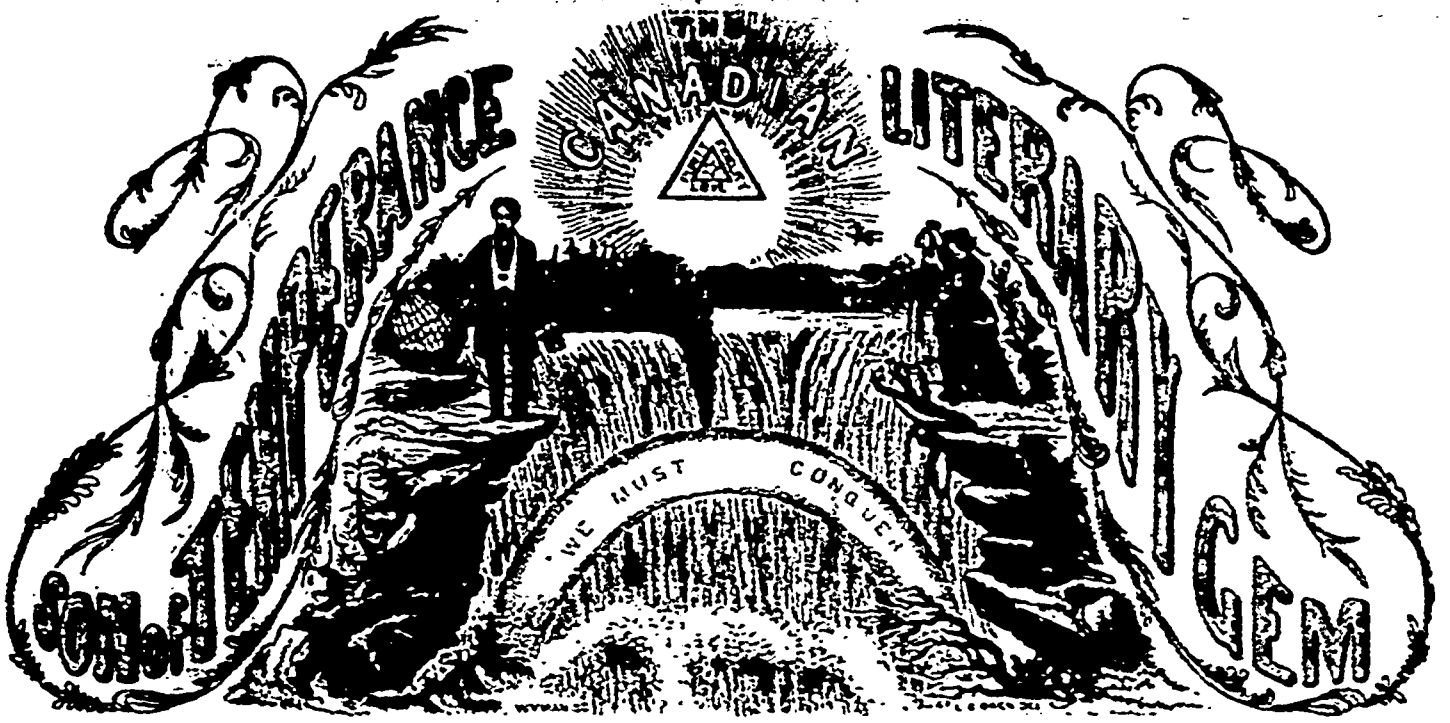

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[ORIGINAL.]

TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM.

(*Continued from No. 32, vol. 3.*)

BY C. E. D.

THE BATTLE OF MORAVIANTOWN CONTINUED.

