

Dark-dotted with brown droves of buffalo;  
Where medicine, and fruit, and *pakinak*,  
Flourished untended, and the fertile soil  
Promised abundance of *mandaminak*,  
If once the corn were buried in the mould,  
Although forgotten until harvest time.  
Here, in this myriad-speaking solitude  
Great Peeguis made a realm, and here he reigned,  
Descendant of the mighty Pontiac,  
Whose name adorns that other strait Detroit;  
Blood of a hundred heroes in his veins,  
Himself a hero and a gentleman.  
He always proved himself the white man's friend,  
Friend of the *monias*, the ignorant man,  
Who could not throw a spear nor bend a bow,  
The bearded pale-face from *Wabanakim*,  
A region thenceforth known as *Moniang*,  
The land where men come from who do not know.  
Peeguis had pity on the *Monias*,  
And soon discovered they knew many things  
Which all *Anishinabeg* well might know:  
They found in books, *masinaiganan*,  
So many things about the earth, *akki*,  
And *ispeming*, the mighty vault above,  
That Peeguis begged them to remain with him,  
And teach the people all they did not know.  
He gave the first who came Saint Boniface,  
The place they chose on the Red River's banks,  
Where from the west the dark Assinniboine, —  
*Assini-bwan*, the stony-stubborn tide, —