GABE says, Glooscap is still living. He is going to last as long as the world. They say that he is in the south end of the world. There were seven Indians who went to see him. It took them seven years to get to him. They saw him living with his grandmother. They went there to get their wishes. One man wanted long life. He gave them all their wishes, but he told him to come outside of his wigwam. He took him to a place and told him to stand there. "Stand there," said he; "you will get your wish." He was turned into a curly cedar, all limbs fit for no use, so that nobody will ever cut him. Glooscap is doing nothing but making arrowheads for a general war. He is not an old-looking man. He appears to be about thirty years old. He renewed his grandmother's youth four times. Where Glooscap is there is a medicine-man too. This medicine-man is blind; never opens his eyes. He lies on one side for seven years; then they turned him over, and where he lay there were herbs growing, which were good for medicine. The good of these different herbs was explained by the medicine-man. Glooscap asked him what could he do in the case of a general war. He said that when all were dead as far as his eyes could see he would open them. After they had all got their wishes, Glooscap asked them how long it had taken them to come. They said, "Seven years."

"There is a shorter way," said Glooscap. He points out a course to them and told them to take it. They did so and got home in four days. Glooscap was very good, and they say that what was big and dangerous, he reduced in size. The squirrel was once as big as a lion. He brought him down to his present size. Glooscap met the squirrel and asked him what he would do if he met a person. He saw a stump and ran at it and tore it down with his teeth and claws. Glooscap then put his hand on his back three times, and thus made him as small as he now is. (This is a Chippeway story, also.)

The bear; Glooscap asked him what he would do; when the bear trotted off a short distance and looked over his shoulder as he does now.

When Glooscap came out of the woods to the St. John River, he found there was a dam at its mouth. Just where he came to the river, between Boar's Head and Indian Town, he marked his own face on the rock. You can see what looks like his curly hair. It is on the east side of the river. He found the beaver very big and
very dangerous. He killed the whole family, the old ones and the young ones, so he broke the dam, and killed the beaver by spearing. Looking up the river he saw a young beaver going up, so he threw two stones up to the Tobique to frighten him back. These are the Tobique Rocks. Where the dam stood, where the falls are, it flowed back to Hampton Ferry, and above Fredericton. There is an island in Kennebecasis Bay, which was the beaver house. It is called in Indian, "Qua-beet-wo-sis" = beaver house. There is a hole from the top of the island to the water. Glooscap's uncle, the turtle, was taken by enemies. They considered what they should do to kill him. First they proposed to burn him, but he walked into the fire of his own accord. They saw that would not do, so they proposed to cut his throat. But he took a knife and cut his own, so they saw that would not do. At last, they proposed to drown him, when he began . . . (Manuscript fails.)

**Glooscap.**

Glooscap was a spirit. He could do anything. He does not get old, and is said to be living yet at the south end of the world. He tried all of the animals, to find out which was a dangerous and which a not dangerous animal. He called them all up to him, and asked them what they would do when human beings came in the world. They replied that they would run away. He asked the bear what he would do. The bear looked over his shoulder and walked off.

"That will do," said Glooscap.

The squirrel was then very big. Glooscap asked him what he would do, whereat he ran at a stump furiously and tore it to pieces with his teeth. Glooscap then reduced him to his present size.

A female otter married a spruce partridge. They had a son. He wanted to find his father. His mother told him to go into the woods and listen; when he heard something like slow beating, that was not his father, but when he heard quick, that was him. He found him and stayed with him for a long time. Musquash swapped tails with the beaver. Beaver, she married some dry land animal, red-headed woodcock. One day they got quarrelling and beaver left woodcock and swam away. Beaver built dam at the place where the Falls of the St. John are. Glooscap came there one day, saw the dam, watched till he saw the beaver, which was of enormous size. The beaver house was in Kennebecasis Bay. He thought they would do harm some day, so he broke his dam down. Split Rock at the Falls was his handspike. All the Kennebecasis Bay and Long Reach was the pond. He killed the two young ones and old ones. After killing these, he looked for another. When
he saw one young one up at Numquash, heading up river, he then took two rocks to throw above him to frighten him back. These are what are now called Tobique Rocks. He was frightened back and he killed him. Below Boar’s Head you see, in the cliffs, a man’s head with curly hair. That was Glooscap’s mark, after he first came out to the St. John River to notice the beaver dam. It is on the left-hand side going down, about half a mile below Boar’s Head. Glooscap killed a great moose below Machias. You can see all the entrails of the moose in the rock. There is another place between Manawagonish Island and Musquash. He there left his sack and went off. When he got back he found a sable gnawing at it. You can now see his pack with the little hole the sable made in it. I have seen this on the cliff. We often, when I was a boy, used to go down to Lepreau for cranberries. When we passed Glooscap’s face, we used to throw figs of tobacco in the water, in order that we might have a calm time. We had great faith in this.

