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ART. I. — THE ABORIGINES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THERE still remains in Nova Scotia a portion of a tribe of Indians, the descendants of its inhabitants when first visited by Europeans. They have been called by various names, but are now generally known as Micmacs, and are a branch of the great Algonkin family. It is generally thought that they have greatly decreased in number during the last century, and this opinion is strongly supported by themselves; but an estimate made by a priest, in 1760, places them at three thousand, and it is believed by those best acquainted with the tribe that it is quite as numerous now. The census of 1861 shows an increase of thirty-three per cent over that of 1851 for Nova Scotia, and the number at present living in that province must be considerably greater than fifteen hundred. The Micmac population of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick is quite sufficient to raise this number to the total given above, without taking account of scattered members of the tribe living in Canada and other parts of the continent.

The confidence with which the Indian refers to the multitude and power of his people in past times, and the readiness with which his representations are received and become matters of popular belief, are easily explained. Savage or civilized man seems equally inclined to forget the wise dictum of the Preacher, when speaking of the former days. Any one acquaint-

ed with life in the latitude of Nova Scotia, to say nothing of the northern part of New Brunswick, will readily believe that a nomadic tribe, possessing only the implements of the stone age, and preyed upon by the many causes which tend to enfeeble or destroy human life, could never become very numerous within the limits indicated. In fact there seems good reason for believing that the tribe has never been much larger than it is at present. At times it would be reduced by war or famine, and would again increase during peace and plenty.

Unless there is some mysterious influence deadly to the red man in the vicinity of his white brother, who builds cities where he used to haul up his canoe, and scares away the game with his villanous vapor, his present circumstances are at least as favorable to long life as those of his ancestors three hundred years ago. It is true that his mode of living has been changed in some degree, but he does not appear to have suffered any very great loss in the change. Catching fish with wooden spears, and killing caribou with stone-headed arrows, must have been a much more uncertain way of procuring a dinner than a journey to a neighboring village or farm-house with a load of baskets. Pork is better than rabbits, and the wenjutēâmwā* of the pale face than soup made from the scraped hide of a moose, the Indian himself being judge.

Some allowance must be made for the destructive effects of the "vices of civilization," but against the operation of these in modern times may be set the ancient passion for scalp-locks, common to all the tribes. With respect to one of these vices, the one which especially characterizes the continent, it may be maintained that the Micmac is not more drunken than the average American. There seems, therefore, to be no very strong reason against a belief that the numbers of this tribe have been increasing rather than decreasing for many years. They cling to a belief in a golden age, when game was plenty and sickness unknown; but in their stories and legends, mingled with tales of wonder, we find the truer record of the existence of the enemies of man, — want, disease, war, and crime. Athletic, muscular men, and active, light-hearted women are to be met with everywhere among them.

* Beef.

Their shrewdness and ingenuity give sufficient foundation for the belief that their past history was one of gradual elevation, though they were hemmed within narrow boundaries by the conditions of existence, and their behavior in the presence of an alien civilization, achieved by toiling slow from grade to grade, is a study of great interest. In them hoar antiquity and patriarchal simplicity look out on the multiplied complexity of modern life as really as if Tubal Cain could pay a visit to Sheffield, or Job make a trial of *le beau monde*. We chide them, and wonder at them, because they cannot learn in a few years what we have gathered from the experience of many centuries. We might as well expect infancy to join in the vigorous sports of boyhood.

Concerning the early movements of this tribe, almost nothing is known. There is a belief among them that they came from the West, and they are still accustomed to speak of their home in the Southwest; but this seems to be as much conjecture as tradition, for when questioning among themselves as to the manner in which they came to be inhabitants of this eastern part of the continent, they are naturally led to suppose that they emigrated from the West, as that is the only direction from which a journey by land would be possible.

One point seems well established. There was a time when the Micmacs inhabited the region formerly known by the name of Acadia, in connection with another tribe, called by them the Kwēdechk,* who were, according to tradition, the original inhabitants of the country. The two were soon involved in war, which lasted for many years, the contest presenting all the features common to Indian warfare, — spies, scouts, surprises, slaughter of men, women, and children, and torture of captives. Numerous stories are still told among them of the commencement, renewal, and close of the Kwedech war. As might be expected, these are tales of Micmac triumph. Whatever were the varying fortunes of the war, the Kwedechk were forced to move across the Restigouche River, and finally into some more remote part of Canada.

In the struggles which were made for the ownership of Acadia, the Indians frequently aided the French, and committed

* Kwedech, plural Kwedechk. It is not known what tribe this was.

terrible depredations on the English. It is their boast that, in their contest with the whites, they killed more men than they lost. All this contest has long ago ceased, and they now enjoy peaceably the privileges granted them by the provincial governments.

Their numbers, their language, and the power of old habits and associations have prevented them from changing rapidly; and on entering their wigwams and mingling with them for a short time, one cannot help observing that the customs and ideas of their ancestors are still strong among them, despite Christianity and the vicinity of civilization. A few have abandoned the old mode of life, and dwell in houses, cultivating a small piece of ground. Others have learned trades. They make excellent mechanics, but generally evince a dislike to regular employment. The power of the all-conquering tongue is well exemplified in their case: most of them can speak English. An Indian woman said to me, "I often wonder why our children learn so many words of English, while English children don't know one word of Micmac." I left her with her own explanation, which she would find more agreeable than ours would be. A few of them have received some English education, and it was from one of these I took my first lessons in the structure of the language, and the manners and customs of the people. From a gentleman * who has been many years among them as a missionary I have received additional information, and have had the pleasure of examining a number of their legends and stories, collected and translated by him. From these we may learn much concerning the man, and the conditions of his life in the olden time. In these the savage himself comes before us, and tells the story of his aspirations and fears, his privations and pleasures, his notions of honor, and the highest good. The golden age was not then.

The dwelling of the Micmac was a lodge, or wigwam, built of poles, and covered with bark, or the skins of animals. He had vessels of stone and wood, barks and skins for containing water, knives made of caribou ribs, and needles of bone. His dress consisted of skins, which he seems to have been very skilful in dressing, — using, for that purpose, an instrument

* Rev. S. T. Rand.

made of the leg-bone of the moose. The weapons used in war and hunting were bows and arrows, the latter headed with a stone; spears, tomahawks, and knives made of stone or bone. In fishing, they used wooden spears, of a peculiar form. Weirs are occasionally mentioned, but they seem to have known nothing of fishing with nets or lines. Implements of stone, both chipped and polished, are said to have been dug up; all that I have seen were of chipped stone, and bore a striking resemblance to the relics of the stone age in the Old World. Among the implements of polished stone, chisels, gouges, and axes, or adzes, are enumerated, while spear-heads, arrow-heads, and knives of chipped stone are frequently found.

