

BILL NYE AS A HISTORIAN.

The Veracious William Writes Up the Battle of Tippecanoe.

TUCUMSEH AND THE PROPHET

An Enterprising Firm Which Did a Brisk Business in the Slaughter and Rapine Line in Pioneer Days.

Truth Somewhat Adorned.

(Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.) Visiting Ohio recently, and especially Pequin, the birth place of a Pawnee chief prophet, I have concluded to revive some of the memories and old war reminiscences of the old battle of Tippecanoe, calling to my aid the recollective memory of the historian and my own fertile imagination. Historical facts are of themselves like the wire foundation of a beautiful bonnet—naked, they are destitute of beauty, but decorate them with the gorgeous word painting of a heaven born genius and they become the beautiful

EASTER BONNETS OF LITERATURE.

Fortunately for me, at the time of my visit, I came across a little volume issued during the present year by Mr. Reed Beard, a young man twenty-seven years of age, who is totally blind. It is called the "Battle of Tippecanoe," and as I felt that I had certainly seen as much of the battle as he had, I began critically to read his work, and if I found that his view of the engagement agreed with mine, I thought I would give the book a reading notice in our paper. Aside from the very trifling error, perhaps, on page 15, where Mr. Beard refers to the Chippewas as the tribe of Indians utilized by Mr. Longfellow, whereas it was the Dacotahs or Sioux used in Hiawatha, I have found no historical holes in his narrative, and, with great pleasure, I allude to the book as one of which a man with two good eyes and a pair of pebble glasses might well be proud, and a blind man even more so.

It was in 1811 that the firm of Prophet & Brother went into the general slaughter and rapine business, hoping, by close attention to one and all, to merit the public patronage and give general satisfaction. Prophet and his brother, Tecumseh, were descendants from Georgia stock and thoroughly well bred, neither they nor their ancestors having done a lick of work for centuries. Like all well bred people who cannot bear the odor of honest perspiration, they began early to give their attention to the game. Satan, who aims to supply little jobs of snicker, homicide and gericide for idle hands to do, and who has maintained his reputation all the way down from Eve to Ward McAllister, read the sign of Prophet & Brother, and made arrangements with them to handle Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in his interests.

Prophet was called by his tribe Lahn-washkaw, or Loud Voice. He was the author of a new religion among his people. He believed in prohibitions, piety and indolence. His idea was that sanctity could be so cultivated and fostered that it would take the place of industry. He allowed that the Lord would provide. He urged his admirers to attend the High Church and Horse Chestnut Schools of Theology, viz: He combined the unpassioned and geometrical style of religion with the deep, abiding faith which enables a low browed horse chestnut to make a sturdy case of rheumatism go right away from there. Prophet had been nicknamed Loud Voice because of his ability to test the acoustic properties of Ohio. He could address an open air meeting as far as the eye could reach.

He was also inclined to be a little bit arbitrary, and when anybody found fault with him, or doubted his statements, he generally noticed right away that something in the matter with his longevity. A great many people saved their lives by being

REN RAPPORT WITH THE PROPHET. The brothers, or Messrs. Prophet and Tecumseh, were opposed by a chief named Black Hoop. He did not prophesy at all, but called to his aid what has been referred to as prophetic sense. By this means he saw at once that it was a mistake for the Indian to go to war with the white man, and especially without the endorsement of the press. Black Hoop lived to be 110 years old, and would have lived much longer, no doubt, had he not changed his heavy underwear in March for a lighter suit which he found on a clothes line one evening on the banks of the Auglaize river in Ohio. They were not quite dry.

In 1807 the Prophet and Tecumseh gathered several hundred of their followers together and in obedience to a command from the Great Spirit, located on some island which they attributed to the white people in 1795. The people of Ohio and Indiana could not brook this. It was at this time that the Ohio men and the Indiana men went to Washington to protect their interests, a habit which they have never been able to entirely overcome.

Tecumseh was more of an orator than his brother, but not so good an organizer. Moreover, his brother could preach to death prophesying. Tecumseh, the original Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, spoke with great fluency, and when a big tripe or chattering banquet was given by his people, he would always go and pay for his meal by means of a few desultory remarks.

