

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## SONG FOR SUNSET.

## I.

The thin stream slips adown the hill  
To meet the evening bay,  
The cloud-draped sun-god grand and still  
Sinks down the steep of day;

## II.

And yonder ships upon the bay  
White-sailed the sun-set take,  
As gloriously at close of day  
As when it comes to break.

## III.

The stream slips down the sun's at rest,  
The ships come from the sea,  
Ah, where's the lad that I love best,  
Why comes he not to me?

MARTIN J. GRIVIN.

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## TECUMSEH,

## The Shawnee Brave.

BY ALQUIS.

(Of Kingston, Ont.)

## CHAPTER XIV.

## TECUMSEH REPOSES ON HIS MOTHER.

While Tecumseh was away rescuing his fair captive, the American Government, through their agent Governor Harrison, purchased a large tract of land on both sides of the Wabash from the Delawares, Miamis and Pottawatomies. In this territory the Shawnees under Tecumseh and his brother the prophet, or Ellskwatawa, had settled; but Harrison considered they had no claim to it as it had originally belonged to the Miamis, who had never consented to the occupancy of the Shawnees, and consequently he did not treat with them as to the purchase. Tecumseh, on his return, did not in the least coincide with the Governor in this opinion, and was greatly enraged with those Chiefs who had joined in the conveyance, even threatening to kill them.

When Harrison heard of Tecumseh's dissatisfaction and displeasure he sent him word, that if he had any claim to the land to come to Vincennes and it would be enquired into, and if found to be good, the land would either be given back or else compensation made to him.

On the twelfth of August, 1810, Tecumseh with many of his warriors met the Governor in Council at Vincennes. All the Indians were wrapped to the throat in blankets; some had their heads adorned with the plumes of hawks, eagles and ravens; others had shorn off all their hair save the scalp lock which defiantly hung down behind; others wore their long black hair floating loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows. When all were assembled Tecumseh stood forth, holding in his hand the belt of wampum, which was to guide him in his harangue, and spoke thus:

"My father, I am a Shawnee; my fathers were warriors, they were not women, their voices were heard at the council fire and on the war path and many scalps hung in their wigwams. Their son is a warrior, his hand is heavy upon his foes, his words sound to the Chiefs like the words of the wise. The Great Spirit gave the red man all this land from where the sun comes forth from his wigwam in the early morning, to where he spreads his blanket at night. The Great Spirit was kind to us and gave us good things. Then were we happy when we danced and feasted in our villages. But the white men came, they have driven us from the shores of the wild roaring sea and now they want to drive us into the waters of the lakes. The Great Spirit gave the land to all the red men, not to any one tribe or people, it belongs to all, no one has a right to sell any part of it to strangers, all must join in the sale, else it is bad and cannot be kept. The sale by the Miamis is bad because the Shawnees did not sell, and they had spread their blankets there long before the Thirteen-fires asked the Miamis to sell. We have no land to sell. Take away thy pale-faced youths from these lands and let us hunt there again."

Having thus said Tecumseh turned to sit down; but no chair had been placed for him, so one was immediately ordered to be given him, and the servant in handing it said:—

"Your father requests you to take a chair."

"My father," roared the Chief, "the sun is my father and the earth is my mother, and upon her bosom I will repose." And at once seated himself upon the grass beside the other warriors.

Governor Harrison then replied "that the Miamis owned the land, and the Shawnees had no right to come from a far country and seek to control them in the disposition of their own property."

As he spoke Tecumseh with a bound sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "It is all lies; it is false!"

At this signal all the warriors leaped up and seizing their war-clubs and knives pre-

pared for battle. The Governor thinking his last hour had come drew his sword to defend himself, while the officers and citizens who were with him—but unarmed—each seizing what he could resolved to fight to the last. Tecumseh continued speaking and gesticulating fiercely, but offered no violence; when suddenly the clash of arms was heard, a drum rolling the charge filled the air with its stunning din and up marched the guard. The Indians became quiet, and the Governor saying that Tecumseh was a bad man and must at once leave the place, himself retired and so broke up the conference.

