



THE FIGHT BETWEEN TECUMSEH AND MCCLELLAND.

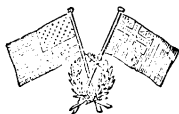
THE

LIFE OF TECUMSEH,

THE SHAWNEE CHIEF.

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF BLACK-HOOF, CORN-STALK, LITTLE TURTLE, TARHE (THE CRANE), CAPTAIN LOGAN, KEOKUK, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED SHAWNEE CHIEFS.

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PREFACE.

Among the many distinguished Indian Chiefs whose names are recorded in history, there are three whose careers have made them immortal—Philip, of Mount Hope; Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas; and Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees. There is a striking parallelism in the lives of these truly remarkable men. They lived in different centuries; the dream and ambition of each was a confederation of the different tribes; the extermination of the Anglo-Saxon race was their war-cry and their hope. Each was powerfully eloquent; each possessed unbounded influence over their followers; all formed a formidable confederation, which, after a period of might, was broken and scattered; each of the three died a violent death—one by assassination, and the other two by the bullets of their enemies.

The last great stand of the Indian race of this country against the encroachments of civilization was made under Tecumseh—a man of wonderful genius, of matchless eloquence, and of extraordinary strength of character. All that we have been enabled to collect in regard to this personage will be found in the following pages.

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THE LIFE OF TECUMSEH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHAWNEES.

THE origin of the Shawnees, like that of all other tribes, is lost in obscurity. We are able, in a few instances, to follow the history of some of our aborigines back for several centuries; but, beyond that, all is conjecture. With no record save that of the crude legend, handed down from warrior to son, the origin and ancient history of the Indian must ever remain a mystery to the world. Without entering, therefore, into the fields of antiquarian speculation, we shall proceed only to record that which is now known with certainty.

As remarked in a previous work, (see "Life of Pontiac,") the Indians who formerly occupied the territory east of the Mississippi are divided into three great families: the Iroquois, Algonquin and Mobilian. The first comprehended the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas of the North, and afterward the Tuscaroras of the South; the second, the tribes of Hudson's Bay, and the Atlantic coast as far south as the Carolinas, and as far west as the Mississippi, inclosing and surrounding the Iroquois family as water does an island; the third comprehended the Creeks, Choctaws and Chickasaws of the extreme South. Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia, was captured by members of the Algonquin family; Sassacus, the Pequot, and Philip, of Mount Hope, led these Indians against the Puritans of New England, and Jacques Cartier, when he ascended the St. Lawrence, was greeted by them. It was they who made the treaty with William Penn, and who were found by the first explorers of the Ohio valley to be encamped all along the Beautiful River.

Of the members of the Algonquin family, historians generally concede the first claim to attention to the Lenni Lenape or Delawares; but it is certain that the part played in history by this tribe is secondary to that of the Shawnees. The latter have produced more distinguished chiefs, and have been concerned in more momentous wars, while their reputation as a brave and skillful nation is certainly above that of any other member of this great division.

The Shawnees are known among the French as the Chaouanous, and are sometimes called the Massawomees. According to Colden, the Iroquois denominated them the *Satanas*—a name very expressive of their character and habits. Their name is also differently used as Shawnees, Shawaneus, Sawanos, Shawanos, and Shawanoes. The first mentioned will be used in these pages.

The first mention made of this people, we believe, is that of Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," who refers to a bloody war which was raging between several tribes—among whom were the Shawnees—at the time of Captain John Smith's arrival. Another writer, in enumerating the tribes in 1632, places them upon one of the banks of the Delaware, and it is generally believed that numbers of the Shawnees were present at Penn's treaty in 1682. They were a marauding, adventurous tribe, and their numerous wanderings and appearances in different parts of the continent, almost place research at defiance. Wherever they dwelt, they were sure to become embroiled with the neighboring tribes, and in more than one instance have been obliged to fly to escape annihilation. Francis Parkman, who is excellent authority, believes that the Five Nations overcame them about the year 1672, and a large portion sought safety in the Carolinas and Florida. Here, as might be expected, they soon became involved in trouble, and in the extreme South the different members of the Mobilian valley united together, and waged a war of extermination upon them. Again fleeing northward, they united with the others, and settled in the Ohio valley. Galatin, who carefully studied the language of the aborigines, believed the Shawnees to belong to the Lenape tribes of the North, and agrees that their dispersion occurred at about the period mentioned above. The Suwanee river, of the South,