Particular places in the wigwam were assigned to the different members of the family, and this arrangement seems to have been invariable. The positions seem to have been first chosen for convenience. The fire occupied the middle of the lodge; on one side of this, and near the door, sat the wife, and, beside her, but farther from the entrance, her husband. So unvarying was this order, that, to place a maiden thus beside a young man, and tell her that this was her place, constituted marriage. On the other side of the fire sat the older members of the family or the children. And visitors were invited up to the farther end of the wigwam, as a mark of courtesy. There were, besides, numerous small points of etiquette, always to be observed. The *lordship* of the father comes out very strongly. If a woman stepped across his bow or fish-spear, as it lay on the ground, he would consider it disgraced, and only fit to be burned.

The young people of different sexes were not allowed to mingle; and often a young man never spoke to the maiden who was to be his wife, and sometimes never saw her, until they came to be married. When one of them wanted a wife, he would suggest to his mother or grandmother to make an evening visit;* or, if he went into a strange place on such an errand, he must treat with the parents of the maiden. One cannot read their stories, without remarking the condition of woman among them. It is not so much a state of subjec-

* *Wellōgumitoogwet*, to make an evening visit, is equivalent in Micmac to going in search of a wife.

tion and hard labor that is noticeable, as the fact that she is a being of almost no moment. The young man starts on his perilous journey in search of a wife, because his mother has grown old, and can no longer take care of the wigwam; and he wants some one to dress the game he takes, and prepare it for the coming winter. Once, indeed, we meet with a young hunter, who, having killed a raven, was struck with the beautiful contrast of the three colors, as it lay bleeding on the snow, and vowed that, if he could find a maiden with a face as white as snow, cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as a raven, he would marry her; but he soon forgets his resolve. The woman, it is true, comes to be of a slight importance during the wooing. "The chief had a beautiful daughter," — so much of the story is devoted to her. After the wedding, she is lost. Occasionally, the mother appears as the ally of her little boy, who is just budding into a *boo-ōin*, and requires her aid in making the moccasins necessary for his intended journey. So far as he is concerned, she has no share in his triumphs. He leaves her behind, perhaps to be killed by his enemies; but, killed or not, she is evidently forgotten.

Their ideas of hospitality were such as are often met with among savages. The stranger went into the first wigwam he came to, confident of a kind reception; and when, in times of scarcity, it was known that one family had food, the neighbors would come in, without waiting for an invitation.

Their principal in-door amusement was the *altestâkun*, which was played with a sort of dice. Five pieces of bone of a hemispherical shape, and marked on the flat side, were put into a dish and shaken by the players in turn. Their out-door amusements consisted of races in canoes and on foot, dances, wrestling, and games of ball. "Who are you?" said one runner to another as they started for a race round the world. "I am Weggadusk" (Northern Light), said he, "and who are you?" "I am Wasōgwodésk" (Chain Lighting), was the modest reply. Their dances seem to have been a slow, measured step, and are spoken of as the common dance and the war dance, — n'skowwókun. Their musical instrument was a cheegumâkun, — a bark drum, which was beaten with a stick, and accompanied by the voice. Their vocal music may be divided

into four kinds, — the grunt, the yell, the doggerel, and the chant; for all of these appear to be dignified by them with the name of singing.

When the inhabitants of a village knew that an enemy was about to make an attack upon them, they would sometimes prepare a feast and invite the hostile party to partake with them. In this way a party of the Kwedechk were entertained by the Micmacs. When the feasting was over, a Kwedech warrior sprang up and commenced the war dance, brandishing his tomahawk and singing,

Hō ēgānu!
Hō ēgānu!

the Micmacs responding with a contemptuous grunt, hĕh ĕh! When the dancer had finished, a Micmac warrior took his turn, singing,

Kwĕdâlooktanoo!*
Kwĕdâlooktanoo!

the Kwedech responding, and the battle commenced. These songs are preserved by them with great care; and it is the belief among the Micmacs that if one of them were to sing their war-song among the Kwedechk, he would be immediately killed.

They seem to be able to throw their words into a kind of measure with no great difficulty, and the songs thus produced are not unmusical. I observed, however, that there was a frequent lengthening and dividing of words, and the introduction of unnecessary syllables to make the lines of the requisite length. Here is a scalping song which a Micmac woman told me she had heard sung by the old people. A schooner from Port Royal was detained at the Strait of Canso, and while waiting for a favorable wind was attacked by a party of Indians, who surprised, killed, and scalped the crew, consisting of four men. As the old warrior who led the attacking party came to the shore, the women crowded round his canoe, and when they saw his bloody trophies, danced back and forth on the shore, singing,

Tooēgunuk ō leeudoógunuk ō
Bâdâloodik ō lelâdâloodoogunak

* I must slaughter.

Wejee chēnumool nemeeâdek
Oo-maldēmeknumeedoodoogunâ.

He was going to the Strait of Canso,
He was eating at a table,*
When he saw a man his equal,
Then he saw his blood.

The tune of this is slow and cruel, well suiting the subject.

On festive occasions there seems to have been a great deal of singing and dancing. Nothing of importance could be done without a feast, but the wedding seems to have been the occasion on which the Micmac most fully gave himself up to jollity. If the parties to be married were of importance in the village, the preparations made were very extensive. A large wigwam was erected, and in this, besides the relatives of the bride and bridegroom, the chief, his subordinates, and all the principal men of the village were assembled. Although word was sent round, no special invitation was necessary; every one was free to come, and the guests who could not be accommodated inside feasted without. The ceremonies commence in the afternoon, and are kept up till the following morning. The bride comes in and takes her place, and for the first time eats with her husband. The men eat first, and when their meal is finished the women come in and remove the food. Then an old woman very quaintly dressed enters the wigwam, followed by a young girl. The old woman sings and the girl dances. This is the song: —

Mooēwâlanech,
Uksakumâmeenuk,
Kisâdâloówijik.

Let us thank our lords,
They have fed us
Till we were satisfied.

The bride makes her a present of some article of clothing, and every one present is expected to do the same. Then the chief makes a speech expressing his good wishes, and this is followed by singing and dancing. One of the warriors is called upon for a song and responds as follows: —

* This seems to have been considered by them a mark of consummate arrogance, and the fall of a man who had eaten at a table must be great indeed.

