NOTES ON THE MALECITE
OF
WOODSTOCK, NEW BRUNSWICK

by

Nicholas N. Smith

Editor's Preface

The Malecite of New Brunswick, whose prehistoric territory included largely the drainage basin of the St. John River and the adjoining part of the State of Maine, are one of the migratory tribes of the Eastern Woodlands peoples. Though neighbours of the larger Micmac population, they were politically independent of this group. They did, however, with several other Algonkian tribes, join the rather loose Wabenaki Confederacy that included the Micmac, Abenaki, Penobscot, and Passamaquoddy, who supported the French against the New England settlers and the League of the Iroquois. The Malecite apparently lived in mortal terror of the Mohawk. Today, scattered on their reserves in New Brunswick and Quebec, they number about 800, approximately the same as in pre-European times, but now bearing a strong infusion of white blood. The following paper, by Nicholas N. Smith, describes some aspects of the life of these reservation Indians.

Mr. Smith's informant, Peter L. Paul, a Malecite in his early fifties, has for the past thirty years been interested in the history of his people. For twenty-five years he worked with Adney, until the latter's death in 1950. Since then he has collaborated with Mr. Smith, who values his assistance in obtaining information from the old people. Mr. Smith claims that Peter Paul speaks the Malecite language better than any of the other Indians, whose speech he is always correcting.

Peter Paul is the great-great-great-grandson of Noel Paul, the founder of Woodstock village. The Pauls intermarried somewhat with the

Polchies, and as far as can be ascertained Peter's ancestry is as follows:

John Paul (?) (from Saguenay; possibly informant's great-great-great-great-grandfather).

Noel Paul (founder of Woodstock; the great-great-great-grandfather of informant).

Peter Polchies (informant's maternal great-grandfather, who married into Paul family).

Noel Polchies (informant's maternal grandfather).

William Paul (informant's father, who married daughter of Noel Polchies).

Peter L. Paul (informant).

Except for a few additions to the bibliography and rearrangement of the material, this paper has been little altered from the original manuscript.

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INTRODUCTION

The St. John River is an old river. There have been Indians living along the shore of the Walustook or "best river" for hundreds of years. At present there is a village about three miles below the centre of Woodstock. There has not always been a village here; a hundred years ago trees grew from the river's edge to beyond the present-day railroad tracks. On either side of the site a fresh water spring flowed into the river. One of these brooks now drains a farmer's field where every year the plough turns up fire-stones, arrowheads, and other signs of former Indian camp sites. There are indications that about two hundred years ago this spot was a bay in the river, which would have made it an ideal camping ground.

A hundred years ago there was one wigwam on the site, inhabited by an Indian of such bad reputation for his drunken orgies and loose living that he had been put out of the Church. At this time an Indian named Noel Paul, who had always passed up and down the St. John River to and from his hunting area in Maine, decided to settle on this beautiful spot with his bride, Susan, from the Saguenay River area, of Quebec. She had been born about 1820 and may possibly have been from one of the Wabanaki families that fled to Canada from Maine and New Hampshire during the French and Indian wars. From this union, which produced nine children, mostly girls who stayed close to home on marriage, sprang the nucleus of the present village. Indians from other Malecite villages at Kingsclear, Fredericton, and Tobique married into the group. As the number of wigwams increased and also the influx of white settlers into the area, the Government purchased the land for a reservation. Several unwanted white children left at the Reserve were brought up by the Indians as their own. A few of the young people have married into neighbouring tribes: Micmac, Passamaquoddy, Penobscot, and Iroquois.

In the early days the appearance of the people was rugged and unkempt. Constantly on the trail in all weathers, eating or not eating according to whether they had food, their features

were weathered and sharp cut. Frequently the men went without a haircut for several months. Feet often went uncovered and became very tough. The villagers of today can recall when some of the older people went barefoot even when snow was on the ground; their feet were so calloused they did not even feel it when they picked up tobacco-tax tacks.

ECONOMY

The first Indians at Woodstock were self-supporting hunters, living off caribou, moose, and beaver, now almost extinct in New Brunswick, and other forest animals.

Caribou was probably the most important animal of the economy. When abundant the meat was smoked, boned, and stored away for the winter. The smoking process was a method of dehydration which left the meat shrunken and very light in weight. When it was cooked it was generally thrown into a pot of water to make a stew. The exceptionally strong hide, which did not stretch when it became wet, was considered the only material suitable for the snow-shoe mesh.

Hunting was considered man's work though there were exceptions. In going after the caribou or "Muk-aw-lip" (translated by Adney as "in a group goes feeding") the hunters would sneak up when the animals were feeding on the moss, which was abundant in the open places. As the caribou does not see well but depends on its sense of smell, the hunter, using the wind to advantage, would slowly creep up, crouched behind a snowshoe as a blind. The Woodstock Reserve having been formed after the era of the bow and arrow, the gun made it a simple matter to kill the caribou. But as the caribou became scarcer in this century the Indians lost the art of hunting them. On one occasion a hunter thought if he scared a caribou out onto a frozen pond it would not be able to keep its footing; to his surprise the animal ran like a race horse over the slippery surface, leaving a shower of small particles of ice behind as his sharp hooves dug into the ice.

The moose was another animal on which the Indian depended a great deal. Smoked or dried moose meat with maple sugar spread over the meat was a real treat. The tripe was wrapped around a stove and pieces cut off by anyone hungry. After a successful hunt the night was often spent in tanning the hide. A big fire would be started to keep the grease warm. The grease would be rubbed in until it penetrated the hide, making the finished product a soft pliable leather. Sometimes smoke from the fire darkened the colour of the skin. In Later times the tanning was done inside the homes. The hide was stretched and hung from the ceiling near the stove. Moose hides made excellent moccasins, the toes of which were cut out and finished, while the heels were not touched. The unfinished shoes were tied in large bunches and taken to the stores where they were sold for sixty cents a pair. The heels were sewn after the customer had chosen a pair so that the moccasin would be tailor-made. The older hunters made moosehide canoes but this art has been forgotten by the present dwellers at Woodstock.

When beaver were hunted, the hunter first scouted the animals' house to find out how many were in the colony. The Indian was a first class conversationist. He knew his life depended upon what wild life he left for the coming year. After he had calculated the number of beaver he made a hole in the dam. In a short time, when a beaver was sure to appear to see what had happened, the hunter stuck a spear into him. When the inhabitants of the house did not find the water rising, another beaver would go out to investigate; the hunter would spear it too and continue this procedure, but making sure that he left two or three beavers in the colony. The man had to be careful to get the beaver the first time; if one escaped him no more beaver would come out for some time. A beaver's fatty tail was considered a great delicacy.

Muskrats have always been one of the favourite dishes of the Indians. The animals would be cleaned, skinned, and the scent or musk sacs removed and also the front claws, as these claws might be tainted with the musk where he had scratched himself. The cleaned flesh would be

thrown into a stew pot, making a dark, rich meat. Even the tail is good if fried on top of the stove, not in a pan. Fur dealers bring quantities of these animals to the reservations to be skinned by the Indians, who receive the meat for their labour.

