

A  
ROMANCE  
OF THE  
WEST



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"HIS DAUGHTER LU,  
A PRETTY MAID"

# A Romance of the West

A Tale of the Iroquois and  
Delaware Indians

(told in verse)

Composed and Illustrated

By

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AN INDIAN  
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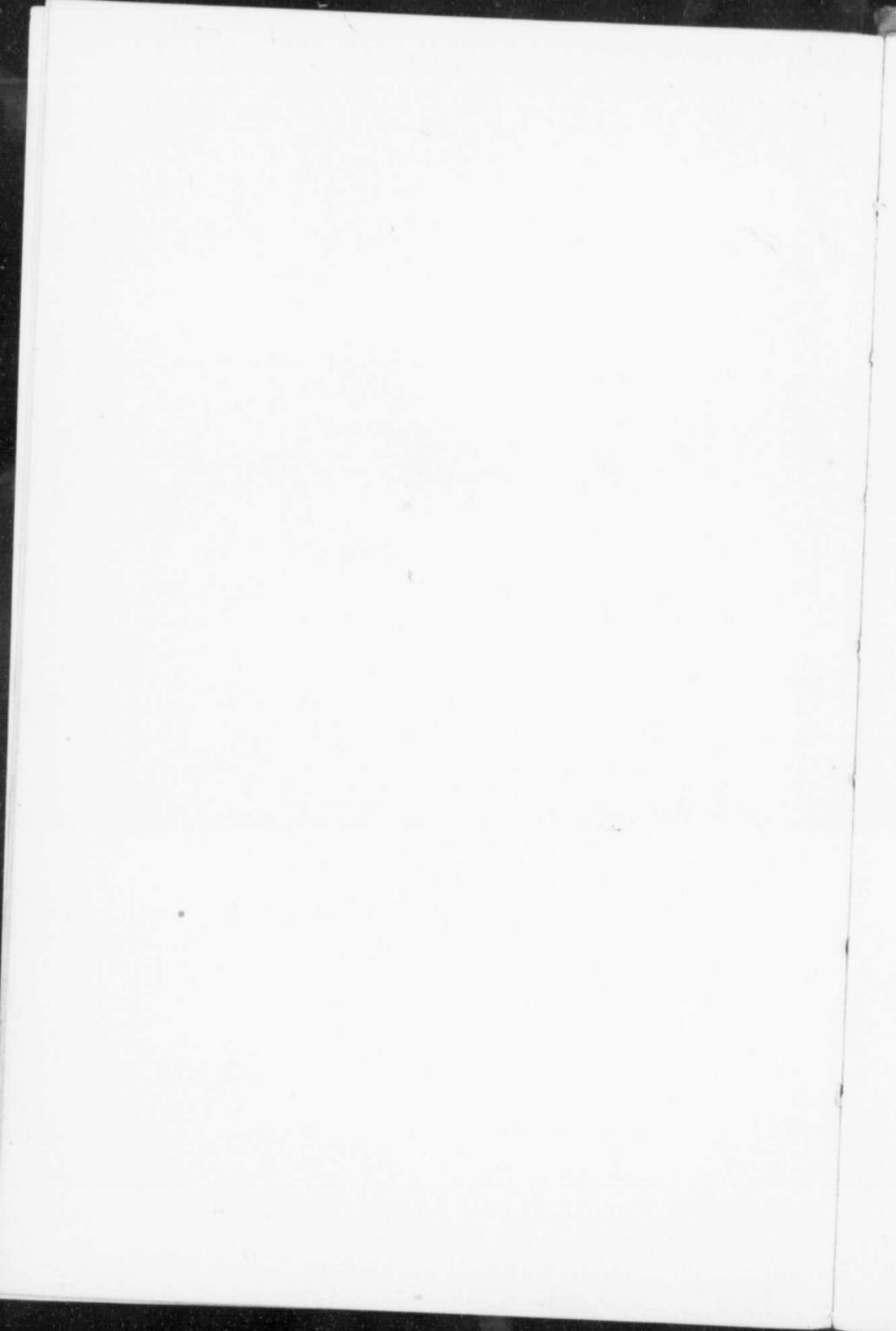


## *A Romance of the West*

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OUT in the far West, long ago  
    Before the white man owned those lands,  
Fierce Indian tribes roamed to and fro  
    The terror of the weaker bands.  
Most daring deeds were done, 'tis said,  
    By braves to please the squaws and maids ;  
And heavy toll had to be paid  
    The Chiefs successful in those raids.

The Iroquois and Delawares  
    Had been for years most bitter foes—  
Should either be caught unawares  
    Their camp was filled with lasting woes ;  
For countless warriors would be slain,  
    And heavy booty also made—  
Then quiet for a space would reign,  
    Till this cruel deed could be repaid.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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Tecumseh led the Iroquois,  
And to his tribe was much endeared ;  
He had a lovely girl and boy,  
Their father's pride, so it appeared.  
This boy had been for many a year  
Their daring leader in the chase,  
His dauntless spirit knew no fear  
For he came of a fearless race.

The daughter, Lu, a pretty maid,  
Was brave, yet gentle as a lamb ;  
She always took delight, 'tis said  
Attending to their old wigwam.  
This lovely flower grew so wild,  
Out on the prairie where she thrived ;  
Her nature was that of a child  
Whose hopes from Heaven are derived.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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The Delawares had an old Chief  
Who'd been their pride for many a year ;  
He was as artful as a thief,  
Which caused his foes his name to fear.  
He longed to lead one final raid  
Before his fighting days were past —  
He had an old score still unpaid  
Which must be settled now at last.

Black Eagle was this old Chief's name ;  
He had black hair and small brown eyes,  
Was known to every tribe by fame,  
For oft he'd caught them by surprise ;  
But now he's getting very old,  
His strength is also failing fast,  
Yet he's a picture to behold  
For he's Black Eagle to the last.