Koonâleeo kwanoodānā
Hō yeegu wanoodegeenu

The crowd outside, not restrained by the dignified presence of the chief and his subordinates, enjoy themselves to the full. Immense fires are lighted, and one man placed in the centre of a level space to beat the cheegumakun and sing while the others dance round in a circle. The songs are such as this:—

Wellâmâjul â	He speaks kindly to her,
Kesâlâjul ō,	He loves her,
Unkumâjul â,	He looks at her,
Kesâlâbun ō,	He did love her,

and many more, and the dancers keep up a shout of Matamalee-ā-hā!

They have many of these songs, and some have evidently been composed at no very remote date. One of them is in praise of a village beauty, Catherine. The burden of it is:—

Wen ō Kâdâlincheech,
Mâlee Kâdâlincheech.

The wife of my first tutor in Micmac sang me a chant of considerable length which she called her death-song. She had been making a journey for several miles, and was overtaken by a snow-storm while yet some distance from home; wearied out and bewildered she sat down to die. She thought of her father Peale sitting in his wigwam, ignorant of the fate of his favorite daughter Susā'ncheech, and thinking of this, put her thoughts into measure.

Many of their amusing stories are connected with some catch which embodies the joke. Notwithstanding the general gravity of the Indians, they are very merry among themselves, and very eager for intelligence respecting their own people in other places. The visit of a stranger is hailed with delight, and he is immediately plied for agunoodumâkun.*

Some knowledge of the ancient religious beliefs of the Micmacs may be gained from the legends and stories still told among them, and from the traditions which have been handed down from generation to generation. They seem to have given much less thought to the question of a First Cause

* News.

and Supreme Ruler of the world than to the various beings possessed of a higher or lower degree of magical power, in whom they firmly believed. Their stories are filled with the wonderful exploits of the latter, while the former is very rarely referred to. One of their legends mentions the case of a little boy who prayed to Kesoolk to allow him to grow up to manhood at once, and the request was granted. Their ideas of God have been much modified by Christianity, but their faith in fairies and magic seems unshaken. One old lady — the daughter of a famous hunter — told me that their ancestors knew no more about God than the bears, and other members of the tribe hold the same opinion. I am informed, however, by a gentleman well acquainted with their language, manners, and traditions, that there was anciently a belief in the existence of two great beings whom they called Manitoos or Menedoos, — the one a good spirit, the other an evil spirit. Since their conversion to Christianity this name has been used to denote the evil spirit only. There seems to have been also some idea of God as a creator, in which sense they applied to him the name Kesoolk. Nixkâm, another name for God, denotes that he is our father. Concerning their ideas of worship we know little. They appear to have had no idols, but were accustomed to make offerings, especially to the new moon. Some article which they prized — generally food — was presented to testify their joy at its reappearance; and if the offering disappeared, this was taken as a favorable sign.

They believe in fairies, whom they call wiggul-adum-moóchkik, — very little people. They live in the woods and are friendly to mortals, unless they are molested. They come out to dance and sing; and if you go far into the woods on a fine day and listen very attentively, you may distinctly hear the low sweet voices of these tiny immortals. They can sometimes even be heard shouting to each other across from cliff to cliff. If a mortal ventures to mock them, a cry is heard, "Toss him this way!" and the luckless wight is seized and hurled back and forth till he is bruised to pieces. The only way to escape them, when their wrath has been aroused, is to run to the nearest brook or river, for "a running stream they dare na cross," — they are afraid of wetting their feet.

Many of their great warriors in ancient times are believed to have possessed magical powers. One of these, called a booōin, could raise a storm, cause excessive cold, increase or decrease his own size, take the form of some animal, his tćeōmul, and do many other things quite beyond the power of ordinary mortals. There were generally several of these in each village. Their exploits are recorded in the legends and traditions, and form the most important part of the accounts of battles and skirmishes. When asleep or taken by surprise, they might be killed like other men; but when they had time to get their magical powers in play, they were almost invulnerable. The belief in the existence of such men in past times is still very strong among them. "Something helped those fellows," said a well-informed Indian who had been telling me about them.

Still greater power was possessed by the megumoowĕsoos, who seem, however, not to have differed in appearance from ordinary Indians. They dwelt sometimes in the village, sometimes alone in the woods. They could endow others with supernatural powers, either permanently or transiently, and those who came in their way were generally well treated, unless there existed some strong reason for acting otherwise. On one occasion a youth, who had been ugly, lazy, and poor, received from one of these a valuable present, and was changed into a very handsome and athletic man and endowed with supernatural powers. What was his surprise, however, on reaching home to find that he was not only not recognized, but after he had made himself known, was told that he had been absent a whole year instead of the one night he thought he had spent in the wigwam of the hospitable stranger. When two megumoowĕsoos met, there would, of course, be a feeling of rivalry, and each would try all his might to destroy the other; and if a young man went to a distant part of the country on some expedition, seeking a wife, for example, he might expect the most determined opposition from the magicians of the land to which he went. On the whole, these men possessed so much power for harm, that an Indian would much prefer never to meet with one of them. There was one remarkable feat some of them could perform, — that of taking out their soul, or life, and

hiding it. In this case they could not be killed unless the life were found. A story is told of one old magus who kept his life hidden at the bottom of the sea. If a megumoowĕsoo feared that he might be attacked in the night, he might take out his life and hide it in some secure place, and then lie down to sleep undisturbed by any fear; for though his enemies might surprise him and cut his body to pieces, he could get up in the morning, stick on his head, hunt round until he found his arms and legs, put them together, and then recover his soul, and the only inconvenience he would feel would be a slight soreness.

Besides these, they believed in the existence of the Chĕnoo, the Kóokwĕs, the Cúlloo, and the Chéepichcalm.

The Chenoos were a tribe of cannibals, who lived in the north, and occasionally came among the Indians, seeking their prey. They were so terrible that their yell was fatal. Their weapon was a dragon's horn; and when this was thrust into the ear, it penetrated the head, and, if extended to a tree, wound itself around it in such a manner that it could not be unfastened. This was the only way in which a Chenoo could be subdued; but, even then, it was a very difficult matter to kill him. A fire must be kindled, and every particle of flesh consumed; for, if the smallest part remains, the Chenoo will spring from it again. After the flesh has been consumed, the heart must be melted. This is a block of ice, so hard and cold that it puts out the fire again and again. Cases are believed to have occurred of Indians becoming transformed into Chenoos, and of Chenoos being converted to Christianity.

The Kookwĕs was a huge giant, covered with hair, a cannibal, and possessed of magical powers.