An animal which the Indians still eat occasionally is the porcupine. The best way to prepare one is to throw it on the fire whole; in about half a minute the quills are burned down to the black part which can be easily scraped off with a stick. After the animal is cleaned it is stewed or roasted. Porcupine are not good at mating time, nor are they killed while their young are being weaned. The beautiful work formerly done with porcupine quills has been forgotten and the author found no one at the reserve interested in reviving the art.

Deer, bear, rabbits, and raccoon have also been the diet of the Woodstock group. They lost their appetite for raccoon, however, a few years ago when they saw some feeding on horse meat which was rotting in a field. Previously the hunters would look for a tree where the creatures were hibernating for the winter. When they found one they took a long pole -- a young dead tree -- and attached a piece of birch bark to the top; this they lighted and put in the hole. Soon the raccoons would rapidly leave their nest. It was easy to shoot them or hit them over the head as they descended the tree. Rabbits are not on the menu during the summer because it is their mating season, and at that time of the year they are, even to this day, considered unclean.

Fish was another main staple of diet. Though nowadays it would be impossible to rely upon the river as a chief source of food, formerly all the local fish were eaten; even the chub was enjoyed in the early spring when the river waters were still cold.

In June, when the apple trees were blossoming, the bass began to run. Then the Indians would go out to an island and camp. When they saw the river crowded with bass breaking water, the fishermen would paddle to within throwing distance of a fish and send off a

harpoon. A log, which was attached to the harpoon line, was then thrown overboard. When the log stopped bobbing around, the men knew that the fish was tired and that they could paddle over and haul it in without any difficulty. Since 1911 this type of fishing has been prohibited. After the first bass of the season had been caught, all the men would go back to the island and wait while the women prepared a big feast; the bass was usually boiled with salt pork and potatoes. The successful Indians were always willing to share with the whole village.

The method used for harpooning bass was also used for sturgeon, except that a heavier log was used for this great fish. It required a good canoeist to control his craft against the threshings of the wounded creature. The top part of the head and back were tough and looked like a log floating in the water, while the underside of the fish was much softer and the meat could easily be cut from it. The old men who remember this denizen of the river say that it had seven types of meat.

Salmon fishing, another great sport, was often done at night. Two men would go out in a canoe; the bowman had a long-handled fish spear and birch bark torch, while the sternman had the paddle. The man in the bow helped the paddler by poling. When they arrived at a likely fishing hole, the bowman lit his torch and sought a salmon in the surrounding waters. At the first glint of his prey his poised spear was thrust at the quarry. The successful fisherman turned around toward the stern and took the fish off the spear by catching the fish between the two cross pieces of the canoe, and, as he pulled the spear up, the fish fell to the bottom of the canoe. Then he was ready to spear the next fish. This type of fishing is also prohibited by law now.

The gaspereaux were smoked in large quantities by the Indians of the last generation. They knocked the bottom out of an old barrel and placed it around a smudge fire after a draft had been put at the bottom. Green wood stringers were laid across the top. The gaspereaux were split to the tail and hung over the stringers

and a burlap bag put over them.

White fish were smoked or salted.

Eels were commonly consumed by the Indians until the day when a man, who had been drowned several months previously, was fished up with his legs and arms moving. Eels were inside.

Fish were usually eaten in the summer months. Most fish was stewed in the same manner as meat. Smelt and trout are still fired whole, without cutting the heads and tails off. The heads of these fish are considered great delicacies.

Among birds eaten, the partridge was probably the most choice. A big fire was made and when there was a heap of red ashes the bird was buried in them. After it had been roasted it was cleaned. Partridge stew is still a popular dish. Other birds eaten at the reserve include kingfishes which are taken from the nest and stewed. Pheasant is a recent addition in the area, but some of the people have not acquired a taste for them. Duck are eaten, but not if muskrat are to be had. Although flocks of Canadian geese are seen, they are not on the menu of the present dwellers at Woodstock.

Although they had to hunt animals for a living, the Indians also found time to capture a young animal and tame it to raise as a pet. They sometimes brought home a young animal whose mother they had killed or out of sympathy brought home an animal found with a broken leg or other such ailment.

Muskrats are quite popular as they can be tamed very easily if taken into captivity quite young. When a storm is coming up, a muskrat will gather together a mass of paper or chips into a ball-like nest to crawl under. Squirrels are also favourite pets.

Crows make special pets. One young Malecite had a pet crow a few years ago, but had to get rid of it because his mother complained that it was always hiding her pipe and his father objected to his chewing tobacco being

constantly missing. The summer of 1955 there were two crows on the reserve. The boy mentioned above captured one to entertain his crippled sister. Some other children found a crow with a broken leg, which they doctored with a splint, and took care of him. This crow was in full command of his position. He could walk undisturbed amongst the dogs and cats and, though he chased these quadrupeds, he never got chased himself. When he was hungry he would go to some door and call for food; on being handed toast and scraps, he would quiet down. Some boys get a crow every year. The boy above mentioned was well known for his animal imitations, some of which the author has recorded.

Following their old tradition of a hunting and gathering economy, the early Indians at Woodstock utilized a number of indigenous plants.

Their basic medical cure was the calamus root, or blue flag. Today this root can be bought at the drugstore, but the Indians prefer to pick their own because the pharmacists peel off the dirty outer bark, which the Indians consider more beneficial than the inner layer. This root always used to be kept steeping in the wigwams to prevent disease. People usually carried a small piece in their pockets and, when travelling or selling their baskets, they put pieces in their mouths. In this way they came through the plague around 1910. Fir balsam was good for curing colds. Today the health service of the Indian Department, which provides a visiting nurse weekly to the Reserves, has done much to end the gathering and steeping of herbs, which is ridiculed by the younger people.

Several varieties of fern, called fiddleheads by the Indians, are used as a spring tonic, especially for children. Selling fiddleheads, which many white people have also added to their diet, has become a good business for Indians. It is customary for a group to go in canoes to pick them on the islands in the St. John, where they are found in abundance during the spring and summer. In the evening the group returns with several hundred pounds of fiddleheads, which are cleaned by shaking out the furled ends and washing them.

Wild onions are often used to add flavour to a stew. The artichoke or wild potato, the bulb of the dog-tooth violet, and wild turnips were popular wild vegetables not used much now.

The red roots of the rock break are often munched on by the Indians when they are out in the woods. The roots are bitter but are said to contain much nourishment.

Wild rice, unknown to the early dwellers at Woodstock, has been recently introduced as a conservation measure to provide food for ducks. A generation ago the root of the yellow pond lily, called rice by the Indians, was eaten.

Wild berries commonly eaten are the high-bush cranberry, the low-growing varieties of cranberries, sand plums, wintergreen berries, teaberries, blackberries, strawberries, and blueberries.

