

Success seemed to be crowning their efforts, and the foe was slowly but surely giving ground. Johnson, the commander, was wounded in four places, and as he reeled in his saddle from loss of blood, Tecumseh dashed through his followers, and endeavored to strike him down with his tomahawk. The American leader's pistol was in his hand, and as the blow was about to descend he pointed it at Tecumseh, pulled the trigger, and the noblest of the red men fell dead, with four buck shots and a bullet in his breast.

The Indians, led by Tecumseh's son, a boy of seventeen, who was at his father's side when he fell, fought on bravely, but were at last compelled to surrender, and the entire field was in the hands of their foes.

This, however, was not the end of the war. For another year the bloody and useless struggle continued, and not till the Treaty of Ghent gave peace to this continent were the Canadians left free to build up the prosperous Dominion of the present day, that glories in its heroes,—from Cartier to Tecumseh.

THE END.