

## PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

(Translated from the German of Kärner.)

## I.

Father, I call to Thee!  
I breathe the hoarse-voiced cannon's sulphurous  
breath,  
The lightnings, darting near me, threaten death,—  
O Father, guide Thou me!

## II.

O Father, guide Thou me!  
Guide me to victory, guide me to the tomb,  
Thee I acknowledge, whatsoever my doom,  
God, I acknowledge Thee

## III.

God, I acknowledge Thee!  
As in the rushing of the autumn leaves,  
So, when the battle's thunderous boom heaves,  
Fountain of mercy, I acknowledge Thee.  
O Father, bless Thou me!

## IV.

O Father, bless Thou me!  
Into Thy keeping I commend my soul,  
O'er life and death Thou only hast control,  
Living or dying, Father, bless Thou me,  
Father, I worship Thee!

## V.

Father, I worship Thee!  
Not for the goods of earth I battle, Lord,  
To guard the holiest I draw the sword,  
Therefore in death or triumph praise I Thee,  
I give myself to Thee!

## VI.

I give myself to Thee!  
What though death's voice be in the battle's sound,  
What though my life-blood trickle to the ground,  
My God, I do surrender all to Thee,  
Father, I call to Thee!

JOHN BRADY.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

## TECUMSEH,

## The Shawnee Brave.

BY ALQUIR.

(Of Kingston, Ont.)

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## WAR! WAR!

WHAT more need we say of the long separated but now forever united Percy Seaford and Miriam Howard? Little thought they of the trials and sorrows they had undergone, when once their trials were ended, their sorrows turned to joy. Still less, gentle reader, would you care to hear of the sufferings of Percy after his escape from the Ottigamies or of the subsequent sayings and doings of the two made one. So let the curtain drop.

Soon after Tecumseh's return to his own country the Indians and the Americans came in conflict on the banks of the Tippecanoe. Tecumseh was not engaged in this battle; Ellakwatawa, his brother, conducted the attack; the Indians fought with the greatest bravery and the conflict was long and bloody, and many of the officers in the American army bit the dust.

But a mightier conflict was approaching: even now could be heard the preparations for the coming struggle between Britain and her former Colonies. The political sky was daily growing darker; already had hostile shots been interchanged. The Democratic party are in the ascendancy in the Union, and they had never been friendly towards England since the stubborn and terrible struggle in which they had won their independence. And now the Democrats urged on the nation to war, anxious to gratify their hate and jealousy of every thing British by driving all England's soldiers and subjects from the valley of the St. Lawrence and absorbing the whole of Canada into their already great Republic. The Orders in Council increased the bitter feeling against Britain, although these famous Orders were but a retaliation on Napoleon for his celebrated Milan and Berlin decrees; but the free Americans preferred to ally themselves with Buonaparte, every action of whose life demonstrated a thirst for universal empire and the extinction of human freedom, to siding with England—the only refuge for liberty in Europe—in her glorious contest with that destroyer of mankind. Accordingly, on the nineteenth of June, 1812, Congress declared war against Great Britain and directed hostilities to be at once commenced and prosecuted with the greatest vigour. The people of Boston had a presentiment that this conflict would not be for the glory of their land, and so on the day war was declared, all the ships in their noble harbour had their flags hung half-mast high as a sign of mourning, lamentation and woe.

Canada with her widely-scattered people, her immense length of border, and her distance from the mother land, was expected to fall an easy prey to the great American Eagle. In the whole country there were less than 6,000 soldiers. In Lower Canada the population did not exceed 220,000, while the Upper Province could not reckon 40,000 souls: the conquest of these few handful of men by the eight millions of the Republic, with its riches and resources and veterans of the revolution seemed to the Democrat but a holiday campaign. The Americans also fondly thought,

as they have ever foolishly done, that the Canadians were dissatisfied with their condition, would receive them with open arms, and flock in crowds to wherever the banner of the Stars and Stripes was unfurled; but the capture of Detroit, the surrender of the North-western army under General Hull, and the battle of Queenston Heights soon showed that the Canadians had hands prepared and hearts resolved to guard the blessings they enjoyed.