Glooscap had a large camp, as large as the city all about him. The wild goose was his watcher. The loon and the wolf were his dogs. He had all the animals, even to the toad. He made them all believe they were human beings.

The eagle married the caribou and had son and daughter. The turtle was Glooscap’s uncle. Glooscap always told the turtle what he was going to do. Then the turtle would tell the other animals at the Council House. The turtle married one of the eagle’s and caribou’s daughters. He had children. The turtle would always do what Glooscap told him. One day he told his uncle, after he was married, that he was going to have a feast for the whole camp. Turtle asked what was to be done; Glooscap said he was old enough to know.

“Go down to the nearest long point and watch; first whale which comes to the point, seize him and bring it up. Leave it opposite your father’s-in-law door.” Turtle went down and caught the first whale and put it on his shoulder and got up opposite his father’s-in-law door. He thought he would go a little farther, thinking that it was in his power to do so.

But when he started on, the whale pressed him down so that he could not move. The animals then notified Glooscap. He answered them, “There is no harm done. He will come out all right.” Then all the rest cut up the whale, chiefly that part which was over the turtle. They got him out, when he began to stretch his legs, complaining that he was sleepy and tired.

The turtle now thought he was so powerful that he could do anything. He began then holding council independent of Glooscap. They hold council day after day to kill Glooscap, so that the turtle
might have supreme command. All the other animals joined the
council, from the biggest animal down to the toad. One day
Glooscap turned himself into an old squaw. He got in at the door
at one side.

There was an old squaw in the shape of a porcupine; on the
opposite side another old squaw in the shape of a toad. When he
got in he asked the porcupine what was the council. The porcu-
pine said to Glooscap it was not worth while for him to know what
the council was about, so he put out his two fingers and seized the
porcupine's nose. He then, in a rage, passed over to the toad and
asked the same question. He answered the same. He took him
by the nose and went out. After he went out the porcupine looked
over at the toad and asked her, "Where is your nose?" The toad
looked at the porcupine then, and said, "Where is yours?" They
concluded from that that Glooscap must have been in. After they
got through with the council, the turtle ground his big knife and
went to Glooscap and said to him, "Nephew, I want to sleep with
you once more, the same as I did when you were a boy." Gloos-
cap said, "That is all right, uncle." So they went to bed. After
he found his uncle was asleep he got up and stabbed part of himself,
thinking it was Glooscap, calling out, "I have killed Glooscap." He,
who had slipped to one side, called out, "Let me have a cut at
him!" And so he ripped up the turtle with his knife.

After this, Glooscap told turtle he must go and get some rum.
He did so. When they all got quarrelling and fighting, the turtle
would fight all the rest. One animal told Glooscap, "the turtle will
kill us all." Glooscap said, "Help yourselves! When he gets
troublesome give him a kick in his breast with your knee, that will
stop him."

They did so, and stunned him.

Then Glooscap called them all up and sent them back to their
own life as men and women. The wolf, his dog, went away howl-
ing, sorry to leave; the loon the same. The turtle came to life;
could not see any one anywhere. He got up and said, "I will go to
my natural life," and so took the water, and that was the end of him.

Glooscap had a brother. He was wicked. Glooscap and his bro-
ther were smart when they were born. They dug their way out
of their mother's side, who died. The youngest brother thought
that he could kill Glooscap, his older brother, and would do so if he
could. One day they were talking. The youngest brother asked
Glooscap what would kill him. Glooscap thought he would not tell
him what would kill him, but told him something which would stun
him. So he told him the down of feathers. Glooscap asked his
younger brother what would kill him. To this the younger brother
answered truly, "poque-we-osque," the bulrush.
The younger brother gathered a large handful of down. At the first opportunity he hit his brother with these and knocked him down. Glooscap was only stunned for two days and two nights. He then came to himself and gathered some bulrushes. He had a large handful in his hand, of the tops of the bulrush. With these he struck his brother, when not aware, and killed him. Glooscap was afraid if he did not kill him he would own the whole land. (Originally procured by Edward Jack, Fredericton, N. B.)

