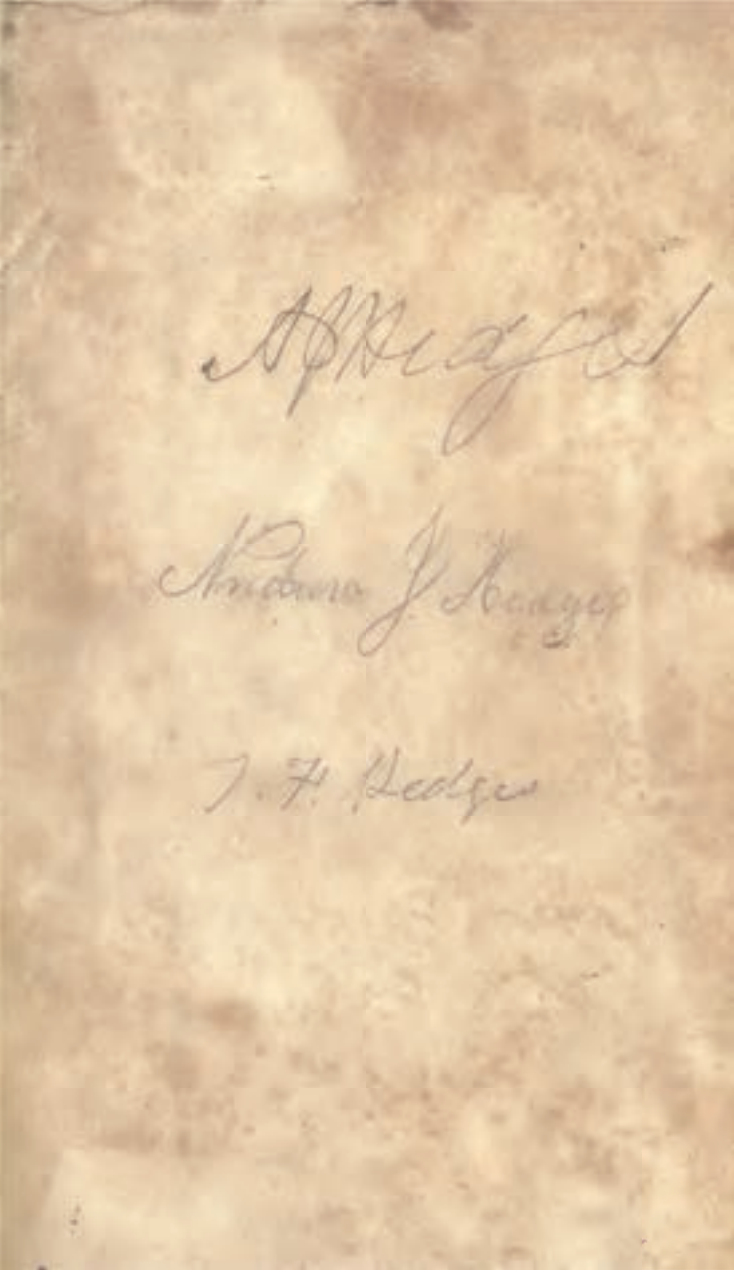

ELKSWATAWA;

OR,

THE PROPHET OF THE WEST.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

"A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep."

BRYANT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ELKSWATAWA;

OR,

THE PROPHET OF THE WEST.

CHAPTER XIII.

"His was the strength the weak that sways,
The glance the servile herd obeys,
The brow of majesty, where thought
And care their deepest lines had wrought."

YAMOYDEN.

The circumstances which we have detailed in the last chapter, sad as they may be, are culled unvarnished from the page of history; and were that wanting, I believe there are witnesses living who can attest their truth. They have been brought forward to prove the power of the Prophet. How great must have been his influence, when he could make a brother become the executioner of a brother, and order to the stake, certain that his orders would be executed, the most influential chiefs of his own or the neighbouring tribes, men, who had worn out the prime of their lives in fighting the battles of their country, and whose lips were then regarded as fountains of wisdom and experience. And yet this in

many instances did Elkswatawa do, and so dread was the influence attached to his name, that even those who differed with him in opinion were afraid to express their sentiments; and unrestrained, he continued, by the power of witchcraft, to remove all whom he even suspected of being hostile to his plans. When we reflect that he was originally an humble individual, not even entitled to the rank of a chieftain, and that he should by the assumption of a character generally deemed of low repute, and the weakness of which he was well aware of, have pursued such a course of petty devices, trickery, and cunning as to have established for himself among the tribes so vast a power, we cannot but wonder at the design, as well as at the mind which enabled him to conceive and execute it. And yet the deep policy and prudence which he exhibited for years, in concealing from the red men as well as the white his chief object, namely, the union of all the tribes as a warlike measure, is a matter of still more surprise. But absolute as his power may seem, it was exercised only through the agency of the band which accompanied him. This generally amounted to several hundred, they were restless spirits, and many of them spoke different languages, and yet, so implicit was the obedience which they paid to Elkswatawa, that even though calm, he could at a moment's bidding, lash them into fury and set them raging like howling beasts, or when excited, by the wave of his hand, hush them into silence deep as that of the grave.

But while he was thus occupied in removing all

who were hostile to him; his emissaries were at work, preaching his doctrines to distant tribes, and endeavouring to unite them all in one great bond of union. His conduct now became a subject of discussion among the whites, and many believed that his ultimate intentions were hostile, although, as yet, against them, not an unfriendly act had been committed. And there were many who regarded him as the agent of the English, and believed that in exciting the Indians, he was only acting in accordance with orders received from the Canadian posts. The burning of the Delaware chiefs, however, created so much excitement throughout the frontiers that General Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory, within the borders of which, many of the scenes described had taken place, was induced, through a spirit of humanity, to interfere with a hope of preventing a farther sacrifice of victims through the machinations of the Prophet. And in accordance with this view, he sent a messenger to the Delawares, where most of these occurrences had taken place, with the following speech, which we insert for the purpose of making more explicit the Prophet's answer, which follows.

"My Children,

"My heart is filled with grief, and my eyes are dissolved in tears, at the news which has reached me. You have been celebrated for your wisdom above all the tribes of red people who inhabit this great island. Your fame as warriors has extended to the remotest nations, and the wisdom of your chiefs has gained for you the appellation of

grand-fathers from all the neighbouring tribes. From what cause, then, does it proceed, that you have departed from the wise councils of your fathers, and covered yourselves with guilt?—My children, tread back the steps you have taken, and endeavour to regain the straight road which you have abandoned. The dark, crooked, and thorny one which you are now pursuing will certainly lead to endless wo and misery. But who is this pretended Prophet who dares to speak in the name of the Great Creator? Is he more wise or virtuous than you are yourselves, that he should be selected to convey to you the orders of your God? Demand of him some proofs at least of his being the messenger of the Deity. If God has really employed him, he has doubtless authorised him to perform some miracles, that he may be known and received as a prophet. If he is really a prophet, ask of him to cause the sun to stand still, the moon to alter its course, the rivers to cease to flow, or the dead to rise from their graves. If he does these things, you may then believe that he has been sent from God. He tells you that the Great Spirit commands you to punish with death those who deal in magic, and that *he* is authorised to point them out. Wretched delusion! Is, then, the Master of life obliged to employ mortal man to punish those who offend Him? Has he not the thunder and all the powers of nature at his command? and could he not sweep away from the earth a whole nation with one motion of his arm? My children! do not believe that the good and great Creator of mankind has directed

you to destroy your own flesh; and do not doubt but that, if you pursue this abominable wickedness, his vengeance will overtake and crush you.

"The above is addressed to you in the name of the 'Seventeen Fires.' I now speak to you from myself, as a friend who wishes nothing more sincerely than to see you prosperous and happy. Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed upon by the acts of an impostor. Drive him from your town, and let peace and harmony once more prevail among you. Let your poor old men and women sleep in quietness, and banish from their minds the dreadful idea of being burnt alive by their own friends and countrymen. I charge you to stop your bloody career; and if you value the friendship of your great father, the President, if you wish to preserve the good opinion of the 'Seventeen Fires,' let me hear, by the return of the bearer, that you have determined to follow my advice."*

To this speech, which served in a great measure to arrest the mad fury of Elkswatawa and his followers, the Prophet, who happened to be present at the time of its reception, delivered to the messenger who brought it in the presence of the assembled Indians, the following speech, which he requested him to write down, and hand over to Gen. Harrison. It will be seen from this that the governor had sometime previously charged the Prophet with being influenced by the English, an opinion which was current long before hostilities ac-

* *See note A.*

tually commenced. The speech of the governor which we have before given was directed to the Delawares, and the Prophet, being a Shawanee, was not called upon to answer it, but having been strongly denounced he thought proper to do so; and one cannot but be amused at the canting professions which were contained in his answer. It runs thus:

"Father,—I am very sorry that you listen to the advice of bad birds. You have impeached me with having correspondence with the British; and with calling and sending for the Indians from the most distant parts of the country, 'to listen to a fool that speaks not the words of the Great Spirit, but the words of the devil.' Father, those impeachments I deny, and say they are not true. I never had a word with the British, and I never sent for any Indians. They came here themselves, to listen and hear the words of the Great Spirit.

"Father,—I wish you would not listen any more to the voice of bad birds; and you may rest assured, that it is the least of our idea to make disturbance, and we will rather try to stop any such proceedings than encourage them."

This note or speech, sent at such a time, will give some idea of the policy pursued by the Prophet; and while he strenuously denied all interference on the part of the British, it is notorious that at this very time, they were endeavouring to excite the Indians against the United States. And, at the very moment that the Prophet was sending his speech to the Governor, his emissaries were travelling far and wide for the same purpose.

While this was the state of feeling between the parties, murders were frequently committed on the Indians, and the treaty of Greenville violated, by not handing over the murderers to justice. This was the more galling, because on their part, that stipulation of the treaty had been preserved inviolate. With Elkswatawa and his followers, this disregard of the treaty, was a powerful theme. All the irritating circumstances therewith connected, were collected, and often detailed for the purpose of creating in the breasts of the Indians the most unextinguishable hatred against the whites. Yet, although these things caused much excitement, and were calculated to awaken suspicions, still the Prophet's declarations were all peaceful; no overt act of hostility could be proved against him; and as an explanation of his motives for continual preachings, and for sending far and wide his disciples, as he termed them, he stated that he wished, in imitation of the United States, to form a union of all the tribes, for their own mutual benefit and advantage. Up to the present time, Tecumseh had been playing a subordinate part, although he was the master spirit, and indeed the life and soul of the enterprise. He had kept entirely aloof from the whites, during the peace which had reigned since the treaty of Greenville, and wandering among distant tribes, had been preparing them for the great struggle in which they were destined to act.

We have already seen that he was opposed to the summary process of removing his opponents,

which had been suggested by his brother, the Prophet; and now, upon the remonstrance of Gov. Harrison, and also fearing the odium which would attach to their cause, should more victims be sacrificed, and their shallow devices discovered, he began to persuade his brother to desist from his persecutions on account of witchcraft, and to declare publicly, that all the witches were exterminated, and the Great Spirit appeased; and that then they would adopt some other plan for the removing of those who were endeavouring to thwart their views. The Prophet acquiesced. A revelation from the Great Spirit was soon received, which said that all the witches were exterminated, and he satisfied with his red children; and, soon after, the two brothers were engaged heart and hand, in exciting jealousies among the various tribes, toward their respective chiefs, and in persuading them to take all authority into their own hands. This plan was pursued with success:—all the chiefs who were opposed to the Prophet were dethroned, and the affairs of their tribes managed by the warriors. Dark and midnight meetings were now continually held; multitudes were flocking from a distance to see the Prophet, and hear him preach; and so much excitement prevailed, that constant information of every proceeding was furnished to Gen. Harrison, at his request, by persons employed for that purpose.

Information from sources, somewhat vague and questionable, was now often received by the whites,

indicating a hostile intention on the part of the Indians. But the Prophet's band, or those who regularly remained with him, were not sufficient in numbers to create much alarm, and for a time, no active steps were taken. The great gatherings to hear the words of the Prophet were now generally attended with petty aggressions on the lands of the whites, and so many accounts were brought in of a hostile disposition on the part of the Indians, that the Governor began to organize and discipline the militia of his territory. Circumstances had also transpired which indicated an unfriendly feeling on the part of the British, and it now became manifest that English agents had been tampering with the Indians, and endeavouring to excite them against the United States.

About this time, also, the Prophet determined to remove his head-quarters from their present position, near Fort Wayne, to the upper branches of the Wabash. To this movement, there was strong opposition, both from the red men and white, yet he succeeded. The Miamies and Delawares, who claimed the land where he purposed to locate himself, with a hope of defeating this measure, sent a deputation to the Prophet, remonstrating with him for so doing. But he refused to see them, and sent in his place his brother, Tecumseh. He met them, and gave them such a reception that the deputation returned with fear and trembling.

Elkswatawa's power was now at its height; yet he still had enemies, men who would not have hesitated to seize and assassinate him, but for the mys-

tery which surrounded his character. Fearing for his personal safety, he had from the commencement denounced the most awful punishment against any one, who should dare to molest the "Prophet of the Most High." And on this account, so much was he feared even by those who hated him, that his person was by all regarded as sacred. Having removed to the upper branches of the Wabash, he settled at a place which he called Tippecanoe, and began at once to build a town. He also now began to mingle warlike with religious exercises, and after preaching, it was customary for him to make his warriors to draw the bow, throw the tomahawk, or wield the war club.

Notwithstanding these preparations, he was not yet ready to strike the blow he had so long been meditating. The necessity of full preparation had been urged by Tecumseh, who was the soul of all the proceedings, and who was to give the signal and lead them on, the foremost in the fight. Although the ascendency of the Prophet was so great, yet it was chiefly in the tribes around him, that his power was felt. This was but a part of his plan. To ensure the cordial co-operation of all the distant and wandering tribes was likewise his object, and to effect this was Tecumseh now incessantly labouring.

The mingling of warlike exercises with religious duties, and the continual assembling of large crowds around the Prophet, partially disclosed his intentions, and also served to awaken the whites to a sense of their danger.

In consequence of the information which had been regularly forwarded to Washington, orders were received from the general government, in pursuance of an act of Congress previously passed, requiring the different states and territories to organize, arm, and equip their respective quotas of one hundred thousand men, and hold them in readiness to march at a moment's warning. The Prophet was apprized of these preparations, his plans were as yet unfinished, and all his energies were directed, to lull the suspicions which his conduct had created. As a first step he resolved to visit the Governor in person, and sent him a runner, with a message to that effect, also stating, that his views and intentions had been misrepresented, and soon after made his appearance, accompanied only by his own immediate followers. He was received with courtesy, and remained several days, during which, in explanation of his views, he delivered to the Governor the following speech:

"Father, it is three years since I first began with that system of religion which I now practise. The white people and some of the Indians were against me; but I had no other intention but to introduce among the Indians those good principles of religion which the white people profess. I was spoken badly of by the white people, who reproached me with misleading the Indians; but I defy them to say that I did any thing amiss.

"I heard when I settled on the Wabash that my father, the Governor, had declared that all the land

between Vincennes and Fort Wayne, was the property of the 'Seventeen Fires.' I also heard that you wanted to know, my father, whether I was man or God.

"The Great Spirit told me to tell the Indians, that he had made them, and made the world—that he had placed them on it to do good and not evil. I told all the red skins, that the way they were in was not good, and that they ought to abandon it—that we ought to consider ourselves as one man, but we ought to live agreeable to our customs, the red people after their mode, and the white people after theirs; and that they must always follow the directions of the Great Spirit, and we must listen to him, as it was he that made us.

"Determine to listen to nothing that is bad. Do not take up the tomahawk, should it be offered by the British or the Long Knives. Do not meddle with any thing that does not belong to us, but let us mind our own business and cultivate the ground, that our women and our children may have enough to live on. I now inform you that it is our intention to live in peace with our Father and his people for ever.

"My Father, I have informed you what we mean to do, and I call the Great Spirit to witness the truth of my declaration. The religion which I have established for the last three years, has been attended to by the different tribes of Indians in this part of the world. Those Indians were once different people; they are now but one; they are all determined to practise what I have communicated to them, and

that has come immediately from the Great Spirit through me.

"Brother, I speak to you as a warrior. You are one. But let us lay aside this character, and attend to the care of our children that they may live in peace and comfort. We desire that you will join us for the preservation of both red and white people. Formerly, when we lived in ignorance, we were foolish; but now, since we listen to the voice of the Great Spirit, we are happy.

"I have listened to what you have said to us. You have promised to assist us. I now request you in behalf of all the red people, to use your exertions to prevent the sale of liquor to us. We are all well pleased to hear you say that you will endeavour to promote our happiness. We give you every assurance that we will follow the dictates of the Great Spirit.

"We are all well pleased with the attentions you have shown us; also the good intentions of our Father the President."

There was so much apparent frankness in this speech, that it won in a great measure the confidence of the Governor. The Prophet continued his visit for more than two weeks;—frequently addressed his followers, dwelling solely on the evils of war, and the bad effects of ardent spirits, and persuading them to live in peace and friendship with all mankind. The Governor was astonished at the perfect ease with which he governed his followers, and was convinced that they acted on principle, from not being able to make them drink spi-

rit, which he tried to do by way of experiment.—Elkswatawa denied all connexion with the British, and by his manner and address, succeeded in deceiving the Governor, and even caused him to believe that his intentions had been misrepresented. He went farther,—he satisfied the Governor that the influence he had gained was beneficial to humanity, and having created the impression he desired, returned with his followers to Tippecanoe.

We have now given a sketch of the great plan of union, which was projected by the brothers, and traced the character of Elkswatawa, from his first appearance as a Prophet, to the period at which he was introduced in his temporary camp, on the prairie. His power was then as great as we have painted it, and had been obtained by the means we have stated. He was then professing peace, though doing all in his power to bring about war. And now having brought up the history of the Prophet to the period of which we are writing, we will proceed with our narrative.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A hectic pleasure flushed her faded face;
It fled, and deeper paleness took its place;
Then a cold shudder thrilled her—and, at last,
Her lip a smile of bitter sarcasm cast."

DRAKE.

A YEAR and more had now passed, since the disaster on the Ohio, and the captive maiden had already gone through more adventures than fall to the lot of most heroines, or than even it is my intention to describe. And, with the lapse of time, came changes,—changes that we must all feel.—The girlish form which we last beheld indicated that time had added to it strength, and filled out its beautiful proportions, and the maiden was now as pretty as woman can be. Grief had left its traces, but even they were beautiful.

Reader, hast thou ever, in summer, watched a coming storm? Hast thou seen a cloud overcast the heavens, spreading abroad darkness and gloom? —The storm bursts,—the big drops come dancing to the earth, and the sky is cleared! How brightly then shines the sun! how the rain drops glitter in its beams! Beautiful as the rain drops are the

traces of grief. Tears are to grief, what rain is to the parched earth. Oh! how beautiful are the remains of affection! Such were now the traces which time had left on the captive maiden. There are the cold and heartless, who, in the language of the world, would merely have said that she had broken,—how I hate the word in that sense,—and who would have thought her less beautiful than in girlhood she promised to be. With the world, it may be that she was. But to many, she would have been far dearer than in happier days; though less brilliant, there was something more touching in her melancholy,—something better calculated to sink deep into the heart, and call into play the finer feelings of our nature. The recollection of her family was now like a distant view, shadowy and undefined, and she rarely recurred to the sad evening of her misfortunes; but if she did, and would but for an instant dwell thereon, it was like applying the telescope to distant objects. The scene arose before her in all its startling horror, and she gave vent to her grief in a gush of tears.

But these scenes, as I have stated above, now occurred but rarely:—time had added its soothing power, and the captive now in her musings, began to turn her thoughts to still earlier days. The heart is more susceptible in misfortune, and loves then also to brood over moments which once were happy; probably because there is relief in indulging in anticipations or recollections which drive away heavier thoughts. So that now there were moments when she pondered over her heart's earliest

joys, and dwelt with delight on the recollection of him who first, by his kind and gentle manner, won her affections, taught her to extract music from the gushing of fountains, and pleasure from the inspection of a flower, or the sight of a landscape.

This may not be intelligible to all my readers, for there are some persons who know nothing of the sympathies of the human heart. But is there one who has not felt his increased capability for enjoyment, when the heart is first warmed into life, —when the springs of affection first begin to flow. It is then that, stripped of sensuality, our thoughts seem purified. It is then, that even nature, seen through the first springings of pure affection, is lovelier than it is ever seen afterward, and we can then feel that we live. But delightful as those feelings are, like dew drops on flowers, they are beautiful, but last not;—no, an entrance into the world, is to them what frost is to the flowers. Yes, they wither and die, even while the functions of life are green on the tree. Feeling is to life, what malmsey is to wine. Yes, all that is beautiful and bright in life, dies while we are on the threshold. The loss of early feelings is beautifully described by Byron in the lines beginning

> "There's not a joy the world can give,
> Like that it takes away,
> When the flow of early thought declines
> In feeling's dull decay."

There is a sad truth in the lines here alluded to, which all who have read them, must have often felt.

Gentle reader, hast thou ever watched and wept over the loss of thy early feelings; hast thou seen them fast ebbing away, and felt thyself growing old, while thou wert yet young in years. I have, and like a mother over a dying child, like a lover over the sinking pulse of his mistress, I have watched and wept as they left me.

Reader, I have called thee gentle above, and I feel a sympathy for thee, though thou art unknown, for thou wilt see my wayward thoughts, and recollect that while tracing them, I held communion with thee. Yes, even at this moment, speculations float across my mind, as to the characters of the persons who may read them, and as to the impressions which my wayward fancies may produce. They may be glanced over, think I, by some early associate, and remind him perhaps of some long forgotten friend. But reader, whoever thou art, and whatever may be the cast of thy opinions, I sincerely hope, if thou wishest it, that the perusal of them may have the same effect upon thee, which the mere exertion of tracing them out has had upon me. It has served to rob life for a time of the tedium and weariness which often sits heavily upon me.

It would be tedious were we to trace minutely the movements of Netnokwa and her party, from the time that she left Rainy Lake, until her arrival among her own tribe—suffice it, that they all encountered more dangers and difficulties than belong to ordinary adventures, and after a long and toilsome journey arrived there safe. A longer acquaintance with the captive maiden only served to increase

their affections, and they now strictly regarded her as a member of their family. No act of kindness on their part was wanting, and so devoted was Miskwa in her attentions, that she won the heart of the captive, whom she also cheered by giving a promise both for herself and mother, that as soon as the dread influence which the Prophet exercised over the tribes, should in some measure subside, or any other circumstance render it practicable, that they would restore her to the settlements. This promise rendered her cheerful at moments, and caused her to entertain for Miskwa the kindest possible feelings, nor was she otherwise than fond of Netnokwa; but Miskwa was of her own age, and though of a different complexion, still in her she found a kindred spirit. Thrown constantly in her company, they soon became inseparable companions, divided all their duties, and enjoyed together all their little amusements; and such was the power of culture and of mind, that Miskwa insensibly adopted many of the habits of the captive, and satisfied that in doing so she was improved, even attempted to learn her language. But grateful as was the captive, her heart was sad, her sources of amusement were only transient gleams of joy, flitting by like fleeting clouds—her thoughts were afar off—and when she recollected that it was the Prophet's influence which detained her from that land which she so much wished again to see—she began to inquire who he was, and what were his doctrines. The information received, only served to convince her of the futility of his pretensions, and when she

heard a list of the victims which his doctrine of witchcraft had consigned to the stake, she no longer hesitated, but spoke of him as a bad man, and endeavoured to convince Netnokwa and Miskwa, that he was not even entitled to their good opinion. She spoke of the Great Spirit as the author of all goodness and mercy; it was the light in which Miskwa and her mother regarded him, and then asked them how, thinking as they did of him, they could believe that he would authorize the acts of the Prophet. Many conversations on this subject had taken place, and though always urged by the captive with the utmost timidity, and though Netnokwa and her daughter at first shrunk from them as from something fearful, yet their frequency, and the confident manner in which the captive, the more she spoke of it, now asserted, that his assumed character was a mere delusion, tended at least to familiarize them with the subject, and also caused the first dawnings of doubt.

It was a lovely evening, when two maidens were seen standing near the door of a neat little cottage situated on the banks of one of those many nameless tributaries which add their quota to the upper Red river. Many wild vines crept over and around it, and the sweetest flowers of the prairie and forest, tastefully arranged, bloomed in the richest luxuriance. It was not like an Indian wigwam, for taste, and refinement and cultivation, seemed blended in every thing therewith connected; and the wonder was, that so beautiful a spot, could be found so far from the white settlements, and embosomed in so vast and track-

less a wilderness. Many hundred miles would scarcely have brought its inmates to the farthest advanced posts of civilization, and yet at that distance they now dwelt, and formed and fashioned for amusement their little Paradise with its garden of Eden which they themselves had created. One would have wondered and admired; and it was woman's delicate hands which had wrought it all.

Hast thou never observed that an accomplished and virtuous female seems, by her mere presence, to impart a charm to every thing around her, and add a beauty to every thing she touches. I mean not however to include the dispensers of fashion, or the mere creatures of art, for accomplished as they may be, there is always a frivolity of manner about them, which places them lower in the scale of excellence, and tends in a great measure to destroy their power; but I mean woman, lovely, beautiful and fascinating as she is, when her time is devoted to the improvement of her mind, and the cultivation of her heart. As pure in excellence as the snow in whiteness, was the captive maiden, for her intercourse with the world had never been sufficiently great to deform her either by fashion or by art, and the loss of her family had created in her breast no resentment against the authors of her misfortune, but had tended rather to soften her feelings towards the whole human race. This resulted partly from the destitute condition in which she found herself, and also from the resignation with which she submitted to the will of Providence.

As Miskwa, with the captive, stood before the door,

the latter was gazing pensively in the direction of her far home, and as thoughts of the past rose before her, she sighed, and a shade of darker melancholy than was wont to rest upon her features, passed over her face. At that moment, Miskwa called her attention, and with a bow and quiver in her hand, proposed that they should walk. The sun's rays were mellowing the prospect, and the air was bland and mild. First turning to salute their flowers, they gathered some, and twining them into wreaths, decorated their brows. They then started on their walk, and Miskwa, with the mirth of a happy heart, ran bounding forward. As they continued it, thoughts which were sad passed from the mind of the captive maiden, and she too was apparently happy. They had proceeded in their rambles a mile or two, when their attention was suddenly aroused, by a stranger coming towards them. He was a son of the forest, yet there was something singular in his address, and peculiar in his manner. They knew not what to think, and as he approached, Miskwa bent her bow, and adjusted a keen pointed arrow. Yet he seemed not to notice it, but coming nearer, beckoned them to follow, and started off, leading the way to their own cabin. Miskwa spoke to him, but he refused to answer, and continued indicating to them signs that they must accompany him to their lodge. His eyes were cast upon the ground, —his countenance was grave in the extreme,—there was an air of mystery about him, and when he moved forward, Miskwa not being able to explain who or what he was, and feeling a vague fear, why

or wherefore she knew not, spoke to her friend, and advised her to follow; and in silence they accompanied the stranger, who, to their great surprise, pursued the most direct path to their lodge. Having arrived there, he seemed not to regard Netnokwa, who was sitting just without the door, but uninvited, entered her lodge, and seating himself, began to smoke. Netnokwa at the same time, entering, made of him many inquiries; yet he paid not the least attention to her, but continued smoking.—Then calling in Miskwa and the maiden, they seated themselves to await his pleasure. None could divine the cause of his errand, and on account of it fear was felt by Netnokwa and her family. After a deep silence of half an hour, he stated that his name was Kenah, and that he had come with a message from the Shawanee Prophet. Then, after a few moments farther silence, he said:—"Henceforth, the fire must never be suffered to go out in your lodge. Summer and winter, day and night,—in the calm or in the storm,—you must remember that the life in your body, and the fire in your lodge, are the same, and of the same date. If you suffer your fire to be extinguished, at that moment your life will be at its end. You must not suffer a dog to live. The Prophet himself is coming to shake hands with you; but I have come before, that you may know what is the will of the Great Spirit, communicated to us by him; and to inform you that the preservation of your life for a single moment, depends on your entire obedience. From this time forward, we are neither to steal, to lie, or

to go against our enemies. While we yield an entire obedience to these commands of the Great Spirit, the Sioux, even if they come to our country, will not be able to see us; we shall be protected and made happy."*

When the speech was finished, the countenances of Miskwa and Netnokwa seemed troubled, and the captive, not being able to comprehend all he had said, asked Miskwa for an explanation. Kenah hearing this, and himself speaking English imperfectly, began in the same mysterious manner, to repeat to her what he had before said. To his surprise, his remarks, instead of inspiring her with the same dread which they had Netnokwa and her daughter, only served to excite her laughter, and turning to Miskwa, she began to ridicule his opinions, and then to ask Netnokwa if she thought the Great Spirit wanted her to kill her dogs, which aided in supplying them with food? and why he should care whether the fire went out in their lodge or not?

When Kenah saw this, clouds of anger passed over his brow, and he began to tell how many times the Great Spirit had visited the Prophet, and what he had ordered him to do for his red children. But as he talked of it, they became familiarized to his person, and a discussion of the subject only served to exhibit the folly and cruelty of his doctrines. The eyes of Netnokwa and her daughter had been before opened by the opinions of the captive, and the fear of which his words would but for that have

* See note B.

inspired, was now with Miskwa, rather a subject of merriment, and she with the captive, began to persuade Netnokwa not to kill her dogs, nor to regard what Kenah had said.

Kenah, seeing that nothing could be effected, was filled with rage, and internally vowing vengeance against the captive, to whom mainly he attributed his want of success, and likewise against Miskwa, who seemed so much under her influence, he sank to sleep. Rising with the first light of day, he left the cottage before its inmates had risen, and proceeded on his journey, leaving them ignorant of his intentions. His behaviour and sudden disappearance, were for some days, with them a subject of wonder and conversation, but with the lapse of time they were forgotten, and with them even the remembrance of his visit was effaced from their minds.

CHAPTER XV.

"They love their land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why—
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none,
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die."

HALLECK.

ROLFE and Earthquake, whom we left journeying homeward, proceeded on, according to the resolution they had formed, far into the settled portions of Indiana Territory, intending to communicate at once to the Governor the disaster which had occurred on the Ohio, and obtain his influence in having the murderers brought to justice and recovering, if possible, the maiden who was still a prisoner. Upon telling their story to many persons, they found that the Indians were generally believed to entertain hostile designs against the United States, that the chiefs had refused to exert any authority, in surrendering up murderers to justice, and that many aggressions had been committed by them; the consequence of all which was, that the governor of the territory was arming the militia, and its citizens were clamorous for offensive operations. They regarded the Prophet as the author of all their present difficulties, as well as of the threatened ruin which seemed to impend over them, and had united

in petitions to the Executive, praying for the dispersion of the Prophet's band. His head quarters were now established at Tippecanoe, and his camp was considered a place of rendezvous, from which lawless parties would set out, commit depredations on the settlements and again return to it for concealment.

This state of things convinced Rolfe and Earth, that, as they did not even know where the prisoner was, no good could result from their application, and both entertaining doubts as to the identity of her they sought, they resolved to return to Kentucky, change their mode of life, and carve out their fortunes, by mingling with men. This resolution was carried into effect, and Rolfe soon after arriving at home, proclaimed his willingness to attend to all business which should be committed to him as an attorney, obtained an office, and in a few months was justly entitled to the appellation of a hard student.

One among the first things, however, which he did after his arrival, was to write to a friend in Petersburgh, stating his suspicions relative to her he loved, and begging that, as far as lay in his power, he would either confirm or remove them. As the answer received is the best explanation we can give, we shall here insert it.

"Truly glad am I, my dear Richard, to see that you once more recognize me as your friend. For such I have ever been, as many others are, and your taking up a different impression was not owing to me, or to their conduct, but to your own over sensitive-

ness. However, let us remember only the brightest spots in the past, and 'look forward with hopes for the morrow.' But I am saying nothing of that which most interests you. The bare suspicion is horrible; it cannot be true;—there could have been no motive whatever for his emigrating—but as from the tone of your letter I should judge that you had heard nothing from this place since you left, I will state to you such changes as have occurred. Your departure was unexpected to many, and I mean not to compliment you, when I say that no one could have left, whose absence would have been more deeply regretted by his friends. I did not see her for several weeks after your departure, and then her countenance bore delicate traces of grief; they would not have been perceptible to a stranger, but to me, who had known her long, they were plainly legible. She was calm, and I ventured to inquire if she had heard from you; her eyes filled with tears, she was silent, and after a moment changed the conversation. Her father has been very much censured for his opposition by the few to whom the circumstances are known.

"I think about six months elapsed, when he began to speculate largely, and soon after that time removed with his family to Baltimore, that he might have a wider theatre for action; and I suppose you will pardon the rhapsody, when I say that with his removal, went the brightest star which ever shed its influence over our goodly town. But, by the by, as you are a lover that is not pretty enough. As a friend of mine would say, every thing was quite

opaque when she left us,—or, as I with more gallantry would say, for we have still many bright constellations of beauty, her departure was like the gloom which follows the bursting of the rocket.

"Now let me say, I think I can remove your fears, for these pretty things are called up by my having seen her some three months since in Baltimore. I was at her house, she was cheerful, and not a member of her family spoke of moving; so, my dear fellow, all your alarm was unnecessary farther than sympathy with a fellow creature had its claims. Come, quit hunting, and attend to your profession, and you may yet realize your early hopes. We lay in some of our goods in Baltimore, and I shall reserve to myself the pleasure of telling her in person, the wild fancy which entered your brain; it will serve to amuse, and yet she cannot fail deeply to appreciate your conduct.

"Now that we have began a correspondence, let me hope that you will continue it—and do, if you please, tell me more of your friend Earthquake, for he is perfectly an original, and although at first, his name prejudiced me against him, yet I think I could love such a man.

"Believe me, ever yours."

The above letter served to remove all Rolfe's suspicions, and made him happy; since besides destroying the many painful apprehensions in which he had indulged relative to her he loved, it also served to convince him that he was still esteemed by his friends, and added a fresh impulse to the resolution

he had formed to devote his time entirely to his profession. Seeking his friend Earthquake, he lost no time in communicating to him the happy tidings. He was almost as much delighted at them as Rolfe himself, and urging him to prosecute the resolution he had formed, he stated, that he was tired of the woods, and intended to run for the office of sheriff, which was to be filled in a neighbouring county at their next court. Rolfe suggested to him that he did not think he was sufficiently well acquainted with accounts. Earth admitted that he was not as smart at figures as some people he had seen, but said he knew as much as Bob Black, who was the only candidate he had heard spoken of, and added, "Rolfe, if I don't know how to make out a big account agin a poor fellow, why it don't matter much; and if one is able to pay, and wont, why 'taint worth while to be so particular, I will lick him until he settles up, so I think I can make the ends meet."

"Very well then," said Rolfe, "take a chance, and, if elected, try and qualify yourself for the office."

"Well, now," said Earth, "you have hit the nail right on the head, for that is just what I mean to do, and if I don't hull out Bob Black, I'm a heap worse than I look for."

Time wore on:—court day arrived, and Bob Black and Earthquake were the only candidates. Near a large square log building, called the court-house, and which had been built for that purpose, until a better one could supply its place, a crowd had gathered, and appearances indicated that no very ordinary event was about to occur; for the

multitude swaggered about with an important air, and each one felt larger than on ordinary occasions. Moreover, they seemed excited, not by artificial stimulus, but by the importance of some coming event. That the hour which custom had set apart as the time when they should begin to drink had not arrived, if you are a shrewd observer, you would have seen at a glance; for many of the crowd would change a heavy quid from the left to the right side, and cocking up their eyes at the sun, gaze for a moment to see the hour, then shake their heads and cast them down as if disappointed; and then, if you had been present, you would have heard inquiries of this sort:—"Who toats the silver time of day in his pocket?" and perhaps an answer to this effect:—"Lawyer Rolfe; he's a gentleman all over, and a nation fine man." Then if you would keep a sharp look out, you might have seen several pressing forward towards Rolfe, who stood in earnest conversation just before a small tippling shop, and to the remark, "you toat the silver time of day, 'Squire, tell us the hour," have heard Rolfe reply, "twelve, by every good watch, for you know time flies faster on election than on other days;" and then turning to the barkeeper, say, "give us a gallon of your best." At that call, the tobacco fell in large wads upon the ground, and a pleasing smile played over their countenances.

