

Of waters, makes an inland sea,
They roved their forests wild and free,
After the Plain's decisive day
Had given England, France's sway
O'er Canada, and all the West,—
To straight submit at her behest
She called the tribes of hostile mind,
Submission and their arms resign'd
Were the just terms, but still delay'd
Enforcement, as she were afraid
To press her politic demands—
Amenable to her commands
To make the tribes, and draw the sting,
To one fond hope the Indians cling—
That France whom they loved to obey
Might still assert her ancient sway.
This was the expectation rife
And but delay'd the coming strife
Between the English and the foe
Who knew to deal a sudden blow.
Meanwhile the posts the French had set
Where lakes expanded, rivers met—
The English had possessed, the same
Whom traders followed for their gain.

Along the frontiers stretching far
Small posts detached many are
At intervals of hundred miles,
Menaced by foes with many wiles.
Weakly garrisoned and hence
An isolated, poor defence
They could but offer, when the war
Broke out and ravaged near and far.
The Indians claimed the land was theirs,—
Of all the West they were the heirs,
The forests and the lakes, their home
Embracing an extensive zone.
Resentful of intrusive sway
The Indians swore not to obey
The English rule,—to strike a blow
For freedom at their hateful foe,
Of this conspiracy the soul
Was Pontiac, to reach the goal
Of his ambition, he delay'd
To strike, until he had array'd