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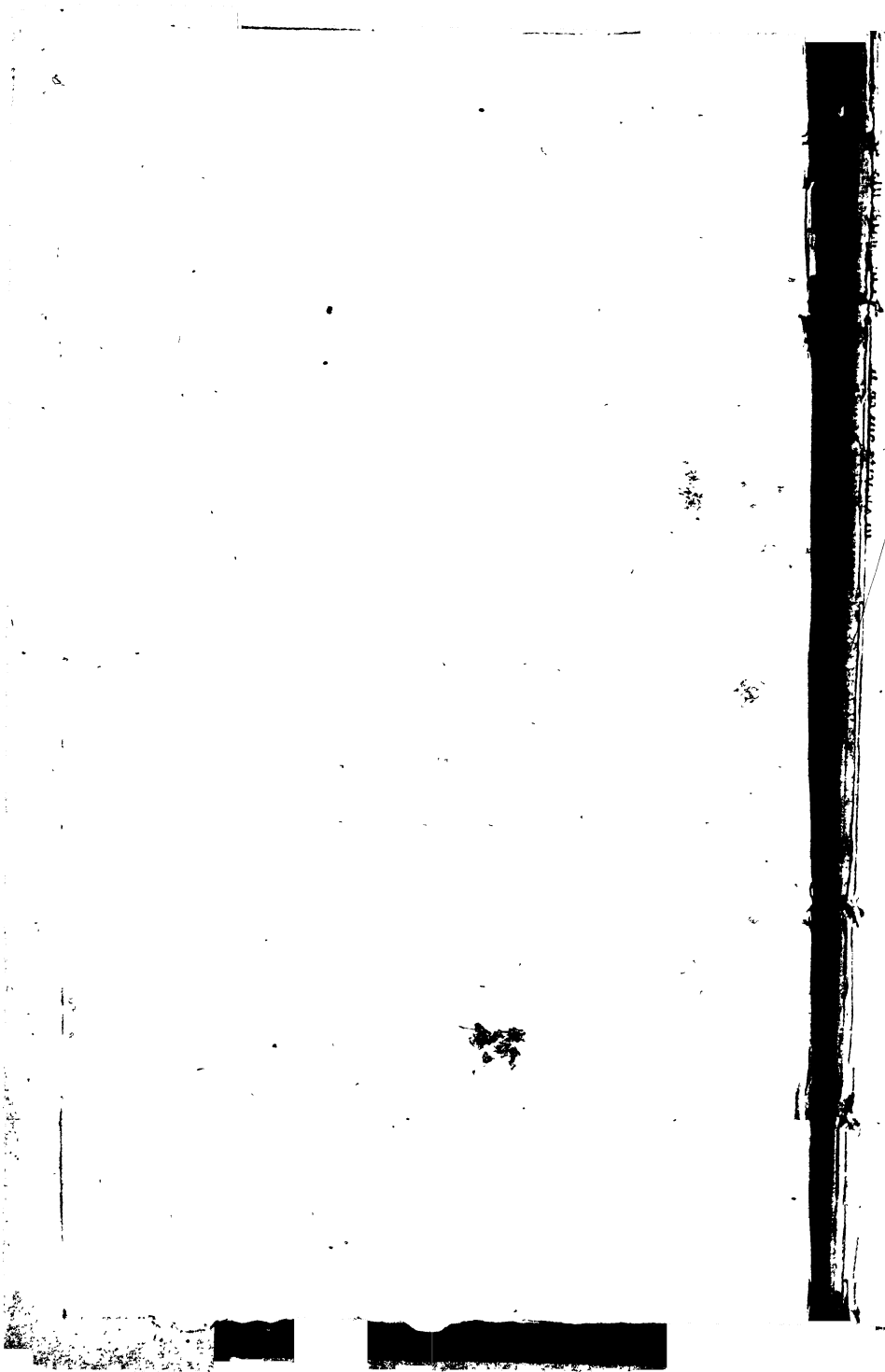
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TECUMSEH;

OR,

THE WARRIOR OF THE WEST:

A POEM,
IN FOUR CANTOS,

WITH

NOTES.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR R. GLYNN, 36, PALL MALL.

M.DCCC.XXVIII.

LP
PS

LONDON:
JAMES MOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

1.4.41

Dr. Lorne Pierce

TO
CAPTAIN BARCLAY,

AND

OTHER OFFICERS

SERVING WITH THE RIGHT DIVISION

OF

THE ARMY OF UPPER CANADA,

DURING THE LATE AMERICAN WAR,

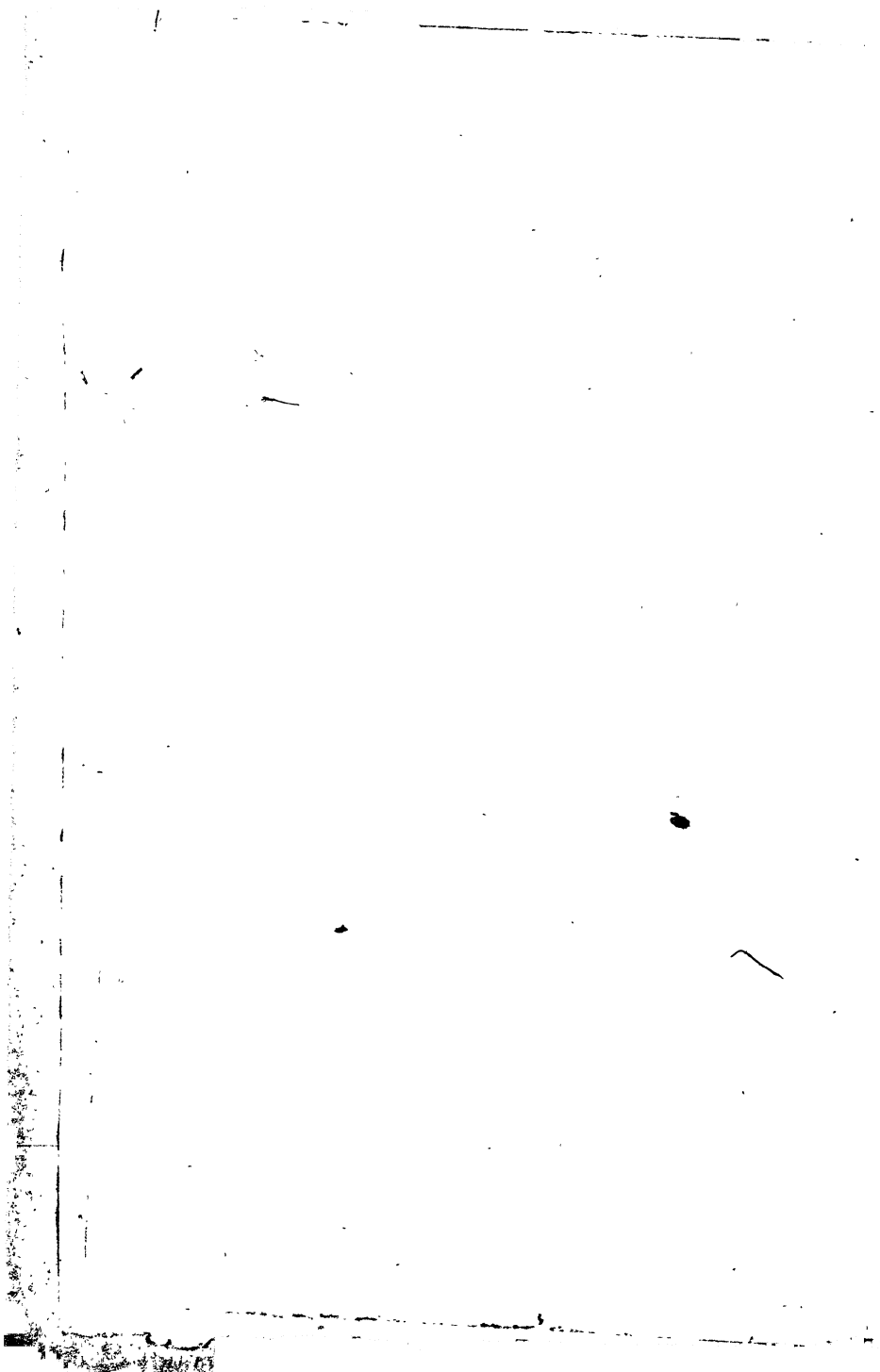
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THE AUTHOR.

182685



PREFACE.

THE following Poem is the production of a Soldier—of one who aspires not to the high pinnacle of poetical fame; but whose ardent wish it has been to rescue the name of a hero from oblivion. Few of those who knew Tecumseh will read these stanzas without interest; those who knew him not, must, of course, be incapable of judging how far, and with what fidelity, the original character has been preserved. By the former, the Author feels assured, the imperfect efforts of his undistinguished muse will be viewed as evincing less of thirst for literary distinction than generous anxiety to preserve the memory of one of the noblest and most gallant spirits that ever tenanted the breast of man.

Considered as a mere work of imagination, this Poem might be found deficient in incident — but a mere work of imagination it is not; and the Author has presumed — with what judgment, it remains for his readers to decide — that a greater degree of interest would be excited by a strict adherence to the wild poetry of the character, than could possibly be elicited by having recourse to that of the imagination. Tecumseh, such as he is described, once existed; nor is there the slightest exaggeration in any of the high qualities and strong passions ascribed to him.

It has been suggested to the Author, that the introduction of some female character would have given a more general interest to the Poem; but this would have been in violation of that consistency he has been anxious to preserve. — Nothing can be more sentimental — nothing more picturesque, than the pretty Indian love-tales with which the Viscomte de Châteaubriand is pleased to entertain our European novelists; but those who are well acquainted with the character of these people are aware, that the *sentimental*

ment of love is almost wholly unknown among the Indian tribes, by whom the sex is held in the utmost inferiority and contempt.

Many of the notes to Tecumseh betray its Author to be that also of the "Canadian Campaign," several passages in both being written nearly in the same words. The fact is, that the Poem was composed five years ago, and before he had thought of compiling the latter narrative. In the hurry of composition, he had recourse to his notes for matter which he felt too indolent to dress in a new garb. Hence the necessity for explanation.

In relation to the naval action which forms a principal incident in the Poem, it may be observed, that if any thing could tend to enhance the glory of Commodore Perry's victory, or to render that gentleman more alive to the importance of his advantages, it must be the generous testimony of his noble, though less successful adversary, whose voice is still loud to proclaim the gallantry of his opponent in action, and his kind and courteous bearing to

a fallen enemy. This high and generous tribute of Captain Barclay lives not more in the public despatches, in which were detailed the events of this interesting engagement, than in the private professions of his esteem,—professions springing from the warm impressions of a noble mind, and which, I am authorised to state, exist not less powerfully now than at that period. Should these pages, which will shortly find their way across the Atlantic, meet the eye of Commodore Perry, this tribute, emanating from such a source, will be doubly gratifying.

London, May 18th, 1823.

TECUMSEH.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

IN truth it is as fair and sweet a day
As ever dawn'd on Erie's silvery lake ;
And wanton sunbeams on its surface play,
Which slightest breeze nor rippling currents break :
Yet Devastation's voice her fiends obey,
And stern Bellona loves, e'en here, to slake
Her quenchless thirst in seas of human gore,
Which soon must dye that lake and distant shore.

II.

And there is many a proud and stately bark
Emerging from the sombre mists of night ;
And many a sturdy tar and gallant spark
Awaiting there the coming hour of fight :
The streamers gaily float in air — and hark,
The boatswain pipes—when soon with fingers light
The active crews unfurl the snow-white sail,
Which vainly falls, to woo the slumbering gale.

III.

And who are they who, fierce defying, dare
To range their prows along th' adjacent shore,
To seek the angry lion in his lair,
And boldly brave the sea-god's savage roar?
A haughty and an upstart band they are,
Nor seen, nor known, nor understood before ;¹
Yet not unworthy to contend in arms
With foemen best inur'd to war's alarms.

IV

Well charg'd each gun — unsheath'd each pond'rous
 glaive,—
They come in strength their deadly foe to find,
Resolv'd to win, or meet a watery grave;
And favour'd by the light and partial wind
Bear onward now — now gaily turn and brave
The raging fury of the fleet behind,
Whose crews with deep complainings rend the air,
And murmur cursings — earnest of despair !

V.

But now the breeze is up — the anchor weigh'd —
The swelling canvass bends before the gale ;
Each towering ship, in battle-pomp array'd,
In distance answers to the chieftain's hail :
Each warrior-brow is clear'd — nor gloom, nor shade,
Nor disappointed feelings now prevail :
All hearts are light — the chase is full in view —
They pant for combat, and forthwith pursue.

VI.

Nor long they follow — nor a coward foe,
Nor one unus'd, unskill'd in naval war;
Their sails are instant clew'd — their course is slow —
Each bark awaits her rival from afar;
While with a secret, and exulting glow
They count the little fleet who cross the bar,
And reckless of their weakness dare engage,
And with superior force the contest wage.

VII.

The clarion shrilly sounds — the warlike drum
In rolling murmurs breaks upon the ear;
The boatswain's whistle, and the busy hum
Of order, rise in echoes long and clear.
In firm array and dauntless front they come,
And with one loud and universal cheer
Bear nobly down upon th' assembled fleet,
Who with loud cries of war their presence greet.

VIII.

And now the thick sulphureous mists ascend,
And Murder opens all her mouths of blood ;
While streams of light with curling volumes blend,
And dart along the surface of the flood,
Which, startled at the cries of foe and friend,
Shrinks back, and seems as 'twere to brood
O'er scenes of fearful death, which darkly stain
The spotless bosom of her silvery plain !

IX.

And oh ! by Heaven, it is a glorious day —
A contest worthy of two rival foes
Whom fame and vengeance urg'd to deadly fray ;
While in gigantic grasp they boldly close,
And hide the noonday sun's refulgent ray,
Which never yet with greater splendour rose
Upon the surface of the dark smooth wave,
Now furrow'd first to form a human grave.

X.

Who, that had heard the thunder of that hour,
The fierce incessant roll of murderous war,
Had sworn that Jove, all dreadful in his power,
Had shap'd to earth his high, imperial car,
And bade destruction o'er creation lower,
Winging stern havoc through the realms afar,
And filling nature with one general cry
Of hate and blood, despair and agony.

XI.