KULLOO AND GLOOSCAP.

At the time that Glooscap had a camp containing all of the animals who were married together, Kulloo was then governor. The turtle, who was Glooscap's uncle, was advised by Glooscap to marry Kulloo's daughter. So Glooscap gave him his pix noggin, a purse which was a whole fisher's skin. This the turtle hung to his side, and when he came to Kulloo, he asked his daughter in marriage. Kulloo, thinking from his pix noggin that he was Glooscap himself, readily gave his consent. Nor did he discover his mistake until the morning after the marriage. Kulloo himself was married to a caribou. There was a youngster born who cried awfully, "Wa-wa-wa;" he cried all the time. The turtle then went to his nephew and told him about this. Glooscap asked how the child cried, and he said, "Wa, wa, wa!" Glooscap said, "You are old enough to know what a child wants. That child wants you to get him eggs,—Wah-uae."

"Where shall I get wah-uae?"

"Do you not recollect those rocky islands where we used to get eggs? You must go there and get them." Turtle did not know how to get there, and asked his nephew how. Glooscap said, "Don't you know our canoe?" showing him a long rock on the seashore. "Get two of your sisters-in-law to go with you." He did so, and the three went down to the shore and the turtle then put his paw on the rock, and turned it over, and that canoe went without steering or oars to the island, where all the gulls and other sea-fowls laid their eggs. When they got back, they had the canoe chock full of eggs. Then the whole camp had a great feast. After that he told his uncle, "Why don't we have a great feast?" Turtle said, "What will we get?" Glooscap said to his uncle, "Don't you know where we used to get whales, down by the long point?" Glooscap said, "Take your harpoon, go down on the shore and wait until a whale comes along, and harpoon him and lug him up."

He went down, harpooned a whale, and lugged him up to camp. He said then, "You must not go a step farther than your father-in-law Kulloo's door." He got square up to his father-in-law Kulloo's door, but thought he would go a few steps farther; but he
went down under the whale, not being able to carry him any farther.

The rest of the animals told Glooscap, who told them, "Cut away, never mind, he will be all right." So they cut the whale up. When they came to the turtle, he stretched his legs out and said that he was tired. Then Glooscap told his uncle he must have a fight against some other nation. He then made his uncle the general over all the forces. They went to war with an adjoining nation, and the turtle was taken prisoner. The other nation had a great council over the turtle and concluded to burn him. Soon as the turtle heard this sentence he began to crawl into the middle of the fire. They hauled him back, when they found he was not afraid of the fire. They held another council. They settled down to this, that his throat should be cut. When he heard this sentence, he got hold of a knife and commenced to cut his own throat. They had hard work to get the knife away from him. Then they had another council. They thought they would drown him. There was a big lake, surrounded by high cliffs near the camp. When he heard his sentence he cried. They found out then that he was afraid of water. They hauled him over to the lake. He dragged all the way along and tried to hold on. With hard work, they got him to the lake. When he got into the bottom of the water, he turned his belly up and lay without moving so that he could be seen. Men watched all day to see where he was. When it got dark they took torches to see whether he was still there. Then, long after night, the turtle thought he would escape. When he got near the outlet he saw people with torches watching the outlet. Lucky it was for him that the outlet was muddy; so he stirred up the mud as much as he could, and made the outlet so muddy that nothing could be seen, so he lay still and allowed the current to float him down, so that no ripple could be seen, and got clear to his own camp again.

(Originally procured by Edward Jack, Fredericton, N. B.)

LOX.

Very cute the way he gets his living with other animals. He makes fools of them. The bear was too much for him to attack. He met bear alongside of lake. They sat down and had conversation. Lox said, as they were sitting on the lake shore, as a great white gull was flying, "Look at that bird! How proud he is! He would not have been so white, if I had not made him so."

Bear thought he would like to be white, and asked Lox, who told him he could make him white.

"If you do what I want, you will be white as snow."

"I want to be so," says Mouin. Lox went to work and made
strong hut. In the centre he dug a hole. He took rocks and put in this hole. After he had done this, he made a fire on stones. After wood was burnt out twice and rocks red hot, he put strong roof on top of hut. He had a hole in the roof, down which he could pour water on the hot rocks. Told Mouin he must go in, which he did. When he got in, Lox closed door. Then Lox poured water on stones, which made Mouin very hot. Mouin could not stand it and asked to be let out. Lox let him out.

