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TECUMSEH,

The Shawnee Brave.

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(Of Kingston, Ont.)

CHAPTER IV.

MIRIAM HOWARD.

had retreated so rapidly on the preceding night, and discovered the cause of the metallic sound we had heard, which proceeded from the spade striking against the pick which had fallen into the hole, whilst the unearthly snort that had afterwards alarmed us, was the noise usually made by large dogs on being suddenly startled. Together we proceeded to hide the pick and spade a short distance from the road, but before leaving the spot where we had been digging, I suggested that we should form a mould at the bottom of the hole, as if a box had been removed. Antoine quickly fell into the humour of the idea, a few spadefull of earth were then firmly trampled on all sides of the valise, which was then withdrawn from its bed. Had we every appliance the world afforded, we could not have made the deception more perfect, the mark of the brass studs on its sides and bottom could clearly be seen imbedded in the mould and it really looked as if a box with secure fastenings had laid there for centuries. The adventure of last night, with the morning's revelations, for I now spoke freely on the subject of the parchment document, seemed to have partly cured poor Antoine of his implicit belief in spectral appearances and buried treasures but, the cure was of a doubtful character. He seemed depressed in spirits, and to have lost all the inspiration from which he had derived the energy of his character, for he had fully counted on the final success of the enterprise, and as I was about to bid him "Good bye" he asked me if I thought he could find any employment in the States, whether I was about returning. Seeing him in this mood and being glad of his company, I offered to delay my departure for a few days, until he made his arrangements for leaving, and promised to do all in my power to assist him to get employment. He grasped eagerly at my offer and in two days he had converted his boat into money, bidden his friends farewell, and was on the road. After living with me in an inland town where I resided for more than a year, the papers began to tell of the wondrous success of mining parties operating in British Columbia, and I was not astonished when my friend one evening informed me that he had resolved to push out in that direction. By his industry and prudence, he had gained sufficient to carry him to Vancouver Island, with a little to spare on his arrival there. Two days after our conversation he started, after first trying to persuade me to accompany him. On his arrival at his destination he wrote me, stating that he had joined a party proceeding to the Cariboo region. For a year and a half I heard nothing further from my friend, although, as I afterwards learned, he had written several letters. One morning, however, I received a letter stating he was to leave San Francisco in the next packet, but he did not allude to his worldly circumstances. At length he made his appearance with an immense beard, wavy moustache, and rather more tanned than when he had left. His dress was of the best and most fashionable style, without descending into swelldom, but his display of jewellery was rather exaggerated for good taste. He was still the same warm hearted fellow he had ever been, and many were the laughs we enjoyed when we alluded to our midnight exploit. His story was brief; after enduring severe hardships in the gold regions, one of the party struck "pay gravel." Three months of hard work rolled riches which they had never anticipated into their possession, and after placing what he deemed a sufficient competence in the hands of a responsible banker at "Frisco," he sold out his share in the claim to an American Mining Company, and with the salmon-like instinct of the people from whom he was descended, he turned his face homeward.

It appears that on the Sunday after we departed, a pair of wandering lovers had discovered the pick and spade, my friend having neglected to remove them, whilst another party had stumbled on the place we had excavated. Amazed at the sudden departure of Antoine, the curiosity of the people became excited by the hole which we had moulded with the valise, and many were the conjectures as to the fact whether Antoine had or had not discovered anything at the place. Arriving home, where his wealth became the sole theme of the village, all doubts on the point were forever silenced, and the old sages who had shaken their heads with such wondrous wagging, when I resided amongst them, now declared they had always prophesied the final success of Antoine. In view of its favourable termination in the case of my friend, the profession of money digging became a favourite pursuit of the young and aspiring fishermen, and next to Antoine, the village maidens smiled the most graciously on the adventurous youth who most neglected his daily duties; and instead of being a term of reproach, the title a young man most ardently coveted was that of "Chercheur de trésors," for none believed the stories told by Antoine respecting his mining experience in Columbia, but contended that his wealth was due to the discovery of the pirate's hoard in "The Sainted Grove."