“FOR BRANDT, HIS SON,  
TO TAKE HIS PLACE”

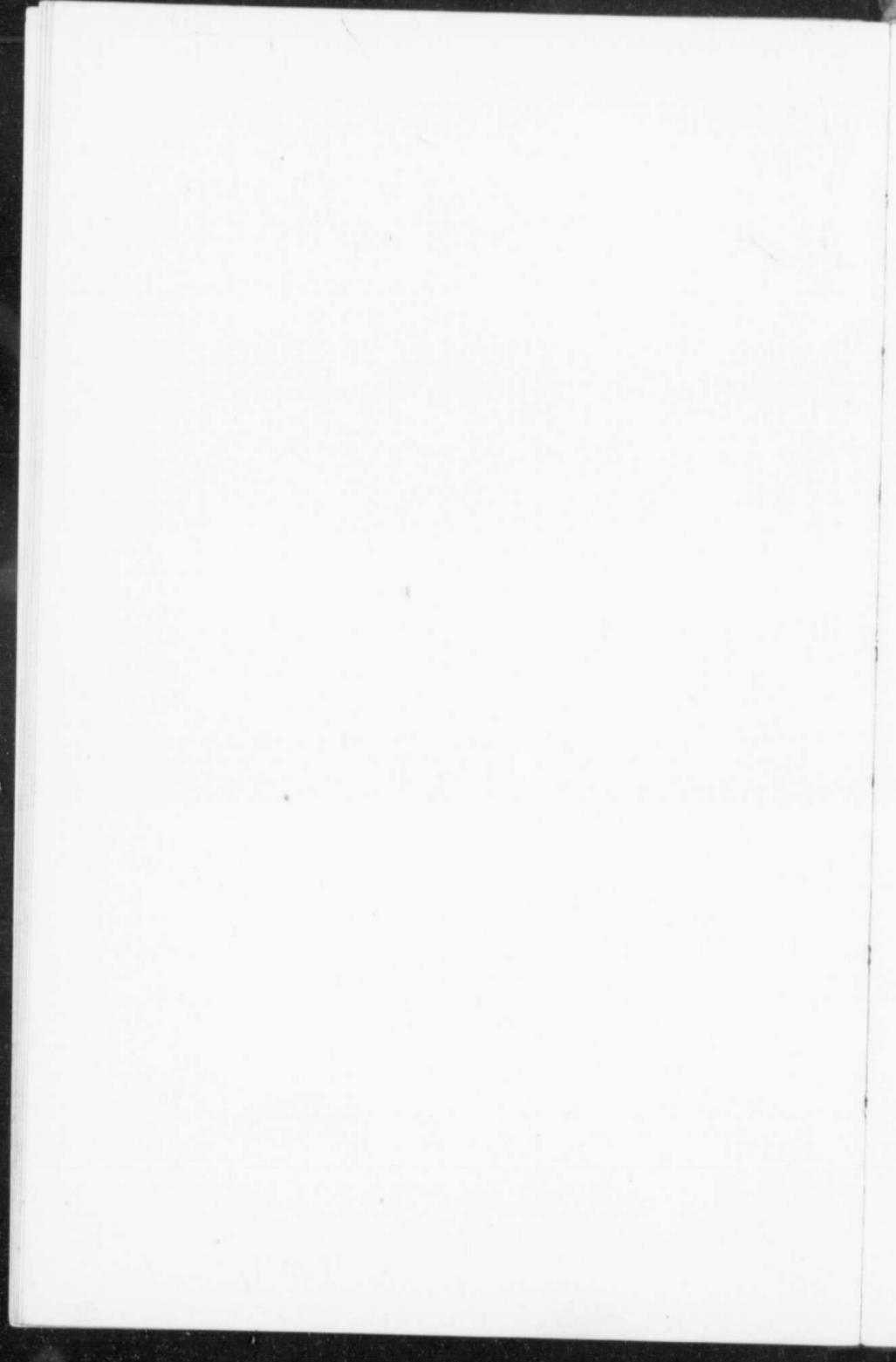


## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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He held a council with his race  
And told them he'd arrangements made  
For Brandt, his son, to take his place  
As soon as this last score was paid.  
The son was like his father—bold,  
Had won renown in many a fight ;  
His daring deeds were oft retold  
As they sat round their fires at night.

Black Eagle then made known his plan  
To Brandt, who was without a doubt  
The very picture of a man—  
A warrior bold, and clever scout.  
One summer eve they struck the trail  
And hurried forward day and night,  
They never thought that they could fail,  
So eager were they for the fight.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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'Twas late one night their scouts came back,  
Their foe was then two miles away—  
Advised their usual flank attack  
Which should be made at break of day.  
Black Eagle heard this news with glee  
And ordered Brandt to take command  
Whilst he himself would go and see  
If they could slay the entire band.

Tecumseh had been warned of this  
In time to circumvent the foe,  
And waited with impatient bliss  
The signal for their blood to flow.  
His braves were watching all that night  
Expecting that the blow would fall  
Before the dawn of morning light,  
Such raids their memory would recall.

