

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

Tecumseh led the Iroquois,
And to his tribe was much endeared ;
He had a lovely girl and boy,
Their father's pride, so it appeared.
This boy had been for many a year
Their daring leader in the chase,
His dauntless spirit knew no fear
For he came of a fearless race.

The daughter, Lu, a pretty maid,
Was brave, yet gentle as a lamb ;
She always took delight, 'tis said
Attending to their old wigwam.
This lovely flower grew so wild,
Out on the prairie where she thrived ;
Her nature was that of a child
Whose hopes from Heaven are derived.