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The Man Who Married the Beaver' There was once a young man of the Micmac Indians who was quite a hunter. He had never in all his life done anything but hunt, and was always anxious to go into the woods when the fall came. He would start off all alone, thinking nothing of staying the whole winter by himself in the forest. He was used to being alone, however, for he was an orphan. When he was quite little his father died, and he had always lived with his mother. His mother often remonstrated with him for going alone into the woods and staying so long--she was afraid that he might injure himself in some way, or be taken sick, and there would be no one to help him or take care of him. "You might die," said his mother, "and no one would know anything about it and it would not be easy to find your dead body." The boy said nothing however and though his mother tried hard to persuade him to stay at home he would not do it, and when fall came he was ready to go again. When he had his supplies for the winter ready, he started off and journeyed for some time before he came to the place where he would camp. When he finally reached a place he liked, he struck camp, and leaving all his supplies there he started off trapping. For some time he trapped beavers, going from brook to brook. Finally he came to a brook where there was a whole family of beavers, but it was too late in the evening to set traps for them. The next day he trapped quite a few, and stayed there until he had finally got the whole family. On the night of the day on which he trapped the last of the family of beavers he went to sleep by the brook and dreamed of another brook where there was another family of beavers. The next morning when he awoke he pondered whether or not he would return to his camp or go on until he found the brook which he had dreamed of. Finally he made up his mind that he would search for the brook, so he packed up his things and started on. He travelled all day and night, and all the next day and night--for several days he travelled on until at last he knew that he was lost. He did not know which way to turn to go back to his camp. However he would not stop but kept right on travelling. At last he came to a moose yard in which there were three moose. He killed all three of them, so that even if he stayed there until spring he would be sure to have enough to eat, and then when the spring did come the days would be long and he would be able to find his way back to camp. The next morning, after he had killed the moose, he started on again, and that evening he came to a brook which he followed down stream until he came to a place where a whole family of beavers were. There was a hole in the ice where the beavers came out so he fixed himself a place near the hole, and sat down to wait for them, thinking that he would shoot some of them as they came out. It was about noon time, and the sun shone brightly. He had his bow and arrows close to him and his axe was near by. He seated himself comfortably to wait for the appearance of the beavers, and he fell asleep. Just as he was about to awake, he heard some one speak to him. "Are you asleep?" the voice said. He opened his eyes and saw a nice-looking young girl standing before him. He looked up and said, "Yes, I fell asleep." "You must be lonely," said the girl. "I am lonely," said the boy. "Come with me and we will go to



my home," said the girl. She went to the hole in the ice and dove down in, and the young man followed her. The bottom of the pond proved to be a road. It was a beautiful day and they walked along until they came to a two-storied house which they entered. Here the young man saw an old man, four boys, and a girl. The young girl who had brought the boy to the house said to the old woman who was there, "Mother, I found my companion." "He is no companion, daughter, he is your husband," said the old woman. So the young man lived with them. In the spring they scattered along the brooks and river. After the ice was gone, they floated down-stream and stayed along the banks all summer. Of course the young man and his wife were together, and they did not know where the rest were. When the fall came again, his wife said, "I think we had better make our way back home for the winter." They started up the river. It IS SOMEONE IMBIII DESTROYING iM'P' OUR PAST? Y"" Ttie special Places Protection Act (1980) forbids ttie ""??e- --JY / i / excavation, removal or disturbance of artifacts and ""B ' /aL-' -*/ /x specimens from arctiaeological, historical and ""H . ' >?{ 'O / X' ' paleontological sites, including those beneath wa- ""B * /y'