ON THE DEATH TRAIL OF THE GREAT TECUMSEH

Thad S. Arnold, Toronto, Son of Frederick Arnold, Kent Bridge, Adds to Canadian History. He Tells About the Last Hours and Death of Tecumseh and Exposes Fallacies.

Tecumseh, I am aware that I undertake no ordinary task, for there are as many contradictory accounts of the manner and circumstances of his death as there have been writers upon the subject, and although his death occurred in a neighborhood which was fairly well settled at the time, the actual occurrences of that day are, to many students of Canadian history, still shrouded in mystery. My facilities for gathering together the facts in connection with the death, of Tecumseh and the battle of the Thames have been exceptional, in that my grandfather, Captain Christopher Arnold, born in 1774, had lived since boyhood on his farm about six miles from the scane of the battle, and from the scene of the battle, besides having been intimately quainted with Tecumseh in the rious campaign in the vicinity of Maumee, had been in consultation with him at his house the afternoon and night before the battle, and was on the battle ground shortly after his death, I remember well a number of times, when out hunting with my father, that he would, whole ting down to rest, repeat to many oft told incidents that he had gathered in reference to that memor able man, Tecumseh, and the manner of his death. All these things are as fresh in my memory as if told me but yesterday

EARLY DAYS. Tecumseb was born near where Springfield, Ohio, now stands, and was the fourth son of a family of seven, his parents being of the Shaware: Tribe, having a tribal dis-tinction of the totum of the turtle He was an athletic Indian, abno mally strong in both body and mind and is thought to have been born or about the year 1768. Tecumseh spent most of his life at war. His first battle was fought when he was only 17 years of age with some Ken-tuckians on Mud River, Ohio. From this date to the beginning of the war of 1812 he was continually at war in some part of the country until his fame became as wide as the continent on which he lived. He always dis-played great skill and bravery in the pattle and suffered stoically and with out a murmur. When the war of 1812 broke out, Tecumseh, who had by this time gathered about him about 1,000 Indians, threw in his lot with the British and succeeded in rendering great assistance in several battles. He was with General Brock at the surrender of Hull and was presented by the General with a sash as an evidence of his bravery. far what I have written is a matter well known in history as are the accounts of the movements of eral Proctor and Tecumseh. After the repulse of the forces under Gen-After eral Proctor at Fort Stephenson, the British sailed across while Tecumseh with his followers marched around the lake joining forces at Malden. From this time to the death of Tecument, Proctor seems to have lost heart, refusing to face the Americans even when urged by the brave Te-cumsel to do so. One position after another was abandoned, much to the isgust of the Indian Chief, until a stand was known in a spot known as "Tecumseh Park," Chatham; but when the Americans approached, Proctor retreated, leaving a rear guard of Indians to check the Kentuckians. As a dash was made for the bridge which spanned McGregor's Creek the Indians fired, killing three Americans, and it is said several Indians were killed, one of whom, a high in Tecumseh's favor, was finally buried near where the dwelling of D. R. Van Allen now stands. The rear guard of Indians were forced to retire up the river and in pass-ing burnel McGregor's grist mill.

FROM FRENCH HIVER

A Story Told by Mr. Samuel clark which will interest Many People.

Mr. Samuel Clark, of French River Ont., has for two years lived anything but a happy life. Every thing was pleasant with him, but his health was bad. Dyspepsia pains worried him until he was sick. He tried many re-

medies but could get no relief.

At last, encouraged by the advice of friend he commenced the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and after a short time was delighted to find that his condition was improved. The re-lief was almost instantaneous. He was almost instantantous. continued the treatment until he had used altogether six boxes, and since then, although he had exercised little or no care in his diet, he has never had the slightest symptom of the return

of Dyspepsia.
Mr. Clark's experience will, indeed be grateful news to many people, who, like him, have been tortured almost to desperation by stomach trouble, His letter reads as follows:-

"I had been troubled with dyspepsia for over two years and had tried various remedies without relief, I used six boxes of Dodda's Dyspepsia Tablets according to directions and they have effected in me a permanent cure.
"I still use the Tablets after I have eaten something which I fear might

eaten something which I fear might bring on the return of the trouble, but this is only occasionally, so that I am quite sure my cura is a perfect and

What Mr. Clark says is certainly

perience similar symptoms.

There is no form of stomach trouble There is no form of stomach trouble (except cancer) that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will not instantly relieve and perfectly and permanently cure, and there is absolutely no reason why you should suffer a moment longer.

