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TAPPAN ADNEY

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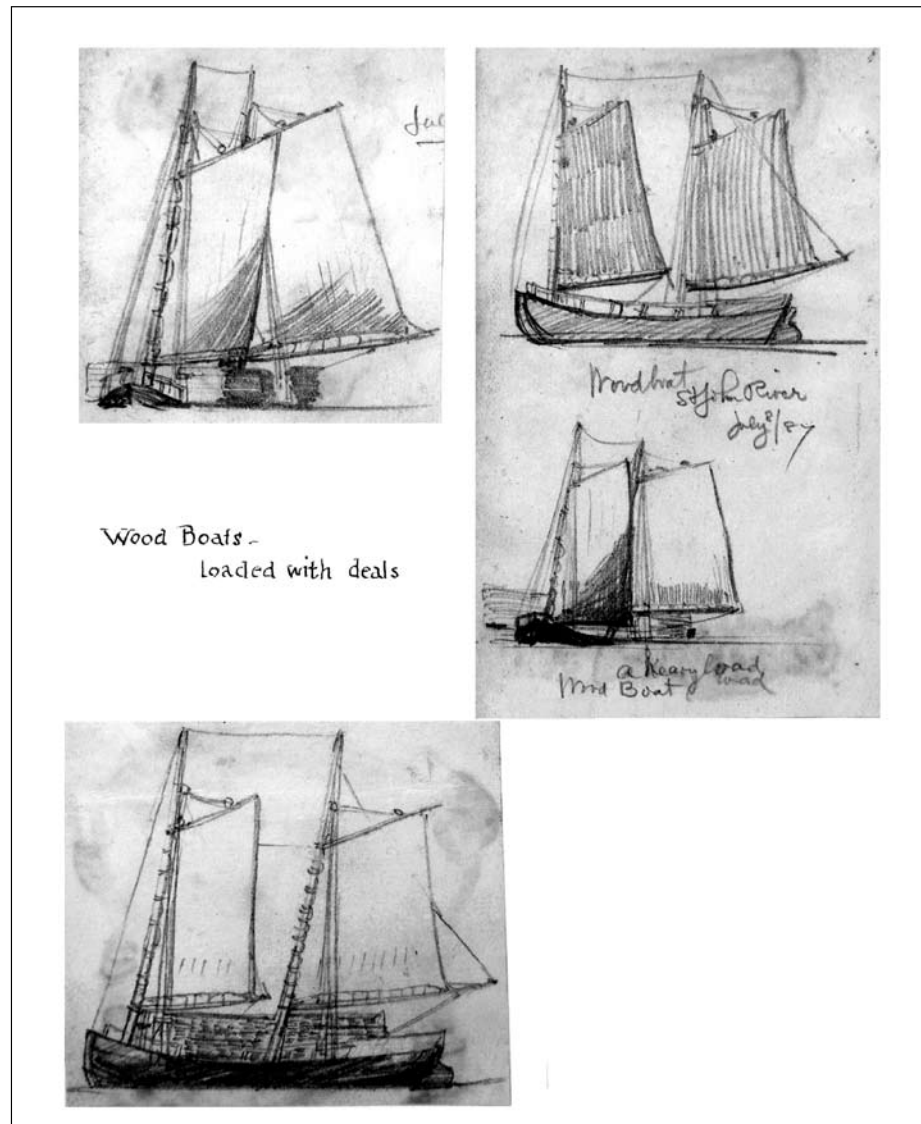
Arrived at Woodstock and walked with my valise to Upper Woodstock. On the way, inquired for the Sharp's** house, and was told to keep on til I came to the most remarkable house I had ever seen.(5)

My sister*** was at the Sharp's, and I received a warm welcome from them all.

