

record of which is given in the second volume of Dr Shaffner's *History of America*. The following is a metrical version of his eloquent oration, by Eugene Davis :—

You've caged the Indian eagle, you've rent his lordly wings,
And he shall soar no longer o'er the mountains' belted rings ;
But while I'm pinioned by your gyves, my only grief will be
That I did not pay back to you the pains you dealt to me !
I fought you to the very last, and boldly face to face,
For we the children of the winds are still a valiant race ;
Your bullets flew, like angry birds, fast flutt'ring on our ears,
Or like the breezes, swift and keen, that sweep the barren meres ;
My warriors fell, yea, one by one, beneath your raking shot,
Yet while the last of them survived, Blackhawk surrendered not !
My evil day had come to hand. The sun that dawn rose dim,
And when the evening shadows fell, the skies looked red and grim ;
The sunset like a ball of fire, gleamed from its dying bed :
Oh ! 'twas the last of all the suns to shine on Blackhawk's head !
For now his heart is bleak and cold, all lorn and lone is he.
The white men are his masters, and he's no longer free !
Oh ! now their chains are on my limbs, their fangs are at my throat,
But the red Indian, who would fear, is scarcely worth a groat !
No coward I—I swear it here, by the great spirit god,
For craven souls never took root within our forest sod !
The white man's thongs might lash my frame till death's last dirge shall toll.
He has no thongs to whip or maim my still unconquered soul !
Great spirit ! we did pray to thee, to thee we cried for years
To give us life with liberty, and wipe away our tears !
The Council spoke, and urged us on, to fight for land and squaw,
And crush with all our might and main the white man's odious law ;
But we failed, O god of gods, for all our beavers fled
Throughout the land there reigned, alas ! the silence of the dead,
Our crystal streams grew dry as dust, our squaws starved every where,
It was then the spirit of our sires called us to do and dare !
Around the council fire we stood, and leaving fools to talk !
We raised the fierce war whoop once more, and clutched the tomahawk !
Our knives shone proudly bright that day, and Blackhawk's heart swelled
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And from his lips the vow went forth to conquer or to die !
Oh ! if he died, he knew his soul would pass through cleansing fires,
And reach the spirit land above, and greet his warrior sires !
Death would be glad if he had not a wife to leave behind.
He cared not for himself alone, but only for his kind !
And, oh ! he fears his countrymen, whipped like ignoble slaves,
Will spend their days in servitude, and fill unholy graves,
For though the whites scalp not the head, yet with a devil's art.
They do far worse, they pour the death of poison on the heart !
Quite soon the reds will be as whites, you cannot trust the race.