**************** In writing a history of the death of | Tecumseh rode swiftly to the farm of his old acquaintance, Captain Christopher Arnold, on the river front in Howard, twelve miles from Chat-ham. It was at the residence of Mr. Arnold that the plan of the morrow's battle was arranged. DEATH OF THE CHIEF.

> Several years ago a writer in the Chatham Banner, over the nom de plume of H. L. H., says: "Tweaty. years later, at a point where Mc-Gregor's Creek slips quietly into the Thames, there existed a small cluster of rude log houses, surrounded by the usual stockade. This was Chatham of a century ago. It was here, on the spot where now stands Tecumseh Park, that one of the most remarkable men that America ever produced the noble Tecumseh, received the wound which led to his death."

Claude Puer, in speaking of the death of Teoumseh, says: "Now resistance was no longer thought of, and the dreadful cries of fugitive and pursuer, every man for himself, quarter to none, mingled in the heavy autumn woods. Urging to greater speed the panic-stricken remnants of Proctor's once victoriou army, all about the flying chieftain and his pale-faced friend, and through the dark seared forest aisles, old war-riors and youths flew blindly forward; none escaped the dreadful spell of panic. Of a sudden the spiteful ping of a rifle bullet rattled through the bare, leafless trees, and Tecumseh, clasping his hand to his already-scarred breast, fell heavily forward, and exclaimed: 'I am dying; leave me and save yourself.' This somewhat eloquent statement lacks the import-ant element of truth. It is no nearer truth than the assertion of Eugene Samlley, who says that Tecumseh met his death at the battle of Tippecanoe, some time before the war of 1812, and permit me to add here that the wounding of the chief at Chatham is purely imaginary, and written, I imagine, at a time when the writer desired to see the monument built in Tecumbeh Park, the spot where the wounding is said to have occurred. W. K. Merrifield gives a lengthy account of the death of Tecumseh as told by Joseph Johnston, a man who lived from childhood with the Indians. His story was as follows: "He, with with other British white traders, had been with the Shawanees and Tecumseh for a long time, and when war

with the United States commenced they joined with the Indians on the retreat of the British from Michi-gan to Canada. The Indians were afraid their beloved chief might be killed by treachery, as they knew the inveterate hatred of the Yankees for Texumsel would hesitate at nothing to accomplish his destruction. To to accomplish his destruction. To protect him Joe Johnston, two other chiefs formed themselves into a body guard, and fought around Tecumseh Some time after the rout of Proctor Terumseh was shot through the thigh, and disabled from standing. The bodyguard bound up the wound and et him against a tree some distance

in the rear of the fighting line where he could still cheer his warriors and direct the battle. In a flerce charge

made by the Yankees the Indians were pressed back to where Tecumseh was seated. A mounted officer, seeing him apparently helpless, dashed to-wards him, yistol in hand, but before he had time to fire Tecumseh threw his tomahawk, hitting him on the side of the face, splitting his head and tumbling him from his horse. The Yankes charge was repulsed, but from fear of another such danger to Tecameen, his bodyguard carried him further to the rear and seated him to de an elm tree, while his war shouts rang through the forest, encouraging his warriors in their des-perate defence against the tremend-ous odds in Harrison's army. All at once these cries ceased. Joe John-ston and the rest of his bodyguard ran to where they had left him,

knowing something serious had hap-pened. They found Tecumseh stret-ched in death." Mr. Merrifield then tells of the carrying away of the body, it's burial and the solemn oath taken rever to reveal the spot.

HIS BURIAL PLACE.

My father always stated that Joe Johnston was not a trader, neither was he a warrior, and was not with the Indians at Chatham; nor was he with Tecumseh the night before the battle; in short, was not at the battle of the Thames; nor was he ever as-sociated with Tecumseh in any of his undertakings; that he possessed none of the characteristics of a warrior, in fact was unflitted in every way for any martial achievement. quite certain the version of the chief's death given by Mr. Merrifield, if told by Johnston, was simply a creation of his untutored imagination. My father, who knew Johnston well, asked him if he knew where Tecumseh was buried; he answered: "Mr. Arnold, I was too long with the Indians not to know where the chief is buried." Why do you not let us is buried." Why do you not let us know, so we can erect a monument? Johnston replied: "If I told you where he lies, the Yankes would come over and steal his bones, and work his shin bones up into button moulds. Some years later Johnston and my father went to the scene of the battle. Johnston pointed out the spot between two beech trees on when there were markings which Johnston tween two beech trees on which there were markings, which Johnston claimed signified that the Shawanee chief was buried there. Some years after my father tried to find the spot, but failed entirely to locate it, as the land had been cleared and the landmarks all moved. I lately came into possession of a deed made by Joseph Johnston, bearing date 1810. He had purchased the land from Abner Bole some years previously. This proves positively that Johnston lived in Kent County several years before the PLAIN TALK.

