

The Life of Tecumseh

Mr. R. Jamieson, of Perth, Contributes Excellent Letter to the Planet on This Interesting Historical Subject

To the Editor of Chatham Planet:

Dear Sir,—I have just read, with much interest, from your issue of 31st July, "The Death of Tecumseh," described by an Editor. I have lately completed a poem of 6,050 lines entitled "The Hunter's Bride of Otty Lake," which traces Tecumseh's life through all his wanderings and his wars from the time his parents were killed at Kanawha down to his death at the Battle of the Thames.

It may be interesting to your readers in that historic portion of our Province to read a short sketch of the life of that famous Chief who so nobly fought for the cause of freedom and in defence of our country, died while fighting within a short distance of your city.

Tecumseh (Shooting Star) was born one of triplet boys, near the present site of Springfield, Ohio, in 1788. His parents were killed by the whites in a midnight raid on the Indian village of Kanawha, during the troubles between the white and red men in Ohio. He afterwards became Chief of the Shawnee tribe of Indians, and on the death of Pungawasa, their Prophet, he appointed his brother, Elskwatawa, to the office of Prophet of the Shawnee.

He went on the war path leading his Indians against the Kentucky militia in 1791. He fought at Mad River and in the attack on Fort Recovery in 1794. About the year 1805 he attempted, with the aid of his brother, the Prophet, to unite the Western Indians against the encroachments of the white men west of the Ohio. For this purpose he visited the tribes on the Great Lakes and down the valley of the Mississippi as far as the Gulf of Mexico. He spent years of toil in this enterprise of uniting the tribes.

One great federation for holding their Western hunting grounds against the intrusions of the white man. In his absence and against his parting instructions to his tribe, to avoid strife with the white man, the Prophet instituted a night attack on the encampment of General Harrison, whose army lay near Tepepauca, the Prophet's town, awaiting the return of Tecumseh. The night attack was made on the 7th of Nov., 1811, when the Prophet and his braves were defeated with great slaughter on both sides and the Prophet's town reduced to ashes. Tecumseh returned to find his town burned, his braves scattered, and all his hopes through years of toil and hardship, blasted by the vain ambition of his brother, the Prophet.

In 1812 he learned that war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain and that Canada was to be invaded. He collected his scattered warriors, led them across the border and met General Brock near Fort Malden (Amherstburg) just about the time that General Hull crossed with his army and issued his celebrated proclamation at Sandwich. Tecumseh offered his services to the British in this war.

Brock accepted and found in him a fearless warrior and a trusty ally. General Brock made Tecumseh a Brigadier General and with Col. Proctor, and clothed and armed him as a British officer of that rank. Tecumseh's warriors increased until at one time they numbered about 1,000. The Essex Volunteers with a few regulars and Tecumseh with his braves beat and battered General Hull and his army of over 2,000 until after two months' sojourn on Canadian soil he was glad to take refuge in Detroit.

Hull was defeated at Fort Malden, Canard Bridge and Mackinaw, of boasted strength. In all these engagements Tecumseh and his braves took an active part. Tecumseh and his braves were a terror to General Hull, who seemed in great dread of the Indian's scalping knife. At the end of one engagement against General Hull, in which Tecumseh and his braves displayed great valor, General Brock presented

him with a sash as a badge of honor, much to the delight of Tecumseh and his warriors. After Hull and his army had taken refuge in Detroit, Tecumseh, by night, and alone, reconnoitered that place and the next morning appeared before General Brock and on a sheet of birch bark drew a sketch of the town and its defences and advised Brock to assault it without delay and offered to lead his warriors, by a route indicated, into the town by night. General Brock summoned Hull to surrender, telling him that Tecumseh and his warriors were with him, in force, burning, on account of their wrongs, for revenge on the British, and that in case of resistance he could not be responsible for the acts of the enraged Indians, and that a general massacre might ensue. Hull refused to surrender, then Brock and Tecumseh with about half the number of Hull's army crossed the river by night. It was arranged between Brock and Tecumseh to give Hull ample opportunity to capitulate without bloodshed. Tecumseh caused his warriors to march and counter-march across an open defile of the wood in full view of the town, keeping up their whooping and yelling as they crossed the defile, until Hull, thinking there were many times the actual number of Indians in the wood, sent out a messenger under a white flag, with a message to Brock stating that he would surrender unconditionally if only he and his men were protected from the Indians. General Brock read the message to Tecumseh, who answered that "his braves would not touch them."