Tecumseh had a kind of Lawrence Barrett style of declamation, which endeared him to all hearts, and caused him to hold himself in the very highest esteem. Elevating his voice and the price of admission to their full height, he would declaim in stentorian tones, which made one forget all his other woe. He spoke without notes, and could think of a great many things which did not occur to him until he had his thumb to his girdle and rocking back on his pastern joints, he would look at the prosecution box on the right, and looking L. U. E., like a man who gets but a dollar a day to work on the boulevard, he would talk like Marco Bozzaris when he awoke to die amidst hand and smoke, or to hear his enemy's shriek, "To arms! To arms! The Greek! The Greek!"

Tecumseh, therefore, was the first to introduce what may be called the Larry Rannigan style of speaking, in which pathos is marked by pulling out the tremulo of the vox humans to its full extent while extreme anger is expressed by means of a low, guttural and stentorian breathing, punctuated with short, impatient snorts like those of a fat man eating imaginary spaghetti in his slumbers.

With these two brothers thus united they became a great power. The Prophet easily appealed to the vulgar and licentious, while Tecumseh took what was left, viz., the literary and

grammatical element of the Shawnee tribe. While the Prophet was said to have been the abler orator of the two, he never spoke in council with Tecumseh was present. The idea of acting as a broker between the Indians and the Great Spirit first occurred to Tecumseh and was acted upon by the Prophet, who translated liberally the REMARKS OF THE GREAT SPIRIT to the red man, so as to do well out of it himself.

The prophet went to see Governor Harrison in 1808, at which time he said, among other things: "Father, we told you intended to hang me. I was also told, my father, that you wanted to know whether I was a god or man, and if I was the former, you thought I ought not to steal horses. Is this true?" "Yes," said the governor. "I said that as a god you could not expect to hold your position so long as you stole horses. That is all I said about that."

"Then I heard also that you said we must not drink whiskey. Is that so, my father?" "Well, I said that I thought the red brother of the Ban Baw forest and the Jimson Weed jungle should not drink whiskey so long as there was so much whifery among the white men, and also that as a representative of the Great Spirit, it weakened your influence with the people and made your prophecies read rather raw in the papers when you got drunk. That was what I said."

The governor and Prophet soon came to an understanding, but Prophet was at heart a free trader and loved King George. This went on till 1810, when the governor sent a letter to Prophet at Tippecanoe, giving him further assurances of the good will of the United States if he would quit getting drunk and prophesying at the same time. He said that after the fatigue of editing a weekly paper he did not think it would be wrong for him to take a nip quietly, especially as he was a prohibitionist, but he did not think it right for him to try and combine prophecy and inebriety. "For," said Governor Harrison, "the people will not be so easily deceived, and you will be put down as a revelation all the peculiar things we see while drunk our literature would certainly suffer."

Shortly afterwards Tecumseh was told by the governor that he had been lying to him. Tecumseh then packed a medicine bag made of the skin of a chipmunk with a change of clothing in case he should be gone a long time, and called on Governor Harrison. He brought with him a number of his several ringing speeches. They showed great thought, and were uttered in a "Fourth Reader" style that sounded something like "The Aged Indian's Lament," and some like "The Burial of Sir John Moore." In the course of his remarks, according to one of the historians, he took occasion to say:

"Father, we have been led to suppose that you wished to land on our shores, eat your luncheon, catch a few pickens and then go away. But you've come far o'er the sea, but you've not back, I see. You have caught our largest and most fragrant muskrats. You have bored holes in our bow trees. You have found in our rivers and creeks, in the Ohio river. Last fall a white man killed one of our warriors, who is a somnambulist and pessimist, shot him with buck shot while exercising one of your horses, and then left him there till his friends hoisted about getting near him."

"Is that any way for brothers to treat each other?" "I know that our old chief sold to you a portion of the United States in 1795, but his wife did not sign the deed, and if so, it was before she was taken apart as required by the law."

"How can we have confidence in the white people? When Jesus Christ came on earth you killed him and nailed him to the cross. You admit it yourself. The white people want the earth, and they may get it, but in the happy hunting grounds you will be able to detect only a slight flavor of white man, and you will notice that in the soup."

This graphic description of the battle of Tippecanoe will be continued next week. BILL NYE.

THE CUBAN FIRE-FLY.

Reading and Making a Photograph by Its Light.

