

To tell whose bones lay rotting there,
 While o'er each war chief's sacred grave,
 The British union flag shall wave;
 And, on its staff, a row of nicks,
 Or more descriptive hieroglyphics,
 Denote the feats performed by those
 Who did not fear to meet their foes.⁴²

The French, my sons, are not your friends,
 They only mean to serve their ends!
 In this alliance lately made
 Their aim is our tobacco trade.
 I heard *Gebau*⁴³ say, 'tis no sin
 To sell each pound, one otter-skin:
 This priest cares not how dear he sells,
 To those he styles poor infidels;
 Who can't afford to light a pipe,
 Until the *Sackagoming's* ripe;
Sumack, red wood, and such stuff,
 Too mild, unmixed, to smoke or snuff.⁴⁴

The French, I say, by this convention,
 To all this country waive pretension!
 See, here, I hold it in my hand,
 While *Clark* would have you understand
 He only seeks to mount this bench—
 To counsel for his friends—the French;

⁴² Nicks or notches denote the number of times they have been to war, and they often carve hieroglyphical characters thereon.—A. S. DE P.

⁴³ A profligate trading missionary, who had resided long amongst the Western Indians, and made few converts.—A. S. DE P.

Comment by Ed. For a brief sketch of Father Pierre Gibault see *ante*, p. 292, note 14.

⁴⁴ The bark of the tree of that name, which, with sumac and red wood the Indians scrape fine and mix with tobacco, or some times smoke without mixing.—A. S. DE P.