THE END.

The glories of summer had faded and gone; autumn had decked the forests in garments of brightest hues, which in their turn had given place to the robe of virgin whiteness cast over all nature by winter's chilly hand; but now again spring had returned to gladden the hearts of the poor children of the soil.

Late one afternoon Miriam Howard was sitting on a rock overhanging the clear still waters of the little lake beside her Indian home; shaded by the fresh green leaves of a far branching oak she was watching the little fish sporting themselves in the cool waters below, thinking sadly on her captive lot and longing for deliverance from her captivity and a return to her friends. So wrapt was she in her own sad thoughts that she did not notice the threatening clouds that, rising from the horizon, were rapidly spreading like a heavy pall over the bright blue sky, nor did she hear the dull mutterings of the approaching thunder-storm. Suddenly she was startled from her reverie by the appearance of Tecumseh, whose dress showed that he had just returned from one of the excursions against the people of the young Republic of the United States in which he was constantly engaged.

The boundary line between the States and the Indian territory had never been satisfactorily settled, and the Americans, urged on by that spirit of acquisitiveness which has ever influenced them, and in these last days culminated in the purchase of half a million of square miles of snow and ice, and an earthquake-stricken island—were always endeavouring little by little to encroach on the lands of the red man. After the terrible defeat of the Americans at the Miami villages, General Wayne, who led the army of the Republic, was striving by fair means or by foul to obtain possession of a large tract of land west of the Ohio. In this he was opposed by all the border tribes. The director and leader of the mighty band of warriors was a fierce Chief named Weyapiersewan, (famously called "Blue-Jacket" by the whites;) and he at all times found in Tecumseh a willing and ardent seconder of his schemes, for the leading trait in Tecumseh's character ever was his hatred of the white man and the civilization he introduced. "Death to the pale face," was ever the war cry by which he sought to arouse the braves to do battle for the land which the Great Spirit had bestowed upon them.

But to return from this digression. Miriam's cheek blanched as she gazed at the horrid trophies of the bloody fight which hung from the chieftain's belt. His keen eye noticed the pallor that came over her face, and a dark frown shadowed his brow, yet he spoke not of it, but said:

"Does not my sister see that the giant turkey has left his wigwam in the sky; that he is coming down to earth to gather together the snakes and the evil spirits? Are her young ears grown old that she cannot hear how the clouds grumble and moan as he walks with his heavy tread? Are her eyes closed that she does not see the fire flashing forth as he flaps his mighty wings? Come, my sister, to the shelter of the hut; Tecumseh has something to show thee."

Thus warned of the coming storm, and thus invited to return, Miriam went with the sachem to her tent. When there the warrior drew from his leathern girdle a piece of bark, on which were roughly cut the words "Miriam," "Percy." With an effort the girl repressed the cry of joy that quivered on her very lips; for the words, few and simple though they were, conjured up before her mind's eye visions of the bold fairheaded English boy, who before she had left her father land had vowed that he would come for her and take her as his wife. Thoughts of him, of his love, of the despair that must have been his when he had found her gone from her pleasant western home, and longings for the wings of a dove that she might fly away to him and be at rest, flashed through her throbbing brain quicker far than travels the electric spark. Yet, with perfect calmness, she asked:

"What wants the mighty son of Pukeesheno to know from his sister? Where found he this piece of wood?"

"A young Mohawk brave who was with me in the war path gave it to me. He received it from a pale-faced warrior who was lodging in the wigwam of the great chief of the Iroquois, Tyendinaga. And although to me the wampum and the pictures of the red men are clear as the noon-day sun, still the Great Spirit has closed my eyes that I cannot see what this means," replied the chief.

