

PREFACE.

THE following Poem is the production of a Soldier—of one who aspires not to the high pinnacle of poetical fame; but whose ardent wish it has been to rescue the name of a hero from oblivion. Few of those who knew Tecumseh will read these stanzas without interest; those who knew him not, must, of course, be incapable of judging how far, and with what fidelity, the original character has been preserved. By the former, the Author feels assured, the imperfect efforts of his undistinguished muse will be viewed as evincing less of thirst for literary distinction than generous anxiety to preserve the memory of one of the noblest and most gallant spirits that ever tenanted the breast of man.