Hull surrendered Detroit, with all its guns, stores, arms, and ammunition, together with the State of Michigan and a war vessel and 2,500 men, to General Brock, whose whole force before the town was not more than 1,300 men all told. Hull had a strong military force, besides an armed brig. All was captured and without a blow, mainly through Tecumseh's bold daring and strategy. In Detroit Tecumseh and his warriors treated Hull's men, their former foes in Ohio, with contemptuous indifference, and not a single outrage was committed by the Indians. Tecumseh in all his wars forbade injury to wounded enemies, and on one occasion, with his own hand, meted out instant death to one of his warriors, found guilty of torturing a wounded enemy. After the capture of Detroit, General Brock noted that Tecumseh no longer wore the sash of honor formerly presented to him, and questioned him on the matter. Tecumseh replied that he had presented it to a certain Chief, naming him, because that Chief had fought bravely in Canada against the long knives, as he called the men of Hull's army. General Brock then presented Tecumseh with a shining brace, pistols from his own holster and we have couched the General's words in the following lines—

"Take these pistols, use them well, Should times or chance their use compel, For braver man, duke, knight or lord, Ne'er buckled on the warrior's sword."

General Brock sent the American, General Hull, with his officers and soldiers, to the number of 1,000, as prisoners of war to Montreal and Quebec. Tecumseh and Proctor were left in possession of Detroit while General Brock hastened to the Niagara frontier and was soon afterwards killed in the battle of Queenston Heights. When Tecumseh heard of General Brock's death he was seen to weep for his Great White Brother, as he called him. In the winter of 1812-13 General Harrison and General Winchester collected large armies and stores, the former at Fort Meigs, and the latter at Frenchtown, an outpost on the Raisin River,

which he had captured. Their object was an attack on Detroit. Colonel Proctor and Tecumseh in mid-winter surprised General Winchester, and with the loss of twenty-four killed and about 100 wounded, took him and 500 men prisoners to Detroit. The American loss at Frenchtown was 250. Here again Tecumseh's foresight and strategy contributed largely to the success of the British arms. In the spring of 1813 Proctor and Tecumseh marched to Fort Meigs and defeated General Harrison. The American loss at Fort Meigs was 700, but at Sandusky the British army was defeated and fell back on Detroit. In the meantime the defeat of the British squadron on Lake Erie at Put-in-Bay, cut off all means of communication and supplies at Detroit and Proctor determined, much against Tecumseh's will, to evacuate Detroit. Provisions short, the source of supplies cut off, and Harrison's immense army with many mounted riflemen close upon them, Proctor dismantled the Forts at Detroit and Amherstburg, destroyed the stores, and with 800 white men and 500 Indians, all war-worn, fell back along the Thames. Tecumseh begged Proctor to stand and prepare to fight, but Proctor refused. On 4th October, 1813, near Moravia-town, General Harrison caught up and a rear-guard action, during that day, and Tecumseh the little army of Proctor and Tecumseh, with all their ammunition. During the night Tecumseh told Proctor that they must fight next day and refused to retreat further. The morning of 5th of October dawned and with the dawn came the Kentucky Horse led by Colonel Johnson. Proctor commanded the left wing and Tecumseh the right wing of their wasted army. Tecumseh, from preparation, he saw Proctor making, feared that he would not stand the fight, and his fears proved all too true.

Up to that morning Tecumseh had worn and fought in the British uniform of a General, but, during the night, he attired himself in the warrior dress of his tribe and appeared before his braves as their Chief with his single eagle plume waving from the circlet on his head. He called upon his warriors that day to fight with all their might against their worst enemies and the enemies of their adopted land. The enemies of his adopted land.

The battle opened by an onslaught of the Kentucky mounted riflemen who cut their way through the British ranks, dealing death on every side. Proctor fled before them, leaving Tecumseh and his warriors to their fate. Tecumseh and his Indians fought like tigers against the mounted riflemen. Tecumseh encountered the leader of the Kentucky Horse, Colonel Johnson, sprang at him and dragged him from the saddle to the ground and would have killed him had not Johnson's men surrounded them. Tecumseh fell to the ground pierced by no less than seven bullets. He did not die instantly, but was carried by a powerful Indian to a lone retreat where he died in a few minutes, but not before he had instructed that Indian that no white man should know where he was laid. To this day the place of his burial is a secret.

The Battle of the Thames did not end with the death of the famous Chief, for his son, a young warrior with the daring and courageous spirit of his illustrious father, assumed command of the right wing and, with his braves, fought desperately until they were literally cut to pieces. At the siege of Fort Meigs, April 26 to May 8, 1813, an incident occurred which reveals the humane side of the great warrior's character. The Kentucky militia were being recklessly led by Colonel Dudley into an ambush when Tecumseh adroitly protected them and saved his enemies from annihilation.

It often occurs to me that the memory of this famous warrior who so bravely fought and died in defence of our country should be perpetuated by a monument in some place, and there is no more appropriate place than the field on which he died.

R. JAMIESON.
Perth, Ont., Aug. 9, 1907.

The following is the portion of the poem composed by Mr. Jamieson:

THE DEATH OF TECUMSEH.
(At the Battle of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813).

