

TECUMSEH

(Battle of Moraviantown, or Thames River, fought November 15, 1813.)

Invites a mighty warrior the gaze:
 Full dignified his carriage—proud his mien.
 Him could not temporal advantage wean
 From Britain's side: 'gainst her—his—foe upblazed,
 Wrongs the fuel, Enmity's fire. He, with amaze,
 When told his leader would on policy lean
 Tame, paltering, with him strove—its folly seen;
 And won the day—no title weak to praise,
 Unknown the spot where lies that noble dust,
 Else Honor's plinth such hallowed turf would mark:
 His faithful tribesmen, dreading "Long Knives"* lust,
 Their chieftain's scar-ploughed body 'neath a dark
 Patch of the woods—a rude trench scooping—thrust;
 Great heart, sleep there, unvexed by earthly cark!

* A sobriquet given by the Western Indians to the United States forces.

STONY CREEK

(Battle fought June 6, 1813).

Swell breasts with pride, knowing this favored haunt;
 Accumulate dainties fall into whose lap;
 Which all kind, fostering dew of Heaven wrap
 (Its robust freemen tossing back resisters' vaunt
 Proved those—whom scarce would load of Atlas daunt—
 On gore-washed field, veined with the parent sap;
 Patriots of that daring mortallest gap
 Closing, no single one, to be in want.
 Comely, indeed, are these rich-shawled parterres,
 Lake-curtseying; walled by Burlington's tall scarp;
 Beholders' sense their beauty soft ensnares—
 Power has to wake the minstrel's idle harp;
 Gay-tuniced fruit, grain which bright coiffure wears,
 Plenty's horn brimming, tongues forbid to carp.