derives its name from a portion of this tribe that once dwelt upon its banks. Heckwelder says, after the main body had settled upon the Ohio, they "sent messengers to their *elder brother*, the Mohicans, requesting them to intercede for them with their grandfather, the Lenni Lenape, to take them under his protection. This the Mohicans willingly did, and even sent a body of their own people to conduct their younger brother into the country of the Delawares. The Shawnees, finding themselves safe under the protection of their grandfather, did not choose to proceed to the eastward, but many of them remained on the Ohio, some of whom settled as far up that river as the long island, above which the French afterward built Fort Duquesne, on the spot where Pittsburg now stands. Those who proceeded further were accompanied by their chief, Gachgawatschiqua, and settled principally at and about the forks of the Delaware, between that and the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill; and some, even on the spot where Philadelphia now stands; others were conducted by the Mohicans into their own country, where they intermarried with them and became one people. When those settled near the Delaware had multiplied, they returned to Wyoming, on the Susquehanna, where they resided for a great number of years."

In the French and English war of 1754, those of the Shawnees who resided on the Ohio took part with the former; but, owing to the zealous labors of the missionary, Zinzendorf, those of Wyoming resisted all their overtures and remained neutral. A few years later, however, these same Indians engaged in a bloody battle with the Delawares, about the possession of a grasshopper! Indeed, so desperate was the battle, that fully one half the Shawnee warriors were killed, and all of the remaining ones withdrew to the Ohio. Here they remained for many years, and here was their dwelling-place during the dreadful wars which desolated our frontiers during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present. They had numerous and populous towns in what is now the State of Ohio. Piqua, the birthplace of TECUMSEH, stood upon Mad river, a few miles below Springfield, but, with several other villages, was destroyed by the Kentuckians under Clark in 1780. The Shawnees retained

these hunting-grounds until the final removal of the tribes west of the Mississippi by our Government, since which time they have dwindled down to a mere remnant, and, in fact, may be said to exist at the present day only in name.

As an evidence of the warlike character of this tribe, we may state that they took an active part in the French and English war until its close in 1763; and, being displeased with the treaty, commenced a determined war against the English residents, which was maintained until the close of 1764, when a treaty with Sir William Johnson terminated it. Hardly was the treaty concluded when they came to blows with the Cherokees. They maintained the struggle until 1768, when they were compelled to ask for peace. They now managed to contain themselves until 1774, when the famous "Dunmore War" broke out. The Shawnees, however, were not responsible for this. A report circulating among the whites that the Indians had stolen a number of their horses, they seized a couple of Shawnees and put them to death, without stopping to ascertain whether their prisoners were really guilty or not. On the same day they fired upon a party of Indians and killed several. The Indians returned the fire, severely wounding one of the whites. It was at this time that Logan's family was killed by Cresap. As if determined to exasperate the Indians to the highest pitch of fury, an old Delaware sachim, "Bald Eagle," who for years had been a friend to the whites, was murdered, and "Silver Heels," one of the most popular chiefs of the Shawnees, was badly wounded. At the time the latter chief was fired upon, he was returning in a canoe from Albany, whither he had escorted some white traders who were fugitives for their lives. "Bald Eagle" was scalped, placed in a sitting position, and sent floating down the river in his canoe, in which situation he was found by his friends.

Logan was aroused by the unprovoked murder of his wife and children, and, as might be expected, a bloody war was inaugurated. In October occurred the desperate battle of Point Pleasant, in which, though victorious, the whites suffered the loss of over fifty, including Colonel Lewis himself, and nearly a hundred wounded.