The next day Tecumseh sent to the Governor asking that the Council might be renewed. Harrison consented to the request. When they were again assembled Tecumseh was asked if he had any other objections to the sale of lands besides what he had already stated; he briefly replied, "no other."

After such a reply further debate would have been utterly useless. The Governor then inquired whether he would prevent the survey of the lands, the Chief rejoined that he was resolved to adhere to the old boundary. Then arose a Wyandot chief and addressing the Governor spoke thus:—

"My father, the words of Tecumseh are wise and true, he does not lie. With him I will depart on the warpath. I will paint myself with red and never cease from war while the river flows or the sun shines." After him sprang up a fierce Kikkapoo, a Pottawatomy, an Ottawa and a Winnebago, each declaring his determination to follow whithersoever the great son of Pukeesheno should crouch like a wild cat for his prey. The Governor closed the Council by saying that the words of the Chiefs would be repeated to the President, and that the land would not be restored, but maintained with the point of the sword if need be.

The next day meeting Tecumseh Harrison asked if he really was determined on war if his demands were not complied with: the haughty, high-souled Chief replied: "It is my determination, nor will I give any rest to the soles of my feet until I have united all the red men of the forest in the like resolution."

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE VENTRILOQUIST.

As all expected the Government at Washington refused to yield up their new purchase, accordingly Tecumseh prepared to visit all the tribes and stir them up to fierce battle with the Americans. Before he left it was necessary that some one should be appointed as Chief over the village during his absence; Miriam Howard advised him to nominate George Waggoner; Tecumseh favoured the idea, but feared Waggoner would not be acceptable to the tribe, although by the usual ceremony the white blood had been washed from his veins and he had often aided his new kinsmen both by word and deed. The Chief resolved to consult his brother, Ellskwatawa, the Prophet, Sorcerer and Medicine man of the village.

Accordingly a wigwam was erected large enough to hold all the men of the place, in the centre was made a smaller one of hides. When night came all the warriors assembled in the hut, through which one or two fires cast a flickering light, in silent awe they waited for the Great Spirit of the Great Turtle, that never lies, to say who was to be their Sachem. Ellskwatawa, with long streaming hair and entirely naked, now appeared and entered the hut of skins. Scarcely had he closed the door when the whole structure began to shake violently, and a rapid succession of shrieks, howls, yells and moans issued forth. Then a dead silence, and after the silence a low feeble sound was heard. Upon this was raised a shout of joy, for the warriors knew it was the voice of the Great Turtle, then clearly and distinctly came the words:—

"Ye children of the sun and of the moon, obey the white-redman. Let the spouse of Yagoowah, the successor of Soocowa, preside at your council fires when the great son of Pukeesheno goes forth to summon my children to take up the hatchet against the lying children of the Thirteen fires."

Thus spoke the Spirit and nothing more: then as if from the mouth of one of the old men proceeded a voice saying, "We will obey the new chief." As the words came the old brave started with fright, while the lips of Waggoner were seen to move as if adoring the Great Spirit for the favours bestowed upon him.

This matter being settled, the next day Tecumseh set forth, accompanied by Weyapiersen-waw and a band of braves and taking Miriam Howard with him, on his mission to the tribes far and near to gain their co-operation in his war with the Americans.

The war party first passed from village to village among the Kikkapoo, the Piauikishaws and the Miamis, rousing them by Tecumseh's imperious eloquence and infusing into their breasts his own fierce spirit of resistance. In each village he summoned the warriors together, and standing before them with the war belt of black and purple wampum in his hand, flung at their feet the blood-red hatchet and

with fierce passionate gestures poured forth such words as these, "Children of the Great Spirit, the people of the United States are resolved to take all our land which the Great Spirit gave us, and drive us into the water; the bones of our brethren slain by the Long Knives are whitening in the forest and in the field, on the hill top and in the vale: they cry to us for vengeance and the cry must be answered. Up then, paint yourselves with your deepest colours; seize your fear-inspiring arms; let our war songs and our cries for vengeance and for scalps gladden the shades of our departed warriors, and strike terror into our foes. On then and take captive our enemies and fight as long as the trees in the forest do grow or the waters of the river flow. Let the sun and the stars forsake the heaven sooner than we shall quit the field of battle before victory be gained, and we have dispelled the black cloud which has so long hung threatening over our heads."

