

Montcalm himself. By reason of his natural ability, his influence was felt and respected wherever the name of his tribe was spoken, while to his dignity as chief he added the sacred character of high priest of the powerful secret order of the Midé. (*Parkman, 3.*) Now, in the prime of manhood, he originated and formulated the policy of a confederation of all the tribes, an idea afterward taken up and carried almost to a successful accomplishment by the great Tecumtha. As principal chief of the lake tribes, he summoned them to the great council near Detroit, in April, 1763, and, as high priest and keeper of the faith, he there announced to them the will of the Master of Life, as revealed to the Delaware prophet, and called on them to unite for the recovery of their ancient territories and the preservation of their national life. Under the spell of his burning words the chiefs listened as to an oracle, and cried out that he had only to declare his will to be obeyed. (*Parkman, 4.*) His project being unanimously approved, runners were sent out to secure the cooperation of the more remote nations, and in a short time the confederation embraced every important tribe of Algonquian lineage, together with the Wyandot, Seneca, Winnebago, and some of those to the southward. (*Parkman, 5.*)

Only the genius of a Pontiac could have molded into a working unit such an aggregation of diverse elements of savagery. His executive ability is sufficiently proven by his creation of a regular commissary department based on promissory notes—hieroglyphics graven on birch-bark and signed with the otter, the totem of his tribe; his diplomatic bent appeared in his employment of two secretaries to attend to this unique correspondence, each of whom he managed to keep in ignorance of the business transacted by the other (*Parkman, 6.*); while his military capacity was soon to be evinced in the carefully laid plan which enabled his warriors to strike simultaneously a crushing blow at every British post scattered throughout the 500 miles of wilderness from Pittsburg to the straits of Mackinaw.

The history of this war, so eloquently told by Parkman, reads like some old knightly romance. The warning of the Indian girl; the concerted attack on the garrisons; the ball play at Mackinac on the king's birthday, and the massacre that followed; the siege of Fort Pitt and the heroic defense of Detroit; the bloody battle of Bushy run, where the painted savage recoiled before the kilted Highlander, as brave and almost as wild; Bouquet's march into the forests of the Ohio, and the submission of the vanquished tribes—all these things must be passed over here. They have already been told by a master of language. But the contest of savagery against civilization has but one ending, and the scene closes with the death of Pontiac, a broken-spirited wanderer, cut down at last by a hired assassin of his own race, for whose crime the blood of whole tribes was poured out in atonement. (*Parkman, 7.*)