

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

HORATIO FLACCI CARMINUM LIB. II. X.

Best shalt thou live, Lieinius, neither tempting  
Always the deep sea, neither, whilst thou fearest,  
Storm-blasts of ocean, venturing too near thee,  
Shere danger-haunted.

Golden is the mean, which whosoever chooseth,  
Free from coarse cares which poverty brings with it,  
Lives in a home where envy never enters,  
Tranquil and happy.

Off'nest the tall pine by the wind is shaken,  
Greatest is the shock when fall the highest towers,  
Loftiest mountains are the soonest stricken  
By the swift lightning.

When the world frowneth, for a better fortune  
Hopes the brave heart, and, when the world is smiling,  
Thinks of the future, God gives the winter,  
God gives the summer.

If the times are bad, better times are coming,  
Sometimes the lyre-voice wakes the silent muses,  
But do not marvel, if Apollo sometimes  
Rest from his labour.

Bravely and bravely cope with adverse fortune,  
But with wise foresight farl the sweating canvas,  
Lest, filled with pride, it urge thee into folly,  
Folly and ruin.

JOHN READE.

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## TECUMSEH.

The Shawnee Brave.

BY ALQUIB,  
(Of Kingston, Ont.)

CHAPTER XXI.

FORTUNE IS CAPRICIOUS.

As soon as 1813 arrived the Americans resolved to again attempt the conquest of Canada. In the West, General Harrison assembled his forces at the head of Lake Erie, determined to drive the British out of Detroit—which they had held since Hull's defeat—and capture the Canadian Fort at Malden. Colonel Proctor, the commander at Detroit, had established an outpost at Frenchtown on the River Raisin and garrisoned it with 30 militia and 200 Indians. Early in January this point was carried after a sharp resistance by General Winchester with a brigade of Harrison's army.

Proctor made preparation to attack Winchester before Harrison should join him with the main army. Accordingly, on the twenty-first he started with 500 regulars and militia and 600 Indians. Through the snow-covered forests the British pushed forward on snowshoes all day, and at night bivouacked in the open air at Swan Creek. Next morning before dawn Proctor appeared in front of the astonished Americans, and without giving them time to recover from their surprise, assailed them vigorously. Winchester's left wing was quickly defeated and he himself taken captive by the chief Roundhead, who obliged the General to divest himself of his great-coat and uniform and stand shivering in the keen frosty air of a January morning until he had arrayed his own swarthy frame in the plumed cocked hat, coat and trousers of his prisoner.

The rest of the Americans had barricaded themselves in the houses of the village of Frenchtown, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, knowing well the fate that awaited them did they fall into the hands of the Indians whose hate they had incurred by their cruel treatment of the race; but now, seeing the utter hopelessness of fighting longer, and being fearful lest the houses should be fired over their heads, they surrendered on condition that they were protected from the savages. Although every effort was made by the British officers and the chiefs to restrain the vindictive natives still many of the Americans after their surrender fell victims to their rage.

Harrison, being thus checked in his advance, constructed a fortified camp—called Fort Meigs—on the Miami, intending to await reinforcements. Proctor, however, was determined to give him no rest, and with a force of 1,000 whites and 1,500 red-men invested the fort, but so light were his guns he effected very little damage to the works. On the fifth of May the American reinforcements, 1,200 strong, together with the besieged, made a vigorous rally, carried the British batteries and pursued the Indians, who fell back steadily though rapidly until Proctor's main body got under arms, then they turned upon their pursuers and after a sharp contest captured 500 of them. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Indians were restrained from massacring all the prisoners; several of the British soldiers on guard over them were wounded in endeavouring to shield them. George Waggoner, who exercised immense influence over the savages on account of his great ventriloquial power (which at all times filled the simple denizens of the forest with wonder and awe,) did all he could to save the luckless captives. Tecumseh, also, exerted himself to subdue the fierce passions of his followers, but with little success, until meeting a Chippewa chief, on whom neither entreaties nor threats had any influence, he buried a tomahawk in his brain.

After this victory the Indians, wearied with the slowness of the siege, and anxious to return home to see the wounded and to dispose of the plunder, despite the efforts of Tecumseh

to retain them, left the scene of action; whereupon Proctor was compelled to raise the siege and retire.

