

"Come, let us go to my father, that he may know of this thing. They are destroyed—master and slave. The sky is bright again, my brother. Ugh! Who can say like Argimou?—I have killed a *Boo-wo-win*!"

Returning to his father, the chief, without speaking, laid at his feet the fresh scalp, to the solitary lock of which was bound the dried skin of a snake, and the coil of roots he had discovered; whereupon, the old warrior manifested considerable surprise as he remarked—"it is good."

Then followed a rapid colloquy in their own language, during which, many references were had to the above mentioned articles, and, by their expressive gestures, they seemed to connect them, in some way or other, with the moose they had killed, for Pansaway pointed several times to the horned head, the only part of the animal that retained its original appearance. After the earnest conference had terminated, Argimou turned towards Edward, and addressed him as follows—

"My brother asked what a *Boo-wo-win* was? I will tell him. What does he call that man, among the *pale-faces*, who is greater than those which fight their battles? He who vanquishes the bad spirits of the pestilence, with roots, and charms, and wise words?"

Edward thought for a moment, ere he replied—

"You mean one who dealth in medicines."

"Ay!" quickly interrupted the other, raising his arm emphatically: "the *medicine-man*.—Such is a *Boo-wo-win*. The white medicine-man is strong, and knows many things. But Indian medicine-man is much wiser and more powerful; for he can speak to the wild animals and scare away the evil spirits from the body, to their homes in the earth and the air. Over every thing has he power, except *The Great Spirit*, who is above all things. But though the *Boo-wo-win* cannot make the thunder and the storm, the green leaf or the winter ice, yet above other men he is very strong.

"He can say to this animal—no matter what kind, may be otter, beaver, snake, wild-cat, bear, cariboo, moose, any kind of live thing at all—'do this! Go, and search hard for that man; he must not live any more!' Then that man may sing his death song; for he will surely die!

"But you see, my brother, as there are some nations more wise and powerful than others, so are their *medicine-men*. You have seen that a *Milicetejik Boo-wo-win* cannot be very mighty, for I, a plain *Micmac* warrior, have ta-

ken his scalp. Then comes the *Boo-wo-win* of our nation. He is a *walking-fear* among animals and among men! But, above all nations, the *Mohawks* are the most terrible.—They are brothers to the bears.\* They are a nation of *medicine-men*. Who has killed a *Boo-wo-win* of the *Mohawks*? Who says he has taken *his* scalp? I would laugh him to scorn!—it is a thing that cannot be! These great men send animals into the hunting grounds of their enemies, and find out their secret thoughts. They even can go themselves into the wigwams of strange tribes, and be like air to their eyes. Ay, 'he *Mohawk Boo-wo-win* can throw his arrow up in the sky as straight as the stem of a pine tree, and yet will it go on till it strikes the heart of him he hateth—'tis certain, brother. Who can turn away the white-man's ball and the Indian's knife? Who but the *Mohawk Boo-wo-win*? Then, you see, these men work with roots that grow in the woods, with scarce birds and snakes; and so they stop away many days—sometimes many moons—in search of these things, and they always go by themselves: for if any other eye looked upon their actions they would be weak, all the same like one little child. Now," concluded the Indian, "does my brother believe that the *Boo-wo-win* is alone, or that the moose followed in our track?"

Edward, whatever his own opinion might have been, was careful to avoid all dissent from the argument of his simple companion. He knew that it would be useless to attempt combating the deep-grounded prejudices of the natives, and felt too thankful for their escape from the serious danger with which they had been threatened, to venture any imprudent remarks upon so unimportant a subject. Covering the body of the *Milicete* and the remains of the moose with boughs and heavy stones, the travellers resumed their packs and departed from the eventful bivouac. Dennis lingered in the rear, with slow, disconsolate pace, making a mental oration over the fragments of his broken pipe—shivered emblem of mortality—which he held in his open palm, and regarded wistfully for some moments. At last, he picked out the piece of the stem that had remained in his mouth after the catastrophe, and casting the rest upon its original earth, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he put it carefully in his pocket, as a "parable of his ould clay." Then, revert-

\* The words *Mohawk*, *Mohog*, *Maqua*, and *Moourin*, mean *bear* in several Indian languages; therefore, the *Mohawks* were sometimes styled "*the tribe of the bear*."