...ench chief and warrior true,
...y felt that he must die;
...the home of this day
...eir mother's *Lake*—homes *far*
...y.
...as the sun on prairies bright,
...ngarian brightens with its
...
...n last whether could they go!
...e revenge would soon o'ertake,
...e and retard their ancient
...ors,
...mands their fathers bones,
...e like beasts *here* whereman's
...th:
...ir greatness—in woody path,
...ers unbranded and untied,
...ne to go of the weary band,
...nders know that by Wabash's
...
...ot fall away an Indian bride.
...anders would greet their war-
...ring,
...en welcome with love's sweet
...
...pgun. The there did nerve
...men,
...l warmed the heart did warm
...he sinew nerved by a well-
...ra voice,
...them weep, at times rejoice
...e was heard above the battle's
...
...pon comrades yield, and to the
...
...er, and the rush for blood,
...n the thunder of the enemy
...
...'s bold and steady tone
...each brave—the whole an
...
...ake field, Tecumseh's eye,
...ance and noble him by,
...eak the kindling fire,
...ch that relieve them
...e sword now bared to lead,
...death seem'd to command,
...ach the most to aid,
...ressed now to have his
...
...e felt that Britain's daughter
...this day a true avenger
...pon battle plain around,
...e where Tecumseh's friend,
...hold on bloody stand,
...ng sun—beat on some dead,
...his name for ever exhilarate,

And raised his brow bright beneath
...ns rise,
With flashing sabre and unerring steed,
He sought to do what fate decreed.
Him to meet of the eagle eye,
Tecumseh's bravery dare to try
Brave Johnson—Kentucky's true—
No fear of death in battle knew
For though a hundred arms arose,
To take his life, screaming Indian foes,
With blood-stained hands above his
...ceive to slay,
He onward rushed to Tecumseh's way.
At length he saw the warrior's plume,
And form prepared to meet his doom.
The prince of warriors here must die,
Or he beneath his axe would lie
The foaming horse a bull had slain,
Johnson, wounded, lay on the bloody
...plain;
His eye fix'd on Tecumseh's form,
As raged around the battle's storm
Slew Indian hosts, with hideous yell,
Kentucky's sons would fierce repel:
Tecumseh's arm with gushing blood,
The dripping sword and gore with-
...stood.
Thus the magnanimous of tribes true,
The ground where serpent thick would
...crawl.
Tecumseh met brave Johnson's gaze,
And high his arm to slay did raise
The aim was ready to elevate the death,
Tecumseh thought his victim slain,
But paused to watch a brave man's eye,
Turn for a moment, ere he should die—
Ah, gen'rous chief—he was too brave
To trample thus upon the grave,
For ere the axe could do its part,
A pistol bullet sunder his heart;
Fired by him who preserve thy,
And gained by valor's immortal day
Tecumseh fell—with the sword his eye,
His spirit sought its native sky:
A requiem of grief his army gave,
As they rallied round the fallen brave
Then never raised th' exhilarated host,
They knew the fatal day was lost.
A bloody note the day completed,
And Tecumseh quick to the east responded.
When noble Knott at Queenston died,
His place no other man supplied.
So when Tecumseh's valor was still,
The Indians ne'er his place could fill
Each tribe returned to their home again,
Or sought some forest western plain
And long they mourned the noble dead,
Whose blood for them was freely shed.

(*To be ended in our next.*)

...ent of the Americans was very complete, but Richard-
...s that scenes far less satisfactory now occurred. Major
..."the victory obtained at the Risin was such as to
...fit on every branch of the service; he, the satisfaction
...om the conviction was deeply embittered by an act of
...which, as the writer of an impartial memoir, it becomes
...l duty to record. In the heat of the action a strong
...he enemy, who had thrown down their arms, and sur-
...rendered prisoners of war, were immediately despatch-
...an escort of fifty men, for the purpose of being
...in the gun-boats, where it was presumed they would
...om the attacks of the Indians. Their presence, however,
...ticated by the parent humanity, and apparently offering
...reliable means of security, proved one of fatal import
...of the prisoners. On gaining our encampment, they
...ounted by the troops, they were assailed by a few
...and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the
...rious war, guided by the savage instinct of their nature,
...British guard, and selecting their victims, commenced
...of blood. In vain did the humane and indignant
...ope to save them from the fury of their destroyers;
...of these wretches knew no bounds, and an old and
...rior of the name of Rennick, of the 41st, was also
...e heart while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the
...s murderer. Forty of these unhappy men had already
...with the steel of the infuriated party, when Tecumseh,
...what was doing, rode up at full speed, and raising his
...threatened to destroy the first man who resisted his
...o desist. Even on these lawless people, to whom the
...of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats
...the exasperated chieftain produced an instantaneous
...they retired at once humiliated and confounded.