And now were the Americans to find out when too late the loss they had sustained in alienating the Indian tribes; and now the toils and journeyings of Tecumseh were to turn to the advantage of the Canadians. That chieftain at the first blast of the war trumpet joined the British standard and with him came his followers and confederates, and so great was the influence he had gained over his countrymen that none of the Indian tribes of the north-west fought on the American side, while to the invaded Canadians they rendered the most important services at the beginning of the struggle, where, as yet, the militia were unorganized and reinforcements had not arrived from England. The fierce Mohawks, Tuscaroras and Onandagoes fought bravely for their Great Father across the water and in defence of their adopted homes; the Senecas were almost the only Redmen who fought for the Republic.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE.

AS soon as General Brock, the Governor of Upper Canada, heard that the United States had declared war, he despatched an Indian runner to the Commandant of the fort on the Island of St. Joseph—some forty miles north of the American post at Mackinaw,—with instructions to take the latter place. And this was at once done, and the command of Lake Michigan gained without firing a single shot or shedding a drop of blood; the garrison at Mackinaw marched out and laid down their arms so soon as they were commanded to do so by the gruff voice of the British Lion.

On the 12th of July, General Hull, the Governor of Michigan, with an army of 2,500, crossed the Detroit River to Sandwich, planted the American flag on British soil, and issued a proclamation tendering to the inhabitants of Canada "the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty," and at the same time informing them that if they did not choose to accept these offers, war, slavery and destruction would be their fate. If the General had wielded his sword as well as he did his pen, ill would it have fared with the little garrison of 300 regulars which, under Colonel St. George, defended Fort Malden, eighteen miles to the south of Hull's camp. The Americans were anxious to secure this post, as it commanded the Detroit River; between them and it flowed a stream called The Canard, at the mouth of which was anchored a sloop of war which effectually barred any advance by water. Thrice did Hull on different days push forward strong detachments to reconnoitre Fort Malden, and thrice did St. George and his soldiers and Tecumseh and his braves beat them back; on the third occasion 200 of the Americans endeavoured to ford the little river higher up in the woods, but suddenly Tecumseh with twenty-two of his warriors, all hideous with paint and scalps, sprang upon them yelling their wild war-whoop; the Americans turned, and throwing away arms and accoutrements, fled as they would have done from a band of fiends.

On the 4th of August, Major Vanhorn with 350 men marched down the western bank of the Detroit River; steadily and well-armed, with all the pomp and circumstance of war, the Americans advanced through the dark gloom of the shady forest until they arrived near Brownstown; here the narrow road led them into a place formed by nature for an ambuscade, where, well hidden by the huge giants of the primeval woods, by moss-covered prostrate trunks, by closely locked underbrush and long, lank grasses and weeds, lay on either side, their long guns levelled and primed, a band of some seventy Indians under the command of Tecumseh. The army of the Republic knew not of their danger, when suddenly a wild cry arose in front, while answering yells on every side resounded through the forest; from bush and tree came flashes fast and bright, and with fatal aim flew the death-bearing bullets, down went many a man of Vanhorn's band, while those who could beat a precipitate retreat, leaving provisions and baggage to the victorious Indians.

In the pocket of Captain McCulloch, one of the officers slain, was found a letter from him to his wife, in which he described most minutely how he had killed an Indian brave, and with his teeth torn the reeking scalp from the head of his fallen foe. This letter inflamed the Indian allies of the British more and more against the Americans, as well it might.