The Culloo was a great bird, that occasionally swooped down, and carried off and devoured any one it could seize. There is a story of one of them being tamed. It was able to carry a large number of men on its back, and was quite obedient to its master, to whom it would talk, giving him advice, and aiding him with its magic.

The Cheepichcalm is introduced in almost all the stories. It was a terrible dragon, with yellow horns, and was the form often assumed by a boo-ōin when he wished to overcome an enemy.

The most interesting character whose doings are recorded in their legends is Glooscap, who may be looked upon as a sort of Indian Prometheus. One turns with pleasure from tales of dragons and giants' magic and slaughter to contemplate this genial and benevolent being; and a certain feeling of respect for the people capable of such a conception is at once awakened. All imaginable excellence and most remarkable powers are attributed to him, yet he is genuinely Indian, — a Micmac among Micmacs. He stands far above and distinct from all other possessors of supernatural gifts; and a sort of divinity rather than magic seems the foundation of his power. He is especially distinguished by his willingness to aid all who are in trouble. He lived among the Indians for a long time, occasionally changing his abode; and he is generally represented as grave, dignified, and hospitable. Blomedin is still called Glooscap-week, Glooscap's house. He was very often called upon for assistance by persons starting on some perilous adventure, and always gave his aid and counsel, sometimes changing one of the party into a megumoowĕsoo. His canoe, which is a large granite rock, or rocky island, is often borrowed, and though he complains that he generally has to go after it himself, he never refuses to lend it. His interest in those he assists never ceases; and he is present with them, though unseen, in all their adventures, assisting them in extremity, and rejoicing with them in their success. Nevertheless, he knows how to distinguish between the selfish and base and the generous and noble. He has no wife, but lives in a wigwam with an old woman, whom he calls "grandmother," and has one of the fairies, named Abistanăooch-marten, to wait on him.

Notwithstanding his general gravity, a vein of quiet humor runs through his character. One can fairly detect a smile in his eyes, as he sees the glum looks of his disappointed guests, when, instead of the savory meat of the moose or caribou, the old woman brings out a dried beaver bone, and scrapes a little of it in the pot, and prepares it for their supper, and share his enjoyment of their surprise, when they find the dish set before them to be so delicious that they can scarcely stop eating. Occasionally he can give and take a joke, as the following will show.

One evening, he had with him a visitor, named Kitpoosēágunow, who was a very great magician, and he determined to try his strength a little. So, when Kitpoosēágunow is about to go to his own wigwam, which is close by, Glooscap says: "The sky looks red; we shall have a cold night." Kitpoosēágunow understands what is meant; so he goes home and directs his brother, who is taking care of the lodge, to try out some porpoise oil, while he goes in search of fuel. This is done, and they build a roaring fire, and prepare to combat the cold. The porpoise oil is poured on, but, in spite of all their efforts, the fire goes out about midnight, and the brother is frozen stiff. But Kitpoosēágunow cannot be hurt, and, in the morning, is able to revive his frozen brother.

Next day, Glooscap and Kitpoosēágunow go out hunting; and, in the evening, when they are about to separate, the latter remarks, drily, "The sky is red again, this evening; we shall have a bitter cold night." It is now Glooscap's turn to struggle with the cold. So he goes home, and sends Little Marten out for fuel, and they build a great fire. But so excessive is the cold, that, by midnight, it is all out, and the old woman and Little Marten are frozen stiff. Next morning, Glooscap calls out, "Noogŭmē', numchâseć!" ("Grandmother, get up!") "Abistănāooch numchâsee!" ("Marten, get up!") And up they spring, as well as ever.

When the Indians were in want of anything, they were accustomed to present a small portion of it to Glooscap, and, if they were deserving, he would send them a large supply. Although he was often away from home, and no one knew exactly where he might be living, he could generally be found by any one who sought him.

After dwelling among the Indians a long while, he at length left them. According to some, it was on account of their sins; according to others, he was very much displeased at an insult offered to Little Marten by the Europeans. They invited the little fellow to look into a loaded cannon, which was immediately fired. When the smoke cleared away, he was discovered, sitting astride the gun, smoking his pipe. Ample apology was made for this slight mistake, and he was induced to creep inside the gun. Again it was fired, and,

as nothing could be seen of Little Marten, it was supposed that he had been killed; but, some one happening to look into the gun, there sat Abistanāooch, smoking away, as if nothing had happened. Glooscap, however, considered such trifling with his servant an insult to his dignity, and determined to leave the country. Sitting down by the shore, he began to chant,

Némăjeechk numeédich,
Némăjeéchk numeédich.

Let the little fish look at me.

Presently, a huge whale came up, and laid himself alongside the cliff. "You are too small," said Glooscap; "I want one large enough to touch bottom at this cliff." So the whale withdrew, and another of the desired size took his place, and asked, "Little grandson, what is it you wish?" "I wish," said he, "to be carried away across the sea, to a distant land in the west." "Get on my back," said the whale. This was done, and away they rushed, with terrible rapidity. At last, after swimming for a very long time, the whale began to see the bottom. He now inquired of Glooscap if they were not nearing the shore. "No," was the reply. "I think we must be nearing the shore," said the whale, "for I can see the shells at the bottom." But his passenger, who wished to drive him ashore, so that he could land easily, assured him that this was only a ledge over which they were passing. So on they sped, and at last the whale drove his head high and dry on the shore. Glooscap now lands, and, placing his bow against the whale, shoves him off into deep water again. "My little grandson," says he to the patriarch, "have you not a small piece of pipe to give me?" "I have," replied he; so he filled his pipe with tobacco, and put it in the whale's mouth. Away rushed the monster towards his home, puffing as he went, and sending up, at intervals, vast columns of smoke.

Glooscap has gone, but he will return. Although it is not known exactly where he now dwells, a number of visits have been paid to him by mortals very desirous of obtaining some great gift, but the way is hard to find, the journey long and beset by difficulties. Glooscap is not the sole occupant of this beautiful land in the west; two other personages, only inferior

to him, dwell there also, Keukw, the Earthquake, and Coolpŭjŏt (turned over with handspikes). The latter has no bones, and therefore cannot move himself, but he is rolled over twice a year by Glooscap's order. In the spring he is turned towards the east, in the autumn towards the west. Glooscap does not grant every request as the petitioner desires, but makes a wise discrimination. One man who wished to live a very long time was taken to the top of a very high mountain, covered with rocks, and there changed into a cedar, so gnarled, rough, and covered with limbs that no one would be likely to cut it down. Another who went seeking for a medicine that would cure all diseases, received a small package with directions not to open it till he arrived at his home. His curiosity overcame his judgment, however, and he opened and lost it. Others who asked for the cure of a bad temper, the power of making themselves beloved, and even aid in supporting a family, received what they sought. All the useful knowledge the Indians possessed, and especially the knowledge of good, was taught them by Glooscap, who encouraged them to look forward to a happy life with him after death. Their belief in him is strong even at the present time, and many grave discussions are held among them on the question, "Who was Glooscap?" Base indeed would be the Micmac, utterly depraved and given over to infidelity, who would maintain that there was "no such a person."