After the conclusion of this struggle, the Shawnees took

part with the English in the war of the Revolution. When peace was concluded in 1783, they did not bury the hatchet, but kept up a continued aggression upon the whites, and it may be said disputed every foot of the advancing army of civilization in the West. Besides numerous smaller expeditions sent against them, they opposed Clark in 1780 and '82, Logan in 1786, Edwards in 1787, Todd in 1788, and it was principally against them that the expeditions of Crawford, Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne were directed. The part played by them in the war of 1812, will be referred to in the following pages.

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMILY OF TECUMSEH—HIS BIRTH—HIS YOUTH—HIS FIRST BATTLE—HIS SECOND BATTLE—HIS EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH—HIS SKILL AS A HUNTER—ACTS AS SPY—HIS AFFRAY WITH M'CLELLAND.

PUCKESHINWA, the father of the subject of these pages, belonged to the Kiscopohe, and Methoataske, the mother, to the Turtle tribe of the Shawnees, and emigrated from Florida to what is now the State of Ohio, about the year 1750. Here the father rose to the rank of chief, and fell in 1774 at the battle of Kanawha. He left behind him six sons and a daughter. The latter, Tecumapease by name, was the second child and was born in the South. She possessed many of the characteristics of her illustrious brother, and a strong affection always existed between the two. She exercised a great influence over the females of her tribe, and, indeed, possessed many estimable qualities of heart. Her husband and Tecumseh fell side by side, and a few years later she died in the vicinity of Detroit.

Cheeseekau was the oldest son, and was also born in the South. He manifested great partiality for Tecumseh and spent many hours in instructing him in the arts of war, and instilling into his mind those chivalric principles which ever distinguished his conduct through life. Cheeseekau fought with his father at Kanawha, and some years later led a band southward, of which Tecumseh was a member. While here, in

conjunction with a lot of Cherokees, they attacked a fort. Before going into battle, Cheeseekau declared that on a certain hour of the day of the assault, he would be shot in the head and killed. It really seems that the gift of prophecy was bestowed upon this remarkable family; for Cheeseekau fell precisely as he predicted, and in the history of our subject it will be found that upon more than one occasion he foretold events as they happened.

Sauwaseekau, the second son, was a valiant warrior, but never acquired any particular distinction with his tribe. He fell during Wayne's campaign on the frontier. The third son was TECUMSEH, or the SHOOTING STAR. The fourth son, Nehaseemo, was a good warrior, but played an unimportant part in the great events which were occurring around him. The last two children—Laulewasikau, afterward known as the Prophet, and Kumskaukau—were twins, and some authorities state that Tecumseh was also a twin with them. The doings of the Prophet will be given in the following pages. Kumskaukau outlived the whole family, but died unhonored and almost unknown.

Great diversity of opinion exists in regard to the birthplace of Tecumseh, many authorities giving the Sciota valley, at a point near Chillicothe, as the spot; but Drake, who is probably entitled to the most credit, says that he first saw light on the bank of Mad river, a few miles below Springfield. To sustain this assertion, Drake states that Tecumseh, in 1805, pointed out the spot to Duncan McArthur, and that it was about six miles below Springfield. Stephen Ruddell, the intimate friend of Tecumseh, corroborates this statement, so that the matter may be considered as determined with considerable certainty. The place was Piqua, which stood upon the present site of West Boston. Here, in 1768, Tecumseh was born.

The father of Tecumseh died when the boy was but six years of age, and his education was thus left to Cheeseekau, his eldest brother. As we have stated, this was conducted with the greatest care, and as the boy was a perfect Napoleon in disposition, his progress was rapid. In all the sports he was the leader, and soon became noted for his great activity and strength. In the use of the bow and arrow, he surpassed

all his companions, and while a mere stripling he acquired an influence over his people, hardly second to that of a chief. It was his delight to conduct the pretended battles, and few conquerors ever wore their laurels with greater grace than did he these boyish triumphs.