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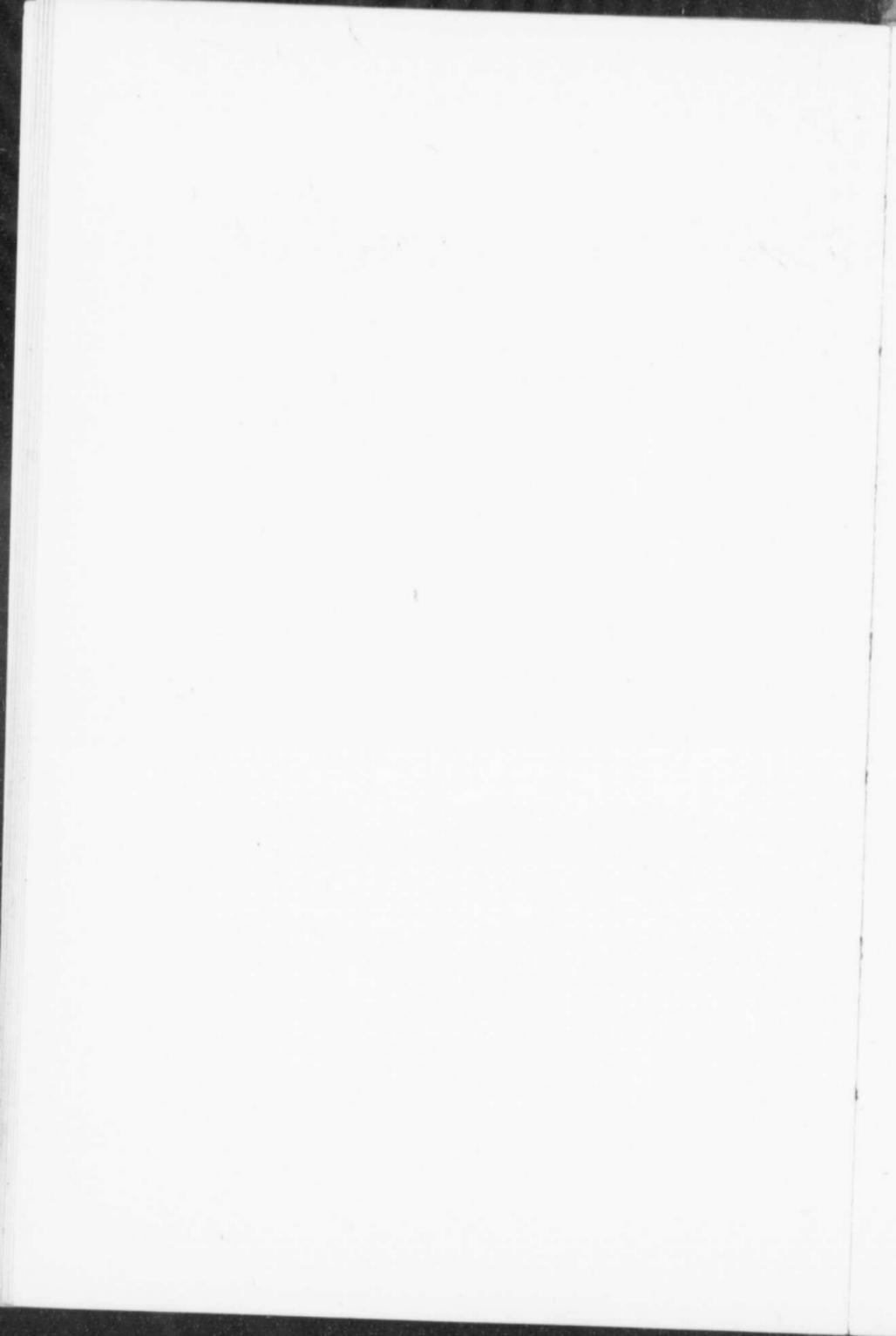
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## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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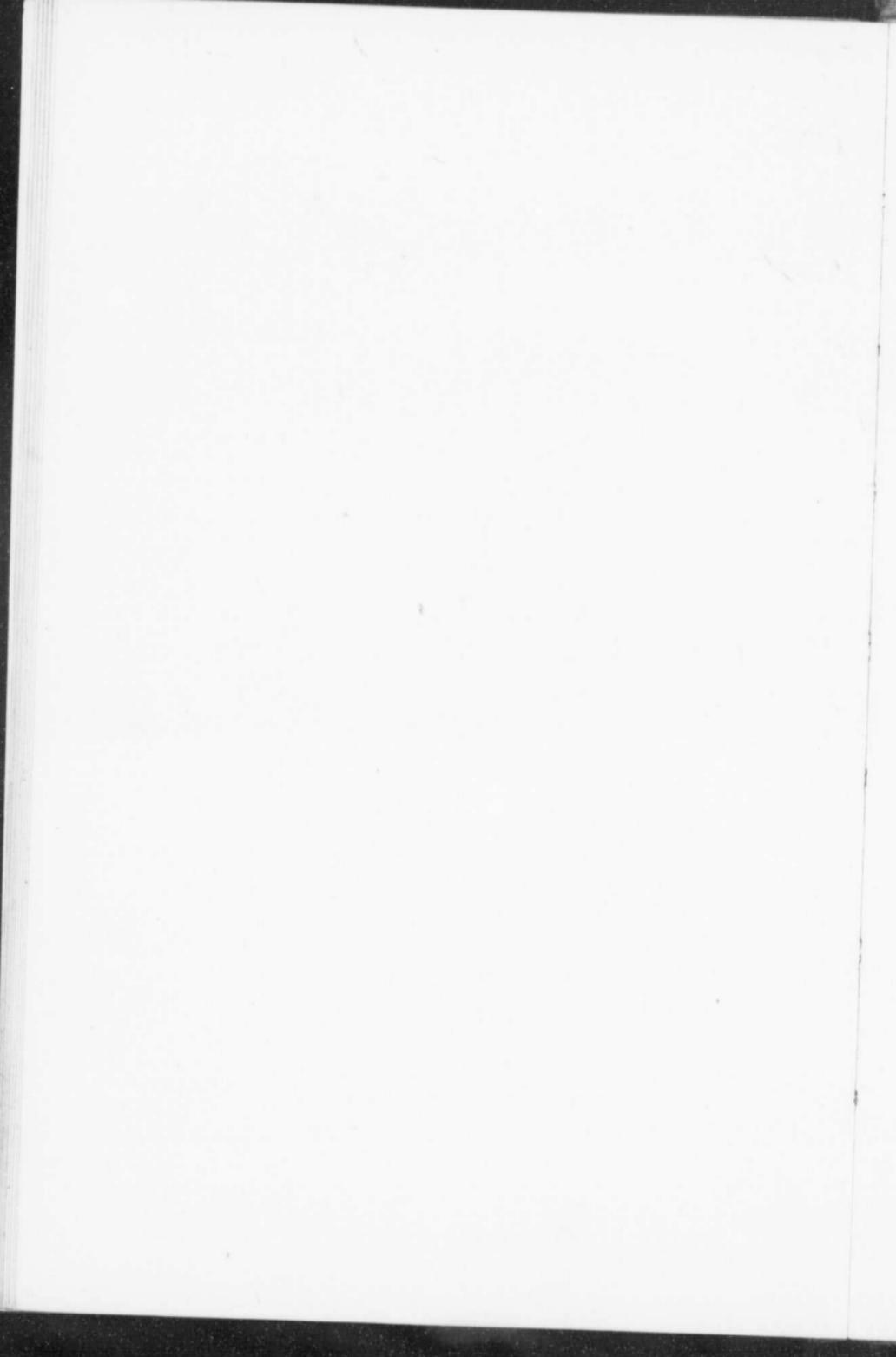
As when a wild beast leaves its den  
    To hunt its prey—great is its joy,  
So Brandt with stealth leads forth his men  
    To fall upon those Iroquois.  
Nearer they creep, for now they thought  
    Their old foe was within their power—  
Then rushing fiercely on them—fought  
    Like demons,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





