

were commanded to hold their fire till the enemy were within forty yards. Soldiers were stationed in the rear of the troops to shoot down any man who fired before the word was given. Steadily the foe advanced, and calmly the Americans awaited them; when they were almost upon them a deadly, telling fire swept the hill. But there was no stopping the rush, and in a few minutes the Heights were won. Some surrendered; the hill was strewn with dead and dying, and many brave fellows who would not yield cast themselves into the stream, and in their efforts to escape perished in the ruthless waters.

The victory was a noble one, but Canada wept over it. Her heroic Brock was no more, and she deemed the battle dearly bought. England, too, had recognized his worth, and on the very day of his death the guns of the Tower of London roared forth rejoicingly over his victory at Detroit, and his sovereign had made him a Knight of the Order of the Bath. Even his foes had learned to respect their brave enemy, and, on the day of his funeral, the commander of Fort Niagara hoisted his flag at half-mast, and fired minute guns, shot for shot with the Canadian mourners.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORY OF TECUMSEH.

"Proctor fled and left Tecumseh and his Indians to uphold the honor of British arms."—*High School History*, page 365.

In casting the eye back over the pages of Canadian History many noble savages are seen to stand out as actors in prominent events in our young country's life. Two strike the reader as being more closely connected with our past than the others; and as one of them, Pontiac, the enemy of the English, has already been treated at some length in "The Story of Michillimackinac," Tecumseh, our friend, will form a fitting subject for the closing story of this book.

Tecumseh was born about the same year as Brock, and was a member of the Shawnee tribe, living in the valley of the Miami, in