

Peeguis the Otchipwe

Chief William Henry Prince, the active man,
 Son of *Miskogineau*, great Peeguis' son;
 The most successful hunter in the band,
 The boldest and most careful voyageur.
 Who risked his life to spike Fort Garry's guns,
 And did the deed at Middleton's command
 One stormy night amid the sleet and rain,
 When war-clouds threatened to destroy his home.
 On arm and side he bears two ugly scars,
 From rebel bullets when he fought with Riel,
 And, ever foremost, broke within their lines,
 Then rode his wounded steed until it fell
 In service of his Country and his Queen.
 He is a man whom rugged men admire,
 Well chosen Chief for what he was and is.
 Know him, and know that you have met a man.

See John approach, pride in each springing step,
Iandawerway, echo that resounds,
 Grandson of Peeguis, cousin of the Chief,
 Stately and strong at eighty-one years old,
 And loyal to his Country and his King;
 We meet his brothers, *Neganwawetun*,
 Called Joseph now, but still the thunderstorm;
 And David, foot-ball, *Wembewabenun*.
 We talk about the old mythology :
 Gods good and evil dwelling everywhere,
 While over all, and hopelessly removed,
Ketche Manito, (mighty spirit he),
 Dwelt in the forests of *Mitewaukee*.
 We talk of God who is *jawenjigay*:
Keshay Manito, (gracious spirit he);
 We read *Ketche Masinaigan*, then,—
 The Book of Books, the word of God to men;
 And then we talk of words in common use,
 Of *aikk*, *gijik*, *tawin*, *ispeming*.