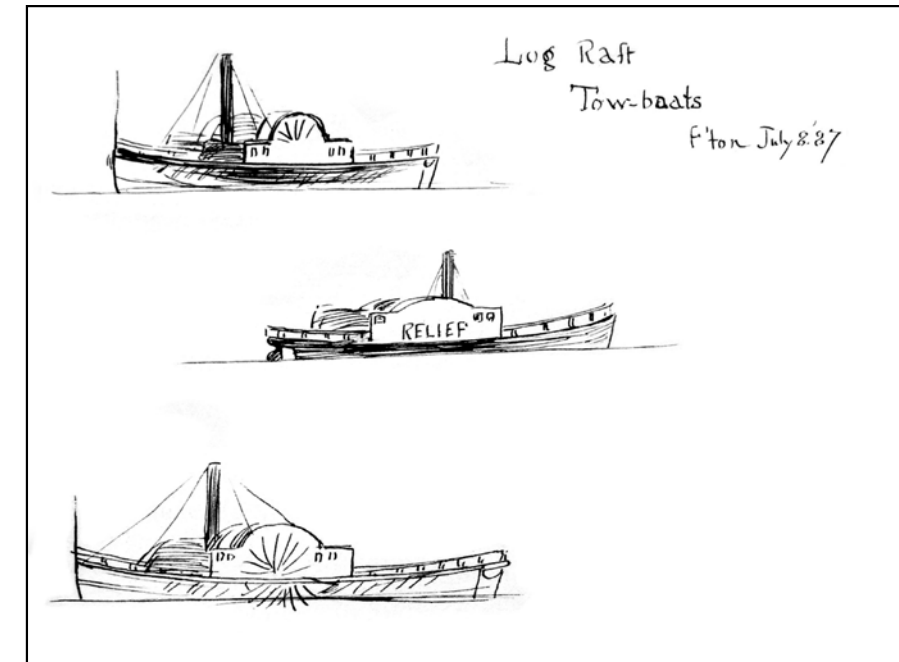
* Trade goods for the town and village stores along the river.

** Francis Peabody Sharp, orchard owner and horticultural pioneer.

*** Mary Ruth Adney, m. Charles Wyeth in 1900.



Four pen and ink sketches of sailing ships on the river



Pen and ink sketches of side-wheel steamboats

I had brought books along to study for the rest of my entrance examination at Columbia: Manele, Xenophon, and Ancient Geography. I had truly meant to study conscientiously, but here was a whole new world thrown open, a kind of air that I had never breathed before. Why, one could no more study than a deer could or a wild Injun. Not that we were in the woods, but we were so near there, in the oldest settlements, that one had but to go half a mile back to find traces of an original forest that are now as wild looking as any that one will find in the remotest wilderness. No woods had ever impressed [me] as these woods did. Only a short way from the house was an Indian encampment with their birch bark houses on the point made by Lane's Creek and the river. Here, during the summer, they made birch canoes, and I got to know them all well: old Peter Joseph and John Solis.

They took a fancy to me, and I took a fancy to them, and they taught me many things: how to build canoes, and Peter Joe took me with him into the woods when he got the bark to make canoes, and I made small ones of my own, exact models. One of these models is in the Museum of Natural History at New York, a 1/5 scale;(5) the other is now owned by Mr. Allison Connell of Woodstock (got this back; since stolen).

Milicete (7) Bird Names

Having an intense interest in birds, my first thought was to get a list of the bird names of these Indians, and so I set out on a work of love, and prepared a list of the Bird Names of the Milicete Indians, the first ever published, read before the Linnaean Society (6) of New York, together with some animal names. I picked up some more of the language, but I did not know the proper way to go at it, until it was too late to get [it] all.

These Indians are of the tribe called Milicetes, but that is only the corruption of a name by which they are known to the Micmacs of the eastern part of the Province and Nova Scotia. The Micmac name is Mali-zit-e-watc (sing) Mal-zit-djik). Their own name is Wul-as-tuk-i-uk, or People of the "Wallastook" or St. John

River. They are found in several villages along the river, notably above Fredericton, and at the mouth of the Tobique. They have strong affinities with the Passamaquoddies. They regard themselves as distinct from the Penobscots, but they assimilate with them at Old Town and Mattawamkeag [both in Maine]. They are wholly distinct from the Micmacs. The others can understand each others language, but Micmac is not intelligible to the others, though I have heard an intelligent Micmac say by close attention he could get the sense. The roots of the language are the same.