The first battle in which Tecumseh engaged took place on Mad river, between some Kentuckians and a party of Shawnees. Like the youthful Red Jacket, he at first became alarmed and fled. He could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, and it was the first and last time he evinced such timidity.

A few years later he took part in an attack upon several flat-boats descending the Ohio. The bravery and intrepidity displayed by Tecumseh upon this occasion exceeded that of the oldest warriors of the party, and established his reputation as a first-class brave forever. A white man was taken prisoner and burnt. Tecumseh was a witness of this barbarity, and so greatly shocked that he expressed his abhorrence in the most earnest terms. So convincing indeed were his arguments that the whole party agreed never to burn any more prisoners that fell into their possession.*

Tecumseh grew to be one of the handsomest and most graceful warriors of his nation. He was about five feet ten inches high, finely proportioned, with a face expressive of firmness and self-reliance, and an address peculiarly agreeable and captivating. His voice was musical, and had a full richness that is rarely heard in persons. The "mystery of commanding—the art Napoleon," was truly born within him, and nature neglected to add no after accompaniment that could give greater strength and force to it.

When about nineteen years of age, he accompanied a party of Shawnees to the South under the command of Cheesekau, his eldest brother. They proceeded leisurely on their way, and while passing down the Mississippi engaged in a buffalo hunt, during the progress of which Tecumseh was thrown from his horse and had his thigh broken. This delayed them several months longer, but as soon as he recovered they resumed their journey, and reaching the Cherokee country, offered their services to those Indians, who were then engaged

* Stephen Ruddell.

in a war with the whites. It was at this time that Cheesekau led an assault upon a garrison and predicted his death. His fall created a panic among his followers so great that neither Tecumseh nor the Cherokee chiefs could rally them, and the attack was consequently abandoned.

Our hero told his friends that he should not return to his country until he had done something worthy of the name of a *brave*. Taking several of his companions he made his way to an adjoining settlement, attacked a house and killing all the men in it, carried off the women and children as prisoners. Before he made his way back, he was attacked in turn three different times, but his watchfulness and cunning were so great that he slew several of his enemies without losing one of his own men. This adventure gave him a zest for more, and he joined the Cherokees in their numerous forays upon the whites. In every engagement he distinguished himself by his fearless intrepidity and far-reaching penetration. None of the oldest chiefs could plan or conduct an attack with greater certainty of success, or with greater credit to their own arms. Sometimes he engaged in hunting, in which his success was unrivaled by the most famous marksmen of the Cherokees. He traversed all through the South, joining the different tribes on their various expeditions. Finally he turned his face to the northward, and reached home in 1790, having been gone over three years.

There being no events of great importance transpiring at this particular juncture, Tecumseh engaged in his usual pastime of hunting. He arrived in Ohio immediately after General Harmar's defeat, and for a year was engaged in no expedition or battle. But in the autumn of 1791, news came that St. Clair was leading an army from Fort Washington against the Indians who had so ignominiously defeated his predecessor. Tecumseh was placed at the head of a small party of spies or scouts, with instructions to watch and report the movements of St. Clair and his army. This he did most faithfully, and while lying on a small tributary of the Great Miami, he saw St. Clair and his whole force pass by on their way through Greenville. The subsequent defeat of this army is well known. Tecumseh and his spies were prevented from taking part in the battle, although their duties as scouts

contributed in no small degree to the brilliant success of the Indian arms.

It was about a year subsequent to this, that Tecumseh and ten warriors were engaged in a hunt near Piqua. Just at daybreak, one morning, when the unsuspecting hunters were seated around the fire, a large party of whites discharged their rifles in upon them. Tecumseh sprung to his feet, giving his thrilling war-whoop, and his followers returned the fire with great spirit and bravery. One of his men—Black Turkey—seeing the overwhelming force of the whites, had run quite a distance; but he feared his enemies less than he did Tecumseh, and when indignantly commanded to return by the latter, he instantly did so, and fought well. The whites were defeated after losing two of their number—one of whom fell by Tecumseh's hand. As they fled, he dashed after them, followed by his own braves; but, in his impetuosity, he broke the trigger of his gun, and gave over the chase, losing none of his men, and having only two wounded.