To Catarrh Sufferers

Every person suffering from Catarrh in its many forms, knows that the common lotions, salves and dou-ches do not cure. It is needless to argue this point or to cite cases of fail-ure, because every victim of catarrhal trouble knows it for himself, if he has

A local application, if it does anything at all, simply gives temporary relief; a wash, lotion, salve or pow-der cannot reach the seat of the dis-ease, which is the blood.

The mucous membrae seeks to re-lieve the blood of catarrhal poisons by secreting largeq uantities of mucous, the discharge sometimes closing up the nostrils descending to the throat and larynx, causing an irritating cough continual clearing of the throat, deafness, indigestion and many other disagreeable and persistent symptoms.

A remedy to really cure catarrh must be an internal treatment; a remedy which will gradually cleanse the system from catarrhal poison and remove the fever and congestion always present in the mucous mem-

The best remedies for this purpose are eucalyptol, sanguinaria, and hy-drastin, but the difficulty has always been to get these valuable curative ed in one palatable, convenient

and efficient form.

Recently this has been accomplished and the preparation put on the market under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; they are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, so that they may be slowly dissolved in the mouth, thus reaching every part of the mucous membrage and finally the stomach and intestines

An advantage to be considered also is that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain no cocaine, morphine, or poisonous narcotics, so often found in catarrh powders, and the use of which entails a habit more dangerous than the dis-

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists, at 50 cents for full sized package and are probably the safest and most effectual catarrh cure on the

breaking out of the war of 1812, and from first to last possibly rever came into contact nor ever had anything to do with Tecumseh or his

so-called bodyguard.

The confidence I place in the story told by my father, I think, is fully warranted by the circumstances surrounding it. Tecumsch and several of his chiefs passed the night of Oct. 3, 1813, at the house of Capt. Arnold. They had two objects in view, first, to prevent the Indians from burning Arnold's mill, as they had done McGregor's mill at Chatham; second, to consult with Captain Arnold as to the plan and place of the battle that Tecumseh was determined to fight before reaching the Indian setlement in Moraviantown.

A COWARDLY BRITON. It was arranged that Tecumseh should watch for the Yankees under a large tree on the road about a half but the chief was on his horse, and the animal was running at full speed. his pursuers. Tecumseh kept to the road until he reached the Hubble farm. He threw a bag-which conrode to the river bank some distance farther up the stream to a spot where a squaw awaited his coming. where a squaw awaited his coming. He at once got into the cance, his white pony swimming by the side, and was quickly passed to the opposite bank, thus throwing his pursuers for a time off the trail. Finally the Kentuckians followed him to the scene of the battle two miles east of of the battle, two miles east of Thamesville. The ground was admir-ably adapted for defence. The British occupied the left wing, protected by the River Thames, while the Indians extended to the right at an angle of 45 degrees behind a bog swamp ex-tending nearly to the bank of the river. There were about 900 Indians and 600 British. Harrison made no delay, but immediately rushed to the attack. Proctor's lines were soon broke a Proctor ordered a retreat to the everlasting disgust of many of his followers. It is said many of the militia, in their rage and disgust at Proctor's want of courage, broke their guns, refusing to obey the order to retreat. When the attack was made the British commander lost his self-possession, as he had already lost his courage. He precipitately left the field in a headlong fight for the

camp at Burlington, arriving there with about 240 of his followers. THE BRAVE TECUMSEH. Tecumseh, with his braves, fought desperately, and maintained their ground until the chief fell mortally wounded. At once the cry resounded through the woods, and the Indians

wounded. At once the cry resounded through the woods, and the Indians wanished, taking the wounded, possibly then dead, chief with them. The manner of his death was as follows: An American had penetrated to near the tree behind which Tecumseh stood, the chief wounded him and he fell. Tecumseh, with uplifted tomahawk, sprang to finish his fallen officer, but had not reached the spot before a bullet from the pistol of his intended victim pierced a vital spot in his body, and he fell to rise no imore.