Yes, it was both an election and court day.—Rolfe was to make his first appearance at the Kentucky bar, and our old friend Earth was to run for

the sheriffalty. The space which was marked out as the court-yard, was merely a clearing in the forest, from which the trees had been lately removed, and which still presented an unseemly appearance, from the many stumps which were yet left standing. In this place, the multitude had collected, and it was as marked in its aspect as the spot it occupied. There were present persons of all ages, of all sizes, and of all shapes; and they were clad in garments as dissimilar as themselves. They were habited in hunting shirts, or wrapped in blankets, or wore buckskin breeches, which fitted them tightly, and on their heads they had hats or caps of every shape, and in the latter were exhibited the skins of almost every animal indigenous to our country. Besides these I have particularized, there were also present many well dressed, foppishly dressed, and genteel looking men, who were in fact no better than those we have described, for all were frank, honest, and hospitable; and throughout this multitude were poking about, wherever an opening in the crowd would permit it, women and children, as dissimilar in appearance as the men we have already characterized, and from it, the noise of a thousand jarring voices broke upon the ear. On the outside of the court-yard, and in every direction, fastened to every tree or limb which would swing a bridle, was seen a mule, a jackass, or a horse. They were in every condition, from Don Quixote's Rosinante to that of an Englishman's best hunter. On some there were saddles and bridles. Others had no saddles, but meal bags or

blankets were made to serve the same purpose, and with them grape vines or twisted hickory withes, were used as bridles. They amused themselves in various ways,—the mules and jackasses by braying, —most of the horses by whickering, whenever any stranger came up,—and the whole by kicking occasionally, with the exception of a few, to whom years had given great gravity of character, and they seemed to derive much enjoyment by scraping, with their teeth, the bark from the trees.

Of the men who were present, at least three-fourths brought rifles, and soon began to amuse themselves by shooting for what they significantly denominated a quart. The remainder, gathered in groups, were either talking politics or discussing the claims of the respective candidates, with the exception of those who were in the Court-House, the Court being in session.

So much for the general appearance. Now let us enter some of these groups, and see if we cannot make ourselves familiarly acquainted with at least one of the actors. A tree is blazed,—a small black spot, made with moistened powder, is seen in its centre, and at a distance of about fifty yards, a crowd, composed chiefly of hunters, with now and then a woman or a child, have already collected. The candidates for the sheriffalty are also among the number.

"What shall we shoot for?" asked a hunter, as stepping out he toed the mark.

"Why, a quart to be sure," was the reply.

Then throwing up his piece, crack went his rifle,

and the crowd running to the target, cried, "not so coarse,—he grazed the black."

"Coarse as rough bricks," said a hunter, "he'll pay for the quart."

"Clear away for the candidates!" was now the cry. "Bob, step forward, and show your metal." Bob did as desired, and blazed away. The crowd again ran forward, and cried, "hurrah! for Bob Black,—he is into the black, but upon the outer edge."

"That's not so bad," said Bob.

"Bad as green gourds," said our old friend Earth, "if it was a varmunt, and you could only see his eye.—Clear the track, I'm coming, with my head and tail both up." Then stepping forward, he took his position:—a moment more, and crack went his rifle. The crowd again ran forward, and cried,—"into the centre. Hurrah for Earth,—he's a caution, I tell you."

"I knowed it," said Earth, "she never lies if I point her straight;" then turning to his opponent, Bob Black, "don't you think you would make a beautiful sheriff,—can't shoot nearer than the outside of a black. Bob, I'd change my name if I couldn't always stick by it."

At this moment, some one cried out, "'Squire Rolfe is going to speak in the Court House," and away they hastened, to hear his maiden speech. The Court-House, as before stated, was merely an unfloored log building. Upon a plank, a little elevated, and placed against the side fronting the door, the magistrates were sitting; and just before

them, seated on a bench, were ranged the lawyers. Rolfe was to make his maiden speech. He had been employed by a man who was very badly beaten, to bring an action of assault and battery, with a hope of recovering damages enough to compensate him in some measure, for the injury inflicted.—This was the case now to be tried. The jury having been sworn, the witnesses examined, and all the other formalities gone through, Rolfe rose. "Now tear away," said Earth, who was at his elbow, "as if you didn't care for nobody."

Rolfe smiled at Earth's remark, and proceeded in a dignified and lucid manner to open his case, and bring forward to the notice of the jury, those points in the evidence which he thought would justly entitle his client to heavy damages, and upon which he intended to rest his claim. Having done so, in as brief a manner as practicable, and not seeing what possible ground his adversary could occupy, for the law and evidence were both against him, he was seated, and the opposing counsel, who was a genuine son of the west, and whom Rolfe had not before observed, rose in reply:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The tremendous occasion which has called us together is one of the very darkest peril to my client.

"The poet has beautifully said, 'loud roars the dreadful thunder.' But, gentlemen, to be squeezed inside of a gaol, is not the thing that it is cracked up to be. The lightning's flash may blaze entirely athwart the heavens; but, gentlemen, to lie up-

on a dirt floor, and drink cold water, is an awful catastrophe. The poet has said, gentlemen, 'all that glitters is not gold,' and I ask you, if when this man came at my client like a roaring lion, and would have used him up in two minutes, if he was wrong just to take his eyes into his hands, and squeeze 'em for a short time. Gentlemen, I know there is not one of you so lost to feeling,—so lost to every thing that an honourable man owes himself,—but instead of letting them go, after squeezing them a short time, but would have put them into his breeches pocket, and have walked off, and let the fellow go about his business. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, I see it in you, there is not one of you but would have jumped upon him, and have galloped him around this Court-House a half a dozen times.—A good for nothing scoundrel, to pretend to come at my client in such a vig'rous manner. But, gentlemen of the jury, the poet has mighty prettily said, 'the day of retribution is at hand,'—and, gentlemen, the counsel who is opposed to me, will try very hard to convince you that this is a sublime wound,—that my client ought to pay a tall, a very tall price for it; but the grapes are sour—they hang mighty high, I see it in your eyes. Gentlemen, you know all about the way in which a knife can be made to dig into one, when a man is in earnest.—Now, I ask you, if this is a sublime wound? Do you think my client was in earnest when he struck him? You all have seen it. It is not more than three inches long, and about two inches deep, and he has pretended to bring such a

case as that into this Court-House. The time of the Court, gentlemen, ought not to be taken up with such trifling matters, and I beg your pardon for having detained you as long as I have. Gentlemen, I know your verdict,—I know what it will be,—I am satisfied;—I will close these few remarks, with a quotation—a very, very apt quotation to this case:—"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod."—Yes, mark me, gentlemen:—

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod"

But—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

It is needless to say any thing more about the case;—Rolfe could not contend with such an opponent, and was consequently beaten. His defeat, however, was more strongly characterized by Earth. The case having been decided, Earth left the Court-House, to electioneer with the crowd for the office he desired. Upon going out, some one who had not as yet heard the decision, cried out, "Well, Earth, how did the 'squire come out?"

"The fellow hulled him as clean as wheat," said Earth, "he fairly tore the wool off; but Rolfe is a larning;—he did better the last time than he did the first. He don't rare and pitch enough;—I must talk to him, and I think I can make him come to it, artur a while."

Earth having again entered the crowd, began to electioneer for the office he so much desired.—"Come, boys," said he, addressing himself to all around him, including many whose locks were frost-

ed over with age, "let's go and take a little, for I am as dry as a horse." Away they went, and having drank, some one of the group was reminded of a good anecdote, which he told, and at which being in good humour, they all heartily laughed. When the merriment had somewhat subsided, "Come, Earth," said an old hunter, "a sheriff ought always to be able to tell a good story, that he may amuse a fellow when he is making him shell out,—let us see what you can do in that way."

"Time enough," said Earth, "when I am elected; but at present, I must knock about, to see if I cannot pick up a vote or two."

"The best way to pick up votes, Earth," replied an acquaintance, "is to tell a good story."

"Very well then, Jack," said Earth, addressing the last speaker, "make a ring and give me fair play, and I will tell one, and whether it be good or bad, I leave you all to judge. It shall be the truth, that is, it shall be something which has happened to me at some time of my life, and if after telling it, you don't vote for me, if I don't lick you, I will agree never to take another 'coon hunt."

"Then whack away," said Jack.

"Well, well, well, well, once upon a time," began Earth.

"And what happened then," asked one of the group.

"Why, so many things have happened to me," said Earth, "since I've been rooting about in these woods, that I hardly know what to tell, or which will interest most."

"Then tell us of the time that you floated down the Ohio."

"Well, well," said Earth, bursting out in a loud laugh, "I will tell that, for I had almost clean forgot it; but I was in a predicament, wan't I?"

"Tell us the story and we shall then be able to judge," said an old hunter, who, standing near, was leaning on his rifle; "do begin, Earth, and make no more preparation; you take as long to git under way as a man does who breaks a yoke of young steers, or greases a pair of cart wheels, before he sets out upon his journey."

"Then I'm off, old man," said Earth, "but I must take a running start, and begin agin."

"Well, well, well, well—once upon a time I had taken my old bitch Jupiter, that you have often heard me tell of;—old Jupe was a nice thing,—I had taken her 'long, and gone off upon a bear hunt, had been absent two or three weeks, and had wandered very far from home. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down into the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had had rare sport. Old Jupe was in a good humour, and she and I was mighty loving, for she had fou't some fights which I never can forgit, and which made me love her like a new flint, and she loved me as if I was a bacon bone, for I had helped her out of some of her difficulties, when it would have been a gone case if I had'nt been present;—I say difficulties, for I never

did see a dog so tired as she was. I do believe during some of these fights that I am now talking about, I saw the bears hug her, until they stretched her out into a long string. Yes, I have seen 'em squeeze her, until she wan't larger than my arm, and at least nine or ten feet long;—you might have wound her up into a ball, just as you would have done a hank of yarn,—"

"Then they must have killed her, Earth," said one of the group.

"You know nothing about it," said Earth, "don't interrupt me; but I am good for your vote;" then turning to the crowd, "ain't it so, gentlemen, don't he forfeit it for stopping me?"

"Certainly," was the reply.—

"Then I have already made two votes," said Earth.

All now cried, "go on Earth, go on with your story."

"Well," said Earth, "he stopped me something about the bears killing Jupe;—now old Jupe wan't of that breed of dogs at all, for when she was stretched out in a string, or even tangled up in a knot, I would shoot the bear, draw her off one side, throw a little cold water over her, leave her, and go to butchering. In an hour, and sometimes it would take longer, she would begin to come together like a jointed snake, and presently, she would fetch a yelp, and come streaking it to me, shaped as she ought to be, showing her teeth, and looking as fresh as if she was a new made dog. And then wan't she vig'rous? Yes, who says she wan't? You might

have hung a cross-cut saw to a swinging limb, and she would have chawed upon it the balance of the day,—or have thrown her a bear's head, and she would'nt touch the meat, but draw all the teeth out merely for spite. But there was one thing I noticed about old Jupe,—whenever the bears stretched her out into a string, she always lost her appetite for the remainder of that day. Well, old Jupe and I were down there, and we had been doing pretty much what I have been telling you, when one day the bears spun her out rather longer than usual, and she got cut so badly, that we had to rest during the whole of the evening. I was sorry for old Jupe, but didn't care much about having to stop myself, for I was right tired and wanted rest, having seen hard times that week.

"The sun, I suppose, was about an hour high, and I was setting down under a big tree, nursing old Jupe, and trying to see if I could'nt set her upon her legs agin, when she raised up her nose, and snuffed the air,—then looked in my face and whined. As she did this, I saw the hair upon her back begin to rise. I knew that there was danger in the wind, and from what old Jupe had told me, I thought the red skins were about. The Ingens were not so rife then as they had been;—it was the fall before 'Squire Rolfe came out from the old state; but people had to keep a sharp look out, for they would come down upon the settlements once in a while, and they were mighty apt to carry off some body's hair with them.

"Well, as soon as old Jupe spoke to me, I look-

ed about, and seed five coming right along in the direction in which I was. They were well loaded, and I knowed at once that they had been down upon the settlements, and were now making their way to the river, that they might cross over and get clear. Although I saw them, I knew they hadn't seen me; so I gathered up my things to start off, without thinking that old Jupe was so badly cut she could'nt follow. When I was ready, I looked at old Jupe,—she tried to get up, but could'nt,—my eyes felt watery, for I hated to leave her, and I had'nt a minute to spare. But old Jupe was a sensible dog; yes, as I said before, she was a nice thing, for without speaking a word, she poked her nose under the leaves, as much as to say, cover me over, and leave me. I did so, and gitting a tree between me and the Ingens, I streaked it. You ought to have seen me run, to know how fast a man ought to move when Ingens are after him. Well, arter streaking it awhile, I thought it would never do to go off that way, and know nothing about 'em, so I began to haul in my horns, and back a little. I got behind a tree, and kept a sharp look out:—presently I seed them all coming straight towards me; so I buckled off agin, and went for some distance, like a bear through a cane brake, and then stopped, and took a stand. I had'nt been there long, before I seed them coming agin. The reason why I saw them so often was, that I kept before them, knowing that they were making straight for the river. I watched them narrowly, looked at 'em with both eyes wide open, and saw they did'nt seem to have

any notion of me, but were putting it down fast and heavy that they might git across. It was now getting dark, and I knew that under cover of the night, as they did not suspect any body was near 'em, I could keep close enough to watch them without their knowing it, and this I determined to do, thinking that by possibility something might happen, to pay me for my trouble. You all know I never spared an Ingen; no, there don't breathe one who can say I ever showed him any favour. Well, I kept on before 'em until I got down upon the river bank. It was then quite dark, and growing more so every minute; for a fog was rising from the surface of the water. I looked about to see if they had a boat there, thinking if they had one, I would take it, and let them git across as they could. I was searching longer than I thought for, and did'nt know how the time passed, for suddenly I heard them coming down to the river, at the very point where I was. I was now skeered, and looked about to see if I could get out of the way; but there was no place to hide, and it was too late to escape, either up or down the bank. I'm a gone case, thought I,—used up at last; but just at that moment, I saw a large log or tree, which had been lodged by some high freshet; for one end of it still rested on the bank, while the other extended out into the stream. Said I to myself, 'I'll git upon this, for it is so dark that they can't see me, and I can then keep a bright look out upon their movements;' so I stepped on it, and crawled along to the far end. I found that the log was floating, and get-

ting as near the small end as I could, I straddled it, putting my legs in the water to steady me, and laid my rifle across my lap. 'Oh! that it would but float off,' said I, but it would'nt.

"Well, down to the water they all came, and stood in about fifteen or twenty feet of me. 'It is all over now,' thought I; 'if discovered, I am used up as fine as salt;—if I ain't, there is no bad taste in a rough 'simmon.' Well, there they stood in a good humour, laughing and talking, about I hardly know what, for I could'nt catch many of their words. At last, I heard one of 'em say, in Shawanee, 'where is the canoe? It must be close by. Step upon the log and find it.'

'Hold my gun,' answered one of 'em, and passing it to one of his friends, he stepped upon the log and began to walk right to where I was. Now did'nt I squat low, and feel mean? But hush; he had'nt got far before another must jump on, to help him find the boat. This last one had only walked a few steps, when the log slipped, and splash it came right in the river with the two Ingens. They both held on, though they got a little wet, and the first thing I knowed the log was going out into the stream with all three of us on it. It was slanting at first, and slipping, got pushed off. Those on shore set up a loud laugh, and they would'nt hear any thing until it was too late to give any help. But for those on the log, it was no joke; for they were already out in the stream, and going down it, with a smart current. They now hallooed manfully for help, and those on shore, seeing how it was, told

them to hold on, and that they would find the boat and take them off. Well, I have often told you I had seen hard times, now wa'nt here a *predicament?* On a log with two Ingens, and floating along at night down the Ohio. Well, sure enough, there I was, and what did I think of? why, of every thing in this world; it raily made me feel right knotty, and what to do, I did'nt know. We had now floated two or three hundred yards, and I was sitting as I told you before straddled on the small end, and jest as silent as a deer listening for the dogs, thinking how the affair would terminate, when one of the Ingens who was still standing upon the log, stepped off upon one of the limbs to make room for his companion. His stepping caused the log to creen me in the water, and forgetting where I was, and what I was about, I cried, 'stop! stop! you'll turn me over.' 'Oh hell!' said I to myself, 'it is all over now—clean gone this time.' How the Ingens looked, I don't know, for it was so dark I could'nt see their faces, but they must have been worse skeered than I was, for I knew who they were, and they did'nt know who or what I was. They kept muttering something very fast, and I thought they were going to quit the log and streak it, but arter a few minutes they became silent, and began peeping towards where I was, like a couple of turkies looking for worms. And then one said, 'dont you see something?' 'Yes,' answered the other, 'dark lump; bear perhaps;' and then the one who first spoke, cried out 'who's there?' I did'nt answer, but I growed small so fast, trying to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin

hung as loose as if it was a big jacket. They kept peeping at me, and I heard one say, 'It is no bear. It is a man, look at his head.' When I heard him say so, I was so mad I wished my head was under the log, but then I thought if it was, I would'nt be any better off than I was then, so I straightened up; I knowed they had seen me, and I thought twa'nt worth while to play 'possum any longer. Well, when I straightened up, he cried out agin, 'who's there,' 'I am here,' said I, speaking in his own language. The momen I spoke, he laughed, and said to the other, 'he is a pale face.'"

"How could he tell that, Earth," inquired another of the group, "you say that it was dark, and a fog was rising."

"I've got you, Jim," said Earth, then pausing he began to count on his fingers, saying, "that is four, no, three; now don't forget it, Jim."

"Go on, go on, Earth," cried half a dozen voices.

"Well, the reason he knowed me so quick, was that he seed I did'nt speak the real Ingen. Arter he had told the other that I was a pale face, he turned to me, and said, 'what you doing there?' sitting down straddle on the small eend, said I. When I said this, they burst out into a laugh; I myself was in no laughing humour, and it did'nt sound to me like a laugh, but like a sort of a chuckle, and one said to the other 'he is a pale face, a lean dog, sleeping on a log, we did catch him good,' and saying this, they put their hands to their mouth, and gave the war whoop. I tell you what, it was an awful sound, and then they told their companions on shore

that a pale face was on the log with them, to get the boat and come quick. Those on shore answered them, and ran laughing down the river looking for the boat, and keeping along with the log. I now found that I must go at the old work, and my bristles began to rise."

"Come here," said one of 'em, beckoning to me. "Come quick, before the others come; I want your hair."

"What did he mean by that?" said one, who with the most fixed attention had been standing by eagerly devouring all that Earth had been telling.

"Why, he wanted to scalp me, but recollect, if you please, I have your vote too," said Earth, again pausing an instant, "That is five, no, four. Well, when he called me to him to let him have my hair, I could'nt stand it any longer, but throwing up my rifle, blazed away; he jumped up like a buck, and fell splash in the water. My rifle made a mighty pretty noise, and I heard the report rolling away for miles up and down the river. As soon as I fired the Ingens on the bank also screamed the war whoop, and the fellow on the log cried out to 'em to bring his gun. I jumped up and crawled at him, he gathered up an old limb and stood his ground. The first thing I knowed, he come down upon me all in a heap, breaking the old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders: it was a good thing for me, that the limb wa'nt sound. His blow staggered me, but I soon rose up, and seizing my rifle with both hands brought him a side wipe with the barrel. As I did, he slipped off the log in the water, I then hit

him another lick, and stooping quickly down, seized him by the head, as he tried to crawl up upon the log. I was now upon the log, and he in the water, so I had him at a disadvantage.

"Well, I kept bobbing his head under;—when I first did it, the bubbles came up just like you were filling a bottle with water; you know, after a bottle is full, it won't bubble; well, I kept bobbing his head under until he would'nt bubble, so I concluded he was full of water, and then let him go; he went down to the bottom, and I never seed him any more.

"All was now quiet, for both Ingens had sunk, and I was master of the log, but I had yet another struggle to make, for I heard the Ingens on shore push off their boat, and seed the waters splash as they darted towards me. It was too late to load, and then I could kill but one; that wouldn't do—no, the only hope was to hide; so I took out a string, and placing my rifle in the water, lashed it to the log, I then threw away my hat, and crawling as far as I could towards the small end, eased myself gently down into the water, leaving nothing out but my head, and holding on with both hands by a small limb—another minute, and the canoe grated as it run up upon the log. The Ingens looked about and spoke to each other, but could see nothing, they then called their companions by name, but there was no answer. They were now very much distressed, and all got out upon the log, and began to walk about and examine it. When they came to the end where I was, I sunk altogether, and it being the small end of the log, it began to sink, and the

Ingens soon went back. I then threw my head back, and put my mouth out that I might breathe, just as a crippled duck sometimes does its bill. I made no noise, it was dark, they could not see me, and all went well. I heard them say 'they must have killed him,' and then that 'they are all gone;' they seemed very much distressed, wondered much at the whole affair, and none could explain it. After about fifteen minutes, they again stepped into their boat and pushed off. I waited until I could hear nothing of them, then crawled up upon the log, and as I did not wish to run any farther risk, I sat there till day-break.

"The sun was just about to rise, when the log which I was on washed up against the bank not far from where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. I caught hold of some bushes and pulling the log up along side of the bank, unloosed my rifle, and got out. I had been in the water so long that I was mighty weak, and I was shrivelled up, but as I began to stir about I felt better, and setting off I went back up the river to where I started upon the log. The first thing I seed upon getting back, was old Jupe sitting on the bank waiting for me, at the very spot where the log had slipped off. The thing wanted to lick me all over, she was so glad to see me. I was then right tired, so I started off home, and in about a week or two, Jupe and I arrived there safe and sound, and that is the end of my story."

"Well, Earth," said one of the company, "you are all sorts of a looking critter."

"Yes," said Earth, "I know that, I am ring striped, speckled and streaked, but I ain't thinking about that, I'm thinking about the votes. Now gentlemen," continued Earth, "don't you think they ought to make me sheriff? I say, if Bob Black has floated farther on a log, killed more Ingens, or staid longer under the water than I have, elect him; if not, I say, what has he done to qualify him for the office of sheriff? I have killed more bears than Bob could eat if they were 'coons, and I have fou't some harder fights than Bob ever saw;—now I say agin, tell me what has he done that he ought to be made sheriff. Did any of you ever know him to call for a quart? I never did;—I have known him to call for several half pints in the course of a day, but I never did know him to step forward manfully, and say 'give us a quart of your best.' Then I say agin, what the hell has Bob Black done to qualify him for sheriff? Now, if you beat me, beat me with somebody, beat me with a man who knows something which ought to qualify him for sheriff, and not with Bob Black. Bob can't tell you this minute when a bear begins to suck his paws!" Then apparently disgusted with the character and acquirements of his competitor, Earth turned away to seek other company. As he did so, one of the group who had taken more than his proportion of a quart, staggered forward, and cried out "hurrah for Earth, I tell you what, he's a squealer."

While Earth was thus electioneering, his friend Rolfe, who had left the Court House, after the decision of his case against him, was on another part

of the ground, modestly stating what he conceived to be his qualifications, but which, by the by, Earth had never regarded in that light, and was also urging his claims to the office about to be bestowed. Seeing Earth leave the circle which he had been last entertaining, Rolfe approached him and said, "Earth, you must make a speech."

"Do what, Rolfe?"

"You must make a speech, Earth."

"What, stand up and speak to 'em all like you did in the Court House."

"Yes."

"Oh hell!" said Earth, "I make a speech! I wouldn't do it to be made Governor. But if I was, I would jerk it into 'em mighty curiously."

"Then we will say no more about it," said Rolfe.

"You are right about that," said Earth, and they parted each to electioneer after his own manner.

Night came; the election was over, and our old friend Earth proclaimed Sheriff.

Leaving Rolfe to attend to his profession, and Earthquake to discharge the duties of the office which had just been conferred on him, let us proceed with other parts of our story.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

"Thou hast it."

HALLECK.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the story of the Indian mother who was discovered by the hunters during their excursion to the Wabash, searching at night for her son, nor their consequent visit to her wigwam. Several months had now elapsed since their departure from it; her son had recovered from his wound, and their mutual promise to seek for the maiden had often been a subject of conversation between them. Still nothing had been accomplished, when Pukkwana, who often reverted to the subject, suggested to Oloompa, that by visiting the camp of the Prophet, he might probably obtain some information which would lead to her discovery. She felt satisfied from the story told by the hunters, that the maiden must have been carried to the camp, and there concealed, or else sent away to some distant region. But since their departure, the deep

hatred which had ever marked the conduct of Oloompa towards the whites, began to revive in his bosom, and he seemed careless about fulfilling the promise which he had made; and when his mother wished him, in an attempt to do so, to visit the camp of the Prophet, he said, "Mother, shall Oloompa's moccasins be worn with travel for the sake of a pale face? The pale faces hate the red men. They are our enemies. They would drive us away from the graves of our fathers."

"Oloompa has promised," was the reply, "his father never broke a promise."

"Oloompa will remember his promise," said he, "the hunters were good to his mother. He will seek the maiden; if found, they shall know it. But he here swears before the Great Spirit, eternal enmity to their race. Oloompa will no more travel with them the same path, smoke the same pipe or sit around the same fire. He will wash his hands. He is their enemy."

"These are the words of the Shawanee Prophet;" said Pukkwana, "he puts bad thoughts into the heads of the red men."

"Mother, Oloompa knows not the words of the Prophet; they say he preaches peace:—Oloompa's thoughts are always the same;—wrongs are sharp knives, they cut deep."

"Oloompa," said Pukkwana, "when the sky is clear, why think of the storms which have passed?"

"My mother's eyes are dim," said Oloompa, "she sees not the light of the red torch which is kindling. She hears not the groans of the dying in the howl-

ing of the winds. Oloompa's tomahawk shall drink deep of the blood of the whites."

"Oloompa," said Pukkwana, "thy bosom is like the big lake when the winds pass over it. Thy words are harsh to my ears. I like them not. Listen. Thou goest to seek the lost maiden. Thou mayest find her; but if ever by words or acts thou wrongest her when found, or the hunters who bade thee seek her, thou art no longer thy mother's son."

"Pukkwana knows not Oloompa," he replied. "Were all the hatred he bears her race, felt but for her alone; under his protection, she would be as safe as though his own blood ran flowing through her veins. Oloompa will set out upon his journey. Where will his mother be when his feet are tired of travel?"

"As soon could I tell where the deer will be which range through the woods for their daily food," replied Pukkwana.

"Even the deer, when the hunter seeks them not, will feed for months in the same green fields," said Oloompa.

"Then return to the wigwam of thy mother; if she is absent, follow her footsteps."

"I will," he replied, and equipping himself for a long journey, he was soon winding his way through the forest.

Oloompa was now in the first dawning of manhood,—his limbs were beautifully moulded. and but for the effect produced by the wound he had received, which showed itself whenever he moved, he

would have been conspicuous for the beauty of his person. The traits of character which chiefly distinguished him, were an uncompromising hostility against the whites, a firm adherence to principle, and a more than ordinary attachment to his mother.

Having arrived at the Prophet's camp, he remained several day's listening to his doctrines, and from a friend, also learned that the captive maiden had been adopted by Netnokwa, and carried by her up into the north-west regions where she resided. Gathering such other particulars as he could relative to the story of the prisoner, he satisfied himself that she was the same for whom he was seeking. He then continued his inquiries, yet in such a way as to avoid suspicion, learned Netnokwa's residence, the nearest route leading to it, and several days after left the camp to prosecute his journey.

Several weeks had elapsed, and Oloompa found himself in the Chippewa country. Its warriors were very much excited, as had been the Indians generally along the tract of country through which he had travelled, and he learned that the excitement had been produced by the continual preachings of agents from the Prophet. In addition to this, at the time of his arrival, runners were going in every direction to announce to the tribe that a great warrior from the Shawanees was anxious to speak to them, having things of importance to communicate. It was Tecumseh, his whole soul was engaged in the enterprise, which, with his brother, he had planned; and wandering about he was now using every exertion to bring it to maturity. No labour fatigued;

—no difficulty was too great; he ranged over from one end to the other, the vast region of country occupied by the various tribes, threatening, flattering, arousing, and exciting them to action. When Oloompa heard the name of Tecumseh, and also heard that he was to preach to the Chippewas in general council assembled, he ceased to think of the errand upon which he was bound, and bent his steps at once toward the place of rendezvous. With Tecumseh, although he possessed no acquaintance, yet he loved him for the exertions he was making,—he loved him for the opinions he advocated, and which, in Oloompa's breast, found a congenial response, and he also loved him for the many daring acts of valour which he was said to have performed previous to the peace which then reigned. His heart fluttered with pleasure, when he reflected that he would have an opportunity of hearing a speech from Tecumseh, who was now more famed as an orator, than he had ever been, even as a warrior. He knew not what was to be the purport of his speech, but rightly conjectured, that it would be in furtherance of the plans which he and the Prophet had projected, and which had now become a common subject for discussion among the Indians generally.

Continuing his journey, he learned that the place of meeting, was near the head waters of the Chippewa, and thither he repaired. It was the day appointed for the council, and morning was several hours advanced when Oloompa arrived. Gathered in groups, under the shade of many widely

spreading trees, whose branches interlocking, formed an arbour, a thousand and more individuals had already collected, and others were occasionally coming up. The ground was covered with grass, and it was distinguished from many spots equally delightful, only by the rude seats which had been prepared for the occasion. Never had Oloompa seen a more imposing assembly;—ranged in seats in front of a small staging which had been erected, the red men sat; the chiefs and oldest warriors present occupying the first places; those who were next in rank, the second; and so on, declining until on the outer edge were placed the women and children.—Throughout the whole body reigned the deepest silence,—not a whisper broke upon the ear, nor among the chiefs was even a glance averted.

Oloompa, who was an entire stranger, did not at first enter the assembly, but walked to and fro, at a short distance from the place of meeting, with a hope of seeing Tecumseh. He was a member of his own tribe, and a feeling of pride accompanied the thought. He hesitated whether he should make himself known or not. Were he to do so, he would be recognized and received as a friend; but then he might probably be called on to give an explanation of his designs in wandering so far from home, and to do this to Tecumseh, who was the sworn enemy of the whites, he feared might defeat the object upon which he had sat out. Moreover, he felt that he would be ashamed to say to Tecumseh, that his sole object in going so far a journey, was to serve those whom he hated, and whom he regarded

as enemies. Feeling thus, he even hesitated whether he should proceed farther; but then there arose in his mind his promise to the white man, and the injunctions of his mother, and after a struggle with himself, he determined to remain where he was, unknown, and to prosecute his journey with the coming of evening.

There was now heard a murmur among the multitude, and Oloompa saw that the staging had been occupied by a warrior. It was Tecumseh. Noble and commanding in appearance, he gazed around him for a few moments, and thus spoke* ;—

"Brothers—We all belong to one family, we are all children of the Great Spirit; we walk in the same path; slake our thirst at the same spring; and smoke the pipe around the same council fire!

"Brothers—We are friends; we must assist each other to bear our burdens. The blood of many of our fathers and brothers, has run like water on the ground, to satisfy the avarice of the white men. We, ourselves, are threatened with a great evil; nothing will pacify them but the destruction of all the red men.

"Brothers—When the white men first set foot on our grounds, they were hungry; they had no place on which to spread their blankets, or to kindle their fires. They were feeble, and could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them what-

* See note C.

ever the Great Spirit had given his red children. They gave them food when hungry,—medicine when sick,—spread skins for them to sleep on, and gave them grounds that they might hunt and raise corn. Brothers, the white people are like poisonous serpents:—when chilled, they are feeble and harmless; but, invigorate them with warmth, and they sting their benefactors to death.

"The white people came among us feeble; and now we have made them strong; they wish to kill us or drive us back as they would wolves and panthers.

"Brothers—The white men are not friends to the Indians:—at first, they only asked for land sufficient for a wigwam; now, nothing will satisfy them but the whole of our hunting grounds, from the rising to the setting sun. Brothers, they want more than our hunting grounds—they wish to kill our warriors; they would even kill our old men, women, and little children.

"Brothers—Many winters ago, there was no land;—the sun did not rise and set:—all was darkness. The Great Spirit made all things. He gave the white people a home beyond the great waters. He supplied these grounds with game, and gave them to his red children, and he gave them strength and courage to defend them.

"Brothers—My people wish for peace,—the red men all wish for peace; but where the white people are, there is no peace for them, except it be on the bosom of our mother. The red men have borne many and great injuries. They ought to suffer

them no longer. My people will not; they are determined on vengeance; they have taken up the tomahawk; they will make it fat with blood; they will drink the blood of the white people.

"Brothers—My people are brave and numerous, but the white people are too strong for them alone. I wish you to take up the tomahawk with them. If we all unite, we will cause the rivers to stain the great waters with their blood.

"Brothers—If you do not unite with us, they will first destroy us, and then you will fall an easy prey to them. They have destroyed many nations of red men, because they were not united,—because they were not friends to each other.

"Brothers—The Great Spirit is angry with our enemies,—he speaks in thunder, and the earth swallows up villages, and drinks up the Mississippi.—The great waters will cover their low lands,—their corn cannot grow, and the Great Spirit will sweep those who escape to the hills, with his terrible breath.

"Brothers—We must be united; we must smoke the same pipe; we must fight each others' battles; and more than all, we must love the Great Spirit;—he is for us,—he will destroy our enemies, and make all his red children happy."

When Tecumseh had finished, Oloompa remained for some moments lost in reflection; his soul had been stirred to its inmost core: he had heard expressed, in glowing language, the thoughts which burned in his own bosom. The wrongs of the

whites had been summed up and made to pass before him, and again he repeated to himself, the oath of eternal enmity, which he had sworn to his mother. When the excitement had a little subsided, a chief rising, moved an adjournment of the council until the next day, and Oloompa, scarcely knowing whither he was bound, left the council, to wander in the forest, and muse upon what he had heard. Days elapsed, and still the power of Tecumseh's eloquence caused him to falter in his determination; but, at the end of that time, again he continued his journey, resolving to accomplish, if possible, that which he had set out to perform, and then to link his fate with Tecumseh, and unite with him heart and soul in the enterprise he had projected.

It was now the second week since Oloompa's departure from the council, and in answer to his last inquiry for information, the reply had been that the wigwam of Netnokwa lay on the banks of the stream along which he was then journeying, and at a distance of only two or three miles. He had before ascertained that the captive maiden still remained with her, and buoyant with hope and joy he now moved forward. He saw before him the successful accomplishment of his journey,—he could now serve the hunter, redeem his promise, and then all obligations were cancelled, and he his inveterate foe. He felt for the little package which had been given him, to be delivered to the maiden, if found,—it was safe; he took it out and examined it; it was rubbed and worn, and while gazing on it,

he thought it too small to contain any thing of much value, but his injunctions were positive, and he returned it to his belt.

His face now beamed with happiness, for he was approaching the end of his journey, and he also felt the consciousness of having succeeded in part in his undertaking. Besides this, he would soon be gratified in seeing her for whom he had taken so much trouble; and he was also anxious to see Netnokwa's daughter, whom he had heard spoken of as beautiful above any maid of the forest. He had now continued his journey in silence, for some distance, on the banks of the stream along which he was travelling, when suddenly there was heard a cracking of the bushes, and the running of an animal,—a moment more, and a deer passed.—Yet it bounded not as though it were wild and free, for an arrow had pierced and still stood fixed deep in its body; its life was fast ebbing away, for one might trace its path by the blood which sprinkled the ground where it moved along, and could see that each successive bound was less strong than the one before it. It continued its flight but a short distance farther, when it stopped, and turning its head back, gazed at the fatal shaft;—big tears fell from its eyes,—it nibbled the arrow with its mouth, and endeavoured to pull it out;—it was firmly fixed,—it tried to leap again,—it was too late,—it grew weaker, reeled, fell, and died. Oloompa gazed for a moment, and was hesitating whether or not he should go in pursuit, when he heard the sound of laughing voices,—then a joyous cry, and a form

dashed by, as if borne on the wings of the hurrying blast.

