatchet and killed him. The chief of the tribe with which the young man was staying, seeing the straightforward manner in which he killed the man, decided that he had some reason for the act. This he told the assembled members of his tribe in a council which they had called to investigate the case. But they thought it best to inquire into those reasons. So the young man was questioned and he told his story, and they allowed him to go free.

It was then winter, but nevertheless they returned home by way of the St. Lawrence. When they got as far as Temiscouata lake, they found lots of hunters camping there. They were told by a ginap that an enemy was on the other side of the mountain waiting for them to begin the battle. "All these men here are not able to do anything. I am told to go and meet him, but I can't find any weak spot on the ginap where he can be killed. The only thing that I think can be done is to fight him out on the ice of the lake and put him under the ice," said the ginap. Then the old ginap asked him if he would try and meet him. The young fellow replied that he could with his aid and that of his own wife. So they sent a message to the ginap of the enemy that there would be a combat the next day at noon at two posts which they would erect on the lake. So the next day, before the young man went out to meet the unknown ginap, the old ginap gave him the following advice. "When you clinch, stamp three times on the ice. The ice will then break and then you will be able to try to shove him through the ice." When they met, the struggle was long and fierce; it was doubtful who was getting the better of it. The old brave did not know what was the trouble. But the young man's wife knew that he had forgotten about stamping on the ice and shot an arrow, which hit him on the toe of his moccasin. Then the young ginap knew what this meant, and stamped three times on the ice, which then broke. He shoved his opponent through the ice, which closed over him. Then the old brave said, "This ice will not thaw out for seven years." Even the spring holes were solid and there were no places where the strange ginap could come out. They could even hear him going about under the ice. When

the rest of the enemy knew that their brave was dead, they went back to their own country, and after seven years they found him on the shore, looking as if he had been dead only a short time.

MICMAC STORIES.

(41.) The Naming of Restigouche, a Micmac Story.[1]

I want to tell the story of how Restigouche obtained its present name. It was more than two hundred years ago. There was a man named Tunel who was buowin and ginap and belonged to the Micmac tribe. Before it received the name Restigouche, the place was called Tedjigukh. They had their village there on the left hand side of the river. Every summer the Indians had to go up the river and get fish for the winter season. They usually went to fish in a big pool which was called "Lamigawamk,"[2] which means "inside." On this occasion Tunel, who was chief of the tribe, took a score of families with him on his fishing trip. Not long after they had started out, they met another tribe of Indians, Mohawks, who had twenty-five families with them. Their chief was quite a young man. His father, too, accompanied the expedition. When the Mohawks neared the camp of Tunel, they stopped and reconnoitred and watched the movements of Tunel's company. The young chieftain of the Mohawks wanted to go out and slay Tunel's tribe and called them a derisive name, but his father restrained him and rather advised that he pay them a peaceful visit with the object of the two tribes holding a merry gathering and feast together. He also pointed out to his son that these Indians would be reinforced by great hosts of their tribe who lived to the eastward. But the youthful chief was determined to kill these people and planned to do so while they slept that very night. The old man said, "Do then as you wish, I have warned you."

Tunel was wholly unaware of their presence. His Indians retired early, that they might be fresh the next day for their fishing trip. But in his party there were two old women and a boy who camped at some distance from the rest of the party. One of

[1] The next two Micmac stories were secured in text in the autumn of 1911 from John Peter Paul, of Richibucto. They were translated by Barney Somerville, of Burnt Church, in September, 1912.

[2] "He is inside" is *lamigawampkek*.

these women had a premonition that something unusual was going to take place. She accordingly sent out the boy to carry this message of apprehension to Tunel and to warn him to be on guard. But Tunel disdainfully told the boy to return and tell the old woman that he defied their powers to foretell the future. The two old women, therefore, decided that they must save themselves at least. They, therefore, took down the wigwam and put it into their canoe and proceeded down the river untill they came to a large eddy, and there they put it up in an out of the way place. When morning came they heard yelling and shouting of Indians. While the Micmacs were sleeping soundly, the Mohawks came down upon them and put them all to death.

