

GLADWYN'S DEFENCE OF DETROIT

(Siege—lasting about six months—began May 10, 1763.)

Guerdon of eulogy warm to thee belongs,
Who fiery Pontiac didst nobly check,
Time when he strove Britannia's house to wreck.
Conscious at no time, recreant, of wrongs
To be redressed, poured he his ghoulisn throngs
On thy frail post (congregate flakes which speck
A leaden atmosphere) wolves at his beck—
No greedy pack more for its quarry longs—
Ready to spoil and ravage. Brave the pressed fort,
Slim-garrisoned, thou heldst, week after week,
The muster always dwindling; calm thy port,
Though Famine, entering, widened fast the leak;
Till thy cooped refuge had—enceinte and court—
With fetid vapors come, at length, to reek.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD

Linker of States which furthest leagues did part;
Welder of jarring peoples into one;
Our Faith-buoyed nation's most exalted son—
Who yet its father wast—acute the dart
Which pierced that nation's breast—alike on mart
And ingle quiet fell a blow to stun,
Apprized of thy bright planet's course being run,
The steward lying closest to its heart.
Pray we for stout Elishas to appear,
And carry on the work thou didst begin;
Thy vision more than justify, expectant seer,
Of might in her whose fortunes thou didst spin—
Borders thou, necromancer, foundst a mere
Faggot—now realms a prince might gladly win.