The Milicetes remember their old enemies the Mohawks, and they have stories of that time which some say took place five hundred years ago, notably how the raft of Mohawks [was] taken over the Grand Falls of the Saint John by a captured Milicete squaw, whom one story says went over with the raft; whom another version says swam ashore. And other such stories.

They used playfully to call me the Mohawk or Ktchee Mohawk, "Big Mohawk," from my tallness, and when I got the intonation, or the "genius," of their manner of talking, they would exclaim, "All you got do marry squaw then just same one Ninjun." I came in time by diligent inquiry from many different persons to acquire a more extensive knowledge of their bird names than any one Indian had. I had a serious illustration of this when on a later trip in the woods with old Ambrose Lockwood. Ambrose gave me the name of a bird, giving the English name and asked me what the Indian name was for it.

Besides the above mentioned reservations there are others at different points. In fact, the Canadian policy has been always to break up the tribes into small reservations, allowing the Indians to keep any particular spot that they were accustomed to. Such places are a convenient bank of the river, generally on a point where a brook or larger stream enters.

They dress as white men. do, except they have a weakness for bright cottons of solid colors: greens, orange, etc., and in summer wear moccasins almost altogether. They are the builders of bark canoes, the makers of snowshoes and of baskets, and where they are near such places they make some of the best guides and camp helpers.

In some instances they settle down and acquire houses and work land on a small scale, farming on their reservations, but commonly they wander about a good deal. But to show [how] far civilized ideas prevail, an old squaw wife of a well-to-do man of the Point was telling me about her daughter, who had married a downriver Indian who lived after the old way. She had her daughter come up and live half the year, with her, for said she, "I not like have my daughter live that way. That's ole time way."

I stopped in her house, and it was furnished in every respect as well [as], though not unlike, the ordinary country house. There were even tall lamps and a piano. The only Indian part of the house was the kitchen and dining room, which was where the baskets were made, and the floor would be littered a foot deep with shavings. As a general thing, the old squaws do not speak any language but their own. The men speak English more or less well and some know French. They often marry French women, and so the race is losing its pure Indian characteristics. Peter Joe lived with his aged mother and small nephew in a house built of birch bark about 10 by 15 feet square with [a] double shed roof. This was their summer house. In winter they rent warmer abodes.

THE W U L-AS-TUK-WIUKS

Where did they come from? Noel Francis Sapier told me he heard his father tell that a very long time ago, hundreds of years, some eight or ten families came from the westward and settled on the Olastuk*. They were pleased with the country and stayed.

Peter Joe thought Noel Sapier was mistaken. "We never did come from the west. Injun always was here, grew up with the country, just the same as moose and caribou."

They take their name from their own river, now called the St. John. The name Malicite, "Milicete," etc., is the name given by the Micmacs who inhabit the east shore of New Brunswick, Quebec and Nova Scotia. Nicholas Denys was a Frenchman having a trading post on Cape Breton, and his authority extended as far as [the] Gaspé [Peninsula]. The Milicetes have the name as one of their own personal names but they do not know the old Denys [as found in] (Conquest of Canada [Vol.] 1).

Anciently the Eskimo may have extended far south and mixed with the Milicetes. Today they are mixed with French so that there are very few of the old type of Indian left. They are often well bearded and light in complexion. They do not know any Indians of the name "Wobanaki." (8)

I used to hear stories of the old doings of the Mohawks and there are different versions of these stories. There is much elasticity in dates. The story of how the Indian woman piloted the Mohawks over the Grand Falls I heard as follows from Noel Sapier:

* Adney's spelling of "Olastuk" may be a mistaken understanding from his original journal, since he spelled it correctly in this segment title.