Maize is known to have been cultivated from early times. (Speck 1946, p. 358). The Indians still make the corn soup which John Giles mentioned in his account of his captivity at Meductic from 1689-1698 (Drake, p. 98-99). The corn is dried in the sun and stored for use. At one time, the Indians made barrels from birch bark to store the corn. Sometimes it was stored in a hole in the ground sheathed with birch bark. When corn soup is prepared, the dried kernels are put in a large kettle with kidney beans -- the original Indian bean -- salt pork, hard wood ashes, and water. This mixture is boiled for several hours. The wood lye puffs up the dried corn until it is several times its natural size. In olden times the lye would stick to the corn and it would have to be washed before being eaten. Now many of the younger people put the ashes in a bag which eliminates the necessity of washing the corn before serving. Usually enough is made so that friends and relatives can have some.

A bread frequently made was baked over night in hot ashes in a hole in the ground. In the morning a thick crusted loaf would be withdrawn. The half inch thick crust was good for the children's teeth, but in recent times the

older people's teeth have not been good enough to bite into the crust.

Another choice bread is made of flour, baking powder, water, and salt, baked in a pan spread with a quarter-inch layer of grease. As the dough cooks it absorbs the grease. The bread is especially good for camping out and can be reheated for a later meal.

In the early days at Woodstock, birch bark was a natural resource of prime importance. Canoes, wigwams and utensils were commonly made from it and it was also put to several other uses.

Although there is now not a single birch bark canoe on the Reserve at one time many were made there. The canoe maker had a special set of tools. Edward Tappen Adney gives the best description of canoe building by this group. (Adney, Harper's Young People, Supplement, July 29, 1890, pp. 673-5). The Malecite craft was quite different from the Micmac, as the latter was designed for the open ocean while the Malecite used theirs on the rivers and lakes. A Malecite canoe, which will carry four persons, weighs less than a hundred pounds and draws but a few inches of water. On the shallow rivers it is used only partly loaded, and then it draws not over three or four inches.

A skilled canoeist, with a light pole of nine feet in length, can take such a craft up the swiftest of rivers, surmounting rapids and even low falls, guiding it with the greatest nicety over rocks and with exactness into the deepest places. When the water is too shallow to even float the canoe, the Indian covers its bottom with "shoes" or splints of cedar, and then drags it unharmed over the wet stones. At the portage path he turns it upside down over his head, allowing the middle bar, on which it exactly balances, to rest across his shoulders.

Spruce bark and moose hide canoes were also made. The Indians today, however, use canvas-covered canoes.

The many other uses of birch bark have also gone out of fashion. Thirty years ago one

could still find bark wigwams along the St. John. At one time, in the fall, the birch-bark moose call became a necessary item of the hunter's equipment. Since there is now no season on moose it is difficult to find anyone who can make use of the horn. Today, however, some of the older men, who cannot imitate the muskrat because of poor teeth, use a simple muskrat call made from a split piece of willow with a birch bark reed in between.

The pliable bark of the birch could in practically no time at all be fashioned into a ladle or cup. Baskets or boxes of many sizes and shapes were fashioned. Some were made crudely at a moment's notice in the woods; others were works of art.

When caught out in the rain the Indian took a large piece of birch bark, cut a hole in it for his head, and put it over his shoulders. In wet weather in the woods the bark could be relied on to start a fire.

The bark was also useful for writing messages, especially on the trail. Adney found such a note in the winter of 1896 written by Mitchel Bear at the Serpentine headwaters. It read: "nia misel N't'li nadji abitibe ibi siklukmok nit nisok elssinotit Nitetch eioltiek." In 1934 it was translated by Noel Moulton as follows: "I Mitchel go Easter Sunday Mamozekel Lake, where there are two moose lying. There we stay." (Adney's Papers). In earlier times a picture writing was used.

Once when a party was descending the Eel River, its attention was attracted to a large drawing of two Indians, with their heels uppermost and their canoes capsized, executed in durable black ink upon a broad piece of cedar secured to a post. The warning was immediately understood and a landing effected before the whole party was plunged over a cataract. (Gessner, p. 112).

Now most of the Indians write a beautiful hand. The younger generation, however, is not encouraged by the school authorities to keep up their own language.

Another use for birch bark was a medicine for worming dogs. The bark was charred and covered with grease to make it tempting.

The Indians frequently make a rope from cedar bark when they find themselves in need of twine while in the woods.

The birch bark disease has done much to change the ways of the Indians. If he should come across a tree in the woods the Indian makes a mental note of it for future reference. It would be impossible to find sufficient birch bark for a canoe at the present time.

Present day economy of the village is dependent upon government relief cheques. This method, which helps those people with little initiative but denies monetary aid to those who attempt to increase their income by working on their own, has an effect opposite to that desired.

Once an Indian shows that he is financially able to buy a car or truck he becomes ineligible to receive this monetary assistance. Since most of the jobs which Indians can get are only seasonal, a man who buys a truck for seasonal work would be certain to nearly starve to death during the slack time of the year. The Indian, therefore, will invariably buy the cheapest vehicle possible and keep it running just during the season.

Many of the Indians pick potatoes. It seems to get into their blood because at harvest time almost all of the Malecite drop what they are doing, even if it is a steady job, and join the group going to the potato farms in New Brunswick and Maine. Some go to cook for the workers. There is competition amongst the pickers as to who can pick the greatest number of barrels a day. After earning several hundred dollars many will return to the reserve with the same ragged clothing with which they left and next to no money in their pockets. Others, however, will have saved some money.

Basket making is another large source of income, and frequently the noise of the pounding of ash wood can be heard on the reserve. The

black ash is used because of its excellent characteristics for this use. Although the baskets made in former days contained no nails, they were much more durable than present day baskets. Today very few fancy baskets are made at Woodstock; the villagers leave these and the fish baskets to be made by the Indians further down the coast. Baskets for potatoes are made in the great quantity for the market of the large potato farmers of Aroostook County, Maine. Purchasers can also be found for laundry baskets. Before the Second World War the Canadian Government was investigating the possibilities of constructing a basket factory on the Reserve but the war interrupted these plans. It is doubtful, however, that the factory system would work because of the Indians' being unaccustomed to the discipline of a full time job and their penchant for disappearing until their pay cheques are spent.

The author's collaborator, Peter L. Paul, has worked up a business hooping potato barrels. He uses many of the young people to help cut the ash hoops and to nail them to the barrels. During a good potato season, when he requires the additional help of children, few of the youngsters will fore-go the Saturday night movie. The business is seasonal and profit depends upon the condition of the crop. It is difficult to build up such a business because Canadian law prohibits reservation Indians from borrowing money.

Many of the men guide and some men repair canoes for a living. In season, trapping is another occupation. Muskrat and beaver collected by fur dealers are taken to the Reserve for the Indians to skin and stretch. Some Indians cut pulp wood and Christmas trees. Skilled in handiwork, some of the men carve axe handles and many women do fancy needlework.

