

those uncommon geniuses which spring up occasionally to produce revolutions and overturn the established order of things. If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, he would perhaps be the founder of an empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Michigan or on the banks of the Mississippi, and wherever he goes he makes an impression favorable to his purposes. He is now upon the last round, to put a finishing stroke to his work. I hope, however, before his return that that part of the fabric which he considered complete will be demolished, and even its foundations rooted up. (*Drake, Tecumseh, 5.*)

On this trip Tecumtha went as far as Florida and engaged the Seminole for his confederacy. Then, retracing his steps into Alabama, he came to the ancient Creek town of Tukabachi, on the Tallapoosa, near the present site of Montgomery. What happened here is best told in the words of McKenney and Hall, who derived their information from Indians at the same town a few years later:

He made his way to the lodge of the chief called the Big Warrior. He explained his object, delivered his war talk, presented a bundle of sticks, gave a piece of wampum and a war hatchet—all which the Big Warrior took—when Tecumthé, reading the spirit and intentions of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and, pointing his finger toward his face, said: "Your blood is white. You have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know. I leave Tuckhabatchee directly, and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often and talked over this matter, and counted the days carefully to know the day when Tecumthé would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the day of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down. The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumthé has got to Detroit!" The effect was electric. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war. The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumthé arrived at Detroit, and in exact fulfillment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid on the Mississippi. (*McKenney and Hall, 1.*)

The fire thus kindled among the Creek by Tecumtha was fanned into a blaze by the British and Spanish traders until the opening of the war of 1812 gave the opportunity for the terrible outbreak known in history as the Creek war.

While Tecumtha was absent in the south, affairs were rapidly approaching a crisis on the Wabash. The border settlers demanded the removal of the prophet's followers, stating in their memorial to the President that they were "fully convinced that the formation of this combination headed by the Shawano prophet was a British scheme, and that the agents of that power were constantly exciting the Indians to