"BLACK EAGLE WAS THIS  
OLD CHIEF'S NAME"



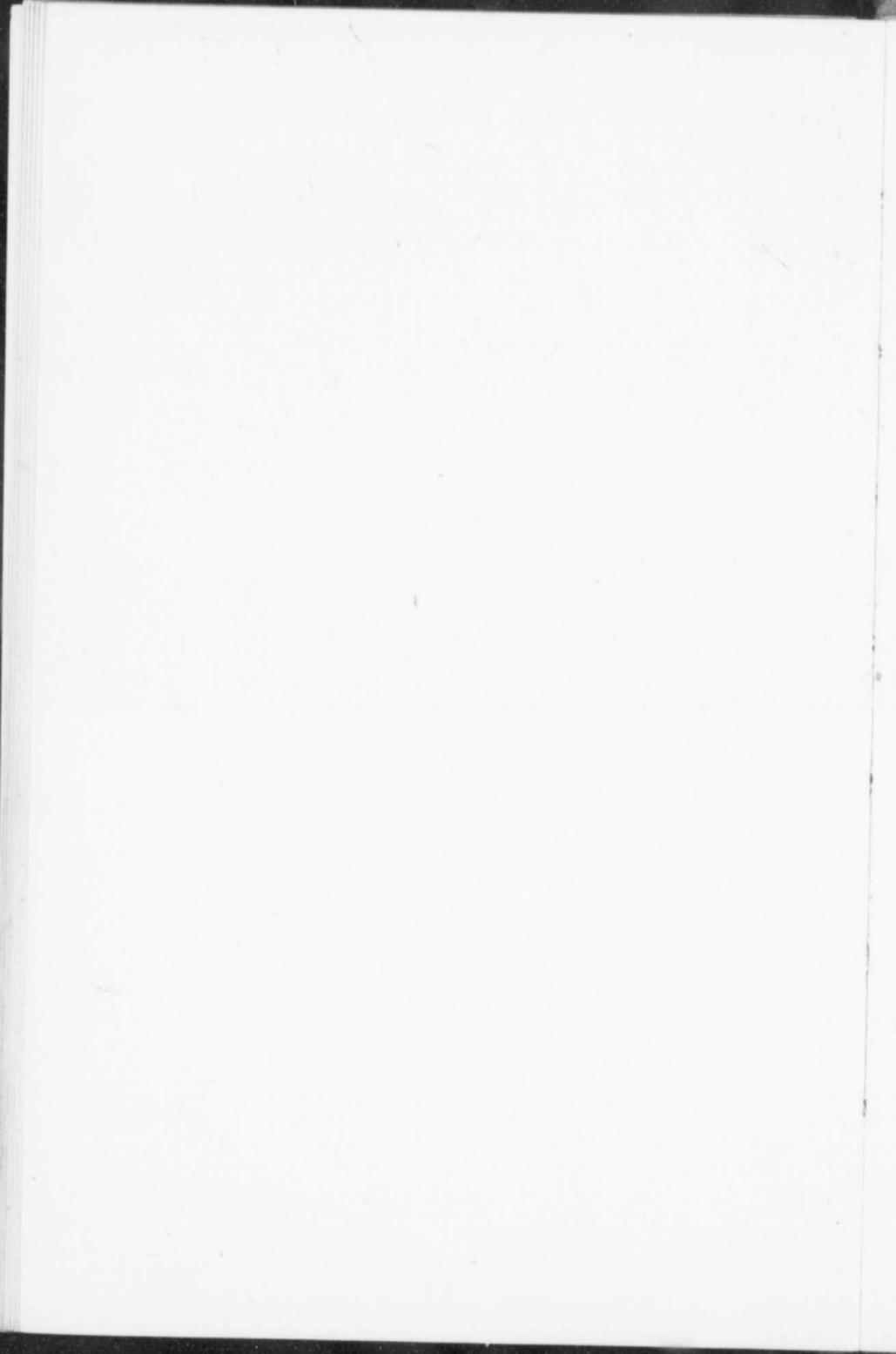
## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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The fight was fierce, and for some time  
Their savage natures held full sway;  
With tomahawk they rushed the line,  
And Brandt knew then he'd lost the day.  
He tried to make one final stand,  
His warriors rallying to his side,  
But savage foes were near at hand  
Who soon the ground red crimson dyed.

\* \* \*

Victorious shouts the camp now swelled  
And great rejoicings filled the air ;  
The fierce attack had been repelled  
By actions bold, and courage rare.  
Brave Brandt had fought a losing game,  
Was wounded almost unto death ;  
Black Eagle, too, among the slain  
Lay near his braves of noble birth.