Fortune seemed now to favour the brave, and the events of the early part of this year form a glorious chapter in the history of our land, deeds of bravery and renown were performed in all parts by our gallant defenders, deeds of valour, the very recital of which causes a thrill of pleasure and of pride to course through the veins of every true born son of Canada. In every quarter British arms triumphed, and the British flag waved victoriously over every field. All this time Harrison was steadily prosecuting his preparations for the recovery of Michigan, and Commodore Perry was fitting out a fleet by which he hoped to obtain the command of Lake Erie.

Proctor and Tecumseh made another gallant dash at Fort Meigs at the end of July, but finding the garrison on the alert, and the place too strong to be easily carried by an assault, they left it, and made for Fort Stephenson on the Sandusky. Here having effected a breach in the wall, a column moved on to the assault; but a murderous fire from the besieged checked them for a time; rallying again, and cheered on by their leaders, they dashed into and over the ditch amid the loud huzzas of the British, and still louder yells of the Indians. The breach itself was gained, when a cannon loaded to the very muzzle with grape shot, belched forth its deadly charge upon their crowded ranks, mowing them down like grass before the scythe. With sadly diminished numbers they retreated, and retired to Amherstburg.

On the tenth of September, Commodore Barclay, after a desperate engagement of three hours, surrendered his flotilla to Commodore Perry, thus giving the Americans the absolute mastery of Lake Erie.

Proctor, with the enemy on his flank and in front, and in need of provisions and supplies of every kind, could now no longer hold his position, and was forced to retreat. Detroit, Amherstburg and Sandwich, and all the other fortified places in the neighbourhood, were dismantled and abandoned, and the British—to the number of 800, retired along the banks of the Thames towards Lake Ontario.

Harrison lost not a moment in following after Proctor, and on the fourth of October, came up to the rear guard of the British army, which he speedily overpowered, and captured a considerable number of prisoners together with all the stores and ammunition.

### CHAPTER XXII.

"THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE."

The early morn of the fifth day of October, 1813, was fair and beautiful, a light haze rested upon the landscape, and the many tinted woods were wrapped in the thin drapery of mist, the air was mild and calm as that of an evening in early June; Nature seemed as if she was prepared to take part in the festivities of a bridal feast rather than to be a witness of the scenes of blood and conflict that were that day to be perpetrated.

Proctor's good genius had deserted him; in his hasty retreat he had most carelessly neglected to destroy the bridges over the streams in his rear. He knew that it would require the generalship of a Wellington or a Napoleon to oppose successfully the numerous and well equipped army of Harrison with the 600 worn and harassed soldiers and the untrained Indians at his command. But fight he must, or else have a victorious foe fall upon his rear. Accordingly the British forces were drawn up in battle array at the Moravian Village, the right flank resting on the River Thames, while their left was protected by a morass. The faithful Tecumseh, who had not forsaken his friends now in the time of their greatest need, bravely took up a position beside Proctor, and before the battle began long and earnestly did he harangue his assembled warriors recounting to them the deeds of valour they had done on former days, the scalps and booty they had taken on other fields, firing the raging passions in their dusky breasts by tales of the cruelties of the Americans, and to remove from them any fear of death painting in brightest colours the joys that awaited the brave in the happy hunting grounds of the spirits.

Harrison, having drawn up his army of 3,500 men in two lines, began the attack by charging with his cavalry, consisting in the main of mounted riflemen from Kentucky. Accustomed to fight on marshy and wooded ground they fell upon their adversaries with such overwhelming force that Proctor's ranks bent as bends a sturdy oak before the blast of a hurricane, and, unprotected by any breast-work, were broken through and speedily put to utter rout.

The Indians still stood firm; again and again was the whole force of the Americans launched upon them, and again and again did the lion-hearted Tecumseh and his brave warriors beat them back; often was their shrill whoop heard above the clash of swords, the shriek of the bullet or the death cry of some poor soldier in his agony; often were their bright tomahawks seen to gleam in the sunlight by those who saw naught more on this side the dark River of Death. The Redmen

fought that day like lions brought to bay; closer and closer were they pressed by the foe, yet they thought not of retreat, cheered on as they were by the fierce battle cry of their chief, who, though severely wounded in the arm, fought on with unabated fierceness, rushing hither and thither like some veritable war god heedless of the carnage that surrounded him. But at length Tecumseh's last hour arrived; an unknown hand aimed a musket, from which issued forth a bullet which speeding on its way pierced through Tecumseh's brain and laid that gallant chieftain low in the very thickest of the fight.