But hark! what shout was that? What joyous sound
Now bursts amid the deafening din of arms —
Can aught than horror or dire rage be found
Amid the reign of carnage and alarms?
Loud, and more loud it grows — but now 'tis drown'd
In thundering peals — and now again it warms
Still louder; — 'tis the wild and harrowing scream
Which conquest swells upon the battle's gleam.

XII.

And who are they who, thus exulting, wake
Each spring of action in that lengthened shout?
Whose the wild sounds which too delusive break
Upon the wond'ring ear, and eking out
In distance ring along the troubled lake,
Startling the storm-bird in its wonted route,
And, e'en amid the cannon's ceaseless roar,
Is heard in echo on the distant shore?

XIII.

It is the lion-band, who fondly deem
That hour arriv'd so pleasing to the brave;
Already Victory hath appeared to beam
Upon their brows,— for many a watery grave
Their foes have found, and in the flattering dream
Of hope they reck of little left to crave:
The eagle standard from the chieftain's prow^s
Is dash'd below, and triumph hovers now.

XIV.

Fallacious thought ! for many a bark is there
Unhurt by Havoc's devastating hand ;
And now their engines vomit from afar
Destruction, carnage, and the flaming brand --
While yet more deadly grows the furious war,
And murder's glaive, which desolates the land,
Is steep'd in torrents of the slime, and gore
Which stain the deck, and from the bulwarks pour.

XV.

And thou too, Barclay, like a branchless trunk,³
Lay blasted, bleeding, mid the death-fraught scene,
Writhing and faint, ere cruel Slaughter drunk
With the rich dye of life, with haggard mien,
Deep, and more deep, in wild destruction sunk
Each sanguine hope — who then, alas ! had seen
Thy flashing eye, had read not suffering there,
But burning indignation, and despair.

XVI.

Each gallant ship floats now a stubborn wreck, ⁴
A shapeless, useless, and unwieldy womb ;
The towering masts are gone — the groaning deck
Is cover'd with dismantled guns, and gloom,
And sternest rage prevail — they little reck
Of aught beyond an honourable tomb
Within the bosom of the dark-green deep,
Where many a tar already sleeps his sleep.

XVII.

And every leader too has nobly bled,
And fallen in the fierce, convulsive war ;
Some deeply gash'd, some number'd with the dead,
But one exempt from honourable scar : ⁵
Yet there exists a greater, surer dread —
A risk more imminent and cruel far !
The leading ships no more the helm obey, — ⁶
They fall aboard, and all is dire dismay!

XVIII.

What man can compass, or what mortal dare,
To wring hard conquest from a mightier foe,
Was done in vain. Alas! a day so fair
Was doom'd to close in agony, and woe;
And many a generous seaman, in despair,
Felt the hot tear of indignation flow
Upon his dark and furrow'd cheek, where Shame
Stamp'd her first empire in the flush of flame.

XIX.

For now they mark the hostile chief ascend
A deck unstain'd, uninjur'd in the fray;
His standard rais'd, the crew their efforts blend,
And through the mastless fleet pursue their way:
While thund'ring broadsides on the wrecks descend,
Whose fainter lightnings on the victors play,
And leave the weakness of a band reveal'd
Too few to conquer, yet too proud to yield.

XX.

But what, alas! can courage these avail
Against the tide of fortune and of power?
A force untouch'd the floating barks assail,
And from their massive bulwarks fiercely shower
New deaths which fly and hiss along the gale,
And seek in fury whom they may devour.
The fatal word is passed—down sinks each eye—
Proud Albion's flag has ceas'd to wave on high!

XXI.

Now all is still, and up the mountain height
A thousand native warriors wildly spring,
And gaze around, and strain their aching sight,
As though the fev'rish glance alone could bring
Conviction to their hopes— but all is night
Where late the battle's roar was heard to ring,
And friends and foes one universal cloud
Enwraps and veils, as in a silvery shroud.

XXII.

Oh, hour of dark uncertainty ! when most
We fondly covet what we dread to know ;
When secret doubting mingles with the boast
Of strength and firmness to resist the blow
Of adverse fortune, and the mighty host
Of warring thoughts more wild and painful grow ; —
Too soon, indeed, thou, short-liv'd hour, wert pass'd —
One fond, delusive vision and the last.

XXIII.

For soon, too soon, stern rage and terror broke
Upon each heart, as now the fresh'ning breeze
Dispers'd the columns of sulphureous smoke,
Which gradual rising o'er the rippling seas,
Disclos'd the valiant bent beneath a yoke
Accurs'd, and following where the victors please.
Then shriek'd, as from the inmost depths of hell,
The savage war-cry and the deafening yell !

XXIV.

Still there's a hope which lingers in the mind
When every fairer dream of joy is past ;
There is a solace vague, and undefin'd
E'en when life's sun is wholly overcast,
Which cheers the drooping spirits of mankind,
And wakes the soul to expectation vast,
If but a glimmering of false light appear
To check the current of each maddening fear.

XXV.

While yet the anxious far-strain'd eye could trace
The various movements of the hostile crews,
A wild expression beam'd upon each face
Half hope, half terror—cherish'd to abuse—
For hope, alas! could find no resting place,
Yet, so it is, the human heart pursues
Each cheating shade, to which it fondly clings,
And comfort from its very anguish wrings.

XXVI.

But soon the sombre wings of night confound
The wounded squadrons in one common veil —
Late rival, now in sad alliance bound —
While the full breeze swells faint the shatter'd sail,
And bears them slowly to the hostile ground :
Oh ! then how felt the sickening heart to fail,
As the sad crowds receded from the shore
To mourn in secret, and their friends deplore.

XXVII.

Say, who that towering warrior who reclines
His godlike form against the craggy steep,
And, like some spirit of the mountain, shines
Pre-eminent, above the rolling deep
A monument of strength — while o'er the lines
Of his severe, and war-worn features creep
Those burning thoughts which mark the soul of flame,
Fever'd, and restless in its lust of fame?

XXVIII.

No sound escapes him, yet his lip is pale—
And, thro' his earnest fixedness of gaze,
There beams anon a fire beneath the veil
Of his dark brow, which like a meteor blaze,
A moment shines, and dies along the gale;
While, turn'd to where the sunbeam dips his rays,
His eagle vision with each thought keeps pace,
And seems to dart beyond the realms of space.

XXIX.

So, when victorious near the dark Wabash,⁸
His mighty arm achiev'd a world's repose,
That eye with blasting fire was seen to flash,
And with its very glance confound his foes,
As, darting through the waves with fearful splash,
He like a demon of the waters rose,
And carried death among the lawless band,
The ruthless wasters of his native land.

XXX.

Not the wild mammoth of Ohio's banks⁹
Dash'd fiercer splashing through the foaming flood,
When his huge form press'd low the groaning ranks
Of giant oaks which deck'd his native wood,
Than rag'd Tecumseh through the deep phalanx
Of deadliest enemies soon bath'd in blood,
Whose quivering scalps, half-crimson'd in their gore,
The reeking warrior from the spoilers bore.

XXXI.

Blood of the Prophet! and of giant mould,
Undaunted leader of a dauntless band,
Vain were each effort of thy foes most bold
To stay the arm of slaughter, or withstand
The vivid lightnings of that eye where roll'd
Deep vengeance for the sufferings of a land
Long doom'd the partage of a numerous horde,
Whom lawless rapine o'er its vallies pour'd.

XXXII.

Nor yet, (though terrible in warlike rage,
And, like the panther, bounding on his prey
When the fierce war-cry prov'd the battle's gage,
And death, and desolation mark'd his way)
Less bright in wisdom he, the gen'rous sage,
Whose prudent counsels shed a partial ray
O' gladness o'er that too-devoted realm
Which craft, and Christians leagued to overwhelm.

XXXIII.

Though dearer to his soul than the young cry
Of infant weakness to a mother's ear ;
Though sweeter than the first-awaken'd sigh
Of virgin love — the war-whoop long and clear ;
Though nurs'd in camps, and living but to die,
Or check Oppression in her wide career —
Twas he first caus'd those scenes of blood to cease,
And deign'd the vanquish'd what they sued for — peace !

XXXIV.

E'en mid the wilds which echo'd back the shout
Of conquering nations fighting in his train ;
E'en near the waves, still crimson'd in the route
Of bleeding foes fast flying from the plain,
Was sign'd the glorious armistice which doubt¹⁰
And apprehension wrung from those who fain
Had dash'd the laurel from that warrior brow,
Which frown'd defiance on their faithless vow.

XXXV.

Nor wrong the chieftain of the snow-white crest :¹¹
For scarce ten moons had dipp'd in silvery dew
The verdant beauties of the glowing West,
When now a mighty mass of foemen threw
Their lengthen'd columns o'er the soil, and press'd
The spot where first the generous warrior drew
The rich warm breath of sacred liberty,
And swore to fall, or set his country free.

XXXVI.

'Twas then that, like a mighty avalanche,
His arm gigantic with his wrath kept pace,
And, rear'd on high, like some vast towering branch
Of a tall pine, dealt vengeance for a race
Whose bleeding wounds the warrior swore to stanch
With the deep groans of those he pledg'd to chase
Like the fierce monsters of his native wood,
Till gorg'd with victims and with human blood.

XXXVII.

How well that purpose of his soul he kept,
Whole hecatombs of bleaching bones and clay,
O'er which nor sorrowing spouse nor sire e'er wept,
Too well attest ; no burial rite had they —
No tomb in which their ashes hallowed slept ;
But, torn by vultures, and by beasts of prey,
E'en fertilized the bosom of that soil
They came with savage fury to despoil.

XXXVIII.

Still red with recent slaughter was the hand
On which the warrior's burning brow reclin'd,
As stern he gaz'd upon the captive band,
Whose crippled barks eve's fast reviving wind
Bore now in triumph to the hostile strand,
Leaving despair and harrowing grief behind,
And tears, and desolation, and fell hate,
And vain repinings at th' award of fate.

XXXIX.

It was a scene of sorrowing and wo
Beyond all thought — all language to relate :
Yet none, I ween, more keenly felt the blow
Than *he* who, in his anger fiercely great,
Swore by the life-blood of each fallen foe,
Which stain'd his fast-clench'd hand, to immolate
Fresh ranks, in vengeance for those hapless brave,
Whom more than human valour could not save.

XL.

He swore, but secret — for no sound betrays¹²
The maddening, burning agony of soul
Which o'er his brow and o'er each feature plays
Deeply he feels — but, feeling, can control
The hell which on his quivering being preys,
While the hot fires of hatred seem to roll
In boiling floods throughout each tortur'd vein,
And rack the fibres of his burning brain.

XLI.

His eyes inflam'd within their orbits roll'd,
Whence flash'd the fury of the lightning's blast :
Oh ! could he grapple in one deadly fold
Of vengeful hate, unutterable, vast —
Could he but reach the victor in his hold,
Then were he paid for all his sufferings past —
Then were his own and country's wrongs forgiven
In the hot life-blood smoking up to heaven !

XLII.

But hold! what shadow moves along the night,
And bears him cautious to the chieftain's side?
'Tis youthful Uncas, foremost in the fight,
His father's sole born, and his nation's pride;
He too hath mark'd, and sicken'd at the sight,—
He too hath seen the foe triumphant ride,
And spread their Eagles o'er the liquid plain,
In all the insolence of proud disdain.

XLIII.

He turn'd in speechless anguish to his sire,
And to his lips that sinewy hand uprais'd,
Encrust' in blood, and trembling with the fire
Which o'er the warrior's features wildly blaz'd:—
Ne'er had young Uncas known his Father's ire
So vast, so terrible as now he gaz'd,
And, with emotion sad and undefin'd,
Watch'd the dark conflict of his tortur'd mind.

XLIV.

Uncertain if to speak — th' intruder stood,
Wrapp'd in his mantle near the suffering chief;
While but the measur'd splashing of the flood
Broke on the silence of his stubborn grief;
Or fainter night-breeze, whispering through the wood,
Call'd forth those plaintive sounds from rustling leaf,
Which, in the boundless forests of the West,
So frequent woo the wearied soul to rest.

XLV.

There was a certain wildness in the scene,
The hour, and in the chieftain's towering height,
As his tall plumage wav'd the rocks between,
Which made him as the genius of the night
Appear; while the dull beams of evening's queen
Cast o'er the whole that dense and hazy light
Which lends colossal grandeur to each form,
When the charg'd skies proclaim a coming storm.

XLVI.

The fond youth shudder'd, yet he knew not why ;
He would have spoken, but a secret dread,
A dark foreboding of deep agony,
Hung o'er his fainting soul, and fiercely fed
The grief within. Oh ! was it but to die
For him, that much-lov'd sire whose throbbing head
Now lean'd in anguish 'gainst the rugged rock,
How would he fly to meet death's rudest shock !

XLVII.

Sudden, on the stillness of the night there broke
The lonely murmuring of a distant drum ;
So faint, so indistinct, each dying stroke
Fell on the listening organ like the hum
Of the lake insect — but the sound awoke
The gloomy chieftain from his trance. “ They come,”
He cried ; “ the foe eternal of this land —
“ Yet deem they not Tecumseh is at hand.”

XLVIII.

'Twas then his dark and lowering brow grew bright
With some deep purpose, confident and fell :
“ Haste thee, my Uncas, with the roe-buck's flight,
And seek our slumbering Warriors in the dell ;
Bid them arm quickly, — ere to-morrow's light
Shall piercing shrieks fast mingle with our yell,
And ring in echo through the fatal wood,
The dire precursors of revenge and blood.

XLIX.

“ In caution, and in silence, lead the band
To where yon jutting rock our barks conceal ;
There let them launch them instant from the strand,
And calmly o'er the drifting current steal ;
Thy sire will go before ; — a lighted brand
Shall mark the spot where ye may bend each keel,
And fall securely on our slumbering prey —
Haste thee, my boy, nor linger on the way.”

L.

He said, and bounded to the water's side,
Quick as the chamois of his native grove :
The light canoe soon floated on the tide,
And noiseless skimm'd the rippling waves above ;
So frail, it seem'd the hand-work of some bride,
To bear a spirit to his earthly love :
But now 'tis vanish'd, and the tall white plume
Is lost in distance and increasing gloom.

END OF CANTO I.

