

(From the fort not many roods)
Their whoops shake the welkin
But in the midst of the din,
There issue from loop holes and parapets
Puffs of smoke, and hail of bullets
Sent with aim so true
That they cripple not a few:
Whilst one or two bite the dust.

Dear reader! Think of the disgust
Of these Indians surprised
By the men whom they supposed
Were somnolent to war's alarms,
Consternation undisguised
Spread throughout the whole array,
The surprise had lost its charms,
So after volleying, they
Cover seek, with hasty feet.
It had the appearance of defeat—
Their retirement showed some haste,
At any rate they had a taste
Of a surprise, and disagreeable,
And so their onset was but feeble.
Occasion makes the hero shine
And Pontiac rose to the occasion.
He rallied his redskins, in fine
By conduct which was best persuasion
Braver was he in the fight
Than any chief, or Indian wight,
Who followed him in admiration,
And learned of him as soldier might
Apt leadership by imitation.
Too skilful to expose his men
To fire which was fatal to them
He resolved by circumvention
To take the fort, and by prevention
Of supplies from entering in
To subdue them by slow famine
And not alone by war's contention.

They rained their balls from every quarter
Whilst keeping under cover quite.
They 'scaped the shells of gun and mortar
By such advantages they gained
Approaches to the wooden wall
On which their burning arrows fall,