

War's pantomime—the ambush—surprise, the rush to the
onset to do or to die,
The clashing of weapons—the shout of the victors,—the
scalping of foes,—and the trophies of war.
It fires the blood, inciting to courage,— the fast rising pas-
sions of each warrior—
Whilst the stoical elders view with approval, smoking the
calumet, dance of the braves,
That writhes like a serpent, in slow undulations, and twists
itself through the intricate maze,
Next, Pontiac, Chief of the Ott'was, arises, his now allied
forces friendly to greet,
Whilst mute expectation, pervading the council hushes the
tumult to silence and deep.

PONTIAC'S SPEECH.

Hurons, Ottawas, Algonquins, swift of foot and strong of arm /
To track the moose through miles of forest, and face the foe
at war's alarm,—
We are gathered here in council, from lakes and regions
stretching wide,
Where the waves come rushing landward, where the streams
in summer glide.
Many snows have come and melted, many moons have
crowned the night,
Whilst the generations dying, have found the hunting
ground's delight.
Since our tribes dwelt in these regions, hunted, fished and
trapped the bear,
Built their wigwams in the forests, where the grey wolf hath
his lair,
The great Spirit loves his children, in summer when the south
wind blows,
Gives them food in winter, when the land is white with
snows,
It is in the whirlpool's cauldron, where the billows swirl with
froth,
Leap and sink, and bubble frightful,—the Manitou prepares
his broth.
Thus his children happy wandered, hunting where it liked
them best,
Until from far the Pale Face came, our lands from us to wrest.
He has brought his mighty thunder, his canoes with spreading
wings,
White like mist, which, in the morning, to the mountains
softly clings.