A Savage's death Song

U.N.B. ARCHIVES

1

The sun sets by night, & the Stars shun the day
But Glory once gained shall ne'er fade away
Begin ye Tormentors — your Threats are in vain
For the Son of Acnowmac will never complain

2

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow
Remember the Chiefs by his Hatchet lay'd low
Why so Slow? — Do ye ~~thrink~~ wait till I shrink from my pain
Know — The son of Acnowmac will never complain

3

Remember the woods, where in ambush we lay
The Scalps ch. w. we bore from your nation away
Now the Flame rises higher, ye exult in my pain
But — The Son of Acnowmac still scorns to complain

4

I go to the land where my Father is gone —
His Ghost still rejoice in the fame of his son
Death comes like a freind to relieve me from pain
And the Son of Acnowmac has ~~[illegible]~~ scorn'd to complain

U.N.B. ARCHIVES

I promised you before I left N Eng. that I would write after my arrival here & inform you if there should be any event to take place wch would make your Removal to this Country more feasible & your Subsistance after you got here more comfortable — Rangoing right into the woods could possibly be — & I think ~~there~~ such an one has taken place There will be to be sold in ye course of a few months a farm of 200 acres good Land — a good house upon it — about 15 or 20 acres land cleared an Island right from wch you may ~~and~~ ~~at~~ ab. 7 tons hay — & an old French Mill — wch is now in use for Grinding — It joins immediately upon Mr. Winslow — & is only 3 miles above Fredericton on ye same side the River — the Island right is somewhere in ye Neighbourhood — I cant tell exactly where