The prevalence of the belief in supernatural agency, so characteristic of mind in its infancy, is especially noticeable in the legends I have examined. Men possessed of powers different from those commonly bestowed are everywhere introduced, and multitudes of impossible achievements are crowded into one narrative. Violent contrasts, great results produced by means the most inadequate, seem especially acceptable. Thus a mighty boo-ōin is slain by a youth armed with a bow made of a twig, with a string consisting of a single hair, and an arrow of corresponding size, or a spear made of a small splinter; hungry men are fed from a small dish containing a morsel of food which never diminishes, and many other cases of a similar kind. Everything is charmed, and the Micmac is nothing if not magical.

The legends almost all commence in the same way: —

"Na meskeek oodŭm kăspĕmkŭ" ("On the borders of a lake stood a large Indian village"); or,

"Weegĭgijik kesegook" ("The old people are encamped").

They generally terminate abruptly, as though wonder-provoking incidents were sought rather than a well-executed plot, though this may be the fault of individual narrators. The fertility of invention is very small, for the same marvels are told over and over again, with slight variations to suit the conditions of different stories. Many of the legends record the adventures of some young man who went to a distant place to look for a wife. He has a great many dangers to encounter, generally meets with Glooscap and gets his advice and assistance, reaches a large village where an old chief resides who has in most cases three daughters, of whom the youngest is by far the fairest. Nothing less than a chief's daughter will satisfy the adventurer, and the fairest is promised him if he will perform certain tasks; these, of course, are soon accomplished, and the successful wooer starts for home, carrying off the maiden. Most of the magicians have the power of assuming the form of some animal, and in many of the stories there are men and women with the names of animals who are spoken of as real animals. The quality of their knowledge of natural history may be judged from the following: —

An Indian named Keekwajoo — the Badger — had gone into the woods to hunt, taking with him his little brother. They had been very successful and had laid in a large supply of food for the winter. About midwinter a little fellow named Abistănāooch, the Marten, pays them a visit, evidently with a desire to share in the good things of which there is such an abundance in the wigwam. He is kindly received, according to the rules of Indian hospitality. Another visitor soon after arrives, — Ablĕegumooch, — the Rabbit. They all dwell pleasantly together, telling stories to pass away the time.

Abistănāooch gives them a full account of the land where he dwells, and of his people. He tells them about Teeam the moose, Movin the bear, Kâleboo the caribou, Suntook the deer, Bŏktusum the wolf, Utkogwech the wild-cat, not forgetting such

humble personages as Adoodooech the squirrel, and Abukcheech the mouse.

Ablĕegumooch also has a good deal to say about the people he knows. He is a little inclined to boast; indeed, he pretends that he has once moved in high circles, lived among the aristocracy where they drink wine and eat biscuit and other nice things.

So one day Abistănāooch undertakes to quiz him a little.

"What is the cause of that slit in your lip?" he says, looking at Ablĕegumooch.

"O," is the reply, "where I live we eat with knives, and one day my knife slipped and I cut my lip."

"And why is it that your mouth and whiskers are always going when you are still?"

"O, I keep meditating and talking to myself, — that 's *our* way."

"What makes you always hop? Why don't you run and walk sometimes as we do?"

"Ah, that 's our style, we gentlemen don't move as the vulgar do."

"But pray, why do you scamper away so fast, jumping so far and so rapidly when you move?"

"Well, you see, I used to be employed carrying despatches (weegâdegunn) and got into the way of moving fast, and now it comes natural."

The story of the two weasels gives more of the same kind. Concerning the exact age of these legends I say nothing. They were translated from the Micmac by the gentleman who made the collection. Some of them bear evidence of contact with the Europeans, others may even have been learned from the French; but however that may be, they are most of them evidently Micmac in style and incident. In many instances they present striking resemblances to our own folk-lore, while at the same time their genuineness cannot be questioned; still the direct evidence they are capable of giving for or against a belief in the unity of the race is seemingly very unimportant.

The being with whom we are here brought in contact is rather a remarkable one. He possessed a keenness of obser-

vation and a shrewdness in interpreting appearances which are wonderful, and these are joined to a surprising narrowness of range. He could follow the trail of an enemy or lost child for days, with unerring certainty, and would lie down to sleep without setting a watch, when in imminent danger of being surprised and tomahawked. He lived in the very innermost temple of Nature, by river and lake side, mountain and bay, and was taken to the warm heart of the forest in winter; but his chief ideas of the beautiful seem to have been plenty of moose meat and a good opportunity for scalping an enemy.

The powers which he represented his magicians as possessing seem to be just such as a human being subjected to the conditions of savage life — uncertain supplies of food, inadequate means of defence against enemies — would be likely to desire; while alternate want and plenty, triumph and terror, would furnish groundwork for many stories, which, told with fanciful additions to the wondering ears of childhood, would in the next generation be looked upon as facts.

Far back in the woods, remote from any other dwelling, lived an old couple and their only son. The boy had grown up without seeing any one but his father and mother, and in fact ignorant that there were any other human beings. The old man's name was Kâ'ktoogwâk, — Thunder, — and, according to a common custom among the Indians, the son was called Kâktoogwâ'sees, — Little Thunder.

One day Kâktoogwâ'sees notices that his mother is losing her eyesight, and asks her, in surprise, what is the matter. She tells him that she is growing old, and can no longer attend to her domestic duties, and that he must go and find some one with good eyesight, to keep the wigwam. She then gives him the necessary directions concerning the preparations to be made and the journey to be taken. She assists him in preparing a wedding suit, — "kelóolkŭl âk weltĕ'gŭl," — pretty and well made; and when he inquires which way he is to go, she sends him away towards the setting sun. He must go west. Day after day he travels on, carrying in his hand a bundle containing his fine clothes, which are to be put on only when he has reached the village in which dwells the maiden

who is to be his wife. At last he has come almost to the place of sunset, when he hears in the distance, up a long valley, the sound of the altestâkun, and soon comes upon the wigwam where the play is going on. He finds the chief, Keekwâjoo, just in the excitement of completing the game. Keekwâjoo — the Badger — invites him to a seat in his wigwam, treats him very kindly, and he remains there for the night. Kâktoogwâsees tells where he is going, and the nature of his business. In the morning, after breakfast, the chief says to his comrades, " Friends, cannot some of you accompany our young brother on his expedition ? " They tell him that he is himself at leisure, and advise him to go. This he resolves to do, promising himself great sport on the expedition.

