

the grave. At this lapse of time the secret has passed into the category of undiscoverable things.

Many have laid claim to the "honor" of killing Tecumtha, but, according to the above, none could justly do so. It was a *stray* bullet that killed him, and the Americans knew not for some time what had happened to him. When Tecumtha fell the Indians retired to be sure, but the Americans were at that time so nearly beaten that, had the Indians maintained their ground ten minutes longer, the victory would have belonged to the British. The Americans consequently were some little time getting disengaged from their difficulties, and the main body pursued Proctor towards Ward's. Tecumtha had in the meantime been carried away, and it was not till late at night, or rather, not till the next morning, that the Americans knew that the chief was killed.

The account also clears the Americans of the charge of flaying the fallen hero. How then did the current belief that the hero was *skinned* originate? About a year or two ago I saw an account, extracted from a Nashville paper, which stated that Tecumtha was really skinned by a com-

pany of the Tennessee Rangers; and that the integument was peeled off in long strips which stretched like India rubber, whilst the captured Indians stood by and howled. Shortly after, I noticed an extract from a Boston paper commenting upon the same, in the style of Whately's "Historic doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte," and in that manner arriving at the conclusion that the "skinning" was an elaborate fiction. I have lost the scraps containing these extracts or I would have sent them herewith. I believe the truth to be this. When the Americans heard that Tecumtha was killed, they did not know that his body had been carried away, and thought it was on the battle field. When Andrew Fleming (then a lad of 16 or 17) went to the ground the succeeding day, he found that the Americans *had flayed* the body of a stout Indian, whom they imagined to be Tecumtha. It is evident that some of the men, and perhaps the majority, engaged in the affair, were never aware of their mistake, and thus the story spread. Of many other atrocities, perpetrated by the *White* Americans, on the corpses of their foes, it is well that History should draw a veil.

A RECOLLECTION OF ETON.

BY WILL. HARRY GANE.

What a rush of golden memories to the mind as the rolling fields and blue skies of merry old England loom up to the imagination! Her sweet little villages with their church spires sparkling in the sun-light like the blazing of great silver pillars. The harvesters with their sickles gathering in the golden harvest. Then maidens and matrons following along the verdant highways the last wain, groaning under its golden burden, singing their happy harvest song.

Then in the evening the joyous "harvest home," and the dance on the green sward, in the soft twilight, when the world has gone to her dreaming.

Dear old Eton! nestling down so peacefully on the banks of the Thames, and almost hidden by a net-work of green leaves. The high walls and turrets of the old college rise up like the shadow of some fabled old castle. How many boyish joys and griefs, and how many heart aches have