These whites were led by the celebrated frontiersman, Robert McClelland, who, in strength and activity, was, if any thing, superior to Tecumseh; but his men were not those to sustain him in such danger as facing the renowned Shawnee.

CHAPTER III.

SIEGE OF FORT RECOVERY—THE BATTLE BEFORE ITS GATES—WAYNE'S DECISIVE VICTORY—TECUMSEH'S PART IN THIS BATTLE—HE TAKES THE NAME OF CHIEF—THE FRIGHTENED KENTUCKIAN—MURDER OF CAPTAIN HERROD—COWARDLY RETALIATION UPON WAW-WIL-A-WAY—ALARM OF THE SETTLERS—TECUMSEH QUIETS THEIR FEARS BY A SPEECH AT CHILLICOTHE.

WHEN General Wayne took the command of the army in the north-west, he erected Fort Recovery upon the site where St. Clair had been defeated. In the summer of 1794, this was surrounded by a large force of Indians, among whom was the subject of these pages. It being deemed prudent to throw a good supply of provisions into the fort to guard against any emergency, while the troops were at Fort Washington, three

hundred pack-horses, laden with flour, were sent to Fort Recovery. The danger of this was known to be so great that an escort, consisting of ninety riflemen under Major McMahon and fifty dragoons under Captain Taylor, was provided.

This force was so formidable that Fort Recovery was reached without any molestation from the Indians; but just as they were leaving the fort, they were attacked by fully one thousand savages. Captain Hartshorne had advanced but a few hundred yards, when he found himself completely surrounded. With the most consummate courage he maintained his ground, until Major McMahon, placing himself at the head of the cavalry, charged upon the Indians, and drove them back with great loss. The Major, Captain Taylor and Cornet Terry fell at this charge, and a large number of the privates were killed and wounded. The entire strength of the Indians was now directed against Captain Hartshorne, who made an attempt to reach the fort; but the enemy cut off their retreat in this direction, and the Captain accepted the only resource left him—the deadly hand-to-hand conflict. At this moment, twenty volunteers, under Lieutenant Drake and Ensign Todd, hurried from the fort, and with the bayonet forced their way to their companions, at the moment that Captain Hartshorne received a shot that fractured his thigh. By this time, Lieutenant Craig was killed and Lieutenant Marks taken prisoner. Lieutenant Drake, therefore, conducted the retreat, and while engaged in this duty, received a shot in the groin. The retreat, however, was maintained with regularity, and the fort reached, after being compelled to leave Captain Hartshorne behind.

When the interior of the fort was reached, it was found that Lieutenants Michael and Marks were missing, and they were given up as lost; but, while mourning their fate, they were both seen running toward the fort from opposite directions, both pursued and fired at by the Indians. They reached it safely, when Marks stated that he escaped by knocking down the Indian who held him prisoner, and Michael had fled after seeing all of his men excepting three shot down around him.

The following night was dark and foggy, and the Indians spent it in carrying off their dead and wounded, so that their

loss was never actually known. It must have been considerable, however, some authorities placing it as high as three hundred. The loss of the whites was twenty-five killed and thirty wounded.

On the 20th of August, 1794, General Wayne gained his decisive victory over the combined Indian forces. By Wayne's official report, the Indians numbered fully two thousand, while his own troops were short of nine hundred. The loss of the latter was one hundred and seven, that of the former far greater.