Lox said: "What a pity. You just begin to get white. Look at the white spots on your breast." So he went in again. Lox closed everything up tighter than ever. Mouin began to feel very bad and asked to get out, but Lox would not let him. At last there was no noise from Mouin. Then Lox open the door and found him dead...

Lox always had a boy with him. He depended always on this boy for knowledge. Lox would always give this boy the most of the game. They had a great feast over Mouin, until it was all done. They then went on again. All of a sudden they came on to a big lake, chock full of ducks and geese. He asked the boy what he could do to get these birds. Boy said, "Make a great high bough camp, and we'll call them after it is made." Lox went down to the lake and invited all the fowls to come and hear a pow-wow. So they came, until the camp was full of birds. When he got them all in, he told them that he was going to speak and every one must shut their eyes, that if they opened them they would lose their eyes. They did so. He said he would go round so that all might hear; and thus, as he walked around, he bit off the heads of such birds as he came to. When he had bitten the heads off nearly all, the boy said to a little bird [asic-sis], a sort of hell-diver, "Open your eyes, for Lox will bite your head off." He said, "No."

"Well, then," he says, "just open one eye." He did. As soon as he did, he screeched out. "Lox is killing us all!" Everybody then opened his eyes and saw how many were dead.

They then burst off the roof of the camp and flew out. Lox scolded the boy, who denied it. The boy and Lox divided the fowls, then picked them and opened them and then smoked them. When they got dry they tried the oil out of them, and made birch-bark cos-sues (ses-kidge = a wool), and put the oil in them. After that was done the boy went down to the bank of the lake with his cos-sues. There was a musquash swimming in front of him, and he asked Ke-whis, would he be kind enough to cool his oil below the water. Ke-whis did so, and the boy gave him a little ses-kidge for his own use. Then he went up to camp. Lox said, "These are nice and hard;" and asked the boy how he did it. He told him. Then Lox
went down to the lake with his grease (Lox is very saucy; saucy to everybody), and when he saw Ke-whis, he called him to Lox, Ke-taag-a-naaloos = rough-tailed one. Ke-whis did not like Lox’s impertinence, but after some time he came ashore. Then Lox gave him his cossue of oil. He took it out to cool and went down with it. He came back. Oil only a little stiff, not hard like the other.

He said, “Lok-ke-taag-a-naaloos, go back with it.” He did so, but never returned. He had been instructed to do this by the boy. Lox waited all that day and all night, but Ke-whis never came back. Lox went all around the lake, looking for Ke-whis’s hole. He found it at last and began to dig. He did not dig very far till he saw the Musquash’s tail. Lox called out, “Dig away. I did not think I should have so short a race with you.” (He is always saucy.) Then Ke-whis’s tail disappeared, so Lox dug away as hard as he could until he came up against the mountain. He called to the boy to bring something to dig. This he did. Then they dug away. At last Lox got tired and gave it up. Then Lox went on with the boy until they came to another lake that was full of beavers. They thought they would make a spruce-bark canoe so as to get beaver round the edge of the lake. There were lots of wild roses, — Kigue-se-gall-ki-gua-nunsel (the flower which has buds after the leaves fall).

(Here ends the manuscript. Originally procured by Edward Jack, Fredericton, N. B.)

SHORT STORIES.

That it may appear how much the Indians were deluded or under the influence of Satan, read, etc., “John Gyle’s Capture on the St. John River from 1689 to 1698.” He says, Read the two stories which were related and believed by the Indians; the first of a boy who was carried away by a large bird called a cullona, who buildeth her nest on a high rock or mountain. A boy was hunting with his bow and arrow at the foot of a rocky mountain, when the cullona came diving through the air. Although he was eight or ten years of age, she soared aloft and laid him in her nest, food for her young. The boy lay still on his face, but observed two of the young birds in the nest with him, having much fish and flesh to feed upon. The old one, seeing they would not eat the boy, took him up in her claws and returned him to the place from which she took him. I have passed by the place in a canoe and the Indians have said, “There is the nest of the great bird that carried away the boy.” Indeed, there seemed to be a great number of sticks, put together like a nest, on the top of the mountain. At another time they said, “There is the bird, but he is now as a boy to a giant to what
Maliseet Legends.

he was in former days.” The bird which we saw was a large and speckled one, like an eagle, though somewhat larger. (Note by James Hannay, “Telegraph Press,” St. John, N. B., 1875.)