General Hull, finding he could not conquer the Canadians with his sword nor seduce them from their allegiance by his pen; that they were too brave to fear his deeds, too wise to give heed to his empty words, now recrossed the river and entrenched himself behind the walls of Detroit. His communication with Ohio having been interrupted by the defeat of

Vanhorn's detachment, on the 8th of August a force of 600 men under Colonel Miller was sent to reopen the communication. The day after their departure the vanguard, when about half a mile in advance of the main body, came suddenly upon a breastwork of logs, behind which crouched a band of Indians and a number of whites; the liars in ambush at once opened a most galling fire upon the Americans, who, although they heard the crack of rifles and the whizzing of bullets on every side, and felt the balls pouring upon them like a fierce hail storm of iron, yet saw not their assailants; bravely, however, they stood their ground and fired wherever the flash of powder revealed a foe's lurking-place, their ranks quickly thinning as volley after volley was showered upon them. At length, when the main body had come up, out burst the Indians from their hiding places, Tecumseh heading his Shawanees, Walk-in-the-water leading on the Hurons, and the since famous Black Hawk followed by the Winnebagoes from the fountains of the Mississippi, all bedaubed with paint, besmeared with grease, bedizened with feathers in their scalp-locks, and each tribe shouting its own wild battle-cry.

Fiercely raged the contest, and when at length the Canadians were forced to retreat, it was only inch by inch they retired; from behind every tree that would afford a cover they shot at the advancing Republicans, far and wide through the forest rang the deadly rattle of the guns and the fierce clash of swords, mingled with shout and shriek, the fierce yell of the Indian allies as they rushed forward to tear the hair from a fallen foe, the agonizing scream of the wounded as the scalping knife passed over their heads before their eyes were closed in death.

Step by step for two long miles over ground strewn with the dying and the dead did the Americans force their way, until they arrived at the village of Brownstown; here, seeing the hopelessness of further conflict, the Indians took to the woods and the British to their boats.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

When General Brock arrived at Amherstburgh, after a rapid journey, he at once held a council, and there it was determined to carry the war into the enemy's country and attack the Americans in Detroit before they should be reinforced. At the conference the prepossessing appearance of our hero attracted the attention of Brock, who easily discerned energy and decision in the hazel eye and eagle glance of the Indian. On his being asked by Brock how the land lay beyond Detroit, Tecumseh took a roll of elm bark and extending it on the ground drew forth his knife and with its sharp point quickly sketched a plan of the country with its hills and dales, its woods, rivers, swamps and roads; this unexpected display of artistic skill so pleased the General that he ungirt his sash and in the presence of all his officers tied it round the body of the Chief. Tecumseh accepted the honour with evident feelings of gratification.

With Brock to resolve was to act, so by the following morning he had constructed upon the brink of the river a battery with five guns in position commanding the fortress of Detroit. Hull was then summoned to surrender, but he bravely refused to yield up his sword and the 2,500 men under his command to Brock who had scarcely more than half that number. The battery then opened fire on the fort. The next morning the British, numbering 1,300 men, of whom half were Indians, crossed the river three miles below the town.

Forming his men in column, and throwing out the Indians to cover his flanks, Brock advanced steadily towards the fort. When at the distance of a mile he halted to reconnoitre, and seeing that little precaution had been taken to defend it on the land side he resolved to lead on his men to an immediate assault; but the brave General was balked in this design by an unforeseen event; General Hull with his garrison and the Army of the West surrendered, and to a force of little more than half their strength. The flag of the Union was pulled down and the blood-red cross of St. George again waved proudly over the walls of Detroit; together with the fort and army a large quantity of military stores and provisions were surrendered and the whole territory of Michigan passed under the British sway.

This success of the British arms against an enemy so vastly superior in numbers had a most beneficial effect in raising the spirits of the Canadians and securing the fidelity and attachment of the Indians, while it plainly shewed the Americans the true disposition of their opponents and that it would be no easy matter to conquer free men fighting for their homes, their country and their sovereign.

After the surrender the British General was fearful that the Indians would maltreat the prisoners and asked Tecumseh not to suffer his men to do so; to this request the Chief replied in his haughtiest tones. "We despise them too much to meddle with them."