Oloompa having reached a point from which he could perceive where the deer had fallen, saw an Indian maiden already bending over its prostrate form, and rightly conjecturing that it was the daughter of Netnokwa, he determined to go thither for the purpose of assisting her, and also of making some inquiries relative to the captive maiden.—No sooner had he made the resolve, than, joyous and happy, he darted away, with the glee of a child, but quickly stopped, for he heard a rustling noise, and looking, saw the captive maiden retreating to a distance within the forest, before she would dare to look back. With Oloompa all exciting subjects were forgotten, and he gazed on her with gladness.—It was she whom he was to make happy,—it was she whom he sought, and forgetting his enmity to her race, he said, as she stood far within the forest, "She is like a snow-drift sleeping in the moonlight;" then bounding away, he was soon by the side of Miskwa.

Having approached, he was charmed by the beauty of her person.—Never had he seen so much symmetry, nor a form so delicately moulded. He hesitated for a moment, before he would speak to her; then seeing the nature of the occupation in which she was engaged, he offered his assistance. Miskwa started at the sound of his voice, for she knew not that any one was present, until he spoke, when she drew her figure up to its full height, and gazed fixedly upon him. Oloompa seemed not to

regard her scrutiny,—his countenance was joyous and happy; then looking at the deer before him, he felt the joys of the chase, and before Miskwa had time to answer, added, "a good shot. The bow is strong, and the arrow went straight to its mark."

Miskwa was pleased with the compliment, for she loved her bow and quiver, and with less formality in her manner than she had at first assumed, replied, "Those who depend on themselves for food, must needs shoot well."

"Thou art pretty," said Oloompa; "the Ottawa warriors are not men. They suffer a maiden to kill her own game."

"Would you have me choose a warrior who can send an arrow less far than I can," said the maiden.

"Surely not," said Oloompa.

"The distance is an hundred yards;—will your arrow go more straight than that?" inquired the maiden, pointing to the one which still stood fixed in the deer before her.

"No," said Oloompa.

"Then thou art not the warrior who shall draw my bow," said the maiden.

Oloompa was slightly confused, and casting his eyes down, was for a moment silent.

"Does a captive maiden dwell with thee?" he continued.

"No," said Miskwa.

Oloompa's countenance changed from joy to disappointment, and Miskwa observing it, asked, "Didst thou come to seek her?"

"Yes," said Oloompa, "and I was happy. I thought I saw her in the forest."

"Then let thy heart be glad," said Miskwa;—"the maiden is here;—she lives with me. But she is as free as the air she breathes."

Oloompa was again happy, and he said, "Thou dost love her?"

"Yes," said Miskwa, "as I do the life blood which warms my heart. But stay, you shall see her," and without waiting to know his errand, she ran away to seek her friend, whom she soon found, and cried out, "who dost thou think hast come?"

The maiden had never seen Miskwa so pretty or as much animated, and answered, "I did not know there was one whose coming could make Miskwa so happy."

"The chieftain seeks 'Sweet Flower,'" said Miskwa, "come, he waits."

"Seeks me!" cried the maiden with astonishment.

"Yes," answered Miskwa. "He told me so; and his heart was glad when he found you were here. 'Sweet Flower,'" continued Miskwa, "will have a warrior young and handsome to protect her."

"Oh, hush! Miskwa," cried the captive. "Fire and water can never unite, nor the red with the white. I shall always be a lone bird without its mate; Oh! do not mention it, for my heart still bleeds over its earliest hopes."

"Then I will not," said Miskwa, "but thou art good enough for Pontiac, did he now live."

The captive made no reply, being willing that

Miskwa should continue to think as she did, namely, that her annunciation that the white and the red could never unite, arose from a belief on her part that by a red warrior she would never be wooed; and with a hope of finding out who it was that had inquired after her, for undefined apprehensions began to flit across her mind, she said, Miskwa, "do tell who seeks me?"

"I know not his name, nor why he comes," said Miskwa. "He says he comes to see thee. It is not in anger. I will tell thee how I saw him?"

"Do," said the maiden.

"When I left thee," said Miskwa, "I hastened on after the deer I shot, and having found it, stooped down to bleed it. A moment passed while I was preparing. I heard a voice. It fell soft on my ears as the running of waters, and turning, I beheld a warrior near me with youth and joy beaming in his countenance. But come, go, he will tell thee his errand." The captive refused, nor could Miskwa persuade her to go, when she requested her to seek her mother and tell her that a warrior was to be her visitor, while she would return and conduct him to her lodge.

The captive hurried away, and Miskwa returning to Oloompa, conducted him to her lodge. While proceeding along she learned the cause of Oloompa's errand, and she was wild with joy. She loved the captive maiden, and her heart fluttered with delight, when she recollected how happy her friend would be. There was nothing selfish in her disposition; she saw that they were to be parted, and yet

she banished the thought and dwelt only on the happiness which awaited her friend. She was instantly acquainted with Oloompa; she was frank as if she had known him for years, and treated him with all the kindness of an old friend. If Oloompa was pleased with her before, he was charmed with her now; and scarcely giving him time to talk, she hurried him along to her lodge.

Arriving there, he was treated with courtesy, and Miskwa calling to "Sweet Flower," bade her come out, since the warrior wanted to speak to her. She obeyed, and came out shrinking and frightened at she knew not what. Oloompa saw her hesitation, and knowing the cause, was not offended, but gently took her hand. She trembled from head to foot, and Oloompa began his narrative. The first words had scarcely been uttered, before her attention was arrested; she gazed first at Miskwa, and then at Oloompa, and as he proceeded, her soul drank in every word of the recital. When he mentioned that he had been sent in pursuit of her, and uttered the name of Rolfe. "Oh! tell me, tell me, is it true?" she cried. And not waiting for an answer, she looked into the face of the speaker, until she seemed to penetrate the very depths of his soul. Oloompa assured her it was true, and Gay fell weeping on the bosom of Miskwa. A few moments passed, and smiling through her tears, she laid her hand upon Oloompa's arm, and looking in his face, said, "Oh! tell me now! where you saw him, and what he said, and all, all, about him." Oloompa

went on with a farther detail of his narrative, until suddenly recollecting the little package, he loosed his belt to obtain it. "Go on, go on," cried Gay, "please tell me all about him." Oloompa withdrew the little parcel, and delivered it to her as coming from Rolfe. It was torn open in an instant, and as she gazed on his own signature, an exclamation of delight broke from her lips, and she ran to her apartment where she read over and over again those lines which were already imprinted upon her heart; pressed them to her lips, and upon Miskwa's entering her room, she again threw herself upon her bosom in a paroxysm of joy. But these moments passed; Gay became composed, and now all were happy. It was beautiful to look upon the affection which had sprung up between Gay and Miskwa; it was so pure, so holy, so deep, there was not even a wish, which the one would not willingly sacrifice for the gratification of the other. With Gay, the hopes which she had indulged in for so long a time, now shone brightly forth, and she saw the attainment of all her wishes, and she was joyously happy. And Miskwa, though always cheerful and contented, was now more so than she was wont to be; this arose partly from the increased happiness of her friend, and partly, because she derived some pleasure from the company of Oloompa.

Gay having retired to her apartment to read and muse over the letter which had given her so much joy, left Oloompa to be entertained by Netnokwa and Miskwa. He had much to communicate which

served to interest them. In Netnokwa he found a willing and even eager listener to all the details relative to the present excitement among the Indians; and in the more agreeable company of Miskwa, he forgot his dreams of vengeance, and found that there were other things which could interest. When the night had far worn away, they all retired, and two happier beings than Miskwa and Gay were on that night were not to be found.

With returning day again came life and cheerfulness, and Gay began to discuss the best plan to be adopted consequent upon the receipt of Rolfe's letter. Consulting with Netnokwa and Miskwa she determined to write by Oloompa to Rolfe, inform him of her situation, and ask him to provide some plan for her return. This she felt sure was the best course she could pursue, knowing that Rolfe would cheerfully comply with her request, since being aware of the great excitement among the Indians, she feared to trust herself without being well guarded. Her first endeavour was to persuade Netnokwa to accompany her, and set out at once on her return; but in this she failed, and she ceased to press it, when she heard Oloompa speak of the power of the Prophet, and also the caution with which he had concealed his visit from him as well as his agents.

The day after his arrival, while conversing on the affairs of the red men, Oloompa mentioned having seen Tecumseh. At his name, a slight change passed over the face of Miskwa, and a glance be-

tween her and Gay, showed that he had been the subject of conversation between them. Oloompa described the council at which he had seen Tecumseh, and dwelt in glowing colours upon the power of his eloquence, and the effect it produced. Netnokwa made many inquiries after him, and having obtained the information she desired, repeated aloud, "The Shawanee brave has been absent too long from the Ottawa maiden."

"Not longer," replied Miskwa, "than the Ottawa maiden wished him, if it was his pleasure."

They were then silent, but enough had been said to arouse the attention of Oloompa, and he asked, if they knew Tecumseh? They replied, that they did, and spoke of having seen him at the Prophet's camp.

Oloompa remained several days, in order to recruit from his fatigue, and every hour found that he was becoming more pleased with Miskwa. He had won the good opinion of Gay, by the trouble he had taken in her behalf, and Miskwa began to derive pleasure from his company. He was now their constant companion, either roving the woods, with his bow and quiver, or else assisting them in their duties about their wigwam. Yet while he did this, he found that he was involving himself in a difficulty from which he saw no hope of escape; for, from the remarks he had heard relative to Tecumseh, he feared that she was already pledged to become his wife. With these feelings, he mentioned his intention to set out on the following day,

in search of Rolfe, to whom he would bear the tidings that the maiden he had so long sought, was at Netnokwa's lodge. Both Gay and Miskwa were not only anxious that he should do this, but also that he should return with him, in order to direct him by the shortest route. Both united in their persuasions, and Oloompa promised to do so. Yet he was sad, and seemed unhappy. Miskwa discovering his apprehensions, relieved them by telling him that there was no probability of her marrying Tecumseh, and a further explanation took place, which was mutually pleasing to both. Morning came, and with it the preparations for Oloompa's departure. Each of the maidens lent their assistance towards equipping him as comfortably as possible; and Gay leaving Miskwa and Oloompa, retired for the purpose of writing to Rolfe. Netnokwa's intercourse with the traders, had casually furnished her with paper, and other materials were easily obtained. Having prepared herself for the task, she wrote as follows:—

"TO RICHARD ROLFE.

"A thousand, thousand thanks, my dear Richard,—I must write the word,—for your thrice welcome letter; and as many thousands more, for the exertions you have made in my behalf. Yet, oh! words cannot tell what I feel, nor what I owe you, nor what I have suffered. Oh! sad, sad misfortune! Your fears are all too true; and that you alone, of

all others, should have witnessed it!—How mysterious are the decrees of heaven? Oh! what would I give were it but for one hour's conversation with you.

"Upon leaving Petersburg, which we did some five or six months after your departure, my father removed to Baltimore, where he resided some time. There, meeting with some heavy pecuniary losses, he suddenly determined to emigrate to the west. We came to Pittsburg, and entering an ark. I think they called it, we commenced our journey.—The details you are acquainted with. Only fancy my sufferings.

"I am now residing with Netnokwa and her daughter,—the former is chief of the Ottawas, and adopted me to prevent my meeting with a worse fate. They are as kind as they can be, and her daughter I love as I would a sister. But, oh! happy, happy thought! that I am once more to return to the few friends who are yet left me. I have a world of things to tell when I meet. Remember me kindly to the hunter who, Oloompa tells me, was with you, and devise some plan for my return.—Come yourself, Richard,—come quick, and add another to the many inducements I already have to love you. My spirits are all in a flutter, for Oloompa is just about to set out.—Oh! has he not acted nobly! thinking of the whites as he does. Farewell,—may heaven bless you.

"GAY FOREMAN."

Gay having finished her letter, delivered it to Oloompa, and his preparations being made, he bade them all farewell, renewed his promise to return with Rolfe, and, accompanied by the kind wishes of Netnokwa and the two maidens, sat out upon his journey.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Well might his lays be lofty! soaring thought
From Nature's presence tenfold grandeur caught:
Well might bold Freedom's soul pervade the strains,
Which startled eagles from their lone domains,
And, like a breeze, in chainless triumph, went
Up through the blue resounding firmament."

MRS. HEMANS.

The absence of Oloompa shed a gloom for a few days over the little circle he left. Miskwa felt that she loved him, and the sympathies of Gay were also strongly enlisted in his favour. His feelings against the whites, as a people, he had avowed in her presence, and when she recollected the dreary region through which he was then travelling, and the many difficulties and hardships he must encounter, and thought he was doing all this for one who at most was but a stranger to him, her sympathies were so great, that for a short time even the pleasure arising from the recollection of the object of his journey, was sensibly diminished. But as time glided on, this feeling passed away, and gave place in her breast to the joy of anticipating his return, accompanied, as she fondly hoped, by Rolfe, of whom she had so often, and so kindly thought, and who had so long and so eagerly sought her.

But, leaving Oloompa to continue his journey, let us revert to the designs of Elkswatawa and Tecumseh.

It was now the summer of 1810:—the Indian affairs in the west began to wear quite a warlike character, and so many reports reached Governor Harrison, indicating a hostile disposition on the part of the Indians, that he felt compelled to send a messenger to the two brothers with a speech, setting forth the vast power of the whites, showing that success could not possibly attend their arms, and promising, if practicable, to redress their grievances upon their being publicly stated. The messenger was likewise required to obtain, if possible, a personal interview with the brothers, that he might form some idea of their characters, and also to elicit a history of their views and intentions toward the United States.

Upon arriving in the Shawanee country, the messenger was treated with great courtesy and even kindness, for the policy of the brothers was, to keep the whites in entire ignorance of their designs. In obedience to his wishes, a council was called of all their followers, and the speech of the Governor delivered to the brothers in their presence. They listened to it with the utmost attention, yet refused to return any answer. Upon the whole, however, they stated that they were pleased with it, and Tecumseh said that "he had never been to see the Governor; he only recollected him as a very young man, sitting by the side of General Wayne; that he had never troubled the white people much, and that

he would now go to Vincennes, and convince the Governor, that he had listened to bad men, when he was told that the Indians meditated war against the United States."

The meeting which had been called to hear the speech from the Governor, having been dissolved, Tecumseh invited the messenger to pass the night with him at his lodge, and extended to him all the rude hospitality of his wigwam. In the course of the evening he threw off much of the reserve which usually characterized him, and conversed both freely and frankly. He again denied that he intended to make war upon the United States, but declared, most solemnly, that it was not possible to remain friends, unless the whites would abandon the idea of making settlements farther to the north and westward, and explicitly acknowledge the principle that all the lands in the west, were the common property of all the tribes. "The Great Spirit," said he, "gave this great island to his red children; he placed the whites on the other side of the big water; they were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes;—we can go no farther. They have taken upon them to say, 'this tract belongs to the Miamies, this to the Delawares;' and so on; but the Great Spirit intended it as the common property of all. Our father tells us, we have no business on the Wabash; the lands belong to other tribes. The Great Spirit ordered us to come here, and here we will stay. I intend not," he continued, "to make war on the whites, but our rights must be respected,

and from this spot, on the banks of the Wabash, I will never remove."

When morning came, the messenger having gained all the information he desired, prepared to return, and Tecumseh having determined within his own mind, that he would visit the governor for the purpose of endeavouring to remove the impressions under which he laboured, said upon bidding him farewell,—"tell the Governor that I shall soon be with him; thirty or forty of my principal men will attend me, and as my young men are fond of shows, they will probably increase the number. I say these things that our father may not be alarmed, and that he may feast his red children as they deserve."

During the whole time that the messenger had remained with Tecumseh, the Prophet had been present, yet took no part in the conversation. He left that entirely to the management of Tecumseh, who, though apparently playing a subordinate part to the Prophet, was in reality the life and soul of the projected enterprise. His voice was heard in every council preaching peace, yet causing the red men to dream of war, by narrating over and over again, the wrongs and aggressions of the whites; and to such a degree had he already excited them, that the difficulty now was, to keep down the passions he had called into play. In his own bosom he felt the storm gathering with increased fury, and every hour of his time was passed in summing up the wrongs he had suffered. Large tracts of land had been conveyed away by particular tribes, when Tecumseh regarded it as the common property of all. Mur

ders had been committed by the Indians on the whites, and the murderers had been handed over to the whites for punishment; murders had been committed on the Indians by the whites, and when the murderers were demanded, their calls had been neglected. The wave of population was steadily advancing and encroaching upon their grounds. Want and hunger were already the consequence of the near proximity of the whites, and a history of the past told too truly, that one aggression would be followed by another, until the plough of the stranger would run over the ground now occupied by their wigwams, and then, a few years more, and no Indian would own the land whereon he rested. These were the things which preyed upon the soul of Tecumseh, and caused him to weep for the fate of his countrymen, and these were the feelings with which, in the following month, he sat out to visit the Governor at Vincennes, with a hope of removing from his mind all unfavourable impressions which he might entertain towards the Indians, and at the same time determined to lay before him the wrongs of which he complained, and demand redress.

It was on the 12th of August that Tecumseh, with a small band of warriors, the Governor having positively forbidden his being attended by a large retinue, made his appearance at Vincennes. Accommodations were prepared at the Governor's house, where he expected the proposed meeting would be held; but Tecumseh refused, and halted his followers in the open air, saying that "so the Indians had

ever done, and he would not deviate from their customs. That houses were made for the whites to hold their councils in;—the Indians always held theirs under the trees."

His fame as an orator had already spread far abroad, and the exciting subjects which were to be discussed, together with his connexion with the Prophet, induced crowds of citizens to attend the council. In addition to this, the conduct of the Governor in effecting a treaty the year before, for the purchase of lands by the United States, had been denounced by Tecumseh as unjust and improper, and to hear the grounds of the accusation, as well as that his defence might be more generally known, the Governor had issued invitations to all those disposed to attend. In consequence whereof, besides the crowds of citizens before mentioned, there were present the judges of the supreme court, and the secretary of the Territory, with many officers of the army. The whites, clustered around the Governor, were seated on chairs and benches, and before them lay extended on the grass Tecumseh and his swarthy band, armed with bows, rifles, tomahawks, and war clubs. In the rear, and at a short distance behind the governor, was stationed a small military force, brought up from fort Knox for the purpose of preserving order. Such was the disposition of the respective parties, when silence being commanded, Tecumseh, nothing daunted by the assembly around him, although all were his enemies save his own trusty band, arose with great dignity and calmness of manner, and gathering

his blanket about him, poured forth the deep and burning feelings of his bosom. He knew no guile, but spoke the first promptings of his mind. In answer to a call which was made, that he should state "why it was that large bodies of Indians were assembled, warlike exercises practised, and an attitude assumed apparently hostile to the whites," he declared that "his object, as well as that of his brother, had been an organized plan, from the commencement, to unite all the tribes together, and form them into one nation, for their common defence,—to stay the farther encroachments of the whites, and to hold the lands of the red men, as they were intended by the Great Spirit to be, the common property of all." He declared, that "the lands which had been lately purchased, should never be settled, and that it was their determination to put to death all the chiefs who had signed the late treaties, and never again to convey another foot of land to the whites. That in the late treaties, lands belonging to the whole, had been sold by a few, for a paltry price, and their princely dominions so encroached upon, that the red men could scarcely satisfy the dire cravings of hunger. That aggression had followed aggression, until from the sea coast they had been driven back to the big lakes, and were now required to move back still a step farther. That the stipulation of the treaty of Greenville, requiring the surrender of murderers, had on the part of the whites, been grossly violated, and the rights of the Indians entirely disregarded. That in all their transactions they had been over-

reached, and that now they were resolved to yield no longer, but to maintain their rights, at the hazard of their lives."

He stated, that his object was "not to make war upon the whites, but that the lands lately purchased, must not be settled; that, for himself, he would never surrender his lands on the Wabash, nor move one foot to the westward; that he desired peace, but to preserve it, the Governor must give up the lands just purchased, and promise never to make another treaty without the consent of all the tribes. Do this," said he, "and Tecumseh is the friend of the Americans, and their ally against the English.—He likes not the English,"—and here he clapped his hands, and imitated a person encouraging a dog to make him fight with another, thereby indicating that thus did the English urge the Indians on against the Americans. "But," continued he, "should our father not give up the purchase he has lately made, Tecumseh is the inveterate foe of the Americans,—the firm ally of the English."

Such were merely the heads of his speech, and having seated himself, General Harrison rose in reply. He began by answering that part of Tecumseh's speech in which he stated that "the lands of the red people were intended, by the Great Spirit, to be held in common." In replying to this, General Harrison observed, that "when the white people arrived on this continent, they found the Miamies in possession of all the country on the Wabash," and the Shawanees then residents of Georgia, from which they were driven by

the Creeks; that the lands in question had been purchased from the Miamies, who were the true and original owners of it; that it was ridiculous to assert that all the Indians were one nation. If such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put different tongues in their heads, but have taught them a language that all could understand. That the Miamies found it to their interest to sell a part of their lands, and that the Shawanees had no right to come from a distant country to control the Miamies, in the disposal of their own property."

Here, Tecumseh rising, interrupted the Governor, and declared that "every syllable he had uttered was false, and that he and the 'Seventeen Fires,' the then number of states, had imposed upon and cheated the Indians." He then blew a whistle, and his band sprang upon their feet, with ready rifles, drawn bows, and uplifted tomahawks, directed towards the Governor, and those who immediately surrounded him. The whites rose from their seats, and drew whatever weapon chance had supplied them with, and though largely outnumbering the Indians, they were almost paralyzed by the unexpected position in which they found themselves; and each party stood gazing at the other in perfect silence, neither daring to commence the attack.

When Tecumseh first rose to interrupt the Governor, the guard was called;—several minutes had now elapsed, and still not a word had been uttered,—not an attitude changed,—not a glance averted,—the most breathless silence had reigned,—the

most painful suspense still continued, when the guard was seen running to their assistance. The time had not yet arrived for Tecumseh to strike,—he waved his hand, and the bows of his warriors were unstrung, their tomahawks returned to their belts. To the whites it had been a painful scene.—The guards who were ordered up, had now arrived, and were in the act of firing, when the Governor, seeing that the Indians had desisted from their hostile intention, commanded them not. Great confusion existed,—the council was dismissed, and Tecumseh, with his band, immediately left the town.

Having continued his march for several miles, he pitched his camp, and prepared to pass the night. His warriors were ordered to be on their guard against surprise; and also to hold themselves in readiness to move at a minute's warning, while he, retiring apart from the crowd, thought over the events of the day. His soul was now wrung with anguish,—he writhed under the wrongs he had suffered, and at the same time regretted the passion he had exhibited. He feared lest it should prejudice his cause, and that the whites should consider it a sufficient reason for their commencing hostilities. He would not have time to summon his warriors to battle. Moreover, he was not yet ready, for although his emissaries had visited the southern tribes, he himself had not, and therefore it became necessary to do away the impression which his conduct at the council was calculated to create.

With these views, he sent a runner to the Governor, at the first dawn of day, requesting an interview, for the purpose of explaining his conduct the day before. After the breaking up of the council, in the manner above stated, Gen. Harrison, fearing an attack from Tecumseh, had ordered in the militia, and placed the town in a state of defence, and exasperated by what he believed to have been a premeditated attempt at treachery on his part, he at first refused to grant the interview sought. After some consultation, however, he accorded it, upon condition that each party should be attended with the same armed force which was present the day before.

The day wore on, and the red men and white again met in council. Tecumseh was dignified and collected, and rather more conciliating in his manner than he had been at the former conference. He denied having had any intention of attacking the Governor, and exerted himself to remove any such impression which might have been formed, yet reiterated the same opinions which he had advanced the day before, relative to their lands, and the wrongs of the Indians. Having finished speaking, the Governor asked him whether it was his intention now to prevent the surveying of the lands, lately purchased by the United States.

He answered, "It was:—that he and those connected with him were determined that the old boundary should continue." The Governor complimented him for his frankness, and told him, that

his views should be made known to the President, but he feared, without a hope of the lands being surrendered.

"If they are not, I cannot help it," said Tecumseh, "I know my duty." The council was then adjourned, and Tecumseh again left the town.—All present were fully impressed with a sense of the high character and noble bearing of Tecumseh, and none more so than the Governor, who, with a hope of eliciting a farther development of his views in private, than he had given in public, determined on the following day, to visit him at his camp. With but a single friend, he appeared before Tecumseh, who treated them both with the most marked respect, carried them to his tent, where, giving them seats, and stretching himself upon the ground, he entered frankly into conversation.

The Governor stated, that he had come with a wish to preserve peace, and desired to know whether his intentions were really such as he had stated in council.

Tecumseh said, "they were;—that he would not willingly make war with the United States, against whom he had no other complaint, than their purchasing the Indian lands.—That he wished to be their friend, and that if the Governor would surrender the lands lately bought, he was the ally of the Americans; if not, he was their enemy." The Governor again assured him that he would make known his propositions to the President, but in-

formed him, there was no hope of his acceding to them.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "as the Great Chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough in his head to induce him to give up the land. True, he is so far off, that the war will not injure him;—he may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

Much conversation ensued, all of which was marked by the most manly frankness, and the Governor rose to depart, saying, "there is one request, Tecumseh, which I have to make, and to which I hope you will agree."

"Name it," said the Chief.

"It is," said the Governor, that "in the event of a war, you will endeavour to prevent the murder of women and children by the Indians, as well as the wounded and prisoners, taken in battle."

"I promise," said Tecumseh, "for my soul delighteth not in the blood of women and children; and, Great Chief, remember, if it becomes necessary, extend to the red men the same clemency you ask for the whites."

"I promise," said the Governor, and bidding Tecumseh farewell, with a hope that the friendly relations then existing, might not be disturbed, he was soon on his way to Vincennes, meditating upon the interview, and deploring the war which he saw fast gathering, and which was to prove disastrous to the whites, and ruinous to the Indians.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"While through the broken pane the tempest sighs,
And his step falters on the faithless floor,
Shades of departed joys around him rise,
With many a face that smiles on him no more;
With many a voice, that thrills of transport gave,
Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave!"

ROGERS.

NEARLY a year had elapsed since the commencement of our story, and the night was cold and rainy, when two friends were regaling themselves with pipes by a comfortable fire in a small building which stood apart from the few houses at that time constituting the village of Bowling Green. This place was even then beginning to show marks of civilization, for log cabins had in many instances, been superseded by well built frame edifices, and taste and culture were now exhibited in many of their walks and gardens.

As the friends sat smoking, the wind ever and anon whistled as it hurried fitfully past, causing them to shrug up their shoulders, and draw still nearer to the fire.

"It makes me feel cold," said Earth, "to hear the wind whistle as it does, for many and many's

the time I've slept out, just sich a night as this,—and I think, Rolfe, you have had a small touch at it too."

"Yes, Earth, but my experience is nothing in comparison with yours. I often think of the time we passed together in the woods and always with pleasure; though we have had some singular adventures. We ought to have found that girl, Earth."

"Yes, we ought so, Rolfe; I have never felt satisfied about it. We ought to have found her, and, but for that lying Prophet, we should."

"I think now," said Rolfe, "that she was concealed, and that he knew it, but he deceived me at the time."

"And would do it agin," said Earth; "you know nothing about Ingens. He is the cause of all this fracas now, and has brought down war upon our heads. What say you, Rolfe; the governor wants volunteers; suppose we go on and take a brush; I reckon this will be about the last chance we shall have, and I am getting right rusty: I hain't killed one now for nearly a year. This business of collecting taxes, and keeping out of the woods, civilizes one mightily. I feel so slick and smooth, I hardly know myself,—what say you?"

"Why, we will talk about that another time; if there is a necessity, we will go. But I am thinking of something else. Earth, the idea will sometimes come across my mind, that the girl who was captured, is the same I once loved."

"It is all nonsense, Rolfe, you are nation hard to satisfy,—didn't that letter from Petersburg put it all straight?"

"Why, yes; it does seem so, but, you know, I caught a glimpse of her face."

"Well now," said Earth, "if you set up your glimpses agin black and white, I've got no more to say about it."

Rolfe, seeing that Earth was not in a humour to converse on the subject which he had most at heart, was silent; and Earth then asked, "Did you never hear any thing from the old woman nor the Ingen boy."

"Never," said Rolfe, "not a word."

"Just like 'em," said Earth, "I never know'd one, that was worth a ninepence"—then pausing an instant, he added, "I beg the Prophet's pardon, he is worth a dollar."

"Why so?" inquired Rolfe.

"Because," said Earth, "he has roasted so many of 'em. But Rolfe, what can the fellow be arter? if 'twas white men he burned, I could see through it plain enough, but he takes Ingens altogether, and then he picks the best of 'em, and besides this, I am told, he has run 'em all mad, and made 'em believe they can catch the whites in log traps as I used to catch 'coons."

"I cannot tell," said Rolfe, and he shuddered, for there passed through his mind the thought that the captive maiden might be she whom he loved, and would yet be brought to the stake.

Earth saw him shudder, and thinking he was cold, stirred up the fire, and replenished his pipe. The wind still howled as it hurried past, and Rolfe also

drew his chair closer, complained of being cold, and added fuel to the fire.

"I hate a night like this," said Earth, "it always make me think of spirits."

"Rather makes you drink spirits," said Rolfe; "will you have some?"

"No, I was not speaking of that; you know I don't hate a little, if it is good, worse than any thing else in this world, but that has nothing to do with it. I mean that a night like this always makes me think of ghosts."

"Earth, you don't believe in ghosts?"

"Don't I believe what I see, and havn't I seen them?"

"I think not," said Rolfe.

"Well, now the difference is, I think I have," said Earth.

"Well Earth, I see we can't agree about ghosts, but there is one thing I wish you would tell me."

"What is it?"

"Will you promise to tell?"

"Name it, and, if it be proper, I will."

"It is," said Rolfe, "what I have often heard you allude to, the fate of your family."

As Rolfe announced this, a shade seemed to pass over Earthquake's countenance, and he was for a moment silent, then removing his pipe, he said, "I will gratify you, Rolfe, for I promised to do so, and we shall never have a more fit opportunity. It is a sad story, and soon told, and I want to tell it, because I know you think me cruel, but I aint so.

Let us fill our pipes agin." Having done so, he began :—

"My father was an early settler in Kentucky. He emigrated while I was a child from one of the counties along the sea coast in North Carolina. What induced him to do so, I never learned; he was poor, and may have moved to better his condition, yet I have always thought that there was some private reason which forced him away. However, my principal recollections now, are of the family, as they were when,—when they perished. My father was, before he moved, though poor, a good liver, and had had the advantages of a good education. I was too young to judge of this at that time, but many recollections now convince me,—for when we moved we brought many books with us, and our neighbours often came to him to write for them, and to settle their accounts.

"Well, when we came out, we settled about fifteen miles from here ;—I will show you the place some of these days, though there are now few marks of its ever having been cultivated, and built us a house which was remarked for its neatness and comfort. But it was too far from any other settlement, there were no persons sufficiently near to be called neighbours, and for that I blame the old man, though, I suppose, for doing so, he had his own reasons. I say, I blame him, because I remember I often heard persons ask him, if he was not afraid to reside so far from assistance, in case it should be needed. He said 'no,' for he was a brave man and knew no fear. Rolfe, I said I blamed him ;—he is

gone, and I loved him ;—let me blot out that word blamed. Well, we made a small clearing; the old man was very industrious, and though I was a child, yet I assisted him, for I was large enough to plough, and we managed to live very comfortably. My mother, I think I have not before mentioned her, was a good woman, and as kind and gentle as one can be. I have never seen one like her since, and now, while I am talking to you, Rolfe, I can see them all as they used to be. I can see my mother meet the old man with smiles when he would return from his work, and see him, happy as he was, when he could collect us all around him, and make us play for his amusement. We were six in the family, and I the eldest of the children. I had two sisters, a brother, a father and a mother.

"While thus situated, we frequently heard of the Indians, and of acts of violence committed by them ; but they generally happened at a distance, and caused us no actual fear. I say fear,—yet we were always on the look out, and somewhat prepared for them, and whenever we had cause to suspect that they were about, word was sent to the neighbours, and we all retreated to the block-house.

"But, one morning, the old man being sick, I took my gun and went out hunting. The Ingens had not then been heard of for some time, and we suspected nothing. I wandered from home a considerable distance farther than was prudent at that time, and it was the middle of the day when I returned, and was distant a mile or two, when I heard the voices of persons who seemed moving along. This

was unusual, for sometimes months passed without our seeing any one; and I at once concealed myself, that I might see who they were. I soon discovered that they were a party of Ingens. My heart sank within me, for I was more afraid of an Ingen then than I am now, Rolfe. They were about a dozen in number, and many of them had large bundles; and, what I did not observe at first, I soon noticed, namely, that one of them was riding an old gray mare, which we had brought from Carolina, and which I knew they must have stolen. I recollected having left her in the stable, but thought she had gotten out, and that the Ingens had perhaps found her in the woods. They were all armed, as if for battle, and seemed to be hurrying along. I hardly breathed while they were passing, lest they should discover me; and as soon as they were out of sight, I ran home, to tell what I had seen.

"I had nearly reached there, before I began to think what might have happened, and as soon as the thought struck me, that they might have been to our house, I dashed along until I reached our enclosure. Yes, I reached it, Rolfe, but there was no house to be seen, nor a living soul! no, not even a farm-yard animal. Every thing was deserted, and a thin smoke was rising up from where the house had stood!—Pass me the tobacco, Rolfe.—Well, I cried, as any other boy would have done, and ran blubbering along to the yard; I entered it, and what think you, Rolfe, I stood over the smoking ruins of our house, and saw my father, mother, two sisters, and a brother, lying mangled before me!—

Several of them wanted some of their limbs, and, more or less burned, they all lay a black and smoking mass! Yet the size of the skeletons pointed out each, and I knew them as well as I did in the morning. And, Rolfe, they were all innocent and knew no crime, unless it was to love each other too much, and to be happy within themselves. They died, however, not without a struggle, for two red devils lay with them.

"Rolfe, you can never know the agony of that moment!" and a shudder ran over him as he recurred to it—"how utterly lone and desolate I felt!—I cried no more, I ceased to be a boy, and every feeling was instantly merged in the desire for vengeance! Rolfe, you have often thought me cruel, now have I not cause?"

"Your misfortunes, Earth, have been greater than I thought, but I do not deem it just to punish the innocent for the guilty. Those who were not present could not have injured you."

"Rolfe," continued Earthquake, "before that fatal day, I was too gentle and meek for a boy. The old man often chided me, for I would cry at the crushing of an insect. I mention this to show that my disposition was not naturally cruel. But, Rolfe, to be left alone in the wide world in one unlucky hour! and Rolfe, hear me, I alone scooped their shallow grave, and shovelled the fresh earth over their smoking bodies! Yes, covered up, hid,—buried the only persons in this world who loved me,—I may say who knew me; and I watched over them, and lay for two nights upon their graves! and the first

night, Rolfe, was just such a night as this. It was cold, and raw, and drizzling, and the wind moaned as it passed over me. I thought it sighed to meet with a child so wretched and lonely. From that moment, Rolfe, I vowed vengeance, and I have often fed it with the red man's blood, but it hungers for more. Innocent or guilty, I know not the difference,—every red skin is guilty in my eyes. I owe them a debt yet, and if this Prophet shall stir up a fight, believe me, Rolfe, I will try and settle that account;—it will be, perhaps, the last chance I shall have. But, come, let us drop this subject, for talking of it almost runs me crazy."

Earthquake was much excited by the incidents he had been narrating, and Rolfe wishing him to become composed, said nothing, and each remained for a time silent.