The first white man who came to the country went up to an Indian’s wigwam, in front of which there stood a bench. The white man took a seat on it, beside the Indian, who then moved a little farther off to give him plenty of room. The white man then took the place which he had left. This continued until the Indian had to leave the bench, there being no room left for him.

There was once a very brave Indian. A lot of Mohawks came to his wigwam when he was absent. Finding the Indian’s squaw there, they told her that she might choose the best looking man of the party for her husband, if she would only tie her husband when he came home at night, and let them know. There was one very good-looking young man in the party and so the squaw chose him. When night came on the Indian came home. After supper, his squaw asked him if he could be tied or fastened in any way so that he could not move. Suspecting her, he said, “Yes.” So she got all the thongs she could and fastened his arms and feet. Then going to the door, she called to the Indians. At this, her husband sprang up, burst his bonds, and seizing his tomahawk, killed her first, then all of the Mohawks.

The totem of the Maliseet is a musquash, Ke-whis-a-wask [musk-rat-root (calamus)]. The Indians living on this part of the St. John River (near Fredericton) at one time had a terrible disease come on them. They died so fast that those who were left could not dig graves quickly enough, but had to put them all together in one big hole. At last, one of the Indians dreamed that a man came to him. Now this Ke-whis-a-wask looked like a tall, thin man, all scored up by joints just like what this root is. He told the Indian that his name was Ke-whis-a-wask, and where he would find him. [This was on the front of the Clements’ farm, on the east side of the St. John, a few miles above Fredericton.] They went to this place, where there was a large spring, and, as he was directed, dug up Ke-whis-a-wask, and steeped him in water, as he had directed, and gave of the water to the Indians to drink. After drinking they grew better and were soon all well.

THE MOHAWKS ON THE WAR-PATH.

Long before the white men took our country from us, said Gabe, our worst enemies were the Mohawks. War parties of these Indians used to portage from the St. Lawrence to the head of the St. John, which they descended until they reached our settlements. They attacked our villages in the darkest nights, when
there was no moon,—burnt our camps, and tomahawked our women and children.

Many, many moons ago, one of our braves went out in his canoe and paddled up the river until he came to the mouth of the Amwehnek. (This you white faces call Muniac.) He was going to spear some fish, and was paddling along, when he thought he could see in the early morning a smoke arising from the river's bank, near where the stream empties into the main river. Pushing his canoe ashore, he carried it into the woods, where he hid it behind a fallen pine, and then went through the forest until he came nearly opposite the mouth of the Muniac. On arriving there, he saw, through a thick clump of wild cherry (trees behind which he remained concealed), a party of five hundred or six hundred Mohawks. They were even then making their breakfast off the bodies of several dogs, whose grinning skulls were lying on the shore, their white teeth glistening in the morning sun.

He had seen enough! So starting back cautiously as a fox and silently as the night to where his canoe lay hid, he carried it hastily to the shore, and in less than five minutes was paddling for dear life for Aughpack, the head of the tide, as the Indian village at Savage Island, near the mouth of the Keswick, was then called.

The day was just breaking as he glided past the Mactaquac and shot down stream to the village, whose barking dogs gave notice of his arrival. He was scarcely able to lift his canoe ashore, and on entering the first hut, where a young squaw was broiling some salmon's roes on the coals for her mother's breakfast, he was stunned to hear that all the warriors except five had left the village and were at Passamaquoddy, pollock fishing. There was no time to send for them, and if anything was to be done to save the lives of the women and children who had now gathered around him, and were shrieking and sobbing bitterly at the terrible news which he related to them, it must be done at once. Sitting down on the green grass beside the mighty river, he addressed the five warriors as follows: "Brothers, the savage Mohawks thirst for our blood; they have had their war-feast. I have seen the heads of the dogs which they have eaten. Would you die to save our women and children?" Each of the five, bowing his head, gave the Indian assent "A-Ha."

"Let us be off, then, to meet the swift feet!" So with three canoes, two men in each, they ascended the river to the Muniac, hugging the opposite shore as they neared their enemies, who were still camped on the ground, where the warrior had first seen them.

