

edly his friend, but really his treacherous foe. There are few, if any, instances in history more indicative of lofty nobility and of exalted loyalty to a cause than that exhibited by this "king of the woods" in his pathetic preparation for his apotheosis.

The American forces, numbering about twenty-five hundred, under the intrepid Harrison, advanced impatiently to the attack. Tecumseh gave the signal for his warriors to enter the combat which was to be his doom, by giving the Shawnee war whoop and firing his gun. The clash was sharp, desperate, gory and destructive. The British left wing was broken with the first irresistible blow of the Americans. The red coats stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once, fleeing like frightened sheep before the storm, or falling easy prey into the hands of the victors. Procter, the craven-hearted general, at the earliest intimation of disaster, mounted his horse and deserting his stricken and helpless grenadiers, precipitately fled to a haven of safety, sixty-five miles away. The red men would not yield. Commanded by their chieftain and encouraged by his clarion voice, his words, "Be brave, be brave!" rang out amid the roar of battle; they stood and fought like warriors worthy their race and worthy their fearless leader, who, like the illustrious Earl of Warwick, Maker of Kings, at the battle of Barnet, sought the midst of the carnage and courted death. Between Tecumseh's Indians and the dashing cavalymen of Colonel Johnson, the fray was most fierce and deadly. It was hand to hand, and tomahawk and sabre did their bloody work. It was brief, not a red warrior wavered until the war-whoops of Tecumseh ceased, till that voice which, like the bugle blast of the Scotch clansman of old, "was worth a thousand men," was suddenly hushed in death.

Thus heroically passed the majestic soul of Tecumseh. The final hopes of the red man were interred with his bones. There was to be no resurrection. He gave his life blood, as the fearless and patriotic have ever done—on the field of valor, for the rights of a race; his requiem was the clash of arms and the din of battle:

"Oh, fading honors of the dead;
Oh, high ambition lowly laid."

Amid the war-cries of his doughty braves, as they fought on around his fallen form, his spirit was wafted to the "happy hunting grounds." His grief-stricken warriors stealthily recovered his body during the night, as it lay upon the fatal field under the fitful light of the victor's campfires.

But his memory needs no monument of marble or tablet of brass. His renown is indelibly recorded on the pages of imperishable history. He was the finest flower of the American aboriginal race. Greater hero hath never died, nor yet shall fall; his savage genius was all but sub-