It was now near ten o'clock at night. A drizzling rain still pattered against the windows, and the winds whistled as they hurried along, when a sudden rapping at the door started Rolfe and Earth from their reverie. The rap was loud and bold, not that of a dependant, but of one who had a right to enter.

"Who's there?" cried Rolfe.—No answer was returned. "Who's there?" he repeated.—Still no answer.

Earth, being nearest the door, arose, saying, "I will see who it is," then approached, and opened it. A figure wrapped in a blanket, stood on the topmost step, and as the door was thrown open, entered without the least ceremony. The face and

shoulders were muffled up, the legs perfectly naked, the feet clad in much worn moccasins, and from the whole figure the rain was running off in streams. Without making a remark, and waiting only a few seconds, it approached the fire.

"A red skin," cried Earth, and he sprang to a corner to seize a gun. Rolfe involuntarily caught a stick; the blanket fell from the shoulders of the stranger, who stood forth an Indian warrior, and gazing at Earthquake, cried out in good English when he saw him presenting the gun, "Hold! hunter:—art thou afraid of Oloompa?" Rolfe and Earthquake paused, for they did not at first remember the name, but in an instant it flashed upon Rolfe, and he said, "the wounded boy!"

"The same," was the brief reply, and Oloompa's visage grew darker as he added, "Oloompa is a man in conflict."

Rolfe seized his hand and pressed it with joy—Earth carelessly replaced the gun, and advanced, but Oloompa was cold and indifferent to each, for he had not met with the reception which his arduous services entitled him to, and drawing a chair he seated himself by the fire.

"What tidings, Oloompa?" cried Rolfe, with breathless anxiety.

"The maiden lives," was the answer. "Oloompa has sought her,—he has journeyed far. The hunters receive him with guns and sticks—"

"Is she the same I seek;—oh! Oloompa, tell me."

Oloompa spoke not, nor even looked at Rolfe, but withdrawing from his belt the letter which he

bore, delivered it;—then, after a moment he added, "Oloompa has served the white man, and he is now his enemy."

Earthquake eyed him from head to foot, then said to Rolfe in an under-tone, "What does he mean by saying he is our enemy?—Rolfe, I have a great mind to use him up."

"Hush, Earth," said Rolfe, regard nothing that he says, he is vexed now, but it will wear off," and tearing open the note, he read the lines which Gay had written.

"Yes, yes, she is the same," cried he; and for a moment he was overpowered by contending emotions. He knew not at first, whether to be sorry or glad. He regretted her misfortunes and the sufferings she must have experienced, and his brow was touched with sadness. Then again, she was alive and well, and he was to rescue her and restore her to her friends, and thinking of this, he became almost frantic with joy; and passing the note which he had received to Earth, he approached Oloompa, begged his pardon for the reception they had given him; gave him a thousand thanks for the trouble he had taken, and used all his exertions to make him comfortable and happy.

But Oloompa manifested the utmost indifference to all his attentions, and repulsed every effort at hospitality. He seemed to regard them as disagreeable, and partook of only such refreshments as nature required. Rolfe regretted exceedingly, the reception he had met with, and by his gentleness of manner, and continued efforts to win him from his

reserve, succeeded in obtaining from him a history of his journey, together with details of the appearance and occupation of Gay, and a thousand other incidents which were full of interest to him alone.

The more Rolfe thought on the subject, the more happy he became. Every other feeling now gave place to joy. He was now to be happy, and saw before him the accomplishment of all his wishes. He judged from Gay's letter that she still loved him, and his desire was to set off at once to seek her. In making her his, he saw no obstacle, he anticipated no difficulty. He was aware of the excitement which prevailed among the Indians, and also of the general belief that hostilities would be commenced. But Gay was now with friends who loved her, and who would protect her if necessary; and furthermore, he had been assured of her safety by Oloompa, whom he could not doubt, since he had already taken so much trouble to serve him. His object, therefore, was now to make Oloompa happy, and also to make preparations for his intended journey.

In accomplishing the former, however, he still found much difficulty, for his civilities were received with indifference, and Oloompa's wants were few; and even when he conversed, it was as if he considered it a matter of duty, and seemed not to spring from any disposition to talk. Every thing he did was repulsive in its nature, and served to prove that he was disagreeably situated. He would receive nothing as compensation for his labour, save only a small present which he designed for his

mother, and told Rolfe that he would lead him to the maiden, and expressed a wish to set off as soon as he should be ready to accompany him. Rolfe felt how much he owed him, he saw that something was heavy at his heart, and he renewed his exertions to entertain him, but in vain; and having exhausted his efforts, he had only to admire the individual whose good will there seemed no hope of purchasing, and who had already done so much to serve one, whom he seemed to consider as his enemy. The cause of this Rolfe could not divine, and it was upon the second evening of Oloompa's arrival, that the two being alone, Rolfe ventured to inquire.

"Will you tell me, Oloompa," said he, "why it is you have done so much to serve me, placed me under a thousand obligations, and then will not even permit me to be kind to you."

"The white man was good to my mother," answered Oloompa;—"he asked me to serve him. I promised.—I have done so. My path was long. Oloompa's moccasins know the travel of two moons. He journeyed far. It was to serve the white man, who hates him. He is ready to lead him to the maiden."

"Oloompa, you are mistaken," said Rolfe; "I have no ill feeling toward thee. Thou hast acted nobly; thou hast served me, and I love thee for it. Now only name what I shall do for thee."

"Go with me at once to the maiden, that Oloompa may be free."

"And wilt thou accept nothing?" said Rolfe. "I

owe thee much; I am thy friend; suffer me to be kind to thee for thy mother's sake, if not thy own. Should Oloompa go thus, Pukkwana will say the white man was ungrateful."

"Oloompa has spoken," was the reply. "He wants nothing; let the morrow's sun find him on his journey. He is a caged bird. His spirit longs to be free."

"Then I can do no more," said Rolfe, "but will prepare for our journey. You said you desired this, that you might be free. You will conduct me to the maiden, and then leave me. Does danger await me?"

Oloompa smiled, as if in scorn, and said, "the white man knows not Oloompa:—Oloompa is not a snake, to bite without warning. His words are straight. What he says, he does. The white man wrongs him when he suspects. Oloompa has said he will show him the maiden. He still says so, and if her path is watched, he will return with her to the settlements. She shall be safe. Then, Oloompa is free, and his hatred of the white men is a fire which will never burn out."

"Oloompa," said Rolfe, "I know not what to think. I grieve to hear you speak as you do. Forget those thoughts which prey upon your mind, and be my friend. Return with me after having shown me the maiden, and you shall have a house and lands for yourself and mother, and your days shall pass in peace and quiet. Do this, and you will make me happy. If not, say why, what preys upon your mind?"

Oloompa's feelings were touched, by the manner of Rolfe, and he replied, "Oloompa is not ungrateful;—he loves not the white man, yet he thanks him for his kindness. Oloompa's cradle was the tree top. His spirit is as free as the wind that blows. The wild woods must be his home. The hunter asks why it is that Oloompa's mind is troubled? Would he know? Listen:—the Great Spirit made this great island for his red children. The white people came across the wide water, and have taken it from them. Here, where Oloompa stands, his father hunted the deer and buffalo. The whites wanted his hunting grounds. He would not give them up. His blood was spilled upon the ground, and the wigwam of the white man now rises over it! Dost thou know why the red man's heart is sorry?"

"Oloompa," said Rolfe, "I know thy feelings, and can make many allowances for them. I never think of the fate of the Indians with a light heart."

"The white man is not yet satisfied," continued Oloompa; "he wants more hunting grounds, and again he is kindling the red torch."

"No," said Rolfe; "the red man is kindling the torch, and the whites are assembling, to defend themselves. I myself had friends who fell victims to Indian barbarity. Not only that, but our frontiers have been desolated, and women and children inhumanly butchered, to gratify their vengeance. Oloompa, can we suffer that?"

"The white man," continued Oloompa, "says to-day, 'here is my boundary'; to-morrow, he moves

over it. If the Indians go farther, he follows on; he will not let them live in peace."

"They are both to blame," said Rolfe, "and the state of feeling which exists among them is much to be lamented."

"Indian barbarity!" repeated Oloompa, who seemed not to have regarded Rolfe's last remark: —"The white man taught the red man cruelty.—The white man came to us a stranger and asked for bread:—our fathers gave it. They clothed him, —they nursed him,—they made him grow strong. He turned upon his benefactors, and asked them for their hunting grounds. They refused to give them. What did the white man do, hunter? He kindled the torch;—and the red flames of war devoured, not only our warriors who fought for their wigwams, and their wild lands, but our women and children, who knew no harm. Yes, hunter, they butchered them, not because they had wronged them,—an Indian could have forgiven that,—but for the sake of gain,—for silver. Hunter, art thou proud of being a white man? Tell me." Then pausing an instant, he continued, "Oloompa loves the red men. They are gone; their spirits would not stay when their hunting grounds were taken from them. They have gone to the Great Spirit, to tell him of the treatment of the white men."

Rolfe was silent, for he knew not what reply to make, and he was also unwilling to excite Oloompa more.

Oloompa continued, "Hunter, before the white man came, the Indians were happy. They knew

no crime. The Great Spirit supplied all their wants, and they believed that all he gave belonged to his red children in common. They protected the weak, —they fed the hungry,—they clothed the naked,— they gave shelter to the stranger. If their hearts were troubled, they would leave their wigwams, and retreating alone to some sacred tree or fountain, in the wilds of the forest, there pour out their most secret thoughts to him whom they knew only as the Great Spirit; there offer up their thanks for the game he had given them,—the care he had bestowed on their squaws and their little ones;— there implore him to take care of a father or a mother who had gone before them;—there entreat him to give them fine fields to hunt in, filled with deer and buffalo; or they would tell the wrongs they suffered from some other tribe to him whom they looked upon as a common father, and ask for vengeance. Hunter, was it wrong? Is the white man's heart glad when he knows what the Indians once were, and sees what the Indians now are?— The white man came:—he gave strong water to the Indians, and made them weak. He made one tribe war with another. He made brothers meet brothers, and fathers, sons, in bloody fray. When weak and divided, the white man himself took up the hatchet, and marched to battle. Our streams ran red with the blood of our children, and our plains were whitened with the bones of the slain. Our warriors were all laid low! Hunter, canst thou now tell, why the red man's heart is sorry? But Oloompa will away. He longs to be free. He

will rove the few hunting grounds which are yet left him. Will the white man go to-morrow?"

"Oloompa, while you are excited as I see you," said Rolfe, "will it be safe for me to venture so far into your country with only a small guard? Tell me, before I name the time for setting out."

"Oloompa hates the white man," was the reply, "and the white man knows it. Oloompa has promised to serve him,—he will do it. His path is clear, and the maiden shall return safe. Oloompa came alone,—the white man must go alone. He is safe. What Oloompa has done proves that he will not speak false."

"Oloompa," said Rolfe, "I never can doubt thee. You tell me I shall be safe;—I believe it;—yet still I would like that some few friends should accompany me."

"They will make our path longer," said Oloompa. "Oloompa wants to go quick. He wishes to be free. The white man, perhaps, is afraid,—he may take one friend. Oloompa again tells him his path is clear."

Rolfe saw that a farther discussion would most probably only tend to provoke him, and he observed, "I am satisfied, and will obey;—the hunter whom you saw here shall accompany us."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die."

BYRON.

GREAT excitement prevailed in consequence of the tidings brought by Oloompa. The news quickly spread throughout the village, that Rolfe was about to go in quest of a maiden who had been captured some time before by the Indians; and no sooner was it known, than many of his friends volunteered their services, and offered to accompany him. He thanked them for their kindness, but declined, saying that his friend Earthquake had promised to go, and as they all knew that, in any Indian adventure, Earth was a host within himself, they were satisfied. Speculations as to the person they were going in search of, were made by many ladies of the village, and some even ventured to assert that it was an affair of the heart; but this impression finally gave way to one with which they were more pleased, namely, that the captive lady was a distant relation.

Oloompa, as before stated, met with every attention which kindness could bestow, and every effort was used to make him happy; but there was sadness and gloom upon his brow, and heaviness at his heart. He saw himself surrounded by the enemies of his race, their wigwams rising up, and their fields spread out, where formerly the red man roved sole lord of the forest. He beheld their inquiring and insulting gaze when he ventured out; he thought of the encroachments and aggressions which had ever marked their history, and he saw in the future, the coming struggle, which was to decide for all time, the fate of the red men.

But, sad as were these musings, he felt the consciousness of having done an act which ennobled him in sacrificing every personal feeling to serve Rolfe. He experienced the gratification which flows from a noble deed. He enjoyed that holy and sacred sensation which fills the heart, when one, careless of the opinion of the world, performs some act which is prompted by friendship, by benevolence, or by charity. And yet he was unhappy. Another cause of his unhappiness added to those we have already stated was his late acquaintance with Miskwa, the affianced bride of Tecumseh, as he sometimes feared, notwithstanding her denial to the contrary. And although there were moments in which he believed this, her figure was often dancing before him, and in fancy he walked with her, or drew her bow, or listened to her happy laughing voice; and then came reality, and he longed for the noise of battle, for desperate conflict, and for mighty

struggle, that he might pour out his vengeance upon the whites, stay their encroachments, and secure to the red men the quiet possession of their hunting grounds, or in eternal sleep find rest for all his woes.

It was now the morning that Rolfe had promised to accompany Oloompa, and the preparations at his house, showed that he would soon be in readiness to do so. He and Earth were both armed and equipped, pretty much as they were wont to be when all their time was devoted to hunting, and in addition to that, each was supplied with a pair of pistols. Their being armed, was now absolutely necessary, both as a means of defence in case it should be necessary, and likewise for the purpose of providing themselves with food in the vast wilderness through which they were about to travel. At the door were standing three horses equipped for a journey, and around them a group of friends had gathered. The preparations now being completed, "Come Earth," said Rolfe, "if you are ready, we will set out."

"Agreed," said Earth, "for to be armed as I am, makes me think of old times, and we shall be right apt to have some fun." Then turning to the crowd, "Come now boys, try and settle up before I git back, and tell your neighbours to do the same; don't be backward about your taxes because I am gone; I shall expect to see the thing straight; now you all hear me:" then shaking hands familiarly, Rolfe did the same, and mounting, they, with Oloompa, were off amid the wishes of many friends for a pros-

perous and safe journey. The gloom which had shaded the brow of Oloompa, now passed away, and he was cheerful and happy at the idea of again entering the woods. Rolfe and Earth were blithe as boys, and although so long a journey lay before them, they spurred their horses and put off in a gallop, the woods echoing to many a hearty laugh as they moved along. Leaving them to pursue their journey, we must detail other incidents in our story.

The Indian affairs on the northwestern frontier were now every day assuming a more hostile appearance, alarm and consternation manifested itself so strongly among the frontier settlers, that Governor Harrison was ordered to hold himself in readiness to attack or defend as subsequent events might require.

The Prophet's band had considerably increased, and although nothing had as yet occurred, which could be regarded as a declaration of hostilities, yet every thing indicated that to preserve peace under present circumstances would be impossible. Mysterious meetings were continually held among the Indians, and orators were never wanting, to paint to them in high wrought colours, the wrongs and grievances under which they suffered. English agents, agents from the most enlightened and civilized country on the globe, were found in attendance at all their meetings, inflaming their prejudices, exciting their passions, and urging them on to a cruel and relentless war against the Americans, a people who had won for themselves the applause of the world, and of whom England, as their mother

country, should have been justly proud. And not only was England, proud England, thus warring with those united to her by the strongest ties of blood, but she was urging on to inevitable extermination the innocent and happy aborigines of our country.—She turned their thoughts from the channels in which they were accustomed to flow, and made them dream of dominion and of conquest.—She harked on those, whose passions, when excited, justly entitled them to the appellation of "blood hounds of war," and turned them loose against the helpless mother, and the new-born babe. She by her influence set fire to our cabins, along the entire north-western frontier, and by the red glare which lighted up the dark and surrounding forest, showed the mangled remains of butchered families. Yes, England, by thy agents thou hast done this and much more; yet with its recital, there is blended no unkind feeling—for I still love thee as thou art, "a handful of earth cast upon the wide waters"—yes, I love thee, and have wandered with pleasure over thy lands, and gazed with delight on thy cities, thy wealth, thy pomp, and thy pageantry;—and yet, if when looking abroad, from the top of one of your green clad hills, upon the wide and extended landscape which lay before me, I should have been reminded of the beautiful prairies in my own native land; and while dwelling in fancy for a moment upon them, I have thought of the desolation which had sometimes marked an Indian trail, together with some of the stories which were told of British influence, pardon me, I could not help it. As I said

before, I still love thee; thou art great and powerful; charity, benevolence, hospitality, unbounded knowledge, together with all that is beautiful and bright in science, dwells with thee;—the finest specimens of art, the loveliest landscapes in nature are all thy own;—and thy errors, for errors thou hast committed, must be regarded only as the accidental stains which sometimes deface the most beautiful picture.

It is impossible for an American to read a history of the part played by British agents at the period here alluded to, without feeling excited, but it has long passed, and with it let pass the feelings which such a recital is calculated to engender. To Tecumseh and the Prophet they first made their propositions;—to men suffering under real or imaginary wrongs, and whose whole souls were bent upon the accomplishment of a particular purpose. They were found not to be unwilling listeners.—They were offered arms and ammunition, and promised assistance, if necessary.—The breach between the brothers and the United States, had been daily widening, and they now saw that a struggle was inevitable. The only hope of peace, was in the wished for restoration of the lands lately purchased, and this the Governor had informed them was impossible. The offer of arms and ammunition on the part of the British agents was therefore seasonable, and the brothers accepted it. Yet they knew that they were not offered through kindness to the Indians, but through hatred to the Americans. Such was Tecumseh's perfect understanding of the motive which governed the agents, as he often stated.

Tecumseh's exertions were now great and unremitting; he visited every north and western tribe, animated their warriors, strengthened the confederacy which he had already formed, and prepared them at once for the coming contest. Never was a monarch's voice more absolute than his. If he commanded, he was obeyed; if he expressed a wish, it was executed. And this power, which he looked forward to when unknown, he had obtained by the energy of his own great spirit,—aided by the deep sagacity and forethought of his brother. He had mastered thousands of his fellow men, and bound them to him by the most indissoluble ties, who were as wild as the beasts they hunted;—who belonged to different tribes, and who spoke different languages. He had reconciled all the differences which existed among the various tribes, mastered their feelings by his warm, gushing eloquence; led them whither he pleased; had preached to them peace, yet prepared them for war, and they never, from the beginning, knew what it was he intended. He was bold, ardent, and indefatigable in his exertions. To-day his voice was heard on the Wabash, to-morrow, he was declaiming on the shores of the lakes.

Rumours were now daily coming in, of hostile intentions on the part of the Indians; several murders had been committed by the respective parties, which served very much to exasperate each, and authentic information was forwarded to the Governor of the existence of the confederacy which Tecumseh had formed. Preparations were made on

his part for immediate action, and besides the military already in service, the militia of the neighbouring states had been ordered to hold themselves ready to move, whenever required.

At this time Tecumseh returned from a visit to the North-west, and assured Elkswatawa, that in that quarter all was right, and nothing waited for but the signal to strike. At the Prophet's camp, and along the Wabash, the Indians were excited to the highest possible degree, and the difficulty now with him, was to restrain them. Worked into fury by the continual practising of his mysterious rites, members of his band, had, counter to his orders, invaded the settlements and dipped their hands in the blood of the whites. Having done this, they were still more excited, and howling like dogs, were anxious to be unleashed against their prey. New muskets, powder, and balls had already been obtained from the English, and safely deposited at Tippecanoe, and the Prophet having made all preparations as far as he was capable, and also fearing lest the conduct of his followers should call down the vengeance of the whites, before he had organized any plan of attack, proposed to Tecumseh that they should designate a time when the first blow was to be struck. Tecumseh was all anxiety for battle, but he felt that his schemes were not yet matured. He knew not what was the disposition of the southern tribes. He had sent emissaries among the Creeks, Chocktaws, and Cherokees, but had not, as yet, visited them in person, and he was anxious to do so that he might obtain their co-operation, and urging them to strike

in the south, at the same time that he did in the north-west, divert the attention of the whites, kindle the flame of war along the whole frontier, and by concentrating his forces when least expected, make themselves sure of victory. Elkswatawa saw the propriety of the measure, but withheld his consent; Tecumseh, however, assured him that in a few days he would set out for the south, visit the various tribes in that quarter, bind them to his confederacy, if threats or persuasion could avail, "and then," said he, "the red torch shall blaze, and the war-whoop ring."

This would have been perfectly agreeable to Elkswatawa, but for the excited state of his followers; he knew the feelings of the whites towards him, and he also knew that they were preparing for hostilities. He feared lest some premature occurrence should take place before Tecumseh could return, and being anxious that success should crown the first attack of the Indians, or to use his own language, "that they should strike a sure and heavy blow," he urged immediate action; and suggested that they should, by stratagem, endeavour to obtain possession of the person of General Harrison, and at the same time seize upon the town of Vincennes, which he thought practicable, and which, if accomplished, would ensure the success of all their schemes. It was while they were debating about this, that an incident occurred, which settled their deliberations.

General Harrison, who, as before stated, was prepared for action, actuated by a spirit of humanity;

determined to make another effort for the preservation of peace, and with that view sent an address to the two brothers, calling them by name and styling them the "chiefs of the confederation of various tribes residing at Tippecanoe." The address commenced by setting forth the various rumours which had reached him, thereby showing the brothers that their intentions were known, and endeavouring to dissuade them from hostilities, by showing the utter impracticability of their purpose. Portions of the document ran thus, "Brothers, our citizens are alarmed, and my warriors are preparing themselves; not to strike you, but to defend themselves, their wives and children. You shall not surprise us as you expect to do; you are about to undertake a very rash act, I advise you to consider well of it, it is not yet too late.

"Brothers, what inducement have you to undertake an enterprise where there is so little probability of success?—do you really think that the handful of men, which you have about you, are able to contend with the power of the 'Seventeen Fires,' or even that the whole of your tribes united, could contend with the 'Kentucky Fire' alone?

"Brothers, I am myself of the 'Long Knife Fire;' as soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash; brothers, take care of their stings.

"Brothers, I hear that you talk of coming to see me, attended by all your young men, this, however, must not be so; if your intentions are good, you

have no need to bring but a few of your young men with you. I must be plain with you, I will not suffer you to come into our settlements with such a force."

The reception of this accorded with their designs; it gave them a good excuse for visiting Vincennes, and upon consultation with each other, they determined to answer it, and name a day for their visit.

Having resolved to do so, Tecumseh replied in the following words:—

"Brother, I give you a few words until I be with you myself.

"TECUMSEH."

"Brother at Vincennes, I wish you to listen to me while I send you a few words, and I hope that they will ease your heart; I know you look on your young men, and your women, and children with pity, to see them so much alarmed.

"Brother, I wish you to examine what you have from me, I hope it will be a satisfaction to you, if your intentions are like mine to wash away all these bad stories that have been circulated. I will be with you myself in eighteen days from this day.

"Brother, we cannot say what will become of us, as the Great Spirit has the management of us at his will. I may be there before the time, and may not be there until the day. I hope that when we come together all these bad tales will be settled; by this I hope your young men, your women and children will be easy. I wish you, brother, to let them know

when I come to Vincennes and see you, that all will be settled in peace and happiness.

"Brother, these are only a few words to let you know that I will be with you myself, and when I am with you, I can inform you better.

"Brother, if I find I can be with you in less time than eighteen days, I will send one of my young men before me, to let you know what time I will be with you.

"July 4th, 1811."

Tecumseh's letter having been forwarded to Gen. Harrison, the brothers again met in conference. It seemed that their wishes had been anticipated, and they determined to visit Vincennes, and if deemed practicable after their arrival there, to seize the Governor and massacre the inhabitants. The journeying there would at least afford employment for a time for the Prophet's followers, and if nothing could be effected, Tecumseh resolved to continue on from there to the south and leave Elkswatawa to return to Tippecanoe. The Governor had objected to their visiting him with a large retinue, and to obviate this they agreed to set out with but few followers, and let their warriors come on and join them at Vincennes in roving parties, they themselves professing at the time utter ignorance of their coming. The determination which they had now formed, only served to excite them still more, and they proceeded at once to prepare for their visit. The moment had now arrived when they were about to place the success of those schemes which they had so long been

maturing upon a single chance. Yet with all this they blended prudence, for their designs were not communicated to their warriors, who armed, were ordered to move forward and attend a meeting which was to be held at Vincennes, nor were they to be made acquainted with them unless it was desirable to do so after their arrival. They well knew that in their present excited condition, if the object of their visit was known, no power could restrain them, and that an attempt would be made upon the town, however impolitic it might be. Between themselves, they agreed that no attempt was to be made, if they were even suspected: for they believed that the success of their enterprise depended entirely on their success at first; and it did to a great extent, for a failure at first would prove Elkswatawa false as a Prophet, and most probably destroy all the influence which he now possessed, and which he had laboured so long to obtain. None of the distant members of the confederacy they had formed, knew any thing of this scheme.—The warriors who were to accompany them, resided chiefly on the Wabash, and all that Tecumseh had visited were sufficiently excited, and now only awaited his orders. The time appointed for their promised visit had now arrived and passed, and completing their preparations, the brothers sat out for Vincennes.

Upon the reception of Tecumseh's letter, General Harrison began to make preparations for the expected visit, and also to place himself in a situation to repel successfully any attack that might be made,

and, as a further defence, a messenger was sent forward to meet Tecumseh, and prevent his coming to the council with an armed force. The eighteenth day arrived,—Vincennes was filled with soldiery, marching and countermarching in every direction; all was bustle and expectation, yet the sun went down, and no tidings were heard of Tecumseh. Several days also passed, and still he came not. At last, the messenger returned, saying, that "Tecumseh was on his march, and with more men than he should have brought to the council;—that when told of the impropriety of bringing so many, he stated that they came of their own accord,—that his guard consisted of but twenty-four men, and that over the remainder he exercised no influence; moreover, that the Governor need not be alarmed, for he came to settle peaceably all their differences."

On Saturday, the 27th, Tecumseh and Elkswatawa made their appearance at Vincennes, attended by about one hundred warriors. General Harrison, anxious to bring the conference to a close, proposed that it should be held early on Monday morning. To this, Tecumseh objected, and even declined designating a day. The Governor, with a hope of intimidating the Indians, had called a general parade of the militia of the county of Knox.—These, all well armed, were in attendance, amounting in number to about eight hundred. There were also several companies of regular infantry, and a fine troop of cavalry, seventy strong. To see them go through their evolutions, the brothers, with their warriors, were invited. They attended:—they mani-

ifested no surprise,—they showed no fear; yet the exhibition had thwarted their plans, and showed the madness of their enterprise. When Tecumseh saw this, he observed, "we will not strike, they are ready." Elkswatawa sighed, and the brothers returned to their camp.

Monday came,—the whites assembled at the place prepared for the council, and yet the Indians came not. Tuesday came, and it was found that Tecumseh's one hundred men now amounted to three hundred, and that roving bands filled the neighbouring woods.

The brothers now being satisfied that no hope of success remained, and seeing that the whites had prepared themselves as if expecting a surprise, determined to go into council, conciliate the whites if they could, and leave the town. They saw that their presence with their followers created a feverish state of excitement, which, as they could now effect nothing, they were anxious to destroy. In accordance with this agreement, Tecumseh sent a messenger to General Harrison, saying, he was "ready for the conference, and wishing to know whether the Governor would be attended by armed men." The answer was, that "Tecumseh had his choice; if his men were armed, those of the Governor would be so likewise; if not, then none would be armed." Tecumseh, however, decided on having a guard, and selected from his warriors two hundred, well armed with bows, tomahawks, rifles, and war clubs, and the two brothers marched to the place appointed for the council.

The whites had already assembled, and the bright muskets of the military glittered in the sun. In advance of the crowd, was stationed a troop of dragoons, seventy strong, dismounted, and armed with a sword and two pistols each; before them, and about their centre was seated General Harrison. Directly opposite this troop, Tecumseh and Elkswatawa led their warriors, and placing themselves in front of their band, they occupied a situation corresponding with that of the Governor. On the one side, was a large and well armed force; on the other, Tecumseh, with his swarthy band, bold, fearless, and undaunted, and as seemingly indifferent to the circumstances in which they were placed as though they had been in their own wigwams.

The conference was opened by a speech from the Governor, in which he accused the brothers of hostile intentions,—spoke of the alarm existing on the frontiers,—demanded that the Indians should be given up who had lately committed murders in Illinois,—adverted to their coming to a friendly conference with so large a retinue; and while he expressed his willingness to hear what Tecumseh had to say in reference to the lands, stated, that he had no power to relinquish them, and that it must be settled only by the President. His speech occupied some time, and in reply, Tecumseh rose.—He was calm and dignified, and as free in debate as though he were addressing a single individual. He denied that he intended hostilities against the whites, but admitted that he had formed a confederacy of all the northwestern tribes; but that it was

formed to preserve peace, and to preserve themselves. "The United States," he said, "had set the example of forming a union among all the 'Fires,'—the Indians did not object to it, nor did they view it as a hostile act; why, then, should they object to the Indians forming a union?" He said, "the union he would form; that his object was peace; and now having bound together the north-western Indians, he would, as soon as the council broke, go to the south, for the purpose of visiting the Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Creeks." In regard to the murders which had been committed, he stated, that "he had set the example of forgiveness, by pardoning persons who had killed his men,—that he had even surrendered his men to punishment when they had committed murders on the whites, as was stipulated for in the treaty of Greenville; but that many Indians had been murdered,—the murderers had been demanded, and as yet not a single white man had ever been given up; and therefore, he must ask the Governor to pardon those who had lately offended." Fatigued from the exertion he had made, which was long and vehement, in the discussion of the subjects above enumerated, the mere heads of which are given, he asked an adjournment until the next day, which was granted, and he then delivered to the Governor, as he saw he was dissatisfied, a belt of wampum, as a satisfaction for the murders which had been committed. The council then adjourned over to the following day.

Having returned to their camp, the brothers again met in secret conference, but they were sad and dispirited; preparations had been made for which they were not prepared; and by which not only were their plans thwarted, but they feared the effect which such a military display was calculated to have upon their own followers. To obviate this, and to explain to them what had, as yet, been done in council, a general meeting was called. It was now late at night—the moon was full, and "riding high in Heaven," the evening was mild, with only air enough to stir their jet black locks, or whisper in soft low accents as it passed through the neighbouring trees, when Elkswatawa rose, and began to sing an evening hymn; soon the crowd joined with him, and as he led the song, he inwove with it a narration of their sufferings, and blended with it the glorious promises of the Great Spirit. His followers were now excited to the highest degree, and ready for any enterprise however hazardous. He then called for silence and detailed the views of the Governor which had been given in council,—ridiculed them, and laughed at his calling out all his men, for the purpose of frightening them into a compliance with his wishes.

Having exhausted himself, he was seated, and Tecumseh rose, he began by attempting to destroy any impression which might have been made by the military display at Vincennes; he roused their pride, he inflamed their passions, he complimented them on their bravery and noble bearing, and looked to

the future for a realization of all their hopes;—he exhorted them to peace, and sobriety, and orderly conduct, and told them that the time had not yet come.

The Indians had been led to believe by the Prophet, that their lands were to be restored to them, and their condition in other respects essentially benefited, but how it was to be effected many did not know; some had vague and uncertain ideas of the manner, and it was as yet only the warm partizans of the brothers among the various tribes to whom their plans had been fully developed. Tecumseh's remark therefore, "that the time had not yet come," was understood by but few of the mass of his hearers,—yet he went on to develope his plans more and more to his followers;—dwelling upon the perfidy of the whites—suggesting the probability of an attack from them, and urging the necessity of their being always prepared. He told them that the council would break up on the morrow, and that he would set out immediately on a visit to the southern Indians, to get them to join their confederacy and to tell them of the conduct of the whites. He then advised them to return to their homes, and commit no aggressions; that the whites would only make it an excuse to seize their lands and treat them amiss while he was absent; that, having returned from the south, he would visit the President, and their claims should then be attended to. The meeting was then adjourned, sentinels placed to prevent a surprise, and all was quiet in the camp.

The following day the whites again assembled in council, yet the day was far spent when the brothers, with their warriors, made their appearance. The same disposition of themselves and forces was made that had been adopted the day before, and the council was again opened. Tecumseh continued his speech;—narrated the wrongs of the Indians, and demanded a retro-cession of the lands lately purchased. At its close, much fatigued, he turned to look for a chair; no seat had been provided for him, and feeling slighted, he turned with an indignant air towards the Governor, who, observing it, ordered one to be handed. It was done; with the remark, "your Father requests you to take a chair." "My Father!" said Tecumseh, casting it proudly from him, "the sun is my father, the earth my mother; upon her bosom I will repose;" and he stretched himself upon the ground. The debate was still warmly continued, several other chiefs of the red men addressed the assembly, the day closed, and yet nothing had been done. Charges were made against the whites by the Indians, and charges were made against the Indians by the whites; each party professed to desire peace, yet neither would do that which would give satisfaction to the other.

The moon was now high, and the night wearing away, when the Governor, anxious to put an end to the conference, told Tecumseh, that he had stated that his designs were peaceable, and he could now prove it, by delivering over to punishment the In-

dians who had lately committed the murders in Illinois, otherwise his intentions would be viewed as at war with his declarations. Tecumseh, in answer, stated that he could not give them up; he had pardoned the whites when they had killed his men, and he must now require from them the same forgiveness.

The Governor then asked him if he intended to prevent the settlement of the new purchase. He replied, that he hoped no attempt would be made to settle it until his return from the south;—that he had formed a confederacy of all the north-western tribes, and as soon as the council broke, he should visit the southern tribes for the same purpose;—that while he was absent, many Indians from the far west tribes, would settle at his town, and that the lands of the late purchase they would wish to use as hunting grounds, and that therefore he would wish no attempt made to survey them until his return, as it might lead to some difficulty;—and farther, that he wished no revenge sought for any injury which might be committed during his absence; that his intentions were peaceable, and upon his return he would himself visit the President, and settle all their differences;—that in the mean time, as the affairs of all the north-western Indians were in his hands, and nothing could be done without him, he would send messengers to all the tribes to prevent them from doing any mischief. These remarks called for a reply on the part of the Governor; nothing was effected—the council adjourned,

and the brothers with their warriors, leaving the town, retired to their camp.

The next morning early, Tecumseh, having exacted a promise from his brother, that he would make no move until his return, descended the Wabash with twenty four men, on his way to the south, while Elkswatawa, with the remainder of the band, returned quietly to Tippecanoe.

CHAPTER XX.

"There is a trampling in the wood;—
The mat, the cabin's entrance rude,
Shakes;—it was no dream of fear,—
Behold an Indian's face appear,
He stands within the cot.—"

YAMOYDEN.

We must now return to Kenah, the Prophet's messenger. Having left the wigwam of Netnokwa, dissatisfied with his visit, and vowing vengeance against its inmates, he continued his wanderings for the purpose of still farther disseminating his doctrines. Journeying among her own tribe, every day gave him proofs of the great influence she wielded, and he saw that it was vain to attempt to effect any thing, while in her own lodge she permitted the doctrines of the Prophet to be ridiculed, and his agents to be treated with derision and disrespect. Satisfied with the correctness of this opinion, and not being able by his own means to counteract the effect which the sentiments there uttered were likely to produce, he at once bent his steps towards the camp of the Prophet, determined to lay the matter before him, and to ask his interference. In doing this, besides the desire he had

widely to disseminate the doctrines he was preaching, he was angered to find himself thwarted by one of that hated race, whose destruction he was plotting; and he resolved within his own mind, that if he could obtain the Prophet's consent, she should expiate her offence by death.

