THE WAR SONG.

A PASSAMAQUODDY LEGEND.[1]

An old chief, sinking beneath the weight of years, yet strong in magic power, had been worsted in battle with the Mohawks and was in full retreat. When night came on, the enemy encamped; but the old chief and his disabled braves kept travelling till midnight. Then they stopped for rest, and the old man sang his war song:

> I remember the days when I was young;
> I never fled from fear of death, as I do now.
>
> I remember the days when I was young;
> I never fell back before an enemy, as I do now.
> Alas! I have left my best and bravest warriors behind me;
> They will be put to torture by the Mohawks.
>
> I remember the days when I was young;
> I never left one of my braves behind, as I do now.
> Alas! I have left some of my best and bravest warriors.
>
> I remember the days when I was young;
> I never then did have to sing the song that I sing now.
> Let all the hearts of the trees hear my poor, weeping song;
> Let them arise and help me to rescue the braves I have left behind.
> Let all the tops of the trees listen to my song, and come to help me.
> Let all the roots of the trees arise, and come to help me.
>
> I remember the days when I was young.

The song grew louder and louder, until the enemy heard it and trembled. The old chief's voice was heard even in the most distant part of his country, and every faithful warrior grasped his tomahawk at the call. Before daylight the people from his scattered villages had come to his assistance, as did also the hearts of the trees, the tops of the trees, and the roots of the trees,— a mighty army; and the Mohawks were driven back to their own land.

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[1] Contributed by J. Vroom.