

The Colonel was certainly brave enough to meet and kill a dozen Indians, and if he didn't kill Tecumseh, he no doubt would have done it, if he had had a chance. He himself was often interrogated upon the subject, and his reply upon at least one occasion was capital: "They say I killed him; how could I tell? I was in too much of a hurry, when he was advancing upon me, to ask him his name, or inquire after the health of his family. I fired as quick as convenient, and he fell. If it had been Tecumseh or the Prophet, it would have been all the same."

L. C. D.

VII.—Tecumseh

I saw in your paper, a few days since, a communication relative to the death of this celebrated chief. Capt. Knaggs, who is spoken of in that communication, is a highly respectable citizen of Monroe, and was one of the most active and useful partisans in service during the war of 1812. Almost innumerable and miraculous were his "hairbreadth 'scapes" from the savages.

He related to me, when I last saw him, several anecdotes of Tecumseh, which illustrate his character. Amongst others, he states that while the enemy was in full possession of the country, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the Raisin. The inhabitants along that river had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard, who was lame, and unable by his labor to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of the sight of the wandering bands of savages, a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened that, while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and walking up to him, said, "My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry: they have nothing to eat. We *must* have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that, if he took the oxen, his father would starve to death.