TECUMSEH.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

'Tis eve on Erie's banks, her waves are bright
With golden sunbeams quivering in the west,
Which tip the mountain summits with their light,
Then fade, and die along each towering crest :
But where are they, whose streamers form'd to dight,
Rose with that orb, and hail'd him to his rest,
While martial strains, at evening's early close,
From clanging trumpet and from bugle rose ?

II.

Alas! no more, at his departing ray,
Shall the rough mariner, in uncouth song,
Recount his Country's deeds on battle-day,
Or smile, exulting, on the wond'ring throng :
All dark and gloomy is that lonely bay,
Where the hoarse boatswain's mandate would prolong
Its notes discordant on each bustling hour,
In all the pomp of delegated power.

III.

All, all is chang'd, and desolate, and wild ;
Each quay, where late the gorgeous ships were moor'd,
Laments a Brother from its arms beguil'd ;
The Lake appears a Bride who mourns her Lord ;
The Port, a Mother who has lost a Child ;
And War, stern War, accursed, and abhorr'd,
Has blasted with his breath that peaceful shore,
Where Joy's young smiling face is seen no more.

IV.

In vain the anxious eye is turn'd to meet
The well-know'n streamers floating on the gale ;
In vain the listening ear is turn'd to greet
The boisterous laugh which crown'd the jovial tale :
How gay were now those sights,— those sounds, how
sweet,—

For ne'er does man so well desire to hail
The soothing charm which hover'd o'er his head,
As when reflection tells that charm is fled.

V.

Alas ! 'tis fled from hence — and where alone
The joyous visions of contentment hung,
Stern War has placed his hideous foot, and grown
Into gigantic mastery, and flung
His red-stain'd mantle o'er the tottering throne
Of heaven-born Peace, around which frantic clung
The bright and guardian angels of the World —
Sweet Hope and Mercy, of the wing unfurl'd !

VI.

“ Oh ! Erie, where are now those peaceful hours
Which saw thee lovely in thy children's joy ;
When Plenty smiled upon thy blooming bowers,
And the young Hunter, to some virgin coy,
Breath'd his soft tale of love with artless powers,
'Till the warm blush assured the happy boy,
And Nature's eloquence, than speech more true,
Fired the young breast 'twere rapture to subdue ?

VII.

“ How sweet 'twere once to roam at eventide, ¹
And watch the Indian, in his light canoe,
Along the surface of thy waters glide,
When midnight's hour had steep'd thy banks in dew ;
While the bright spear descending at his side
Among the finny tribe unerring flew,
Charm'd by the meteors, which delusive glare
To lure the wanton sporters to the snare.

VIII.

“ Or, oft to linger near the simple dance,
When glowing maidens mingled in the scene,
Led, not unwilling, with impassion'd glance,
By graceful warriors on the moon-lit green ;
While each, with downcast eye, and half askance,
Approv'd her lover's tall and martial mien ;
And hoary chieftains, smoking on the ground,
In silence pass'd the calabash around.

IX.

“ Or where, at earlier hour, thy sons would send
Th' unerring shaft loud whizzing from the string ;
Or dart the lance innocuous, or contend
For proud distinction in the wrestling ring :
Or in the active foot-race anxious blend,
And, like the wild deer, lightly bounding spring,
Mid the loud plaudits of each gazing sire,
Whose lengthen'd shouts the panting youth inspire.

X.

“ Nor more inactive they who ply the ball,
And range them equal in a twofold file ;
Each ear attentive to the leader's call,
As when, the instrument of death-fraught guile, ²
It caus'd an unsuspecting fortress' fall,
And mingled murder with the hellish smile
Of still more hellish fiends, who frantic tore
Each quivering limb, and quaff'd the reeking gore.

XI.

“ Oh! 'twas a stain upon thy fathers' name,
Which rolling ages could not wipe away ;
It hung like a dark cloud upon their fame,
And blighted deeds of many a battle-day ;
Till now a warrior — a Redeemer came, ³
And shot throughout thy gloom a gladdening ray,
And Mercy render'd at Repentance' throne
Bright offerings due, and faithful to atone !

XII.

“ Those days had pass'd of treachery and crime,
And Peace on hallowed wing took shelter here;
Loving up mountain height and crag to climb,
And breathe the freedom of the untam'd deer ;
Content hung on the well oil'd wheel of time,
And shed a halo round the Western sphere,
Such as, alone, amid the desert's wild,
Falls to the lot of Nature's simplest child.

XIII.

“ Then would the buskin'd ranger of the grove
Forget the toils and perils of the chase,
And breathe his guileless soul in artless love,
Crown'd by the fond and yielding nymph's embrace ;
Or by the placid lake at moonlight rove,
With deep-ton'd flute, chief music of his race,
Producing sounds harmonious, full, and clear,
Which fell in soothing softness on the ear.

XIV.

“ Or, seated in his humble tent, restrain
His jet-black locks in feathers fair to view ;
And with vermilion dyes his dark cheek stain,
Until his sparkling eye exulting grew,
As, fill'd with youthful confidence, and vain,
He proudly strode to join the dancing crew ;
Each limb encircled with broad silver bands —
The well-wrought product of more distant lands.

XV.

“ Nor more unpleasing now to view the maid,
Deck'd in the machecoti's ample fold, ⁴
In many a gay and brilliant brooch array'd,
Like stars which spangle the Eternal's hold ;
While the small foot and ankle are display'd
In well-bleach'd moccasins attentive roll'd,
And work'd in many a wild, but sweet design,
With vari-colour'd quills of porcupine.

XVI.

“ All these, oh Erie ! were thy scenes of yore ;
But where, ah ! whither fled those halcyon days ?
Must they then bless thy once gay sons no more —
No longer greet the stranger's softened gaze ?
Alas ! for ever gone, and banish'd from thy shore.
Their memory only tends, like the last rays
Of the departing sun, to mark the womb
Whence issues Night, stern clad in chilling gloom.

XVII.

“ The hunter's voice still vibrates through the wood,
And bounds the bark upon the rolling wave ;
Yet does that voice proclaim some deed of blood —
That bark convey some warrior to his grave :
The dance continues near thy tranquil flood,
But maidens mix not with the frantic brave ;
It is the war dance, followed by the yell
Which stuns the panther springing from his dell.

XVIII.

“ The shaft flies swiftly from the well-strain'd bow ;
The tomahawk and lance thy choice youth wield ;
But not unharmed now those weapons go :
The shaft's broad barb in life-blood is conceal'd ;
Each flying lance attains a hapless foe,
Who falls unhouell'd on the tainted field,
While, with increasing energy and speed,
The race continues ; but the vanquish'd bleed.

XIX.

“ The wild bear stalks unharmed across the heath ;
The fiery cougar fastens on his prey ;
The snarling wolf at noontide shews his teeth,
And howling bends to blood-stain'd fields his way :
While fiercest vultures group the rocks beneath,
And birds of song forego their wonted lay ;
And naught is heard above the murmuring rill^s
But the wild plaining of the Whipperwill.

XX.

“ The sons of far more distant climes may mourn
Dire scenes of death which stain their hapless soil ;
The spouse from bride — the sire from kindred torn,
When rank oppression fastens to despoil :
But thine, oh ! Erie, to destruction sworn,
More curs'd than these — entangled in the toil
Beset them round — have scarce a land to weep—
Scarce room where now their mighty dead may sleep.

XXI.

“ But will they perish in their weeping ? No !
Their flesh may grow corrupt upon the plain ;
Their bones may bleach like mountain heaps of snow ;
Their hearts' best blood the glittering blade may stain ;
But while an arm remains to wield the bow,
A foe shall writhe him in convulsive pain,
And purchase, in the well-contested strife,
The soil of warriors with the price of life.

XXII.

“ The white man terms them cruel, while his blade
Alone leaps thirsting for some victim's blood ;
He hunts the peaceful Indian from his glade,
To seek for shelter in the pathless wood ;
Then talks of direst treason, when, dismay'd,
He hears the war-cry where their homes once stood,
Nor fails the wily hunter to abhor,
Who differs from him but in forms of war !

XXIII.

“ But they have cast the lance-sheath from their side ;
The calamat of peace has long grown cold ;
And now their haughty legions fiercely stride,
And dare the fox and lion in their hold :
Their voice is blood — destruction is their pride —
But still thy warriors are the true and bold :
And since the dogs of rapine are at bay,
Let murder smile, and havoc have her way.”

XXIV.

Thus sung, in simple strains, an aged chief,
Whose tottering frame lay curved within his tent ;
Worn with long suffering, toil, and wasting grief,
Beneath the weight of many winters bent,
As faltering now, in accents wild and brief,
His hapless and devoted soil's lament,
His still full black, but half-expiring eye
Fix'd the last beams which ting'd the western sky.

XXV.

What sounds come swelling on the evening gale,
Borne in wild echoes o'er the rippling wave ?
Anon they mark rejoicing — now bewail
The ill-tim'd death-wound of some warrior brave ;
And now expanding to the view a sail,
And now another and a third fast lave
Their well-carv'd prows amid the dashing lake,
While others follow in their closing wake.

XXVI.

And now the crowded barks approach that shore
Where winds the hoary chieftain from the bank ;
The gaudy streamers deck their prows no more,
But poles, thick strung with scalps in many a rank,
Arrest the eye, all loathsome in their gore —
While ever and anon resounds the clank
Of captive chains ; and men of fairer hue,
And other garb, are mingled with each crew.

XXVII.

But who that youth, whose features ghastly pale
Lie listless, stiffened in stern death's embrace ;
While in the mournful bark is heard the wail
Of lamentation, common to their race ?
That crimson-shaded mantle, who could fail
To know — or who that still expressive face,
Which late, in spring life's sunny beams arrayed,
Warm'd the young heart-throb of each Indian maid ?

XXVIII.

Near the wan corse, with folded arms and grave,
There sits a warrior rapt in thoughtful gloom ;
His brow low knit — his eye upon the wave,
As though the scene surrounding found no room
To mix with mightier passions, which enslave,
And find within his breast a living tomb —
A glowing furnace — worthy to contain
The fires which wanton through each beating vein.

XXIX.

“ 'Tis he ! — 'tis he ! ” the old man shriek'd, and flung
Upon the sand his weak and stricken frame :
His wailings echoed all the rocks among ;
The rugged caves gave back the wild acclaim ;
His snow-white beard upon the cold earth hung ;
An icy chilness o'er his members came ;
His burning eye distill'd a tear — the first —
The last, and his swollen heart convulsive burst.

XXX.

“ Another victim !” cried a voice aloud.
The notes were thunder on the ear of night ;
And darting now amid the sorrowing crowd
Appeared the chieftain of the towering height :
He gaz'd upon the scene, a moment bow'd
By the thick mists which swam before his sight ;
But, firmly struggling with his secret woes,
Suppressed the groan which half indignant rose.

XXXI.

The youth's pale corse, still lovely in decay,
Is laid that hapless aged man's beside ;
That chief's, whose eyes shut out the loathsome day,
As rush'd the life-blood in one 'whelming tide
Upon his heart, to see the ghastly clay
Of Uncas, his that grandsire's sweetest pride —
The lov'd, lamented, generous, and brave,
Sent thus in spring-tide withered to the grave.

XXXII.

For ever clos'd in night is that dark eye,
Which beam'd with love — nor kindled oft in ire ;
But not in vain does he, that sweet boy lie ;
His death has spar'd the life-stream of his sire ;
The rifle-ball sent whizzing from on high,
Warm'd in his heart, and quenched his bosom's fire :
The wound unerring he had flown to meet,
Else had his sire fall'n lifeless at his feet.

XXXIII.

Awhile Tecumseh gaz'd upon the wreck
Of his lone house, all silent there and low ;
The sire was worn with grief, and the stern cheek
Of many frosts had bleached his head with snow :
But, oh ! that son — his Uncas, form'd to deck
The paths of those who wield the lance and bow —
How dire to see him there a blighted flower,
Cropp'd in the germ of beauty and of power !

XXXIV.

His burning eye could shed no father's tears,
For dried were long the briny sluices there ;
The very thought upon his brow appears
As one habitual — planted there by care —
Not rous'd by some o'erpowering stroke, which sears
The lonely breast, and conjures up despair
In all its thousand forms of agony,
From which the tortur'd soul in vain would flee.

XXXV.

At length the last canoes have press'd the shore —
The dusky warriors leap upon the beach ;
Rage in their hearts, and fury in the roar
Which marks a trophy in each frantic screech ;⁵
While unclean hands, still clammy with black gore,
Th' uncourteous victors to their captives reach,
Whose pallid looks, and glaring eyes, proclaim
Despair the tenant of each drooping frame.

XXXVI.

Yet there is one, who, with undaunted gaze,
And crest unfallen, views the passing scene ;
Dark is his eye, and thin the web of days
Which Time has weav'd around that martial mien ;
While manly grace his symmetry displays ;
As the unmov'd and haughty youth is seen
Unchang'd above that wan dejected band,
In all the fearlessness of proud command.

XXXVII.

The gay insignia on his shoulders borne,
And rich embroidered scarf of azure hue,
Yet soil'd with blood, and in the combat torn,
Proclaim him leader of the captive crew,
Who, now all faint, and with much suffering worn,
Toward the distant camp their course pursue,
Whence issues oft, in lengthened peals and wild,
The horrid death-howl for Tecumseh's child.

XXXVIII.

Scarce reach'd that spot, when lo ! an aged fiend, ⁶
Low bent and wither'd with the blast of years,
Whose trembling steps upon a hatchet lean'd,
At the low entrance of a tent appears ;
With sunken eyes, that furious roll'd, and glean'd
The fairest form amid these sad compeers,
The youth most worthy to appease his shade
Whose clay-cold corse within that tent is laid.

XXXIX.

Oh ! who could fail to mark that warrior there,
The first — the noblest of the Christian state ?
High is his port, and haughty is his air,
Which scorn of danger makes more truly great :
The fiend decrepit, with unholy stare
Gaz'd on the youth, and gaz'd with nervous hate —
While rear'd on high, the glittering weapon shone
Above his fated head — and his alone !

XL.

Say, youth and beauty, where had flown thy power,
Who could not turn away that cruel hand,
Thus rais'd to crop a scarcely budded flower,
And strew its blossoms o'er a distant land?
Ne'er shall he lie in kindred home or bower —
Ne'er shall his footstep press his native strand —
No more love's breath from ladye-lips sport fair
Amid the tresses of his dark-brown hair.