It is more difficult for the Indians to obtain jobs in Canada than it is in the United States. Many of the girls try to obtain employment as clerks in the local stores but they cannot compete against the better educated local girls. They have, however, better luck in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and even in New York

and farther afield. They are apt, though, to give up these jobs in the Fall and return home to go to the potato fields.

Regarding education, the improvident nature of the Indian is detrimental to schooling. The Roman Catholic Church runs a mission school on the Reserve for grades one to eight, and some of the bright students go to other missions schools on graduation. For many of the children, however, the elementary school is the end of their formal education. It is almost impossible for the parents to send the children to the high school in Woodstock because, the school allotment not being payable until the end of the month, the initial output for books, etc., is beyond their means. Nor is transportation provided to the school, which is a good three miles from the Reserve. Besides these difficulties, there is the added factor that generally there would not be enough food in the homes for an early breakfast, since most Indians do not think about this meal until it is time to prepare it, and the children would have to wait for the stores in the village to open to get bread, which would make them late for school.

Contrary to previous custom many of the men do jobs about the house formerly considered only for women, though it is not always condoned by the older generation. One day in 1929, when Peter Paul was hanging some clothes out on the line on a cold winter day to help his wife who was due to give birth, one of the older men came up to him and told him he was lowering himself by doing women's work. Some homes still carry out the custom that the men must eat first and the women not sit down until the men have finished.

Most Indian woman try to keep their homes spotless and sweep up several times a day. Some women, however, take the attitude that what is the use of trying to keep out the mud and dirt that is constantly and unavoidably brought in.

DR. POLCHIES

Dr. Peter Polchies was a well-known figure to many New Brunswickers. According to Malecite custom he was a "born physician," for the Malecite believe that the seventh consecutive son was automatically a doctor. Many early writers tell of Malecite tabus which kept the families small and consequently the number of "born doctors" low. Although the author could find only three cases which Dr. Polchies cured, he is still referred to as Doctor.

But Dr. Polchies' skill as an artist and craftsman is more widespread than his skill as a doctor. He carved the wooden molds for the cement beaver which can be seen at the Woodstock railway station. Many local people own paddles he made and decorated, and one Woodstock household boasts of his carved panels in their dining room. His carving was not restricted to wood; he was the last of this group of Indians to carve in stone. Several museums have some of his stone pipe bowls. He made stone replicas of animals. Sometimes he used moose antlers as his medium, and one of the last things he did was a likeness of himself in antler. His object was to use his skill to obtain money for liquor.

Another of his accomplishments was mounting birds and animals. Every year during the moose season he was given a large number of antlers to mount, but if he had enough money for drinks he didn't care to do the work and consequently many antlers were not mounted.

He was an excellent figure skater. Once when he was skating in Woodstock a car with a New York licence plate stopped; an elderly lady got out, went up to him and asked, "Didn't I see you skating in New York Central Park in ...?" "Yes," he replied. There had been a lapse of twelve years since the woman had seen him perform, but she still remembered his remarkable ability on the ice.

BELIEFS

None of the Woodstock Indians can remember a time when a mother carried her baby on her back. But the first Indian women at Woodstock probably did so because they believed that the baby kept in the cradleboard with its legs stretched out would have stronger legs when it came time for walking. It was also a convenient way for a mother to look after her baby. When she was working she could hang the baby, which was diapered with sphagnum moss, on a nearby branch and keep an eye on it. The last cradleboard the Woodstock Indians made was for Frank G. Speck, fashioned the way they thought he would like it; it is now in the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

The Malecite tell their children that Indian babies come from Chuk^{w}-qwulss-o-en-ka-dik, or land of the frogs, and that the new resident is brought by a woman called Squeow-ta-mos, or Swamp Woman. (For further notes on Beliefs and Customs, refer to page 36.)

MORTUARY CUSTOMS

Among these people, who are very religious, there have been many burial customs. In former times they buried most of the deceased's belongings with him. This custom prevailed to some extent to the last generation, many of whom wanted their Indian prayer books buried with them. As soon as a person died a gun was fired; but the author could find no one who knew the reason for this. Since there are few Indians at Woodstock who still know the Indian prayers, the last few years the old people have asked someone from another reserve to come and say the prayers in Indian. But at present few Indians know enough of their language to desire to have the burial service used by the early missionaries. It is more convenient to go to the Woodstock Church and have the regular burial mass which everyone understands.

To this day whenever someone dies a person calls a loud and drawn-out "Ee-mee-awn-a." Then everyone dresses up and goes to the deceased's house and says the beads. The wakes are popular, one reason probably being because there is always plenty of food served.

The Indians have many beliefs about death and stories about what occurs when one dies. Peter Paul gave the following account of the death of his grandfather (Noel Polchies) in 1927.

The people had expected Noel to die for about two weeks before he did. They had come for the funeral. One night Dr. Peter Polchies took his boys home from the wake (they held the wake each night while they were expecting him to die) to light the fire as it was fall-weather. He told the boys to get to bed and then he retired for a smoke. Pretty soon a scratching or pawing was heard at the door. One boy was asleep; the other, Alexander, lay awake. The object outside then broke into a noise half crying, half talking. Doc answered in the same kind of voice. This seemed to last for a minute or two. Then Doc got up and went to awaken both boys, saying that they must go right over to Noel's. A few minutes after they arrived Noel died.

SOCIAL LIFE

Although the people are still itinerant workers, very few now spend much time going up and down river hunting and trapping. Many of the middle-aged group, however, remember trips they went on as children. They usually camped inland during the winter and went toward the salt water in spring. Often they met others while they were travelling. This meeting and camping with others was a great part of their social life. Evenings were spent in story telling; the person who ate the head of the muskrat, which was frequently served, was customarily the story-teller for the evening.

A story relating to the trail is told by Peter Paul about his grandfather when on his yearly trip down river. One day he caught a beautiful trout. A young couple was camping near at hand and the girl saw the fine fish. She wanted it very much but not knowing his grandfather was bashful about asking for it. The woman was pregnant at that time. The next year his grandfather met the young couple camping in the same place, and he noticed a new member of the family present. On the baby's back was the likeness of a trout. Now that they were

acquainted with each other he mentioned something about it, and the whole story came out.

Dances were great social activities and everyone was expected to participate. Most of the dances were for groups which circled around, using various steps similar to square dances. Some did special dances to fit particular occasions. It was a custom for visitors from other tribes and reserves to entertain with a display of their steps. The dance leader would sing as well as shake the rattle or beat the drum. The music had a definite rhythm which worked upon the emotions of the people. The dance played an important part in propagandizing the ceremony before a battle.

