

Where Lake St. Clair links Huron's wave
To Erie's there is seen the brave
Old flag of England, flying o'er
A fort, which serves the West as door.
A frontier post it is, and crude
With bastions built of timbers rude,—
Stretching leagues on leagues away
Primeval forests hold their sway;
Sweep from the hills and clothe the shore
From Erie to Niagara's roar,
When brilliant summer reigns supreme,
This forest is a sea of green.
Where the fierce Indian has his home,
Wild as the deer, as free to roam,
But now the hardy pioneer
With axe in hand is drawing near.
Before his strokes, it bows its pride
And cities rise where forests died.
All unaware of the unrest
Which agitates the savage breast,

The English lived in vain repose
Surrounded by their treach'rous foes,
Gladyn was Captain of the few
Tried British soldiers brave and true.
'Twas England's fault and error grave—
Displaying weakness only gave
To treacherous and bitter foes
A chance to strike when it arose.
In a fort environed by
Primeval forests and the sky
The Captain and his officers
Had little pleasure 'midst their cares.
Routine oppressed their spirits sore,
Encamp'd upon the further shore
The Huron Chieftain and his band
Were in possession of the land.
These Stoics of the wilderness
Amused them by their speech and dress,—
The Ottawas and Hurons were
The nations twain that far and near
Within Canadian borders found
Made that vast land their hunting ground,
Allies they were and true, of France,
From where Superior's vast expanse