

[Page 37 - A Story of the Micmac Chief, Ulgimoo](#)

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A Story of the Micmac Chief, Ulgimoo AS TOLD BY REV. SILAS TERTIUS RAND. In ancient times the Kwedeches and the Mic-macs inhabited this country together, on terms of friendship and amity. But in time a quarrel arose; two boys, sons of the respective chieftains, quarrelled, and one killed the other. This was productive of a long series of conflicts, in which the Mic-macs, being the more numerous, were usually victorious. During those wars a celebrated chief arose among the Micmacs, whose name was Ulgimoo, of whom many strange things were related. He drove the Kwedeches out of the region on the south side of the Bay of Fundy, they having been compelled to cross the bay in their flight from the enemy; and he urged them on farther and farther towards the north, finally driving them up to Montserrat. Ulgimoo lived to be an hundred and three years old; he died twice, having come to life after he had been dead all winter; so says the tradition. He had a brother much younger than he, whose name was Mejelabegadasich (Tied-in-a-hard-knot); this name indicated his bravery, as he could not be overcome. He was head chief after his elder brother died. Ulgimoo had one daughter, but no son. This daughter married a man belonging to what is now called Long Island, in the township of Horton, the Kwedeches having retired to Fort Cumberland, and thence on to Tantama' (Sackville), before their enemies, and thence on beyond Petcootkweak (Peticodiac), Ulgimoo built a mound and fortification at the place now called Salisbury, where the mound still remains. This war lasted for many years, since, when many of the men had been killed off, time was required to raise another race of warriors, who were carefully educated to keep alive the spirit of retaliation. This brought Ulgimoo into the field after he had become very old. He was a great magician, and one of his principal sources of magic was the pipe. His store of tobacco would sometimes become exhausted; but his teomul (tutelard deity), which was in his case Keonik' (the Otter), would go a long distance and bring him any amount he desired. Being a magician, he could hear and see what was going on very far off, as he possessed all the boasted powers of our modern clairvoyants, adepts in mesmerism and spirit-rappings. Thus, when he was about one hundred and three years old, he learned by means of his mysterious art that a war-party, comprising several braves and wizards, was on the move to attack his village. He was now very feeble, and bent with age; but on the morning of the day when the attack was to be made, he gave his warriors false information of an attack in another place, and so all the men left the village--the aged and infirm Ulgimoo alone excepted. By and by the war-party made their appearance, and, ascertaining how matters stood, were by no means in haste to begin operations. They came to this old man, but did not recognize him. They took him prisoner, and consulted what to do. One of the wizards suggested that they would better proceed with caution, as he strongly suspected--

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