

Let us then unite as one, all our tribes, then let us do
 Valiantly, and the red hatchet bury ne'er 'gainst hated foes.
 Whilst one of them remains amongst us—let us strike a sudden
 blow
 Against the pale face—to destroy him, then his cries shall be
 our sport,
 When led captive to the shambles—Nor shall be his torture
 short!
 In revenge for wrongs unnumbered,—in our straits for help
 denied,—
 For rapacious greed and pit'less, for derisive scorn and pride.
 For their lust towards our women, for their cheating, kicks
 and lies,—
 Let us swear it, Braves and Warriors! let us swear the Pale
 face dies.
 War! War!! War!!! Let us fight for native land, fight for
 our inheritance,
 From our hunting grounds and forests let us drive the in-
 truder hence!"
 He finished, and approval the council lodge went round,
 Whilst flourishing their tomahawks the braves leap from the
 ground.
 With yells anticipatory of scalping of their foes,—
 Revenge—the lurking ambuscade,—trophies, scalps and
 blows.

Pontiac of Eagle eye, of measured gait and visage stern,
 Stoical of mood, and proud, with stately mein and taciturn,—
 Jealous of his native land, its mountains, lakes and wilder-
 nesses,
 Comes to this maiden, sueing comes,—with flashing eye his
 love confesses,
 Trembling like the leaf when shaken by the wind which
 shakes the bough,
 The maiden hears him love confessing,—from his lips words
 burning flow,
 And his impetuous passion rushes from his soul in fervent
 heat,
 In words and vows and protestations,—he can never brook
 defeat.
 But this maiden answers coldly,—does not love him, never
 will,—
 She dislikes the Indian Sachem and her heart to him is chill.
 Cradled in the forest wildness, there is pulsing in her veins,
 Other blood than Indian—lineage which his very soul dis-
 dains.