The following is a description by Baird (1890, p. 108) of a dance put on in Fredericton about seventy-five years ago by the Indians from all the villages along the St. John River:

> "In the evening all the available space around the platform was crowded with spectators to witness the Indian dance! The tall trees and bushes which completely surrounded the platform held numerous lamps, reflecting their light upon the band of swarthy warriors which now occupied its centre. Dressed in full costume with embroidered belts, each bearing a knife, and surrounding their chief, at a given signal the dance commenced. Facing inward, with a low gutteral sound, they moved in a circle around their chief, keeping time with the motion of his hand, in which was held a powder-horn, carved and decorated, containing shot. Gradually their movements and utterances became quicker and louder, until they began to appear like very demons.
>
> A panic in the crowd seemed imminent, when Joe (Sebatis) coming to me, said, 'William better stop! young Indian getin clasy! (crazy)..."

The last time a dance exhibition of this type took place at Woodstock was about 1920.

Nearly all the songs and dances have been forgotten. In 1953 it was with interest that some members of the Reserve listened to recordings that Speck had made from 1910 to 1915 and to some recordings the author had made in 1952 among other groups of Malecite. About 1900 the fiddle was accepted by the Indians and many became accomplished fiddlers. In its day the Charleston was popular and some Malecite still refer to it. Today the young people are excellent dancers of the popular steps.

Dancing was always part of wedding festivities. After the church ceremony the couple would come back to the village for their own marriage ritual, followed by feasting and dancing. Usually a whole ox would be roasted out of doors. (The ox was brought into the country by Europeans.) Dancing would begin after the feast and last all night. The musical instruments used were a drum and a cow's horn filled with shot. The author believes the rattle evolved from turtle shells, to birch bark, to cow's horn, and finally to bottles with broken crockery. (Vieth, 1913, p. 285.)

Other occasions for festivities arose out of trading. When the peddler arrived at Woodstock the Malecite danced, sang songs and traded their wares. They made up songs about peddlers. Indians love to exchange goods, and until about 1940, at Woodstock, they had a Trader's Dance. One Indian would dress up, blacken his face, or wear a bear, dog, or deer head mask as a disguise. Taking an article he wanted to trade, he would go to the home of another and make a noise at the door to attract attention. (Indians by custom don't knock, but walk right in.) When one of the occupants came to the door, the trader would hold the door so that it could not be opened immediately. The trader did this to prepare those inside to be an attentive audience. Then he opened the door and began a dance and sang a song that described his article. Often the name of the article was not mentioned and the entertainment was partly to guess what the article was and partly to guess who was the guest. (See also Speck, 1940, pp. 297-299.)

At one of these dances the trader had a butter-tray chisel, the quality of which he demonstrated by using it to hollow out a tray from

a floor board; this was taken in fun. The occupant in turn got an auger and made his way to the other's house. In the course of his song and dance he bored a hole into the other man's floor, which was also taken in fun.

Occasionally more than one trader appeared at a house. The actual words of the song, Adney was told, made no sense; the performance was done just for a good time. This sort of entertainment usually took place in the winter.

Election of a chief was further cause for celebration. Such a celebration, however, never took place at Woodstock because, by Canadian law, a reservation has to have sixty members before it can have a chief of his own. Woodstock Reserve was not deemed large enough to have a chief until 1916, when William Polchies was elected. Since they were so late in acquiring sufficient members, no large installation ceremony took place, and most of the celebrating consisted in drinking beer provided by the new chief. In early times, when an election was held by a tribe, members of neighbouring tribes were invited to attend and cast a vote to represent their tribes. At the first election held at Woodstock, Solomon Brooks, the chief of Fredericton Reserve, came. Since that time, no visitor has come to cast a vote.

Until about 1850 treaties were renewed at grand celebrations at Montreal. At these festivals many social activities were performed; young people were married and there was much dancing. During one of these treaty-renewal ceremonies the rejoicing dances were performed each night for a month. When they were finished the earth had sunk due to the continued circling of the dancers.

Story has it that at one of these dances a homely man saw a girl with whom he immediately fell in love. She took one look at his plain features and would have nothing to do with him. He went out and painted himself and then came back and danced. She noticed him and took a

liking to him, but he would not dance with her for some time. Later they married and came to Woodstock Reserve. One day, many years later, he took down a medicine bag out of which he drew a bundle. Then he called his wife, saying, "That your medicine!" She looked at him and he turned as homely as he had been fifty years before. They parted and never lived together again.

In early times the Indians did not visit one another very often. It was such an unusual thing to have visitors that they liked to keep them as long as possible. They developed interesting detaining ruses. If children had come along they were often hidden so that the visitors would have to remain until they were found. Even today they may hide a shoe or some other article of clothing, or a child's toy to keep the visitors from leaving.

CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS

The early missionaries made a deep impression on the Indians at Woodstock and, as a result, they adopted many of the Christian festivals.

Christmas, known as Ni-pa-yum-mi-awn-ki-zos (translated as "prayer at night noon"), became a special time for those who had been given the names of Newell or Mali (Noel or Mary). On Christmas Eve people would gather together and a leader would be selected from the group to carry a cross as they proceeded to houses where people with those names lived. During these visits they would sing songs of good luck for the coming year, carols and hymns, and finally a special song to honour those with either of the names. Later everybody went to the mission church to enjoy the colourful service of midnight mass, and when it was over they gathered together in the church hall for a great feast that lasted till daybreak.

Though it is no longer celebrated, the last day before Lent was a celebration day for

some time. It was called Kin-jamess-we-mok because they elected a king and queen to rule at the big party. Amongst the generous spread of food were many small cakes, two of which contained a bean. The man and woman who got these cakes became the king and queen.

Most of the young people looked forward to St. John's Day, Skwut-besk-ha-so, (June 24th). According to Peter Paul, it was on that day that they were allowed to go swimming for the first time in the year. He translates the name as meaning "when the fields are in blossom" rather than "fire is shot at," which is the translation given by Rasles (Eckstorm, p. 39).

St. Anne is the Indians' patron saint and St. Anne's Day, Se-dun-ween, (July 26th), was looked forward to by the Indians more than the other Christian festivals. When the village of Meductic was still inhabited all the Malecite along the St. John River would gather there for this festival; now they go to Tobique. Malecite who reside in Maine also like to come for this gathering, which used to last a week but which now lasts a week-end at the longest. The usual feasting and dancing was customary. Young people were often united in marriage at this time; the Christian ceremony would be followed by Indian marriage festivities.

Other Christian festivals of importance to the Woodstock Malecite are Palm Sunday, called Stakw-nok-kel-en-note ("fir being held in the hand)" and Easter, called Aw-pi-chi-pek ("return of the leaves)."

GAMES

The Malecite children at Woodstock had many amusements. One of their occupations to while away the winter hours was to peel the dry birch bark into very thin sheets which they would fold up and then put in their mouths and bite several times. The resulting teeth imprints on the unfolded bark made varied and interesting designs. Occasionally one may still find a child doing this.

The girls made dolls from pine branches. They broke the branch off six or eight inches from

the end, which had a full cluster of needles. The needles were cut off evenly so that the cluster would stand up. After making several of these dolls the child would place them on a split cedar log or a piece of birch bark which she would then beat in time to a tune she sang. At each vibration of their dance floor the figures would move, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, sometimes suddenly interlocking as if two figures were dancing together; as suddenly, they would break apart and go their own ways. The words of the girl's song described what the pine needle figures were doing. A dance that the Penobscot women sometimes did was a take-off on the dance of these figures, but it was not known to have ever been performed at Woodstock.