A great storm threatened over the woods; the saw-whet cried out through the pines; but there was no other breath; and just before dawn they lit a few fires in the woods so as to make it appear a party of Maliseet braves were camping opposite.
After doing this, and so soon as day broke, they carried their canoes through the woods, across the bend in the river, and placed them in the river below, where the Mohawks could not find them. They then poled boldly up stream in full view of their enemies (being beyond the reach of arrows), deliberately landed, and again took their canoes on their shoulders and carried them across the point, put them in the water, poled them up again, in the face of the Mohawks, and thus the six men kept on describing a circle for three days, showing two or three canoes always passing in front of the Mohawks, who by this time had got very uneasy at all the warriors the Maliseets were getting, and concluded now they were numerous as the leaves of the trees.

Holding a council, the Mohawks decided that they would have a pow-wow with the Maliseets, and an interpreter was sent in his canoe to the middle of the river, demanding a parley with them. The six who were lying in the woods, on hearing the request for a parley, shoved in their canoes until they came within a short distance of the Mohawk canoe. An agreement was made that six of the Maliseets should come over and arrange the preliminaries of a lasting peace between the two nations.

So, early the next morning, the six warriors, painting themselves with the red earth which is found in the neighborhood, and ornamenting their heads with eagle's feathers, calmly paddled to the Mohawk encampment. Here, after representing themselves as the deputies of a Maliseet host of one thousand braves, they indignantly told the Mohawks if they did not leave their river at once, this force would cross over and take every scalp-lock in the band. After a good deal of angry talk, an aged Mohawk, who had seen the snows of ninety winters, arose and said, "Brethren, warriors, my sun is nearly set. I look for rest and peace. I would, in quiet, seek the happy hunting-grounds of our fathers. Grant me this favor,—bury the hatchet, and I die content."

Rising as one man they all replied, "We will, we will; let peace be made." So, descending to the mouth of the Muniac, all of the Mohawk warriors and the six delegates from the imaginary force on the opposite side of the St. John ranged themselves close to the stream, while one representative from the Mohawks and all from the Maliseets dug a deep hole in the bed of the stream, in which they buried a stone hatchet, covering it with one of the great bowlders which the stream had brought down from the distant mountains.

There, said Gabe, it has remained ever since, undisturbed; and never since has a band of Mohawk warriors descended our river to trouble our people."

The Mohawks, Gabe said, more than once attempted the
destruction of the Abenakis residing there (Old-Town, now Hart's Island), and once in particular they would have been utterly destroyed but for the wise foresight of an aged squaw who was gifted with the spirit of prophecy. On a still summer evening, long before the pale faces had invaded our country, said he, this woman, with wild eyes and long, flowing gray hair, rushed into the centre of the encampment, calling out in low tones, "There is trouble! There is trouble!" In a short time she was surrounded by braves, who asked what she meant. "You see We-jo-sis (Currie's Mountain) over there, do you not? Behind it is hidden a great party of Mohawks, and they are only waiting for the night to cover the earth, when they will attack you and kill you all, if you are not ready for them." A great council was immediately called, and it was decided that action should be at once taken in the matter. In order to conceal their intentions from the Mohawks, they concluded to have a big dance. While this was going on, the braves slipped out one by one, leaving none but the old men and women to keep it up. Before separating they had determined on a particular sign by which they should know one another in the dark, as they might be crawling through the long grass or among the thick bushes, which surrounded the island, and he who could not answer this sign was to be dispatched immediately and his gory head thrown in among the dancers. The Mohawks, meanwhile, had, as evening advanced, slowly and stealthily approached the Abenakis' village; but will had been met by will, and before day dawned, many a Mohawk's head had been thrown into the midst of the dancers, with the whispered command, "Dance harder! Dance harder!" until, exhausted and fainting, the dancers sank to the ground. By morning all of the Mohawk braves had been slain.

The others, said Gabe, were as easily dispatched as you would cut a chicken's head off or knock a lamb on the head. Some three or four, with ears and noses cut off, were allowed to return home in order to show the other Mohawks how they would be treated, should they attempt the like again."

INDIAN NAMES.

Grand lake = Cutchiquispem; cutchi = big, quispem = lake.

Schoodac = a place found out.

Huc-se-noggan-nuck = trapping-place. [Understood by Indians as for eels. This is a place on the Schoodic.]

Chamcook [should be Scom-cook] = fresh (clean) gravel.