XLI.

Amaz'd, but not unman'd, the victim turn'd
Upon that haggard form one searching look;
Alas! no pity in that breast sojourned,
No mercy in that hand which palsied shook,
No hope of safety from that eye he learn'd —
That eye, whose demon glance he ill could brook.
He rais'd his thoughts in confidence to Heaven,
And silent pray'd his earthly sins forgiven.

XLII.

While rapt in prayer — in converse with his God —
Crash'd the fell hatchet on his front of snow :
The spouting stream deep bathed the earth he trod,
Yet sunk he not beneath the hellish blow,
Till wounds repeated, on the slippery sod,
In death's cold grasp soon laid the sufferer low ;
Whom now the savage monster rudely strips
Of the warm scalp, borne quivering to *her* lips.

XLIII.

Yea, *her* — for woman's was the outward form ;
And though all hell had mingled on the green,
And sprites came howling on the midnight storm,
No demon of destruction, who had seen
Those long and shrivell'd hands, with blood-stains
warm,
But, pale with horror — with affrighted mien,
Had fled, wild shrieking through the startled air,
To hide in blackest night his deep despair.

XLIV.

But she, that woman of unhallowed rite —
That fiend accurs'd, within whose breast no beam
Of sacred mercy ever shed its light,
More fierce than hound or famish'd wolf may seem —
Since ne'er has mother's blood yet bless'd her sight,
No infant self e'er drain'd youth's fountain-stream ;
But blasted, wither'd, in her fruitless womb,
Sinks childless, hopeless, to her rayless tomb.

XLV.

Had she e'er felt the hectic tinge which glows
When the young life-blood first begins to dart ;
Had she e'er known the mother's painful throes,
When riper nature throbs beneath her heart, —
Ne'er had that victim sunk beneath her blows —
Ne'er felt the death-axe play its treacherous part ;
But Pity, pleading through the pangs of birth,
Had spar'd such crime from sullyng Nature's earth.

XLVI.

Oh ! where was then the scathing lightning's flash,
Which falls enthron'd in thunder clouds of ire —
Tearing up forests with gigantic crash,
And spreading wide its tortuous spouts of fire ;
While the swoln torrents, with impetuous dash,
Attest the wrath of man's Almighty Sire,
In the fell horrors which oft waste that land —
Last, and most giant, issu'd from his hand ? 7

XLVII.

Or where was he who, near Miami's wave,⁸
When coward hatchets madly rose to stain
The well-earn'd laurels of the generous brave,
Dash'd fiercely thundering 'mid the recreant train,
And swore to sheathe his yet ensanguin'd glaive -
In their vile hearts, and strew them o'er the plain —
While as he fell'd to earth the tainted barb,
He shone the savage but in hue and garb ?

XLVIII.

Alas ! he saw not—while the warrior stood
Near the pale ashes of his martyr'd boy,
With folded arms and melancholy mood,
And rapt in contemplation's drear employ :
As with a father's scrutiny he view'd
The blasted promise of life's only joy,
A panting envoy from the Christian chief
Broke on the fulness of his tearless grief.

XLIX.

Fresh columns of the foe their scouts had found
In rapid march towards the fated soil,
Which, flush'd with hope, by recent conquest crown'd,
Their massy legions hunger'd to despoil :
The purport of the mission was, to sound
The native chiefs, whose firmness yet might foil
Th' advancing hordes, and in the council form
Due plans to meet the fierce impending storm.

L.

Tecumseh heard, and darted from the tent,
As high in air he rais'd his haughty crest;
And to the Christian camp his footsteps bent,
One only thought enshrin'd within his breast:
Was this a spirit from the High One sent
To soothe a father's desolated breast?
Enough! the mission spoke of war, and well
That sound the whisperings of despair could quell.

LI.

'Twas then, that, as the warrior bent his way
Among the rocks, resounding to his spear,
The hapless captives, faint and chill'd with spray,
Towards that fatal scene of death drew near;
When Gorgon hates, within that sorceress gray,
Close leagu'd to stain the gentle Uncas' bier
With such damn'd deed of treachery and crime,
As Hell must weep when Guilt is in her prime.

LII.

The deed is done — and now within that tent
The live-long night is pass'd in frantic shrieks ;
The song of death — the howling of lament —
And tears more sweet which deck the virgins' cheeks ;
All tributes of their kind — all various meant :
And now, with morn's first rose-colour'd streaks,
The red-stain'd pole hath mark'd the lowly head
Of him who virtuous liv'd, and guiltless bled.

LIII.

Peace to thy shade, young Uncas, if that peace
Ne'er linger'd in so fair and pure a shrine
As thy sweet bosom, which did only cease
To beat when crown'd thy bold and vast design :
The holy thought which grew with years' increase,
And worthy well of thee, and of thy line,
To perish for thy sire on battle-day,
When the foe's chief should mark him for his prey.

LIV.

A spirit, but not thine — an angel bright,
Who makes such virtue his peculiar care,
Shall bear thee, soaring on the wing of light,
To the blest mansions of the upper air :
And though thy dog and rifle be from sight, ⁹
Still shalt thou mix with maidens passing fair,
For God ne'er meant that woman's love should cease—¹⁰
Peace to thy shade, then, gentle Uncas, peace!

END OF CANTO II.

TECUMSEH.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

LONG has Apollo, in his flaming car,
Lash'd his hot coursers up the eastern sky;—
These now, all fierce and snorting from afar,
Tramp the light ethers, spurning as they fly;
While, dazzled at the scene, the morning star
Hides his pale cheek, and startled from on high,
Awaits the moment when Aurora's charms
Shall hail him blushing to her trembling arms.

II.

The hour is that, when checking his career,
The god low stoops to kiss his mistress Earth ;
And with his breath consuming dry the tear
With which fell Night, of melancholy birth,
Damps the warm bosom of the glowing sphere,
Whose face, now radiant, proves her secret mirth,
And burning blushes mark the mighty power
Of him her lover in that ardent hour.

III.

The slumbering lake is one broad, silvery plain,
Within whose mirror move, reflected there,
Along the cloudless sky, a mingled train
Of various birds, which cleave the highest air,
As if unable longer to sustain
The warmth of Earth, which, like the Siroc drear,¹
Enchains all nature in its magic fold,
And fills the atmosphere with flakes of gold.

IV.

The mountain-deer winds fearless to the tide,
And laps his pendent tongue within the stream ;
Then panting casts him at the gaunt wolf's side,
(Struck by the ardour of the raging beam,)
Whose wearied frame, in strange inaction tied,
Lies tame and spell-bound there, as if a dream
Or incantation hung upon the scene,
And chang'd his nature with creation's mien.

V.

The scaly serpent, deck'd in hues of gold,
Basks near the drooping warbler of the spray ;
Nor twines him now in close and tortuous fold,
To spring envenom'd on his wonted prey ;
That eye, which late all fascinating roll'd
In colours brilliant as the Iris' ray,
Has lost its dreadful harmonies to lure,
E'en though the victim felt it not secure.

VI.

The very waters, with the heat imbued,
The languid fishes now essay to shun ;
Save where the weeping willows, thickly strewed,
O'erhang the streams, and shield them from the sun ;
There, blended in one group, a gasping brood
Of harmless sporters all-confiding run,
And linger near the fierce, voracious pike,
Who, with the power, lacks the will to strike.

VII.

All nature owns the universal charm,
And slumbers in inaction to the close ;
But man alone preserves his power to harm,
And spurns the very semblance of repose ;
Not his fell wrath could Chaos' self disarm :—
Though Earth convulsive heave her latest throes,
And skies, and seas, and heaven are overcast,
Still man works on, and hardens to the last !

VIII.

There is a beauteous sight upon that plain,
Whose dazzling bosom with no breathing sighs ;
Twice twenty helmsmen steer a gallant train,
Which through the liquid silver lightly flies ;
Twelve paddlers each their separate race maintain,
All warriors bold, whose streamers gaily rise,
And dip their splendid beauties in the tide
O'er which the prows they deck triumphant ride.

IX.

Twice twenty chieftains, rivals in the race,
Urge fair to greater speed each generous crew ;
Twice twenty war-shouts ring along the space,
And nerve the band their scudding boats pursue :
But now they near — they gain upon the chase —
One straining bark leaps foremost to subdue,
And soon upon the foe's deck, in gloom,
High towers the warrior of the snow-white plume.

X.

A bloodless conquest this, no death-wounds stain
The arms of those o'er whom that chief presides ;
And now the capture follows in their train,
As through the lake each frail bark swiftly glides,
And strives a high and jutting rock to gain,
O'er which the fortress rears her giant sides,
Whence many a bright and well-contented eye
Hangs o'er the war-boats as they proudly fly.

XI.

Wide thrown are now the portals of that hall,
Whose lofty arch reverberates deep sound,
Or to the council speech, or flying ball,
Which oft within that porch is heard to bound ;
Or warriors' muskets, ringing as they fall ;
Or hymns to high Jehovah, which resound
Each Sabbath morn within that joint abode^s
Of sages, chiefs, and ministers of God.

XII.

Already there the elders of the state,
And Christian leaders now are met to treat
Of the impending danger, and debate
The measures of defensive war, most meet
To foil th' advancing enemy, who late
Restor'd from one long series of defeat,
Had swell'd their columns to a locust band,
And threaten'd soon to subjugate the land.

XIII.

Fair shone the warrior's form amid that group,
As now, with eye deep-searching, yet serene,
He led the chieftains from each gay chaloupe
To their worst stations in that council scene ;
While, girt in glittering arms, they gravely stoop,
And place them seated, with that sober mien
Which well becomes the much-important power,
They meet to canvass in that serious hour.

XIV.

Near the stern chief, and rapt in sullen pride,
The captive leader of the bark appears ;
Who, summon'd by the council to confide
The foeman's measures and his strength of spears,
Confirms the scouts' report — nor seeks to hide
Those facts which wake the Father's strongest fears ;
If fear be term'd those feelings which prevail,
When war's resources and defences fail.

XV.

The wampum pledge is pass'd from hand to hand,
As in due order moves each warrior chief,
To say the feelings of his sep'rate band,
And in strange tongues, yet energetic, brief ;
Or point the danger of the threaten'd land,
Or press the means which offer yet relief ;
While the loud shout at intervals approves
What most the feelings of each listener moves.

XVI.

Divided in their judgments, some addeem
It more expedient to await the blow
Where their full barks, triumphant o'er the stream,
Prepare to land the legions of the foe ;
While those, more prudent of the council, seem
To urge, that where the Thames' sweet waters flow,
And higher banks with lofty pines are crown'd,
A pass more fitted for defence is found.

XVII.

These last the Christian leaders part approve,
And most, the Father of the mutual chain,
Whose speech, responsive — as it may behove,
Dwells on the few resources that remain
To stay the progress of the fleets, which move,
Uncheck'd, their cruisers o'er the lake's broad plain ;
While, sway'd by prudent reasonings, and meet,
He gives his voice in favour of retreat.

XVIII.

With various thoughts the anxious chiefs receive
The measure, as their various feelings urge :
The fiery and the daring inward grieve,
And burn to grapple with their country's scourge,
E'en at that point, where all alike believe
Their barks preparing to surmount the surge ;
While cooler hearts and hoarier heads proclaim
Retreat expedient — nor its purchase shame.

XIX.

Uprose Tecumseh, with impatient bound,
Fire in his mien, and fury in his eye ;
Flash'd his proud glance contemptuous now around,
While his tall crest plumes, nodding from on high,
Bent o'er the brows that now indignant frown'd,
And lent his swarthy cheek a duskier dye :
Then burst the passions of his warlike soul,
Which e'en that council stern could not control.

XX.

No word of ire to lesser chief he deign'd,
The curl upon his lip spoke only there ;
But turning quick to him who well sustain'd
The painful duties of the regal chair,
In speech of fire the Father's act arraign'd,
And, hurried by his passion's fitful glare,
Misnam'd his prudence, base, unmanly fear,
Which shrunk from danger as the foe drew near.

XXI.

“ Never,” he cried, and as he spoke, the vault
Rang in wild echoes to his wrathful mood, —
“ Never do I, in the strong camp's assault,
Or where the foemen line the dusky wood,
Behind the columns of my warriors halt,
Or bid them go and do a deed of blood ;
With thirsting steel, and stout arm fiercely bare,
Tecumseh ever is the foremost there.

XXII.

“ Ne'er do I say to these, my young men, *go*—³
Do that, and linger basely in their rear;
But bid them *come*, and as they follow, shew
What perils dire their leading chief can dare :
With theirs my blood is ever wont to flow ;
With them the toils of victory I share ;
And with the glaive hot reeking in my hand,
By deeds, and not by words, urge on my band.

XXIII.

“ Well have I mark'd our Father of the lake,
In pride of soul against the foeman sail ;
Well have I heard his rolling thunders break,
And blend with war-cries rising on the gale :
That eagle heart was never known to quake,
That eye to slumber, or that cheek to pale.
But conquest hangs not ever o'er the brave,
And now, perchance, he sleeps beneath the wave.

XXIV.

“ Yet he has perish'd in the brave man's fame,
And though a mightier foe hath swept him down,
He shrunk not quailing from the battle's flame,
But scorn'd at danger with the warrior's frown :
No stain can light upon his future name,
No dark cloud hover o'er his fair renown ;
And every warrior bold shall drop a tear
O'er him who grasp'd at Fame, and found a bier.

XXV.

“ But thou,”—and here his eye glanc'd fiercely round—
“ Scarce dost thou know the foeman at thy gate,
Than, struck with terror, like some coward hound,
Thou shunn'st the fight, and flee'st thy helpless State ;
Thy gallant youths, in combat foremost found,
Obey thy will, nor murmur at their fate ;
But well their drooping hearts and heads proclaim
How much they curse thy fiat, and their shame.

XXVI.

“ But since the blood runs coldly through thy veins,
And love of life belies the warrior's creed,
Go — flee — and leave to hostile swords these plains,
Then tell thy Father of the glorious deed :
Yet say, that well one native chief maintains
The faith he pledg'd, and on this spot will bleed —
For, by the Spirit of our mighty sphere,
Tecumseh moves not while a foe is near.”

XXVII.