The boys made slings and would have contests as to who could send a stone farthest across the river. The author heard an account of an Indian from Kingsclear who, in the early part of this century, killed a deer with such a weapon.

The adolescents played a game similar to the well-known shoulder blade and pelvic bone devination device of hunters. (Speck, 1928, pp. 171-172). Using the pelvic bone of a muskrat, a young man would try to find out if he would get a date with a certain girl. Holding the bone above his head he would try to penetrate the orifice of the pelvic socket with the index finger of his other hand. If his aim was correct, then he would be sure to get his date. If not, he would try again with respect to another girl.

The bowl game, probably the most renowned Malecite game, is now almost entirely forgotten. The author was told that there was one set remaining at the Woodstock village. Once, when visiting Kingsclear village with Peter Paul, the author was taught to play by the chief, Arthur Polchies. The chief boasted that his set was an exact copy of a set that was at least two hundred years old, collected by Speck, and now in the University of Pennsylvania Museum. There are three different kinds of counters: hatchet, crooked piece, and paddle piece. There are also three pairs of flattened round dice, usually carved from moose bone, each pair differently designed. The object of the game was to toss the dice up in a bowl and

catch them, trying, by a flick of the wrist, to make all the dice land the same side up. Each pair was scored differently. (For a full description of the game see Speck, 1940, pp. 173-176, and Wallis and Wallis, 1955, pp. 195-200.)

Adney describes a children's trading game, which he recorded among the Passamaquoddy and the Malecite at Fredericton, but which was apparently unknown on the Woodstock Reserve. It was called nol-mah-mah and was played at Christmas, when the children would dress up in odd bits of clothing and go from house to house trading the bits. He also records a game in which a grasshopper was caught and held between the index finger and thumb. The index finger of the other hand was held to it while the child said, "Kul-dum-ik-hin-pon-e-hul." (Give me a chew; I let him go.) This game corresponds to one played by white children who say, "Spit, spit tobacco juice, and then I'll let you go!"

In a type of tag game, played by the older children, the person who was "it" was called "Go-getch," after an ugly feminine forest creature. In this game they would form a long line and run and snap the whip.

In another tag game played indoors, the boy who was "it" closed his eyes and counted fifty while the rest scampered to hiding places. When the boy finished counting he looked in a mirror for a sign of those who had hidden, who often betrayed themselves by the shadow they cast.

Baseball is very popular now and every year a number of the Malecite boys are on the Woodstock Town Team, which has a high rating in its league.

A type of entertainment which seemed to be popular during the early part of the twentieth century was the breaking of wind so that it would sound as if someone were talking. At the present time most families stress that this should not be done, but the author was told of old Indians living today who were expert at this sort of entertainment and performed in public halls at dances. One Indian suggested that the reason for such behaviour might

be that a person who was chronically bothered with gas might do this as an entertaining means of solving his problem.

STORY TELLING

Story telling was always a great pastime. A good story teller was very popular, especially with the young folk, but even the older people would stay up all night listening to accounts of the old times. These tales were not necessarily about the Woodstock Reserve in particular but generally were about Malecite. Two stories were told the author by Peter Paul.

"Rock Moving"

A man and his wife were in a wagon coming from the road leading out of the Kingsclear Reserve. Suddenly the wagon gave a terrific lurch as it hit a rock. The man said he would take the rock out sometime when he was walking. Sometime later he and his wife were walking along the road and she reminded him about the rock. He said he would take the rock out but that she would have to walk ahead and not turn around to look. The rock was big and embedded deeply. He worked and worked over it. She became tired waiting and looked back. She saw what appeared to be a terrible creature; the legs were deep down in the ground and the face was horrible to look at. She could not believe that it was her husband. She became scared and hid. When he had finished, he walked up the road looking for her but could not find her; he wondered why she had hidden.

"The Man Who Swallowed a Turtle's Heart"

A turtle's heart never dies. If you take one from a turtle it will still beat. Anybody who swallows one will live forever. A person who swallows the heart will also have Medtoulin. A person who wants to swallow a turtle's heart must do it while it is contracted; if it expands in his throat it will stick there and choke him to death.

An old fellow swallowed one. We would look out and see him suddenly appear across the river, on an island or bar. It was as if he could walk on the water or fly through the air because

we couldn't see a boat.

He lived to be a very, very old man when one day he seemed to be dying. All the people were called for the death ceremony, but he didn't die -- just remained the same. People thought that he had finally died and then he would breathe again. Pretty soon his eyeballs dried up. It was thought best to bury him so he was buried that day. He is probably still breathing.

Stories concerning the dealings of the Malecite with other nations were told. One of Susan's tales was of treachery to the Indians by the English. In the early days of English power the Indians had to go to Montreal twice a year to get supplies provided for in the treaties. When Susan was living in Quebec Province, large groups of Indians would paddle together to make the trip to Montreal. On one such occasion a group of twelve canoes was making the voyage; out of those only one returned. After the Indians had received the provisions from the agent, who was a half breed, they were given a great deal of liquor. Everyone in the group became drunk except a young bride who hid her drunken husband in the bushes and feigned sleep with him. Soon she saw many soldiers coming and she slipped off quietly with her husband. The soldiers clubbed all the sleeping, drunken Indians; all were killed except the young bride and her husband. The young people started right back to the main village. On their way they met another party going to Montreal for their goods who, on being informed of the incident, turned back with them. Arriving at the village, they told all the people what had happened. Thereupon a large group went to Montreal and asked for the agent; they were told he was out riding. On finding out the direction, the Indians hid in the woods on both sides of the road. Soon the agent came along with two soldiers. The hidden men sprang out and grabbed the horses. They held down the agent and skinned his chest. Others cut a large pole and pointed it at both ends. The agent's body was salted and then placed on one of the pointed ends of the pole while the other end was set in the ground. The soldiers were told that the body must be left until the crows ate it, and if anybody touched it he would get the same treatment. The body was left there. The agent was

treated with such cruelty because he was a half-breed.

Stories about how the Malecite out-foxed the Mohawk are still popular. Until quite recently the Malecite would show fear at the mere mention of the word "Mohawk." The most popular story of skirmishes with the Mohawk is about a young Malecite maid who had been captured by the invading raiders. She was kept as a guide to lead the Mohawk to the main Malecite village. One day toward evening, when the Mohawk were rafting down the St. John River with the girl as guide, the men were beginning to fall asleep when she began to hear the sound of water going over Grand Falls; but she did not stir. When the roar finally alerted the enemy it was too late! They all went over the falls. None survived. (For other versions of the same story see Baird, p. 116 and Mechling, p. 107.)

