

Indians might fall upon the Americans and slaughter them, but to a hint of the kind Tecumseh replied, with great haughtiness, "I despise them too much to meddle with them." All through the war he seemed to have not only a restraining hand upon his own tomahawk and scalping knife, but to have been able to hold in check his fellow-warriors when prisoners fell into their hands.

The British leader was so pleased with the conduct of the brave Shawnee at the capture of Detroit that he took off his silken scarf, and wound it round the body of his red friend. On the following day Tecumseh was seen without it. Brock wondered at this, as the chief had expressed, in his stoical way, great pleasure at the honor his general conferred on him,—and on inquiring learned that he had given it to Round-head, a Wyandot chief, who, he claimed, was an elder and abler warrior than himself.

All through this year he fought bravely, and when Brock fell at Queenston, he had no sincerer mourner than the chief, who had learned to love him as a worthy brother warrior. After the general's death, he lost something of the enthusiastic hope he had had in the British arms, but he still fought on, never once playing the coward's part; and when the war was waged with increased vigour in 1813, no hero stands out more prominently than this noble red man.

In this year the British met with severe reverses, and Proctor, in command at Detroit, was compelled to desert that stronghold and fall back upon Canadian soil. Tecumseh was with him, and with a heavy heart joined in the flight till an Indian village, known as Moraviantown, was reached. Here they received intelligence that the enemy was rapidly coming down upon them. Proctor had retreated hastily and with great lack of forethought. The very bridges he crossed were left standing, and his worn-out troops were no match on the march for the lightly-armed Kentucky riflemen that served under General Harrison.

The Americans greatly outnumbered the Canadians, but Proctor determined to make a stand on the banks of the Thames, and give them battle. His men were drawn up in a favorable position; on the left flank was the Thames, on the right an impassable cedar swamp. From the river to the swamp the distance was in all about five hundred yards, and in the centre of this space Proctor planted