Brock was surprised to see Tecumseh appear without the sash he had given him, and

hinking that, perhaps, he had unwillingly offended the Grand Spirit of the Redman, sought for an explanation; he found that Tecumseh being unwilling to wear such a mark of distinction in the presence of an older—and he said—an abler warrior than himself, had transferred the sash to the Huron (or Wyandot) Chief, Roundhead.

The Americans, far from being discouraged by the surrender of Hull and the abrupt termination put to the proceedings of the Army of the West, were greatly enraged thereat and made most vigorous preparations both by land and water so that with the snows of the coming winter might forever vanish all trace of British supremacy throughout the length and breadth of Canada.

General Brock with 2,000 men was now guarding the frontier of the Niagara River; the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, Major General Dearborn, ordered General Van Ranssalaer to break through the British line of defence at Queenston and establish himself permanently on Canadian soil, Van Ranssalaer and his troops were most anxious to wipe out the disgrace of the American arms at Detroit by striking a signal blow; preparations were accordingly made for an attack upon Queenston Heights, which the enthusiastic Americans intended to take and then move upon Fort St. George at Niagara, which was to be carried by storm and afford quarters to the army for the winter as well as an excellent base for their operations in the following spring. The attack was to be made at early dawn on the eleventh of October, 1812. The corps designated for the expedition assembled punctually and in fine order at the place of rendezvous, but when the order to embark was given no boats were to be found in readiness, and worse still the person in charge of them had departed carrying with him all the paddles and oars. To cross that day was impossible.

However at the first faint flush of daylight on the morning of the thirteenth the Americans under Van Ranssalaer made a dash across the river, not, however, unperceived. The British sentries gave the alarm, and Captain Dennis with a few men rushing to the landing place for a considerable time opposed the disembarking of the enemy. But a portion of the Americans landed higher up the river and gaining the heights by an unguarded path, turned the British flank, captured the battery of one solitary gun and drove their opponents before them. At this moment General Brock, who had been roused from his slumbers at Niagara by the roar of the artillery, rode up. Resolved to win back the heights he placed himself at the head of a portion of the 49th, and led them to the charge at the double-quick, under a heavy fire from the enemy's riflemen; but a bullet struck the gallant General in the breast and he sank down to rise no more. The Americans now effected a lodgement with nearly a thousand men, but were greatly harassed by bands of Indians, who though continually dispersed yet continually reformed and renewed their attacks. About the time General Sheaffe arrived with reinforcements from Niagara and Chippewa and drove the Americans to the very edge of the river. Colonel Scott, who was then in command, seeing that further resistance was useless, now surrendered his force of 950 men, while a body of American militia far outnumbering the British stood upon the opposite bank of the river suddenly seized with conscientious scruples as to the lawfulness of invading British territory.

The "Army of the Centre" did little more than the "Army of the West," and the "Army of the North" did no more than the others. Thus ended the campaign of 1812, in humiliation, defeat and disgrace to the American arms, and in glory, success and honour to the Canadian militia who, aided by a few regulars and the bands of Indian allies under Tecumseh, Walk-in-the-Water and Ahyonwaiglis, the youngest son of Tyendinaga, had driven back the large armies of their opponents.

Concluded in our next.

## POPULAR FALLACIES.

Two hundred years ago, that quaint old writer, Sir Thomas Browne, filled two large volumes with an account of what he conceived to be "Vulgar Errors"—Pseudodoxia Epidemica—and although modern science has done much to diffuse sound knowledge in regard to the phenomena around us, yet popular fallacies have not, as yet, quite disappeared. Even our text-books of popular science, and many of our so-called scientific papers, continue to propagate and perpetuate mistakes which may well be classed with the "vulgar errors" of Dr. Browne. Thus, nothing is more common than to hear of the tubular character of hair; indeed, almost every one we meet will, if asked, tell us that the hairs of our heads are very fine tubes. And yet every hair is a good solid cylinder—a fact which has been published hundreds of times, but which seems to have no effect upon the popular belief. It is true that a hair, when examined under the microscope, looks something like a tube; but then so does a solid metallic wire—a fine needle, for example. That which gives rise to the tubular appear-