

upon a particular sign by which they might know one another in the dark, as they might be crawling in the long grass, or among the thick bushes which surrounded the island, and he who could not answer this sign was to be dispatched immediately and his gory head thrown in among the dancers. The Mohawks meanwhile had, as evening advanced, slowly and stealthily approached the Abenakis village, but will had been met by will, and before day dawned many a Mohawk's head had been thrown into the midst of the dancers, with the whispered command: dance harder! dance harder!—until, exhausted and fainting, the dancers sank to the ground. By morning most of the Mohawk braves had been slain, the others,' said Gabe, 'were as easily dispatched as you might cut a chicken's head off, or knock a lamb on the head. Some three or four, with ears and noses cut off, were allowed to return home, in order to show the other Mohawks how they would be treated should they attempt the like again.'

"Entering our canoes we poled along towards Savage Island, and the water became quicker and the bottom was covered by bright pebbles. 'This,' said Gabe, 'is Augh-pa-hack, the head of tide. On the west side of the river, just here, once stood our church and village. There was a race course in ancient times,' said Gabe, 'which extended all around the island, a distance of several miles. Here, after ball playing, the young Indians tried their speed. When I was a boy,' said he, 'I have seen traces of their race course in the sod.'

"As the day was well advanced we concluded to turn our canoes homewards, which we did; one of them hoisting a sail, the other was held on, and was borne swiftly along by the north-west wind. As Gabe dropped the paddle and wiped the perspiration from his brow he again recurred to the traditions of his fathers. 'Long ago,' said he, 'there was a great sickness fell upon the Abenakis, and many of them, men, women and children, died. One night, when all was dark and silent, there appeared to one of our braves a strange figure, as of a man all covered with joints and bars. "I am," said he, "Ke-whis-wask (calamus-root), and can heal you all. You must, to-morrow morning, dig me up, steep me in warm water, and drink me, and I will cure you." After saying this he vanished, and next morning the brave, doing as he was told, the sick all recovered.'"

The Indians of Canada are all more or less under government supervision, but in spite of great watchfulness,