Having arrived in the country on the Wabash, he lost no time in searching out the Prophet, whom he found engaged as he had left him, in exciting and preparing the Indians for the part they were to act. Seeking an opportunity, he gave a detail of his wanderings, and dwelt particularly on the reception he had met with at Netnokwa's lodge, and the opposition he had encountered to the propagation of his doctrines, in the person of a pale face girl. He urged the necessity there was for removing her, together with the Indian maiden, who was entirely under her influence; and likewise, the propriety of adopting some strong measures relative to Netnokwa. He urged this the more, because he believed her at most lukewarm in her support of his doctrines, and feared that from the high place she held in the affections of the Indians, she might, if permitted to waver in her opinions, destroy at any moment, the influence which he had already obtained among them. He was angered, and his thirst for vengeance caused him to urge with great eagerness, the immediate adoption of some strong plans.

When Kenah first announced his visit to the lodge of Netnokwa, the countenance of the Prophet was darkened with anger, and he bit his lips in suppressed rage; yet Kenah finished his story, and still

the Prophet, to his surprise, remained silent. Had the persons whose deaths he wished, been any other than those they were, no difficulty would have ensued; they would have been removed without a struggle, for the Prophet always thirsted for blood;—he was never known to forgive an enemy, nor ever, under any circumstances, to intercede for a victim; the narrative of Kenah had embittered his feelings in the highest degree;—he was mad with rage, and still he refused to answer Kenah's demand, requiring time to pass upon the matter. Taking this view of his character, Kenah viewed his conduct as perfectly incomprehensible. His divine mission had been ridiculed and denied, he himself decried as an impostor, and that too by a woman, and she of a hated race, and yet he required time to act.

Kenah felt that a change had come over the Prophet, and leaving him, he mentioned the circumstances, and they soon became the common talk of the camp. But while he did this, he little knew the difficulties which lay in the way of the Prophet. At the first recital of the events which Kenah had detailed, the Prophet knew that the white maiden alluded to, could be no other than the same who was captured by Yanatah, and whom he had given to Netnokwa to take with her home;—and that the red maiden who was said to be under her influence, and whose death Kenah also thought desirable, could be no other than she who was to have been the bride of Tecumseh. When he recollected that this difficulty had occurred in consequence of his

having once, and once only, permitted a pale face who was in his clutches to escape from them, he felt a pang, such as is ordinarily felt, when one reverts for a moment to some deep crime which stains his past life. Under these circumstances he for some time hesitated what to do. Netnokwa was powerful, and possessed great influence, which it was necessary either to obtain or destroy. How to do this, while those who resided with her, were suffered to ridicule his doctrines, he could not tell. To accuse her of witchcraft, and order her to the stake, was now impossible, for he had lately declared, in the words of the Great Spirit, that all witches were exterminated, and he (the Great Spirit) appeased.

To connive in any way at the death of her daughter, was equally impossible, standing as she did toward Tecumseh, somewhat in relation of an affianced bride; and to order to death the captive maiden, who was under the same roof, he equally feared would call down his displeasure; for he knew the opposition he had felt to the summary method which had been practiced for removing the chiefs who were his enemies, and also his general repugnance to shedding the blood of women and children. With these views, and still undecided, he summoned Kenah, and explained to him the difficulties by which he was surrounded; and after a discussion of the plan best to be adopted, it was agreed that Netnokwa, with her daughter and the captive, should be brought at once to the camp of the Prophet, where they could be at least prevented from

doing any mischief, and where they should remain until Tecumseh's return from the south, when, in general council, some disposition should be made of them. This plan appearing feasible, and having been agreed upon, they began to make preparations for carrying it into effect. Kenah was cautioned that Netnokwa was to be borne away without the knowledge of her tribe, and that neither she nor the maidens who were with her, were to receive the least injury. He deemed wisely that, once safely in his power, he could turn her influence to his own account, and at least keep her as a hostage for the good conduct of her tribe. It was but a short time after this resolve, when Kenah, having selected some half a dozen of the Prophet's most confidential followers, left the camp, and set out in the direction of Netnokwa's lodge.

The Indian affairs were now every day assuming a more warlike character, and Tecumseh and Elkswatawa, although engaged in different quarters of the country, were using all their exertions to prepare for the coming conflict. No open act of hostility had as yet been committed; but their plans were fast maturing, and Tecumseh had avowed his purpose to strike a sure and heavy blow as soon as he should return from the south, where he was now engaged in uniting in one common bond the various tribes in that quarter. While such were the exertions of Tecumseh and Elkswatawa, General Harrison was arduously engaged in organizing and disciplining the militia under his command, and preparing for the crisis which

he saw fast approaching. Accounts, containing all the information he could gather, relative to the proceedings of the Indians were regularly forwarded to the War Department, and he was in daily expectation of receiving orders requiring him to disperse the band of the Prophet, which, moving as it did always, just on the frontiers, served to keep the citizens in a state of perpetual alarm.

While such was the aspect of the Indian affairs, Rolfe and Earthquake were journeying on with Oloompa, to the lodge of Netnokwa. As yet they had been unmolested, but they saw from the excitement which was every where existing among the Indians, that hostilities were intended, and they regretted having ventured so far with so small a force. In Oloompa, however, they had seen no change since, though still reserved, and not cordial in his manner, he continued to aid them in supplying all their wants, and assured them of their safety.

The history of Gay Foreman, now presented her in a situation of great interest; for, while in one direction, Oloompa and Earthquake were moving on for the purpose of restoring her to her friends in the settlements; in another, Kenah, with his party, was hurrying on to seize her and the friends she had formed, and carry them all as prisoners to the camp of the Prophet.

At the cottage of Netnokwa, all was quiet, and nothing told of the fate which awaited its inmates. The time for Oloompa's promised return had arrived, and the maidens were excited with the pleasing anticipations of soon seeing him, accompanied

as Gay fondly believed he would be, by Rolfe, of whom she had never thought but with affection.—Time had glided on smoothly since Oloompa's departure. They had had but few visitors, and were now alone. Netnokwa and the maidens were pursuing their usual avocations, either embroidering with the needle, which, with all, was a daily duty, or else making moccasins, and decorating them with beads. Buffalo skins were also often prepared, and adorned on the inner surface, with paintings or hieroglyphical devices, by means of colours obtained from the woods, which remained fresh and vivid, although exposed to the changes of the weather. When not engaged in these things, they were nursing their flowers, or roving through the woods.

So were they situated, and it was evening, when they were alone in their wigwam, that their ears were assailed with the most terrific yell. It reverberated through the woods like the ringing of a horn, and in another moment, Kenah and his party were rushing towards them. Netnokwa sprung forward and planted herself in the door. Miskwa and Gay crouched behind her. The Prophet's band, like a swollen torrent, came sweeping on. "Stop, madmen!" she cried, in a loud piercing voice, which appalled even the fiercest hearts, and hushed them into silence deep as that of the grave:—"Dost thou know Netnokwa? Darest thou fell the old oak of the forest, or handle roughly the loveliest flower of the prairie? Cowardly wretches! what want you here?" She ceased:—they were awed into silence, and,

like dogs at bay, were kept at a distance, by Netnokwa's glance. But a moment passed, and Kenah again rushing forward, the frame of old Netnokwa yielded to his impetuosity, and entering the cabin, he was followed by his party. At first, were heard cries and shrieks, and several moments passed of distracting doubt. Then the voice of old Netnokwa was heard sounding loud above the storm within, and venting curses and imprecations on Kenah and his party. "Whence came ye? Who orders? How dare you touch Netnokwa? Netnokwa is now as withered grass,—her stream of life is almost dry,—her hair is whiter than the snow.—Who wants her? Say, blood hounds! why come ye?"

"The Prophet," cried Kenah.

"May the lightning of the Great Spirit wither his heart. May his spirit never enter the happy hunting grounds of the red men," cried Netnokwa. "He wants the last drop that flows in the veins of the old woman."

"No," said Kenah, "the Prophet wishes to see Netnokwa. He sends for her to his camp. He will not harm her."

"Then why did he not send a runner. The message of the Prophet is heavy; six warriors must bear it. Why come ye all?"

"It is the Prophet's will:"—was the brief reply.

Netnokwa shook her head, for she saw too well, the fate which awaited her, and calming herself, she turned to Miskwa, who with Gay had crouched down behind her, each trembling with fear. Hold-

ing with her a hurried dialogue for a few moments, she again turned to Kenah; "What becomes of Netnokwa's daughter, the loveliest flower of the prairie?"

"The Prophet wishes to see her;" was the answer.

"And the captive maiden;—" she continued.

"Will spread her blanket in the camp of the Prophet?" replied Kenah.

Gay now wept as if her heart would break, for she regarded herself as the author of the heavy misfortune, which had come so suddenly upon them; while each moment Netnokwa and Miskwa grew more composed.

"Where is Tecumseh?" inquired Netnokwa.

"Tecumseh has no home," said Kenah. "He wanders far and wide, and spreads his blanket when the sun goes down."

"Netnokwa's daughter will be the bride of Tecumseh; does he know that the Prophet wants her blood?"

"The Prophet is not now dry;" was the answer. "When he drinks again, it will be the blood of the whites. Kenah has no time for talk;—when night comes, Netnokwa and the maidens must set out upon their journey. Let them prepare."

Miskwa had now recovered her firmness of character. It was not the fear of death, which had caused her to tremble in the first instance, for there were many ways in which she would have met it, and died worthy of the race from which she sprung; but it was the indescribable dread produced by the name of the Prophet, with the knowledge that she

had incurred his displeasure, and was to be ushered at once into his presence. Gay still wept, and rising, threw herself on the bosom of Miskwa, and begged her to forgive her for the calamity which she had brought upon them. She lamented not her own fate, but seemed only to deplore that of her friends. Miskwa tried to soothe and console her, and repeated to her that Kenah had said the Prophet only wished to see them at his camp. Yet, even while she said so, she felt that he would never have ordered them from so far a distance into his presence, but from some sinister motive; and she then recollected Tecumseh, and hope beamed forth, when she thought of the relation in which she stood towards him.

Netnokwa now, leaving her lodge, came out in the open air; Kenah, and his party followed, for their object was to take them off as soon as the night set in, and removing them silently, leave no trace of their departure. Should it be known that Netnokwa was threatened with danger, and was to be dragged away into the presence of the Prophet, Kenah knew that her friends would be instantly in arms, and he with his party, be made to suffer death for the steps they had already taken. This, then, was to be prevented, and stationing themselves on the outside of her cabin, they kept watch, that none of its inmates might escape, and no one approach without their knowledge. While they did this, Netnokwa, now as calm as if no danger awaited her, in deep meditation was silently walking to and fro in front of her door. Though worn with years,

there was something so majestic and commanding in her manner, that not a member of Kenah's party but felt its influence. Her figure, tall and thin, was bent by age, and her hair, once of the glossiest black, was now white as the fresh fallen snow, and dishevelled, fell loosely over her shoulders. The sun was fast declining, and Kenah seeing that Netnokwa was making no preparations to commence her journey, said aloud, "When night comes, Netnokwa will set out to see the Prophet. The wise man always prepares for his journey." Netnokwa was silent; she saw that it was worse than vain, situated as she then was, to oppose their determination, and she entered her wigwam. "Come, my children," said she, "a few hours more, and they say we must leave. It is for the banks of the Wabash. We go to see the Prophet. Let us get ready our richest clothes. We may go over the border, and Netnokwa wishes to be fine when she meets her warriors who have gone before her, to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit."

"Oh! mother," cried Gay, rushing into the arms of Netnokwa, "it is I who have done this. You loved me, and preserved me, and I have called down the vengeance of the Prophet upon you.—Oh! that I were dead.—Wilt thou pardon me?—I did not intend it."

"Rise, daughter," said Netnokwa, gently unclasping Gay's hands, "Why weeps 'Sweet Flower?' Is it that Netnokwa is going to her long home? Like the old oak, she has spread out her arms to shelter her tribe; but her branches are now withered. She

is no longer the green bough:—why should she remain? The blasted tree only tells of the storms which have passed. Netnokwa is tired of journeying. The end of her path will make her glad."

"But, oh! mother," cried Gay, "I have brought ruin upon you; and what will become of Miskwa?"

"She will follow her mother, if she is a true-born maiden," said Netnokwa. "Why weep that the fountain bursting forth, soon finds its way to the big lake? Why lament that the flower clothed in beauty, is cut down in summer? Why grieve that her path is short, and her journey soon ended? Netnokwa has been travelling long to her happy hunting grounds. The way is bad.—Her feet are bruised and sore with travel, and her arms wear the marks of thorns and briars. The face of 'Sweet Flower' is like the snow, but her heart is that of a red maiden,—she shall go with us; Netnokwa will tell the Great Spirit that her heart is good, and ask him to let her stay with his red children." Gay could make no reply, her feelings were too strong for utterance, and she continued weeping.

Fancy never sketched a lovelier being, than was Miskwa at this moment; having composed herself, she stood drawn up to her full height, apparently firm, and manifested the hitherto undeveloped energies of her character. All fear was banished, and she stood calmly listening to the words of her mother, and struggling to keep down her sympathy for her friend. When Netnokwa finished speaking, Gay turned from her, and weeping, her eyes met Miskwa's; there was an eloquent interchange of thought,

and starting forward, she again threw herself on her bosom. Miskwa spoke not; but her feelings were awakened by the sufferings of her friend, and though silent, she proved how deeply she felt; for two streams, which had their source in as pure an affection as ever kindled a human bosom, flowed fast and free.

Netnokwa now reminded them of the hour which Kenah had mentioned, as the time when they must set out upon their journey." It was sooner than the maidens expected, and Gay now mentioned what before she had only thought. "Oh! Miskwa, what will become of Rolfe and Oloompa, and how sadly will they be disappointed. Oh! that they had come before this."

"They will follow us," said Miskwa. "Oloompa will see what has happened. He can trace our steps. He may yet save us from the Prophet."

"Heaven grant that he may," said Gay, and again she began to weep,—and added, "oh! Miskwa, to be taken away at the very moment I believed I was to be made happy, and to leave him when he has been so long seeking me,—oh! it is hard, hard."

Miskwa asked her to get together such articles as they would need, and to aid her mother, in making preparations for their journey, while she would attend to another duty. Gay left her, to comply with her request, and while she did this, Miskwa taking up some clay from the floor, moistened it, and kneading it into a pliant substance, seemed suddenly to forget her situation with the feelings which

had agitated her, and was engaged, heart and soul, in fashioning into small images the clay she held in her hands. A few moments passed, and six little men, or figures which she regarded as such, were made, and placed upon a shelf behind her, with their faces fronting the direction in which she thought Kenah and his party would travel. Having examined them for a while, turned them around several times, and satisfied herself that they were properly arranged, she again resumed her task. Next came from her fingers an old woman, her figure bore the marks of great age, and rude as were her features, there were evidently marks of great wretchedness in her countenance. She was placed just in front of the six men, and it was evident that they were driving her along. Soon two little girls were placed by the side of the old woman, and having satisfied herself that they all occupied their exact positions, she was again at work. The next figure she made, was a man several times as large as any she had yet formed; he was made to stand on the farther edge of the shelf, and to him, the party seemed endeavoring to make their way. A number of little cabins were then made, and placed near him, and stretching out a small piece of clay, and curving it so as to represent the meanderings of a river, this was placed near the houses, and her task was completed. The whole had been the labour of a few minutes, and no one had observed her occupation. She then, with a lighter heart than she before possessed, joined her mother, and began to assist her and Gay in making their preparations to set out.

None seemed disposed to converse, and in silence they continued their duty, at the same time bidding farewell to every little nook or corner, and imagining to themselves the reception and the fate, which awaited them at the Prophet's camp. With Gay, there were other thoughts which added to her unhappiness; it was the sad issue which was to attend Rolfe's exertions in her behalf.

Darkness was now settling over the land, when Kenah entered the lodge, and told Netnokwa that he was ready to set out. He again assured her of her safety, as well as that of her daughter and the captive, provided they obeyed his orders. He required that in setting out upon their journey, they should make no noise, nor attempt to escape, at the peril of their lives; but to proceed in such a manner as to create no surprise, even should they be seen. And that this she must do, until the whole party had passed beyond the reach of her tribe. In case he was discovered, he said he was ordered by the Prophet, first to kill her daughter, and then the captive and herself. These were hard requisitions. Netnokwa made no reply, but in obedience to Kenah, they all took up their bundles, and came out of the lodge. He then closed the door, giving to the cabin an appearance that its inmates had merely left it for a time, and soon after, the captives were surrounded, and ordered to move forward. Netnokwa and Miskwa obeyed in silence, but Gay, thinking that there it was she had expected to meet Rolfe, turned round, and gazing at the cabin, burst into a flood of tears, for with that look, she gave up all

hope of ever seeing him again. As she did this, Kenah rudely caught her arm, and jerking her around, held his tomahawk in her face, then whispering in her ear, said, "Kenah's tomahawk loves the pale face's blood; it is now thirsty,—when the maiden makes a noise, it shall drink." His words caused her to shudder, as though a serpent was creeping over her, and her cries were hushed. This movement was not seen by Miskwa or Netnokwa, and Gay, as soon as she recovered a little from the shock which Kenah's words had given her, bent her steps towards them, and they all moved forward in the deepest silence.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Slowly, sadly, heavy change is falling
O'er the sweetness of the voice within;
Yet its tones, on restless manhood calling,
Urge the hunters still to chase, to win!"

MRS. HEMANS.

KENAH, with his captives, departed from the lodge of Netnokwa at night. Oloompa, with Rolfe and Earth, reached there late on the following day. Upon nearing the lodge, they were happy, and all spurred their horses, and moved gallantly forward. Oh! the wild delight that sparkled in the face of Rolfe! a moment more, and he would clasp to his bosom the idol of his heart! and Oloompa's heart fluttered, and joy beamed from his countenance; for as deep passions often burn within those whose complexions are the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun," as to another class to whom nature has given clear skins, and brighter hues; and he thought of Miskwa bounding wild and free as the doe she hunted, and he heard her happy laugh, and the silvery tones of her voice fell rich on his ears. As for our old friend Earth, he never could do things as others did them; his heart had never been taught

to love, yet though a stranger to the emotions which agitated the breasts of his companions, he was still happy; he was joyous, in anticipating the pleasure which awaited his friend, and, moreover, he was anxious to see her after whom he had been so long "trapesing," as he termed it, and but a short time before he observed, "Rolfe, I feel a sort of a quirk to see your gal;"—so that, when Rolfe and Oloompa put their horses in a gallop, to reach Netnokwa's lodge, he followed on in a long trot, and while they thought of those they loved, he hummed an old song, beginning,

"'Way down in old Virginny,
Long time ago!"——

but the trotting of his horse, chopped it up into monosyllables, or I would say shorter pieces, if I knew how to characterize them, and not being much pleased with his own performance, he ceased singing, and jerking "Juno," for so he called his horse, into a canter, he rode up by the side of Rolfe. Another moment, and they had halted in front of the cabin. Then, dismounting,—"how is this?" said Earth;—"the door closed, and nobody at home!"

Rolfe and Oloompa were both disappointed; yet the latter, after a moment, answered:—"They make a short path,—they have gone to bring a deer from the woods,—they will soon be back."

This seemed probable enough, and they proceeded to hobble their horses, and then turned them out to graze. Having done that, they began to reconnoitre the cabin.

"How high is the sun, Earth?" inquired Rolfe.

"Something like three hours," replied Earth, who at the moment when spoken to, was examining how the door was fastened. "Rolfe," continued he, "this place aint locked,—it is only fastened by a wicket; suppose we go in, and see if we can't git a bite of something, for I feel rather pickish. I am sure, neither the old woman nor the gal will care, since we are just off a journey. What say you, Oloompa?"

"It is right," he replied; "an Indian's wigwam is the stranger's home. An Indian always gives what he has."

Earth, hearing this, pushed open the door, and entered. Rolfe and Oloompa followed. They were silent a moment, and fear and anxiety settled over their countenances. They looked at each other,—and then Earth and Rolfe gazed fixedly in the face of Oloompa. Oloompa stood firm,—he quailed not beneath their glance; but observed, "the white man doubts Oloompa;—Oloompa never speaks false. The pale face maiden rested here,—so did Netnokwa and her daughter. They are gone,—Oloompa is in the dark, and his heart is sorry:—he grieves at what he sees."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Rolfe, "am I again disappointed!"

"See," said Earth, "how these things are scattered about;—they left here in a great hurry, and without any idea of returning."

"Where have they gone?" exclaimed Rolfe.

There was no reply, for none could tell; and Rolfe turned upon Oloompa;—"Tell me where she is, villain! you have deceived,—tell me or you shall die!" He was wild with rage, and his eyes gleamed as do those of a maniac. Yet Oloompa was calm,—no piece of statuary was ever more unmoved,—and he would not deign to reply when threatened. Rolfe, exasperated, raised his arm as if to strike. The lightning's flash is not more bright nor quick, than was the change which came over Oloompa's face. There was light,—it was the gleaming of a tomahawk as it shone on high:—his left foot was advanced,—his body thrown back, rested on his right, and he stood in the act to strike. At the same time, there was heard the springing of a trigger, and Earth's rifle was brought to his face.—None spoke, and thus for a time they stood. Returning consciousness came to the mind of Rolfe,—his arm fell by his side,—Oloompa returned his tomahawk to his belt, and Earth, uncocking his rifle, rested it on the floor. "Oloompa has journeyed two moons, to serve the white man, and he seeks to kill him;—he is thirsty, and wants blood:—let him take it,—Oloompa will go to the long home of the red men,—he is weary of his path. Can the white man make rivers flow or mountains rise in the prairie? No. How can Oloompa make women be present, when they have gone away?—Oloompa tells what he knows. He left them here. He expected to find them here."

"Rolfe," said Earth, "you are wrong about that,

—you can see, from these signs, that they have been here, and that they went away at a mighty short notice."

"Oh! Earth," answered Rolfe, "I am perfectly crazy,—I don't know what I say or do." Then, turning to Oloompa, he said:—"Oloompa, I ask your pardon,—I know not what I am doing."

"Oloompa wants no pardons," was the reply.—"The white man has stuck in another thorn,—let it stay there. Why should Oloompa wear out his moccasins in bringing the white man to Netnokwa's lodge? Was it to harm him? Who is here to do it? The white man's heart is sorry for the pale maiden. Does not Oloompa's bleed for the red? She is gone! She steps like the fawn,—her feet leave no print upon the grass." And leaving the wigwam, he began to examine the earth near and around the cabin, to see if any signs would tell him whither the inmates had gone, or why they had left so precipitately. Rolfe and Earth soon came out, and were engaged in the same duty.

"Rolfe," said Earth, "this business of yours is a curious sort of thing, and there seems to be no end to it at all. Now, it aint no use to tell me not to swear, for if I can find out who is at the bottom of this, man or woman, I don't care;—if I don't chaw 'em up, I wish I may be damned."

"Yes, you may eat them all, Earth, for what I care," replied Rolfe, for he was still angered, and proceeded on towards Oloompa.

"The white man thinks Oloompa speaks false;

see!" said he,—a smile playing over his countenance, as he made the remark.

"See what?" said Rolfe.

"Many people have been here," answered Oloompa, pointing to several different places upon the earth.

Rolfe looked, and looked again, but he could see nothing. "Come here, Earth, and tell me if you can see what Oloompa does."

"What is it?" inquired Earth.

"He says," answered Rolfe, "that many people have been here."

"So much the worse," said Earth, as approaching he bent down, and began to examine several slight indentations, at which Oloompa was intently gazing. Having scrutinized for a time, he observed, "Rolfe, I can't make out any thing; I see several marks, but I should jest as soon think that a 'coon had made 'em with his toe nails when he was walking it off, as any other way."

But Oloompa regarded not their dialogue; every moment his face became brighter; and, jumping up, he began to examine other spots.—Then, for a moment walking slowly, and circling round, like a hound which has lost the track, he crossed the prints several times, satisfied himself of the direction they had taken, then following a short distance, only that no doubt might remain, he gave a whoop of joy, and ran back towards the hunters. Earth was still suspicious, and raised his rifle.

"Down with your gun, hunter;—Oloompa's heart is glad. He sees their path,—he can follow them,

—he will show the white man the pale maiden, and he will see the fawn of the forest.—The white man shall say Oloompa is true to his word."

There was an expression so joyous in his countenance, and his manner was so earnest, that hope came to the hearts of the hunters. Oloompa continuing to search, entered the wigwam, and Rolfe said, "Earth, may he not be deceiving us?"

"No, Rolfe, there is no lie in a face, when the soul beams out as it now does in his. I would trust it, if 'twas green or grizzle, much less red."

"But then, Earth, where have they gone, and when did they leave, and who carried them away?"

"Ah, that I can't tell; let Oloompa alone,—he'll worm it out. These red skins are mighty keen upon tracks. Now you may believe me or not, but I had rather have that fellow's eyes upon a warm trail, than old Jupe's nose;—she was mighty good. Poor thing! she's gone now."

"But then, Earth, he will have to examine so closely as he goes along, that we shall not be able to go as far in a month, as those who have taken her away, will in a day."

"Ah! there you are out agin, Rolfe. When Oloompa satisfies himself that he is right, he will follow their tracks through the woods in a hand gallop. It is true he will have to stop sometimes, to see if they have turned off,—but that won't take him long. You see the Ingens havn't roads as we have, and are therefore compelled to travel by courses.—If he can find out where they are going, he has got 'em slick enough."

As Earth finished the remark, Oloompa made his appearance at the door, and said with a bright face, "Come! come quick!—you shall see."

Rolfe and Earth both ran forward, that they might behold it, whatever it were, and found Oloompa wild with pleasure, and gazing on the little images made by Miskwa, and which still occupied the positions in which she had left them.

"Oh! Earth," said Rolfe, wringing his hands in disappointment, "this is too bad, I thought it was something."

"Yes," said Earth, "the fellow is a fool;" then gazing at them more closely, "but Rolfe, it was a right slick dirt-dauber that made 'em."

"Can the white man see?" said Oloompa, now joyously happy.

"See!—the devil!" said Earth, "what does he want to see for. I wouldn't give a wasp's nest for all of 'em, for if the water was in good order, and I had one, I could catch a dish of big pickles;—but these here things are good for nothing upon the face of the earth."

"It is the red man's letter," said Oloompa.

"Nonsense," said Earth, "I take up my hand full of mud, and throw it against the house;—does the red man read it?"

"The red man cannot read the white man's letter," said Oloompa. "What did you give me for the maiden, when you left my mother's wigwam? a piece of paper covered with black marks; Oloompa looked at it, and said 'nonsense;'—when he gave it to the maiden, it made her heart glad. Listen,

Oloompa will read." The attention of Rolfe and Earth was arrested by the earnestness of his manner, and gazing at the figures before him, he proceeded: "Six men have been here,—see them," and he touched the six images with his finger.—Then continued: "They have carried away Netnokwa and the two maidens;" and he pointed to the images representing the old woman and the two girls, saying "the men drive the women;—see the men behind, and the women before;—the women look sorry, they do not wish to go. Oloompa showed their tracks on the ground.—Look at their faces, they are turned the same way."—

"Rolfe," said Earth, "Oloompa is right; he reads it like a book."

"Hush! Earth; I am all anxiety to hear something farther."

"They are going to see a great man," continued Oloompa, and he pointed to the larger image. It is the Prophet,—these small pieces of clay are houses,—they form a town,—it is Tippecanoe. This," pointing to the piece of clay which curved several times, and stretching along, lay near the houses, "is the river. Does Oloompa read? can the white man now see?"

"Yes," said Earth, "he can. Oloompa is true to his word;" then turning, "Rolfe,—Rolfe, this thing is as plain as day-light. The Prophet has taken them all prisoners, and they are now journeying towards his town."

"Then Earth, they are to be burned!"

"Oh! God knows," said Earth, "I wish they

were out of his clutches;" then turning to Oloompa, "Can Oloompa make the figures tell when Netnokwa left her lodge?"

"They are not hard;—the time cannot be long since she left;" replied Oloompa.

"Did she leave to-day?" continued Earth.

"No," answered Oloompa, "perhaps yesterday. If the white man is ready, Oloompa will go; he is troubled, his heart is soft;—the red maiden left her letter for Oloompa, and told him to follow."

Rolfe felt that he had wronged Oloompa in the suspicions which he first entertained, and the deep feeling he now manifested, together with his whole conduct, served, every moment, to exalt him in his estimation. Regretting what had happened, he approached him and said, "Oloompa, you must forgive me; my heart is sorry for what I have done. The red maiden loves the pale face,—Oloompa must love the white man. We will travel the same path,—we must be friends."

Oloompa did not reply to Rolfe's remark, but said, "Oloompa's eyes will know no sleep. The red maiden goes to the camp of the Prophet."

"Does death await them?" said Rolfe.

"The Prophet is great," was the reply, "the red people fear him. Will the hunters go? Oloompa is ready, he will show the path."

Rolfe then, turning to Earth, began to consult with him. The evening was far advanced, and Earth suggested, that as they could not continue the pursuit after it was dark, that they had better rest themselves, and refresh their horses, that they might

be the better able to prosecute their journey on the following day. Rolfe was now nearly paralyzed by disappointment; for with the tidings that Gay had been carried to the camp of the Prophet, went hope from his bosom, and he was merely a passive agent in the hands of Earth. "Do as you please," said he to Earth, "I can advise nothing. Oh! it is sad, sad, that fresh hopes should have sprung up, only to be blighted."

"Come, Rolfe," said Earth, "the thing ain't drawn to a focus yet;—it may be mighty bad, and I am afraid it will be, but now is the time to try and prevent it. It will take 'em several weeks to reach the Prophet's camp, and I shall think it right strange; indeed, it would be very curious, if, when we three are following 'em, they should all get there safe."

Rolfe made no reply, but seated himself in a corner of the hut, while Earth sought Oloompa, to discuss with him the plan best to be adopted. He was impatient to commence the pursuit, but, for the purpose of refreshing the horses, and with a belief that in doing so they would actually gain time, he came into Earth's measures. It was then settled that they should rest where they were for the night, and set out with the first light of day.

"I will now go and attend to the horses;" said Earth; "Oloompa, you open the old woman's traps, and see if you can't git a bite of something for supper." There was no reply, and Earth went out, leaving Rolfe and Oloompa lounging in and about the cabin. They had no disposition to converse,

and wandered about for a time, thinking of the past, the present, and the future. It was nearly night, when Earth, having finished his task, returned to the lodge; upon entering, he found Rolfe lying on some skins which he had spread out, and absorbed in the deepest thought; while Oloompa, having drawn up a small bench near to the images, was in silence gazing on them, and reading them over and over again. Earth was touched by the attitudes assumed by each, for both indicated great feeling, with a perfect disregard of worldly matters. There were no preparations for supper, and not even a fire had been kindled. Seeing this, he observed familiarly, "Come boys, come, stir about;" then, turning to Oloompa, "Can Oloompa now read more than he has told us?"

"They have carried her to the camp of the Prophet;" answered Oloompa. His voice faltered a little as he said so, and he turned away.

Earth said no more to them, but proceeded to kindle a fire, and looking up the chimney, discovered that it had been converted into a smoke house, and was well supplied with bear meat and venison. This, to him, was a matter of no surprise; it being a common custom with the Indians, and also with the whites who reside along the frontiers. Taking down the piece which most pleased his fancy, his rude supper was soon prepared, and discussed with a gusto only known to those whose appetites are sharpened by a healthy exercise. Rolfe and Oloompa seemed not inclined to eat, and Earth, actuated by one of the many idiosyncrasies which

ever characterized him, viewed it as a compulsory act on their part, requiring him to eat their shares. So one would judge from his observations—"Come, boys, I am mighty tired, I wish you would help me through with it." Theo, continuing his laborious duty for a few moments more—"Well, I do believe you all mean to kill me." Nobody replied, he continued—"There is no back out about me; I wish old Jupe was alive—she wouldn't see me suffer in this sort of way;"—still eating,—"I have begun it now, and I will go through with it, if it puts a joint out of place."

"Oh! Earth," said Rolfe, "how can you be talking so at such a time;—come, go to sleep and be quiet."

"Hush, Rolfe; you had better come and take a bite yourself; it will do you more good than grieving a month. Now you won't feel half as well as I will in the morning." There was no reply, all conversation ceased, and a few hours after Rolfe and Oloompa were hushed in sleep or in troubled dreams, and that Earth slept, there could be no doubt, from a certain peculiar noise that was heard soon after he retired to rest. With the first light of morning the hunters mounted, and Oloompa, striking off into the direction indicated by the images, and likewise by the foot-prints which he had discovered the evening before, led the way. Having taken his course, he proceeded as nearly as practicable in a straight line, holding no intercourse with the hunters, and examining the ground closely as he moved along. Rolfe and

Earth followed on, and trusted implicitly to his guidance.

It was now near the middle of the day, and nothing had occurred to the hunters to prove whether they were on the right track or not; they had seen no sign or mark, which indicated that the party had moved forward in that direction, but were still journeying, as they had been for hours, through a wild and pathless forest, when Oloompa stopped and waited their coming up. He had reached a small stream which it was necessary to cross, in order to continue on in the direction in which he had set out; and which the party he was pursuing must have crossed, unless he himself had been grossly deceived. When the hunters came up he stated this, and upon consultation, they deemed it wisest to dismount and let their horses graze, while they endeavoured to satisfy themselves whether they had crossed or not. Oloompa told them his belief that they had crossed, and most probably within a mile of where they then were. He also cheered the hunters, by telling them that he had seen distinct traces of their having moved on in the direction in which they had come; and taking one end of the stream, he requested the hunters to go down the other, and by examining the bank see if they could find their foot-prints. The banks being soft and muddy, the indentations of their feet would be deep and easily discovered. If no trace could be found in going a mile, they were to return. Parting, they commenced their journey;—Sometime elapsed, and

Rolfe and Earth were returning to their horses unsuccessful, when they heard the voice of Oloompa calling to them. Proceeding to him, he joyously pointed out what he had been searching for. The tracks were plain and deep; those of the women clearly marked, and easily distinguished from those of the men;—and with this, came cheerfulness to the whole party; Oloompa felt more confident, and Rolfe and Earth, seeing the great ingenuity exercised by him, began to believe that they would overtake them. Returning for their horses, they came back to where the party had crossed, and animated with hope, continued the pursuit. Oloompa, now, satisfied that he was on their trail, moved forward with more confidence, as did likewise the hunters, and several times would he stop and point out signs which indicated their path.

It was late in the evening, when, still journeying along, Oloompa pointed out at a short distance before them, a thin smoke rising up from the remains of a declining fire. Thither they hurried, and there the party they were pursuing had encamped, and they could not have left it many hours before. Hope now increased, and Oloompa began to search out their path, setting out in the direction in which they had been journeying, and which he knew was the most direct route to the Prophet's camp. He closely examined the woods, yet no displaced leaves, no broken twig, no slight and but half formed footprint, told that human beings had gone in that direction, and unsuccessful, he returned to the fire where the hunters still remained. His want of

success, for a moment dampened their spirits, but that they had been there, no one could doubt, and with proper exertions, it was equally plain that their path could be traced;—for no attempt had been made by them to conceal their flight, for the reason that, having left secretly, they expected not to be pursued. But darkness was now gathering fast over the land, and by it all farther search prevented. So, unsaddling their horses, they obtained for them such provender as the place afforded, and kindling up the fire, prepared to pass the night. They were now southeast of Rainy Lake, and near the Great Portage which connects Lake of the Woods with Lake Superior. This Portage is merely a series of Lakes, some of them separated by narrow strips of land, but generally with small outlets leading from one to the other, and forming throughout the whole, a general chain of communication. Oloompa having failed to trace them in the direction in which he had expected, suggested to the hunters the probability of their having gone to the Great Portage, taken a canoe and crossed Lake Superior, where the Portage enters into it. He stated that this was practicable, and a feat often accomplished by the Indians, for that it was the narrowest part of the lake, and moreover, that there were two islands, which answered as good resting places, and which also subdivided the distance. This was another difficulty in the way of the hunters; if the party had gone to the lakes, they would perhaps lose all trace of them and have to give over the pursuit. Yet, to prevent it they could do no-

thing; they had already accomplished all that human nature was capable of, and though anticipating disappointment, they slept soundly from a consciousness that he had used every possible exertion. With morning, they again resumed the search; Oloompa found the direction in which they had departed, and told them they had gone to the Great Portage. He himself was now dejected, for he feared that they had already descended the Portage, and reached the lake; and changing his course, he conducted the hunters to where the Portage flows into the lake, intending, if they had not descended, to wait and intercept them.

