

lime; he was humane, generous, just; braver warrior never encountered a foeman; the battle shouts of his valiant followers were the music of his tempestuous life; his sagacity surpassed that of his civilized competitors; his oratory was magnetic and matchless; in national loyalty and lofty integrity he was the Brutus of his barbarian people, "the noblest Roman of them all." His unparalleled career and unsullied character accorded him, in hall of fame, a place with Wallace and Bruce and Kossuth and Bolivar and Garibaldi and the heavenborn band of immortal heroes. He expanded every ambition and energy of his life in the herculean effort to redress the wrongs of his people—to avert the powers that presaged their doom. As Canute would beckon back the waves of the sea, so this dauntless chief, with a faith akin to fanaticism, would avert the resistless tide of civilization. But the puissant monarch of the forest tribesmen could not check the course of empire as westward it took its way. It was not for him to stay the decreed destiny of human progress.

Tecumseh's tragic defeat and death closed the last struggle in the Ohio Valley of the red men against the advance of the pale face Anglo-Saxon. The mighty chief fell facing the rising sun whence came his enemy and conqueror. But his people, hopeless, heroless, championless and leaderless, must then take up their journey toward the setting sun:

"On a long and distant journey  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mist of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest Wind Keewaydin,  
To the island of the Blessed;  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter."