And thus perished, battling bravely for the Crown of England, one of the fiercest foes and most dreaded opponents of the young Republic of America; with his spirit fled all the hopes of his warriors, who at once retired, leaving the Americans undoubted victors of the field. Tecumseh was in his forty-fourth year when he fell a victim to his own indomitable courage. In person he was slightly above the middle height, of a noble appearance and well proportioned frame. His carriage was erect and lofty, his motions quick, his eye penetrating and flashing, his visage stern, with an air of haughtiness on his countenance which arose from a consciousness of superiority. The Indian tribes in general are extremely fond of decorating their persons with gaudy and showy finery, but Tecumseh, though often the possessor of rich spoil, always wore the plainest clothes made out of deerskin. He was usually taciturn and silent, but when the encroachments of the white man roused his mighty soul his strong intellct and eloquent tongue could supply him with a flow of oratory that at all times swayed his savage hearers as he willed. His manners were austere, else he could never have controlled as he did the wayward passions of those who followed him through all the dangerous windings of the war-path.

Courage, resolution, wisdom, address and eloquence are the true passports to distinction among all the North American nations; with all these Tecumseh was endowed, and by their means, coupled with his lofty ambition, he carved for himself a name in the great Temple of Fame that will long be had in remembrance. He possessed great energy and force of mind, and scarce one among all the tribes of the West could be found as crafty and subtle as he. Still after all he was a thorough Indian; he hated civilization with a hatred as bitter and as intense as that of his prototype Pontiac; he shared with his countrymen all their passions and prejudices, their ferocity and their superstitions. Some describe Tecumseh as most cruel and blood-thirsty, but was he as bad as his opponents who after their victory outraged all decency by committing acts of astonishing ferocity on his poor lifeless body, packing the hairs from his head, tearing the skin from his bones and carrying it away as trophies of their prowess and brutality? yet he was fighting for his home, the graves of his fathers, the dwelling place of his gods, while they were urged on by the lust of conquest, an unsatiable spirit of covetousness.

Yea, what nation civilized or savage can call Tecumseh and his co-patriots cruel and bloody, without by the self-same breath condemning those to whom they owe their being? Is the tomahawk and scalping-knife more deadly than were the fires of Smithfield or the Guillotine of France? Is it worse to burn a log-hut in the far West and carry its inmates into captivity than it was to snatch from their home, crowd into the dismal holds of the ships of England, France, Spain or America, and hurry into slavery, the sable inhabitants of Africa's shores? No, until it is blotted out of the great book of remembrance that Napoleon at Joppa shot down 1,200 unarmed prisoners; until the agonies endured at the siege of Jerusalem be forgotten; until the pitiless barbarities committed by Sarawene nobles no more appear on the page of history; until all traces of the bloody story of the conquest of Peru and Mexico by the Christian chivalry of Spain are washed away by the waves of time; yes, until the horrid dealings of the Anglo-Saxons themselves, with the untutored Red-man of the virgin-forests of North America be no more spoken of; let not the Indian be pronounced the most cruel of men, let not the terms blood-thirsty and treacherous be applied to the chief of the Shawnees, the great Tecumseh.

THE END.

### SNAKE—HARMING IN LONDON.

Snakes are regarded with horror and repugnance by the generality of man and woman-kind, and for this reason their habits and instincts have not been sufficiently studied. Snakes may be broadly divided into poisonous and not poisonous. As a rule poisonous snakes will get out of man's way if not attacked or insulted. I do not recommend people trying to tame poisonous snakes, nor do I advise them to charm them after the fashion of the Indian jugglers, though, as has been often shown, these poisonous snakes are generally "doctored" as regards their fangs being now in London a gentleman who has a charming family of pet snakes—harmless, of course. This gentleman's name is Mann. He is a

professor of music, and lives in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. Mr. Mann called on me a day or two ago at my office, and requested me to give him assistance, as he has got into a bother with his neighbours about keeping his snakes.