Shortly after the two old women had heard the yelling and screaming, they started down the river again and brought the news to the tribe, telling them that they thought Tunel must have been killed. But it happened that although all the other Indians were slain in the conflict, Tunel succeeded in making his escape by jumping into the pool, although he was wounded many times. He then swam under the water and came forth 5 miles below, where a spring gushes forth into the river, called Pigolowetck, which means "pouring." Here he lay on his back and let the water pour into his wounds. Then he sang a song.

The Mohawk chief was still watching for Tunel when he heard him singing far down below. In his song Tunel said, "You must wait for me next spring." When the father of the Mohawk chief heard these words, he reminded his son of the admonition he had given him not to touch this man. They then departed whence they had come.

The Restigouche Indians started up to the pool after the old woman had notified them. When they arrived there, they could not at first find any traces of their kinsmen, but later perceived that all the Micmac children had been transfixed by spits and had been set before the fire to roast. The Mohawk Indians, meantime, had proceeded until they arrived at the first village, but as they were told to keep right on if they wished to keep out of trouble, they did not tarry there.

When Tunel's wounds had been healed, he rushed down to the village and loudly declared what the Mohawk Indians had done

to him. He proceeded from one village to another, picking a few men here and there and thus mobilized a large war party. He then returned to his own village. For every four men with him there was one woman. These women were hauled on toboggans. They busied themselves making snowshoes and moccasins.

Late in the autumn Tunel started out on his expedition against the Mohawks. Being a buowin, he was able to track the footsteps of men who had been there the previous summer. At every Mohawk town he came to, Tunel asked for the chief, and in each instance he was told that he and his party had gone on ahead, and accordingly Tunel followed. They finally came to a place on the St. Lawrence river where the Mohawk chief had built a little village. He was accustomed to going up on a little mountain and watching for Tunel.

When Tunel finally arrived, it was about the same time of the year as he had told the Mohawk chief to wait for him. While watching from his position in the mountain, the Mohawk chief observed a man creeping down with a little fir tree in his hand. When he came to the lake, he put the fir tree on the ice and sat down upon it. He then pulled out his pipe and pouch and began to smoke. Soon after the Mohawk chief saw another Indian appear and go through the same procedure, then another and another, until they became so numerous that he could not count them. He thus watched them until it had become dark, and then he could only see the clouds of smoke that arose from their midst. He then left the mountain and proceeded home. He entered his wigwam and lay down and maintained a silence broken only by an occasional grunting. Later his father interrupted with the remark, "Son, if you had heeded me and not have killed those Indians, you would be better off." "But," replied the young chief, "we are as many as they are, and should not fear."

In the course of the evening Tunel went over to visit the father of the chief and said to the Mohawk, "Our boys shall have their sport to-morrow." The old man nonchalantly replied that he did not care.

On the next morning after breakfast Tunel took his men over to the wigwam of the Mohawk chief. On arriving there, the young

chief asked Tunel if they would allow him to have the first dance.[1] The Micmacs told him to go ahead, and so he danced seven times around without being touched by the arrows. Tunel was observantly looking on all the time and at length saw where the vulnerable point was. Tunel had a little bow and arrow with him and he gave it to a boy and told him to aim at the feet of the dancer. The boy aimed; the arrow struck his feet. He fell down upon his abdomen and died. The chief's father and mother arose. The latter wept aloud, but her husband said to her, "Do not cry for him." Then he turned to the Micmacs and said, "Tarry a moment and you will see what I would have done if my son had obeyed me when I told him not to kill the Micmacs."

The old man was probably a hundred years old. He arose and danced three times around the place where Tunel was resting. The Micmacs were shooting their arrows at him, but in vain, for they did him no harm. Then the old man sat down and said, "If my son had paid heed to my caution, I would have aided him to-day."

At that moment Tunel arose and said, "But now I intend to kill each and every one of you Mohawks." And he carried out this threat. When they returned to their own village, they changed its name to Restigouche.

(42). The Micmacs Take Vengeance on the Mohawks.

This legend tells of a man and his wife who went out hunting. She was pregnant. In the woods they built a wigwam, and then the husband started out to set his traps of all sorts. Winter fast approached. It usually took him two days to go over the traps. He was absent from his wigwam one day, when another tribe of Indians came to his camp and found the woman there alone. She told them, when they inquired as to her husband's whereabouts, that he had gone out among his traps. Then one of the men made this proposal to her, "When your husband returns this evening, you cajole him and then bind his hands. When you have done this, come forth and shake a tree outside the wigwam.