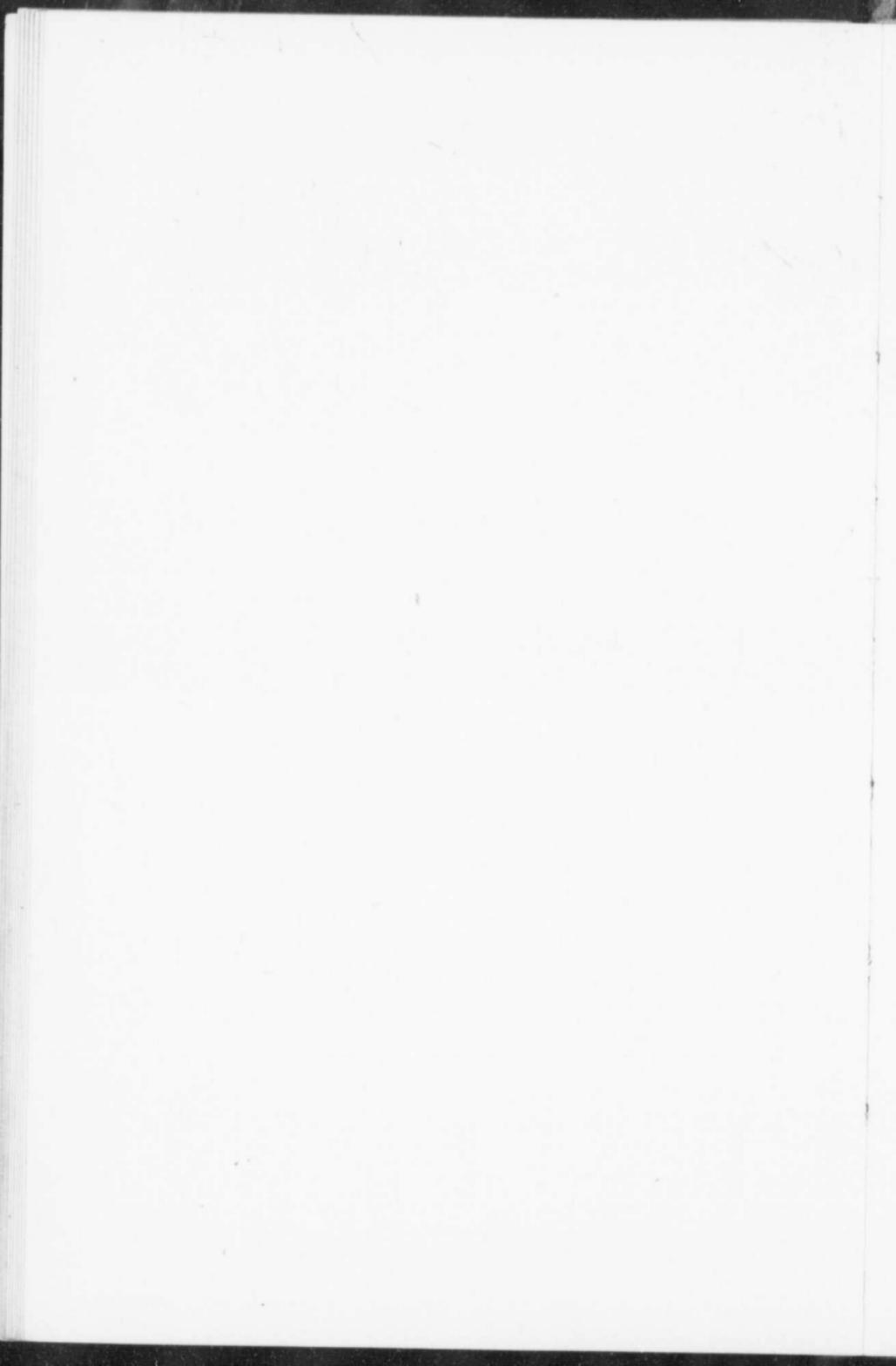


## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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As Brandt lay wounded on the ground  
    He ran great risks of being slain —  
By chance some squaws passed by and found  
    Him lying there in mortal pain.  
'Twas Lu who first discovered him  
    And said she'd try his life to save  
Although his chances looked so slim,  
    He lay unconscious as the grave.

They bore him to her father's home  
    And laid him gently on a skin,  
The only sign—a feeble groan  
    Showed there was still some life in him.  
But it was ebbing, so they fast       [wound  
    Staunched the red stream, and dressed his  
And Lu who helped, believed him past  
    All earthly aid—then quickly swooned.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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When consciousness returned again  
    She did not fear at once to run  
And seek her father to explain  
    The noble deed that she had done.  
She prayed that he Brandt's life would spare  
    And on her knees in tears did plead;  
But anger drove him to despair—  
    He cursed her for her foolish deed.

Still she implored, and made him see  
    That mercy shown to this poor youth  
Would add fame to his victory  
    And bring renown, in very truth;  
She told him that all through the West  
    This mercy was indeed so rare,  
He wavered--then at last confessed  
    That he must yield, and grant her prayer.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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Her heart was glad when she heard this--

His word was like his bond she knew,  
He sealed his promise with a kiss

And from his presence she withdrew.  
She told the squaws of her success

And said that she would undertake  
To nurse him with due carefulness  
So he a speedy cure could make.

'Tis often so, when hope is past

And human power can do no more,  
A patient rallies at the last

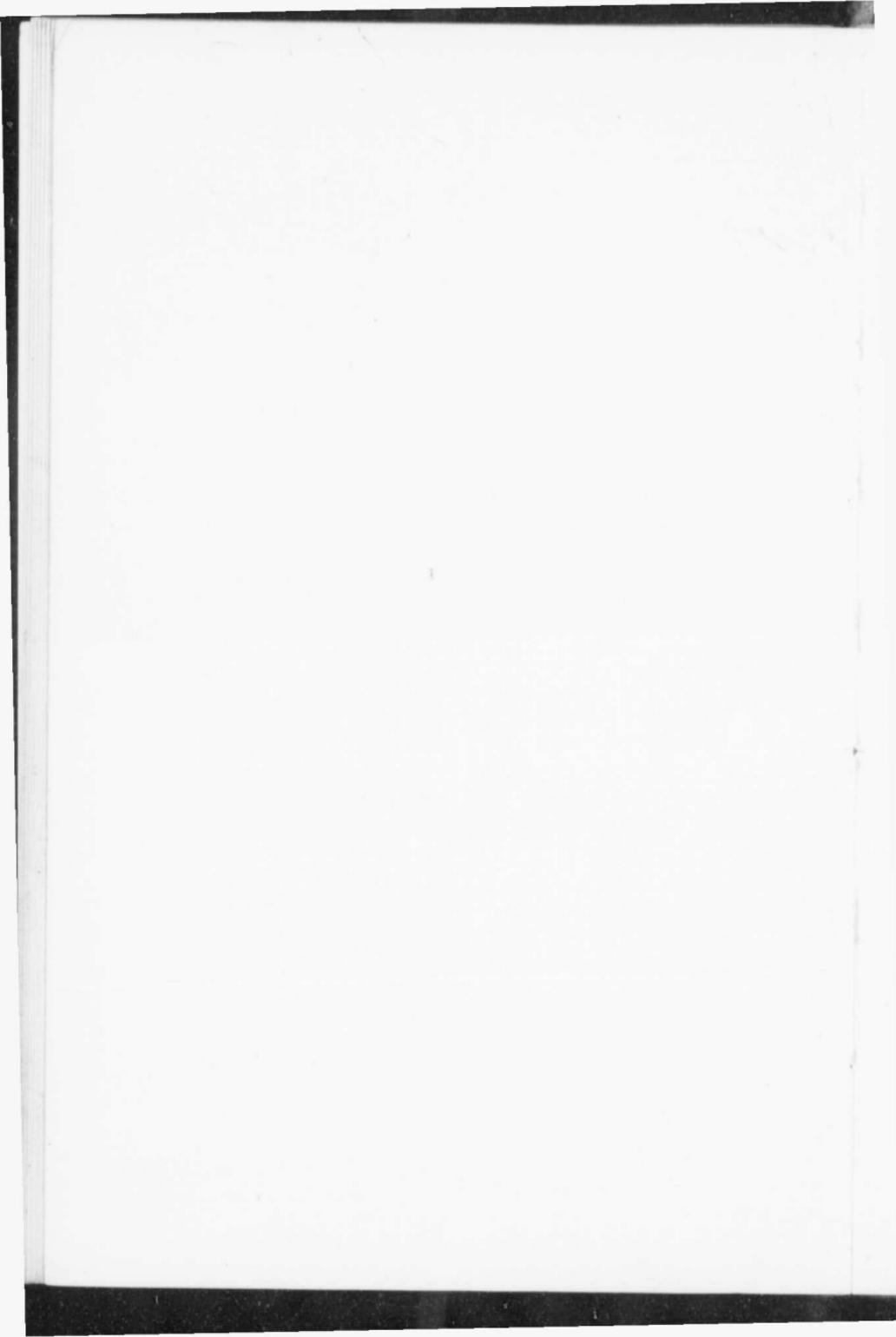
And is perchance snatched from death's door.

