

THE WEEKLY EXPOSITOR,

ADDT ALTERAM PRTEHA.

OR REFORMER OF PUBLIC ABUSES,
AND RAILWAY AND MINING INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. 1.]

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1846.

[No. 17.]

LITERATURE.

EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA, &c.

EMBRACING A REVIEW OF THE SEVERAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF LORDS DURHAM AND SYDENHAM, SIR CHARLES BAGOT, AND LORD METCALFE;

And Dedicated to the Memories of
THE FIRST AND LAST OF THESE DISTINGUISHED DEAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE," &c.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

A difficulty of arrangement having occurred with the only two London publishers to whom the following pages have been submitted, the Author has decided on reversing the usual practice, and publishing in Canada first; thus affording that means of direct communication with other metropolitan publishers, which his absence from London renders a matter of much inconvenience. It will be borne in mind, therefore, by the Canadian reader, that what is now offered to his perusal, was intended for an English public.]

Deposited at the Office of the Registrar of the Province.]

(CHAPTER IX. CONTINUED.)

while her claim to the pension of her husband's new rank was fully acknowledged. This was a trait of generosity and good feeling on the part of the Commander-in-Chief and his Military Secretary, which is not generally known, yet which I have great satisfaction of having an opportunity of here recording.

The disaster I experienced on leaving London had rendered me rather more circumspect about the harnessing of my horses, and I pursued my journey with all necessary precaution. But although my ponies had no further opportunity of running away, there was not yet an end to the *contretemps* I was doomed to endure. In the midst of a sea of mud through which they (the ponies) were endeavoring to force it, one of the springs of my waggon gave way, and, like a ship on her beam ends, the body of the vehicle fell on one side, and rubbed against the wheels. Here was misery in the fullest acceptation of the term, for the accident had occurred some distance from any habitation, and there was no "returning wave" to right the "hull" of the waggon. At length, as it began to grow dark, two men, who had been engaged cutting timber, emerged from the forest near us, and coming to our assistance, applied the never-failing remedy adopted in all emergencies of the kind, both in the United States and in Canada. They detached from an adjoining fence a strong rail, which they lashed "fore and aft" in such fashion upon the axle-trees, that it would have greatly puzzled a Long-Acre coach-builder to divine in what school they had acquired their ready art. This so strengthened the waggon, even while it robbed it of a portion of its elasticity, that I almost felicitated myself on the fracture.

Soon after extricating from this difficulty—that is to say, on the following day—I passed through what are called the "long woods," the road being the worst I had encountered during the whole of my journey upwards, and strongly reminding me of my trip from Utica to Syracuse, as described in an early chapter of this volume. Never had I experienced an impatience more complete than on this occasion, for as the wheels now became imbedded one after the other in stiff and clayey soil, I began to fear that my ponies, fatigued as they were, could never find the strength to extricate them. To add to the desolation and discomfort of my position, the road was straight as an arrow, and could be traced, both in front and rear, as far as the eye could reach; while a rank dense vegetation crept along the foot of the swampy and monotonous line of wood closely skirting what had been a high-way, and forcibly impressing me with the belief that its only tenants could be the most slimy of the creeping tribe.

I was now, I knew, not far from a scene which had been endeared to my young recollection, yet which since my boyhood I have never had an opportunity of approaching:—this was the spot on which the great Indian chief, Tecumseh, had fallen; and where I, with the greatest part of my regiment had, as I have before remarked, been captured by the Americans. The "forty mile woods," through which I had just passed, had been celebrated, at that pe-

riod, for the pursuit through it, by a party of mounted Kentuckians, of the General who commanded us, and who had basely deserted his men at the very commencement of the action. On emerging from this, I, for the first time, beheld the Indian village, situated in a small plain, whither it had been the original intention to move the army and our Indian allies—some three thousand warriors—in order that we might take up a position from which the enemy could not easily have dislodged us, protected as we would have been by the river (Thames) on the left flank, by a morass on the right, and by a ravine in front. But weightier considerations had prevented the carrying into effect of this excellent plan of arrangement, by which an entire division of the army might have been saved, and much injury and annoyance spared to the subjugated country. It had, unfortunately, happened that the waggons containing the General's kitchen utensils, and other "plunder," as a genuine Yankee would have termed it, had not been able to get beyond this point in the line of retreat, when the enemy were announced as coming rapidly up to us. Here was a perplexity, and what was to be done to extricate the endangered culinary and other domestic household goods? Pots and kettles and frying-pans were not to be found everywhere in these times of scarcity, and it was deemed advisable to cover their retreat at all hazards. The plan of defence was therefore changed. The *batterie de cuisine* was forthwith put in motion, while the troops received the order to halt where they were, and form two extended lines in a forest which rendered them a most easy prey to an enemy, while the latter moved among the trees and foliage almost unseen by their less practised adversaries. But although what men were not knocked on the heads were made prisoners in defending the approach to the General's main battery—the aforesaid *batterie de cuisine*—this latter did not the less fall into the hands of the triumphant enemy who, had the party pursuing succeeded in capturing their gallant proprietor, would, without a doubt, have cut him to pieces and boiled him in one of his largest saucepans.

As I passed from the plain into the wood where we had been attacked, I anxiously sought to discover any traces of the particular ground on which we had rested. For this purpose I alighted from my waggon, leaving the reins in the hands of my tiger; but in vain did I seek any indication of the precise spot. The general features of the wood bore so monotonous a resemblance that I was completely at fault, and after a fruitless attempt to discover the grave which was said to contain the bones of the well-known but unfortunate Tecumseh, I moved along the road which I had last traversed as a prisoner of war, in the hands of an exasperated and insulting enemy, with feelings deeply imbued with painful recollections of the occurrences of that eventful day. There was no one who could point out to me the grave of the indomitable warrior who had sealed his faith to England, and his unbending determination to avenge the great and manifold wrongs of his oppressed race, with his heart's blood, and I felt deeply disappointed. I had known Tecumseh well. During my boyhood he had ever treated me as a young favorite, and I had experienced a good deal of pride in what I considered a very great condescension, for I had always entertained a deep and enthusiastic admiration of his generous, fearless, independent and warlike character. Not an hour before he fell, he had passed along our line in the elegant deer-skin frock, fringed, and ornamented with the stained quills of the porcupine, which he usually wore, and which, on this occasion, surmounted a shirt of snowy whiteness. In addition to this, he wore a plume of white ostrich feathers, and the whole style of his costume was such as to impart to his dark features an expression, and to his eagle eye a brilliancy, which the excitement of the occasion rendered even more remarkable, and which had been so forcibly impressed upon my memory, that whenever the image of the noble Indian has appeared to me, it has been as he then looked, when, for the last time, he cordially shook me by the hand.

Numerous Americans have ventured, in a spirit of political hostility, to deny that Colonel Johnson, who commanded the Kentucky riflemen on that day, was the slayer of Tecumseh. This, it seems to me, is unfair. I sincerely believe that the noble chieftain fell by the hand of that officer, for it was so stated and understood at the time, not only among the American officers who were present in the engagement, but by the British officers who fell into their hands,

* General Procter.