The two go on together, and soon reach a large point of land, where stands a man with one of his feet doubled up to his side, and tied there. Keekwâjoo, who now takes the lead throughout the tale, inquires of the stranger why his leg is tied. He replies that this is done to prevent him from running away. If he were to keep both feet free, he would run so swiftly that he would go round the world in a short time. The chief says to him, " I and my friend here are going to attend a great celebration ; will you join us ? You will make an important addition to our party." He replies that he is at leisure, and will go. The three now go on together, till they reach another great point of land, where they see a man with his nostrils tied up. On inquiry, they are informed that his breath is so strong, that if he were to unclose his nostrils, such a hurricane would be raised as would sweep them all away. Keekwâjoo, however, will not be satisfied without an illustration of this remarkable power, but has good cause to repent of his unbelief ; for no sooner does the stranger open his nostrils, in compliance with his request, than poor Badger is lifted from the ground and whirled about with the greatest violence by the storm thus raised. Clinging to a rock, with all his might, to prevent himself from being blown away, he calls to the mighty man to close his nostrils, which he does, and it is calm again. The adventurers now request their new acquaintance to join their party, and he accepts the invitation. They go on together, and their next remarkable adven-

ture is an encounter with a wood-chopper of such great prowess that he cuts down the loftiest pines, and uses them for his fencing-poles. He, too, is invited to join the expedition, and would like very much to do so, but there is one objection. Gooōwā'get — the Pinechopper — has a large family to support, and if he were to leave them for any length of time they might suffer. Keekwâjoo proposes a plan by which this difficulty may be obviated. They remain all night at the wigwam of Gooōwā'get, and next morning make a raid upon a neighboring town, and so satisfactory are the results of their expedition that Pinechopper agrees to join the wedding party.

The five friends now proceed together, and when night comes on they encamp. Gooōwā'get is directed to gather wood and make a fire, while the others go out in quest of game. They soon return, having killed several rabbits, and find that their comrade, always accustomed to do things on a large scale, has built an enormous fire. Keekwâjoo informs him that he has quite overdone the matter, and that next time he is to make only a small fire. So they remain all night. They roast their meat before the fire, stuck on sticks, eat their suppers, and lie down and sleep.

Next morning the party are again astir, and push on till it is time to halt again for the night. This time Pinechopper is left to prepare the wigwam, while the rest go into the woods to look for something to eat. The hunting party soon return with a caribou; and when they bring in the meat ready to roast, they find that their friend has felled huge trees and built a mighty lodge, and has kindled in the centre a very small fire. The chief tells him that he has overdone his work in another way this time, and that in future he need not build any shelter, but merely kindle a small fire.

Next night they arrive at the lodge of the celebrated Glooscap, and are kindly received. Keekwâjoo wishes to smoke, and Glooscap gives him a pipe so small that he can hardly see it. But he smokes away with it, and to his great surprise finds that it answers the purpose admirably. The host next sends Little Marten for a supply of water, and the kettle is put over the fire. The old woman brings out a small beaver bone and scrapes it into a wooden dish. These scrapings are put into

the kettle and the fire is replenished. "We shall make but a sorry supper out of this," is the thought of the Badger chief, who has been watching the preparations very eagerly. But he should have known better than to doubt the hospitality and superhuman power of his host. The water begins to boil, the little scrapings thicken and thicken, until they become large pieces of meat, fat and lean, and the hungry travellers find the food not only abundant, but very delicious. Keekwâjoo is hardly able to leave off, and eats so enormously that he makes himself sick.

After breakfast, next morning, Glooscap sends Little Marten to examine their weirs. He soon returns, saying that they have caught a small whale. Glooscap now takes Keekwâjoo down to the sea, and directs him to bathe. When this is done, he brings him out a whole suit of beautifully adorned clothes, and tells him to put them on. He does so, and is now endowed with supernatural power; he has become a megumoowesoo. Glooscap now directs him to go down with Marten to the shore, and tar the canoe, and stop all the leaks. So down to the shore they go, but Keekwâjoo can see nothing that looks like a canoe. He sees a singular-looking rock on the shore, but no canoe. On turning this rock over, however, he discovers that this is, in fact, a canoe, and they proceed to execute Glooscap's orders. When they return to the lodge, the chief requests the great magician to prepare him to encounter the dangers and difficulties of the way, for he is sensible that they are great. Glooscap replies that this is true, and proceeds to give him direction and advice.

Amongst the dangers to be met with, he tells him of a lot of beavers, one of which will be very fierce and attack them. This is a powerful magician, who has assumed this form, in order that he may be able to upset the canoe. Keekwâjoo is directed to take a chéegumâkun, and beat upon it, singing, at the same time, as well as he can. If he can charm the beaver with his music, so that he will come out of the water to listen, he is safe. In that case, he will do him no injury.

Having received their instructions, the adventurers proceed on their journey. After going a long distance, and meeting with minor obstacles, they at length approach a point where

they see a beaver's tail, just above the surface of the water. They approach cautiously, Keekwâjoo singing and playing upon the chéegumâkun. The music has the desired effect, the beaver withdraws his tail, raises his head above the water, and listens, and the canoe passes by in safety.

On and on they go, until they come in sight of a large village. Here they land, and take the path which leads to the chief's lodge. They enter; and the chief, divining the object of their visit, gives his consent in the usual way, by addressing Kâktoogwâsees as his son-in-law, and inviting him up to the back part of the wigwam. The chief's name is Keukw, — Earthquake. Arrangements are immediately made for celebrating the nuptials, and preparations made for a great feast on the morrow. But Little Thunder proposes to give them a specimen of what he can do that very evening. So he dances the n'skwokun, and raises such a storm that old Earthquake is alarmed for his own safety. Thunder, lightning, wind, and rain are too much, even for him. "Hold! hold!" cries the terrified chief, "it is enough!" So they eat their suppers, and lie down to sleep.