A most interesting experiment has recently been made in taking a photograph by the light of the Cuban fire-fly, says the Scientific American. The species of this insect belonging to the United States is well known, but its light producing powers are very feeble compared with those of its tropical brethren. It is said that persons traveling by night in the tropical forest are accustomed to place these fire beetles on their boots to light the way, and that Cuban ladies mount the cucuyos as gems for their hair and clothing. A living specimen of these tropical insects was recently presented to the Bridgeport Scientific society. It is about an inch and a half long, and bears upon each side of its body oval spots, resembling eyes. In the dark these spots emit a greenish light, resembling that of tiny electric lamps in full glow.

If the cucuyo is placed on a watch dial its light will enable one to tell the time of night, and it also clearly illuminates a small printed page. Its radiance seems to be in a measure under the control of the will, for when a gas jet is rapidly turned on and off the insect, whether by hand or by some other motive, is sure to do his best. After various trials of the insect's power, the experiment of photographing by its light was successfully carried out. A copy of a family portrait was made, the insect being held within an inch of the original, and in such a way that the rays fell perpendicularly on the negative. The time of exposure to bug light was about thirty seconds.

Pimples, blotches, scaly skin, ugly spots, sores and ulcers, abscesses and tumors, unhealthy discharges, such as catarrh, eczema, ringworm, and other forms of skin diseases are symptoms of blood impurity. Take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

THE ZULUS MAKE HIM KING.

Singular Career of an Irishman in South Africa.

WITH THE FURY OF DEMONS.

The Savage War Dance and the Horrible Lites of the Muti—They Object to Being Sacrificed.

The Zulu War Dance.

PRETORIA, South Africa, March 2.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—The war dance is a great institution among all the South African tribes. Before engaging in a battle it is a sine qua non. Indeed, most savage tribes in any part of the world have a war dance; but, as a rule, this dance is simply a scene of wild disorder, each warrior shouting, yelling and brandishing his weapons without any aim at discipline. With the Zulus it is a very different affair, they being guided by a discipline and precision of drill equal to that found in a regular army of civilized soldiers. Before assembling for the dance they paint their faces a scarlet or red color, put on all their ornaments and carry their arms as if going into battle. Being assembled, they form in lines, all the while contorting their features in a horrible manner and working themselves up to a

TREMENDOUS FITCH OF EXCITEMENT. They commence by stamping their feet in perfect time with each other. Then the war song is intoned and drummed. The vigor of the stamping continually increases in proportion to the excitement. With a yell the whole body of men leap into the air simultaneously, as if actuated by a shock of electricity. The war song is intoned louder and louder and in accordance with its rhythm they leap from side to side, coming down to the earth like a huge battering ram. Utterly lost in the excitement they continue the dance, their faces frightfully contorted, and an absolutely demoniacal expression until the chief gives the order to disband. When under the influence of the war dance they are quite devoid of fear and will rush to the cannon's mouth, those behind clambering over the fallen and dead in front. It may be imagined that, when Cetewayo had 30,000 of these warriors assembled at Fort Webber it was no child's play for the small British force of 1,000 men to contend with them. The Zulus fought like demons, while the British mowed them down like hay with the Gatling guns, were in danger of being literally swept away by the vast numerical superiority of the Zulus. Nearly 1,000 small British force was killed before the Zulus were repulsed. The English government has now established relations more or less friendly with most of the South African tribes and in some cases the tribes have adopted the white man as their chief.

