

Tecumseh was no more ; but his memory was cherished by the race for whose freedom he had so valiantly fought. In the light of the camp-fire his courageous deeds were long extolled by warriors and handed down by the sachems of his people. Many an ambitious brave felt his heart leap as he listened—like Tecumseh when as a boy he drank in the stories of the heroic deeds of his ancestors.

The white men respected Tecumseh as the Indians revered Brock. But how different the obsequies of the two heroes ! For Brock flags floated at half-mast. He was borne to the grave to the sound of martial music, followed by a sorrowing multitude. His valour was the theme of orators. A stately monument perpetuates his memory and attracts pilgrims to his burial-place. The red hero fell fighting for the same flag—fighting on, though deserted by a British general in the hour of direst need. But no flag drooped her crimson folds for him. A few followers buried him stealthily by the light of a flickering torch. No funeral oration was uttered as he was lowered to his last resting-place. Night silently spread her pall ; softly the autumn leaves covered the spot, and the wind chanted a mournful requiem over his lonely grave.