He ceas'd — and burst one vast and deafening sound
Of crashing thunder from the swarthy crew ;
Uprose each chieftain with elastic bound,
As high in air their glittering weapons flew ;
And yells discordant shook the walls around,
And fiercer now the wild alarm grew :
While, through the portals of that hall, there rang
To the Fort's base the loud and deaf'ning clang.

XXVIII.

Amid the fearful clamours of that day,
How look'd the Christian chiefs assembled there ?
There was a feeling would have been dismay,
But that such hearts are strangers to despair ;
In these had sprung the thought, that treach'ry lay
Beneath the darkness of that warrior's air,
But that they knew him, as the soul of youth,
Daring in deed — and rich in genuine truth.

XXIX.

Nor judg'd him wrong — for with that haughty look
Which mark'd the native empire of command —
That glance which few could e'er unhumbled brook,
The chieftain motion'd silence to the band,
Whose brandish'd weapons now more faintly shook ;
And frantic shoutings sunk to murmurs bland,
Like sounds which issue from the forest drear,
When storms are lulling with the lightning's glare.

XXX.

Restor'd the order of that solemn scene,
The Christian Father, in his judgment firm,
Still deems retreat the most expedient mean
To thwart the foeman's measures in the germ ;
To this, as late, the elder warriors lean,
And urge again the Thames' banks, as the term
Of retrogressive march, where, less secure,
The foe may fall and perish in the lure.

XXXI.

Already high the spectre Famine rears
Her hideous crest along the fated land,
While twice five thousand fresh and hostile spears
Are join'd to leap upon th' unguarded strand :
To these a force inferior far appears,
And of the whole defensive and united band
Scarce now three thousand active youth remain
To wage the combat with that mighty train.

XXXII.

The lonely harbour, of her strength divest,
No fire repulsive warms within her womb ;
While on the fortress' weaken'd sides there rest
Faint means to throw the round shot or the bomb :
The dreaded barriers which they late possessed,
Are wrested from their grasp, while deeper gloom
Awaits the warriors, in the scanty hoard
Of food essential which the walls afford.

XXXIII.

But where the wild yclep'd Moravian spread
Her scatter'd hamlets o'er the Thames' broad banks,
A dark ravine, where rear their giant heads
Thick pines and firs, in Nature's tallest ranks,
Affords the war defensive in its beds
Of rocks uneven, while the bending flanks
Are hemm'd securely by the rolling flood,
And heights close studded with impervious wood.

XXXIV.

Here, then, the Father; after due debate,
And those most prudent of the league, propose
To lead their sep'rate warriors, and await
The first fierce onset of their numerous foes;
Who, flush'd with hope, and in their strength elate,
Would scarcely reck to linger in repose;
But, close pursuing in their flying rear,
Fall in the toils their wily arts prepare.

XXXV.

High glow'd the warrior's cheek with generous heat,
And flash'd his eye with deep contemptuous scorn;
What! he join basely in that tame retreat!
But, hark! the troop-call from the Christian horn
Now bids the glittering forces instant meet:
The light artillery the roads adorn,
And all the movements of that band proclaim
The firm resolve to stamp their mutual shame.

XXXVI.

“ Then be it on the Thames’ broad banks ;— I yield
To riper chieftains and more prudent sires ;”
(And with the *prudent*, there was ill conceal’d
The scorn which mingled with his soul’s hot fires ;)
“ But, by the holy Prophet, on that field
Tecumseh combats—conquers, or expires ;
There shall he wash in blood this present stain,
And crush his foe, or perish on the plain.

XXXVII.

“ Ere then ten suns have roll’d their daily course,
Upon the spot conven’d we, Father, meet ;
Not there, as here, to count the adverse force —
To shrink from numbers, or propose retreat ;
But there to speed the death-shot from its source —
To fall, or lay our foemen at our feet :
Who talks of counsel there, has my disdain ;
Peace to thee, Father, till we meet again.”

XXXVIII.

He said, and strode indignant from the throng,
Whose every eye close fix'd his martial frame ;
No heart was there that felt inclin'd to wrong
The noble ardour which his wrath became :
Hot words were his ; but such, I ween, belong
To sanguine men, whose every thought is flame,
Whose burning passions mark the generous soul,
And shine most virtuous where they least control.

XXXIX.

Dissolv'd that warlike council by the Sire,
The various chieftains to their tribes resort ;
While, by the Father, to the sweeping fire
The fortress is condemn'd ; and gloomy port,
And holds of strength, and all that may require
A foe invading for their meet support :
So that stern Want's all-hideous frown may greet
And mock their legions landing from the fleet.

XL.

This task unwelcome, slow the troops obey;
With sadden'd hearts, and more unwilling hands ;
Alas! how oft, within those precincts gay,
The laugh has echoed to their joyous bands ;
How oft at eve, in summer-tide, have they
Pitch'd the firm quoit where lone the fireman stands ;
Or bent the bow, or whizz'd the flying ball,
Where now the miner saps the tottering wall.

XLI.

It is in truth a joyless sight to view
The home which hous'd us from the winter blast —
The scenes which hourly more familiar grew,
In one wild ruin darkly overcast :
Others may rise upon their site more new,
But still the heart clings fondly to the past ;
And, though their form and matter be the same,
They come as strangers, and without a name !

XLII.

Fast now the crackling flames ascend and fly ;
Low sinks each buttress with tremendous crash ;
Thick clouds of smoke pollute the spotless sky,
And gleams afar the blazing column's flash ;
The pond'rous beams fall startling from on high,
And lighter fragments in the river splash,
While anguish'd crowds, sad mourners of the scene,
Watch the flames' progress with distracted mien.

XLIII.

The work of melancholy waste complete,
The shrill-ton'd bugles sound the chief's command ;
And soon, upon the plain adjacent, meet
The different stragglers of the little band ;
Each heart with various images replete,
As still they mark the fiercely flaming brand
Feed on those scenes, which, ere the morrow's dawn,
Must be for ever from their gaze withdrawn.

XLIV.

The moon shines dimly, as the close ranks bend
Their joyless march throughout the gloomy wood :
Whose hollow moanings with the night-winds blend,
And stamp more deep their melancholy mood :
While oft, at intervals, the storm-birds send
Their lonely plainings o'er the hazy flood,
And fiercer wolves, recover'd from their spell,
Speed their wild howlings o'er each echoing dell.

XLV.

Near where the ashes of young Uncas sleep,
As now the much-encumber'd troop repose,
A tall and lonely form is seen to creep,
And bear him cautious, where the forest throws
A shade upon the dreary wild more deep,
And where, alone illuminate, there glows
The fire-fly lingering near that rayless tomb,
Whose very light is borrow'd from its gloom.

XLVI.

That figure was Tecumseh, who had stay'd
To pay sad tribute o'er his sweet boy's grave :
Sore was the chieftain's heart, but not dismay'd —
His son had perish'd as o'er fall the brave ;
And though all lonely in that spot is laid
The latest, fairest hope his spring-tide gave,
In other realms the boy shall greet his sire,
With deathless welcome, and with holiest fire.

XLVII.

Fair wreaths of flowers and sweet grass deck his tomb,
Cull'd by the hands of brightest Indian maids ;
And, nurs'd by dew-drops from that forest's gloom,
Shed their sweet odours o'er the deep'ning shades :
The air around imbibes the rich perfume,
And wafts the scent voluptuous to the glades,
Like incense rising on the wing of night,
Pure, and most hallowed, to the throne of light !

XLVIII.

Low bent the warrior o'er the fragrant clay
Which press'd the bosom of his Uncas dear ;
Till now the glittering arms, in moonlight gray,
And hum of feet, attest the columns near ;
When, starting from the grave on which he lay,
He sought concealment 'mid the forest drear,
And, by a pass circuitous and wild,
Had join'd his warriors ere the troops defil'd.

END OF CANTO III.

TECUMSEH.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

J.

THE lonely call proclaims the waning night,
And faint, along the face of darkness, gleams
The dying watch-fire's pale and quivering light,
Which sheds at intervals its fiercer beams ;
While, o'er the summit of the rock-crown'd height,
The fluttering banner of the Father streams,
And all within that silent camp repose,
As if no dawn should light them to their close.

. II.

Along the lesser ridge of hills are spread
The wearied columns of the Christian force :
These, not luxurious, the humble shed
Form'd of the willow bough and fir-bark coarse,
With summer leaves thick strew'd, their only bed,
Affords a shelter from the night-winds hoarse ;
While, close envelop'd in his mantle gray,
The sentry counts the lone, lone hours till day.

III.

Not more exempt, the different leaders share
The simple covering of their faithful train ;
Thrice happy he, who from the savage bear
Has borne his warmer clothing, to sustain
The deadly coldness of the fog-charg'd air :
Or, from the shaggy buffalo of the plain
Procur'd a couch more soothing to his limbs,
When the north wind along the ice-lake skirts.

IV.

Few are the comforts of that warrior band ;
But, 'mid the pressure of privation, smiles
The bond of union and affection bland,
Which bitter suffering of her sting beguiles ;
Here hatred low'rs not, by stern rancour fann'd,
Nor falls the victim by his fellow's wiles :
But sweet community of toil imparts
The first of blessings to the best of hearts.

V.

Oh ! who is there, of all that generous crew,
Whose scanty food was oft the coarse brown bread,
Whose drink the streamlet, fed by morning dew,
The rock whose pillow, and the turf whose bed ;
Who would not now those checker'd scenes renew,
And, from the world's cold bosom ever fled,
Seek that sweet fellowship of thought and mind
Which flies the heartless circles of mankind.

VI.

For they were joyous days, with all their ill ;
And though, at eve, they hung upon his bier
Whose voice at morn rang loudly o'er the hill,
'Twas friendship's sacred source whence flow'd the
tear,
Not coin'd by eyes well tutor'd to distil :
Each wept a friend with fervency sincere,
And felt that other hearts would mourn his grave,
When sped the death-wound which awaits the brave.

VII.

Thrice happy he whom still those bonds unite,
Which form the gold link in life's blended chain ;
Whose youthful years no mildewing sorrows blight,
No malice injures, and no wrongs attain ;
Whose thoughts can slumber in the dead of night,
Unrack'd his heart-strings, and untouch'd his brain ;
While but the morrow's dawn breaks fair to send
To his gay couch a brother or a friend.

VIII.

Yet ah ! how many o'er the wide world roam,
And curse the l^oness of their rayless doom ;
For them no friendship warms — no smiling home
Lights the dark picture of their bosom's gloom ;
For them the pathless wastes and wild wave's foam
Are scenes more fitted than the crowded room,
Where social man scarce takes the pains to hide
His cold hypocrisy — his upstart pride.

IX.

Still there are those who, with indignant scorn,
Repay with usury the unjust hate ;
Who, curs'd from birth, and to endurance born,
Drain to the dregs the bitter cup of Fate ;
And as they linger o'er the hopes they mourn,
And with the past compare their cheerless state,
Would fain renew, upon that savage soil,
Their first privations, and their youth's sweet toil.

X.

Not heartless they, but loving and unblest'd,
The colder maxims of the world restrain
The generous ardour of each loyal breast :
Apart they wander from the selfish train,—
Recall the solemn moment when they press'd
Some dying comrade on the battle plain,—
Compare his virtue with the world's deceit,
And feel despair throughout each life-vein beat.

XI.

But this is not my song — apart from these,
And o'er the surface of the valley, float
The native standards, swelling in the breeze ;
Fierce tribes of warriors there, and most remote
From all who dwell along the salt green seas,
Mingle with those who wear the light capote,
Who till the ground, and plant the lofty corn,
And with devices fair their homes adorn.

XII.

There the mild Huron who forsakes his plough,
Beside the Winnebago fierce reclines ;
And artful Chippawa, whose vengeful vow
Ne'er slumbers till his steel unerring shines,
Rests near the Sawkie of the noble brow —
That race of all those western tribes, whose lines
Of form and feature, high, imposing, grand,
Approach most near to those of Roman land.

XIII.

Here the stern Munsee, near the Kickapoo,
Lies rapt in sleep, his rifle at his side ;
While, blended with the Foxes' warlike few,
The watchful Shawanee (Tecumseh's pride)
Rears his white tent amid the swarthy crew :
And as the night-breeze whispers o'er the tide,
Starts from his couch, and with attentive ear,
Half deems the foeman in the shrill sounds near.

XIV.

Within the bosom of the valley rise
The loftier tent-poles of a bolder race :
There the devoted man who never flies, ¹
Or flying, stamps him with unwash'd disgrace,—
And wild Minoumini of flaming eyes, ²
Who feeds on human flesh, divide the space :
Both fiercest tribes from the remotest west,
Who scoff at death, and treat it as a jest.

XV.

Th' opposing flank the other warriors line :
There the Ottāways in their tents repose ;
The Potawatami, and Falsowine,
From where Superior's source majestic flows ;
And gentler nations, who in field arts shine,
And rear their dwellings where the sweet grass grows,
And in the Christian temples meet to speed
Their heart's pure incense in the Roman creed.

XVI.

In all, two thousand dauntless hearts are there,
Who wait the dawn to front them with their foe ;
While, near the flanking watch-fire's brighter glare,
Some lonely out-scout twangs his sturdy bow,
Or twines in plaited folds his matted hair,
Or, as he lingers o'er the embers' glow,
Conjures the Manitou to save his son ³
From the wild rage of the Chemocomon. ⁴

XVII.

Between that camp and where the Christians sleep,
A narrow pathway, winding through the dell,
Conducts to where, above the glassy deep,
A full magnolia's blooming branches swell
Their giant arms, wide spreading o'er the steep ;
Beneath whose shade, and in whose bowels, dwell
The sweetest tenants of that gloomy wild,
The agile squirrels, black as Afric's child.

XVIII.

There, as beneath the placid waters roll,
And toy with moon-beams on their sportive wave,
That fair enchantress of the human soul,
Voluptuous Melancholy, sweetly grave,
Swells on the heart, and softens down the whole
Of joy extreme or sorrow which enslave
The surcharg'd mind, and ministers a calm
Pure and refreshing as the morning's balm.

XIX.

Amid that lovely scene the warrior stood,
Revolving in dark thought the morrow's cast;
And as his sleepless eye, in mournful mood,
Hung o'er the wave in meditation vast,
The scene surrounding in his breast renew'd
The visions of his boyhood long gone past;
For such, in earlier youth, he lov'd to trace,
When his worn limbs sunk wearied in the chase.

XX.