It was the middle of the day, when Oloompa and the hunters reached the lake. Its broad surface, disturbed by a fresh breeze, lay glancing in the sun. The wind fanned their feverish and excited frames, and they stood alone on the shore, and looked abroad in silence on the vast surface before them, and the jutting promontories, and half concealed rocks against and over which the waves were dashing and fretting; and then the bold and high shore, which, robed in grandeur, overlooked the vast prospect before them. For a moment they stood in silence,—the scene occupied all their thoughts; then they began to search the shore and gaze upon the wide waste, to see if any freighted canoe was dancing over its waters. There was none,—not a sail, not a wide-spread blanket, greeted the eye;—no, not a sound broke upon the ears, but the hoarse dashing of the waves, as they washed up against the shore. And thus they stood,—

and this was the end of their hazardous journey and exciting pursuit. None seemed disposed to speak, for there was only one hope remaining, and that was that they might not have descended the Portage,—to the mouth of which the distance was now nearly half a mile; and thither they proceeded. They had continued on but a short distance further, when darting out of the Portage into the lake, moved a canoe, with the speed of an arrow, —a blanket, spread out on either side, served for sails,—the wind was blowing fresh from the shore; not a paddle was seen, save one, which managed by a warrior at the stern, served the purpose of a rudder. It was filled with people. Rolfe and Earth turned to Oloompa, for the first glance had awakened their fears, and though the distance was so great they could see nothing distinctly, yet they felt as if she whom they sought was leaving them for ever. In Oloompa's countenance, they saw that their fears were too true,— his deep silence,—the fixed gaze with which he watched the canoe, and the dark shadows which passed over his face, spoke more plainly than words. After watching it for several minutes, he said:—"She is gone!—the fawn will be carried to the Prophet's camp, and Oloompa cannot help it."

"Oloompa, can we do nothing?" said Rolfe.

"Nothing," was the reply; and he again repeated, "She is gone!"

Their situation then again became a matter of consultation. To follow them with any hope of success was now impossible. In open warfare,

they could render no service, and would most probably loose their lives. They had hitherto continued the pursuit, with a hope of finding them where they rested, when, not expecting an attack, they would be easily beaten, and the prisoners rescued. But now, should Kenah and his party discover that they were pursued, which they would be very apt to do, should the hunters cross the lake, they would unhesitatingly kill their prisoners sooner than deliver them up. These reasons induced them unwillingly to adopt another plan, which was for a time to give over the pursuit, and leaving the lake, proceed on land, by the nearest route, to the Prophet's camp, and if Kenah and his party had not reached there, which they could easily find out by means of Oloompa, to lie in watch at a distance from it, intercept them if possible, and attempt a rescue. In the event that they had reached it, then to get Gay out by stratagem, if they could; if not, to demand her of the Prophet, and threaten him with a hostile invasion from the whites, in case he refused. This plan was sanctioned by Oloompa, who was as eager in his endeavours to prevent Miskwa from being carried into his camp, as were Rolfe and Earth in their wishes to prevent Gay.

This resolution was no sooner adopted than turning back, they began to skirt the lake to its most southern point, from which they intended to strike off for the Prophet's camp. The route pursued by Kenah and his party, is one very often followed by the Indians, going from the lands on the Wabash, to the country north of

the great lakes, or rather by those visiting the Wabash, from the north-western regions; and though the passage is sometimes attended with great danger, on account of their crossing in light canoes, still they often venture. The islands in Lake Superior, where the great Portage enters, afford them resting places, and so much divide the distance as to render crossing no very difficult feat; thence coasting along the southern shore, they descend through St. Mary's River, into Lake Huron, and coast it,—or, entering Lake Michigan, through the straits of Michilimackinack, descend through the lake, into the limits of Indiana, and at no great distance from the head waters of the Wabash. This was the route by which Kenah had proceeded to the country in which Netnokwa lived, and by which he was now returning. Leaving him to prosecute his journey, and the hunters, with a perfect knowledge of the route he had taken, which they had learned from Oloompa, endeavouring to intercept him, we return to the camp of the Prophet.

CHAPTER XXII.

"With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And startling oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
The maid pursued her silent guide."

BYRON.

It will be recollected, that we left Tecumseh descending the Wabash, on his way to the south, having avowed to General Harrison, previous to his departure, that his object in going, was, not to prepare for war, but, in imitation of the whites, to form a bond of union among all the Indian tribes, solely for their own protection and self-preservation. He had given Elkswatawa the most positive injunctions not to commence hostilities during his absence; he had urged him to restrain those who were immediately under his command, until his return, when the signal should be given, and together they would strike a sure and heavy blow in some quarter where least expected. But scarcely had Tecumseh left, before appearances at the Prophet's camp, began to wear a more warlike aspect. The number assembled generally consisted of some five or six hundred warriors, who, by the continual

practising of mysterious rites, on the part of the Prophet, were excited to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the most positive orders to the contrary, aggressions were daily committed by them on the whites. From his camp, they made their incursions into the settlements, and to it they returned for protection. It served as a rallying point for all the Indians who committed depredations on the citizens of the United States; and when demanded, under one of the articles of a former treaty, the Prophet now, in every instance, refused to deliver them up. In consequence of this, the citizens along the frontiers became still more clamourous for energetic and offensive measures. A correspondence was opened between General Harrison and the Hon. Wm. Eustis, the then Secretary of War, in which all the information relative to the conduct of the Indians, was regularly forwarded. This produced, as was expected, an order from the War Department, requiring General Harrison to disperse the Prophet's band, and commence offensive operations, if they should be deemed necessary, but at the same time, if possible, to preserve peace.

In accordance with this order, a deputation was sent to Elkswatawa, requiring that the Indians assembled at his town should at once disperse, and that reparation should be made for the injuries which they had already committed, or that warlike operations would be forthwith commenced. This, together with a knowledge that large bodies of troops were then assembling at Vincennes, induced

the Prophet to send messengers in return, who were fully authorized to make such promises and professions of peace, in compliance with the terms required, as would be entirely satisfactory. By this means, that is, by making promises and delaying the fulfilment of them, Elkswatawa hoped he should be enabled to accomplish his design of awaiting the return of Tecumseh; inasmuch as it could not be expected that the terms required were to be performed at once. The Prophet himself wished for battle, and so did his immediate followers; yet he saw how unwise such a course would be at this time, while his brother was absent, and likewise, while the warriors of the vast confederacy which had already been formed were entirely ignorant of his design. To send messengers among them, and call them in, would be at once to throw off the mask and prepare for open warfare. This he could not do consistently with the pledge given Tecumseh, and he therefore resolved to use every possible exertion to preserve peace.

The messengers of the Prophet, whom we mentioned above as having been deputed by him, visited Vincennes late in September, 1811, and so successful were they, that they, in some measure, lulled the suspicions of the whites, and left the town under an impression that all would remain satisfied, and peace be preserved, at least for a time. But the continual assembling of warriors from a distance at Tippecanoe, and the daily necessity which the Prophet found for preaching his doctrines, and prac-

tising his rites, kept his followers, who always remained with him, in such a feverish state of excitement, that in sorrow he looked upon the vast machinery he had set in motion, and his heart was troubled when he saw that it was about to be deranged, before its accumulating and still increasing power could be brought to bear upon his great design; for scarcely a week elapsed after the return of his messengers, before aggressions were again committed by some of his band, and General Harrison determined at once on commencing offensive operations.

Early in October of this year, we find him encamped on the banks of the Wabash, about sixty-five miles above Vincennes, with a chosen body of troops, anxious to be led on against the Indians. Here he built a fort, which at the request of the officers, was called Fort Harrison, reconnoitred the adjacent country, and waited several days, with a hope of receiving a deputation from the Prophet, which might be able to explain away and satisfactorily adjust the differences which had lately arisen, in consequence of the violation of previous promises. Elkswatawa was aware of his approach, and with a hope of preserving peace, sent messengers, as he afterward stated, promising to comply with any demand which the Governor might make. The messengers, however, never arrived, and in consequence of it, the American army continued its march; and Elkswatawa learning this, began with great diligence to fortify his town, and place it in the best

possible state of defence, in order to protect himself against the attack of the whites, in case it should become impossible longer to preserve peace.

It was in November, 1811, and on the sixth of the month, that the army under General Harrison lay within a mile and a half of Tippecanoe. It had been regularly advancing until the present time, and yet the Indians had shown no disposition to treat for peace; and a halt was now called, for the purpose of allowing them farther time to do so. The consequence of the near proximity of the whites, called forth messengers on the part of the Prophet, who demanded in his name, why it was that the Americans were marching upon his town. They stated that the Prophet was anxious to avoid hostilities,—that he was ready to comply with the demands of the Governor, and had with that view sent messengers to him several days before, who must, unfortunately, have gone down the opposite side of the river from that on which the general was advancing, or he would have seen them. In answer to this, the grounds of complaint were again stated by General Harrison, who also added, that the messengers, although expected, had never arrived. Some further conversation took place,—the Indians were apparently sincere in their professions, and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon until the following day; when the Prophet, with the chiefs who were with him, was to meet General Harrison and his staff, and the terms of peace were then to be agreed upon between them.

The most eligible spot that could be selected

for passing the night, was now chosen by the American army, and this consisted of "a dry piece of ground, which rose about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front towards the town, and about twice as high above a similar prairie in the rear, through which, near the bank, ran a small stream, clothed with willows and brush-wood." Late in the evening, the army marched to the ground selected, and encamped for the night. The different companies were then disposed in order of battle, and in case of a night attack, which no one feared, they were ordered to occupy the ground upon which they were then placed; and in conformity with a general order, both officers and soldiers were required to rest in their clothes, with their arms by their sides. Sentries were then placed so as to guard every possible approach of the enemy, and the duties of the evening having been performed, groups of officers and soldiers might be seen standing around the camp fires, expressing their dissatisfaction that a peace which they thought would soon be broken, was about to be concluded, and they forced to return home, without having had a battle. This was mortifying to many, who had joined the army for the sake alone of gaining glory, and many also, were discontented because they were exasperated against the Indians on account of their many acts of petty aggression.

Such was the state of feeling, and the order of things in the American army, which now numbered more than eight hundred men, while that of the Prophet amounted to some five or six hundred.

On the one side was a body of disciplined troops, well armed and equipped for battle; on the other, a band of savages, armed, some with guns and rifles, the remainder with bows, tomahawks and war-clubs. It was at this time, and on the morning of the day that the American army arrived, when Kenah, who had now been absent nearly two months, entered alone into Tippecanoe. The Indians were so much excited, that his entrance was not observed by them, and he proceeded at once into the presence of Elkswatawa.

"Ha! Kenah," said he, "thou art welcome.—Where rests the old woman?"

"Without the walls of the town," answered Kenah; "she is guarded; the two maidens rest with her. Kenah seeks the Prophet, to know his will."

"Bring them into the camp," replied the Prophet; "place them within a cabin, and see that it be watched; and mark me, Kenah, it is the Prophet who speaks,—let not the old woman nor the pale face maiden venture out. The fresh air must not breathe upon their faces. Netnokwa is great, and might lead astray the red men. The pale face maiden would be torn limb from limb. Netnokwa's daughter is to be my brother's bride:—she is free, yet leaves not our camp. Does Kenah hear?" Kenah bowed assent, and Elkswatawa continued:—"Say to the old woman, when within her lodge, 'the Prophet gives her welcome to his camp;'—it will make her heart glad. And now, Kenah, put your finger upon your lips. Let your arrival be dark;—

the Prophet wishes no talk about a woman. The pale faces are crawling upon the lands of the red men, and the Prophet's heart is troubled. When they are gone, the Prophet will see to his prisoners. He says Kenah is true to his trust. He has spoken.——Yet stay, Kenah,—say to him who guards Netnokwa's cabin, 'death follows his steps, if he disobeys.' Away."

Kenah bowed, and without replying, retired from his presence, to obey his orders. Selecting a cabin for his prisoners, which, though at some distance from the rest, was so situated as to render escape on their part almost impossible, he returned to his party. Then causing Netnokwa and the maidens to wrap themselves up so as to conceal their faces, he led the way, and making them follow, soon safely lodged them in the cabin designated.—The warriors were generally engaged in another quarter, and the arrival of Netnokwa and her party was consequently unnoticed. Kenah then, selecting one of his band, ordered him to stand guard,—detailing to him, at the same time, the Prophet's injunctions, with the penalty threatened in case of disobedience. He then entered the cabin and approaching Netnokwa, said:—"The Prophet bids Kenah tell the old woman, 'she is welcome to his camp'."

"The Prophet bids the old woman welcome to his camp!" replied Netnokwa:—"When the panther springs upon the doe, he says 'welcome;' if the doe has two fawns, he says 'welcome' three times." Kenah replied not to her remark, but con-

tinued; "it is the Prophet's will that Netnokwa and the pale face maiden remain within this lodge:—they go not out, or the ground, like a thirsty dog, will drink their blood. Netnokwa's daughter is free to range our camp,* but ventures no farther, at the peril of her life. So says the Prophet."

"Netnokwa's daughter will remain within your lodge," replied Miskwa. "To be with her mother is freedom enough for her."

Kenah made no answer, but leaving the warrior on duty, he and the remainder of his band were soon mingling with the crowd.

Kenah and his party, whom we have seen safely lodged in the camp of the Prophet, arrived by the route before marked out as the one most likely to be selected by them. Oloompa and the hunters, leaving, as was stated, the south-western extremity of Lake Superior, were using all exertions to reach the point where Kenah and his party had disembarked, under a belief that thither they were bound, and with a hope of getting there in time to intercept them before their arrival. Yet, although the distance to be travelled by them, was much less than that which was to be accomplished by Kenah, they arrived too late. They reached there only in time to learn from an Indian they chanced to meet, that a party, described to be such as the one they were pursuing, had on the morning of the previous day, left the lake for the Prophet's camp.

* See note D.

"Now," said Earth, "this is what I call close work,—we have no time for talk. Oloompa, find the trail and let us be off."

"The best trail now," answered Oloompa, "is the shortest path; Oloompa knows the direction," and saying so, he pointed with his finger.

"Go on then," said Rolfe, and again they hurried away in pursuit.

Kenah entered Tippecanoe in the morning;—it was evening, and on the same day, when Oloompa pointed out to the hunters the situation of the town. All gazed at it in silence, when Earth said, "well, Rolfe, here this thing winds up. It must be brought to a focus now, and I am glad of it, for I am tired chasing people that I can't see."

"Are you sure, Earth, that she is in the camp?" inquired Rolfe.

"Ask Oloompa," said Earth.

Oloompa smiled at Rolfe's incredulity, and observed, "when Oloompa, for a whole moon, follows the wrong path, the bear, when the hunter strikes, will cease to struggle for its life."

"Then, Earth," said Rolfe, "now tell us what is best to be done?"

"No," said Earth, "we will all talk it over.—Come, Oloompa, the hunter acknowledges the red man is wiser than the white. Oloompa is young, but he has the wisdom of gray hairs: his advice is good."

Oloompa was evidently pleased with the compliment, but there was a slight curl of his lip, as if in scorn, when he turned to confer with the hunters.

The subject having been discussed, with all the plans suggested by each, it was agreed, that the whole party should lay concealed in the forest, until night sat in; that then, approaching nearer to the town, the hunters should conceal themselves, while Oloompa entered it, to search for Netnokwa and her party. Should the captive maiden be there, and an opportunity offer of rescuing her by stratagem, Oloompa was to effect it, and deliver her over to the hunters. In any event, he promised to return, and give them such information as he might be able to obtain; and while for them he promised to do this, his thoughts were chiefly engrossed by Miskwa, and he was revolving over and over in his own mind, what plan he should adopt in reference to her:—"If, with the white, Oloompa brings the red maiden, will the hunters harm her?" said he.

"No," said Earth, "although she is a red skin, by heaven, I swear to protect and defend her as I would my sister, were she living."

Rolfe readily promised the same, and eagerly cried, "Oh! bring her, Oloompa! bring both! and go with me; I will give thee a wigwam and lands, which shall be thy own, and thy days shall pass in peace and quiet.

"No," answered Oloompa; "I have said the red men and white can never dwell together. There must ever be a wall between them. Yet Oloompa is satisfied—the hunters will protect the red maiden?"

"They will," was the answer.

"Oloompa will visit the camp of the Prophet," said Rolfe, "and hear him preach; he may find the red maiden safe, and forget the white. The hunters wait for him; will he return?"

"Oloompa's promise is not a reed to be bent or broken," was the answer. "If Oloompa lives, the hunters shall see him. If the maiden can be brought without the camp, she comes with Oloompa."

It was now getting dark, and the party concealing their horses, began to approach the town. The hunters then selected a spot, where they promised to remain, and Oloompa moved on. Upon going off, he said:—"The hunters will not doubt Oloompa, for though it be deep in the night, he will return."

"We doubt thee not," said Rolfe, "return as soon as may be, and our blessings attend thee."

Night had now advanced an hour or two, when a single warrior, armed as if in readiness for battle, was seen to emerge from the forest, and bend his steps towards the Indian camp. He approached with the bold bearing of a welcome guest, and was nearing it, when the sound of the American drum in the distance, fell harsh upon his ears. He stopped, the sound stirred him to the inmost soul, and as each successive note fell harsher still, his countenance changed until it writhed in agony. The truth burst upon him, and hurriedly he entered the town. No one stood sentinel, nor at first, did even a warrior meet his eye; the cabins were untenanted, the doors swung open, and to all appearance the town was

deserted. But as madly he hurried on, the distant hum of suppressed voices was heard, and then in the moonlight was seen the bright gleam of arms, and soon after a dark mass of bodies closely gathered, showed that all the Indians were assembled in council.

When Oloompa discovered this, he stopped, and for a moment hesitated, not knowing the part which it was proper he should play. In the distance lay the camp of the whites, plainly visible from the fires which marked its situation. In it, he saw the enemies of his race, those whom he hated, and against whom he had sworn vengeance, to be extinguished but with his life. Gazing in another direction, yet near at hand, he saw the large gathered crowd of his own countrymen, attempting, no doubt, to organize some plan for destroying those who had dared to invade their lands; and securing to themselves vengeance for the wrongs they had suffered, as well as for those they were daily suffering. Seeing these things, his soul glowed with fiercest hate against the whites, and he felt that in his exertions to serve the hunters who belonged to that grasping race, he had, perhaps, wronged his countrymen; and he now regretted the promise he had made them. Then, as the storm of passion subsided, he thought of Miskwa; and when with that, came the belief that she had been brought a prisoner within the very walls of the town in which he now was, and that she was destined probably to become a victim to the Prophet's policy, or rather his cruelty, he was recalled to a sense of his situa-

tion. He recollected all he had accomplished;—he recurred to the deep confidence the hunters had placed in him, and he determined to attend the council, see what steps the Indians were about to adopt, and when it had adjourned, continue his search for Netnokwa and her party, and then, to act as, upon further consideration, he should deem advisable.

This resolution was no sooner formed, than he bent his steps towards the excited crowd, and mingling with them, became one of the council. He first looked round to see if he could discover the dreaded Prophet, but he saw no one whom he could identify as such. He heard nothing but bitter curses and denunciations against the whites; rage and fury filled the breasts of all, and they were crying out to be led on to battle. His own passions were kindled by the hoarse breathings of vengeance around him, and never was there a more excited multitude. They counted not numbers, they questioned not success; they were burning with vengeance, and only anxious to quench it at once in the blood of the whites.

Elkswatawa had now a difficult part to play. He had raised a storm which he could not control; he had excited his followers until they were lost to reason, and now, like raging beasts, were chafing against their bounds in order to get loose. This was what he apprehended, when he urged Tecumseh to take some decisive step before his departure for the south. He, himself, was burning with rage; his soul writhed with agony when he saw the fires

of his enemies under the walls of his town, and not one of the crowd was more anxious for immediate battle than himself. But then there were many reasons why peace, if attainable at any sacrifice, should still be preserved. He had promised Tecumseh, who absent, was now labouring for the common cause, that no act on the part of the whites, should force the Indians to hostilities. His town, though strongly fortified, contained only his own immediate followers, and they were far less numerous than the army before them. The warriors of the confederacy he had formed, were entirely ignorant of his situation, and to hazard a battle now, was not to avail himself of the power he really possessed; but it was to place his success upon a single chance, where the odds were greatly against him. Aware of all this, he had sent messengers, with professions of peace, to General Harrison while on his march; and still, with the hope of obtaining it, had, on the arrival of the American army, renewed his professions, and expressed a willingness to meet the whites in council on the following day, when he would accede to all their demands. This, for the reasons before stated, was now his determination, and nerving himself for the crisis, he resolved to oppose the calls which his followers were clamorously making to be led on against the whites.

Rising in council, Elkswatawa urged to them the reasons why peace should be preserved. He reminded them of his promise to Tecumseh; he told them of the impropriety of striking without the aid

of their brothers of other tribes; he called their attention to the fact, that the American army was greatly superior to them in numbers, and dwelt upon the evil consequences which would result from their being beaten. He unfolded to them his plans; he showed them the necessity there was, that success beyond a doubt, should crown their first effort,—again urged them to peace,—then, awaited their response.

The power of the Prophet was gone; and his arguments for procrastination were only answered with cries for vengeance and immediate battle. In Elkswatawa, they still had implicit confidence as a Prophet. He had predicted, and proclaimed to them, time after time, that success would attend them in all their exertions. He had told them that the Great Spirit would turn the balls of the whites aside, and render them harmless; and that he would give light to the Indians, while their enemies should be involved in darkness. They reminded him of this, told him that the whites were now under the walls of his town, and that the Great Spirit would, as he had promised, deliver them over into the hands of the Indians.

When Elkswatawa heard these things, he determined to refuse no longer, but to yield his consent. Without it, he saw that his character was lost, even with his own followers; and it was better to hazard a battle, and run the chance for success, than quietly to surrender without a struggle. Having come to this determination, after several attempts, he obtained silence. He then requested that a commu-

nication which he was about to make to them, should be received in silence, lest from their noise, they should indicate their intentions to the whites. All was hushed, and the Prophet then informed them that they should be led to battle, at the same time stating that the reason why he had refused at first, was that he was anxious that the red men from distant tribes should be present, to share the victory, and to see the predictions of the Prophet fulfilled. At this annunciation, there were bursts of joy, and a few half suppressed war whoops were heard, notwithstanding the positive orders which had been given to the contrary. Elkswatawa then called some of the most influential of his followers close around him, and together, they discussed the mode of attack best to be adopted. Among them, it was finally agreed, that they should meet the whites in council on the next day, lull their suspicions by acceding to all their demands, and then, at an unexpected moment, assassinate the General and commence the attack. Having resolved upon this plan, the Prophet told it to the assembled crowd, and asked if there were any persons present who would volunteer to devote themselves to death, in effecting the assassination of the general. Two warriors were heard to cry out in the affirmative, and being called, they approached and stood before the Prophet. Upon inquiry, they were both found to be members of the tribe of Pottowatamies; and upon their again renewing the wish, that the duty required should be assigned to them, they received the blessing of the Prophet, and leaving him, were

soon lost in the crowd. The council was then adjourned, and the warriors ordered to disperse, in order to prepare themselves for the coming day. But it was soon manifest that they were dissatisfied; for as they hurried away, they would gather in groups, and discuss over, and over again, the plan which had been adopted. Their wishes were for a night attack; the predictions of the Prophet had induced them to regard the American camp as already their own, and they were anxious at once to be unloosed, that they might revel in the carnage of the whites.

While the council lasted, Oloompa's bosom was agitated by more contending emotions than I can describe, and when it was over he left the crowd, resolving to take part in the struggle on the coming day, and for the present to search the town, that he might learn the fate of Netnokwa and the maidens. That they had preceded him, and were now within the same walls with himself, he felt confident, and he at once began the task. He made no inquiries, fearing that were he to do so, he might excite suspicion; but wandering from cabin to cabin in a careless and indifferent manner, he examined each. The Indians, excited, were moving to and fro with hurried steps in every direction, and on this account the conduct of Oloompa, which at another time might have appeared singular, was entirely unnoticed by them.

He had now continued his search nearly throughout the town, and the disappointment consequent upon his not finding Netnokwa and her party, as he had expected, was causing him to forget the

more exciting circumstances of his situation, when, as chance directed, he bent his steps toward the part of the town at which she had entered, and was proceeding to examine a single cabin which stood apart from the rest, when he was hailed by the warrior whom Kenah had left on duty. Not thinking for a moment, that Oloompa could have any definite object in wandering idly about, as he seemed to be, he called to him, to come and give a detail of the proceedings which had been adopted in council. Oloompa approached, and expressing some surprise that a warrior should have been absent from so important a meeting, learned the welcome intelligence, that his absence was owing to his having been ordered by the Prophet to stand guard over some women, who had been brought prisoners to his camp. At these tidings Oloompa's feelings fluttered with delight, for those he sought were in the cabin before him: there was the pale face maiden, in serving whom he had already encountered so many hardships, and there was Miskwa, whom he now loved more dearly than his life. These things deeply moved him, yet he was apparently calm, and began to narrate minutely to the sentinel that which had happened in council. It was all new to him, and he seemed well pleased and much excited at the struggle which was to take place on the morrow. Oloompa then elicited from him a history of his journey, together with a description of his captives, the orders of the Prophet in relation to them, and his views of the probable fate which awaited them. He learned that Kenah and his party had reached

the camp without being aware that they were pursued, and had arrived by the route along which he had traced them. He also ascertained, that the red maiden was free to leave the lodge if she pleased, while her mother and the white maiden were to be strictly confined. From this circumstance he concluded, that the two latter were to be adjudged to death, and with this he recollected, that were it known that a pale face girl was in the camp, excited as the warriors now were, no exertions, however great, would be sufficient to preserve her life. Circumstances showed that there was no time to be lost, and he determined at once to act.

In the cabin now, all was quiet. A small fire was glimmering on the hearth, just enough to show that around it were grouped Netnokwa and the two maidens. They sate in deep silence, brooding over their respective situations, and despair was stamped upon the brow of each; the bosom of Gay would sometimes heave with convulsive throbs, and a slight shudder, as if she was cold, would pass over her frame. Oloompa, still continuing to converse with the sentinel, carelessly withdrew his tomahawk from his belt, and filling the bowl of it with tobacco, entered the cabin as though it were a mere matter of course, apparently for the purpose of lighting his pipe. As he entered, there was a slight stir among the females, and when they discovered that his object seemed merely to get some fire, they moved that he might approach. The light was not sufficient at first to show his features, and advancing, he made a signal for silence; then taking Mis-

kwa's hand pressed it affectionately, and whispered in her ear the word, Oloompa;—as though she had received an electric shock, was her whole frame agitated, and then, like the sudden bursting out of the sun, when the heavens have been obscured by a dark cloud, was the change in Miskwa's countenance from despair to pleasure;—her whole face sparkled with beauty, and she returned Oloompa's recognition, yet was silent. He then proceeded to stir the fire, and while he did this, Miskwa whispered to Gay, who instantly started up and gazing wildly about her, was by Oloompa hushed into silence. With agony traced in every lineament of her face, she gazed on him, and with difficulty articulating, she uttered in a suppressed voice the words, "Where is he?"—

"Without the camp, and waiting for you," replied Oloompa, at the same time pressing his finger to his lips, and pointing to where the sentinel stood. Gay could restrain her feelings no longer, but uttered a cry of delight; it arrested the attention of the guard, who, believing that Oloompa was frightening the maiden, called to him to come away, and let her alone; that her time would come soon enough. Oloompa whispered to Miskwa to leave the lodge and walk about in the camp. At the sound of his words, Netnokwa waked into life. He then lit his pipe, and fearing lest he should excite suspicion, was soon carelessly conversing again with the guard. The coming struggle was an exciting subject, and in it all other thoughts were apparently merged. The warrior now on duty would be re-

lieved about midnight, and he was anxiously awaiting the time when, released from guarding women, he should begin to prepare to fight against men.

Nearly an hour had elapsed since Oloompa left the cabin, when Miskwa presented herself at the door, saying, "the daughter of Netnokwa will venture abroad in the camp; it is the Prophet's will that she should do so when she pleases."

"She can do so," replied the guard; "but death follows her steps if she goes without it."

Miskwa made no answer, but leaving the cabin, went, apparently, towards the most crowded part of the town.

"Dost not our brother fear?" said Oloompa, addressing the guard, "she goes so far, his eyes cannot follow her."

"Her mother is here;" was the answer. "Her love for her mother is a strong cord; it will draw her back. But if she escapes, the wrath of the Prophet would descend on our head. She must sure return;—will our brother watch her?" Oloompa answered that he would, and relieving himself from his rifle and hunting accoutrements, he deposited them at the cabin door, thinking, that in so doing, he would strengthen the confidence which seemed already to have sprung up between himself and the sentinel, and it would also give him an excuse for returning to the cabin in the event of his wishing it. He then hastened away to keep a watch upon Miskwa. Getting without sight of the guard, he approached her, a hurried recognition took place; then withdrawing beyond the reach of observation,

they recounted to each other all that had happened since they parted, and dwelt upon their present painful situation. There was little time for regret, and they began to discuss what was best to be done. Miskwa told him that she had been permitted by the Prophet to venture abroad, under the belief on his part, that she was to be Tecumseh's bride; but denied, positively, that she had any such intention. For herself, being unrestrained, she now had no care, and all her alarm was for her mother and the captive maiden. What fate awaited them she knew not, yet her fears caused her to anticipate the worst. What was to be the result of the coming struggle, or what influence it might exert upon the conduct of the Prophet towards them, it was impossible to foretell. Oloompa hearing these things, suggested to her the possibility there was of her escaping with the pale face maiden. The hunters were without the town, awaiting their coming, and ready to defend both at the hazard of their lives. But with the discussion came proofs that it was impracticable. For, even were the sentinel despatched who guarded the cabin, the town was filled with warriors, passing in every direction; their flight would surely be observed, and a sudden death pay the penalty of their attempt. Could they succeed in getting without the walls, Netnokwa was old and decrepid, and would most certainly be overtaken. Oloompa then persuaded her to leave her mother, and endeavoured to convince her that a worse fate awaited her than she apprehended.

"No," said the maiden, "when Miskwa was

helpless, her mother nursed her. Miskwa will live or die with her mother."

Oloompa was silent; and the maiden continued: "Miskwa loves the pale face, and her heart bleeds to see her in the Prophet's camp. Miskwa can leave her lodge whenever she pleases. She will make the pale face maiden look like Miskwa, then send her out. Oloompa can take her and carry her to the white man who waits for her. Their hearts will then be glad, and Miskwa will love Oloompa. When Oloompa serves Miskwa's friend, he serves Miskwa. Speak,—what says Oloompa?"

Oloompa was recalled to a sense of his promise, by the suggestion, and a feeling of pleasure lighted up his countenance when he reflected that it was practicable. "Oloompa will do it," he answered; "he promised to bring the maiden to the hunters. He will serve them, and then he is free; but what becomes of Miskwa?"

In answer to this, Miskwa again reiterated her anxious desire that the captive maiden should be as soon as possible restored to the hunters, and that then, should it be practicable for herself and mother to escape, that they would seize the first opportunity to do so. She then added,—"Oloompa, now we part;—the pale face shall seem to be a red maiden; follow her steps when she leaves the lodge. Deliver her safe to her friends who seek her. Then let thy return to the camp be as swift as the flight of the eagle. Miskwa will prove to Oloompa she loves him." Then, before he could reply, away she darted; and

happy with what he had just heard, he followed on only close enough to see her re-enter the lodge, where were imprisoned her mother and friend.—Then, approaching the sentinel, he observed, "the maiden plays about like a deer in the moonlight; she came this way; has she entered?"

"She is safe within," was the answer, and Oloompa, leaving for the purpose of again mingling with the crowd, promised that he would return, and tell if any tidings had come from the camp of the whites, or any change of plan had been agreed upon among the warriors.

It was now late in the night, and entering that part of the town in which the Indians were mostly crowded together, he found them still excited and dissatisfied:—all had their arms, and none seemed at all disposed to rest. Here he remained for some time, mingling promiscuously with the crowd, and learned that their present excitement was owing to an attempt on their part to have another council called, and the mode of attack which had been agreed upon in the early part of the evening, changed. They wished to substitute in its place a night attack. They were anxious for immediate battle;—they were now more clamorous than they had been before, and some even hinted, that as the whites were under the very walls of their town, they could not escape them, and that it would be wise to disobey the commands of the Prophet; because, in so doing, they could satiate at once their thirst for vengeance. Oloompa, fearing that some immediate steps would be taken, which would tend

to operate against the escape of the captive, and, having been absent nearly long enough to allow her to assume her disguise, returned again to the cabin, and withdrew the attention of the sentinel from its inmates, by describing to him the feelings and wishes of the warriors he had left, and his belief that they would force the Prophet to change the plan which had been adopted, and lead them against the whites before the day dawned. While thus conversing, he walked to and fro before the door, and saw one who seemed an Indian maiden press the hand of Netnokwa, and then throw herself on the bosom of Miskwa. Oloompa was agitated,—he felt that the moment of trial was come, and he renewed his effort to interest the sentinel. As he again passed before the door, he discovered Miskwa pressing forward the captive, in order to make her leave the lodge. He stopped, and standing just before the warrior, directed his attention to the heavens, and asked him the hour of the night. A moment passed,—there was the rustling of a garment heard,—a maiden left the lodge, and looking carelessly about her, walked farther into the town.

"The old woman's daughter is fond of moonlight," said the sentinel, as she passed on; "she likes not her cage."

The remark was not heard by the maiden, and Oloompa made no reply; for at that moment, a warrior was seen passing along, and summoning the red men again to council. No sooner was the glad call heard, than there was hurrying past to the place of meeting. Oloompa kept his eyes upon the

maiden, as she now stood looking upon the town, and started forward apparently as if he designed to follow the crowd. The warrior on duty was relieved, his time having expired, and forgetting to mention that a prisoner was absent, he hurried away to the council. Oloompa, passing by where the captive stood, whispered to her to follow him, and moved slowly on in the direction in which all seemed hurrying. When he had gotten without sight of the cabin he left, and found that most of the crowd had passed him, he stopped, and pointing out a small path to the maiden, told her to follow it to the walls of the town, where he would meet her. He then passed on to the council, and, remaining only for an instant, proceeded by a circuitous route, to the place designated. The captive maiden awaited him, and upon his arrival, ran forward to express her gratitude. Oloompa motioned her to be silent, and assisting her out of the camp, they proceeded to the spot where he had left the hunters. Upon nearing it, a hoarse voice cried out, "who comes there?" and the barrel of a rifle was seen to gleam in the moonlight.

"Oloompa and the captive maiden," was the answer.

Rolfe rushed forward, but drew back when he beheld the figure before him.

The captive maiden cried, "Richard! it is Gay! —it is Gay, though she seems not to be;" and in an instant more she was clasped to the bosom of Rolfe.

A few moments passed :—the first wild burst of feeling consequent upon their meeting had scarcely subsided, when Rolfe, calling her attention to Earth, told her that he was the friend to whom she owed so much, and bade her thank him. "A thousand, thousand thanks!" she cried, extending her hand to Earth. "They are a poor offering for so much service, yet they are all that Gay now has to give."

Earth was much affected, and replied not to her, but turning to Rolfe, said,—"Rolfe, I wish you had not told her any thing about thanking me; you know that to make a friend happy, is as much as Earth ever desires."

"Hunters," cried Oloompa, who, since he delivered up Gay, had been quietly looking on, "listen;—the hour has now come,—we have travelled a long path to its end,—we part for ever."

"Noble, noble Oloompa!" cried Rolfe, cordially grasping his hand, "oh! say not so; come, love us, and dwell with us, and let us be friends. All that the white man has, shall be yours."