[1] There was a custom among the Indians for the chief to dance out in front of his forces before engaging in the combat.

We shall then rush in, kill your husband, and you shall choose one among all of us to be your spouse." And strange enough the woman accepted this treacherous proposal.

But after the men had left, the woman turned to making moccasins and snowshoes for her husband. A little later her husband returned, and, after taking his supper, he said to his wife, apparently having divined somehow or other what had taken place, "How many men were here to-day?"

"Quite a few," was the reply.

"You had better get ready at once," he said. "Take your snowshoes and prepare to flee when those men return." The husband meantime was making preparations to fight. When he had completed his arrangements for resistance, he said to his wife, "Now go out and shake the tree as the men told you to do."

The woman did as bidden and then proceeded to go away. When the men returned, he begged them not to harm his wife. The woman was allowed to depart, and then the combat began between the single man and the numerous enemy. As the darkness of night reigned, the woman's husband took some grease and hurled it into the fire, thus filling the wigwam with smoke. In the darkness and confusion that resulted, the man succeeded in eluding the enemy. But he was at a loss to know what had become of his wife, and this worried him considerably. But having beforehand designated a place where his wife was to meet him, he followed in the proper direction and overtook her upon coming to a certain stream.

Before long they heard footsteps of the enemy behind them. The man urged his wife to proceed ahead and that he would again overtake her. She remonstrated, wishing to remain by his side and lend her assistance. But his will prevailed and he remained alone a second time to combat with the enemy. And a second time he eluded them and later joined his wife. He put her on a toboggan and hauled her along. But the enemy again had caught up to them, and this time he was unsuccessful and was slain by them. Morning was just breaking.

Just as the marauding Indians were putting an end to the man's life, an owl screeched three times. One of the Indians addressed the bird and said, "Your words are not true." The men then

asked the woman how many brothers her husband had, and she replied that he had three. They happened to be at the home village at this time.

One day one of these three brothers remarked to the other two, "I had a dream that our youngest brother was up in the woods and was in misfortune. We had better go forth and seek him out." Accordingly they set out to find their absent brother. And some time after they came to the place where their dead brother was slain. They saw a woman's footprints, their sister-in-law's, and they followed these. They likewise in their pursuit saw the furs of animals that he had trapped before the marauding band had come upon them.

Meanwhile the woman had been made the wife of one of the ginaps, and not long after she gave birth to the child of her first husband. The three brothers had not succeeded in finding her. The boy had grown to be a youth, and when he was about fifteen years of age, he one day asked his mother the name of the tribe they were among. She told him that it was the Mohawk tribe, but that he was a Micmac. "The old man that lives with me," she told him, "is not your father. He killed your father before you were born."

The boy then put a number of questions to his mother. He learned from her how many ginaps there were in the camp, the sort of snowshoes the Micmacs wore, and the direction in which the country of the Micmacs lay. He learned that the Micmac country was in the southeast, and was told that there his uncles were to be found. The boy then went up to his step-father, and on asking him how many ginaps there were in the place, he learned that there were three and that he was one of them. He then asked his father (he always called him father) to make him a pair of Micmac snowshoes, and this the latter consented to do. The boy then returned to his mother and said to her, "In three years' time I shall pay a visit to my uncles."

At the end of three years he had grown big and strong. On a stormy night in winter he took up his hatchet, and after slaying the old man with it, he departed to seek the other two ginaps that were in the camp. Before he killed his step-father he said to him, "You are the old man who slew my father. I shall in turn kill

you, and I shall kill all the ginaps in the camp." After taking the old man's life, he scalped him, placed the scalp in the bosom of his shirt, and started in search of the other two ginaps. He succeeded in finding them, killed them, and likewise carried off their scalps.

The next day the news of this affair had spread abroad, and the youth was given the nickname Wedjibogwet, which has the signification of "killed all the ginaps." They soon started in pursuit of him, but when he found that they were close upon his heels, he crawled under the snow beneath the crust, which he found in a place of some considerable depth. When his pursuers arrived in the neighbourhood of his place of concealment, they tramped all around, poked through the crust, and one even touched him, but he lay there perfectly motionless. But they knew that he could not have proceeded, because it was so stormy.