In this battle Tecumseh held command of a party of Shawnees, but he had no part in planning the battle, and it is not known whether he was present at the council held by the Indians before engaging in it. Anthony Shane gives the following characteristic incident of him. He occupied an advanced position in the battle, and while attempting to load his rifle, he put in a bullet before the powder, and was thus unable to use the gun. Being at this moment pressed in front by some infantry, he fell back with his party, till they met another detachment of Indians. Tecumseh urged them to stand fast and fight, saying if any one would lend him a gun, he would show them how to use it. A fowling-piece was handed to him, with which he fought for some time, till the Indians were again compelled to give ground. While falling back, he met another party of Shawnees; and, although the whites were pressing on them, he rallied the Indians, and induced them to make a stand in a thicket. When the infantry pressed close upon them, and had discharged their muskets into the bushes, Tecumseh and his party returned the fire, and then retreated, till they had joined the main body of the Indians below the Rapids of the Miami.

In this battle, William Henry Harrison and Tecumseh were first opposed to each other. Both were nearly of the same age, and displayed the same bravery that characterized their subsequent lives.

When the Greenville treaty was made, Tecumseh was living on Buck creek, near the site of the present city of Urbana. Blue Jacket visited him and acquainted him with its terms, and Tecumseh was so scrupulously exact in observing its provisions, that he won the respect of the whites, who had formerly regarded him with such detestation. 2

In the winter of 1795, Tecumseh raised a party of his own, and took upon himself the name of chief. For a couple of years, he engaged in hunting, in which he was more successful than any Indian had ever been known to be. Upon the invitation of the Delawares, he removed into their country a few years later, settling upon White river, in Indiana. In 1799, he attended a council held by the Indians with the settlers on Mad river, and delivered a speech which was greatly admired for its strength and eloquence. The interpreter remarked that he found it extremely difficult to translate some of his flights of fancy, although he understood the Shawnee tongue as well as his own.

In 1803, while Tecumseh and his party were visiting Ohio, a stout Kentuckian made his appearance, for the purpose of exploring the lands on Mad river, and lodged one night at the house of Captain Abner Barrett, residing on the head-waters of Buck creek. In the course of the evening, he learned, with apparent alarm, that there were some Indians encamped within a short distance of the house. Shortly after hearing this unwelcome intelligence, the door of Captain Barrett's dwelling was suddenly opened, and Tecumseh entered with his usual stately air. He paused in silence, and looked around, till at length his eye was fixed upon the stranger, who was manifesting symptoms of alarm, and did not venture to look the stern savage in the face. Tecumseh turned to his host, and, pointing to the agitated Kentuckian, exclaimed: "A big baby! a big baby!" He then stepped up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder several times, repeated with a contemptuous manner, the phrase: "Big baby! big baby!" to the great alarm of the astonished man, and to the amusement of all present.*

In the spring of 1803, Captain Thomas Herrod, living a short distance from Chillicothe, was murdered and scalped near his own house. A party of hunters coming upon the body, recognized it, and, from the appearance, were convinced that it had been done by Indians. The treaty of Greenville up to this time had suffered no violation, and the settlers now believed hostilities were about to commence. Who committed this deed has never been ascertained, but there was strong

* James Galloway.

suspicious among the immediate neighbors against a white man who had been a rival candidate with Herrod for a captaincy in the Ohio militia. There being no tangible evidence against the man, he was allowed to remain unmolested, while those who suspected the Indians most cowardly retaliated upon them. The account of the death, as if borne on the wings of the wind, spread with great rapidity all over the Sciota valley, and the excitement and alarm produced among the citizens was most intense. Whole families, from five to fifteen miles apart, flocked together for purposes of self-defense. In some places block-houses were run up, and preparations for war made in every direction. The citizens of Chillicothe, though in the center of population, collected together for the purpose of fortifying the town. The inhabitants living on the north fork of Paint creek were all collected at Old Town, now Frankfort, and among others was David Wolf, an old hunter, a man of wealth and some influence. He had settled on the north fork, twenty miles above Old Town. After remaining in the town several days, he employed two men, Williams and Ferguson, to go with him to his farm, with the view of examining into the condition of his stock. When they had proceeded about six miles, and were passing across a prairie, they saw an Indian approaching them in the distance, and walking in the same path over which they were traveling. On a nearer approach, it was found to be the Shawnee chief Waw-wil-a-way, the old and faithful hunter of General Massie during his surveying tours, and an unwavering friend of the white men. He was a sober, brave, intelligent man, well known to most of the settlers in the country, and beloved by all for his frank and generous demeanor. He had a wife and two sons, who were also much respected by their white neighbors where they resided, near the falls of Paint creek.

