

On the morning of the same day, while the soldiers were waiting for their rations to be meted out, the fugitives from Arnold's Mills arrived at Procter's camp and informed him of the capture of the gunboats and of Harrison's near approach. Tecumseh was sitting on a moss-covered log, smoking and discussing the situation with Shaubena and a few of his chief warriors, when a messenger summoned the Indian leader to the general's headquarters. He returned after a short absence, with clouded brow and thoughtful mien, and silently resumed his pipe. One of the chiefs finally asked, 'Father, what are we to do? shall we fight the Americans?' 'Yes, my son,' slowly replied Tecumseh. 'We will be in their smoke before sunset.'

The dark shadow of his fate stole across Tecumseh's consciousness. He had the same strange presentiment of death as his brother Cheesekau, but he entered upon his last battle just as fearlessly. 'Brother warriors,' he said to those about him, 'we are now about to enter into an engagement from which I shall never come out. My body will remain upon the field of battle.' His followers gazed at their leader in superstitious awe, as if they were listening to a prediction that must in-