From "The Hunter's Bride of Otty Lake,"
Gray morning dawned, and with it came
The bugle's sound and tongues of flame—
The fleet Kentucky horsemen rode
Like flying demons on our road:
With ready arms Tecumseh stood
Before his braves within the wood.
At signal cry, with whooping yell,
Our warriors at the horsemen fell.
Front, flank and rear, they each en-
gaged
With all the strength of savage rage.
Our spears dealt death to horse and men
As on they pushed through wood and glen,
While gleaming axes, flung with skill,
Unerring flew, with force to kill.
Their saddles, empty, oft were filled
By warriors bold and horsemen skill-
ed
Who oftentimes met the flying foe
With unexpected mortal blow.
Scarce had the sound of battle rose,
Scarce had his men engaged the foe,
When Proctor, in his chaise-and-
four,
Fled the field, to fight no more,
And left Tecumseh, with his band,
To fight or die, in full command.
Tecumseh knew the signs of flight,
And shouted as he urged the fight:
"Ah! Proctor! Proctor! Weak his
hand!
I feared the coward would not
stand!"
The battle raged through wood and
dell,
While hundreds in the struggle fell:
Still on they came, both horse and
men,
Until we stood one to ten.
The leader of their horse at length
With brave Tecumseh tried his
strength:
Tecumseh dragged him to the
ground,
But fell himself with mortal wound:
Then Johnson's comrades to him
flew
And shot Tecumseh through and
through.
The horsemen passed—we sought our
Chief,
To bring him some last, kind relief:
With tender arms and faltering feet
We bore him to a lone retreat,
And there we stanchied, as best we
could,
The rapid flow of crimson blood.
We saw his wounds were deep and
sore,
And knew that we could do no
more;
We saw his end was drawing near,
And knelt, his dying words to hear.
"Jacob," he said, "stay near me
now—
I feel the death-sweat on my brow;
Bend low and list—my words are
few."
And short and fast the breath he
drew.
"I name you Chief, when I am
dead—
Of Shawnee tribe the honored head;
Then bear me far within the shade—
When all the world where I am laid,
Go, seek the orphan of my friend:
The fair Mathilde, if still in life,
You yet may joy to call your wife.
When low I lie beneath the sod
May her Great Spirit be your God!
My sight is gone—my breath I yield—
God bless—the brave—the good—
Mathilde!"
With fervent blessings on Mathilde
Tecumseh died upon that field;
Her name pronounced with his last
breath,
We gently closed his eyes in death,
Alone with Death, in that retreat.
While we stood with rooted feet
The sounds of battle faintly fell
From distant hills and wooded dell.
We heard no more the clashing
arms,
No more prepared for war's alarms,
But stood alone and lost in thought,
O'er all the ills this war had
brought;
We viewed the great man, now laid
low,
Till trickling tears began to flow:
Our friend, the great Tecumseh, lay
A bleeding form of lifeless clay.

But none may come with laurel
wreath
To deck the hero's breast beneath.
No totem-tree, to wandering brave,
May mark his rest, beside the wave:
"Our lips are sealed," the hero said,
"Let no man know where I am
laid."
No cenotaph marks where he fell,
No monument his deeds may tell;
But with grand heroes, in our song,
The Great Tecumseh's name shall
shine.

A Woman's Back
Has many aches and pains caused by
weakness and falling, or other displace-
ments, of the pelvic organs. Other sym-
ptoms of female weakness are frequent
headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or
dark spots floating before the eyes, gnaw-
ing sensation in stomach, dragging or
bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic
region, disagreeable drains from pelvic
organs, faint spells with general weakness.
If any considerable number of the above
symptoms are present there is no remedy
more efficacious than Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription. It has a record of over forty
years of cures. It is the most potent
nervine tonic and strengthening
nervine known in medical science. It is made
of the glyceric extracts of native medi-
cinal roots found in our forests and con-
tains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or
habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are
all printed on the bottle-wrapper and at-
tested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Fa-
vorite Prescription" has the written en-
dorsement of the most eminent medical
writers of all the several schools of prac-
tice—more valuable than any amount of
non-professional testimonials—has been con-
tributed voluntarily by grateful patients
in numbers to exceed the endorsements
given to any other medicine extant for
the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine
of unknown composition as a substitute
for this well proven remedy or know
COMPOSITION, even though the dealer may
make a little more profit thereby. Your
interest in regaining health is paramount
to any selfish interest of his and it is an
insult to your intelligence for him to try
to palm off upon you a substitute. You
know what you want and it is his busi-
ness to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the
original "Little Liver Pills" first put up
by Dr. Pierce over forty years ago,
much imitated but never equaled. Little
sugar-coated granules—easy to take
easily.

THE VISION SPLENDID.
Dream of Sir Walter Besant Is Com-
ing True.

