

He had little respect for the superstitions of his people. "Totems" and genealogies he treated with indifference. As a specimen of his eloquence, may be related his reply to Governor Harrison of Indiana. On the 12th August, 1810, he appeared, at the head of 400 warriors, at Vincennes, in front of the Governor's residence, and was invited "*in*." He replied: "Houses are built for you to hold council in; Indians hold theirs in the open air." When the meeting was over, one of the governor's aides-de-camp said to him, pointing to a chair: "Your father requests you to take a seat at his side." Standing erect, and in a scornful tone, the chief answered: "My father! the sun is my father, and the earth my mother. On her bosom I will repose;" and then seated himself upon the ground.

He hated the "Long-knives" with an intensity of hatred. In battle, in actual conflict, he was unsparing. To the wounded he was pitiful; from the conquered he turned with contempt. At the capture of Detroit, to a remark from Brock, he replied, haughtily: "I despise them too much to meddle with them." Not an act of violence could be charged against the Indians on that occasion. Brock, admiring the control he possessed and exercised, took off his silken scarf, and wound it round the waist of the chief. Tecumseh was, in despite of his stoicism, evidently gratified; but, to the surprise of all, appeared the next day without the decoration. To an inquiry, he answered that he could not wear such a distinction, when an older and an abler warrior was present. He had given the sash to the Wyandot chief, Round-head. Before crossing the Detroit, to attack Hull, Brock had sought from him topographical information. Tecumseh threw himself on the ground, took a sheet of bark, and with his knife traced a map of the country—its woods, hills, rivers, roads, morasses,—which the best officer in the army could not have surpassed. He was taciturn by habit, after the manner

of the Indians; but when roused, his intellect and his imagination gave utterance to a flood of impassioned oratory.*

The American delineator delights in depicting Tecumseh in a red coat, with a pair of tinsel epaulettes, such as append to the shoulders of unhappy British officers on the American stage. He has even been mustered into the service as a Brigadier-General. Without disrespect to his memory, it may be said that he did not hold a rank which he would have adorned. Contrary to the Indian nature, he had an aversion to external ornament. His invariable costume was the deer-skin coat and fringed pantaloons; Indian moccasins on his feet, and an eagle-feather in the red kerchief wound round his head, composed his simple and soldierly accoutrements. Richard, Cœur de Lion, himself was not more contemptuous of spoil, or avid of glory. He was about five feet ten inches in height, with the eye of a hawk, and of gesture rapid; of a well-knit, active figure; dignified when composed, and possessing features of countenance which, even in death, indicated a lofty spirit. He was in the forty-fourth year of his age when he fell.

He had, under severe trial, adhered with stern fidelity to the British arms. He did not assimilate with Proctor. Still, in prosperity and in adversity, with his counsel, or against it, to the last hour he was true as steel. True to King George, true to British men,

* The greater portion of the facts relating to the career and character of Tecumseh, have been drawn from "Tupper's Life of Brock," and from the spirited sketch of the chief given therein, and drawn by Colonel Glegg, afterwards Military Secretary Lord Aylmer in Canada; but, in the temporary absence of the book, and, in addition, recourse has been had to one of a series of papers on the war of 1812, which have lately appeared in a popular periodical—*Harper's Magazine*. It is to be regretted that these papers, cleverly written and artistically illustrated, should, in an attractive form, pander to the worst prejudices of an obsolete time, and should disseminate, near to our own firesides, and in the year of grace 1863, the most unjustifiable statements with respect to Indian violence and British complicity.

true to his faith in a cause and in a people of whom he had but an indistinct idea, he died fearlessly in that faith, true to the last. His death sheds a halo on the story of a much abused and fast departing race. May the people of England and their descendants in Canada never forget this noble sacrifice, or the sacred obligation it imposes. It should be held as the seal of a great covenant. " And Jonathan said to David, the Lord be between thee and me, and between my seed and thy seed for ever."

