

Not then, as now, did sorrow's aching pain
 Press down the Indian, and his joys restrain ;
 Unnumbered pleasures cheered the passing hour,
 And joys departed to return no more.

“ Ah ! poor resemblance of our ancient race,
 In my wan features must the white man trace.
 There was a day—but why the past recal,
 Save but to taste the wormwood and the gall ?—
 A day when France was made our power to own,
 And when before her haughty sovereign's throne
 There stood, with graceful mein and conscious pride,
 Two chiefs, that France, with all her power, defied—
 A day when England sought our help and aid
 In battle's field ; and now has thus repaid
 The help that made her bold invaders fly—
 The hand that caused her bitterest foes to die.
 There was a day when British nobles bent,
 In low respect, before the Indian's tent,
 And sued for mercy with a suppliant's prayer,
 And begged our chiefs their guilty lives to spare.
 O had I been with those that lived of yore—
 The good old days ere settlers touched the shore,
 When care and sorrow, with their sickly train,
 Passed o'er, untouched, the Indian's wide domain :
 Progress of art, of mind, of rising fame,
 Are terms invented to conceal their shame :
 I call them *robbers*, and my fathers *fools*,
 Thus to be made the white man's silly tools !
 Our rivers dammed—canoes to steamers grown—
 Our forests plains—our hills a rising town ;
 The wanton axe has scarcely left a place
 Where skulking Hogan now can hide his face.