

so, when the waters rose up, he and his people were carried on the top, it might be, for one moon.

"Then *Kesoulk* looked down, and when he saw that all were dead he was very sorry; and raising his finger, he said to the storm—"be still!" and it was so. For the waters went away, and the man and his children and the live things walked upon dry land, and the earth was again covered with people and wild animals.

"But they became bad a second time, so *Kesoulk* sent his son (*Which-wil-le-nix-cum*),* in the body of a man, that he might teach them how to be good. But wicked persons took him prisoner, and nailed him to a cross, and so he died. Yet his spirit was very mighty, for it went up to the sky in a great storm, and the dead rose from the ground, and the hills were rent and shaken. My son," here *Pansaway* drew near *Argimou*, and spoke low,—“I have heard it said that the *Anglasheou* was that bad people, and so, for a punishment, the Great Spirit set his curse on them evermore, and they became wanderers upon earth.

"Such is the word that the Great Voice spoke to the tribes at the *Norridgewoack*.

"But the black *Powa* is dancing—the war-axe is bright! By the starless night, by the clouded moon, the red fire is burning—the war-song is sung! Bring the paint, O ye that can arm a warrior! Make him look terrible in battle: let him be a death-howl to his enemies.

"I see many light-haired scalps, I see many spoils. By the shores—by the rivers of the morning, I have drunk the *Anglasheou*'s blood: I have heard him screech his death-song by the salt water's roar. Let them come to the *Kennebis*; the arm of the red man is strong. He will count their scalps: he will tread upon their bones! There is *Mogg*—the bloody knife—and his tribe, and *Assacombuit*, the great sachem; there are ninety-eight notches on his war-club—you will find so many pale scalps in his wigwam. He has seen the sun rise beyond the salt water; he has seen *Onanthio*—the white-gull drops dead at his name.

The warriors are hungry. The black crow waits, for he scenteth the strangers from afar. Is the *Anglasheou* a woman? or a singing-bird in a red man's ear?

"Such was the song of the tribes, when they made ready for battle at the *Norridgewoack*.—The braves of the *Abenaci* came down from the hills and strung their bows, but not to chase the deer; and while they danced by the

smoking pile, the keen flashing of their knives was as the blue lightning in the cloud. Such O my son, was the gathering of the summer tribes, when they sharpened the axe, and stood still for the coming of the *Anglasheou*.

"The stranger came, and the earth and the river water were the colour of a red bird. Cold Death stalked through the village and rested in every wigwam, and brave warriors looked upon him, and sang their song without fear. What could the Indian do against the long spears and the thunder that kills?—he could only die.

"The Great Voice went out to talk to the wicked stranger in the words of peace, but they answered him with a whoop and a shower of death hail; and though many warriors rushed on before his path to save their father, it would not do, for he fell down—he and the warriors that were with him—at the foot of the cross he had set up to *Which-wil-le-nix-cum*'s memory. And so the Great Voice departed from among the forest tribes: and *Mogg*, the *Bashaba*, died like a man, with his wet knife in his hand, and his eyes open. Go to the wigwam of *Assacombuit*, and you will see many more light-haired scalps: you will feel many more notches in his war-club.

"But the tribes were scattered and stricken by the thunder, and their homes were made desolate.

"When the storm ceased and the sky was clear again, miserable men went back to seek for the Great Voice that was still; and when they had found him, they wept. Ay, stout-hearted warriors—wild hunters of the *Abenaci* shed tears over their father, and were made ashamed.

"Woe to the *Anglasheou*! They had taken his white-haired scalp, they had torn his flesh, they had filled his mouth with dust of the ground, and his bones had they broken. But his spirit could not curse his enemies; for he said always that it was not a good thing to go evil for evil.

"Then they buried him where the chapel had once been, and *Norridgewoack* was his memory. And the tribes departed in sorrow, at their father remained alone in his bloody grave.

"Where is his spirit—O where? His was like the summer, like rock-water to a thirsty man—like the calm glory of the morning. But the green leaf turns red, and the forest withereth; and the spring—the sugar maple runs, the blue rivers roll on, yet the Great Voice he never returns. Where is his spirit, O where? Listen, my son, and be wise.

"The *Wennooch* and his brethren came

* Jesus Christ.