HOW THE MOHAWKS WENT OVER GRAND FALLS

"A long time ago the Mohawks were great fighters and they came here from the north, up Canada way. They liked the looks of the country so they wanted to take possession of it. There was fighting going on nearly all the time, nearly every year.

"A long time ago, about two three hundred years ago, a war party [of] three hundred Mohawks came down from Canada. Way up river near the head of [the] Olastuk they captured two Indian trappers and their squaws. They scalped both the men. There they built a big raft of cedar logs and started down the river with the two squaws to guide them. It was night and very dark, just before daylight, as they came to the Grand Falls. They were sleeping in rows with feet together and every man had his big toe tied to a small pole at their feet, so if one woke up all the others would feel the jerk and wake up too. The squaws sat in front, one at each corner. A few Mohawks were awake. They were getting near the Grand Falls. When they heard the roaring, they asked the squaws what is that? The squaws told them, 'That's only rapids you hear.' They reached the wide part of the river just above the falls and there the squaws jumped overboard and finned it for the shore. The raft went over with all the Mohawks.

“Injuns came from down river, everywhere, and they scalped the Mohawks that were drowned. Everybody felt very good.”

“Noel said that below the falls were some saplings and they nailed the scalps onto these. Then they had a big scalp dance for a month and they wore a trench with their feet around the saplings — it was a deep trench. Noel’s father had the trees shown him in his time and they were big old trees.”

A TREATY WITH THE MOHAWKS

“About seventy-five years ago a party of Indians started upriver from down Meductic (9) (Woodstock) to spear salmon. They had ten canoes. When they came to about 30 miles above Woodstock, they came suddenly onto a big party of Mohawks. They couldn’t go on [and] they didn’t dare to run. The old men got together. There was a sharp turn in the river there, so they said, ‘We will keep on around the bend of the river out of sight.’

“And then they picked up their canoes and carried them overland to a place below and then they came up river again. The Mohawks were watching them, and when they saw the canoes coming all day they thought there was a big party. They kept on till dark and went into camp there.

“The Mohawks were fooled into thinking there was a great party of Milicetes. Early next morning, the Milicetes saw a single canoe coming from the direction of the Mohawk camp. There was a tomahawk sticking up in the bow. That was a sign of peace. The old men took a canoe and went out to meet it. The Mohawk chiefs and the old men made a treaty never to be any more fighting between the Mohawks and Milicetes. Every year some chiefs from each tribe came there to ratify the treaty. The last meeting was held thirty years ago [ETA calculation: 1887-30 = c. 1857]. The Injuns called the place Mu-n-kw-a-dik, “The Selling Place.” [ETA note: (buying place, lit.)]

The present Munguot or Munguart is probably the place referred to, for there is a short bend just above there. [ETA note: Man-kwad-ik , buying, the whole occupation, place where]

MILICETE BIBLIOGRAPHY

History of New Brunswick, Gesner, Indian translations
Edward Jack of Fredricton, in local papers from time to time
Geographical Repts, Gesner, Saint John, 1839, [a] few geographical names
Explorations in Labrador, Hind, incidental references [added in red: “had Milicete canoe”]
The Maiden’s Sacrifice, Saint John Sun, about 1881 or 1882
In Divers Tones, Roberts, two legends, Moose and Gluskap
Algonkin Legends, N. E. Leland, Edward Jacks wrongly accredited to Micmac?

NEW BRUNSWICK

It is commonly believed that the present New Brunswick was Sunbury County of Nova Scotia and the present New Brunswick and Nova Scotia comprise the Acadia of the French. But in The Conquest of Canada it is said that the French restricted Acadia to Nova Scotia and gave the name “Nouvelle Ecosse” to New Brunswick. [in red: “New Scotland? Surely not”] The explanation perhaps is that the French occupied one part, the English the other, and that Nouvelle Ecosse (New Scotland) was a mere recognition of the English name, but they also gave the name Acadia to all that they claimed.