Next day there is a large gathering around the old chief's lodge. The wigwam is completely filled with the subordinate chiefs and their men. Before the door they clear away a spot, level it, and make it smooth for the dancers. But before the games are begun, a rival makes his appearance, who has no idea of allowing the daughter of the chief to be carried off by a stranger. He is a necromancer, who has assumed the form of the terrible Chepichcalm, and comes right into the wigwam to seize and carry off the maiden. The Badger rises up and says to him, "What do you want here?" and, receiving no answer, seizes a tomahawk, and with one blow cuts off his head, while the others look calmly on. He then chops him into pieces, and tosses him out of the wigwam. The food is now brought in, and, after all have eaten, Earthquake directs the young men to begin the sport. The first contest is a foot-race. A man is brought in, with his foot tied up, and matched against Badger's comrade. A cup, filled with water, is put into the hand of each, and they are set free. They are to try which can run the fastest and the steadiest;

the race-course is the circuit of the globe. Badger's man comes in first, and his glass is full. After a few minutes, his competitor comes in, with his glass only half full. So the victory is with Little Thunder's party.

Next, the chief gives the word, and a game of wrestling begins. Another Pinechopper is brought out to contend with the champion put forward by the strangers. They are stationed by the edge of a precipice ; and through the miraculous power of the Badger, imparted to his friend, their opponent is thrown over the cliff, and killed.

The sports now close. Little Thunder takes his bride, and starts for home. But the perils of the wedding party are not yet at an end. The warriors and magicians of this land in the far West are by no means reconciled to their loss, and would like to cut off the whole party, before they leave that region, and so revenge their numerous defeats. No sooner is the canoe out upon the open sea than they conjure up a great storm, and send it out, hoping to overwhelm and drown Kâktoogwâsees, and his comrades. But the Badger is equal to every occasion. As the hurricane sweeps on towards them, straight from the village they have just left, he orders the nostrils of the Blower to be unstopped, and all his powers exerted to the utmost to raise a counter-storm. The two storms meet and struggle for the mastery, but the contest is soon ended. Nothing can withstand the powers of the Blower ; the magic of the necromancer fails, and his storm is blown back upon himself.

All the perils through which they passed, in their first voyage, are again encountered on their return. The Beaver waits for them at the same point, but is again rendered powerless for harm by Keekwâjoo's song, and the magical chéegumâkun. His wrath is turned to laughter ; his formidable tail, which was to overturn the canoe, disappears ; he puts his head above water and manifests his joy. That evening they arrive at Glooscap's lodge, and find him watching for their return. He congratulates them on their success, and proposes that they shall stay with him, and hold a second day's wedding. To this they all agree, and preparations are made for a great feast. Glooscap sends invitation to all the neighbors ; and Little Mar-

ten is directed to bring in a troop of his friends, the wiggula-dummoćchkik. He washes himself, puts on his finest clothes, and goes out to execute his orders. Soon he returns, with a multitude of the very little people of both sexes, dressed and ornamented in the most exquisite manner, their clothes all covered with variegated wampum. Meanwhile the old lady, Glooscap's housekeeper, has exercised her skill to the utmost, and provided a supper worthy of the occasion. And now the whole company feast together. After supper there is dancing, in which all take part. Even Glooscap himself, though generally maintaining the character of a benevolent and dignified patriarch, joins in the pleasures he creates, and dances with the fairies and the rest. The dancing is kept up till daylight, and they take breakfast before the company separates. After breakfast, the fairies disperse, the wedding party leave the canoe where they had found it, and go on towards home by land. They pass the places already mentioned, staying all night where they had stayed before. At length they arrive at Pinechopper's wigwam, where they pass the night and leave their companion. The Runner, the Blower, and the Badger leave the party in succession, as their homes are reached, and at last Kâktoowâsees — Little Thunder — reaches the home of his parents, and presents to Kâktoogwâk — Old Thunder — his bride, the daughter of Keukw, — the Earthquake. The old people are glad to see their son, and well pleased with his choice.

There was once a widow who had two daughters, who were so white and fair that they went by the name of The Weasels, — Uskoolsk. One day their mother sent them out into the forest to dig ground-nuts, — seg'gŭbŭn, — and they lost their way. They wandered about in the forest a long time, trying to find their mother's wigwam, but in vain. When night came on, they prepared a place to lie down and rest till morning; but the strangeness of their situation and their fears kept them long awake. It was a clear night, the stars were shining brightly above, and at last their beauty attracted the attention of the lost maidens. After wondering for some time what they were, they began to fancy them the

eyes of human beings, and to speculate as to what kind of husbands they would make.

"Which would you choose for a husband," said the younger sister, "the large stars or the small ones, — the man with the large eyes or the man with the little ones?"

"I like the big stars best; I would prefer the man with the large bright eyes," replied the elder.

"And I," said her sister, "I would prefer the man with the small eyes. I like the little stars best."

After a while they fell asleep; and the younger, waking in the night, and happening to move her foot, touched some one who was sitting there.

"Take care!" said the stranger, "you have upset my nebijegwodē'" (medicine for the eyes).

Starting up to look, she saw a small, wrinkled old man, with his eyes sunk into his head, and so weak that they were nearly closed. The stars had heard their conversation, and the old man had taken her at her word. Immediately after, the older sister awoke; and happening to move her foot, touched some one, who called out, "Take care! you have upset my sekwŏn" (red ochre).

She sat up, and looked round, and lo! there was a tall, well-formed warrior, all arranged in his plumes and ornaments, with his face and arms painted in the gayest colors. But what most distinguished him was the size and brilliancy of his eyes, which were fixed upon the maiden who had chosen the large star. But they were told by the strangers to lie down and compose themselves till morning, and even then not to stir until they heard the squirrels singing.

"Do not heed the noise of Adoódooech, — the Red Squirrel, — but wait till you hear the voice of Abâlkakŭmech, — the Ground Squirrel; then you may get up." So they lay down and slept again, till daylight. They did not stir at the noise of Adoódooech, but waited for the voice of Abalkakŭmech; and when they heard his singing, they got up. What was their astonishment to find that they were at the top of a very large, tall white-pine. They had been meddling with matters too high for them, and this was the punishment. They were snugly enclosed in a nest, which kept them from falling; but it

was impossible for them to go down from it, without assistance. So the poor Weasels (for they are now spoken of as real weasels) wait and watch for help. Various personages pass during the day, and they ask assistance from each. The first to whom they apply is Teeâm, — the Moose.

"N'seseněn," they call to him, "our elder brother, come and take us down, and we will be your wives."

Teeâm looks up disdainfully at the little weasels, and replies, "I am already married; I was married in the autumn."

