

Once more did I essay to save my race.
 I put off quiver, corslet and bright plume,
 Hung up my belt and cloak of beaver skins,
 And clothed me like the trading Englishman;
 Yea more—for over all the priestly gown
 I threw; and with no comrade save my dog,
 (That one whom I "Exhorter" named because
 He seized the heels of those who spurned my words,)
 And all my goods a blanket and a staff,
 I left my warriors chieftainless and sad,
 To strange lands set my face and other ways.
 I wandered westward, preaching that new word
 Which I had heard when first the white man came,
 And asked of us, not hunting-grounds, but souls!
 Something he said of peace, good-will to men;
 Whether he meant this word not for himself
 But only us, thereby to thrust a wedge
 Between our rights and his too treacherous greed.
 I know not; but this thing to put to proof
 I preached the white men's doctrines to themselves
 As they to us; did they not mean it so?
 And what was good for us as well for them?
 For once asked I Elliot of his faith,
 Revolving if some mischief new were hid
 To work more ill on me and on my race.
 But when I heard the precepts, peaceful, pure,
 First preach'd to them who for the first time hear,
 While faith still leads, not flatters men's desires,