But where were now those gay and peaceful shades—
Where the lov'd dwelling of his warlike Sire ?
Oh ! they had vanish'd, as the night-dew fades
Before the morning sun's all-conquering fire :
The foe had broken on their fertile glades,
Beneath their steel he saw his blood expire ;
And none remain'd of all his Father's line,
Save he, the Prophet of the brow divine.

XXI.

All rose in dark array before his view,
And cried for vengeance in that silent hour,—
The shades of those whom treacherous white men slew
Whose lives pass'd harmless in the chase or bower ;
Whose doors in welcome ever open flew,
And hail'd the stranger from the night-blast's power,
Reckless of harm, nor conscious of the guile
Which lurk'd unpitying in the guest's dark smile.

XXII.

Where spread their cabins o'er Ohio's flood,
And the dark Wabash' banks their hunters bore,
His slaughter'd kindred sleep within the wood,
All gash'd with wounds, and sullied with their gore,
The foeman's fortress rises o'er their blood :
Their bones lie crumbling at his very door ;
And nought of Indian life or growth remains
Along the vastness of those conquer'd plains.

XXIII.

Well had his arm aveng'd his fallen race,—
Thick were the streams which crimson'd the dark soil ;
The scalps scarce left within his tent a space,
Vast were his heaps from the warrior's spoil :
Still his soul slept not, and his wrath kept pace
With hate that scoff'd at suff'ring or at toil,
For with his Uncas' death-pang snapp'd the tie
Which bound him latest to humanity.

XXIV.

Alas! this was his lone house' only stay —
The last sad promise of his fallen name :
Had they but spar'd that son on battle day,
His hate had rag'd not an undying flame.
But he all cold within the dark tomb lay ;
And while the life-blood feeds his burning frame,
The Father's ire, like the devouring blast,
Must speed in desolation to the last.

XXV.

Yet as he linger'd o'er that mountain's side,
With tall rocks crown'd and fir trees overhung,
And watch'd the eddies of the curling tide,
A softer feeling to his lone breast sprung ;
Which, while it sooth'd the fierceness of his pride,
Confirm'd the spirit of despair that clung
Around his heart, and blended with the grief
Which pal'd the features of that warrior chief.

XXVI.

For him again that moon may never rise,
That sweet air freshen, or those waters flow ;
Another sun shall gild his native skies,
But ere in the far west his last tints glow,
The song of war, which o'er the valley flies,
Shall bear him swift on his accursed foe,
Whose ranks must thicken in the path of death,
Or purchase vict'ry with his dying breath.

XXVII.

Such fate with him can boast no other sting
Than that which fastens on the truly brave,—
Those deep despairings of the soul, that bring
The thought that, in his dark and lonely grave
Must die the hopes which in his bosom spring
To free his groaning country, and to save
The faithful remnants of his weakened bands
From the dire fury of the foeman's hands.

XXVIII.

And as he linger'd o'er the thought, like burning oil,
The prestige deeper fann'd his bosom's fire ;
The hours which flew in darkness o'er the soil
Were weights imposed upon his deathless ire :
And now he panted for the fierce turmoil
With rage unpitying, and with wild desire ;
And gnash'd his teeth, as fancy mark'd each foe
Gasping, and writhing 'neath his vengeful blow.

XXIX.

But now is hush'd the howling wild wolf's cry—
More faint the moon-beams o'er the waters play ;
While coruscations in the eastern sky
Proclaim the birth of that eventful day.
Fast, and more fast the dews translucent fly,
The matin bird attunes his lonely lay,
And Nature doffs her sable garb to meet
The day-god rob'd in folds of radiant heat.

XXX.

O'er hill and glen the clanging bugles ring,
And swell in echoes all that waste around ;
Forth from their couch the Christian warriors spring,
And gird their arms, and brighten at the sound ;
Gay o'er their brows the glittering casque they fling,
And spread their ranks, and thunder o'er the ground ;
While fierce in ardour, and with warlike air,
The anxious Indians for the fight prepare.

XXXI.

It is a fearful sight to view that train
All deck'd in terror for the battle hour ;
Half white, half black, their swarthy forms they stain,
And look like wild fiends, raging to devour :
Their piercing eyes alone untouch'd remain,
And give their gaze a basilisk-like power,
Till e'en their colleagues, scarce can bear the glare
Of light demoniac which those wild orbs wear.

XXXII.

No covering cloaks their limbs of curious hue,
As forth they rush, impetuous for the strife ;
Like ardent coursers, foaming to subdue,
They raise their crests, and scent the game of life :
Fierce gleam the hatchets of that yelling crew,
And shines within each belt the fatal knife ;
The well-stor'd quiver at their back depends,
And on each rifle's bore a death attends.

XXXIII.

But oh ! how shone Tecumseh 'mid that throng,
Whose every warrior was himself a host :
To some more lofty muse — some nobler song,
Should be the joy to sing the valiant's boast ;
Such as to him, the soul of verse, belong,
Who on Italia's fair, voluptuous coast,
Doth waste his giant mind in syren lays,
Nor longer sings the deeds of other days.

XXXIV.

High tow'rs in swelling pride the Chieftain's crest,
As o'er the field he throws his eagle glance ;
Light is his garb, and spotless is the vest
Round which are girt his tomahawk and lance :
And well his manly brow those plumes have press'd,
Which in the young breeze graceful sport and dance,
And give new lustre to his beaming sight,
Which darts in flashes of electric light.

XXXV.

That glance was ever terrible and bold,
And, like the sun-beam, dazzled with its ray,
Whene'er the sounds of war impetuous roll'd ;
But ne'er, I ween, on high and battle day
Such bursts of soul did mortal man behold,
As in those meteor orbs all wildly play,
And scathe his very eye-lids with the fire
The burning passions of his breast inspire.

XXXVI.

Who could have met his eyes' unearthly glare,
Had read the idol of that Warrior's heart ;
For oh ! not woman's love, most pure and fair,
E'er bade the blood of youth convulsive start,
As swell'd his veins, who, with impatient air,
Glow'd high to grapple, never more to part,
In one last fold of vengeful hate, with those
Who lead the murderous columns of his foes.

XXXVII.

And now, within the forest's deep'ning shade,
The screaming Indians swift, impatient bound,
And seek the tallest rocks, and shun the glade,
And court those parts with brushwood thickly crown'd ;
Then crouch behind in sep'rate files array'd,
And like the wily serpent press the ground,
And wait the moment when the bugle's peal
Shall wake the vengeance of their slumbering steel.

XXXVIII.

Along their left the Christian bayonets shine,
And like the native hordes their files extend;
The gloomy road the heavier squadrons line,
On whom the stern artillery attend;
While in the bosom of the wild recline
The lighter troops, who with the Indians blend,
And join their flank to where the Shawanees rear
The glittering tomahawk, and death-barb'd spear.

XXXIX.

Three thousand warriors lurk within that wood,
Yet sound nor echo through the waste may ring!
In death-like calm they 'wait the note of blood,
When fierce in arms each martial form shall spring:
Breathless they lie, and o'er the future brood,
Or to remembrance of the sweet past cling,
And pass the leaden interval in thought,
With mingled pleasure and foreboding fraught.

XL.

And oh ! it is a strange and anxious hour,
That which precedes the battle's fearful din ;
When dark reflections o'er the still heart lower,
And bring to man the thoughts of unwept sin :
Who has not felt th' accusing conscience' power,
When, left to solitude ere wars begin,
The guilty past quick rises to his view,
And self-reproach is faithful to pursue ?

XLI.

Not the sharp whistling of the death-wing'd ball,
Nor gleaming brands which sweep along the air,
Nor shouts of horrid triumph, worse than all,
Can fill the valiant bosom with despair ;
But serious thought those feelings must recall
Which press upon the heart, and fasten there,
In those still moments which precede the war,
Less stern and fearful than reflection far.

XLII.

But now the instant of alarm is near,
For quick upon each other's recent track
The panting scouts along the ranks appear ;
These state the foemen even at their back,
A numerous band, with captives in their rear,
Borne from the hapless villages they sack,
Whose smoking ruins gleam along the flood,
And cry aloud for vengeance and for blood.

XLIII.

Hark ! soon a shot sounds faintly from the strand,
And on the stillness of the air fast float
The trumpet signals from the hostile band,
In harshest sound and wild unmeasur'd note :
Up springs each warrior at his chief's command ;
And now less indistinct, and less remote,
The horrid clang breaks fiercer on the ear,
And rings the war-peal through the forest drear.

XLIV.

Loud through the waste the adverse bugles swell,
And breathe defiance in the foeman's teeth ;
Fast fly the shrill blasts over hill and dell,
And springs each shining weapon from its sheath ;
Fierce through the dark glen screams the Indian yell,
And speed the shot that wild wood's arch beneath :
While hoarse, at intervals, the cannon howls,
And shakes the covert where the scar'd wolf growls.

XLV.

The sturdy war the hostile bands maintain,
And deaths fly thickly all that space around ;
Fast fall the Christian columns, while in vain^s
They seek the marksmen o'er the cover'd ground —
Well us'd the native combat to sustain.
These last in homelier garb are careful bound,
And match their costume with the wood's dark gray,
Which yields them safety on the battle day.

XLVI.

Secure themselves, each hissing ball conveys
A wound unerring to that glittering few,
Whose scarlet vesture, and whose bright arms' rays,
Assure them victims to the rifle crew ;
In vain they pierce throughout that wild wood's maze,
In vain they ponder whence the death-wound flew ;
On every hand some dying comrade groans,
Yet scarce a lurker with his life atones.

XLVII.

Far on the right more equal meet the troop —
With fiercest howlings, and with thirst of blood,
The dusky warriors, 'mid their hellish whoop,
O'ertake their victims in the thickest wood ;
There as they spring upon their prey, and stoop
To seize the quivering scalp, with gore imbued,
Some well-directed bullet wings its way,
And chills a victor on the bleeding clay.

XLVIII.

Amid that scene, like some dark towering fiend,
With death-black eyes, and hands all spotted o'er,
The fierce Tecumseh on his tall lance lean'd,
Fir'd with much spoil, and drunk with human gore :
And now his blasting glance ferocious glean'd
The Chief who leads the Eagles to his shore,
When with one scream that devils might appal,
Deep in his breast he lodg'd the whizzing ball.

XLIX.

This was the moment of his soul's delight —
The deed that paid him for a life of care ;
The meteor-ray which flash'd along his night,
And sooth'd the wildness of his dark despair :
The foe may triumph in their giant might,
But he, at least, their head, shall perish there,
And groan, and quiver 'neath his vengeful blade,
A worthy offering to each Indian shade.


L.

Like the quick bolt which follows on the flash ♂
Which rends the mountain oak in fearful twain,
So sprung the Warrior, with infernal dash,
Upon the Christian, writhing in his pain :
High gleam'd his hatchet, ready now to crash
Along the fibres of his swimming brain,
When from the adverse arm a bullet flew
With force resistless, and with aim too true !

LI.

The baffled Chieftain totter'd, sunk, and fell —
Rage in his heart, and vengeance in his glance ;
His features ghastly pale — his breast was hell —
One bound he made to seize his fallen lance,
But quick the death-shades o'er his vision swell,
His arm dropp'd nerveless, straining to advance —
One look of hatred, and the last he gave,
Then sunk, and slumber'd with the glorious brave !

LII.

Forth from the copse a hundred foemen spring,
And pounce like vultures on the bleeding clay;
Like famish'd blood-hounds to the corse they cling,
And bear the fallen hero's spoils away:
The very covering from his nerves they wring,⁷ 
And gash his form, and glut them o'er their prey —
Wild hell-fiends all, and revelling at his death,
With bursting shrieks and pestilential breath.

LIII.

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LIV.

The sounds have ceas'd, and carnage is no more —
But he whose god was War, eternal, deep,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and shapeless in his gore ;
A lifeless, loathsome mass, which hate might weep,
And yield sepulture on the wild sea-shore :
May they who left him thus e'er howl, and creep
As vile through life as cruel in that hour,
Which gave the first of victims to their power.

LV.

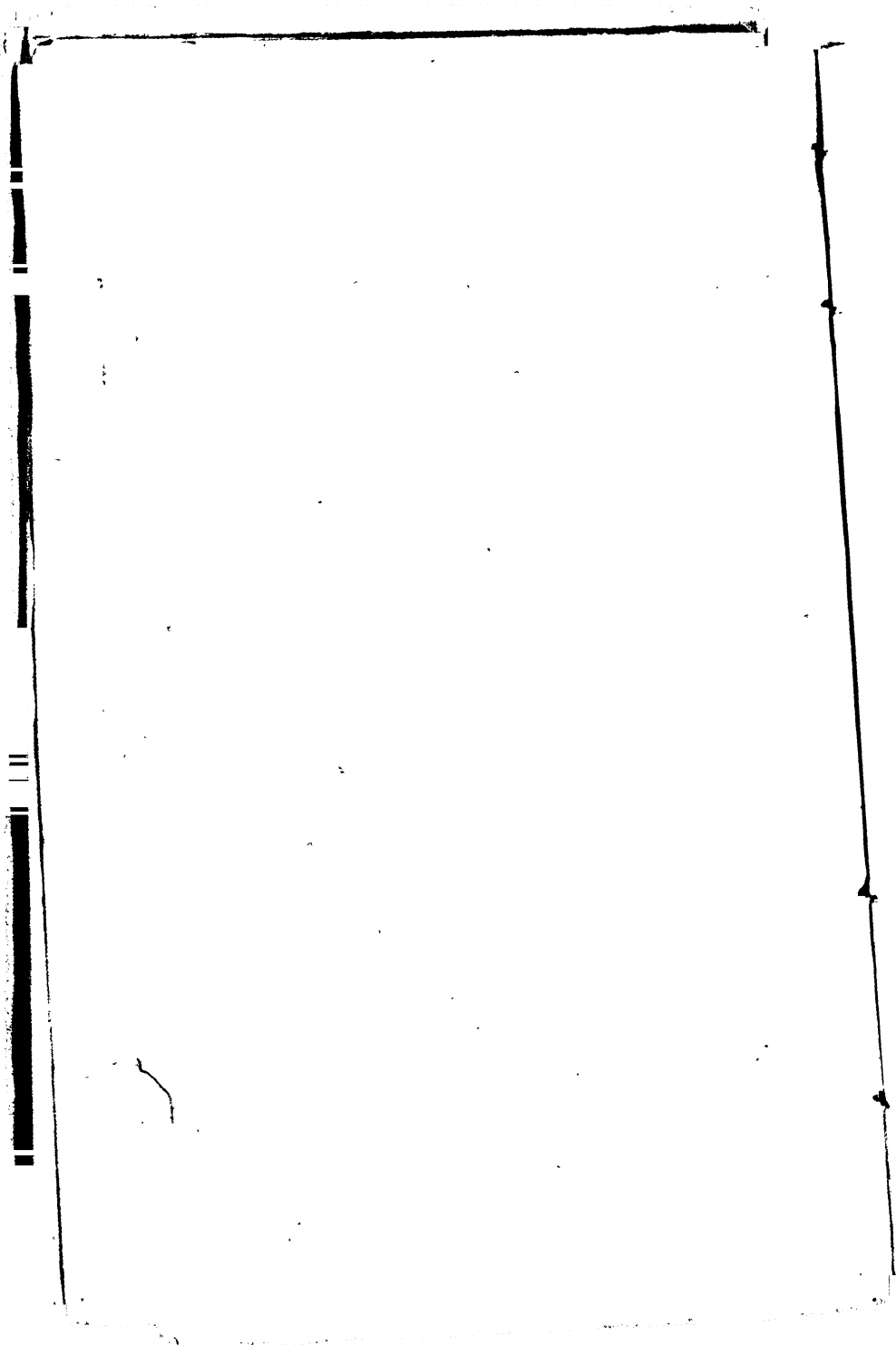
In the lone night, when dissolution's pang
Shall paint the horrors of the gloomy grave,
Oh ! may remembrance of that direful clang
Which rose infernal with the red-stain'd glaive —
The jests inhuman, and the shouts which rang
Insulting o'er the memory of the brave,
Like adder stings recoil upon each heart,
And blast the promise which their creeds impart.