Then the brave listeners answered with fierce applause, and taking up the hatchet pledged themselves to join in the contest; and, as Tecumseh and his party journeyed on, with fasting and praying and consulting dreams and omens, with invoking the war god and dancing the frantic war dance, the warriors sought to secure the triumph of their arms when at length they should be led against their foes.

Then Tecumseh and his band of agitators traversed the grassy prairies and stately forests extending towards the Mississippi; here they spent some days in hunting the deer and buffaloes that roamed in countless herds over the plains. One day as Miriam was standing at a short distance from the camp admiring a young opossum swinging head-downwards from an overhanging bough, she saw the fierce eyes of a wild cat glaring at her from a thicket and she heard it crouch down to make ready for a spring; but the spring was never made, for at that moment one of the Indians also spied the wild beast, and with a bullet swiftly put an end to its earthly career. When they reached the bank of the Great River a council of all the Illinois was called; but these degenerate savages cared not for struggling with the whites and turned a cold ear to Tecumseh's eloquent pleadings, until at last that fierce chieftain, though standing well nigh alone amid their warriors, exclaimed in a voice of thunder,

"If you hesitate to take up the hatchet with me, I will destroy your tribes as the fire destroys the dry grass upon your prairies, until there runs not a drop of your blood in the veins of any living creature."

The frightened Illinois could not resist such an argument, their doubts vanished like mist before the morning sun, and they at once declared that they would unite with the other tribes.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

On through the wilderness lying west of the Mississippi went Tecumseh, everywhere arousing the wild spirits of the tribes; warriors, women and children were excited by his words and eager for the conflict; magicians consulted their oracles and prepared mystic charms to insure success. Overcome by his words the war chiefs, painted black from head to foot, retired to the recesses of the forest to fast and pray; and when the Great Spirit sent them a favourable omen they returned to their villages, wildly haranguing their people and calling upon them to avenge the blood of their slaughtered relatives. Then at night a painted post would be driven into the ground; blazing pine-knoes cast around a lurid glare, making still more ghastly the wild multitude who, covered with the feathers of birds of prey, and hideous with paint and grease, had assembled to take part in the war-dance. "The chief leaps into the centre of the crowd, brandishing his hatchet as if rushing upon an enemy, chanting his own exploits and those of his ancestors, yelling the war-whoop, throwing himself into all the postures of actual fight, striking the post as if it were a foe, and tearing the scalp from the head of an imaginary assailant. Warrior after warrior follows his example, until the whole assembly, as if fired with sudden frenzy, rush together into the ring, leaping, stamping, whooping and brandishing knives and hatchets in the fire-light, hacking and stabbing the air, and working themselves into the fury of battle, while at intervals they all break forth into a burst of ferocious yells, which sound for miles away over the lonely midnight forest."

Naught stayed the progress of Tecumseh; through the scorching suns of summer and the biting blasts of winter, through rain, hail and snow, onwards he went, never ceasing in his work, never quitting a tribe till by threats or persuasion it had given in its adherence to the cause. Thus he visited the Sacs, the Winnebagoes, and the Menomines, who dwelt among the bays and rivers around Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, and from them all as from one man was heard the song of war.

"Take witness, ye places which the sun enlivens with his glorious light and that the moon illumines with her pale torch; witness, ye places where the grass waves in the breeze

where the limpid stream gleams and glides, and where the torrent roars; take witness, oh earth and ye heavens, that we are ready, every one of us, to encounter our foe! We will snatch the war clubs from the hands of terror-stricken enemies; their scalps will we tear from their heads to ornament our huts. Our doors will be reddened with the blood of our prisoners! We will kill them with slow tortures, and when life has left their bleeding bodies we will burn them and scatter their ashes to the four winds of heaven!"