Miriam then told the chief that the meagre

characters represented her own name and that of a friend she had known far away across the great salt lake. Tecumseh was satisfied, and before he could say more a summons came to him to attend a council of the chiefs without delay. He arose and went, leaving the poor young girl to herself and her thoughts. How strangely were joy and sorrow, hope and despair commingled in Miriam's mind that night; but at last she thought that Percy Seaforth, the brave, the handsome, was searching for her, conquered all, and like the rod of the leader of the Israelites of old swallowed up every other thought. Then she knelt and prayed to the Father of the fatherless that Percy might come and save her, and at last fell asleep on her couch of furs with hands clasped towards heaven, and murmuring with her ruddy lips, "Come, Percy, come, my dear one!"

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNCIL.

GENERAL WAYNE at this time—the spring of 1793—was marching into the Indian country at the head of a large body of troops, determined to seize the lands lying to the west of the Ohio and Alleghany Rivers. The Indians, becoming alarmed, sent ambassadors to treat of peace if the Americans would consent to make the Ohio the boundary line; for rightly did they foresee that the mighty wave of white population rolling westward and northward would soon engulf and drive them forever from the face of the earth, unless a line was fixed beyond which the whites would not pass.

But the Commissioners accompanying the American army, rendered more greedy by their constant acquisitions, refused to take the waters of the Ohio as the dividing line between the original lords of the whole continent, and those who by force and fraud, by fire, sword, and poison, were determined to win for themselves that goodly inheritance which the Great Spirit had made for the hunting grounds of the Indians. Some of the envoys, deeming it helpless to struggle against the strong arm of the Republic, were in favour of peace at any price; but the Shawnees, the Miamis, the Wyandots, and the Delawares scorned the idea of yielding up their birthright, and determined neither to plant the tree of peace nor bury the hatchet. Yet before again going on the war path it was resolved to hold a grand council of the tribes at Niagara; and the arrival of the runner appointed to summon the chiefs of the various nations to this grand meeting, was the cause of Tecumseh's sudden departure from Miriam's lodge.

The chiefs were all assembled in solemn conclave, sitting on the ground, and each solemnly smoking his pipe. The messenger having announced the object of his coming, each sachem in turn gave his opinion on the matter slowly and sedately, without any of the hurry, confusion or interruption too prevalent in the deliberative assemblies of more civilized mortals. And when the youngest had spoken his last word and the last whiff of smoke had issued from the pipes of these dusky senators, they had concluded to send deputies to take part in this grand gathering of the nations. Tecumseh, of course, was one of these representatives, and he at once prepared to set off to join those who were soon to be assembled beside the mighty torrent of Niagara.

Miriam Howard, sick and tired of the monotony of savage life, wearied of embroidering moccasins and leggings with the quills of the porcupine, of wandering in the woods and there reading the glories of God writ by angel hands with the flowers of the field, of listening to the ceaseless voices of the squaws, of her own sad musings, longed to go with Tecumseh, thinking that at Niagara she might learn more of Percy Seaforth. But she knew that Tecumseh would not consent to her going, so long and deeply did she meditate to discover some plan by which her existence and whereabouts might be made known to her lover. At last she determined to give to Tecumseh as a fastener for his robe of state a brooch which at parting had been given her by Percy, feeling assured that if he once beheld it he would follow up the scent until he found her in her Indian hut. Accordingly, when Tecumseh came to bid her farewell, she gave him the brooch, which he accepted with every sign of delight; for although—unlike most Indians—this chief was not fond of gaudy decorations, yet he fully appreciated the gift of the white maiden.

So Tecumseh left the land of the Wabash and the Miami, and after going northwards to Lake Erie, embarked in a canoe paddled along the shores which once were thronged with the Erie tribe, until he came to the Niagara River. Poor Miriam, left in the Shawnee encampment, tried to while away the slowly flying hours as best she could.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPEAKERS AND THE FEASTERS.

It was in the early summer of 1793 that this great council of chiefs met together to

deliberate on the then critical state of affairs. There came together in peace and harmony many braves who had oftentimes met in savage conflict; but now the petty quarrels of the tribes were hushed and the contest was one of the Indian against the American citizen. To that mighty assemblage came the chiefs of the Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, Shawnees, Miamis, Delawares, Wyandots, and of all the other tribes who dwelt on the northern and western confines of the Republic.

