

TECUMSEH'S PREDICTION ABOUT STAMPING HIS FOOT AT DETROIT.

Connected with the great earthquake period of 1811-12 already mentioned, occurred one of the romances of American history. It was the lucky prediction of this great earthquake that made the fame of Tecumseh, the celebrated "Indian false prophet," and led to the uprising of the Creek Nation and the Indian war that followed. "Tecumseh" was a Shawnee warrior and first appeared among the Seminoles in Florida and the Creeks in Alabama and Georgia as early as 1810, endeavoring to form them into a confederacy, whose aim it was to rise up against the whites in the Northwest and exterminate them. He failed, and on the breaking out of the war with England in 1812 entered the service of the British, and again set out to stir up sedition among Southern Indians. He had been told by the English when a comet would appear, and he told his excited Indian hearers that at a certain time they would see his arm stretched out over the sky on fire, and that he was going to Detroit to prepare them for their rising against the Americans; when the proper time came he would strike the ground with his foot so hard that he would shake down the houses in their head city.

He left the Creeks, and at the time when he promised to smite the ground, strange to say, came the great earthquake. All the territory bordering on the Gulf was agitated. The ground of Alabama trembled like an aspen, while from the earth came terrifying rumbles and groans. Toockabatcha, the capital of the Creeks, was shaken to ruins, and, as the earth heaved and shook the frightened Indians ran from their dwellings crying: "Tecumseh is at Detroit?" "Tecumseh is at Detroit?" "We feel the stamp of his foot!" At the same time the comet appeared in the heavens. This was too much for the superstitious Creeks, They rose to a man, and, after two years of sanguinary fighting, they were a defeated and ruined nation. Tecumseh was killed in the battle on the Thames in Canada (October 5, 1813), by American troops under the command of Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. Tecumseh, who was serving in the English ranks, commanding a band of Indians, was carried off the field by followers and buried, no one knew where.—*Boston Herald*. [The *Boston Herald*, the paper from which this prediction has been taken, has fallen into an error when stating that Tecumseh was the "Indian false prophet." It was his brother, Elskwatawa, who set himself up as a prophet, denouncing the use of liquors and many other customs introduced by the whites. The prophet fought with Tecumseh in his march from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. His prestige as a prophet was lost at Tippecanoe on the Wabash, where General Harrison defeated him and his warriors; from that time forward he sank into obscurity, and but little is known of him.]

GRAVE CREEK MOUND.

This gigantic tumulous, the largest in the Ohio valley, was opened some fifty years ago, and found to contain some articles of high antiquari-

an value, in addition to the ordinary discoveries of human bones, &c. A rotunda was built under its centre, walled with brick, and roofed over, and having a long gallery leading into it, at the base of the mound. Around this circular wall, in the centre of this damp mass of earth, with its atmosphere of peculiar and pungent character the skeletons and other disinterred articles, are hung up for the gratification of visitors, the whole lighted up with candles, which have the effect to give a strikingly sepulchral air to the whole scene. But what adds most to this effect, is a kind of excluded flaky matter, very white and soft, and rendered brilliant by dependent drops of water, which hang in rude festoons from the ceiling.

To this rotunda, it is said, a delegation of Indians paid a visit a year or two since. In the "Wheeling Times and Advertiser" of the 30th August 1843, the following communication, respecting this visit, introducing a short dramatic poem, was published.

"An aged Cherokee chief who, on his way to the west, visited the rotunda excavated in this gigantic tumulus, with its skeletons and other relics arranged around the walls, became so indignant at the desecration and display of sepulchral secrets to the white race, that his companions and interpreter found it difficult to restrain him from assassinating the guide. His language assumed the tone of fury, and he brandished his knife, as they forced him out of the passage. Soon after he was prostrated, with his senses steeped in the influence of alcohol.

"'Tis not enough! that hated race
Should hunt us out, from grove and place
And consecrated shore—where long
Our fathers raised the lance and song—
'Tis not enough!—that we must go
Where streams and rushing fountains flow
Whose murmurs, heard amid our fears,
Fall only on a stranger's ears—
'Tis no enough!—that with a wand,
They sweep away our pleasant land,
And bid us, as some giant foe,
Or willing, or unwilling go!
But they must open our very graves
To tell the dead—they too, are slaves."

HIS LAST RUN.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for five or six weeks, and the boys on the road dropped in daily to see how he got along and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but one day the patient began sinking, and it was seen he could not live the night out. A dozen of friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind was dead; he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short sharp whistle of the yard engines sounded painfully. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted—"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes, and he was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot, and banged the

blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jackson! Passengers going north by the Saginaw road change cars."

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug coming down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out—"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a special train over the old track, and he was brakeman, conductor and engineer.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger peril, and the brakeman called out;

"Yp-sil-anti!"

"He is coming fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of the run will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers going East by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed believing that he was dead. Suddenly his eyes closed. He lifted his head and whispered:

"De—"

"Not Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper upon his lips, and the headlight of Death's engine shone in his face, and covered it with such a pallor as nothing but death can bring.—*Detroit Free Press*.

WA-WA-BE-ZO-WIN.

FROM THE TRADITIONS OF THE OBJIBWAS.

There was an old hag of a woman living with her daughter-in-law, and son, and a little orphan boy, whom she was bringing up. When her son-in-law came home from hunting, it was his custom to bring his wife the moose's lip, the kidney of a bear, or some other choice bits of different animals. These she would cook crisp, so as to make a sound with her teeth when eating them. This kind attention of the hunter to his wife, at last, excited the envy of the old woman. She wished to have the same luxuries, and in order to get them she finally resolved to make way with her son's wife. One day, she asked her to leave her son to the care of the orphan boy, and come out and swing with her. She took her to the shore of a lake, where there was a high range of rocks overhanging the water. Upon the top of this rock, she erected a swing. She then undressed and fastened a piece of leather around her body, and commenced swinging, going over the precipice at ever swing. She continued it but a short time, when she told her daughter to do the same. The daughter obeyed. She undressed, and tying the leather string as