One of the Indians spoke in a loud voice and said, "Well, we have the mother, anyhow, and we shall put her on a spit at———" (a certain place, which he designated, on the Restigouche river).

When they had given up the search, the youth crept out from his place of concealment and started out for the camp of the Micmacs. He succeeded in getting there and soon found his uncles. The Micmacs did not know him, but they thought that he was one of the Mohawks. One of them wanted to kill him at once. But another interfered and said, "Don't kill him. We must treat him like a chief and first make a great feast."

Accordingly a feast was made. In the meantime he asked that his uncles be pointed out to him. Some women granted his request for this information and he then begged them to keep silent on the matter.[1] The feast was presently entered upon and the youth was made to dance. Then he asked permission to dance again and this request was granted him. As he danced, he pulled out first one scalp, laid it before one uncle, then a second scalp and laid it before a second uncle, and likewise with the third scalp. The uncles readily understood when they saw the scalps.[2] They made inquiries of the boy in regard to the whereabouts of the

[1] Probably they understood his uncles' names, although he spoke in Mohawk. He probably made signs for them to be silent.

[2] Recognized as Mohawk by the manner of wearing the hair, which was different from the Micmac manner.

Mohawks and he told them that they would be waiting on the Restigouche river.

They made preparations to meet the Mohawks, and at the appointed time they were at the Restigouche river awaiting the arrival of the Mohawks. After a lapse of some time they discerned the Mohawk warriors coming on the other side of the river. One of the uncles spied the dead man's wife. She was held a captive. He secretly stole to her and succeeded in carrying her away from her captors. "Have no fear," he told her, "you shall not be put upon the flag-pole (spit)."

Evening came and an owl[1] appeared before the Micmacs. An old warrior cried out that the owl should be shot. The boy, therefore, took his bow and arrow and knocked it down. Then the battle commenced. Although Tunel was not present in the fight, other ginaps were there. The Micmacs routed the Mohawks and rescued their woman. The battle lasted for three days and three nights, and many were slain.

[1] An owl is a bird of ill omen, but moreover, according to Micmac belief, shamans usually transform themselves into an owl rather than any other bird, whenever they either wish to escape detection or wish to spy on someone. Here the Micmacs evidently thought it was a shaman of the Mohawks who was spying on them.

CLASSIFIED LIST OF RECENT REPORTS OF GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Since 1910, reports issued by the Geological Survey have been called memoirs and have been numbered Memoir 1, Memoir 2, etc. Owing to delays incidental to the publishing of reports and their accompanying maps, not all of the reports have been called memoirs, and the memoirs have not been issued in the order of their assigned numbers, and, therefore, the following list has been prepared to prevent any misconceptions arising on this account.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1910.

REPORTS.

Report on a geological reconnaissance of the region traversed by the National Transcontinental railway between Lake Nipigon and Clay lake, Ont.—by W. H. Collins. No. 1059.

Report on the geological position and characteristics of the oil-shale deposits of Canada—by R. W. Ells. No. 1107.

A reconnaissance across the Mackenzie mountains on the Pelly, Ross, and Gravel rivers, Yukon and North West Territories—by Joseph Keele. No. 1097.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 1. *No. 1, Geological Series.* Geology of the Nipigon basin, Ontario —by Alfred W. G. Wilson.

MEMOIR 2. *No. 2, Geological Series.* Geology and ore deposits of Hedley Mining district, British Columbia—by Charles Camsell.

MEMOIR 3. *No. 3, Geological Series.* Palæoniscid fishes from the Albert shales of New Brunswick—by Lawrence M. Lambe.

MEMOIR 5. *No. 4, Geological Series.* Preliminary memoir on the Lewes and Nordenskiold Rivers coal district, Yukon Territory—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 6. *No. 5, Geological Series.* Geology of the Haliburton and Bancroft areas, Province of Ontario—by Frank D. Adams and Alfred E. Barlow.

MEMOIR 7. *No. 6, Geological Series.* Geology of St. Bruno mountain, Province of Quebec—by John A. Dresser.

MEMOIRS—TOPOGRAPHICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 11. *No. 1, Topographical Series.* Triangulation and spirit levelling of Vancouver island, B.C. 1909—by R. H. Chapman.