"Never did Tecumseh shine more truly himself than on this occasion; and nought of the savage could be distinguished save the color and the garb. Ever merciful and magnanimous as he was ardent and courageous, the voice of the supplicant soldier reached him in vain; and although war was his idol, the element in which he lived, his heart was formed to glow with all the nobler and more ... impulses of the warrior; nor was his high character less esteemed by ourselves than reverenced by by the various tribes over which, in his quality of brother to the Prophet, he invariably presided. In any other country, and governing any other men, Tecumseh would have been a hero; in the head of this uncivilized and untractable people he was a savage; but a savage such as Civilization herself might not disdain to acknowledge for her child. Constantly opposed to the encroachments of the Americans for a series of years previous to their rupture with England, he had combated their armies on the banks of the Wabash with success, and given their leaders proof of a skill and judgment in defence of his native soil which would not have disgraced the earlier stages of military service in Europe. General Harrison himself, a commander with whom he had often disputed the palm of victory, with the generous candor of the soldier, subsequently ascribed to him virtues as a man, and talents as a warrior, commanding at once the attention and admiration of his enemies."

"The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on board the gun boats moored in the river, and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the exulting party proceeded to the interment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Colonel Dudley, second in command of General Clay's division, was among the number of the slain.

Every one must deplore the transaction, and regret that proper measures had not been adopted to insure protection to the captives: most unhappily, too, it afforded an opportunity to American writers to indulge still more freely in the strain of horror more ... already so common, and they were now enabled to color ... some shadow of truth, the numerous appeals made against ... British for acting in concert with the Indians. We do not pretend to palliate this inhuman massacre; but still, it must be borne in mind that the Indians far outnumbered their allies, and that they were smarting under the sense of a long series of injuries inflicted on them by the Americans. They had never experienced mercy at the hand of their enemies, the lessons of moderation and mercy had never been taught them, and at this precise time, a reward had been offered by American officials for every Indian scalp. In place of so unjustly condemning the British as principators and instigators in such cruel scenes, Americans should have asked, have we not had meted to us the cup of tribulation and misery so unsparingly measured out by ourselves to our red brethren.—*Major Richardson's account of the massacre at Raisin.*

AN INDIAN STORY.

Mr Editor,—The following incident was related to me by Mr Boucher, a Chippewa half-breed. His father was a French farmer, and lived at Pond du Lac, on Lake Superior. Here in the midst of his mother's tribe, my friend spent his childhood. When thirteen years old, he was shot at by an Indian, who stood at his breast, but by a sudden movement his life was saved, the charge taking effect in his arm, which was badly shattered. Soon afterward, General Cass came to Pond du Lac, and seeing that young Boucher was losing his arm for the want of proper treatment, placed him under the care of a surgeon, and afterward took him to St. Mary's and left him in skilful hands. He remained in this region seven years, alternately working and attending school, and was afterward employed by the American Fur Company as a trader among the Ojibbeways. For ten years he bought their furs, smoked their pipes, and listened to their wild traditions, which his mind is well stored. Here is one of his stories.

A. E. F.

XXX.