On the Magaguadavic-Pes-ke-hagan = a branch.

Oromocto should be Wé-la-mooc-took = deep river. Cain's River, Miramichi, is called Mich-ma-we-wé-la-mooc-took = Micmac's Oromocto.
Maliseet Legends.

Pocologan should be Peck-e-l-ágan = a place for stopping at; a place where one touches.

The Indian name for Lapreau is Wis-e-úm-ké-wis = a gravelly river.
New River = Na-wâm-quac-luck = the distant place.
Mispec (Micmac = Mispauk) (Abenaki = Mus-tsa-bé-ha) = a place where the freshet has reached.
Quaco = Pool-wa-ga-kick = place where big seals are (big as oxen).
Pool-waugh in Micmac means big seal.
Manawagonish should be Ma-ná-wagones-ek = the place for clams; es = clam, e sek = clams.
Ma-nês-dick = clam-ground. [A place somewhere on the Bay of Fundy.]
Martin's Head = To-wé-ga-nuck = place where channel has been cut out.
Jack-snipe = Mé-né-mic-tus; so named from his motion.
Milkish = á-mil-kesk = preserving (curing) ground, say for fish or meat.
Anagance = We-né-gou-seck = carrying-place.
Pattacake, on Kennebecasis, should be Pat-kick = bend an ox-bow in steam.
Assekake = Pes-kés-kick = where marshy brook branches.
Otnabog (Micmac) Wet-ne-bogh = a breeze coming up.
Grimross = Ete-le-né-lastick. Meaning lost; possibly, "There! there!"
Washademoac = Was-it-te-mo-ack = an altered channel, as if dredged out.
Crow (bord) = ka-ka-goos.
Heron = Kos-que. Latter syllable pronounced as French "que."
In old days, about the 26th of July, the Indians would go to the heronries, take the young, then very fat, try them out, and smoke for further use.
Jemseg = A-jim-seg = a place for picking up things; the picking-up place for anything.
Maquapit = Ma-qua-pah = Red Lake.
The Indian Point, as it is called, between Grand and Maquapit lakes, was a grand place for the Indians to resort to; it means, from its name, Pokesk, the narrows.
Rushagornish should be Ta-sé-gua-nick, which means, "meeting with main stream."
Wasis should be Té-sé-gua-nick-sis.
Ma-ga-gua-davic = River of big eels.
Shogomoc = Ntse-og-a-mook = Muddy Lake. Pokiok = narrow.
Nash-waak = Na-wid-ge-wâk = River of big hills.
Taxis = Wagh-mut-cook = clear water brook.
Mactaquac = big river. Muct-a-quac.
Keswick = No-kum-kedg-way = sandy river — a river of fine gravel.
No-kum means "flour" also.
Cleuristic (branch of the Nashwaak) = Kulloo-sis-sec. There was a
great eagle's nest opposite this on a high ridge. The stream was
named after this. The eagle was called Kul-loo; was very big.
This word means Kulloo's nest.
Penniac = Pan-we-ock = the level land brook.
We-né-denock = name of Miramichi portage.
Napodoggan = brook to be followed, in getting to Miramichi Lake,
which is called Lestigochick quispem.
Renous = Se-boo-sis = little brook.
Munquart = of-mut-qual-tick = the place of the bend.
Muniac = Am-we-neck.
Becaguimec = A-bec-agui-mec = coming down branch.
Meductic = Me-d6c-tic = landing place for portage. The portage-
road from the head of the rapids on Eel River is called by this name.
This was about five miles long. It came out to the Meductic Flat,¹
a short distance above where the Eel River joins the St. John.
Meduxnakic = Me-dox-ne-kick = rough, rocky mouth.
Eel River = Mata-wam-ki-tuck; means there were rapids at the
mouth where it shoots into the main St. John.
Shichatehauk = Tse-cooti-hock = flat at mouth.
Jocelyn Brook, on St. John, in Prince William or Dumfries, is
called, Good-e-wamkeag. Meaning unknown.
We-jō-sis (Curry's Mountain, above Fredericton), meaning, Lit-
tle Mountain.
Na-we-jo-wauk (Nashwaak, English river runs among or between
mountains).
Blackbird = chuck-we-lusque, the "que" pronounced as in French.
This bird is so called on account of the noise which it makes.
Wejosis. Some old Indians call Wejosis, "po-tē-wis-we-jo-sis," or
Little Council Mountains, the word "po-tē-wis" meaning "council."
This hill is so named because, in former years, the Mohawk warriors
always went there first to hold a council before attempting to attack
the Abenakis. At Nkarné-odon (Old-Town) "Hart's Island," now,
they would stop on this mountain days and days watching the Abe-
nakis.

