

First the Redman loved the Pale Face, smoked with him the
pipe of peace,—
But the Manitou in anger, told his children that must cease.
For the Pale Face growing stronger, would seize their happy
hunting grounds,
To encompass their destruction, close them in, in narrow
bounds,
They would take from them the prairies, where they chased
the buffalo,—
The waters where they fished,—the forest-meadows where
the maize doth grow.
From the Hurons, from his children, from Algonquins who
are free
To roam the forests when it pleases, when snow has bent the
sapling tree,
To lie in wait upon the pampas, for the keen-eyed Wapiti,—
To build their wigwams in the hollows by the silver birchen-
tree.
Where the forests' deep recesses from the north wind, shelter
gave,
When the frosty breath of winter froze the ground and stilled
the wave,
Now the Ottawas and Hurons die before the white man's
breath,—
He takes from us our hunting pastures, and he gives instead
but death,
Our nations slowly disappearing—melting fast, are vanish-
ing,
Like the snows before the south wind, when it blows in bud-
ding spring
Without permission he encroaches, builds his forts,—he
means to stay
Upon our lands and drive us homeless from our heritage away.
Shall we be friends with him brothers? Shall we pass the
calumet
In friendship with insidious foes who for our destruction set
Snares of death and fire water—would give us trinkets when
we cry
Like children?—are we women? Are we afraid to fight and
die?
Have we forgot the arts of warfare—the traditions of our
race?
Must we like abject slaves submit, and must we crouch be-
fore his face?
We are many if united, we are strong—the pale face few—