WHITE MEN AS CHIEFS. Notable among these is the now celebrated John Dunn. This man, a native of Ireland, has been in this country many years. He was a trader, and became very friendly with the Kafirs. During a war between the Sibosub and Dinuzulu, he joined the former, and was successful in defeating the latter. After the war he was offered absolute power, lands and cattle, and the pick of the loot of the tribe for his services. He would have accepted, but the latter inducement was more than the gallant son of Erin could withstand, and he threw in his lot with the warriors. He lives in barbaric splendor, but owns vast tracts of lands, herds of cattle and horses. I once had an offer of a position similar to that of John Dunn. Whilst in Pretoria, Prince Sicoocani, of the tribe of that name, invited me to join his tribe. He offered me a first position in his nation, his sister, the princess, as chief wife, with as many others as I wished, together with a hut for each, and as many oxen and as much land as I desired. Treating the whole thing as a joke, I consented. Directly after the prince came along accompanied by the dark princess for his acceptance. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken when the gods are helping, moves like an ocean's wave, its soul sits like a god, and it is my duty to stand high in favor with Incoosi Pesulu (the Great Spirit), but to judge by his appearance, one would conclude that he was a minion of his satanic majesty rather than an angel of the gods. He paints his face and body in a most demoniacal fashion, be decks his neck and arms with snakes and other loathsome reptiles, garlands his hair with human skulls, feathers and practices all kinds of fraud on the people, exacting large gifts for himself, and oxen as sacrifices to the Great Spirit. Sometimes even human victims are demanded. In the latter case, the victim is being badly in need of rain, the Muti having tried all other means without producing the desired results, declared that a human sacrifice was desired to appease the displeasure of the Great Spirit, and accordingly the necessary preparations were ordered upon. A great feast was prepared. The people gathered, forming a circle, in the center of which was the Muti. Fires were kindled, and ten oxen were, one by one, slaughtered; the entrails were cut up, and a number of young men to the Muti, who all the time repeating some unintelligible jargon, stabbed them with a long knife, catching the blood in vessels, wallowing in it, and scattering it around and high in the air against the shoutings and wild dancing of the chosen assistants. The

POOR BRUTES WHILE YET ALIVE being ripped open, the entrails torn out and hung but a few inches from the fire. The flesh was then roasted and eaten by the people, the muti all the time brandishing his bloody knife and chanting a wild, demoniacal song. Then came the awful moment when he would point out from among the people the human victim destined to be offered as a sacrifice. As he passed along the lines from one to another many trembled with fear, whilst abject terror was painted on many faces. I caught at length the fire, and where I was two friends were located, hesitated for a moment, passed on, but returned again, and drawing his bloody knife across my shoulder, yelled out, "Basselal! Basselal!" ("The victim! The victim!") at the same time, commanding four young men who had held the oxen for the knife, to approach and

seize the sacrifice that the great spirit might have human blood to drink and gain the fragrance of the ascending smoke of this roasted heart.

Being somewhat apprehensive of the turn affairs might take, I and my two friends had taken the precaution of carrying our arms, and not seeing the matter in the same light as the muti, we prepared to defend ourselves. In the present state of excitement, it was useless to attempt a parley. So, as the Serivators approached, without a moment's hesitation we fired on them.

TWO FEEL DEAD, and taking aim at the villainous priest, I sent a bullet through his head, which sent him to his last account, and before the people could recover from their astonishment, we took to our heels and, gaining the rock, placed our backs against it, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible, if any further attempt was made on us. The muti being dead, consultation was held among the chief and his advisors, who, evidently decided not to carry on the game any further.

In a parley which followed we explained to the chief very plainly what the consequences would be to him and his tribe if we were harmed when the news reached our friends on the coast. We were not subjected to further outrage, the only stipulation being that we leave their country at once, a condition we were not loathe to comply with.

There is no cannibalism among even the lowest and most degraded tribes of South Africa. They have different religions and forms of worship. Some of them have a belief in evil and one of good who constantly war with each other, sometimes the good prevailing and sometimes the evil, so to be safe they render about equal adoration to each, their worship being actuated solely by notions of fear. Others believe only in one great power to whom they attribute qualities of a mixture of good and evil. Their deity sometimes is in a mild, amiable and benevolent mood, and at others is blood-thirsty and cruel. There are tribes who believe the spirit of the deity enters into the crocodile and consequently they render to this brute divine homage. These tribes have a priesthood set apart to the worship of this deity. Their duties are to hold communion with the deity and to communicate his commands to the people. The incantations, or high priest seldom makes his revelations direct to the people, but generally through subordinates. The incantation is provided with a sanctuary in which he holds communion with the deity. This sanctuary is the center hut of about one hundred all enclosed by a tall palisade made of bamboo and interlaced, so as to make it impossible to see through. The huts surrounding the center one are for the use of the subordinate priests. None but the priests are allowed to enter the enclosure and none ever enter the center hut or sanctuary except the incantation. Here he professes to have converse with the spirit, who reveals himself in a mysterious manner in the form of a crocodile. The priest is feared and avoided by the populace on the few occasions that he does appear outside.

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