Could Sir Walter Besant have lived
until next October he would have
seen his dream for East London ful-
filled beyond his expectations. In
that month the People's Palace be-
comes literally the East End Univer-
sity. The senate of the University of
London is to recognize the art,
science and engineering schools at the
palace as part of the university.

One hardly needs reminding now-
days that the People's Palace in Mile
End road was largely the outcome of
"All Sorts and Conditions of Men."
Readers laughed and many scoffed at
first at the novelist's idea for a great
institution for entertainment and in-
struction in the heart of the East End.
"A dream," said the practical man of
the day. But some dreams come true,
and that was one of them.

"I have been told by certain friend-
ly advisers that this story is impos-
sible," said Sir Walter Besant in his
preface to "All Sorts and Conditions
of Men." I have therefore stated
the fact on the title-page, so that no
one may complain of being taken in
or deceived. But I have never been
able to understand why it is im-
possible.

Within a few years of the publica-
tion of the novel the People's Palace
was built. Within a few years of the
death of the novelist the schools of
the palace became part of the Univer-
sity of London.
As foreshadowed in the book by the
kindly Angela, this palace was to
"awaken in dull and lethargic brains
a new sense, the sense of pleasure."
Angela resolved that she would give
the people of East London a craving
for things of which as yet they knew
nothing. She would place within their
reach, at no cost whatever, absolutely
free for all, the same enjoyments as
are purchased by the rich.

A rich father is too often a young
man's excuse for being worthless.
Some folk have an ugly habit of
speaking of others by queer nick-
names.

SHOULD THE DOCTOR TELL?
In Regard to Whether His Patient's
Disease Is Fatal?
"Ought the doctor to tell his patient
frankly what is the matter with him,
even though the disease be a fatal
one?" This question, raised by the
censure of a coroner's jury of a doc-
tor whose patient, told that he had
consumption, committed suicide, was
discussed by a Harley street, London,
physician lately.

Speaking to a Daily Mail represen-
tative, he divided patients into (1)
those who want to know the truth,
(2) those who already know, but hope
to be told that things are not so bad,
and will gladly swallow a lie; and (3)
those who do not want to know any-
thing.

"The majority of patients," he said,
"leave the doctor no alternative. They
demand a 'yes' or 'no.' Take heart
disease. The patient says: 'Is my
heart diseased?' He is paying for
your opinion, and you reply: 'Your
heart is not sound; it is weak. Don't
run to catch trains, and do not do
this or that.'"

"The trouble is that heart disease
to the public means one thing only—
death. If it meant a variety of or
less grave affections of the heart
we should not perhaps have those
stand and deliver questions. An-
other question is: 'How long shall I
live?' No doctor who knows his busi-
ness will set a limit by request on
any patient's days. Many a doctor
has been borne to the grave followed
by hale and hearty men that he 'gave
up' years before.

Doubling the Collection.
In a small town in the midlands
there is a rich congregation, which
is not characterized by liberality.
Time after time the minister has
vainly appealed to his people to con-
tribute more generously to the funds
of the church. The members would,
indeed, give something, but it nearly
always was the smallest coin of the
realm that was placed on the plate.

A shrewd Scotchman, who had re-
cently come to the place and joined
the church, was not long in noticing
the state of affairs, and a remedy soon
suggested itself to his practical mind.
"I'll tell you what," he said to one
of the officials, "if you make treas-
urer I'll engage to double the col-
lection in three months."

His offer was promptly accepted,
and, sure enough, the collections be-
gan to increase, until by the time he
had stated there were nearly twice
as much as formerly.
"How was it managed it, Mr.
Sandyman?" said the pastor to him
one day.

"It's a great secret," returned the
canny Scot, "but I'll tell you in con-
fidence. The folk, I saw, mainly gave
three-penny bits. Well, when I got
the money over Saturday evening I
carefully picked out the 'three pence'
and put them by. No, as there's only
a limited number of three-penny
pieces in a little place like this, and
as I have maist o' them at present
under lock and key, the folk main
give pence, at least, instead. That's
the way the collections are doubled."

King Nestor's Palace.
Another interesting discovery has
been made by the archaeologists who
are excavating what is believed to be
the site of the palace of King Nestor
near Pylos. A number of prehistoric
jars have been found containing figs
and grains of wheat. The contents of
the jars were almost petrified, but
could be easily identified. The arch-
aeologists estimate that the figs and
wheat have been in the jars for 500
years.

The excavations are being carried
out by the German Institute of Ath-
ens—Central News.
£520 For a "Pilgrim's Progress."
There was a spirited competition
among book collectors at Sotheby's
recently to secure a first edition of
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Five
hundred and twenty pounds was will-
ingly paid for it by Mr. Quaritch.

The Poorest Country.
Greece is said to be the poorest
country of Europe. Her total wealth
amounts to \$1,000,000,000, or about
half that of Switzerland.

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