

scalping knife, dashed between the Indians and helpless Americans and dared any one of the savages surrounding him to attempt to murder another prisoner. The tribesmen were instantly cowed into submission.

Fort Meigs was not taken, but Tecumseh for his service in that siege was given the commission and pay of a brigadier-general in the British army. In July a second attempt was made to capture Fort Meigs, then occupied by General Clay. The united force of the enemy (British) numbered 5000, Tecumseh having 3000 warriors in his command, probably the largest Indian army ever under the direction of a chief. Again the siege was unavailing, and the British force, accompanied by Tecumseh and his multitude of warriors, advanced upon Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky, now site of Fremont. This siege, in August, (1813), is renowned for the miraculous bravery of Lieutenant George Croghan, and one hundred and sixty Kentucky soldiers, who successfully defended, for days, the little stockade fort, enclosing only an acre of ground. The thousands of trained British regulars, some of them veterans from the ranks of Wellington, and the howling myraids of savages under Tecumseh, were held at bay until wearied and driven back. Proctor and the chief were compelled to retire to their base at Malden and the theatre of war and its scenes were shifted to Canada.

Tecumseh's prophetic vision discovered the handwriting on the wall. Again the star of his destiny was to be eclipsed. He realized the hopelessness of his cause. His alliance with the British ceased to give promise of victory.

The British followed by Harrison and his army, continued to retreat, under protest of Tecumseh, until at the Moravian town on the Thames, the chief positively refused to further flee before the enemy. Tecumseh dictated the plan of battle. The British front faced down the stream, which was on the left. The cowering Proctor took a safe position, a quarter of a mile away, in the rear of his columns of Britons. On the right, by the side of a small swamp, were stationed the thousand Indians under Tecumseh. The savage laconically addressed his forces: "Brother Warriors, we are now about to enter an engagement from which I shall never come out; my body will remain on the battle field." To Proctor he said: "Tell your young men to be brave and all will be well." Unbuckling his sword, he banded it to a chief saying, "When my son becomes a noted warrior, give him this." He then removed his British military uniform and took his place in line, attired only in the ordinary buckskin hunting suit of his people. The sentiment of the true patriot dominated the soul of this savage in the face of impending fate; to the ignominy of death in a failing cause on a foreign field, afar from the forest of his beloved native soil, he would not add the disgrace of wearing as his shroud the insignia of a nation profess-