Another incident took place at Muniac where there is a sharp bend in the river. When three Malecite in a canoe rounded the bend they sighted a large band of Mohawk encamped. The three men continued paddling around the bend. When out of sight they landed and portaged back overland above the bend, and then proceeded to paddle around the bend again in front of the Mohawk camp. They continuously repeated this performance for three days. Finally the Mohawk became frightened by what they thought was a large band of Malecite and took flight. (For a more complete account of this event see "Maliseet Legends," Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. 8, 1895, pp. 201-203.)

One evening when a Malecite man came home from his hunting he found that his wife had been taken prisoner by the Mohawk. He started off in search of her, accompanied by the husband of a young woman who had also been captured. Soon they discovered a large party of the enemy. But instead of Mohawk voices they heard the sounds of owls, crows, and other birds; this was the work of the animal spirit helper, Po-he-gan. The two men hid themselves in the woods at the edge of the camp, trying to catch the eye of the older woman; they were afraid that if the younger woman noticed them she would give them away in her excitement. They were successful, and the older woman found an excuse to leave the campsite. The men told her of their plan to free them and asked her what the Mohawk did first every night;

she replied that they dried their footgear. The men said they would come into camp that night. In the evening the two women danced their customary war dance that required that they dance around the Mohawks sitting in a semi-circle, culminating in each hitting an end man over the head, by which they eliminated two men each night. After dark the women's husbands crept in and took places at each end of the semi-circle; the women feigned hitting them on the head. When the women had lain down and everyone, except the Malecite, had fallen asleep, each of the two men cut the throat of the man next to him, rolled the body over himself, took the place of the body, and cut the next throat. They did this right down the line until they came to the middle two. These they woke, cut off their ears, and showed them what had been done by two Malecite. Then they said, "Go back and tell the Mohawk what we have done!"

Shortly after the American Revolution an Anglican minister, hoping to convert the Indians along the St. John River, had gathered a group together at the site which is now the Woodstock Reserve. The Minister had ordered the Bibles from England printed in the Indian language. When he distributed the Bibles the Malecite found to their horror that they were printed in Mohawk. Quickly the Indians dispersed down river! The Malecite word for Mohawk means "he eats you."

Kuloskap stories are still repeated. The most well-known today concern physical features of the land such as "Kuloskap's Snowshoes," two islands near the Kingsclear Indian village, and the breaking of the monstruous dam made by the gigantic beavers whose structure crossed Cape Blomidon and the Annapolis Valley. (Mechling, 1914, pp. 1-50).

MALECITE SPIRITS

Ka-tuk^{w}-ss

The Malecite have many stories about spirits. One concerns the spirit of the drunkard who was living on the site of the village when Noel Paul decided to settle there. Noel often heard the immoral man from his wigwam in the woods.

When the drunkard died, the priest would not bury him in the churchyard; instead he was buried close to his house. After his death, he became known among the Malecite as Ka-tuk^{w}-ss, or ghost. Whenever there was a storm, Ka-tuk^{w}-ss could be heard laughing. Whenever someone was about to die, the ghost's mournful laugh preceded the event. Peter L. Paul said of this phenomena:

"I did not believe in this until one night when I was visiting Peter Polchies. He had to go out. When he came back he said he had heard Ka-tuk^{w}-ss. I went to the door and listened and heard the low mournful laugh, almost like a duck being choked to death. The older man said someone was going to die. The next morning Molly Paul, my great aunt died."

Peter Paul mentioned two other similar occasions but said he had not heard the noise since the old man's skeleton was dug up seven years ago, when foundations were being made for a house. His teen age children, however, claimed that the noise had been heard since that time.

Es-que-dé-wit

Es-que-dé-wit, fiery one, has the task of announcing death to hunters who are far from their loved ones. Peter Paul gave the following account of an experience he had had.

"Once when I was in the woods with a friend, I saw it (the fiery ball.) It was in the evening and we were cleaning up after supper and had a kerosene lamp lit. Suddenly a light from outside illuminated the whole inside of the cabin. It was like a ball of fire travelling through the woods very rapidly. My companion said, 'We must pack and go home at once.' We did, and the next day we got home. He found his baby brother had died the night before." (Further discussion in the author's "Wabanaki Premonition Spirits.")

Kee-zeg-a-bee-zet

Kee-zeg-a-bee-zet, meaning "one with a covering," is white and usually travels close to the ground in a horizontal position. If near enough one can hear a noise similar to a paper bag being blown along the ground. One day an old man from the Tobique Reserve, who was walking along the road out of the town of Woodstock on his way to visit Woodstock Reserve, suddenly saw, at the place where the railroad tracks cross the road, one of these spirits about four feet off the ground. He recognized it as his mother-in-law. When he reached the village, news had been received by telephone that she had died.

Gee-bel-low^{k}

This spirit, whose name means "Scary Voice," has nearly been forgotten. He would travel at a great height, too high to be seen well. If an Indian wanted to ask this spirit a favour he would let out a whoop and the spirit would come down. If the reason wasn't considered good enough the spirit might kill him. Gee-bel-low^{k} had very long legs; so long his crotch was almost at his neck.

Keou-lu-moosis-uk

Keoul-lu-moosis-uk are tiny creatures that live near the river and make objects from sand and clay washed down by the river. These forms, found near the river, forecast the future. Rings are often picked up. Once a woman picked up a little clay cannon; a few days later a war started. Another time a woman found a little clay coffin; a day or two later a man died.

One day an Indian became very curious as to how these objects were made and he decided to go down to the shore to watch for the little people. The next morning, when he had not returned, his wife became worried and sent several men out to look for him. They found him stretched out on the river bank covered with clay and stuck right down

to the ground; his eyes were covered, his ears plugged, and only two little holes left for him to breathe through. This incident scared the Indians from trying again to watch the little people.

Several years ago, when a young fellow brought some clay pieces home one night, his grandfather became very angry but would not tell the boy the story of the unfortunate man for fear of being laughed at; but he did tell him not to go down to the place on the river bank any more at night. Since the young fellow was successful in selling the articles in town, a year or two later he went looking for clay objects again. This time he did not let his grandfather know where he had been but took the pieces straight to the whiteman who had bought them before, and from him learnt the story. (Clay concretions are unearthed by the action of rushing water on the river bank.)

Mi-kum-wes-uk

These are another type of little folk, said by the Passamaquoddy to have been red, and about whose deeds at Peter Dana's Point the author heard accounts. The Malecite at Woodstock, however, remember only that such small people existed.

Wilwilmeq^{w}

Wilwilmeq^{w} are giant snails, though some people now say that they are crocodiles or alligators. In 1954 one old man from Tobique said he was not going to the Fourth of July carnival at Houlto, Maine, because Wilwilmeq^{w} would be there. Wilwilmeq^{w} can give a person great magical powers if he can scrape the velvet from their horns. They were usually seen swimming in a river or lake with just their antlers and heads showing. Sometimes they were seen crawling along the ground. One morning Peter Paul's grandmother came in from the shed, saying that she had seen a Wilwilmeq^{w} swimming down the river.

