

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

As when a wild beast leaves its den
To hunt its prey—great is its joy,
So Brandt with stealth leads forth his men
To fall upon those Iroquois.
Nearer they creep, for now they thought
Their old foe was within their power—
Then rushing fiercely on them—fought
Like demons, for the next half hour.

Their awful work went on all round,
And groans were terrible to hear,
When like a phantom from the ground
The brave Tecumseh did appear
Leading his warriors as of old
Right in the thickest of the fight;
No braver deeds will e'er be told
Than he performed that dreadful night.