Teeâm passes on, and the next who comes by is Mooin, — the Bear. He is requested to climb up the tree and relieve the poor sisters from their perilous situation, and they promise to be his wives and wait on him. Mooin informs them that he has no need of a wife; he was married in the spring; and strides past, with a disdainful growl.

Next comes a beautiful little animal, more nearly resembling themselves. Abistanā'ooch, — the Marten. They implore his assistance, and make their offer, but he scampers off, telling them that he was married in the early spring.

They next appeal to Keekwâjoo, — the Badger. Now this Keekwâjoo was a mischievous fellow, very fond of playing practical jokes; so, when the sisters offer to become his wives if he will help them down, he accepts, hoping to have a little fun at their expense. He ascends the tree, and brings down the younger first. While he is doing this, the other sister, who understands his character and guesses his intentions, takes off her hair-string, and fastens it around the branch, tying it in a great many knots and in the most difficult manner. This sister is no sooner placed in safety on the ground than she exclaims, "I have forgotten my hair-string; bring it down to me, and be very careful not to break it." Keekwâjoo obeys, but finds that it takes a very long time to untie all the knots. Meanwhile the sisters build a small wigwam for his accommodation. When it is finished, they bring in a bundle of thorns and an ant-hill and hornet's-nest, with their respective inhabitants, placing them at proper stations in the wigwam. This done, they run away as fast as they can.

At last, Keekwâjoo has succeeded in untying the sŭggălō'bee,

and comes down. He sees the small wigwam, and hears talking and laughing inside. Supposing that, of course, the two maidens are there, he runs in. As the place is dark, he runs his nose against the thorns, which have been purposely placed in his way. Yelling with pain, he turns to run out, when he hears a voice, apparently that of the younger maiden, saying: "Nămĭskāle," — towards my (elder) sister. Plunging in that direction, he finds himself in the middle of an ant-hill, and is immediately attacked by the ants. Then he hears another voice saying: "N'kwechkāle," — towards my sister (younger than I). Rushing into the corner from which the voice proceeds, he overturns the hornet's-nest, and meets their terrible stings.

Keekwâjoo now perceives that he has been trifled with. His wrath and chagrin are great, and he starts in pursuit of the Weasels, vowing that he will tear them to pieces.

All this time the sisters had been scampering along as fast as possible. They have reached the bank of a wide rapid river, where they see no means of crossing. At last they discover Tumgoligunech, — the Crane, — standing at the edge of the stream. They go up to him and address him as "uncle," asking him to set them across. But he tells them he never works without pay, and they must acknowledge the beauty and elegance of his form and covering.

"Confess that I have straight and smooth feathers."

"Indeed, indeed, our uncle has straight and beautiful feathers," is the ready reply.

"Confess, also, that I have a beautifully long and straight neck."

"O, indeed, our uncle has a wonderfully long and straight neck."

"Confess that my legs are exceedingly straight."

"Yes, indeed, our uncle has exceedingly straight legs."

The vanity of the old fellow is now sufficiently gratified. He stretches out his neck, making it reach quite to the other bank and on this bridge the Weasels cross.

Scarcely had they reached the opposite shore, when Keekwâjoo comes rushing down in great haste and fury. He looks about for a crossing-place, and seeing none, asks the Crane, in

rather an abrupt manner, to set him across. Tumgoligunech will abate no particle of his dignity, however, and demands the same tribute of praise as he has just received. Unhappily for the Badger, he is in no mood for paying compliments, so when he repeats the admissions dictated to him by the Crane, he adds something which spoils the whole.

"Yes, yes, indeed, your legs are straight and beautifully pointed too."

"Your feathers are smooth and fine, indeed, and all covered with mildew and dust."

"Wonderfully straight neck you have, straight as this,"—picking up a stick and bending it back and forth.

So the Crane stretches his neck out across the rushing stream, and the Badger attempts to walk across on it. When he reaches the middle, the bridge begins to shake violently, and to sway from side to side, till at last the poor Badger is shaken off and plunged headlong into the stream, where he is rolled over and over and borne down by the current. He cries out, "I wish to land at Cajâligŭnŭch," where, indeed, he did land, being washed ashore upon the rocks and killed. Meanwhile the maidens went on, and by nightfall arrived at a deserted village, and went into one of the wigwams to pass the night. The elder of them, fearing the effects of magic, cautioned her sister not to touch anything. They see lying near the wigwam the neck-bone of an animal, and this bone the younger sister is not careful to treat with due respect. She kicks it, and in other ways shows her contempt for it. Soon after they have lain down to sleep they hear the Chŭmŭchkegwēch, the Neck-bone, shouting and complaining of the indignities put upon him, and using very indignant and reproachful language towards the one who had insulted him. The poor girl now begins to tremble.

"Did n't I tell you that you would kill us, if you were not more careful?" said her sister.

But this only increases her terror, and she implores her sister to conceal her. So soon as she speaks, the Neck-bone mocks her, repeating her words insultingly. They have no other disturbance, however, than the noise, and in the morning all is quiet. They continue their journey, in hopes of finding an

Indian village, and go on down the river near the shore. After a time they discover a young man on the opposite side, and call to him to help them across, making him the usual offer of becoming his wives. He lays his bow across the river and they pass over on it. He then tells them to go on their way, he has wives enough and does not require them. By and by they see a canoe with two men in it, and ask to be taken in. It is done, and the canoe goes on. The persons in the canoe are Kweemoo, — a Loon, — and Magwis, — a Scapegrace. As they paddle along, Kweemoo begins to admire the two strangers, and becomes quite captivated with their beauty of form and dress. He tells them that he is a native of the land of the Oweălkĕsk (a very beautiful sea-duck), and that he is one of the tribe. Magwis, however, gives them a hint "not to believe that fellow, for he is lying." In a short time they arrive at the land of the Oweălkĕsk and go on shore. The sisters are delighted with the appearance of the people, they are so beautiful in form and features and so splendidly arrayed and ornamented. The Oweălkĕsk are no less pleased with the whiteness and gracefulness of the sisters, and they are soon sought in marriage by two young chiefs, and the weddings celebrated with great pomp and rejoicings. They feast, dance, wrestle, and race on foot and in canoes. Poor Kweemoo is very much annoyed at his want of success, and tries hard to vent his spite on the people. During the canoe-race he contrives to overturn his canoe, and calls out for some of the young women to come out and pick him up, but Seaduck tells them not to mind him. "He 'll do well enough. He 'll not drown." So after staying in the water as long as he pleased, and finding that no notice was taken of him, he concludes to come on shore. And so the Two Weasels are at last comfortably settled.

WILLIAM ELDER.