Anxious to be of service to this gentleman, I called at his house in order to examine his snakery. He placed in the middle of the room a large box, which was carefully locked. He told me the box was always locked, unless he or his wife took out the snakes to feed or examine them. The first he produced from the box was a very fine common British snake (*Coluber natrix*). His snakes have all got names, and this one's name was Julia. Julia not long ago laid thirty-six eggs, which were hatched out successfully. The next was also a common British snake. The ring round the neck was very bright in this snake. She rejoices in the name of Sylvia. Sylvia is very good at frogs; lately she ate nine frogs, seven large frogs and two small, at one meal, one after the other. Mr. Mann has also two other common snakes, whose names are Proteus and Beatrice, or her of the golden hair. This modern snake-charmer then dived his hand into the box, and brought out an exceedingly lively brown-coloured snake. The head is remarkable pretty and lizard-like, and it has the power of moving the head very quickly from side to side; the eye is also remarkably brilliant. This snake was bought from Lamrach; it is called a Lacertine, and comes from the coast of Mogador, Northern Africa; it is perfectly harmless. Mr. Mann has had the lacertine about twenty months. It is a pretty, elegant creature. It feeds on white mice.

Mr. Mann then showed me the gem of his collection. It is a remarkably handsome Brazilian boa, measuring between five and six feet long, and weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds. The name of this snake is "Cleo," short for Cleopatra. Continual handling and petting has caused this snake to become most remarkably tame, and I think there can be no doubt that she knows individuals. When placed on the table, "Cleo" would not come to me at all, but glided away to her master, who was sitting at the opposite side of the table, and stretching her length from the table to the chair, gradually pulled her long length on to him. She then glided up his right side, and folding her coils round his neck, placed her head close to her master's face, and there she lay for some minutes quivering her black forked tongue with evident pleasure. Mr. Mann's two little children, aged five and six respectively, then came into the room. They immediately ran to the snake and began playing with it, kissing it, and pulling it, calling it "Cleo; dear Cleo." "Cleo" was then made to glide on the floor; the children ran after her and picked her up, and the little girl picking her up put her round her neck like a *boa*. (I wonder if this was the origin of the word *boa*.) "Cleo" evidently enjoyed the fun as much as the children. It was very curious to see these two little children encircled in "Cleo's" ponderous folds, reminding me much of the celebrated statue of the Laocoon, and I recollect right, the marble children in the statue are represented as about the same age and size as Mr. Mann's two children. "Cleo" is a particular favourite of Mrs. Mann's, and I saw a very nice photograph of her, with "Cleo" coiled round her neck. I subsequently saw Mrs. Mann in this attitude, with her pet snake. "Cleo" has shed her skin several times, and it is curious to remark that she has shed her skin ten times in two years. Mr. Mann has the last skin shed. It is quite perfect, and as thin as tissue paper, and I should think would make good pattern for fancy lace work.

"Cleo" feeds principally on pigeons. If a pigeon is put into her cage, and she is not hungry, she seems to make friends with the pigeon, and will never attempt to eat it. Should, however, a fresh pigeon be put into her cage, she will devour it instantly. She feeds once a fortnight, and two pigeons will about last her for this time. Mr. Mann has observed that when let loose "Cleo" always tries to climb upwards, whereas the Lacertine always seeks the ground. "Cleo" most certainly knows her master and mistress. Once, when they went out of town, "Cleo" was sent away. She pined and would not feed during their absence. When Mr. and Mrs. Mann returned, after six weeks' absence, "Cleo" on hearing her mistress's voice, instantly rushed out of her box, curled herself round her, and kissed her face. She evidently recognised her kind friends and protectors.

Mr. Mann has also another large Indian python, but this snake is not very well, and has private apartments to herself in a leather carpet-bag. The snakes will feed out of Mr. Mann's hand. The common snakes eat frogs, and frogs only; the lacertine eats white mice; the python delights in guinea-pigs. Altogether I was exceedingly pleased with Mr. Mann's collection of snakes. By his very successful snake-taming he has opened up quite a new chapter in natural history, and has shown what persevering kindness will do in taming snakes, poor creatures which have hitherto been thought to have little or no intelligence.—*Frank Buckland, in Land and Water.*