Oloompa replied :—"See you yon fires which burn in the distance? There are encamped the enemies of Oloompa's race. They come to drive the red men from their town, and force them still farther into the depths of the forest. Oloompa saw this, yet he brought the maiden to her lover. He served the white man; he has redeemed his promise, and is now free. Farewell!" and saying so, he turned to depart.

"Stay! stay! Oloompa!" cried Rolfe;—"oh! name some way in which I can pay thee for all that thou hast done for me."

"Oloompa wants nothing of the hunters," was the answer.

"And what becomes of the red maiden?" inquired Rolfe.

"Oloompa knows not," he replied. "Dark clouds hang over the land. He cannot see through them. Oloompa has no time; the white maiden will tell all."

"Oh!" cried Gay, "should they escape, bring her,—Oloompa! do bring her, with her mother, and dwell with me.—I owe them gratitude and love, and even life."

Oloompa made no reply, and Rolfe continued:—"Oloompa! do come. You know where our wigwam is; my home will be that of the maiden, and we shall ever be happy to see those who have loved and served us. The time may come, when Oloompa will not think as he now does. Then, should it please heaven to deliver from the Prophet's hands Netnokwa and her daughter, oh! come with them to our lodge, and we will give you a wigwam, supply all your wants, and love you as friends."

Oloompa was still silent, and seeing that he would not reply, Gay continued:—"Oloompa! will you leave us in anger, after having done so much that we can never repay? Miskwa would not do so."

"Maiden," replied he, "could a pale face make Oloompa change, it would be the one before me;

and had Oloompa never known other whites than those he now sees, he would never have hated their race as he does. As a people, they have wronged him, and he has sworn in the bitterness of his soul to be avenged. The white man knows Oloompa will keep his promise. Oloompa's bosom is open; he does not wrap himself up when he talks to the white man: Go, hunters, Oloompa hates the whites, but he has given you his hand in friendship, and he would not harm you. Bear the maiden away with the speed of an arrow, for, ere to-morrow's sun goes down, death will be abroad in the land."

"Oloompa," said Rolfe, "once more let me entreat you to give up your schemes of vengeance, and go and dwell with me."

"Seek not vengeance!" answered Oloompa;—"when the fires of the whites are kindled on the lands of the red men! Sooner bid a mother not seek for the child she has lost. The hunter loves the white maiden; he has travelled far to find her.—Does he now ask Oloompa to leave the red maiden a prisoner in the Prophet's camp? Far sooner would Oloompa be torn limb from limb, and thrown in fragments as food for dogs. Oloompa has spoken,—we must now part,"—and saying so, he extended his hand to Gay.

"Oloompa," she cried, "tell Netnokwa I love her as a mother, and bear to Miskwa my fond, my sisterly regard. Tell her to remember one who can never forget her, and whose only wish is that she may have an opportunity of serving her. And need I tell you how pleased I shall be to hear of

their safety! And oh! should happier days await them, bring her with her mother to my home, and again will Gay bless and thank you."

"May the Great Spirit watch over and protect you as though you were his only child," replied Oloompa, turning from her.

He then bade the hunters farewell, again cautioned them to hurry away with the maiden, and started forward to the Indian camp. As he left, tears flowed from the eyes of Gay, the manly bosom of Rolfe heaved with emotion, and even Earth, the cold, the bitter enemy of the wild race from which Oloompa sprung, felt deeply, and frankly expressed the high admiration he entertained for his noble foe. He also added his most earnest wishes that the storm which impended might pass away, and peace and happiness crown the evening hours of Oloompa.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come:
Charge, charge!—'t is too late to retreat."

DRYDEN.

THE spot where Oloompa left Rolfe and his party, and which they still occupied, was a small glade or opening in the forest about half a mile from Tippecanoe, and nearly the same distance from the American camp. It commanded a tolerable view of each, yet they were now rendered rather indistinct by the continual passing of dense heavy clouds over the face of the moon, and by a thin mist which also seemed settling over the land. For some time after he left them, they gazed in silence on the scene. In one direction, lay the Indian town, faintly discernible through the "struggling moon beams' misty light," and apparently as quiet as though it were the abode of peace and contentment; for from it there came not a sound, and nothing indicated life therein, save the occasional gleam of a torch which suddenly burst upon the view, and then flitted away before you could mark its place. In another, lay the camp of the whites, equally quiet, yet wearing

a less gloomy appearance, for their fires burned brightly, and imparted a degree of cheerfulness to the scene.

When the flow of feeling consequent upon Oloompa's departure had somewhat subsided, "Come, Rolfe," said Earth, "let us do something; and first let me advise that we go a little within the forest, for were any one now to pass here, we should be discovered."

"For Heaven's sake then, let us go;" said Gay, "and oh! Richard, let us escape quickly, for should they find that I have left the camp, they will come in pursuit."

"Fear not, lady," said Earth, "they are now thinking of other things;—you will not be pursued to-night."

"Then say, Earth," said Rolfe, "what shall we do? shall we take Oloompa's advice, and hurry away, or seek safety within the American camp."

"Rolfe," said Earth, "I can't hurry away, that is out of the question; I don't believe I could leave a chance like this, to save my life; and yet I hardly know what to do. Oloompa has behaved nobly; I didn't think it was in a red skin."

"Oh! that he has," cried Gay, "and so has Miskwa and Netnokwa; who could have been kinder?"

"Well," continued Earth, "as I was going to say, he has told us what he thinks best, and he has his reasons for telling us what he did. Now, you can see from the fact that the whites are encamped so near to their town, that the Prophet is amusing them with professions of peace. If that was not the

case, you know, that as they came all the way here to punish the Ingens for their late doings, they would have attacked them at once. From Oloompa's hint, the Ingens may intend to strike a blow to-night, but they can't do any thing; the whites must beat 'em if they have a fight, for, you may be certain, General Harrison would never have come so far upon their lands without men enough to answer his purpose. My notion, therefore, is, that if we could once get within the camp, we should be safe. But, Rolfe, I don't like their large fires, we can see every thing that's going on in the camp. Look in the Ingen town; they are too keen for that."

"Then, Earth," said Rolfe, "if there is a doubt, had we not better seek safety in flight?"

"Rolfe," answered Earth, "that will not do. If I was to run off now, and the Ingens and whites were to take a brush, I don't think I should ever git over it, as long as I lived."

"Well, Earth, you may take a brush or not, as you please, but I am determined to adopt some plan for our safety."

"Rolfe," replied Earth, "you are getting mighty independent all at once; I didn't say that I was so run mad for a fight, as you seem to think, that I would take a brush whether any body else did or not. I merely meant that if they went at it, I should like to go snacks;—and, I say agin, if they were to do it, and I didn't have a hand, it would go with me to my grave. I don't believe I should ever hold my head up agin as long as I lived. But I am just as much determined to see this lady safe as you are."

"Then, good sir," said Gay, addressing Earth, "please let us fly, and you go with us; then we shall all be safe."

"Lady," answered Earth, "we cannot fly, for old Juno is as stiff as if he had the rheumatics, and all we could do, would be to move on in a short trot."

His remark was perfectly unintelligible to Gay, and turning to Rolfe, she said, "tell me, what does he mean, Richard?"

Rolfe smiled at the artless manner in which she asked it, and replied, "He means, my love, that his horse is foundered from pursuing the party who brought you here captive;" then turning to Earth, said, "I did not think of that, Earth; our horses are surely in no condition to travel."

"No," answered Earth, "I said old Juno might move in a short trot, but I don't believe one of 'em could move a peg, if you were to place a dozen ears of corn in their sight, and just so far that they couldn't reach it; and you know, if any thing could jerk 'em out of their places, that would be the thing to do it. They were stiff when we got off of them, and the thing is worse now; for they have been standing some six or eight hours, or perhaps longer, —for it is so cloudy that I can't exactly see what is the hour. No, Rolfe, 'taint worth while to talk about running away; as I said before, the best thing we can do, is to enter the camp. Let us get as near to it as we can to-night, and when morning comes, go in;—we shall then be safe."

"Would it not be better for us to go in to-night?" inquired Rolfe.

"No," answered Earth, "that would be rather dangerous; you can see from here, that in the camp they all seem to be asleep; the sentries are, no doubt, keeping a bright watch, and if we were to go poking about there to-night, we might be used up as so many Ingens, before we could make them know who we were."

"That we should," said Gay; "Richard, you know they would take me for an Indian; and indeed, I should feel ashamed to go into the camp in the morning disguised as I am. Will you not let me try and get off some of the paint first?"

"My love," answered Rolfe, "that is a matter of no moment, they will only compliment you for your heroism, and respect you the more for the dangers you have escaped."

"A woman will be a woman, "said Earth; "she cares more now about the paint on her face, than she does about the fear of being scalped."

"Oh! how can you say so," said Gay.

"Come, Rolfe," said Earth, "I think we had better be moving; it must be getting towards day, and every thing is so quiet now, that we cannot have a better time. We must leave the horses to take their chance, and I will return and see about them to-morrow."

"Then move on," said Rolfe, "we will follow," and starting off, Earth led the way, saying, "step lightly, and let no one speak until we stop."

The ground over which they were now to pass, was somewhat broken, and covered in many places with thick dwarf bushes; through these, they had with the utmost caution made their way, and were now nearing an open prairie, covered with tall grass, which lay immediatly in front of the camp, and between it and the Indian town. Earth halted a moment when he beheld it, and seemed to hesitate as if doubting whether it were prudent to proceed or not. But gazing around, and seeing nothing to excite his fears, he whispered to his companions, "stoop low, and move on." He had now continued his way some short distance further, and until a small cluster of bushes indicated that there the land was rather drier than that over which they had just been passing, and thither he bent his steps. But no sooner had he reached the little knoll upon which they grew, than stopping suddenly, he beckoned to his companions, and when they had approached him, crouched down and motioned to them to do the same.

"What see you?" said Rolfe.

Earth made no reply, but pressed his finger to his lips, and then raised his hand to his ear, as if endeavouring to catch some passing sound. Not a moment elapsed, before there was heard the light step of coming feet. "Lay closer down," said Earth. The sound increased, and then died away, as though it proceeded from persons who were passing. When all seemed quiet, Earth gently raised his head, and scarcely did he do so, before he heard persons moving in another direction, and

through the dim moonlight, saw a party of Indian warriors treading their way with hurried, though cautious steps, toward the camp of the whites. Then listening a moment,—"by gum, Rolfe, the prairie is nat'ally alive with them; I can hear them in every direction; we did run a great risk; they must have seen us when we crossed that piece of grass, and taken us for Ingens, I reckon."

"Oh! then I fear we shall yet be discovered," cried Gay.

"Oh, hush! Rolfe, I wish you would make her be quiet. There will be all sorts of work presently; the Ingens are moving on to attack the whites."

"Oh, God!" said Rolfe, "is it possible? may they not be reconnoitring?"

"No," answered Earth; "in a night attack they generally go off in small parties; hardly ever more than three or four at a time."

"Oh!" cried Gay, "is there no way in which we can give our friends notice? Should the Indians enter the camp while they sleep, they will all be massacred."

"This is what Oloompa meant," said Rolfe, "when he told us to hurry away."

"Yes," said Earth, "and we may wish we had taken his advice. I do wish those fires were out,—hush!" and at that moment, two Indians were seen to glide by, within rifle shot:—"Look at them," continued Earth, "there can be no mistake, and I am not sure but that the camp is surrounded before this."

"Is there no way," repeated Gay, "in which we can warn the whites of their danger?"

"Lady, you are the real genuine," said Earth; "most people would think of themselves first; but you are right; if the Ingens get into the camp before the whites have notice, they will use 'em all up. I think a single life is nobly disposed of, when given for the preservation of many, so I will slip away and risk it;—hush!"—then listening,—"I hear some more passing along on the edge of the prairie. I will try and get into the camp if I can; if not, I will fire my gun and give the alarm. But oh! Rolfe, if I can only get inside, and tell them what the Ingens are about, we will have as much fun as if we were shooting turkies at a bait." Then rising,—"good bye, may God bless you both."

"Stop, stop!" said Gay, addressing him, "I did not mean that you should go."

"Lady, I intended it from the first minute;—I was only waiting for them to stop passing a little, that I might at least have a chance to do some good."

"Earth," said Rolfe, quickly, "what is to become of us, if you leave?"

"Oh! I can do no good by remaining now," said Earth; "you had better conceal yourselves as well as you can, and remain where you are;—keep a sharp look out, and if an Ingen comes near you, shoot him down. You will hardly be in danger, unless they stumble over you, for you see they have something else to think of. Watch how the battle

goes, and if you find it going against us, why do the best you can; take the woods, and try and reach the settlements. The Ingens are now passing in every direction:—it will not do for you to stir yet; so, hide awhile longer; keep close, until the rifles begin to talk pretty pert, then, if you choose, get as far as you can from the town, and wait the result. If the Ingens are beaten, come to the camp, and if every thing goes well, we shall again meet; if not, why, as I said before, do the best you can; and as in that event, I shall probably be used up, we had as well, before we part, shake hands; for it may be for the last time." Taking Gay's hand, he grasped it cordially, saying,—"lady, these little fingers tell that the forest should not have been thy home.—Good bye! may heaven bless you."—then, turning to Rolfe,—"well, Rolfe, we have seen some strange things in our time. I wish I had told you, before we parted, of the last fight that old Jupe had; but I hav'nt time now. If I should happen to quit to night, why sometimes think of Earth when you take a glass, and recollect, that though a rough fellow, his intentions were always to do what he believed right. Farewell!"

Gay and Rolfe made no reply, but were much affected, and moving off, Earth turned and said,—"there is one thing I forgot, which I had as well tell you: you are both young, and likely to travel the same path; so, try and go along in a spirit of compromise; we all have our quirks, and it is no use to get cross about small things;" and still talk-

ing, he glided away through the grass, and his last words which were heard by Rolfe, were,—"take a brush."

Continuing to approach the camp, Earth moved on as cautiously as though he were one of the party of Indians now attempting to surprise it; thinking that, even should he be seen, he would not be recognized, but regarded merely as one of the assailing band. Leaving him to continue his exertions to enter the camp, we must return for a moment to the Prophet.

As Oloompa expected when he left Tippecanoe, the warriors succeeded in forcing the Prophet to give them immediate battle, and in accordance with that resolve, they all left the town, and at the moment that Earth was endeavouring to enter the American camp, they were creeping stealthily around it, or rather, lying down, were cautiously drawing their bodies through the grass and bushes. When Elkswatawa determined to fight, he again resumed the character of Prophet, which for a few moments he had laid aside, in his great anxiety to preserve peace, and calling his warriors around him previous to their setting out, he reiterated to them his predictions of success beyond a doubt, and renewed the promise of the Great Spirit, that the balls of the whites should fall harmless among them, and that they should have light, while their enemies would be involved in darkness. The fiat of Heaven itself could not have inspired them with more confidence, and scarcely were the words uttered, before stealing away in small parties, they began to surround

the American camp, with a hope of realizing its truth.

When the plan of attack was determined on, at the Prophet's suggestion it was also agreed, that he himself was not to mingle in the fight; his person was too sacred; but, remaining in the rear, he was to direct by his counsel, and hold intercourse with the Great Spirit. The object of the Indians in surrounding the camp, and approaching it so cautiously, was at a given signal to despatch all the sentries, and rushing forward before the whites could be organized, commence the massacre. At the time that Earth left Rolfe, they had already approached so near to the American lines, that even the guards as they moved on their posts were heard by them, and still all went well. Not a whisper, not a sound, save the heavy tread of the sentinel as he walked his path, broke upon the ear. Leaving them for a moment, let us enter within the camp of the whites.

It now wanted a quarter of four o'clock, and General Harrison had already risen, and was conversing with his aids, who, wrapped in their blankets, were reclining around him.

"How long before we shall turn out, general?" was asked by one of them.

"Ten minutes;"—was the reply.

The mist, which for some hours had been gathering over the land, was now condensed into a cold drizzling rain; thick clouds swept by ever and anon, obscuring the moon, and all was hushed in silence, when the report of a gun rang through the

camp, and with it came the war-whoop of five or six hundred Indians. Then, in an instant, was heard the long roll of the drum, and there was hurrying to and fro, "and mounting in hot haste," and swift winged messengers of death were flying in every direction. From one end of the camp to the other, there was heard the crash of arms, and the whites fired against an unseen enemy, and yet they saw themselves falling, fast and thick. It was now discovered that their camp fires only served to render them visible, while they tended more effectually to conceal the Indians. They were, therefore, hurriedly covered over, and then the doings of death were done in darkness, or by faint glimpses caught from the red glare of the discharging guns. On each side might be seen the impetuous onset, and the deadly struggle; and men fell grappling hand to hand, yet saw not the face of him who dealt the blow.

While thus the battle raged, the Prophet was stationed on an eminence at a comfortable distance, and though he fought not, he sang loud and long, and howled his war song until it reached the ears of his warriors. But now a messenger came from them with the tidings that, counter to his predictions, the balls of the whites came straight, and that his men were falling. "Fight on! fight on!" cried the Prophet, "it will soon be as I said;" and when his answer was borne to his warriors, they again rushed upon their enemies, and the tomahawk struggled for life or death with the musket. The bayonet was pushed aside and the soldier brained

with the war-club, and hand to hand they fought, and yielded not. On each side would the combatants, with a recklessness of life scarcely ever before witnessed, approach the fires and mend them up, for the purpose of adjusting their firelocks. They then afforded a fair mark, and rarely, if ever, returned to their ranks. Thus they fought until morning dawned; but now that discipline and tactics were brought into play, valour could do no more. The half-armed Indians could no longer contend with deep lines of well armed soldiery. There was no longer hope, and they left the field, and were beaten; yet for the red men who had fallen many times their number of whites had found a sad and speedy death; and among them were several officers—noble spirits—who embodied in their own characters all that was ennobling in human nature, and during the short time of that struggle, won for themselves fame, which will perish only when the battle itself shall be forgotten.

The details of this battle prove it, on the part of the Indians, to have been the best contested engagement ever fought by them; and when we take into consideration the many disadvantages under which they laboured, when we reflect that they were fewer in number than their opponents, that they were badly armed, and not knowing the use of cartridges, were obliged to load by guess in the dark, while the whites possessed all the advantages belonging to a well disciplined and well equipped corps, we cannot but commend the bravery with which they commenced and sustained the attack. They fought

with a desperation never before witnessed, and yielded only, when farther resistance was absolute madness. This was no doubt owing to the faith which they had in the declarations of the Prophet, who had often told them that success was certain; and likewise to the high state of excitement generated by the continual performance of his mysterious rites. When the Indians retreated, they re-entered their town, and the whites, content with their advantage, did not pursue them, but passed the day in burying their dead, taking care of the wounded, and fortifying their camp, lest the attack should be renewed. To them, the seventh of November was a sad day, for very many of their companions who had arrived the evening before, flushed with hope, were numbered among the slain.

The firing had long ceased, and morning was several hours advanced, when two persons were seen to emerge from the forest, and approach the American lines. Earthquake, who had reached the camp too late to warn the whites of their danger, but who had nevertheless succeeded in entering it and had borne himself gallantly in the conflict, was the first to discover them, and rushing forward he heartily congratulated them upon their safety.

"Well, Rolfe, what became of you?"

"Why, we took your advice, Earth; escaped to the woods and concealed ourselves until we discovered that the Indians were beaten. And pray what became of you after leaving us?"

"Ah! that will make half a dozen good yarns,"

said Earth, "I'll spin 'em some of these times, when we have less to do. I had right smart fun, though I didn't get there quite soon enough. One of the sentinels saw an Ingen in the grass, crawling along, and cracked it into him, just as I was looking about to see where I could best get into the camp. Rolfe, I thought of you both when they all whooped. I tell you what, it was almost enough to turn a man gray:"—then, turning to Gay, "I suppose you were badly frightened."

"Not so much at the whooping as I was at the firing," she replied. "I have been so long with the Indians, that I have become familiarized to all their customs. They often whoop in their games and amusements, and therefore, to me it was not so startling as it was to Richard. He was most frightened, and wished often for you. But tell me, and I almost fear to ask, how many have fallen?"

"Ah!" said Earth, "we had better not talk about that; it is mighty bad; we can't yet tell how many?"

"How many Indians!" said Rolfe.

"That we can't tell either," said Earth.

"Did Oloompa fall?" inquired Gay.

"I don't know," said Earth, "I saw him last night, after I left you; but we will talk of that another time. We are now just going within the camp."

"Earth, I wish you would try and get permission for us to enter a tent; for Gay is tired to death, and would not like to be gazed at and harassed with questions now."

"Do, for Heaven's sake," she added, "for, indeed,

I am worn with fatigue, and now, if I only knew that Miskwa and her mother were safe, I should be happy."

"Happy! Gay;"—said Rolfe, "see there, they are burying the dead."

"Richard, I only mean as happy as one can be, situated as I am," she replied.

While thus conversing, Earth had hurried away to obtain the use of a tent, and Rolfe and Gay, having entered the camp, their appearance was hailed with much pleasure, and every comfort which it afforded was readily extended to them. Her story was soon known, and even there excited much attention. Her escape was regarded as little less than miraculous, and the many difficulties which she had already encountered won for her the regard of many who cheered her with the hope that all dangers were now passed, and that she would soon reach the settlements in safety. At this time Earthquake rejoined them, saying that one of the officers had kindly begged that the lady would occupy his tent, and Gay complaining much of fatigue, was by Rolfe conducted thither, and left to repose.

Throughout the whole of the day, the army lay within their entrenchments, fearing to venture out; for they had suffered very heavy loss, and now knew neither the number of the Indians, nor whither they had gone. Night came, and still no enemy appeared. Every precaution was taken to prevent another surprise, and they awaited the return of morning with the most anxious solicitude. It came:—beautiful and cheering was the breaking

day, and with its first light, was heard the morning drum, calling the soldiers to arms; and, soon after, the whole army was in motion, and on parade.—The dragoons and mounted riflemen were then detailed,—ordered to reconnoitre the town, and report the number and position of the Indians. They performed their task, and returned quickly, saying, that the town was deserted,—not an Indian to be seen.

Orders were then given that the town should be burned, and the soldiers set out for that purpose. Rolfe and Earth, leaving Gay protected by the detachment stationed at the camp, proceeded with them. Moving forward, they had, at every step, examined the features of the Indians who were slain, fearing lest they should find Oloompa among the number. He was not with those who lay around the camp, where only the battle had raged; and now they continued on to the deserted town, for the purpose of prosecuting their search, knowing that thither had been carried the wounded.

"Earth," said Rolfe, "you told us when we met you yesterday, that you saw him during the action:—tell me where!"

"It was not long," said Earth, "after I got into the camp. I'll tell you all about it some of these times. It was a mighty nice thing, that, before;—I think I had just used up a fellow, who slipped in and squatted by the fire to fix his flint;—well, as I was saying, it was at that time; I was loading, and mighty fast too, about as fast as if a neighbour had had his fingers in my eyes, and I was anxious to shoot him, when I saw a fellow with his rifle up,

taking deliberate sight at me. It was too late to get out of the way, and I made up my mind to give up the ghost, when I saw his rifle drop. As he put it down, he cried, 'hah!' and instantly disappeared in the darkness. It was just before we covered up the fires, and I only got a glimpse of his face as he turned off; but, Rolfe, I never saw him look as he did then."

"Then," Earth, "he spared you even in battle."

"He did so, Rolfe, and I don't believe he would have raised his rifle agin me at first, if he had known me."

"Earth," said Rolfe, "if he is wounded, I hope we shall find him, for he behaved so nobly I should be pleased to have it in my power to extend to him any assistance."

"So would I," answered Earth, "for I set him down as an exception to all I ever knowed. I wonder what has become of the old woman, and the Ingen gal; he had a mighty strong liking for her."

"Oh! I trust," said Rolfe, "that they escaped, and are safe. Gay told me last night how kind they had been to her. Earth, no mother or sister could have been more so, and then, in conniving at her escape, they risked their lives, and may for ought we know, have already suffered death on that account."

"I reckon the Prophet's hands were too full for any thing of that sort," answered Earth.

Thus conversing, they entered the Indian town. It bore marks of having been deserted in great haste, for large quantities of corn and other provisions

were left, together with all their household utensils. Some guns, which had not as yet been divested of the coverings in which they were imported, with a small quantity of the best double glazed rifle powder, were also found, affording convincing proof, if proof were wanting, that the Indians were aided and abetted by the English, before hostilities were declared between them and the Americans.

While the soldiers, in pursuance of orders, were burning the town, Rolfe and Earth continued their search, with the hope of finding some trace by which they might satisfy themselves of the safety of those in whose fate they were interested. They discovered in the town several warriors, who, brought from the scene of battle, had there died of their wounds; but they could recognise in neither the ill-fated Oloompa. Proceeding on, and searching cabin after cabin, they reached the one in which had been confined Netnokwa and her daughter.—Upon entering it, Rolfe started back, and cried out, "Oh! God! Earth, look!"—

Would that we could, in the due course of our narrative, draw a veil over that which follows:—Netnokwa and her lovely daughter had fallen victims to the Prophet's cruelty. Irritated by the failure in his attempt upon the American camp, he had, upon his return, discovered the escape of the white maiden, which he could account for only through their agency, and attributing to it his defeat, he harked on against them, his infuriated followers.—The 'old oak of the forest' was laid low, and the 'loveliest flower which ever had its birth

on the prairie,' was cut down in its bloom! They lay in death as they had lived in life,—together.

A crowd soon collected to view the spectacle.—Rolfe told their story, and dwelt upon the kindness they had shown to the maiden now in the American camp, and their agency in her escape. Their characters won the respect, and their fate excited the sympathy of all. There now only remained the sad duty of interring their remains. Rolfe told Earth, that it was better not to tell Gay, until the last offices were over;—that she was now worn down with fatigue, and to witness them would only add to her distress, without imparting any consolation. Earth accorded with him in opinion, and making such preparations as circumstances permitted, they, assisted by a few friends, bore them away to a quiet part of the town, and deeply deploring their sad fate, consigned them in silence to the grave. The ceremony was sadly contrasted with the scene around it. Rolfe saw the soldiers setting fire to the houses, and eagerly bent on destroying what remained of Indian property. He thought of the fortune which had made him acquainted with several members of that ill-starred race; he reflected upon the many fruitless attempts they had so often made to stay the advance of the whites;—then passed before him the conduct of those who had so nobly served him, and leaving Earth to mingle with the crowd, he returned to the American camp, and seeking her for whose sake he had encountered so many dangers, he said:—"Gay, my love! I must still add another pang to your misfortunes."

"Oh! what! what!" she cried, "does danger threaten you?"

"No;—Netnokwa and her daughter"——

"Are killed?"

"Yes," said Rolfe.

"Oh! Richard!"—and covering her face, she was silent for a few moments,—"what have I done! all who love me, seem fated to death! Oh! Miskwa; Miskwa! could not all thy virtues save thee!"

"Come, love," said Rolfe, "rather rejoice that you escaped; for the same fate awaited you."

"Oh! Richard! rejoice in the death of one who knew not wrong, and who ever loved her friends more dearly than herself! but for you, I had rather have suffered with her than live and know that I may have brought misfortune on herself and mother. Oh! kind, dear Miskwa!"

Rolfe used all his exertions to console her,—assured her that the death of Miskwa and her mother had been caused solely by the cruel orders of the Prophet; and saying every thing that he could to sooth her, left her for a time to her own meditations.

The town had been burned, the smoke was still rising from its ruins, the soldiers had all returned to their camp, and it was evening when Rolfe and Gay stood alone over the fresh grave of Netnokwa and her daughter. Upon arriving there, Gay wept bitterly, and vented her grief in passionate exclamations. "Oh! Richard!" she cried, "only a short time since, and she was planning my safety, regardless of her own! and now"—her utterance was choked with grief."

"Come, Gay," said Rolfe, "let us return."

She spoke not, but continued moistening the earth with her tears. Rolfe then entreated her to leave, saying, that the army would set out on the next morning, for the settlements, and that it was necessary that they should at once return to the camp. Twilight was shedding its influence over the scene, when bidding a long, last farewell to the spot where now remained those who had so nobly served her, she permitted him to lead her away.

On the morning of the 9th the troops were early in motion. The Indians were no where to be seen, and fearing lest they should get reinforcements, and return to the attack, they determined to move forward on their march to Vincennes. Forming in the same order in which they had arrived, their loss was more apparent than it had been; and served to shed a gloom over the whole army. All the wagons, with the exception of one, were filled with the wounded, and in that were carried the arms of those who had fallen. There being now no means of transporting their baggage, they resolved to destroy it, and General Harrison setting the example, it was cheerfully followed.

The army then took up its line of march, and Gay, mounted on horseback, and escorted by Rolfe and Earth, proceeded under its protection as far as Vincennes, where they rested a few days, and then continued their journey to Kentucky.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Last of a noble race,
To a lonely bed they bore him,
'Twas a green, still, solemn place,
Where the mountain pine waves o'er him;
Woods alone
Seem to moan,
Wild streams to deplore him."

MRS. HEMANS.

We have now traced to a close, the main incidents in our story, and still it is unfinished as far as regards the fate of several characters who have played a conspicuous part in the foregoing narrative. To give a brief sketch of their subsequent history is now our purpose.

With the loss of the battle of Tippecanoe at once sunk the character of Elkswatawa as a Prophet. He had prophesied success to those who should be engaged in the battle, and with it an exemption from all injury. His prophecies were proved false; for the battle was lost, and many of his warriors killed. His power was now gone; those who had lost relatives in the late action, reviled and abused him as a bad man, and public opinion among the

Indians was also very strong against him on account of his having embroiled them with the whites, and plunged them into difficulties from which they now saw no hope of escape. In this state of things, he retired with a small party, to one of the Huron villages, where he determined to remain until the opposition against him had in some measure spent its force, when he would again endeavour to regain that influence which he before possessed. The immediate consequence of the defeat of the Indians at Tippecanoe was a disposition on their part to sue for peace. The chiefs of all the tribes which were in the late action, the Shawanees alone excepted, repaired to Vincennes, and delivered up their arms; and the Prophet's band having dwindled down to a mere handful of men, circumstances seemed to promise a speedy and amicable adjustment of the Indian affairs.

When the battle of Tippecanoe was fought, Tecumseh was absent at the south, having avowed to General Harrison, previous to his departure, that his object in visiting the Indians in that quarter, was to endeavour to unite them in the confederacy he had already formed. But no sooner had the battle taken place, and the Indians delivered up their arms and sued for peace, than he returned to his lands on the Wabash. When he found that all the plans which he had so long been maturing, had been frustrated by the rashness of Elkswatawa and his followers, his soul was wrung with anguish:—he vented his wrath against him, and wept over the derangement of his schemes.—

He had now with him but eight followers, and the band of the Prophet amounted to but few more;—and this was the result of their joint labours for so many years. When Tecumseh saw this, he repined no longer, but reconciling all differences with Elkswatawa, went at once to work to endeavour to regain what he had lost.

Previous to Tecumseh's visit to the south, Mr. Madison, who was then President of the United States, had expressed a wish, that those chiefs who were dissatisfied with the late treaties, should visit Washington, for the purpose of stating their grievances; at the same time, promising them that they should be redressed if practicable. Tecumseh had consented to do so, upon his return; and now, for the purpose of gaining time, and also quieting still further the apprehensions of the whites, he sent a messenger to General Harrison, avowing that he was ready to set out with the deputation which had been invited to proceed to Washington, to treat for peace; but that his wish was to go as its chief.

He was answered, that he might visit Washington with the deputation, but not in the capacity he desired. This wounded his pride, for he thought himself entitled to the rank to which he aspired, and with the refusal he relinquished all thoughts of peace. He saw that the battle was to be fought, and he nerved himself for the contest. His exertions were now more unremitting than ever;—again he visited every neighbouring tribe; called its warriors together, depicted the wrongs they suffered, dwelt upon the ruinous consequences of such a

peace as the whites would dictate, and urged them on to battle for their rights. He spoke of the invasion of the whites, and the battle of Tippecanoe, and in fine, left no topic untouched, which was calculated to excite the Indians against the United States. The Prophet also was again seen wandering far and wide, and preaching the words of the Great Spirit. His failure at Tippecanoe, he rationally accounted for, by saying that some woman had, by touching his sacred utensils on the evening of the battle, destroyed their charm, and so specious were the devices he used, and so ignorant the multitude upon which he operated, that we find him again playing quite a conspicuous part. But he was never destined to regain the power which but a short time before he had wielded. Tecumseh now avowed himself the master spirit of the projected enterprise, and rose as rapidly in favour with the Indians, as the Prophet had declined. The result of his exertions will be seen, when, notwithstanding the deranged state in which he found his affairs upon his return, two months after this time, we find him at the head of a roving band, spreading terror and devastation along the whole range of our north-western frontier. Nothing could equal the fear he inspired, for so extensive was the confederation he had formed, that incursions would be made by members of his band, and families murdered at a distance of one and two hundred miles apart. When pursuit was made, the Indians were gone, and the occurrence of these things at so ma-

ny different points, tended so much to distract and divide public attention, that it was found impossible to embody the militia at any one place, in sufficient numbers to be of service. No one knew when he was safe, for murders were committed in places deemed hitherto secure, and very often the attack was directed where least expected. There was no guarding against it, for no one could tell where the blow was to fall, and the result was, that entire families were seen deserting their homes, and flying they knew not where for protection. Many sought Vincennes, but scarcely would they reach it, before rumour represented that the Prophet, with a numerous band was coming down upon the town, and the fugitives left it, to continue their flight. In every quarter, was terror, consternation, and fear exhibited.

To counteract this, all the troops under General Harrison were called out, and so disposed as to protect as much of the frontier as possible, and a special messenger was likewise despatched, for the purpose of calling together a council of the tribes, and either settling upon the terms of peace, or else securing their neutrality. This was essential, because the chiefs of many of the tribes had delivered up their arms, after the battle of Tippecanoe, and expressed a willingness to treat for peace; and it was also highly necessary, because the attitude assumed by England at this time, warranted the belief that war would soon be declared between the two countries; and as in case of such an event, the

contest would lay in a great measure along the lakes, it became a matter of great moment, to conciliate as many of the tribes as practicable.

The special messenger appointed by General Harrison, so far succeeded in his mission, that, in May, 1812, a grand council of twelve tribes was held at Mississinniway, on the Wabash. Each tribe had its orator, who addressed the council, and all were for peace, with the exception of Tecumseh. Even he, seeing that all were against him, dissembled, and said he was willing to treat for peace; but in his speeches, he never lost sight of the injuries which had been inflicted by the whites, nor did he fail to advert to the causes of complaint which he considered most irritating. He deemed it unwise there to avow that his intentions were for war, yet at the close of one of his speeches, in allusion to the whites, he said, "should they come again and make an unprovoked attack on us at our village, we will die like men, but we will never strike the first blow." During the discussion, the Prophet was spoken of by several of the tribes, as a bad man, and their present difficulties were attributed to him. They protested that they would no longer listen to his doctrines, nor have any connexion with him; and the council adjourned, leaving an impression on the whites, that peace would be adhered to by most of the tribes which were present.

Although Tecumseh had expressed a willingness to be at peace, and a disposition to remain so, no sooner was the council broken up than we find him

going among the very tribes whose chiefs had just pledged themselves to preserve peace, strengthening the confederacy which he had already formed, and urging the Indians in the most exciting language, to prepare for battle. With the breaking up of the council at Mississinniway, he drew off all reserve, and no longer pretended to conceal his designs. He proclaimed that his voice was for battle, and battle he would have until he and his warriors should be no more, or until the Ohio river should be acknowledged as the northern boundary of the United States, and a promise on the part of the whites be given, never more to purchase lands of the Indians, without the consent of every tribe on the continent.