One story is that in the old days, when the Indians first received guns, an old hunter lost his gun when he suddenly went through the ice. He got ashore but felt very downhearted at the loss of his most prized possession. At the village, an old magician of much power, seeing him so downcast, asked the trouble. The hunter told him what had happened and said he would do anything to get the gun back.

'Anything?' asked the Magician.

'Yes', was the reply.

'If you go down to the spot where you fell in you will find it,' the Magician told him.

The hunter happily went back. When he reached the river bank he saw a Wilwilmeqʷ's head sticking through the hole in the ice. Resting on its horns was the gun. The hunter turned around in fear and rushed back to the village. When he arrived the magician saw him and asked if he had the gun.

'No,' was the reply.

'I thought you would do anything for the gun,' the Magician retorted.

Nehes

Peter Paul could remember the mention of a water spirit, called Nehes, who was supposed to do good to the Indians. The Passamaquoddy believed in Appodumken and Lumpeguin, the Penobscot in Nu-dum-ken-a-wet, but the author does not know if Nehes was related to these other water sprites.

The Power of Po-he-gan

Po-he-gan, or animal spirit helper, affected the lives of the Malecite. There are still a few creatures that have this power to help the Indians. A person who has the power can work

through the spirit of an animal. A Po-he-gan can tell a persecuted person who is working against him, and that person can retaliate by using the Po-he-gan.

If something happens to the animal that is the Po-he-gan the same thing will happen to the person who receives magic from that animal. One woman now at the Woodstock Reserve tells about going to a neighbour's home, when she was a young girl at the Malecite Reserve in Fredericton, to help with the redecorating. While she was scrubbing one of the walls she spotted a spider walking across it; in making a grab for the spider she missed it but injured its leg. The owner of the house immediately cried out, 'My leg, my leg!' The others could see that she was in great pain and could not move her leg. The girl grabbed some milk and bread, the closest things handy, and rubbed the aching leg with it. In a few minutes, the woman was all right again.

The Power of Medtoulin

Any Indian who is a very powerful magician is said to have Medtoulin, which is the power of foretelling the future. In the old days, an Indian could not become a medicine man or chief unless he had this power.

One woman told the author that one morning, when she was picking potatoes in the rain, she put her hand up saying that the rain was going to stop, and it did stop before breakfast was over. She also said that one afternoon a sudden sharp shower came up when she was in the town of Woodstock with another woman from the Reserve. She started to go out into the rain but her companion wanted to stay under cover. She then put her hands over head and said that the rain would stop; it let up almost immediately. She first began to think that she had this power of Medtoulin when she was working and living away from the Reserve on a large farm. One day the farm owner's dog bit her youngster and he told her not to let the child go near the dog again. She asked what he was going to do about the dog and when he replied, "Nothing," she became angry and wished him bad luck. About a week later, when he

went to a sawmill to get some lumber, his hand was cut off. Upon hearing of the accident, she became quite upset. She went to the priest and confessed that she had a power which she had used in a cruel way and told the priest of her desire to get rid of the spell. She returned to the priest each week for a month and he prayed with her; but she still seems to have this power which she actually cannot control.

Mrs. Peter Paul told of another incident that happened at Fredericton. "Old Jeffrey was an ugly old man, so ugly that we were all scared of him when we were children. He used to like to scare us. He had Medtoulin. His wife used to step out on him. He found out and he didn't like it. One night she was going out and he said that she wasn't. She had her mind set on going out just the same. He put his coat across the door. She was not able to get by that coat."

A man might have a Medtoulin working against him but he might not know who it was. A more powerful Medtoulin can fight and overcome it; such a case that occurred at Fredericton was told by Peter Paul.

"Jim Paul had a feeling of a feather in his throat. He was all choked up. He knew there was a Medtoulin working against him but didn't know who it was. One day a Micmac woman came by. She heard about him and went to see him. She told him that if he locked his door by sticking a knife in front of it through the casing, the Medtoulin would cut himself when he came. "Then the Medtoulin will come to see you and you will find out who it is," she added. That night Jim Paul did as she suggested. The next day a man cut himself while working. He went to Jim Paul for a cure. Jim told him he would not give him a cure until he agreed not to bother him anymore.

Some Medtoulins received specific signs that were interpreted to forecast certain future events. If Peter Paul's grandmother's upper lip twitched, this sign was a warning that someone was going to get drunk; if her toe itched, someone would arrive for a visit; if her little toe became numb, she could be certain that someone had died. When she was dying she knocked on the wall

three times in rapid succession. At that time she was on the Reserve at Woodstock; nevertheless a grand-daughter who was walking upstairs to her apartment in St. John heard the knocking, and a son, who was in a sanitarium about three miles away from the grand-daughter, also heard it.

The easiest way to fight Medtoulin is by boiling seven needles. Any kind of needle can be used. The author was first told of this method by a Tobique Malecite who had married a Penobscot and was living on the Penobscot Reserve at Old Town, Maine. One day an Indian from Woodstock village, who was reading the author's notes, was quite surprised to come upon this information which he verified as a belief of his own people.

FURTHER BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS

Other beliefs of these people include the following:

1. If the leaves are turned up so that one can see the underside, it is either going to rain or the rain is all over. (It is an observed fact that bad weather winds, which are usually from the opposite direction to the prevailing winds, turn the leaves in an upward position.)

2. If you have a haircut on the first day of May, you will have a healthy head of hair.

3. Mullein leaves steeped and rubbed on the hair are beneficial for the hair.

4. To cure a dog which has worms chew alder bark and spit it into the dog's mouth after it has had its milk.

5. The spit-like liquid in which the grasshoppers' eggs are enclosed was thought to be ghost's spit.

6. Puff balls were thought to be the result of a ghost's fart.

7. Girls must not jump over a boy's legs when he is lying on the floor or ground because it might injure the sexual organs.

8. If the feathers on a partridge's legs hang down low, it will be a long winter. (The man who believed in the foregoing said that he did not believe in the sign that a hornet's nest close to the ground meant an open winter, as told him by a white man from Woodstock.)

9. If one shoots a snowy owl, he will have bad luck.

10. If one washes in warm water, he will have wrinkles.

11. If a person washes in the same water as another, he will have a fight with that person.

12. If a person shakes hands with another at parting, he will not see that person for a long time.

13. When you comb your hair throw your loose hair into the stove rather than outside because, if a snake gets it, the snake will build his house with it and drive you crazy.

14. If a person buttons up his shirt or jacket wrong he is jealous of someone.

15. If the ice is high in the rivers in the fall but no ice is along the edge of the river, there will be no winter to speak of.

16. If a single person steps on a cat's tail he will not get married for a year.

17. On Good Friday morning all brooks have holy water and healing power.

The Malecite living at the Woodstock Reserve today are very different from their ancestors who settled there. Though most of them realize that the old way of life is no longer practical, many of them do not wish the old culture to be entirely forgotten, and take pride in retaining much of their ancient lore and customs.

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