INDIAN’S PERSONAL NAMES

Ambrose Lockwood [in pencil: (Rookwood)]
Joe Alexander
Ned
Francis Perley
Peter Joseph-Peter Joe-Pete Joe
Gabriel Joseph-Gabe Joe
John Solis
Joe Laporte
Jack
Mitchel Misel
Tom, Peter, Ambrose, Newell, Bear; (“Bar”, Moo in) Newel or Noel, Sapier (Sapiel, St. Pierre) Nick
“Madewess” porcupine
Noel Paul
Noel Francis Sapier “Madewess” [in pencil: porcupine]
Sabattis, St. Baptiste Gabe Lolar
Injun conversation
“You gonto have sometins heat? You want sometins heat?”
“Take care, you hapset.”
“Looks like some kinds of rain mebbe.”
“Just same one Ninjuns.” (Just like an Indian)
“Spose mebbe you give me some flour. Take pity on squaw? I eat my last breakfast this mornin’.”
“Little walk, much look-um.” (hunting partridges)
“White mans make big fire git way off: Injun make little fire, small fire, git up close.”
“Otter like injun, stop anywhere night comes; beaver like white man, he buildum house and clear land.”
“Take pity on squaw, give me some flour, I eat my las’ breakfas this mornin’.”

INDIAN CHILDREN

The Indian children amuse themselves in imitating the hunts of their elders. The boys make little bows of straight grained cedar and shoot the small birds around the camp. They grow very skillful and recount with great eagerness how they got po-kwi-snau-i-es-sis, today or Na-na-mik-tcis (Spotted sandpiper) yesterday. With spears made exactly like the big salmon spears, they wade in the brooks spearing suckers or small chubs along the river in schools.

They make a throwing stick, of a stick some three feet long, with the end flat and a piece of leather attached to that end and that again to a string, which they hold in their fingers letting go [of] the string as they throw.

The Indian boy gets to be a good canoeman. At 14 or under they can take their place as the bow poler in going upstream, or tend the stern on salmon spearing trips of their elders. They love to make toy bark canoes, but the workmanship is very crude. I have seen them in an eddy of the river with the little canoes and a flat piece of bark set upright for a sail.

He [Indian boy] whittles out a nice pole of cedar, whittled so well and so stiff and light, and wanders up and down the brooks and river near home. And when he brings back to the wigwam a nice string of trout, old Nokomis (grandmother) smiles and calls him I-so-ma-gwess-sis, the young Fish hawk.

He is well acquainted with the names and looks of birds, fish and animals and can imitate the songs of Atalagwauktum, (Hermit Thrush) or Sulsulsili, (Savannah sparrow) or Moliskus (American Widgeon).*

He gathers sweet hay and strawberries in season and later, when chokecherries are ripe, his lips get black and puckered. There are hazelnuts on the high ground that the striped squirrel has missed, and flagroot in marshy spots by the river banks. There are groundhogs to be dug out of their holes in the bank by the help of Muin (Black bear) or Skinosis (boy), his dog. And when snow comes he sets snares and catches rabbits.

OLD MARGERET THE SQUAW

“You know Newell Paul, [of] Woodstock. His son married one of my daughters. I write my daughter come up live with me and I give her house to live in. I got three houses and I give her one for nothing. But Newell Paul[s] son, he no like to come. He don’t like leave old folks. Newell Paul he don’t live at all. He cook outdoors in summer time and live in camp. I don’t like have my daughter live that way. That’s old time way. If you see Newell Paul, tell him you see me and tell him to write me a letter and let me know how he gittin-long. We write letters up here, but that Newell Paul he never do write. I never know how he gittin long, since I been down Woodstock way last spring. That’s no way, that’s very poor way to live.

“When I come up here long time ago, oh mor’n 30 year ago, find plenty salmon out in the river. Plenty of everything and Injun don’t have no trouble gittin something to eat.

*Translations provided by Robert Leavitt, co-author of Maliseet Dictionary, Goose Lane Editions, 2009.