The lash words of Tecumseh to Proctor, had been " Father, have a big heart !"—and with his own big heart on his lips, he withdrew to direct his own people in the swamp on the left of the battle-field. The American horsemen in their advance divided into two bodies. The right division, under Lieut.-Colonel James Johnston, advanced upon the British line, threw out their dismounted riflemen, and charged with the effect related. The left division, under Colonel Richard M. Johnston, the elder brother, attacked the Indians in the swamp. An account given by a fair American writer is intelligible enough.* Richard Johnston and twenty of his men devoted themselves to draw the Indian fire. Nineteen out of the twenty-one fell, but the Indians, elated by their success, sprang from their covert and met, on even ground, a portion of the rifles who had been providently dismounted, and who, now pushed forward into the fight. Johnston, himself wounded in four places, but still in the saddle, was attacked by a prominent warrior, who wounded him a fifth time with a rifle shot. At the same moment, his horse, also wounded, stumbled forward, but did not throw his rider. Johnston had at his side a pistol loaded with four buckshot and a bullet. He saw the Chief rush at him with upraised tomahawk—levelled his pistol and fired. He remembered no more. He could discover nothing through the smoke—faint from loss of blood, he reeled out of the

* Army and Navy of America, by Jacob K. Neff, M.D., p. 566.

saddle, and was borne almost lifeless from the spot. He was told afterwards, that he had killed Tecumseh. The Colonel gave his story simply and not boastfully, but others scrambled for credit where a brave man found cause for pain. There is every reason to believe that Johnston did slay Tecumseh. On his body was found the marks of four buckshots and a bullet. These wounds had caused his death. From their direction they must have been inflicted from above—as from a man on horseback. Johnston was the only man on horseback in that part of the field.*

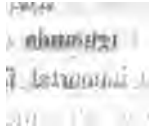
And so died as brave and as true a soldier of England as ever trod the heather of the Highlands or the wealds of Kent. He completes the tale of the immortal four, who, to the end of time, will hold up in the face of all nations, the young escutcheon of Canada. Four more chivalrous supporters of a national trophy have never before adorned the pages of History or the triumphs of Sculpture, than Wolfe and Montcalm—Brock and Tecumseh.

It is painful to be compelled to record the disgraceful fact, that the body of the Indian hero was treated with foul indignity. It is believed, that the inanimate corse was scalped, and it was braggishly asserted by the Kentucky men, that strips flayed from his skin had been used as razor straps.f Scotchmen of the present day blush

• Battle of the Thames. " This action fought in October, 1813, was the last and most complete defeat of the Savages of the North-Western Lakes. Tecumseh was supposed to have fallen by the hand of Colonel Johnston, of Kentucky ; but that veteran soldier has himself said, that all he could say, was : when attacked by the Chief, he fired, and when the smoke cleared away, the Indian lay dead before him. The popular account attributes the deadly aim and wound to one Mason, a native of the county of Wexford, Ireland, who though a grandfather, aged four-score, volunteered his services on that expedition. He had been an old revolutionary soldier, and fought in the ranks with his own sons—themselves men of middle age."—*History of the Irish Settlers in North America*, by Thomas d'Arcy McGee.

f " The Indian hero, Tecumseh, after being killed, was literally flayed in part by the Americans, and his skin carried off as a trophy." *Vide Appendix—Bishop Strachan's Letter.*

when told, that after the battle of Sterling—five centuries and a half ago,—their countrymen made whip-thongs of the hide of Crossingham, the English Treasurer; and generations of Americans will remember, with greater shame, an act of equal barbarism, committed, in a refined age, by a Puritan people, with even less show of provocation.

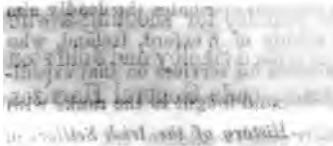


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CHAP. XXIII.

Battle of the Thames—Its effect—In the States—In Canada. Sir George Prevost. Demonstration on Niagara. Vincent concentrates at Burlington Heights. American projects on Montreal. Generals Wilkinson and Hampton. Plan of attack from the West and from Lake Champlain. Hampton advances to Odelltown—Encountered by De Salaberry—Retires—Followed to the Four Corners. Career of De Salaberry—Attempts to Surprise the Americans—Discovered—Falls back on the line of Chateauguay. Preparations for defence. Reports on the battle by the American Adjutant-General, Ring.

The catastrophe of the Thames was a source of intense exultation to the American government and people. "Io triumphe" resounded through the land. It had obliterated the disaster of Hull. It had restored the Western country, the territory of Michigan, and the Fort of Detroit, to the American arms. It had cowed the Indians. Cannon, the trophies of Burgoyne and Saratoga, which had been re-captured by Brock, were re-taken and paraded, crowned with flowers. The remnants of a British regiment were marched with triumphal pomp through the *bourgades* of the West, and though entitled to the treatment usually accorded to prisoners of war, had been ignominiously herded with the inmates of a local Penitentiary.* British officers, confined in the cells at Frankfort in Kentucky, had leisure to study the philosophy of institutions, which award the same penalty for shooting a wife or stealing a negress. To crown all, it elevated Shelby and Johnston to the rank of heroes, and, in after years, made General Harrison President of the United States.