

PEEGUIS THE OTCHIPWE.

STRAITS of the Spirit, Manito-aba,
Home of a happy people, bold and free,
Within thy borders lived a warrior-chief
Whose name and fame shall last through many years;
Peequis, the conqueror, whose word was law,
The able man, the wise man from the east,
Who, pushing westward, brought his people here,
And conquered all this land, and made a home
Beside the *Miskwagamiwi-sibi*,—
Red River, silty-water, *Winnipeg*,
That ever northward, through old burying-grounds,
Flows with its load of silt, brought from afar
To build up deltas as the Nile has done.
No torrid heat dries out thy reedy ranks,
No dread Sahara lines thy wooded banks,
Be thou the mother of an Egypt here,
Queen of vast fertile plains, Canadian Nile !

Here Peequis found a river full of fish,
Winding its wooded way through endless plains
Dark-dotted with brown droves of buffaloe;
Where medicine, and fruit, and *pakinak*.
Flourished untended, and the fertile soil
Promised abundance of *mandaminak*,
If once the corn were buried in the mould,
Although forgotten until harvest time.
Here, in this myriad-speaking solitude
Great Peequis made a realm, and here he reigned,
Descendant of the mighty Pontiac,
Whose name adorns that other strait Detroit;
Blood of a hundred heroes in his veins,
Himself a hero and a gentleman.