It was thus in our hero's case,

When all were waiting for the end

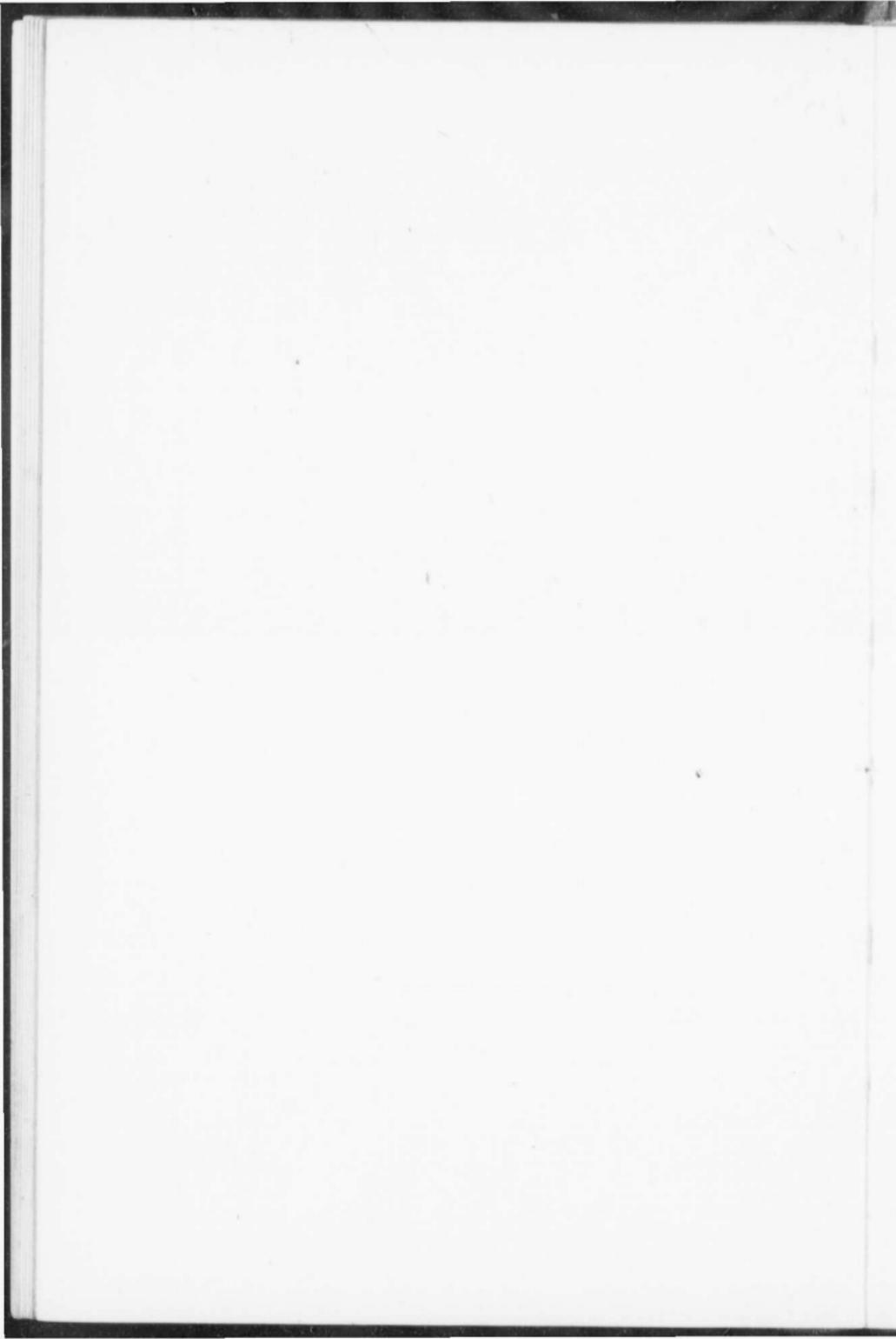
The unexpected did take place

And slowly he began to mend.





"THE BRAVE TECUMSEH  
DID APPEAR"



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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Each day she watched him stronger grow,  
    And noted how his wound did heal,  
When color in his cheeks did show  
    He summoned courage to appeal  
For news about the recent fight,  
    And how it was his life was spared  
For memory had failed him quite  
    He knew not how his braves had fared.

With frankness then she told him all,  
    E'en to the fact that he was free  
To join his tribesmen in the Fall,  
    When he could make the long journey.  
At first he could not trust his ears,  
    For such a thing was never known  
In all the fighting of past years,  
    That mercy had been ever shown.

