

he and a few of the boldest soldiers led the attack. Tecumseh's keen eye singled out the American leader. He rushed through his warriors to strike him down. Johnson levelled his pistol. Like lightning Tecumseh's tomahawk gleamed above his head. But before it could whirl on its deadly flight, there was a flash and a report. Johnson, weakened by the wound he had already received, but still clutching the smoking weapon, reeled from his saddle. Tecumseh's tomahawk dropped harmless to the earth, and the noblest of red patriots, the greatest and truest of Indian allies, fell shot through the breast. The Indians lost heart and fled into the depths of the forest, leaving many of their bravest warriors dead on the field.

Sunset faded into darkness. The body of Tecumseh lay on the battlefield in the light of the American camp-fires. Like spectres his faithful followers stole swiftly through the wood and bore it away. On the dead face still lingered the impress of the proud spirit which had animated it in life. But silent was the war-cry that had urged his followers to battle; stilled was the silver eloquence that had won them to his purpose.