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TECUMSEH—AN HEROIC POEM

(Continued from No. 22, vol. 3)

BY C. H. D.

THE BATTLE OF MORAVIAN TOWN, ON THE RIVER THAMES, IN CANADA, 1813—GENERAL HARRISON AND COLONEL RICHARD M. JOHNSON, WITH AN ARMY OF MOUNTED KENTUCKIANS ON THE AMERICAN SIDE—THE SCENERY OF THE BATTLE-GROUND—SLOWING HILLS—WAVING FORESTS—THE GENTLY WINDING RIVER.

Who heavily move—again inspire
 My feeble mind with a poet's fire,
 To each line let nature shine,
 In such a river—its banks so fine,
 With its meanders—in its gentle flow,
 My eye's—its pleasures to show,
 In a river—its banks so fine,
 With its meanders—in its gentle flow,
 My eye's—its pleasures to show,
 In a river—its banks so fine,
 With its meanders—in its gentle flow,
 My eye's—its pleasures to show,
 In a river—its banks so fine,
 With its meanders—in its gentle flow,
 My eye's—its pleasures to show,

Attended by her spotted train,
 And drink from the cooling fountain,
 And there as oft her father's part
 Stood,
 When summer's suns were warm and
 bright,
 Shone vertically from heaven's height,
 The Indian girl, led to stray
 Along these banks, as blithe and gay
 As the birds and flowers around,
 Lull'd by Zephyr's sigh of water's
 sound,
 Ah, my love, that comes so sweet,
 So calm, so still—contentment's seat,
 Clear flowing Thames, thy waters should
 be,
 Oh, my valley, that thy waters
 flow,
 Better than that thou shouldst roll
 in peace,
 Thy song and verdure never cease,
 To my bright soul, as should be red
 With blood of war, in battle shed,
 But now thy waters and woods have
 been
 Here blood of war by me was spilled,
 Here dying shrieks broke on the air,
 And fury led with deep despair,
 The Indian girl, the white man's call,
 Here sing'd with the sweetest fall,
 The rifle crack—the cannon roar,
 The shouting host, as passing o'er,
 The bloody turf—he smelt the fire,
 Secm'd frantic for more blood to flow,
 Tecumseh, here with a loud shout,
 Hail'd—and warriors bold, had sought
 Here, for the rest, he saw that one,
 The bright fire a point those

property recently stolen should be brought in. Mr. Stern announced to them our determination, and I told them I meant to carry them into Belknap and hold them as prisoners, permitting two of their number to return to their tribe and convey the talk we had given them. Though I fully expected "a break" on the announcement, which would result in the death of Mr. Stern or myself, or both, I would not have insured either of our lives at 100 per cent.—we were compelled to face the danger with the utmost apparent indifference. Any manifestation of fear or suspicion, would have increased the chances of their resorting to the desperate alternative of "a ruse" for liberty, plunging their knives into whomsoever interrupted their passage. As soon as I had told them they were prisoners I rose from the bear-skin on which I had been sitting facing them, and mounted my horse, at the same time drawing my pistol, and motioned them to go to their camp. The chief requested that I should dismount, that he wished to speak. I did so, and took a seat on a stool near by. He motioned me to sit in my former position on the ground. I did so, at the same time drawing my knife, under pretence of cutting tobacco to smoke. He rose, addressed a few remarks to me about the difficulty of restraining his young men from stealing, &c. and suggested that it would be better that he should return to his tribe. This I refused. He then seemingly yielded to his fate, approaching me and seizing me by the hand, he lifted me from the ground and embracing me, first pointed to heaven and to ourselves, to indicate that the Great Spirit witnessed the proceeding. I told them I would not hold them as close prisoners but merely guard against their escape by placing sentinels around their camp. Meanwhile I encamped my command near theirs, and took from them all the arms I could find. They retired quietly to their tents at dark, manifesting not the slightest intention of an attempt to escape. The moon shone as bright as day. I had posted two distinct guards over them, of six men each with our sentinels. I had been up and moving about camp until twenty minutes before twelve. At twelve the sentinels were relieved. The sentinel posted more immediately over the camp, had gone near one of their tents to count the number present while the corporal of the guard, the old sentinel, and a citizen, who had accompanied me, stood near looking on. Suddenly one of the Indians rushed from his tent toward the sentinel, and presenting a pistol, fired. This seemed to be a signal for a general "break." As the sentinel turned to retreat up the slope towards his companions, the chief Comanche rushed from his tent, threw himself upon the back of the retreating sentinel, and with his knife inflicted several wounds before he was shot down by the old sentinel. The rest succeeded in effecting their escape running in different directions and answering the shots fired at them by yells of defiance. The chief, as was discovered on searching the tents, had purposely sacrificed himself, his wife and child about seven years old. The wife and child whom he requested on the evening before to talk to, and give them assurance of their safety, were found lying in their tent side by side, as it were, but stabbed to the heart. The wife had consented to her fate, as we are informed by two old women, who had attempted to escape. She seemed to receive the fatal blow without a struggle—both were carefully covered up to the breast, the child lying upon its mother's arm. The chief's moccasins were found near their heads—a sign, the Indians told us, that he did not mean to leave the spot alive. Nothing in romance or history that I ever read approximates to this act of devotion and self-sacrifice.—Cooper could never have ventured to paint such a scene. The bright moon lighting up the beautiful countenance of the mother—for she was beautiful and young—with her innocent boy by her side and the blood still oozing from the chief's wounds—the bloody knife still clasp'd in his hand, looking terrible even in death, the sentinel not five feet from him, his cold blue eyes looking to Heaven, while the figures of the soldiers hurrying hither and thither in search of they knew not what with occasional cries indicating some discovery. The whole made an enduring impression on my mind. I had witnessed every conception of death and suffering on the battle field, but no combination like that of pride, courage, heroism, devotion, self-sacrifice, and revenge. What a striking illustration of the principle held by these tribes, never to yield themselves as prisoners. This brave chief will go to the spirit land of his fathers, the stout unshak'd warrior and his wife and child freely accompanied him to his last hunting ground. I have his shield in my possession. It is quite a curiosity bedeck'd with feathers and war-worn. This with the bow and quiver of the little boy, I shall preserve sacredly,

mentences of one of the most interesting scenes history has recorded.