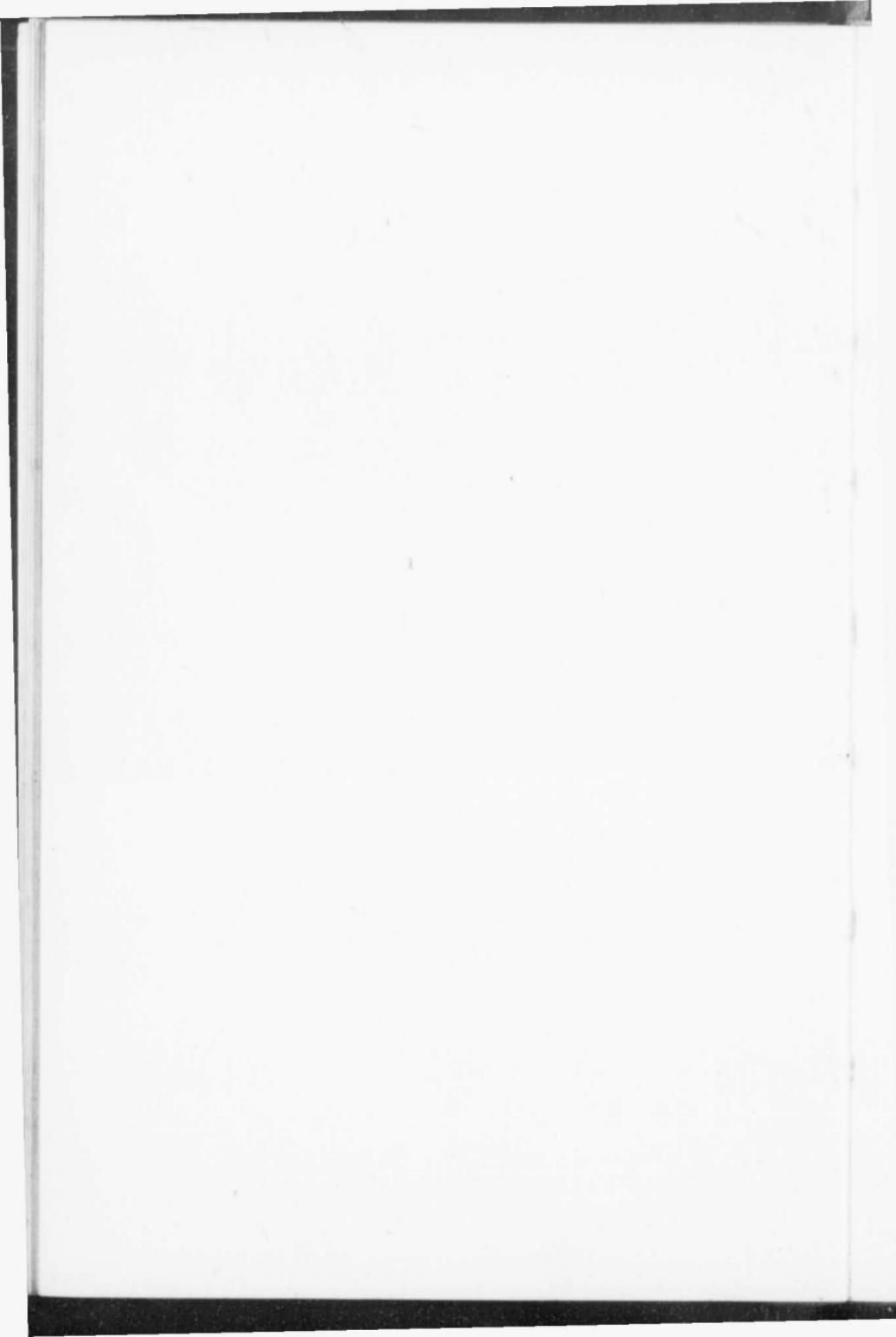


## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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He thanked her with a grateful heart,  
    But something seemed to cause regret,  
For she had played an angel's part  
    That thenceforth he could ne'er forget.  
His heart already she had won  
    And to her care he owed his life,  
There was but one thing to be done—  
    To ask her to become his wife.

Her answer made him happy feel  
    For now his joys were so replete,  
And many kisses he did steal,  
    Making his happiness complete.  
Thus Summer passed and Autumn came,  
    The time when he would have to go,  
But promised he'd come back again  
    Before the plains were white with snow.



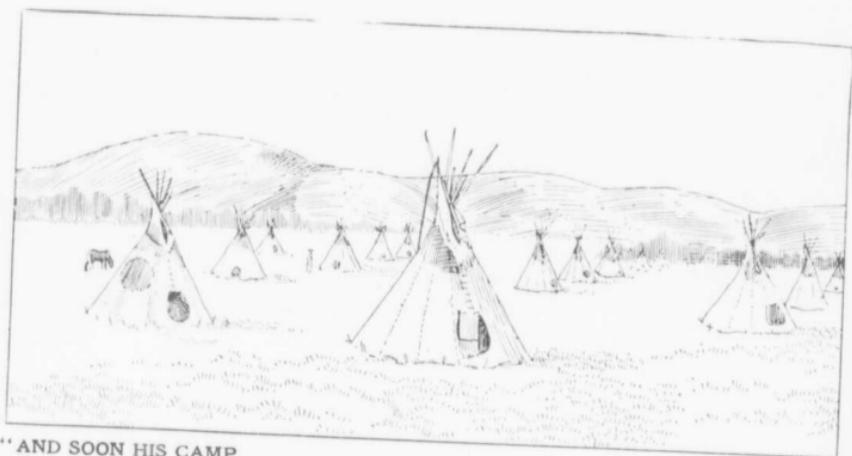
## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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The sun was rising in the East  
When he set out one autumn day,  
The pains of parting e'er increased  
As he pursued his dreary way ;  
He hastened forward with all speed,  
And soon his camp came into sight,  
His tribesmen were surprised indeed  
When he rode in one starlight night.

They were so sure that he was dead,  
Killed with Black Eagle in the fight,  
The news of his return soon spread  
Throughout the camp, causing delight.  
Their simple ways left them no choice,  
They knew he'd fallen in the rout,  
But when they heard his well-known voice  
No longer had they any doubt.





“AND SOON HIS CAMP  
CAME INTO SIGHT”



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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Then many questions they did ask  
    About him since that fatal fight—  
This proved a long and tedious task  
    In answering all, so late at night.  
He told them how his life was spared  
    (This caused a deafening yell to ring)  
He also told them how he'd fared,  
    In fact he told them everything.

He said he'd one request to make  
    Before he could make Lu his bride;  
He wanted them to undertake  
    A promise—and by it abide,  
No more to fight their former foe,  
    That they should all forget the past  
In future side by side they'd go  
    And thus become staunch friends at last.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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When he had done, there were loud cheers  
From all the members of the band  
But one old brave said he'd great fears  
That such a peace could never stand.  
But then, said he, one never knows  
These dreadful raids might really cease.  
If called on, he'd be one of those  
Who'd go to smoke the Pipe of Peace.

