

Canuck and Renyard.

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by G. W. Bartlett

THERE'S treachery among the Fox band at Cedar Creek," said the British commander at Detroit. "Twice this month the Americans have got wind of our movements. Last week Capt. Bairdy's detachment was nearly captured by Johnson's Kentucky riders. Keep an eye on the old chief."

Donald McIntyre, the young army surgeon, stood in Col. Proctor's office with grip packed for a trip among the friendly tribes to the southwest.

"I'll stake my life on Flatstone's loyalty," he replied warmly.

"Well, keep your eyes open. If we cannot hold the Indians, our position is desperate."

McIntyre, a last-year medical student, had volunteered for service in the Canadian militia at the outbreak of the war of 1812, and had been under fire at Malden, Detroit, and a number of lesser skirmishes, but the total lack of medical men had compelled Brock to transfer him to the post of surgeon at Detroit, where he had passed the winter of 1812-13. During this time, he had cultivated the good-will of the Indian allies by careful attention to their needs. He had saved the lives of several dangerously wounded red men; but his most valued services were such simple matters as relieving toothache, frostbites and burns, and a dozen minor surgical operations. He also made visits to outlying villages throughout Michigan to encourage the loyal and confirm the vacillating bands. Nowhere throughout the district had he a stauncher friend than Flatstone, the Reynard Chief, whose son he had attended after a serious gun accident during the winter.

By such means, he won the favor of the red men, and gained for the British forces great bands of vigilant sentinels of the forest, who beset every wood, veiling the British army behind an impassable screen, and revealing every move of the Americans. Covered by these red allies, Proctor could launch his force with appalling suddenness, and deliver his blow before the enemy could rally his superior forces to oppose the attack. Thus favored, the handful of Canadians at Detroit had held their

ground for a year and crushingly repulsed all demonstrations of the enemy.

It was with dismay that Proctor learned during the spring that some traitor in the southwest was betraying his movements. Circumstantial evidence seemed to point to the Fox band at Cedar Creek. In the absence of the two great chiefs—Tecumseh and Roundhead—Proctor could think of no better man to send than young McIntyre who, in his capacity of physician, would have good opportunity for unsuspected observation of the band.

Attended by Snap, his faithful dog, Donald set off through the swamps and thickets of spruce and tamarac, toward the Reynard village. After a lonely tramp, he arrived at sunset, at a small rivulet ten miles from Cedar Creek. He decided to camp for the night. As he threw down his grip, Snap bristled up and uttered a low growl.

"Sssh!" breathed McIntyre. Creeping into a thicket, the doctor made the dog curl up beside him under the boughs of a fallen spruce. Two minutes after a light tread was heard; the boughs of a willow thicket were pushed aside as an Indian came past with silent moccasined tread. Donald recognized the Lynx, the Cedar Creek medicine-man. A heavier tread crushed the shrubbery as a white man pushed on behind the Indian. The watcher wrinkled his brow in perplexity, endeavoring to recollect the face of the white man. Suddenly the identity flashed into his mind. He was Ward, an officer of Hull's staff, who had surrendered with his general, and after a month at Montreal, had been exchanged.

"It looks like mischief," thought the doctor. "I'll warrant old Lynx is mixed up in any rascality afloat."

As he was about to rise and follow the pair, Donald heard them returning at the side of the creek not two rods away. They built a small fire. The watcher held his breath as Lynx came to the fallen tree and hewed off two dead boughs for fuel.

"Now for business," said Ward briskly. "How many soldiers at Detroit?"

"My people not there for two moons, and no red coat came to us."

"When can you find out?" asked the American impatiently.

"When will my brother do his part?" asked the Lynx suspiciously.

"I have authority now from the Great Chief at Washington to make you head man and grant you lands if you do what I say," said Ward.

Lynx grunted his satisfaction.

"You must find where the outposts are situated; how many men at each; and how many at the fort. None will suspect you. If you can put us in the way of getting Tecumseh, the Governor of Ohio will give you a medal that will cover your coat from shoulder to shoulder."

The medicine-man's eye glittered greedily.

"And what of Flatstone?" he asked.

"Why, you told me he was dead."

The Reynard grinned fiendishly.

"The Lynx is a prophet; he sees the shadow before the deed is done."

"Explain yourself," said Ward sourly.

"Flatstone gone many days to the south. He make the Long Knife much trouble. In six sleeps or seven, he come again. If Long Knives get him, he never come. Is it not so?"

"If we catch him, we will give him a collar of hemp," replied Ward grimly.

"And if the Lynx show the place?"

"A medal as big as my hand; and Lynx shall be chief instead."

"Ugh!" grunted the medicine-man, rising to tear a piece of bark from a birch tree. Then with a coal from the fire he traced a plan on the bark. As the two men bent over the sketch their conversation became inaudible. Presently the Lynx handed the bark to Ward, saying: "Six sleeps he come down the Miami. At the rapid he come across portage track. Ten men with him. Long Knives can watch portage and get

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