

[Page 21 - Sam Glode: Travels of a Micmac](#)ISSUE : [Issue 35](#)

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DHiac These stories are taken from Thomas H. Rad-dall's interviews with Sam Glode in 1944. I was born April 20, 1878. My grandfather (on father's side) was Francis Glode, born about 1820. He was nicknamed "Ugluss," an old Micmac word that I don't know the meaning of. My grandmother (on mother's side) was Polly Labrador, from Tusket Forks, Yarmouth County. My father's name was Stephen Glode. He was born in the vicinity of Milton, Queens County, in 1845. My mother was Sarah Jane Glode, from Pubnico Lake, Yarmouth County. My grandfather, with other Indians of that time, lived at the old camp ground at Cowies Falls, on the Mersey River near Milton, Queens County. It was an ancient camping place of the Micmac people, below where the N. S. Power Commission has a dam and electric powerhouse now. When my father was in his teens, his parents decided to go to Montreal by the old Indian canoe route. They cut birch bark and the proper wood, and during one winter they made a 20-foot canoe. In the spring they started. They went up the Mersey River to Lake Rossignol, then up the Shelburne River to Koofang Lake. There they carried across to Moosehide Lake and went down the Sissiboo River to Weymouth. They crossed the Bay of Fundy and coasted up to St. John, then on up the St. John River to its headwaters. They carried their canoe over the portage to the Riviere du Loup, and followed that river down to the St. Lawrence. Then up the St. Lawrence past Quebec to Montreal. They lived all winter outside Montreal with some other Indian people that lived there. I don't know what people they were. I have heard my father describe the wigwam his parents built, how they banked it very deep with fir boughs to keep out the cold. They found the winter very severe, and in the next spring they returned home by the same route. I don't know how long it took. When they left Milton it was in the spring, and when they got to Montreal it was beginning cold weather. They lived on fish most of the way. There was plenty of trout and salmon in the rivers those days. Our family was a big one. I had five brothers : Mike, who lived in Milton all his days and was a boss on the log-drives down the Mersey River; Frank, who died young, in Milton; Jim, who lived mostly at Dartmouth and Truro--he served in the Canadian Army in the First World War, was gassed, and died of lung trouble on the Truro reservation in the 1920s; Peter, who also served in the war, lived at Annapolis, Shelburne, and other places, usually returning to Milton; Steve, who lives in Truro. My sisters were Mary, Katherine, and Elizabeth, and they all died young, in Milton. When I was eight or nine years old, my parents moved to Shelburne with the whole family. We walked the whole way (Nearly 60 miles--THR) pulling a little handcart with (21)