

evening; and they are called the Iroquois, or five nations. Then come the Algonquins, on the other side of that great river, by the frost; they were once glorious hunters, they were the masters of the earth! Beyond them stopped the tribe of the Huron, about the lake that bears their name. These were no hunters, but tillers of the ground, and their hearts were weak as water—yea, they had a woman for their Sagamou! Further on, were the Foxes, the Otters, the Canzas; warlike people whose war-cries filled the woods by the rivers that flowed to the sunset; whose hatchet was never buried. They eat the flesh of their enemies, they hunted the buffalo on wide plains of many days journey, they were fierce—they were without hearts!

"But of all the nations thy father saw, the Iroquois were the bravest and most wise. With them he first learned to fling a tomahawk, and how a warrior should die.

"He has heard the *black-caldron* hiss like an angry snake, he has seen the war-dance of the linked tribes: he has shouted their battle cry. The club is red—the eagles are drunken with blood—the bright knife is stained—the wolves howl with joy.

"Come back, O, days of my youth! for my limbs are heavy and my heart very sad.

"Listen, my son, to the strange things that thy father beheld, in the times that are gone. He has seen the worm from which the shells are got to weave the wampumbelts, so precious amongst nations. He has seen them clinging to the body of a drowned man, in the rivers of that land.

"The bird what mocks he has seen, and listened to his song in the night, by the waters of the Wabash. By the dim Ohio—by the salt-licks he has seen the great bones of that animal whom no man has beheld alive or hunted—whom the Great Spirit slew.

"He has looked upon the strong Niagara, in the country of the Iroquois; where Erie, like an overfull gourd, pours its waters into Ontario—where the rocks are like a wall, and the lake rolls over like the hollow of your hand, so that you can walk underneath, and be alive; though its voice is louder than the thunder, and it makes a man's heart leap, and moves the hair upon his head with fear.

"There the winds skin the foam from their war-caldron, by the beat of the torrent's drum, and the *Storm-slayer* hangs in the wave clouds his many-coloured bow. Ugh! The wonder of the Iroquois is a great warrior. He is stronger than the north wind—he cannot take his

scalp. He shakes his grey locks at him and laughs; he cannot bind him with his ice-chain. His lick burneth the frost's cold hand, and melts his sharp knife away. Ay, more mighty is he than the winter or the whirlwind, for he never grows weary. It is *Kesouk's** plaything! It is the Water-spirit's home!

"But after many moons word came that the nations by the summer had taken up the hatchet with the Wennooch, against the blue-eyed Anglasheou. So I joined a war-party of the Abenaci, and crossed the hills and the forests till we reached the shore of the salt water; and I felt glad when I tasted its green waves, and saw them rushing on, with a leap and a song, to the country of my childhood's home. We met many of my own people there, and I laughed! for they looked all the same like the children of the pale-faces. The Micmacs are smaller and less red than the tribes of the sunset. The salt mist has washed their faces white—the cold water winds have stunted their growth like the pines on their rocky shores.

"Roll back, O moons of my youth! for the night is dark, and mine eyes are growing dim.

"There was a gathering of many tribes from the Pascataqua and its streams—the Penobscot and the rivers by the setting sun. They were like the branches of a tree, they sprang from one trunk, one root—they were the tribes of the Abenaci.

"Numerous as the fire-flies in spring, were the fires of their wigwams, and more bright than many stars, they shone in the calm Kennebis. On its banks were they encamped, under Castine their Bashaba—the son of the Wennooch sachem, whom the red men love! In peace were they come to hear the *Great Voice* speak—the wisest among men.

"O! it was a pleasant place—the Norridge-woack—where they built a fort, and sat under the trees, or in the big chapel, and listened to the good word.

"There the *Great Voice* of the Wennooch dwelt among the hunters, and talked in the languages of the tribes. He told them how the world first was, and called the *Great-spirit* God. He said that men were very wicked and unjust, and that a great flood came—higher than the highest mountains—and swept away the animals and the nations from the whole earth, all but one man and his family—for *Kesouk* saw he was good, and told him to make a big canoe, and put into it an animal, male and female of every sort, of the earth and air;

* Great-Spirit—God.