

Considered as a mere work of imagination, this Poem might be found deficient in incident — but a mere work of imagination it is not; and the Author has presumed — with what judgment, it remains for his readers to decide — that a greater degree of interest would be excited by a strict adherence to the wild poetry of the character, than could possibly be elicited by having recourse to that of the imagination. Tecumseh, such as he is described, once existed; nor is there the slightest exaggeration in any of the high qualities and strong passions ascribed to him.

It has been suggested to the Author, that the introduction of some female character would have given a more general interest to the Poem; but this would have been in violation of that consistency he has been anxious to preserve. — Nothing can be more sentimental — nothing more picturesque, than the pretty Indian love-tales with which the Viscomte de Châteaubriand is pleased to entertain our European novelists; but those who are well acquainted with the character of these people are aware, that the *sentimental*