Memoirs and Reports Published During 1911.

REPORTS.

Report on a traverse through the southern part of the North West Territories, from Lac Seul to Cat lake, in 1902—by Alfred W. G. Wilson. No. 1006.

Report on a part of the North West Territories drained by the Winisk and Upper Attawapiskat rivers—by W. McInnes. No. 1080.

Report on the geology of an area adjoining the east side of Lake Timiskaming—by Morley E. Wilson. No. 1064.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 4. *No. 7, Geological Series.* Geological reconnaissance along the line of the National Transcontinental railway in western Quebec—by W. J. Wilson.

MEMOIR 8. *No. 8, Geological Series.* The Edmonton coal field, Alberta—by D. B. Dowling.

MEMOIR 9. *No. 9, Geological Series.* Bighorn coal basin, Alberta—by G. S. Malloch.

MEMOIR 10. *No. 10, Geological Series.* An instrumental survey of the shorelines of the extinct lakes Algonquin and Nipissing in southwestern Ontario—by J. W. Goldthwait.

MEMOIR 12. *No. 11, Geological Series.* Insects from the Tertiary lake deposits of the southern interior of British Columbia, collected by Mr. Lawrence M. Lambe, in 1906—by Anton Handlirsch.

MEMOIR 15. *No. 12, Geological Series.* On a Trenton Echinoderm fauna at Kirkfield, Ontario—by Frank Springer.

MEMOIR 16. *No. 13, Geological Series.* The clay and shale deposits of Nova Scotia and portions of New Brunswick—by Heinrich Ries, assisted by Joseph Keele.

MEMOIRS—BIOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 14. *No. 1, Biological Series.* New species of shells collected by Mr. John Macoun at Barkley sound, Vancouver island, British Columbia—by William H. Dall and Paul Bartsch.

Memoirs Published During 1912.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 13. *No. 14, Geological Series.* Southern Vancouver island—by Charles H. Clapp.

MEMOIR 21. *No. 15, Geological Series.* The geology and ore deposits of Phoenix, Boundary district, British Columbia—by O. E. LeRoy.

MEMOIR 24. *No. 16, Geological Series.* Preliminary report on the clay and shale deposits of the western provinces—by Heinrich Ries and Joseph Keele.

MEMOIR 27. *No. 17, Geological Series.* Report of the Commission appointed to investigate Turtle mountain, Frank, Alberta, 1911.

MEMOIR 28. *No. 18, Geological Series.* The geology of Steeprock lake, Ontario—by Andrew C. Lawson. Notes on fossils from limestone of Steeprock lake, Ontario—by Charles D. Walcott.

Memoirs Published During 1913.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 17. *No. 28, Geological Series.* Geology and economic resources of the Larder Lake district, Ont., and adjoining portions of Pontiac county, Que.—by Morley E. Wilson.

MEMOIR 18. *No. 19, Geological Series.* Bathurst district, New Brunswick—by G. A. Young.

MEMOIR 26. *No. 34, Geological Series.* Geology and mineral deposits of the Tulameen district, B.C.—by C. Camsell.

MEMOIR 29. *No. 32, Geological Series.* Oil and gas prospects of the northwest provinces of Canada—by W. Malcolm.

MEMOIR 31. *No. 20, Geological Series.* Wheaton district, Yukon Territory—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 33. *No. 30, Geological Series.* The geology of Gowganda Mining division—by W. H. Collins.

MEMOIR 35. *No. 29, Geological Series.* Reconnaissance along the National Transcontinental railway in southern Quebec—by John A. Dresser.

MEMOIR 37. *No. 22, Geological Series.* Portions of Atlin district, B.C.—by D. D. Cairnes.

MEMOIR 38. *No. 31, Geological Series.* Geology of the North American Cordillera at the forty-ninth parallel, Parts I and II—by Reginald Aldworth Daly.

Memoirs Published During 1914.

MEMOIRS—GEOLOGICAL SERIES.

MEMOIR 23. *No. 23, Geological Series.* Geology of the coast and islands between the Strait of Georgia and Queen Charlotte sound, B.C.—by J. Austen Bancroft.

MEMOIR 25. *No. 21, Geological Series.* Report on the clay and shale deposits of the western provinces (Part II)—by Heinrich Ries and Joseph Keele.

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