The place chosen was in keeping with the importance of the occasion: it was within sound of the mighty cataract of Niagara, (or Onguiaarha, as called by the natives), the home of the Spirit of Thunder and his troop of giant sons, where the waters of the four great lakes after rushing, dashing, and foaming down the rapids, fall with a mighty roar into the abyss below, and then rush on heaving with furious surges like the mighty ocean and boiling with rage like a mountain torrent between cliffs of appalling height and steepness.

At that conference was the great Mohawk Chief Tyendinaga—called by the English Brant,—whose name is forever entwined with those of Wyoming and Cherry Valley; but fierce and terrible as he was, Tyendinaga was not the "monster" Campbell paints him, and time has shewn that many of the atrocities attributed to him might with greater truth and justice be laid to the charge of so-called Christian gentlemen. But so long as the English language lasts will the sad tale of Gertrude of Wyoming be read, admired and wept over, and the beautiful fiction will be received as truth by tens of thousands. Brant is described as being "a likely fellow, of a fierce countenance, tall and rather spare. He generally wore moccasins trimmed with beads, leggings and breeches of superfine blue, short green coat, with two epaulets, and a small laced hat: by his side he hung a silver mounted cutlass, and his blanket of blue cloth was gorgeously decorated with red." The conqueror of General St. Clair, the great Mishikinakwa, was there, like Saul of old, towering about his fellows. He was six feet high, of a sour and morose countenance, and crafty and subtle look. His dress consisted of moccasins, a blue petticoat that only half covered his thighs, an English waistcoat and surtout: his head was covered by an Indian cap that hung down his back bedecked with more than two hundred silver brooches: in each ear were two earrings, (the upper parts formed of three silver medals as large as dollars, the lower of quarters of dollars,) hanging in pendants more than twelve inches long, one from each ear falling on his breast, the other down his back: besides all this he had three large nose jewels most curiously painted.*

Honaynwus, or Farmer's-brother, was another conspicuous chief. He it was who at the head of his warriors attacked a party of English teamsters and hurled them all into that frightful chasm, black and awful as the very gates of hell, known as the Devil's Hole, near Niagara Falls: horses and men, teams and waggons, were sent over the side of this dreadful pit and fell crashing upon the rocks full eighty feet below, bleeding, broken, dead. And many were the other famous chiefs there present, concerning whom time and space will not suffer me to speak.

The council was duly opened by a chieftain who, filling the pipe of peace with tobacco, lighted it and slowly raised it towards the blue vault of heaven, then lowering it turned in the directions from whence the four great winds do blow; thus mutely inviting the spirits of heaven, earth and air, to sanction their doings and aid them in their deliberation by their gracious presence. Then another chief taking the pipe drew forth from it a few whiffs of smoke, which he solemnly sent towards the abode of the Great Spirit in heaven, then all around the assemblage, and last of all, towards the earth on which he stood. Next, the calumet was handed to all the other chiefs in order of rank, each of whom pressed it to his lips in solemn silence. After this, long and ably did they debate the question whether peace or war was to prevail; harangues many and powerful were delivered; and words of eloquence flowed freely forth from the lips of these untutored children of Nature. Some of the chiefs defended the conduct of the United States, while others assailed it and inveighed bitterly against the constant encroachments of the Americans. "There was a time," they said, "when our forefathers possessed the whole land from the rising to the setting sun: the Great Spirit had made it all for the Indians. He made the buffalo and the deer for food; the bear and the beaver that their skins might clothe us. He did all this because he loved his red children. But an evil day came, the white men arrived in their big canoes. Their numbers were few, and they found us friends not foes: they asked for a small seat, we took pity on them, and granted their request: we gave them corn and meat when they were hungry—they gave us poison in return. More pale faces came; we gave them a larger seat: still more came, and they wanted more land: war arose, the white man hired Indians to fight against Indians: they

* This is his appearance as portrayed shortly after his great victory.