

TECUMSETH.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

BOAST of the old Virginian stock,
An untaught Cicero for ease,
And power to convince and please ;
Born to command, to lead the way
In calm debate, in bloody fray ;
The brother and the friend of Brock,
The greatest of the Shawanese.

In Britain's earliest career,
Flushing her dawn of glory then,
There stood apart heroic men
That represent the race. Not he
Alone of princely memory,
The noble, mild, brave knight sincere,
King Arthur, pride of Spenser's pen.

But men of flesh and blood, whose arms
Were potent as the stroke of Fate—
Caractacus, the truly great,
And Caledonia's hero, brave
Galkagus, he who could not save
His country from the Roman swarms
That harassed and o'erran the State.

All great in arms, and, when subdued,
As great in exile or in chains.
But whether, Britons, Romans, Danes,
No chief that ever raised a spear,
TECUMSETH, but thou wert his peer,
In courage, mind, and fortitude ;
Manhood ran rife through all thy veins.

The soul of honour, and the soul
Of feeling, too, though savage-bred.
The grateful heart, the thinking head,
In war, in Council, bold and wise,
As if from out the fabled skies
One of old Homer's heroes stole,
And the fierce tribe in triumph led.