

Tatepocoshe, he being present. His death was decided upon after full deliberation; and, arrayed in his finest apparel, he calmly assisted in building his own funeral pile, fully aware that there was no escape from the judgment that had been passed upon him. The respect due to his whitened locks induced his executioners to treat him with mercy. He was deliberately tomahawked by a young man, and his body was then placed upon the blazing fagots and consumed. The next day the old preacher Joshua met a similar fate. The wife of Tatepocoshe and his nephew Billy Patterson were then brought into the council house and seated side by side. The latter had led an irreproachable life, and died like a Christian, singing and praying amid the flames which destroyed his body. While preparations were making for the immolation of Tatepocoshe's wife, her brother, a youth of 20 years of age, suddenly started up, took her by the hand, and, to the amazement of the council, led her out of the house. He soon returned, and exclaiming, "The devil has come amongst us (alluding to the prophet), and we are killing each other," he reseated himself in the midst of the crowd. This bold step checked the wild frenzy of the Indians, put an end to these cruel scenes, and for a time greatly impaired the impostor's influence among the Delawares. (*Drake, Tecumseh, 2.*)

The prophet now changed his name to Tenskwatawa, "The Open Door" (from *skwa'te*, a door, and *the'nui*, to be open; frequently spelled *Elskwatawa*), significant of the new mode of life which he had come to point out to his people, and fixed his headquarters at Greenville, Ohio, where representatives from the various scattered tribes of the northwest gathered about him to learn the new doctrines. Some, especially the Kickapoo, entered fervently into his spirit, while others were disposed to oppose him. The Miami, who regarded the Shawano as intruders, were jealous of his influence, and the chiefs of his own tribe were somewhat inclined to consider him in the light of a rival. To establish his sacred character and to dispel the doubts of the unbelievers, he continued to dream dreams and announce wonderful revelations from time to time, when an event occurred which effectually silenced opposition and stamped him as one inspired.

By some means he had learned that an eclipse of the sun was to take place in the summer of 1806. As the time drew near, he called about him the scoffers and boldly announced that on a certain day he would prove to them his supernatural authority by causing the sun to become dark. When the day and hour arrived and the earth at mid-day was enveloped in the gloom of twilight, Tenskwatawa, standing in the midst of the terrified Indians, pointed to the sky and cried, "Did I not speak truth? See, the sun is dark!" There were no more doubters now. All proclaimed him a true prophet and the messenger of the Master of Life. His fame spread abroad and apostles began to carry his revelations to the remotest tribes.

We get but fragmentary light in regard to the details of the doctrine and ceremonies of this religious revival, as well as of that which preceded it. There were then no railroads, no newspaper correspondents to gather each day's proceedings, and no telegraph to flash the news across the continent before nightfall; no reservation system, with its attendant army of employees, everyone a spy when an emergency arose; and no investigators to go among the tribes and study the