DEAD LODGES IN THE DESERT—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

It has always struck us that the sepulchral rites of the Red Indians afford as fine an evidence of the belief in the soul's immortality which is entertained by uncivilized races, as can be found elsewhere. The Dead Lodge has a peculiar significance. It is thus frail frame-work of wood, amid the grand stillness of the wide prairie, the Red man lays his brother's lifeless form, placing beside him the hunting spear, the bow, and all things considered necessary in the hunting grounds hereafter, with a far finer faith than is sometimes felt in a modern church-yard. Doubt on the subject of the future never once crosses his mind; whatever may be the errors of his belief, the substance of it never changes. There must be something particularly awe-inspiring to the traveller in those Dead Lodges. We have a striking account of them in Captain Sully's Expedition to the Salt Lake of Utah, accompanied by an incident of a character inexpressibly touching. He says:—

There were five of these Lodges pitched upon the open prairie, and in them we found the bodies of nine Indians, laid out upon the ground, wrapped in their buffalo-skin, with their saddles, spears, camp-kettles, and all other accoutrements piled up around them. Some Lodges contained three, others only one body, all of which were in more or less a state of decomposition. A short distance from them was one Lodge, which though small, seemed of a different and more pretentious, and was evidently pitched with great care. It contained the body of a young Indian girl of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with a countenance presenting quite an agreeable expression; she was richly dressed in leggins of fine scarlet cloth; elaborately ornamented; a new pair of moccasins, beautifully embroidered with blue and yellow, was on her feet, and her body was wrapped in the superb buffalo robes, worked in like manner. She had evidently been dead but a day or two; and to our surprise a portion of the upper part of her person was bare, exposing the face and part of the breast, as if the robes in which she was wrapped had by some means been disarranged, whereas all the other bodies were closely covered up. They had all died of cholera, and this young woman being considered past recovery, had been arrayed by her friends in the habiliments of the dead, and enclosed in the Lodge above, and abandoned to her fate—so fearfully alarmed were the Indians by this, to them, novel and terrible disease. But the melancholy tale of this forsaken girl does not end here. Her abandonment by her people, though with inevitable death before her eyes, may perhaps be excused from the extremity of their terror; but what will be thought of men enlightened by Christianity, and under no such excess of fear, who, by their own confession, approached and looked into this Lodge while the forsaken being was yet alive, and able partially to raise herself up and look at them, but who, with a heartlessness that disgraces human nature, turned away, and without an effort for her relief, left her alone to die?

THE COMANCHE INDIANS.

In Capt. Marcy's paper, read before the Geological Society of New York, on the 21st ult., relating to the head waters of the Red River, is the following account of the Comanche tribe of Indians:—

The country embraced within the basin of the upper Red River is much frequented by several tribes of Indians, all having similar habits, but speaking different languages. The most numerous and warlike of these are the Comanches. They subsist almost entirely on the flesh of the buffalo and are generally found at its heels, migrating with them from place to place, on those vast and inhospitable plains, which, on the nature of things, be made available for agriculture, and seem to be destined in future, as they have been in former ages, to be the empire of the erratic savage. Free as the boundless plains over which he roams, he knows and wants no luxuries beyond what he finds in the buffalo or deer at his door. These serve him for food, clothing, and a covering for his lodge, and he sighs not for the amusements which occupy the thoughts and engage the energies of civilized man. He is in the saddle from boyhood to old age, and his favorite horse is his constant companion. It is when mounted that the Comanche exhibits himself to the best advantage; he

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE—INDIAN DESPERATION.

From the Galveston News.

The following letter, says the N. W. American, is from a man connected with the government service on our front. We have read of similar instances of self-immolation among the American Indians, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies; but do not recollect any other case in Texas. All late accounts confirm the fact, that since the rangers were hounded, the Indians are renewing their predatory incursions with alarming frequency:—

Fort Crogan, Texas, April 7th, 1853.

I have just returned from one of the most arduous and exciting ones I have ever made. We had been robbed here twice by the same within four months. The last time on the 13th of March, I took down a parcel of my stable lot, and led out nine of the best horses. It was one of the darkest and most blustering nights of the season, and the robbery must have been committed between nine and ten o'clock. The next morning I started with sixteen men in pursuit. Failing to discover a trail, I proceeded to the post on the head of the clear Fork of the Brazos, thence the Indian Agency, half way between Phantom Hill and Lead. Up to this point I could hear nothing of the robbery, but the opinion entertained by the agent, Mr. Stern, and all friendly Indians, which concurred with my own, that the robbery had been committed by Wacasetas. While at the agency of that tribe, under their principal war chief, came in, to order some of the stolen horses they had previously promised me they would do. The horses they brought in were so mangled and broken down, that it was evident they were acting in faith and that this was only intended as a subterfuge. I was disposed to be trifled with in the manner; the agent had lost all patience with them. It was accordingly agreed to in the chief, and the principal portion of the party—consisting of six warriors and a young woman, until the whole of the

To be Continued.