Watson, in his history of the United States, page 713, says: "As Harrison rapidly pursued, the British commander determined to meet him, and accordingly posted his army on the right bank of the River Thames, near Moraviantown. Here he was overtaken on Oct. 5 by Harrison. The enemy were thrown into confusion, and they could not be rallied. The Indians stood firm, and a desperate context ensued between them and the mounted Kentuckians, commanded by Col Johnston. Tecumseh cheered his warriors until he was shot dead by an unknown hand."

AN O'ER TRUE TALE. This is the true story of the death

of the great Tecumseh. As soon as the Yankees returned after the battle, Captain Arnold, with a few friends, visited the field and buried the dead and assisted the wounded. Andrew Fleming, then a boy of 13, with his father visited the scene of the conflict. Some Kentuckians were skinning an Indian, saying they were going to take Tecumseh's skin to make razor strops. When told that the ekinned Indian was not Tecumseh, ing to take Tecanriseh's skin to make razor strops. When told that the skinned Indian was not Tecannseh, they remarked: "I guess when we get back to Kentucky they will not know his skin from Tecanseh's." When the Americans returned to Arnold's mill, many of them had strips of this skin, scraping it with their long hunting knives. One of them had a lower jaw he was scraping, saying it belonged to Tecanseh. My grandfather, Captain Arnold, afterwards discovered that it belonged to a squaw whom the Yankees afterwards discovered that it be-longed to a squaw whom the Yankees had wantonly shot across the river, four miles from the scene of the battle. A remarkable incident oc-curred at this time, which I think worthy of notice. Mr. Arnold, ap-prehending that the Yankees might burn his mill, took one of the

the control of the property of

burn his mill, took one of the mill stones out to the woods and hid ft; he then pointed out to them that the mill could not grind, hence it was uncless. In a way he no doubt saved his mill om destruction.

When it is remembered that Capt. Arnold knew Tecumseh well, having been with him at the struggles at the Maumee, that Tecumseh was at Captain Arnold's place and consulting with him during the whole night previous to the battle and ate his last meal at the table of his white bromeal at the table of his white bro-ther, and that as soon as the Americans had retired, visited the battle ground, and to the end of his days delighted to repeat the various incidents connected therewith to my father—when all this is taken into consideration it will not be wondered at that I place entire confidence in the story of the death of Tecumseh as repeated to me so often by my father in times that are gone.

This narrative possesses one merit that is not to be found in many of the accounts written of this event in history, inasmuch as it is firmly be-Leved to be true by the man who writes it.

"How many times did you vote in the election, Uncle Jim?" "Well, sub-I didn't keep no count, but I staid dar 'twell I heard 'em holler dat my

A Teacher's Worries

FREQUENTLY RESULT IN A BREAKDOWN OF HEALTH.

Headaches, Backache, Dizziness, Poor Appetite and Insomnia the Outcome-How to Avert These Trou-

From the Review, Windsor, Ont. Only those engaged in the teaching profession realize how much care, worry and perplexity is met with mile from the mill, while Capt. Arne i daily. It is therefore little wonder was to watch for their coming, on the mill dam. If Arnold saw them breakdowns, especially among young ladies who follow this calling. Missiphem he looked for Tecumseh, who It is therefore little wonder had been standing beside his white spect. To a reporter of the Windsor horse with his elbow on its withers, Review, Miss Pare said: "For several years, while teaching school, I was continually troubled with head-The Americans gave chase, but the laches, dizziness and a weak back. I flest-footed pony was too speedy for tried several doctors and medicines, but got no relief. I became so badly run down that I thought possibly a change of employment would give me relief. I gave up my school and given him in Hubble's yard. He then tried other duties, but the result was disappointing, as the trouble seemed to have taken a firm hold upon me The headaches grew more and more severe, my appetite failed me and I was frequently compelled to take a rest in order to overcome dizziness. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams, Pink Pills. I decided to try a box, and before they were all used I found much relief. I continued taking the pills for some time longer, every day gaining new health and strength, and now I feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am never ever I did in my life, and am neve bothered with the old troubles. You may say therefore that there is nothcan recommend so highly as

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Young girls who are pale and weak, who suffer from backaches, weak, who suffer from backaches, headaches, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms that overcome so many in early womanbood, will find a certain and speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and give rew life and vivor to the whole give new life and vigor to the whole body. The genuine bear the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockwille, Out Dr. William ville, Ont.

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