One midsummer day, some thirty Chippewas and myself were paddling our loaded canoes along the ... bound Superior. Earth has but few wilder ... scenes than those we ... peace. The rocks towered ... grandly over us. Old ... of feet, and hung threat... ...ers, with their stern barrie... ...where they had stood the ... of ages. Streams leaped from the topmost rocks and fell beyond us making the waters boil, and rainbows mingle with the dancing spray; and before us were dark caverns and bays which the storms had cut in the solid rocks. Nor was this all; nature had dressed those rocks with her richest colors, and here and there were the rude drawings of her children. The Indian's stone and paints had placed the exciting chase and fierce battle there, with the sacred spirits of earth, air and water. About sun-set, we came to a place they called Mak-an-wagnaco, and stopped for the night. Here was an acre of sloping ground, backed by rocks as bold as those we had passed. Opposite us, the huge wall swelled out toward the lake and rested upon four pillars resembling a work of man, leaving a clear space beneath, fifteen feet high and five or six rods deep, from which a clear, cold brook came dancing to the lake. This wall was covered with sacred emblems, and over all, Mishe-be-nau-big—the great serpent of the lake—was painted. From the frightful monster's crocodile head, two great horns protruded, and his huge, ungainly body, was no match for the unwieldy tail it carried, which ended up at the end like the neck of a violin. As soon as we landed, the Indians took their pipes and followed Ca-qua-dausch, their chief and prophet, by a circuitous path, to the cave. On reaching the place from which the stream issued, they paused and seemed to listen to distant roarings, which came from within the rock. At length their pipes were lighted, and proceeded to some invisible being. After waiting a moment, each gracefully waving his pipe, brought it to his mouth and smoked with solemn gravity. For fifteen minutes, they alternately smoked and made their friendly offers; and then each placed a small piece of tobacco beside the brook, and they returned to the lake, chanting a mournful dirge. When supper was finished, we filled our pipes, and throwing ourselves upon the grass, fully puffed the fragrant kinnekinick. The curling smoke which hung lovingly about our heads, and the sluggish waking of dark eyes were the only signs of life. Twilight deepened; the stars began to twinkle in the heavens, and in the bosom of that clear, deep Father of Lakes. Then the silvery moon stole from the quiet waters, and made them beautiful in her mellow light. It was a scene which I knew would warm my friends; and turning to Ca-qua-dausch I said, "The Great Spirit is pleased. His lips smoked with his children and received their gifts." The old chief shook his head, and replied, "The Great Spirit loves his brothers; but has Mak-ee-no-ke-zick forgotten his brother's tales?" There was scorn and reproach in his voice and eye; and, placing his hand upon my head, he sternly continued: "My brother has swapped his wisdom for the white man's folly. Listen. The Great Spirit hovers around our fathers in the spirit-land. His servants are in the earth, air and water, and they talk with the brave Chippewas. They whisper in the breeze, and shout and roar in the tempest. Does Mak-ee-no-ke-zick hear them? No; his ears are closed; mine are open. I can hear. I have talked and smoked with Mishe-be-nau-big. He is my friend." He pointed to the cave and said, "I lay there three days and nights on my right side, and there on my left, with no food. Then my mother brought me some broth. I lay two days more; then some one struck me on my back and said, 'Rise!' I looked, and Mishe-be-nau-big was with me. He said, 'What do you want?' I answered, To make friends with the ... pents. He gave me a piece of his horn, and we lay by the ... brook and smoked. Then he told me, 'Bring your pipe here ... once each moon, that we may smoke; and leave some tobacco ... for my pouch; and I will shield and help you.' I went ... e and told the braves, and they shook their heads and laughed ... This made the serpents angry; and see what they did ... was sick). He pointed to Grand Island, a part of which ... shall see ... ey said, 'Bring your braves to the lake, and they ... power.' I obeyed; and they commenced making ... down; and they built another for their home. When ... of the island was gone, the braves began to tumble with ... and they worshipped the serpents, and asked them to stop; ... so the rest was saved."

Notwithstanding this plain story, I doubted the prophet's faith in the matter. But a few weeks proved it. He was shot by his brother, and I thought he must die. He had me lay him on the ground, under a large, shady tree, and place a wooden mat on each side of him. One had a wound in imitation of his; so this a wonder, serpent was fastened, which appeared to be snaking ... it; the other held a long, white flag over him. Here he lay for a week, and was then able to walk to his wigwam. He said Mishe-be-nau-big had healed him. I thought his spirit's ... ing deserved some praise.—*Literary Messenger.*