So he and Brandt and two braves more  
Were asked this work to undertake,  
All being trusty men therefor  
As great results were now at stake.  
A few days rest Brandt first required  
Before the ride he could resume,  
And when he felt no longer tired  
Delay his patience did consume.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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So off they rode at break of dawn  
With Brandt as guide, and in command,  
All being now as fresh as morn  
The journey did all haste demand ;  
Riding as only Indians can  
Their journey soon came to an end,  
And children playing—frightened ran,  
They did not know Brandt was their friend.

Tecumseh was the first to greet  
Them, and was glad his friend to see  
But thought it strange and indiscreet  
That he had brought companions three.  
But Brandt the reason soon explained,  
Which caused surprise throughout the land  
For truly—joy and friendship reigned  
Amid that brave and warlike band.





"FIERCE INDIAN TRIBES  
ROAMED TO AND FRO."



A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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Lu hastened to her lover's side  
    She was so glad he had returned  
For she would now become his bride  
    A recompense she had well earned.  
His friends with gladness she did greet  
    And kissed them for her lover's sake ;  
They thought her charming and so sweet  
    That she a lovely bride would make.

Her happiness was now supreme  
    She had her loved one safely back,  
Those cruel doubts had been a dream  
    There's nothing now that she did lack  
She had prepared all for the feast  
    That should take place the happy day  
When she should be a queen—at least  
    So all her women folk did say.

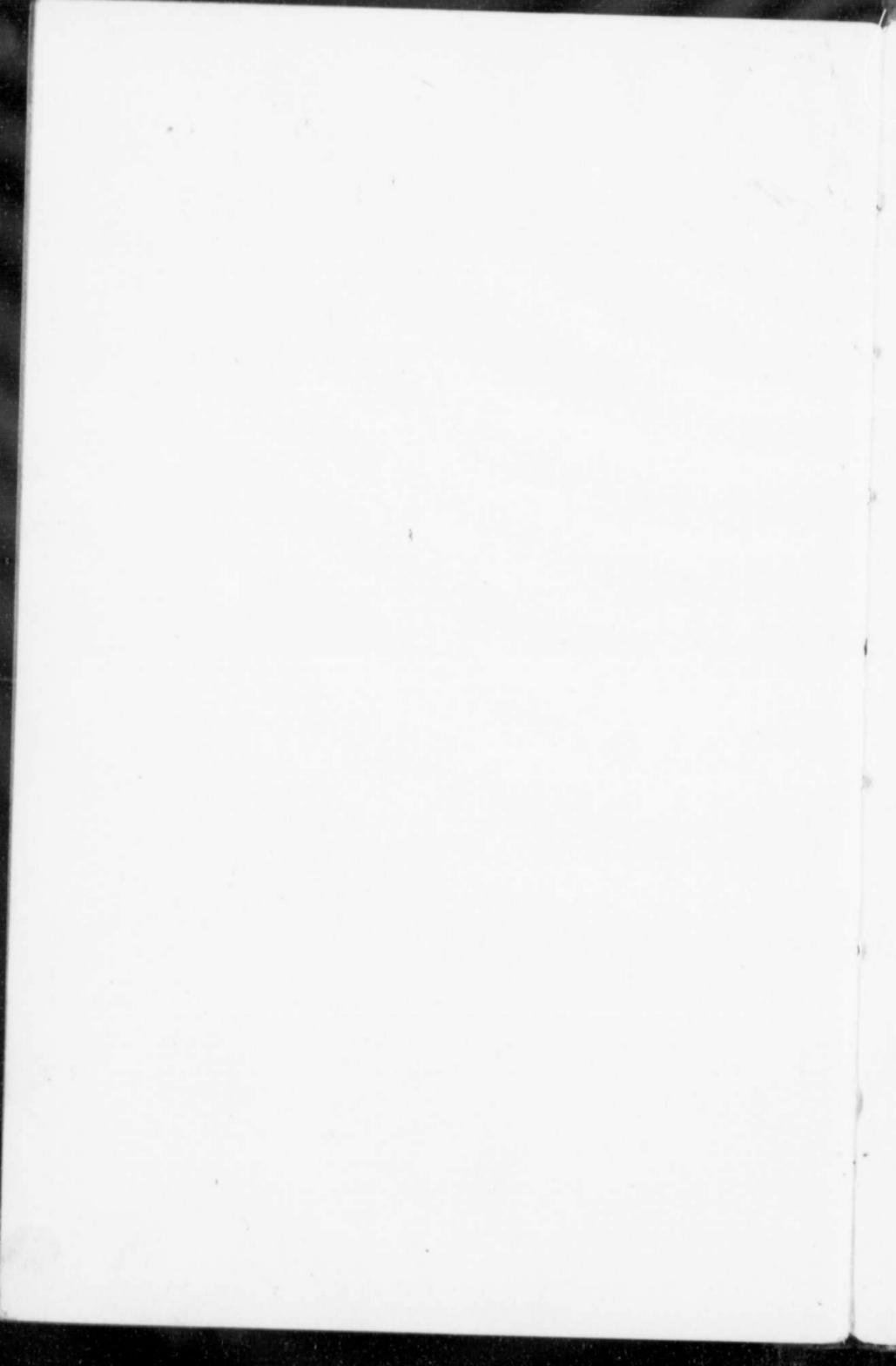


## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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She knew these guests must hungry be  
So hurriedly prepared a meal  
In order that these braves might see  
They were with friends—thus easy feel.  
Therefore with pleasure they sat down,  
And very soon became quite gay,  
While they devoured the steak so brown  
Nothing was left to throw away.

Tecumseh, when the meal was o'er  
Perceived his guests were at their ease  
And as they sat upon the floor  
Proposed they smoke the "Pipe of Peace."  
This filled them with delight supreme  
For well they knew 'twould end their cares  
That henceforth peace would reign between  
The Iroquois and Delawares.



## A ROMANCE OF THE WEST

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One thing remains yet to be told  
And then my story will be done ;  
How dancing both by young and old  
Was kept up till the rising sun.  
The bridal pair sat side by side  
Looking like flowers that bloom in May,  
For Brandt at last had won his Bride,  
Thus all his troubles passed away.

[ The end ]