

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors, and every thing we want is ours. I *must* have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be so mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you one hundred dollars for them, and that is far more than they are worth; but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian Agent, Col. Elliot, who was on the river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh. Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliot, who promptly refused to pay it, saying, "We are entitled to our support from the country we have conquered. I will not pay it. The young man, with sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh; who said, "He won't pay it, will he? Stay all night, and to-morrow we will go and see." On the next morning, he took young Rivard, and went down to see the Colonel. On meeting him, he said, "Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?" "Yes," said the Colonel, and he reiterated the reason for refusal. "I *bought* them," said the chief, "for my young men were very hungry. I *promised* to pay for them, and they *shall* be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with *each other*, and not with peaceful individuals; that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not." "Well," said the Colonel, "I will not pay for them." "You can do as you please," said the chief; "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; to them they can return." This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the Red Men from the British service; and without them, they were nearly powerless on the frontier.