

Before the commencement of the war, when his hunting parties approached the white settlements, horses and cattle were occasionally stolen; but notice to the chief, failed not to produce instant redress.

The character of Tecumseh was that of a gallant and intrepid warrior, an honest and an honorable man; and his memory is respected by all our old citizens who personally knew him.

Capt. Knaggs pointed out to me the cellars of the buildings in which our wounded soldiers, who were made prisoners at the battle on the Raisin, were burned. They are within a few yards of the brick house on the left, as you approach the north bank of the river Raisin from Detroit. One of them yet remains uncovered.

Mr. Campan, who, at the time of the battle, lived, and yet lives, about a quarter of a mile from the burned buildings, vividly describes the scene—the shrieks of agony and the howls of despair, that went up to heaven, as the fierce flames rapidly enveloped the burning buildings. Though covered with wounds, many of the prisoners were able to crawl to the doors to avoid the raging fire; but the bullet and the battle-

---

chief: "They (the American troops) were huddled together in an old British garrison, with the Indians around them, selecting such as their fancy dictated, to glut their savage thirst for murder. And although they had surrendered themselves prisoners of war, yet in violation of the customs of war, the inhuman Proctor did not yield them the least protection, nor attempt to screen them from the tomahawk of the Indians. Whilst this blood-thirsty carnage was raging, a thundering voice was heard in the rear, in the Indian tongue, when turning round, he saw Tecumseh, coming with all the rapidity his horse could carry him, until he drew near to where two Indians had an American, and were in the act of killing him. He sprang from his horse, caught one by the throat and the other by the breast, and threw them to the ground; drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife, he ran in between the Americans and Indians, brandishing them with the fury of a madman, and daring any one of the hundreds that surrounded him, to attempt to murder another American. They all appeared confounded, and immediately desisted. His mind appeared rent with passion, and he exclaimed, almost with tears in his eyes, 'Oh! what will become of my Indians?' He then demanded, in an authoritative tone, where Proctor was; but casting his eye upon him, at a small distance, sternly enquired why he had not put a stop to the inhuman massacre? 'Sir,' said Proctor, 'your Indians cannot be commanded.' 'Begone!' retorted Tecumseh, with the greatest disdain, 'you are unfit to command; go and put on petticoats!'"

L. C. D.