

And the ripples that lap the sands as they shimmer,  
Glint 'neath the sheen of the stars shining bright.

At morn when its incense the balsam exhaling,  
Laded the airs from heaven new-born,  
In solitudes vast, on venison regaling  
High were their spirits to laugh toil to scorn.  
And then at the end of their day's weary marching,  
Pitched was their camp with the fire's red glow,  
And the tea-kettle sang and 'neath the trees arching  
The background appeared in Chiamisuro—  
Sent to that land by his King, on a mission,  
The fort at Detroit—his objective was near,  
When there entered his tent, like a dark apparition  
The Chief of the Ott'was when nightfall was near.  
Majestic in stature he frown'd upon Gladyn  
With eyes like the levin flashing swift fire—  
Like a bronze statue he stood—stern, defiant,  
Then spake he of vengeance, retributive dire.

And thou invadest these our regions, Pontiac despisest thou?  
All thy race accurst shall perish, by this hand uplifted now—  
Ye have wronged the Indian races, ye have robbed us of our  
lands,  
Called us dogs and spurned petitions offered by unwilling  
hands.  
All your friendship is deceitful, false your peace, and tongue  
a lie,  
Ye but push us further Westward, we must either fight or die,  
The Indian and his pale-face brother have a treaty there is  
peace,  
Says the pale-face smiling blandly, let mutual suspicion cease.  
So the redman and his brother sit and smoke the calumet  
But palefaces pushing steady, crowd us off our boundaries  
set,—  
This I swear that 'ere another moon is born in yon dark sky  
War shall burst upon the Yankee, thou and all thy braves  
shall die.  
Dire the fate that shall befall you all of you who hate our  
race!  
What shall guard thee from destruction, what shall save thee  
from disgrace?  
Thus he spake, this Indian Sachem with indignation fiercely  
high,  
Volatile with gestures spake he, like some ominous portent  
nigh.