¹ "The next day we went up the eastern branch of Penobscot River many
leagues; carried overland to a large pond, and from one pond to another, till in a
few days we went down a river called Medoctack, which vents itself into St.
John's River. But before we came to the mouth of this river, we passed over a
long carrying-place to Medoctack fort, which stands on a bank of the St. John's
River." John Gyle's Captivity, 1689.
Eque-pā-haak. The rising of the tide is called che-ko-pā-hé. The whole place was called Equē-pā-haak.
Nca-ni-odan is the same as Nkarné-odan (Old Town).
Munquart = ob-mut-qua-tuck. It means, "going from the river at a sharp angle."
Micmac = Am-wé-neck. Meaning lost. That was the place where the last treaty was made with the Mohawks.
Salmon River, Tchi-min-pick.
Pes-kout&-nabs-keck, about five miles below Fredericton, means "fire rock" — "a rock same shape as fire."
Up-sag-anik is the fork stream and is a branch of Was-i-te-mo-ack. There is a branch at the head of Washademoac Lake so called.
Nem-mutchi-psent-quac means "dead water;" is on the right side going up.
Menaic = me-nāa-gan. Meaning lost; a very old word.
Pes-ki-om-i-nec, clear water, means a branch. Miramichi.
Pes-ki-om-i-nasis = Burnt Hill. Miramichi.
Ta-boim-nital = Sisters; means two outlets. Miramichi.

"The word Abenaki is derived from Abanki, 'Land of the East,' the name which the Algonquins gave to the country of the Indians of Acadia. . . . The tribe had several subdivisions. Among others there were the Pentayosts or Penawobskets, who resided on the Penobscoat; the Etemankiaks, 'those of the land of Snowshoe-skins,' who occupied the rivers St. Croix and St. John, which territory the Abenakis called 'Etemanki' because moose and caribou, from whose hides good snowshoes were made, abounded there. The French called these people 'Etchemins.' There was, also, on the St. John, another division of the Abenakis called the 'Warastegoniaks,' who were subsequently called by the other Abenakis the Mouskouasoaks, or Water-rats, either because, like these animals, they lived on the banks of the river, or because they highly esteemed the muskrat as food, which they do at the present time, preferring its flesh beyond that of any other. The females of this tribe, as well as of the Etchemins, are now called Malecites. . . .

"The names of the rivers of New Brunswick are also Micmac." (Edward Jack, Fredericton.)

WORDS OF MONTAGNAIS INDIANS — a few.

Mingan = place for wolves.
Maskuaro = heart of a bear. There is not much wood at this place; there is a pretty little bay; a cape of stone; a small island, short like the heart of a bear.
Betshiamits. So named from the peculiar fish in the river.
Escoumines = a place where there are a great many cranberries.
Oreman (Romaine) = river of paintings. The rocks are of different colors.
Tadoussac = a place where the water is deep, where there is never any ice.
Chikoutimi = place where deep water ends.
Saguenay = ice pierced where the seals come.
Powder = peek-pook, from the noise it makes in exploding.
Matches they call ti-men, "it makes a noise," "something that strikes."
Hammer = "the striker;" the Indian word the same as above, so far as I could learn. (A. R. T.)
Kekasga = a narrow passage, an island in the midst.

These Montagnais words are a few of which I had a chance to find the meaning just before leaving Betshiamits last summer. (A. R. T.)

Note.—The Maliseet or Saint John River Indians occupy several places on that stream. One village, where Gabe, now a very old man, resides, is opposite the city of Fredericton. Here they occupy a few small houses and have an Indian school. This little village is only a mile from the mouth of the Nashwaak, where formerly was a French fort, every trace of which has now disappeared. It was at one time the residence of the governor of Acadia, and in its chapel a Te Deum was once sung in honor of the conclusion of one of the treaties of peace made by Louis XIV. Gabe I have known for many years; he is honorable in all his dealings, and I have found that the legends which he related to me include a number known to the Chippeways of Odana, on the head of Lake Superior, visited by me when engaged in exploring timber lands in that region. Edward Jack.

Fredericton, N. B.