The breach between England and the United States, was now every day widening, and all foresaw that war was inevitable. In consequence of this, extensive preparations were made:—forts were built and garrisoned, and the whole northern frontier placed in the best possible state of defence. Tecumseh, who when he first projected the scheme which he had been so long maturing, was as bitter in his feelings against the English as the Americans, now saw that he could do nothing by opposing both, and that he must at once take part with one or the other. The injuries inflicted by the Americans, were fresh in his mind; he saw them in possession of lands to which he thought his tribe entitled, and he saw them grasping at the small portion of territory yet left to the red men. He had received

overtures before this, from English agents, and he now bent his steps toward the Canada lines.

On the 18th of June, of the year 1812, war was declared against England, and affairs in the west wearing a more alarming aspect, greater preparations became necessary. To General Harrison was assigned the command of the western army, and all his exertions were devoted to making preparations for the opening campaign. Tecumseh had, in the meantime, formed an alliance with the English; for soon after his return to the Wabash, he was heard to state to the commander at Fort Wayne, while on his way to the Malden council, that he had orders from the English, to receive twelve horse loads of ammunition, for the use of his people at Tippecanoe. He was also placed at the head of the Anglo-Indian Department, and to him was assigned the rank of a general officer in the English army.

The council at Malden, to which allusion has been made above, was called by the English for the purpose of counteracting the effect of that which had been held at Mississinniway, and with a hope of gaining over to their side, the few tribes which still adhered to the American cause. It was numerously attended; Tecumseh and the prophet, Elliot, a British Indian agent, and the commanding English officer, were all present. The few tribes which had resisted the influence of Tecumseh and the Prophet, and still adhered to the American cause, were threatened and persuaded, but in vain;

they remaind firm; and after a warm and animated discussion, all the chiefs who were favourable to the English cause, seized the hatchet of their English father.—Tecumseh was the first to do so,—as emblematical of their determination,—saying, "we now come forward and take hold of your war hatchet, and will assist you to fight against the Americans." The council then adjourned. Tecumseh now redoubled his exertions,—journeying by night and day, he again visited the tribes of his confederacy, and to each applied that stimulus which was most likely to excite them to immediate action. Some he persuaded, others he threatened; no labour fatigued him; no exertion was too great; and, while he himself was thus engaged, his emissaries were likewise travelling in every direction for the purpose of assembling the Indians.*

Such were the exertions of Tecumseh, and although they were so far crowned with success, that by his means a greater number of Indians were embodied than were ever before known to have assembled at any former time, still he failed in the accomplishment of those great ends for which he had so long been labouring. He failed in establishing the Ohio River as the north-western boundary of the United States, which he often asserted to be a favourite measure, and his determination to effect. Yet, his endeavours to do so, have won for him a reputation which will last until the aborigines of our country shall be forgotten. He also failed

* See note E.

to unite in one confederacy, as was his purpose, all the tribes in the great Mississippi valley. Still his visit to the south has generally been regarded as the exciting cause of the subsequent hostility of the Indians in that quarter.

When Tecumseh and Elkswatawa commenced their operations, no improper motive influenced them. They contended for the possession of a waste and unimproved territory. They fought to establish the principle, that all the lands held by the Indians, belonged to the whole collectively, and not to particular tribes. Believing that the United States had grievously wronged them in purchasing large tracts from a single tribe, they thenceforth resolved, that it should be regarded as common property, never to be disposed of without the consent of all. They also united, heart and soul, endeavouring to fix a limit to the growing power of the United States. For they saw the stream of population fast pouring upon their lands, and knew that, unless stayed, it would soon sweep from them the few possessions they still held.

These, with them, were praiseworthy objects, and by them for a long time, were they solely influenced. But, circumstances changed in a measure, the current of their thoughts, and thenceforward personal vengeance urged them on in all their operations. At first, their resentment was against the whites, whether as English or Americans, they knew no difference; it was the whites who had wrested from them their lands. But when they saw that hostilities were about to commence be-

tween England and America, and reflected upon the growing power of the latter, they began to waver in their original purpose. They gave their ears to the soft persuasions of the English agents, who flattered their pride, courted their assistance, sympathized with them in all their sufferings, and attributed their misfortunes to the grasping power of the Americans. When the brothers heard these things, and remembered that those oft told tales were not the date of yesterday, but had been reiterated for years, they yielded, and in lending their assistance to the English, changed in a great degree the holy nature of the war they were waging.

It is not our purpose to enter minutely into the details of all the campaigns in which Tecumseh was conspicuous, and therefore we must condense the events of his latter days into a few brief pages. We do this unwillingly, for every incident connected with him is interesting, and proves him to have possessed a great mind, imbued with chivalry of character which would have shed lustre over any person, in any age. Throughout the whole of the contest, his conduct was bold, frank, and manly, and though a savage, no act of inhumanity ever stained his fair fame. The cause which called forth his exertions was an holy one; it was to stay the encroachments of the whites, to render the rights of his countrymen respected, and secure to them the quiet possession of the lands which they still retained. In his own beautiful language, he compared the continual advancement of the white settlements to a "mighty wave overspreading the land," and the

confederacy he was forming, to "a dam made to resist it."

The history of the Prophet is so blended with that of Tecumseh, that we cannot well separate them, even did we wish it. Cowardly, cruel, and treacherous, he possessed but few redeeming virtues. Yet all the incidents which marked his career as a Prophet, prove him to have been a most extraordinary man. In the first place, the assuming of a character which was founded in deception, and the many petty artifices which he was called on daily to practise for so long a time, in order to sustain that character, prove that he must have had a mind both singularly constituted and of great power. And this is still more apparent, when, also, we reflect that, notwithstanding the most violent opposition from the chiefs of all the tribes upon which he operated, and also from the whites, long before his designs were regarded as hostile, he succeeded in creating in his own person a power which was felt throughout the remotest tribes, and in wielding an influence not less fatal and mysterious in its effects, than was that of the inquisition, in the plenitude of its power. That power must have been great, and a great mind alone could have created it, which enabled him to lead as he pleased, the lawless band of Indians who generally accompanied him; which enabled him, like Prospero, who, by the wave of his wand, called up tempests from the vasty deep, at his bidding, to lash his followers into the fury of a raging storm, or hush them when excited, into quiet deep

as that of a sleeping child. But, luckily for the whites, with the battle of Tippecanoe, was lost the influence of the Prophet. Had he won that battle, or had the Indians, throughout the north-western war, fought with the same desperation which marked their conduct at Tippecanoe, the result, though in all probability the same, would, by the whites, have been far more dearly purchased. Yet, although he there failed, he relaxed not in his exertions; for, after this, we often find him associated with Tecumseh, though always playing a subordinate part.

But, as regards Tecumseh, if there be one trait in his character more attractive than another, it is the clemency and humanity which ever marked his conduct; and this is the more remarkable, when we regard the many irritating circumstances which urged him on in his hostility to the United States. Had he, in the many contests in which he engaged, acted according to the general rule of Indian warfare, he would still have been great, then how much brighter appears his fame, when we recollect, that, during the north-western war, atrocities were perpetrated without a parallel in the annals of civilized warfare, and that against Tecumseh not a single act of wanton cruelty was ever charged. When the battle, or rather the massacre of the River Raisin took place, Tecumseh was collecting his warriors on the Wabash, and his after conduct proves that, had he been present, the scene that there occurred, would not now remain a blot upon the fame of England. In one of the sorties from Fort

Meigs, many Americans were captured, and when confined and disarmed, the Indians proceeded inhumanly to butcher them. Tecumseh having heard what was going on, rushed to the spot, reproached them with their cruelty, and stopped the massacre. He is said to have stipulated with General Proctor for the delivery of General Harrison into his hands, in the event of his being captured. What disposition he would have made of him, had it so happened, we can never know, and can only conjecture from what is known of his character. In all probability his pleasure would have been to have extended to him the hospitality of his wigwam, and like Roderick Dhu, have guided him safely beyond the confines of his lands, and then set him free.

Tecumseh succeeded in bringing more men into the field than were ever before embodied by any other chieftain. From a single excursion on the Wabash, he returned at one time, with six hundred warriors, and from the commencement of hostilities, up to the period of the battle of the Thames, was hovering along our frontiers, with a force of from two to three thousand. At the head of two thousand warriors, he aided General Proctor, in the two attempts which he made on Fort Meigs, and was likewise engaged in many other skirmishes along our line of posts.

But distinguished as Tecumseh was for his deeds as a warrior, we have ever regarded him as still more conspicuous, from the convincing proofs he has left, that he was an orator, in the highest sense of the term. That he was fearless, see his decla-

rations in council, when surrounded by his enemies. What apophthegm, though uttered in Rome, in her happiest days, surpasses his reply to the interpreter, when, fatigued from speaking in council, at Vincennes, he saw that no chair had been provided for him. "Your father," (alluding to General Harrison,) said the interpreter, "requests you to take a chair,"—at the same moment handing one. "My father!"—replied Tecumseh, "the sun is my father, the earth my mother; upon her bosom I will repose;"—and, suiting the action to his words, he laid himself on the ground. What more striking than his reply to General Harrison, when discussing in his own tent, the probability of war. Alluding to the situation which the President of the United States would occupy in such an event, he replied,—"True, he is so far off, that the war will not injure him; he may sit still in his town, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out;" or the words of Tecumseh, when, in one of his speeches, alluding to the earthquake which overwhelmed New Madrid, he says:—"The Great Spirit is angry with our enemies; he speaks in thunder, and the earth swallows up villages, and drinks up the Mississippi; the wide waters will cover their low lands, and the Great Spirit will sweep from the earth, with his terrible breath, those who escape to the hills." Of all his speeches which have been preserved, the one which we here extract, gives perhaps the best idea of his manner and mode of expression. In judging of it, as of all other Indian productions, we should make allowance for

the loss they must necessarily sustain in being translated, and secondly, for the fact that, as a general remark, all the persons who have been employed as interpreters among them, have generally been uneducated men. Tecumseh, being at Malden, with General Proctor, when the latter began to make preparations for retreating, in consequence of Perry's victory, and not knowing why he was hurrying away, demanded a council in the name of all the Indians, and spoke as follows :—

"Father—Listen to your children! You have them all now before you.

"The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead! In the war, our father was thrown on his back, by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge. We are afraid our father will do so again at this time.

"Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren, and was ready to take up the hatchet in favour of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

"Listen! When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance; and that he would certainly get us our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

"Listen!—You told us at that time to bring our

families to this place, and we did so; and you promised to take care of them; that they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrisons; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

"Listen!—When we were last at the Rapids, it is true, we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs.*

"Father, listen!—Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one† arm. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so, without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog, that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs, and runs off.

* Alluding to the Americans in their forts.

† Commodore Barclay.

"Father, listen!—The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain here, and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father. At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we returned to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that, we now see our British father preparing to march out of the garrison.

"Father!—You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

During the retreat of General Proctor, which finally ended in his discomfiture, he returned with Tecumseh and a small guard to view the ground at a place called Chatham, where a large unfordable creek falls into the Thames. Having thoroughly examined the place, it was approved of, and Proctor told Tecumseh, as they rode in the same gig, that upon that spot they would either defeat General Harrison or there lay their bones. Tecumseh seemed much pleased at this determination, and said, that "it was a good place, and when he should look at the two streams, they would remind him of

the Wabash and Tippecanoe." It was here that a skirmish took place but a short time previous to the general battle, Proctor having left Tecumseh to defend the pass, with about twelve hundred Indians. He was unsuccessful, and rejoining Proctor they formed in order of battle, near the Moravian towns. Tecumseh commanded the right wing of the allied army, and was himself posted on the left of that wing. It is said, he entertained fears that Proctor would retreat, and that some few minutes before the battle commenced, he rode up to him, and told him that the British wing was not far enough up to be in line with his.

This incident in the history of Tecumseh, is narrated on the authority of an English officer who was taken prisoner, and Tecumseh was surely authorized in making the assertion, from Proctor's failing to assist him in defending the pass at Chatham. An examination of that place will show, as stated by historians, that had the ground been occupied by the Indians and English conjointly, and had they defended it with even tolerable bravery, it would have been utterly impossible for the American army to have crossed over. Great as were the exertions of Tecumseh, and untiring as were his efforts for so long a time, it was his misfortune to be connected with, and in a great degree governed by one to whom he was in every point of view superior. In forming an alliance with the English, he necessarily placed himself under the guidance of Proctor, who was at the head of the English forces. From the time of their first connexion, Tecumseh

was ever urging him on to battle. Upon the first tidings of Perry's victory, Proctor, notwithstanding Tecumseh's remonstrances, hurried away from Malden, where he was then encamped. "If," says the historian of the western war, "he had taken Tecumseh's advice, and fought the Americans before retreating, the result must have been more glorious at least, if not entirely favourable to the British arms." And throughout all his subsequent retreats we always find Tecumseh stationed in the rear, and guarding the passes, while the English army continued its flight in safety; and to such an extent was this cowardly policy carried, that even when they had resolved to fight, and all their forces were arranged, we see Tecumseh just on the eve of the battle, going up to the English general, and telling him that his wing was not sufficiently advanced. How must Tecumseh's soul have glowed with indignation when he saw this conduct in one whom he had so faithfully served, and who, instead of attempting to withdraw himself from the contest, and thrust forward his allies, ought rather by his example, to have incited them to deeds of noble daring. Leaving Proctor, and no doubt deploring the hard fate which had made them acquainted, he returned to his warriors, and with his return, the battle commenced. Here was Tecumseh's last struggle. With the first onset of the Americans, the British lines were broken, and their troops either surrendered or fled precipitately.—The only resistance, then, to our victorious arms was found in the right wing, where stood Tecumseh,

with his swarthy band. Conspicuous among his warriors, by a plume of white feathers, which he wore in his cap, he was seen dealing destruction around him, and in the most exciting language, was heard to urge his followers to the onset. Although the regular troops of the allied army were routed, and Tecumseh saw them flying from the field, still he, with his trusty band, quailed not. They yet breasted the storm of war, fighting hand to hand for the position which they first occupied. But now, when charge followed charge, and mounted infantry, flushed with success, came rushing impetuous on, and bearing down all before them, the Indians began to waver, and yielded to the shock. But no sooner did they turn to fly, than the voice of Tecumseh, who still stood firm as a mountain rock, was heard rising far above the crash of arms and din of battle, rallying them, and again cheering them on to the attack;—again they returned,—but to be beaten back; and again and again they braved the battle's fiercest shock.—Then fled; but, hark! no rallying voice recalls them now. The chief with the ostrich plume, lies low! Tecumseh had fallen! But not alone; for many of his best and bravest followers lay close around him.

The sequel is soon told. The allied army being routed, the Indians immediately after, sued for peace, and the spirit of opposition which had so long been manifested to the measures of the government, was effectually quelled.

As to the individual who killed Tecumseh, public opinion ever has been, and still remains divided.

Sometime previously to the battle of the Moravian towns, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, than whom no one bore himself more gallantly in the north-western war, joined the army, with a corps of mounted volunteers, from Kentucky. He was present at the battle of the Thames, and commanded that part of the American army which was opposed to Tecumseh and his immediate followers. To him has generally been assigned this honour.*

"The grave in which Tecumseh's remains were deposited by the Indians, after the return of the American army, is still to be seen near the borders of a willow marsh, on the north line of the battle-ground, with a large fallen oak tree lying by its side. The willow and wild rose, are thick around it, but the mound itself is cleared of shrubbery, and is said to owe its good condition to the occasional visits of his countrymen."

A brief mention of the remaining characters of our story, and we have done.

Oloompa! yes, noble, generous Oloompa! all thy virtues could not save thee! ill-fated wert thou as the noble chief whom it was thy destiny to follow. Escaping from the battle of Tippecanoe, he united himself with Tecumseh immediately upon his return from the south, continued one of his firmest adherents, and fell fighting by his side, in the battle which closed his career.

A word of the Prophet.—Tecumseh having forgiven him for his agency in the ill-timed explosion

* See note F.

of their schemes, they again became united, and the Prophet continued for some time unremitting in his exertions to unite the Indians. In the records of that period, we frequently find mention of his wandering about and preaching even up to within a short time of the battle of the Thames. We can find no evidence of his having been present in any engagement; yet it would perhaps be unfair to presume that therefore he was absent, inasmuch as even though present, he himself would have been overshadowed by the greater fame of Tecumseh. When, subsequent to the battle of the Thames, the Indians sued for peace, and began to form treaties with the United States, the Prophet retired to the neighbourhood of Fort Malden, on the Canada side of Detroit River, where, without exercising the least influence, and even despised by the Indians, he continued to reside, a pensioner on the bounty of the British government, until the time of his death, not many years since. The general contempt with which he was treated during his latter days, must in his mind, have been sadly contrasted with the vast power which he once wielded, and formed a good commentary on the cruel and treacherous policy which characterized him. Had he, in his exertions for his countrymen, pursued a different course, he might have left a more enviable reputation, yet he could never have equalled Tecumseh; nor could Tecumseh, by possibility, have played the part assigned to Elkswatawa. Had the brothers succeeded in the accomplishment of their

wishes, volumes would have told the story of their praise. They failed, their joint endeavours have been almost forgotten, and even of their history, though so intimately blended, in the recollection of the public, scarcely any remains save the proud name of Tecumseh.

We have now to dispose of the hunters and Gay Foreman; and first in place, comes our old friend Earth, whom to forget would be a crime. Having, as we have seen, returned with Rolfe to Kentucky, he for some time devoted himself to the duties of his office: but the exciting events of the north-western war, calling for the assistance of every patriot, he buckled on his armour anew, and formed one of the regiments of mounted volunteers who accompanied Colonel Richard M. Johnson, to the scene of battle. Upon leaving home, he was still heard to repeat the words, "take a last brush," and to caution the boys, as he called the citizens of his county, "to settle up, and not hold back merely because he was absent."

As each one in that gallant corps bore himself bravely, it is needless to pass encomiums on Earth, but let us take it for granted from what we know of his character, that he did his duty, and as he himself would add, "a little extra." After the close of the campaign, he returned to Kentucky, and though not then very far advanced in years, yet he was a weather-beaten and war-worn soldier. Settling down quietly in life, he also followed Rolfe's good example, and married. But as it often hap-

pens in like resolves, he married directly counter to all the promises he had made himself; for, notwithstanding his often avowed predilection for large and fat ladies, he chose for his partner, one who was remarkably thin and delicate. And some time after, upon being rallied by Rolfe on his choice, he answered,—"I did always think, Rolfe, that if by any very singular quirk, I should happen to be married, that it would be to a large woman. But Polly," for so he called his wife, "was an orphan; her father fell fighting the battles of his country, and her mother dying soon after, she became dependent on the world's charity. I always thought her a good girl, Rolfe, and when left alone, her being thin and delicate, I regarded as a strong reason why she should have a protector, and, therefore, I have sworn to love and cherish her."

"Pardon me, Earth," said Rolfe, "thou art a noble soul, and may the choicest blessings of heaven attend thee."

Rolfe, upon his return to Kentucky, was married to Gay Foreman, and they long lived happy in their domestic relations, beloved by all who knew them. Assiduous in the discharge of its duties, he won for himself the highest place in the profession to which he belonged; and honoured by the confidence of the people, became conspicuous in the councils of his adopted state, and afterward stood among the foremost of the Kentucky delegation to the seat of government, where, during hours of recreation, he was often seen dashing through the streets

of Washington, in a handsome curricle, with his forest bride, whose powers of conversation, grace of manner, and singular story, rendered her the idol of every circle she entered, and enabled her to exercise not less influence in the gay and fashionable world, than did her husband in the councils of the nation.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—*Page* 7.

This being the identical speech sent by General Harrison to the Indians, on hearing of the burning of the chiefs, we make no apology for inserting it entire. The beauty of its composition and its remarkable adaptation to the Indian style, will render it interesting to every reader, and the spirit of humanity which it breathes does honor to the head and heart of its accomplished writer.

NOTE B.—*Page* 26.

The speech here attributed to Kenah, is reported by Tanner, who was thirty years a captive among the Indians, as having been made to him by one of the Prophet's agents, and he also farther states, ridiculous as it may seem, "that very many of the Indians killed their dogs and obeyed the commands of the Prophet, in every particular, as far as it was practicable."

NOTE C.—*Page* 60.

The speech which we have here attributed to Tecumseh is reported by Hunter, in his "Manners and Customs of several Indian Tribes," to have been delivered by Tecumseh in his presence to the Osages in Council, when wandering for the purpose of effecting a general union. We have given it in order to strengthen the view which we have taken of his policy.

Hunter thus speaks of Tecumseh and his speech :—

"He addressed them in long, eloquent and pathetic strains, and an assembly more numerous than had ever been witnessed on any former occasion, listened to him with an intensely agitated, though profoundly respectful interest and attention. In fact, so great was Tecumseh's eloquence, that the chiefs adjourned the

council, shortly after he closed; nor did they finally come to a decision on the great question in debate, for several days afterward.

"I wish it was in my power to do justice to the eloquence of this distinguished man; but it is utterly impossible. The richest colours, shaded with a master's pencil, would fall infinitely short of the glowing finish of the original. The occasion and subject were peculiarly adapted to call into action all the powers of genuine patriotism; and such language, such gestures, and such feelings and fulness of soul contending for utterance, were exhibited by this untutored native of the forest in the central wilds of America, as no audience, I am persuaded, even in ancient or modern days, ever before listened to."

The great question here alluded to, was whether or not they should give their assistance to the English.

Note D.—*Page* 73.

We have used the words camp and town as synonymous; they were literally so. Tippecanoe was at this time the Prophet's residence, and no sooner did he hear that the whites were marching upon his lands, than he began to place it in the best state of defence, and actually bestowed more labour upon it, than was ever before known to be done by Indians upon any fortification; and at the time we speak of, it was a regular encampment, fortified on every side.

Note E.—*Page* 226.

The following extract from a letter of the Commander of Fort Wayne, to an American Authority, which we find in that truly interesting work, "Thatcher's Indian Biography," will serve to give the reader some faint idea of the exertions the Brothers were now making for the promotion of the great cause which lay so near their hearts.

"On the 12th [*July*, 1812,] the Prophet arrived at this place, with nearly one hundred Winnebagoes and Kickapoos, who have ever since been amusing the Indian agents at this place with professions of friendship, and it is now evident that he has completely duped the agent who had suffered him to take the lead in

all his councils with the Indians, giving him ammunition, &c. to support his followers until they can receive a supply from Tecumseh.

"On the 19th instant an express arrived in the Prophet's camp from Tecumseh. In order that it should make the better speed, the express stole a horse from some of the inhabitants of the river Raisin, and rode night and day. The horse gave out within twenty miles of this place. This messenger was directed by Tecumseh to tell the Prophet to unite the Indians immediately, and send their women and children towards the Mississippi, while the warriors should strike a heavy blow at the inhabitants of Vincennes; and he, Tecumseh, if he lived, would join him in the country of the Winnebagoes.

"The Prophet found no difficulty in keeping this information to himself and one or two of his confidential followers, and forming a story to suit the palate of the agent here; and, on the 20th instant, he despatched two confidential Kickapoos to effect the objects Tecumseh had in view. In order that these two Indians might make the better speed, they stole my two riding-horses, and have gone to the westward at the rate of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, at least. To keep the agent blind to his movements, the Prophet went early in the morning yesterday, and told the agent that two of his *bad* young men were missing, and that he feared they had stole some horses. The agent found no difficulty in swallowing the bait offered him, and applauded the Prophet for his honesty in telling of his bad men, as he called them, stealing my horses.

"To keep up appearances, the Prophet has this morning despatched two men on *foot*, as he tells the agent, to bring back my horses, &c. He says he and all his party will certainly attend the Commissioner of the United States next month at Piqua.

"This he will do, if he finds he cannot raise the western Indians against the United States; but if he finds the western Indians will join him, you may rely on it, he will strike a heavy blow, as Tecumseh says, against the whites in that quarter. You may rely on the correctness of this statement, as I received information relative to the views of Tecumseh, last night, from a quarter that cannot be doubted. The conduct of the agent towards the Prophet, I have been an eye-witness to."

NOTE F.—*Page* 239.

As to the individual who had the honor of shooting Tecumseh, public opinion ever has been, and still remains divided, and though a matter of no moment in itself, his death has often been discussed with as much warmth and zeal, as if the ascertaining of who killed him, involved the settlement of some cardinal principle. This discussion owes its origin to party feeling, together with the exertions of the friends of Col. Johnson on the one side to give him the honour, and to the equally zealous efforts of his opponents on the other to wrest it from him, without being able to agree on any other individual upon whom they will bestow it. Could it be proved that Colonel Johnson did kill Tecumseh, it would add nothing to his fame as a hero; could the world be convinced that he did not, it would detract nothing from the glory which he has already won. The settlement of this question, therefore, even were it in our power, could neither add to, nor take from his reputation. It has no sort of connexion with his character as a statesman, and could not affect him otherwise. That he was an able officer is proved by the success of the division under his command at the battle of the Thames;—that he was a brave man, and ever present at the post of danger, is apparent from his having received during that action five wounds, while a small white mare which he rode, died under him of sixteen. These facts establish for him the character of an intrepid and dauntless soldier; while the proving that he killed Tecumseh could do no more, even if it effected so much.

In the work which I have just written, I profess to set forth the principal acts, as well as the most striking features in the character of this celebrated chieftain, and as on that account some information, or at least a detail of those circumstances which are known relative to his death, may be expected, I shall give in a concise manner such particulars of the battle in which he fell as I have often heard stated in connexion with this event. Before doing so, however, I will mention the sources from which they have been drawn, and leave the reader to award to them such a degree of belief as he pleases.

An admiration for the character of Tecumseh, and a desire to obtain as much information as I could relative to him and the Prophet, induced me, long before I entertained the idea of at-

tempting to write a novel, to examine every source which promised to aid me in my wishes. Travelling much throughout most of our western states, I often met with persons who were present in many of the engagements which took place along our north-western line of Posts, during the late war with Great Britain, and also with several who were actors in the battle of the Thames, and the exciting events of that period becoming a subject of conversation, from them I heard many details. From passing conversations, therefore, and from books, the following facts have been gathered.

The battle of the Thames was fought on the evening of the 5th of November, 1813. On the morning of that day the American army, in pursuit of the English, arrived at Arnold's mills, situated on the river Thames, and distant twelve miles from the Moravian Towns. By 12 o'clock, the whole army had crossed the river; the ford being too deep for infantry, each horseman was required to take up a soldier, and the remainder passed over in boats. No sooner was this effected, than Colonel Johnson was ordered to hasten forward with his regiment, for the purpose of ascertaining the number and situation of the enemy, who were now known to be near at hand. His regiment numbered twelve hundred men, and allowing for the sick, it always presented an effective force of at least one thousand. They were all volunteers, well mounted, and well equipped, burning with a desire for glory, and anxious to meet the enemy. This was the only part of the American army which was mounted, and consequently it was the most effective in pursuit. In pursuance of the order received, Colonel Johnson moved forward with his regiment, followed as rapidly as was practicable by the Infantry, and had advanced some ten or twelve miles, when he found his farther progress checked by the appearance of the English army drawn up in order of battle, and apparently waiting an attack. A messenger was despatched with these tidings to General Harrison, and in the mean time Colonel Johnson drew up his regiment, and remained in front of the enemy. The English army was stationed, not on a plain or even a partially open space, but entirely in the woods. The left wing, composed altogether of British regulars, rested on the Thames, and extended to a swamp which was almost impassable, and which ran parallel to the river for several

miles, and distant from it, only some two or three hundred yards. Across this swamp, and in a line with the regulars or left wing, was posted the right wing of the English army, commanded by Tecumseh, and composed wholly of Indians. The Infantry of the American army had not yet come up, and the afternoon was fast wearing away. Colonel Johnson's regiment still remained where it was first halted, namely, in front of the British regulars, who were now known to number only some six or seven hundred men, and upon General Harrison's arrival, Colonel Johnson was ordered, at the approach of the American Infantry, to file off to the left, take post in front of the Indians, and leave the Infantry alone to contend with the British regulars. An examination for some time, of the swamp, on the other side of which the Indians were posted, proved this to be impracticable, for at first, no place could be found where it was possible to cross it. The mounted volunteers were also sanguine of success, and impatient for immediate action. The plan of battle was therefore changed; and Colonel Johnson was ordered to divide his regiment into two lines of five hundred each, and refusing the right wing, to charge upon the British regulars, while every exertion would be made to bring up the Infantry to his assistance. The regiment was divided. To Lieutenant Colonel James Johnson was assigned the command of the right division, while Colonel Richard M. Johnson retained the command of the left, and they were in the act of leading the charge, when information was brought by some persons who had been despatched for that purpose, that a place had been discovered where it was practicable to cross the swamp. In consequence of this, Colonel Richard M. Johnson determined to file off still farther to the left, cross the swamp, and oppose the Indians, leaving his brother to charge with his single division against the left wing. His reasons for doing this were, that Colonel James Johnson insisted, as did likewise the men who were with him, that they themselves were amply sufficient to beat the left wing or British regulars, and they also judged it impossible to employ effectually, a thousand mounted men in a compact body in the woods, and on so small a strip of land as the one they then occupied. They also feared lest their numbers, by hindering each other, should prove injurious to themselves.

Colonel R. M. Johnson, having, as before stated, resolved to cross the swamp, parted from his brother, each agreeing that the

blast of a bugle was to be the signal for an attack upon each wing at the same time. Leading his division, he had no sooner crossed the swamp, than the bugle was heard, and with it, commenced the charge of cavalry. Colonel James Johnson charged at full speed with his division formed into five columns, each column presenting a front of but two men abreast. He received, as he rapidly advanced, the fire of the whole English force, yet not a man of his division was killed, and in less than five minutes from the first moment of the charge, the British ranks were broken, and the men threw down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. In this encounter, two or three only of the volunteers were wounded, while some ten or twelve of the regulars were killed, and about twice that number wounded. At the same time that Colonel James Johnson led the charge against the left wing; Colonel R. M. Johnson led the charge against the Indians or right wing. At his order, however, his men moved forward at a slow pace, for no opposing force was visible, and as yet they were charging against an unseen enemy. They were however prepared, each man was ready for instant battle, and all were advancing, Colonel Johnson being at the head of a company of rather more than one hundred men, which was but a short distance in advance of the remainder of his division, when from behind each tree sprung a warrior, and the war whoop was yelled, by a thousand voices, accompanied at the same time by an instantaneous discharge of fire-arms. This was returned by the cavalry, more than half the advanced division of which was dismounted at the first fire. The different companies in the rear however now rushed forward, charge followed charge, and the battle was maintained with the greatest obstinacy. The Indians were several times forced to give ground, but when they did, a voice was heard distinct and clear above the din of battle, rallying them in the most exciting language, cheering them on to the attack, and again they returned, and renewed the contest. This was counter to all former experience in Indian engagements, for, when once broken, they had heretofore invariably been beaten. When Colonel Johnson began the charge, he selected from his division twenty men, and ordered them to remain near his person during the engagement; the battle had now raged only a short time, and out of the twenty, nineteen had been either cut down or dismounted;—only one remained by his side. It was now deemed

advisable that the whole division should dismount, the horses of the soldiers were accordingly turned loose, and the battle renewed on foot. The soldiers now fought with the Indians hand to hand, and in several places the appearance was that of many engaged in single combat, and repeatedly did they struggle for life or death separated only by the body of a tree. So literally was the battle in this part of the line fought hand to hand, that the blood often spurted out from the person killed, upon the one who killed him. At this stage of the battle, Colonel Johnson occupied the extreme right of his division, and, as subsequent events proved, he was directly in front of Tecumseh and his immediate followers, who occupied the extreme left of their right wing. The Indians numbered more than a thousand men, and extended for some distance in the woods, and while Colonel Johnson's division was still warmly engaged, seasonable assistance was afforded by the remainder of the army, which had now come up, and the Indians were engaged throughout the whole extent of their line. Opposite the extreme left of the right wing, where Colonel Johnson with his division was still fighting, and where indeed the only contest may be said to have taken place, the Indians had been several times repulsed since the cavalry were dismounted, yet still, they continued to rally and return to the attack. It was now discovered that this was effected by the power of a single chief, who was conspicuous from his apparel, and also from a plume of white feathers which he wore in his cap; and in consequence of it, many efforts were made to cut him off, which for a long time proved ineffectual; for he was scarcely stationary a moment, but was present every where, his voice was heard in every quarter, and no sooner was he seen in one position, and an attempt made upon him, than moving rapidly away, he occupied another, and was still heard cheering on his men.

Up to this time, Colonel Johnson had received four wounds; he was shot through the left arm, hip, knee, and leg, was bleeding freely, and consequently becoming weak. His mare, from the loss of blood, was also fast failing him; he was unable to dismount, and even if dismounted could not move; he therefore saw plainly that if his mare fell before the Indians were routed, he must inevitably be tomahawked; and to beat them, there seemed to be no other hope, but by killing the gallant chief who exercised so powerful an influence over them.

Colonel Johnson was still in advance of his division, and the weakness of his mare admonished him that she could stand up but a short time longer, when he saw at a distance of about thirty or forty yards from him, the chief whom he was anxious to meet. He had at the instant when discovered, stopped at the root of a large fallen tree, the top or branches of which serving somewhat as a cover, Colonel Johnson moved forward, with a determination to meet him in single combat. At this time, he had only one loaded pistol, which he cocked, and holding it in his right hand, pressed it close against the saddle, and rather behind him, for the purpose of concealing it; his bridle he held in his left hand, and in this situation he advanced. His mare could now only walk, and even in that gait, her step was unsteady, yet, he reached the top of the tree, and was as yet undiscovered, but in endeavouring to get round it, for the purpose of placing himself on the same side with the chief, and also approaching near enough to render his own fire certainly effectual, his mare became entangled in some of its branches, and in endeavouring to free herself, arrested the attention of the chief, who instantly moved forward a step or two, and raising his rifle, deliberately shot at Colonel Johnson, who still continued to advance. His ball entered the left hand of Colonel Johnson, between the first and second fingers; shattered his wrist, and then glanced off—causing his hand to relax the grasp of the bridle, and fall powerless by his side; yet his mare, still reeling, walked forward. The chief having discharged his rifle, quickly changed it to his left hand, drew from his belt his tomakawk, and sprung forward. Colonel Johnson's pistol was still concealed, and he seemed only to be armed with the sword which hung at his side, and thus they now advanced. They had approached so near, that the chief raised his arm, as if in the act to throw his tomahawk, for he was not near enough to strike with it, when Colonel Johnson raised his pistol. It was unexpected, and the chief recoiled a step at the sight. Colonel Johnson then fired, and the chief sprung in the air, and fell dead. The Indians uttered a cry of lamentation, immediately fled, and the battle was ended; no resistance being made after the fall of the chief.

The most remarkable circumstance which I have ever heard relative to this event, and I believe it to be well authenticated, is, that when Colonel Johnson and the chief were advancing upon

each other, the former was in the presence of the Indian force, and might have been shot down at any time during the encounter; but they forebore to fire upon him, and all pausing, gazed in silence, and left the two brave chiefs to decide the matter themselves.

Thus, I believe, fell Tecumseh. I say so, for that he was killed in that part of the line where Colonel Johnson was himself posted, has never yet been questioned; and though unknown at the time of his death, yet, when recognized, he was found lying by a large fallen tree, pierced with three wounds, a pistol ball, and two buckshot. The person who loaded Colonel Johnson's pistols on the day of the battle, deposed that each was the load he placed in each; it was usual to fire with single balls, and no other pistols than Colonel Johnson's were proved to have been differently loaded on the same day. The balls which entered the breast of Tecumseh ranged downwards, a proof that the person who shot him, must have been on horseback, or rather above him; with the exception of Colonel Johnson, and a friend who acted as his aid, no other persons were on horseback in that part of the line, at the time when Tecumseh fell, and the Indians fled. Another reason for this opinion is, that Colonel Johnson's hat, and also the scabbard belonging to his sword, were found lying near Tecumseh.

The Indians having fled, several friends led Colonel Johnson's horse a short distance from the field, that his wounds might be attended to, and upon being lifted from his mare, she immediately sunk and died. When examined, she was found to have been shot in sixteen places.

Such are the details, as I have often heard them stated, relative to the death of Tecumseh, and a careful examination of the subject induces me to believe that they are entitled to the fullest belief.

THE END.