While travelling among the Ottigamies, who dwell on the upper waters of the Mississippi, Miriam one day espied cut in the bark of a lofty pine tree the letters P. S. and a date only two months back; surprised and amazed and wondering why her lover had been there so recently, she made enquiries of a good-natured squaw, and from her learnt that a white-woman from the description she was confident was Percy—had been a prisoner among them for some time, and had only lately escaped; and as the braves of the tribe had thoroughly scoured the woods in their search for him in vain, it was supposed that he had either gained some of the settlements on Lake Michigan or perished in the forest. Little solace did this news afford to the weary heart of Miriam, who was gradually growing sick with hope deferred. As she journeyed through the land with Tecumseh everywhere was Miriam received with marked respect and looked up to as a great prophetess, a white magician. In the winter evenings around the fires of the villages were poured into her listening ears, by the chieftains and warriors, the wondrous legends and tales of the tribes, of men metamorphosed into beasts and beasts into men, of trees that could walk and birds that could talk. Many were their wild stories of the horrible deeds of malignant sorcerers dwelling among the lonely islands of the enchanted lakes; of evil spirits lurking in the dens and recesses of the forests; of giants clad in armour of stone coming forth from the frost-bound mountains of the north; of the heads of men and women with hair streaming and eyeballs glaring flying through the air like meteors; of pigmy heroes, in whose small bodies dwelt mighty souls, and who by their cunning and wisdom subdued the direst monsters. With such like tales, at one time black as night and awful in their gloom like the weird imaginings of a Dante or a Doré, at another time light, airy and fairy as the sunny pictures of a Claude, according to the minds of the relators, was many a long dreary march or weary winter evening beguiled. But in summer no Indians would talk of these marvellous fictions, for believing that a spirit dwelt in every lofty mountain, slumbering lake and foaming cataract, in every tree, flower and blade of grass, they feared lest what they said might be repeated to the manitou, sorcerer or fiend of whom they spoke, and their dread displeasure incurred.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## REVENGE AND JOY.

The joyous season of spring had again arrived; the rivers and streams had burst the fetters placed upon them by the cold hand of winter, and again their waters were tossing themselves with joy and gladness down their rocky beds to the great Lake Superior, thence to be borne for thousands of miles to the mighty ocean; and the trees of the forest, awakened from their long sleep and warmed by the genial sunshine, were putting forth their leaves; and the lowly flowers of the woods were decking themselves in splendour greater than that of Solomon of old; and the tiny insect hosts were offering up their anthems of thanksgiving in choral harmony with the feathered songsters of the forest; and the winds no longer howled in furious wrath from the ice-bound regions of the north, but with balmy breath as that of a new-born babe sighed gently through the land, while the light airy clouds drifted soft and fleecy across the deep blue sky.

One night the band of travellers, weary with their constant journeyings, but driven on by ambition, revenge and pride, still as determined as ever to finish the work they had taken upon themselves, pitched their camp beside one of the numerous streams which empty their clear sparkling waters into the western part of Lake Superior. Sleep had enwrapped the tired frames of the Indians, and in their dreams they revisited their wigwams on the bank of the far-distant Ohio, and beheld in imagination their dusky offspring gambolling at their sides; but no gentle slumber came to the anxious Miriam, hour after hour did she lie thinking over the past and trying to conjure up the future. At last she arose, stepped out into the quiet night and wandered on up the stream to where its waters tumbled over a lofty precipice. There she sat down upon a moss covered rock, and watched the dancing waters come pouring over, foaming and roaring and then flowing swiftly by white with rage, and listened to the mighty din; high above the fall rose the soft spray on which the full moon looked down with her quiet light, forming a lovely bow. Long Miriam sat and pondered dreamily; suddenly she started to her feet as if a fatal