LVI.

Then may the presence of some much-lov'd child,
Some faithful brother, or some hoary sire,
Recall *his* deeds, who by their arms defil'd,
Had spar'd their blood in many a battle dire;
And as the thought occurs, with recollections wild,
Ere yet the conscience-stricken wretch expire,
Oh! may he hear his offspring loud proclaim
That Chieftain's worth, whose glory is his shame!

END OF CANTO IV.

NOTES
TO
TECUMSEH.



NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FIRST.

Note 1, page 2, line 14.

Nor seen, nor known, nor understood before.

It is a fact well known to those who composed the right division of the army of Upper Canada, that a few months previous to this unfortunate engagement, the trees of which the American flotilla was formed were actually standing in their native forests. The whole of their naval force had been captured late in the preceding year, at the reduction of Detroit: of the few vessels which composed it, however, one was subsequently burnt, another retaken. Although it could not be presumed the enemy were inactive, no inconsiderable degree of surprise was excited, when a squadron of nine sail suddenly appeared off the harbour of Amherstburg, at the head of Lake Erie. Our own force had only been increased by the addition of the Detroit, which was at that moment in an unfinished state, and consisted of six barks, two of which alone were of any magnitude. The superiority was therefore decidedly in favour of the enemy, who sailed triumphantly near the port, and, fully prepared for

the event, awaited the moment when, urged by the increasing necessities of the garrison, Captain Barclay was compelled to weigh anchor, and attempt a communication with the second division. This could only be effected by an action, unfavourable, under every circumstance, to the little band of martyrs. They fell, certainly — but, God knows, not without a struggle; nor was it until after two hours and a half of incessant cannonading, that the British flag was replaced by the eagles of America.

Note 2, page 7, line 15.

*The eagle standard from the chieftain's prow
Is dash'd below, and triumph hovers now.*

The Detroit, on which Captain Barclay had hoisted his flag, was, in default of the usual ship-guns, indiscriminately armed with those taken from the forts for the occasion, and were of various calibers — two twenty-four pounders, eighteens, twelves, nines, and, if I mistake not, even sixes. They were all long guns, and so well served, that, soon after the engagement commenced, the American commodore, to whom Captain Barclay found himself immediately opposed, was compelled to strike, having only eighteen effective men left. The boats of the fleet were so much injured, however, that it was found impossible to take possession of the prize.

Note 3, page 8, line 9.

And thou too, Barclay, like a branchless trunk.

This gallant, but unfortunate commander, had already lost one limb in fighting the battles of his country. Soon after the Saint Lawrence struck, he received a severe wound in his only remaining arm, which disabled him during the rest of the action.

Note 4, page 9, line 1.

*Each gallant ship floats now a stubborn wreck,
A shapeless, useless, and unwieldy womb.*

Having myself fallen into the hands of the Americans, three weeks after this unfortunate affair, I was conducted to the harbour in which the united and shattered fleets still lay, in the same state as at the close of the engagement. Being permitted to visit my friends on board, I had an opportunity of witnessing the devastation of that sanguinary day. The decks were literally filled with wounded sufferers — every mast of the Detroit had been carried away — half the guns were dismounted, and the bulwarks completely shattered — nay, it was absolutely impossible to place the hand upon that side which had been exposed to the enemy's fire, without covering part of a fracture, either from grape, canister, round, or chain-shot. In fact, it would be difficult to conceive a more desperate spirit of defence or conquest than that which must have actuated the contending parties.

Note 5, page 9, line 12.

But one exempt from honourable scar.

There was, in truth, but one commander who escaped the fury of the adverse fire. Captain Finnes, who commanded the Queen Charlotte, and Lieutenant Garden, a fine, promising young officer, of the Newfoundland regiment, (a part of which were acting on board the different ships as marines), were both killed by the same ball: the spot was pointed out to me on the bulwarks, on which the blood of the one, and the brains of the other, were mingled together in one melancholy and undistinguishable mass.

Note 6, page 9, line 15.

*The leading ships no more the helm obey,—
They fall aboard, and all is dire dismay!*

It was at this critical period of the action, when the different commanders were either killed or disabled, that the two principal ships, the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, rendered unmanageable from the injury sustained in their rigging, fell foul of each other; and although every attempt was made by the surviving officers to remedy the evil, and bring the opposite broadsides to bear upon the enemy, exertion proved vain; and the God of battles seemed, for once, to have opposed himself to the successes of those who had so often ranged themselves beneath his protecting arm.

Note 7, page 10, line 9.

*For now they mark the hostile chief ascend
A deck unstain'd, uninjur'd in the fray.*

While those two ships, in which were centered the hopes of the little squadron, lay in this unfavourable position, using every possible means to extricate themselves, and fighting the few remaining serviceable guns with a resolution worthy of a better fate, Commodore Perry, who had finally abandoned the *Saint Lawrence*, and hoisted his flag on board the *Niagara* (a vessel of the same force, armed also with thirty-two pounders, and scarcely touched in the action), now bore up, under an easy press of sail, and discharged his battery with effect into the unfortunate wrecks. Waring immediately, a second and equally destructive broadside followed, and rendered further resistance unavailing. The guns were nearly now all unserviceable—

those at least of the only battery which could be brought to bear; the different barks lay like logs on the water, and the helplessness of the crews could only be surpassed by the gloom which obscured each brow, when the inevitable order was given to strike.

Note 8, page 15, line 9.

*So, when victorious near the dark Wabash,
His mighty arm achiev'd a world's repose.*

The success with which Tecumseh combated their encroachments on the borders of the Wabash, is well known to, nor can be denied by, the Americans. General Harrison, to whom he was almost constantly opposed, was candid enough to ascribe to him talents and feelings worthy a more enlightened people; and I have repeatedly heard him render that tribute to his personal intrepidity, which the really brave and liberal-minded soldier is ever ready to accord his foe. Nothing could testify in favour of the true character of the warrior in a greater degree, than the dread in which he was universally held by the various forces employed at different periods against him.

Note 9, page 16, line 1.

*Not the wild mammoth of Ohio's banks
Dash'd fiercer, splashing through the foaming flood.*

The tradition handed down among the Indians, and faithfully reported by Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, is as follows:—"That in ancient times, a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bickbone-licks, and began a universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals, which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the

Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightnings, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock, on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side! whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—JEFFERSON'S *Notes on Virginia*.

Note 10, page 18, line 5.

Was sign'd the glorious armistice which doubt, &c.

After various and unsuccessful attempts to bring this expedition to a favourable issue, General Harrison was glad to enter into terms highly advantageous to the Indians, and securing to those persecuted people a momentary respite from oppression. Tecumseh, however, attached little faith to treaties so repeatedly violated on the slightest pretext. The event fully justified his expectation.

Note 11, page 18, line 9.

Nor wrong the chieftain of the snow-white crest.

During the latter part of his life, Tecumseh was generally distinguished by a large plume of ostrich feathers, the whiteness of which, contrasted with the darkness of his complexion, and the brilliancy of his black and piercing eye, gave a singularly wild and terrific expression to his features;—it was evident that he could be terrible.

Note 12, page 21, line 1.

He swore, but secret — for no sound betrays, &c.

It would be difficult to describe, or even to comprehend, the feelings of the warrior, when the absolute conviction of defeat was impressed on his mind: — his natural antipathy to the Americans — the various and important consequences attached to an event so replete with advantages to the enemy, to whom the command of the lake now afforded every facility of inundating the country with troops — and the strong interest excited for the fate of the heroic, but unfortunate commander, added to the sentiment of actual veneration with which the generous though unavailing gallantry of the whole fleet inspired him, — called up all the more powerful and impetuous passions of this child of nature. The struggle was internal — not manifested by ignoble and unavailing complaint; — his was one of those countenances which require not the aid of words to divulge the emotions of the soul. He swore to avenge them, or to fall; and he fulfilled the purport of his oath to the very letter.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE SECOND.

Note 1, page 30, line 9.

*How sweet 'twere once to roam at eventide,
And watch the Indian, in his light canoe, &c.*

During the summer months, in Canada, this is a favourite occupation with the Indians, whose light canoes glide along the surface of the waters with almost noiseless velocity. They are lighted by the bark of the birch tree, steeped in gum or pitch, which, placed at the prow of the little vessel, enables the spearsman to distinguish the fish as it rises to the surface of its element, attracted by the dangerous fascination of the glare.— The Indian, remarkable for his adroitness in the use of the spear, seldom fails to secure his prey; and numbers of various fishes are taken in the course of an evening. When several are employed in this nightly warfare, and the absence of the moon occasions a deeper gloom over the atmosphere and waters, the effect is singularly interesting and striking.

Note 2, page 32, line 4.

*As when, the instrument of death-fraught guile,
It caus'd an unsuspecting fortress' fall.*

As the reader is, perhaps, not generally aware of the circumstance here alluded to, the following account, completely illustrative of Indian craft and invention, may not prove unacceptable:— During the original European wars in America, when the French had still a decided influence over the character and services of the natives, the latter, availing themselves of the opportunity afforded during an interval of peace, when the British garrison slumbered in security, had conceived and matured a plan for the reduction of the two important posts of Detroit and Michilimakinac. The artifice resorted to was one well worthy of the Indian character; and although the garrisons were several hundred miles distant from each other, the execution of the project was fixed for the same day. According to their custom, but in greater numbers than usual, the warriors assembled early on the morning of the day appointed, on a common adjoining the former fort, where they usually played at ball:— their guns had been cut short to facilitate their concealment, and every thing was in readiness, when, at a given signal, the ball was, as if accidentally, thrown within the walls. The request, that they might be permitted to enter for it, was instantly accorded; but no sooner were the gates thrown open, than they all rushed forward for the completion of their enterprise. Greatly to their astonishment, however, and not less to their disappointment, they perceived the whole of the line under arms, and the artillerymen at their guns. It is almost needless to add, that rage and mortification were their predominant feelings. The governor had been apprised of the scheme by an Indian woman, who, grateful for certain little kindnesses

shewn her by his household, formed the laudable resolution to save the unsuspecting garrison, even at the risk of incurring those torments she well knew must follow detection. It is gratifying to humanity to know, that suspicion even did not attach to her; and in her old age she was wont to speak on the subject to many of the English families, in terms of the highest exultation and self-satisfaction. With the other ill-fated fortress the scheme proved but too successful; for those within had no guardian-angel to warn them of their danger. On the same day, and at the same hour, the ball was thrown into the fort, the gates of which were opened with blind and heedless confidence; — need I conclude? — the greatest part of the garrison were massacred, and the most cruel indignities offered to the unfortunate and surviving sufferers.

Note 3, page 32, line 13.

Till now a warrior — a Redeemer came.

Numerous are the instances which might be adduced of Tecumseh's forbearance and clemency towards a fallen foe. War he delighted in — his bleeding country he sought every opportunity to avenge; but cold, deliberate, systematic cruelty, was not in his nature; and many an American has been indebted to him for the preservation of a life, which, but for his prompt and timely interposition, had more than tottered on the brink of eternity.

Note 4, page 34, line 10.

Deck'd in the machecoti's ample fold.

The machecoti is a loose garment, worn girt around the loins of the women, and resembling a petticoat. It is usually of cloth, bound with ribands; and is regulated, in regard to colour,

by the caprice of the wearer. When covered with small silver brooches, which are much prized by the natives, it is considered the most decorative part of the female dress.

Note 5, page 36, line 15.

*And naught is heard above the murmuring rill
But the wild plaining of the Whipperwill.*

The notes of this bird, seldom seen, and scarcely ever caught, even by the Indians, are singularly wild and melancholy. I have never met with it but on the banks of Lake Erie and adjoining rivers. Its plaining voice is to be heard only at night, and always more distinctly when the canopy of heaven is unclouded, and the pale moon-beams, playing on the motionless bosom of the waters, attest the calm of universal nature. It pronounces the word whipperwill (each syllable of which is articulated in the most emphatic tones) in so extraordinary a manner, that the most interesting impressions arise to the mind; and the heart naturally attuned to the enjoyment of solitude, may linger on those sweet banks, forming images of happiness, and indulging in every voluptuous sentiment of the soul, until the star of morning, in discontinuing the blended magic of the scene, awakens to miserable reality, and demonstrates but too faithfully that our fairest perceptions, and most exquisite sensations in life, are but the fleeting visions of a faithless dream.

Note 5, page 44, line 12.

Which marks a trophy in each frantic screech.

Whenever the Indians return from a successful expedition, a long pole, to which are attached the scalps of the slain, is carried by a warrior, who precedes each tribe, to its particular

encampment. This herald of the band, if he may be so called, utters as many long, clear, and appalling yells, as there are scalps belonging to his immediate party. This done, the whole tribe vociferate one general chorus, which is, to say the least of it, terrific to a degree, and rings like the knell of death on the ears of each unhappy captive.

Note 6, page 46, line 1.

Scarce reach'd that spot, when lo ! an aged fiend, &c.

Of the whole of this event, as related here, and accompanied by other circumstances it would be indelicate to reveal, I had the melancholy fortune, in common with several other officers, to be an eye-witness. It occurred not, however, in consequence of the death of Tecumseh's son, but that of a very fine young chief named Logan, who fell in the first affair which succeeded to the American declaration of war. It is customary with the Indians, when a warrior of any consideration perishes in battle, either to adopt or sacrifice a prisoner. A young man, of remarkably fine appearance and faultless symmetry of form, was the unhappy victim destined to appease the manes of the deceased. The remorseless executioner was an old and maiden aunt of Logan, who acquitted herself of the self-imposed task with traits of innate cruelty too shocking and almost too incredible to be detailed. Mr. Campbell, in his beautiful and affecting poem of Gertrude of Wyoming, or rather in one of the notes to that work, relates a story not wholly dissimilar, of Brandt, who being wounded in the heel, and suffering much from subsequent pain, went up to an American prisoner, engaged in conversation with an English officer of rank, and felled him to the earth with a blow of his tomahawk ; while to the serious remonstrances of the astonished and

indignant witness of the act, he contented himself with coolly replying, that he was sorry for, but could not help it — his heel had pained him at the moment, but since the blow had been given he felt considerably relieved.

Note 7, page 50, line 8.

Last, and most giant, issu'd from his hand.

This *last* is an idea purely poetical: as such, therefore, I trust the severe critic will consider it, nor cavil too bitterly at the license of an hypothesis which is in strict conformity with the imposing grandeur of those stupendous countries.

Note 8, page 50, line 9.

Or where was he who, near Miami's wave, &c.

While the right division were engaged in the siege of Fort Meigs, General Clay, who was rapidly descending the Miami with a reinforcement of 1500 men, received an order from General Harrison, through the medium of a courier, despatched through the besieging lines during the night, to land and possess himself of the batteries erected on the right bank of the river, which were literally unsupported. The plan was well conceived; and had General Clay confined himself to the letter of his instructions, his success would have been complete. The batteries were taken without opposition, and the guns immediately spiked. The flying artillerymen had, however, given the alarm, and as the enemy, emboldened by the facility of their conquest, and contrary to the express command of their General-in-Chief, remained in quiet possession, two companies of the 41st regiment, under Brevet-Majors Muir and Tallon, supported by Tecumseh and a body of Indians, were despatched to repossess

themselves of the ground. The assault was conducted in the most spirited manner; and the enemy were driven, literally at the point of the bayonet, from each battery in succession, one of which was carried in the most gallant and conspicuous style by Major Chambers, of the 41st, acting Deputy Quarter-Master-General, supported merely by four or five followers. The Americans were finally driven from the plain into the wood, where a sharp and destructive fire had already commenced on the part of Tecumseh. The result was, that only 150 succeeded in making their escape. About 450 prisoners were despatched, under an escort, to the camp, established at the distance of a mile: scarcely had they reached it, when a number of cowardly Indians, who had borne no share in the action whatever, came up, and selecting each a captive from the throng, commenced the work of blood. An old, intrepid, and worthy soldier, in attempting to save a victim from his infuriated destroyer, received a rifle-ball in his heart. At this moment, Tecumseh, apprised of what was going on, rode up to the miserable wretches, and with an eye darting fury and dissatisfaction, raised his arm, and swore to punish each offender in the most exemplary manner, if they did not immediately desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom command and coercion were hitherto unknown, the energetic threat of the indignant warrior produced an instantaneous effect, and they retired at once humiliated and confounded; not, however, before several victims had sunk beneath their treacherous steel. Never did Tecumseh shine more truly himself than on this melancholy occasion. I have extended the relation of this affair beyond the usual limits of a note; but the interest of the scene altogether must plead my apology. To this I may add another motive,—a desire to instance a decided contradiction to the statement of "An Englishwoman," a writer very severely and properly handled in one of the Quarterly Reviews for 1821, which, by mere accident, fell into

my hands a few days since. To her ungenerous assertion, that prisoners were wantonly delivered into the hands of the Indians, every officer serving in Canada can afford a most positive refutation. Let the Americans not blame us for having employed the natives: had we not, they certainly would; and on the principle of self-defence alone, the measure was one of necessity. There was a war of invasion and of aggression; nor can they with justice deny, that every effort had been made by themselves to attach the Indians to their party. Had they succeeded, Upper Canada must have fallen; and unless the natives are our allies, most probably will, in the event of any future rupture.

Note 9, page 54, line 5.

And though thy dog and rifle be from sight.

The custom peculiar to the Indian tribes, of interring a warrior with the various requisites for hunting, under the impression that he will require them at his resurrection, has, I believe, been pretty generally noticed by travellers on the northern continent of America.

Note 10, page 54, line 7.

For God ne'er meant that woman's love should cease.

Should one half of my readers feel disposed to quarrel with my ideas of future felicity, at least the fairer and better proportion will not, I trust, utterly disclaim the possibility of human love, chastened by celestial refinement, proving the rich recompense of man, after his painful and probationary sojourn

upon earth. The speculation I admit to be wild, yet is it not the less dear : and where the heart clings fondly to the divine images of bliss it is so calculated to awaken, it were hard to rob the sanguine child of clay of one of the most pleasing anticipations in which he suffers himself to indulge.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE THIRD.

Note 1, page 56, line 14.

The warmth of Earth, which, like the Siroc dreads, &c.

Notwithstanding the severity of the winter in Canada, the heat of July and August is intense; insomuch that the lassitude and debility occasioned by the weather is often little inferior to that experienced during the hotter months in the West Indies. The thermometer has been known to rise as high as 100° in the shade.

Note 2, page 60, line 15.

*Each Sabbath morn within that joint abode
Of sages, chiefs, and ministers of God.*

This building, originally erected for the purposes of counsel with the Indian chiefs, had latterly been made to answer alternately as barracks and chapel; and it not unfrequently hap-

pened, that while the clergyman was deeply engaged in the performance of the service, the eyes of his auditory rested on the relics of an Indian meal, hastily removed for the occasion, or wandered to the singular and uncouth devices with which the walls were literally covered; while in the different corners of the building were to be seen rifles, bows, spears, war-clubs, and all the paraphernalia of savage warfare, mingled with the muskets and accoutrements of the soldiery, many of whom had been thrown into the extensive edifice in default of other accommodation.

Note 3, page 66, line 1.

Ne'er do I say to these, my young men, go, &c.

The speech of Tecumseh on this memorable day portrayed the energy of his character in the most animated and unqualified colours. It was in the true Spartan style, laconic but expressive; and there burst forth the fiercer passions of his warlike soul. The language he made use of to the General Officer presiding, when the necessity for immediate retreat was first urged, was almost literally that ascribed to him in the poem. His eye absolutely beamed with the fires of his hot soul, and the warmth and thunder of his expression could only be equalled by the indignant character of his gesticulation. His speech acted like the shock of electricity on the hearts of every chieftain present; who, starting up to a man, and vociferating one universal yell, brandished their tomahawks in the most menacing manner. It was a critical moment; and several of the interpreters, who had been brought up among, and knew the Indians well, assured us subsequently, that they were at the moment under the influence of powerful apprehension. The tumult at length subsiding, Tecumseh was finally prevailed on to re-

linquish his original purpose, and retire to the Moravian village, where it was mutually understood the attack of the American army was to be awaited. Beyond that spot, however, he declared no earthly consideration should induce him to recede, and thither he immediately retired with his warriors.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Note 1, page 87, line 3.

There the devoted man who never flies, &c.

Among the many ferocious tribes attached to the right division of the army, this people were particularly remarkable for their sternness of expression, and the fancifulness of their costume, being generally habited in close dresses of very white leather, extremely soft and pliant, and worked with the stained quills of the porcupine. They professed to hold existence in utter contempt, and were considered much in the same light as our forlorn hope. They were presumed to lead into action, and never to turn their backs upon their enemies; yet rather sacrificing themselves to a sentiment of glory, than actuated by a desire to benefit their party by their devotedness. A warrior of this tribe, seated at breakfast with several officers, on one occasion, after having explained the peculiar virtue of his nation, very coolly drew his knife from its sheath, and cut a piece of flesh

completely out of the thigh, exclaiming, as he threw it contemptuously away, that it was for the dogs; by which expression he fully intended to convey his utter disregard of suffering or death. Notwithstanding this vaunted indifference, however, being engaged shortly after their arrival in a storming affair with the troops, the fire from the enemy's batteries proved so warm, that they were glad to make a precipitate retreat; acknowledging, subsequently, that though they had hitherto fancied themselves the bravest men in the world, they were now willing to concede that distinction to the warriors of their Great Father, modestly reserving for themselves the second place. Being utterly unprovided with notes on America, I am at a loss to recollect the name of this tribe: this I perfectly remember, however, that it implies *devoted men*, by which appellation they were invariably distinguished by us from the other warriors.

Note 2, page 87, line 5.

*And wild Minoumini of flaming eyes,
Who feeds on human flesh —*

To the propensity of this tribe for human food I can myself attest, having been an involuntary eye-witness of the fact.— Strolling through the Indian encampment one evening, and immediately subsequent to an engagement, in company with a field-officer of the 41st regiment, we suddenly found ourselves among a party of Minouminies, seated round a large fire, above which was suspended a kettle containing their extraordinary meal. At the surface of the boiling water appeared an offensive scum, and each warrior had his own particular portion attached to a small string, one end of which hung over the edge of the vessel, immediately opposite. They told us, with much pleasantry, that it was part of an American, and invited us to

participate in their meal ; while, to conceal our loathing, as we declined the distinction, we were compelled to dress our countenances in smiles, which but ill accorded with the actual state of our feelings. Had we expressed or looked disgust, they would, I am persuaded, have treated us with very little ceremony ; as it was, we were very well satisfied to take our leave of them on such reasonable terms.

Note 3, page 88, line 7.

Conjures the Manitou to save his son.

Manitou implies, the Good Spirit. Kitchi-Manitou, the Evil Spirit.

Note 4, page 88, line 8.

From the wild rage of the Chemocomon.

This compound word (Anglicè, long-knife) is used by every tribe of Indians in speaking of the Americans, thus designated from the knives of excessive length with which the western settlers are invariably provided. In fact, the backwoodsmen of Kentucky and Ohio, of whom the American armies in the vicinity of Lake Erie were principally composed, differ very immaterially from the natives in their appearance. Their dress is not wholly dissimilar, and the knife and hatchet are as formidable weapons with them as they are with the Indians ; while in the management of the rifle, their almost exclusive arm, they are equally dexterous with the hunter they have so successfully and unrelentingly driven from the home of his forefathers.

Note 5, page 102, line 11.

*Fast fall the Christian columns, while in vain
They seek the marksmen o'er the cover'd ground.*

The difficulties opposed to European troops in this irregular combat, amid wilds and fastnesses, and with an enemy to whom the woods are in some degree their native element, if I may be permitted to use the expression, can be but indifferently understood by those who have never served in America. Exposed to a deadly and desultory fire, and rendered doubly conspicuous by his glaring habiliment, the English soldier, in particular, has but little chance with the American rifleman, who, conscious of his advantage, and taking a deliberate aim, seldom fails to attain his object; while his adversary, I am persuaded, out of ten shots that he fires, discharges not three with effect. Neither his bayonet nor his discipline avail him in the least; and in the art of treeing himself, as the Americans term it, he is so little versed, that the attempt is seldom, if ever, made. In fine, an English army in the woods may be considered as so many victims led forth to unavoidable and unprofitable slaughter. It cannot, consequently, excite surprise, that in the engagement here alluded to, the enemy's marksmen, independently of the vast disproportion of numbers, should have contributed so largely to the success of a day, which the circumstance alone of our troops being thrown into the heart of an almost impervious wood (the original plan of defence having unhappily been abandoned), was of itself sufficient to ensure.

Note 6, page 105, line 1.

Like the quick bolt which follows on the flash, &c.

It was towards the close of the action, when Tecumseh, covered with his own blood and that of his enemies, first recog-

nised the leader of the Kentucky riflemen, Colonel Johnson ;— he immediately fired, and wounded him in the breast, and was in the very act of despatching him with his tomahawk, when his adversary drew a pistol from his belt and shot him. The warrior fell immediately ; and after several and unsuccessful struggles to raise himself, breathed his last upon a soil which may never again count among the number of her sons a being uniting one half the glowing and brilliant qualities which characterised the high, the noble, the generous, the unfortunate Tecumseh.

Note 7, page 106, line 5.

The very covering from his nerves they wring, &c.

Scarcely had he expired, when a band of lurking enemies sprung upon the warrior, and scalped him. Not satisfied with this, they absolutely tore the skin from off his bleeding form, and converted it into razor-straps!!! If the Indians have sometimes treated the Americans with cruelty, they, at least, were not Christians ; and as for simple scalping, it has been a custom with the natives from time immemorial—the scalp being considered merely as a warlike trophy ; but when men, professing themselves Christians, and calling themselves enlightened, can descend to the commission of indignities such as were offered to the body of Tecumseh, they certainly have but little reason to inveigh so bitterly against Indian barbarity and treachery ; and many Kentuckian Americans have I heard boast of having obtained a part of the warrior's skin. Yet if the ferocity by which they were actuated accorded ill with what might have been expected from a comparatively civilised enemy, it at least evinced, in the strongest possible manner, the dread in which the chieftain was held ; and this very circumstance alone proves more for the character

of this extraordinary man than the warmest eulogies partiality could devise. It is a circumstance not unworthy of remark, that the officer in command of the American army on this untoward day was no other than General Harrison, the man to whom Tecumseh had so often, and so successfully, been opposed on the banks of the Wabash. It is but rendering justice to the former to say, that the sentiments which he expressed when the circumstance and manner of the warrior's death were first announced, were such as to reflect credit upon him both as a man, a gentleman, a Christian, and a soldier.

THE END.

LONDON:

J. NOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.