Waw-wil-a-way was frequently engaged in taking wild game and skins to Old Town, for the purpose of exchanging them for such articles as he needed. He had left home this morning on foot with his gun, for the purpose of visiting Frankfort, and meeting the company named, he approached them in that frank and friendly manner which always characterized his intercourse with his white brethren. After

shaking hands with them most cordially, he inquired of the health of each and their families. The salutation being over, Wolf asked him to trade guns with him, and the chief assenting, an exchange was made for the purpose of examining previous to concluding the bargain. While this was going on, Wolf, being on horseback, unperceived by Waw-wil-a-way, opened the pan, and threw out the priming, and, handing it back, said he believed he would not trade with him.

Wolf and Williams then dismounted, and asked the chief whether the Indians had commenced war. He replied: "No, no! the Indians and white men are now all one, all brothers."

Wolf then asked whether he had heard that the Indians had killed Captain Herrod.

The chief, much surprised at the intelligence, replied that he had not heard it, and seemed to doubt its correctness. Wolf affirmed that it was true. Waw-wil-a-way remarked that perhaps some bad white man had done it, and after a few more words the parties separated, each going his own way.

The chief had walked about ten steps, when Wolf, taking deliberate aim, shot him through the body. Waw-wil-a-way did not fall, although he felt his wound was mortal, nor did he consent to die as most men would have done under similar circumstances.

Bringing his unerring rifle to his shoulder, he leveled it at Williams, who, in his efforts to keep his horse between himself and the Indian, so frightened him that his own body was exposed, and when the rifle was discharged, he dropped dead near his animal. Rendered desperate by his wounds, the Indian then clubbed his gun, and dealing Wolf a fearful blow, brought him to the earth. Recovering, and being strong and active, he closed upon the Indian, and made an effort to seize him by the long tuft of hair on the crown of his head. A shawl was tied around the Indian's head in the form of a turban, and this being seized by Wolf, instead of the hair, he gave a violent jerk for the purpose of bringing him to the ground. The shawl gave way, and Wolf fell upon his back. At this, the Indian drew his scalping-knife, and made a thrust at Wolf, who, seeing his danger, and throwing up his feet to ward off the blow, received the blade of the knife in his thigh.

In the scuffle the handle broke off, and left the blade fast in the wound. At the same time, Wolf made a stroke at the Indian, the blade of his knife entering the breast-bone. Just then Ferguson came to Wolf's assistance; but the Indian, taking up Wolf's gun, struck him on the head a terrible blow, and brought him to the ground, laying bare his skull from the crown to the ear. Here the sanguinary conflict ended, and it all occurred in less time than it has taken the reader to peruse this account of it.

When the deadly strife ended, the foes of Waw-wil-a-way were all lying at his feet, and had he been able to follow up his blows, he would have dispatched them, for they were completely within his power. But his strength failed him, and perhaps his sight, for he must have been in the agonies of death during the whole conflict. It may be that the poor Indian relented, and that forgiveness played like a sunshine around his generous heart. He cast one glance upon his fallen foes; then turning away, he walked out into the grass, and fell upon his face amid the wild-flowers of the prairie, where his heart at once and forever was still.

During the entire engagement he never spoke a word. Silently he acted his part in the fearful drama, as though moved by an invisible agency. The conduct of Wolf and his comrades was most dastardly and mean, and deserves the execration of the world. They first attempted to disarm him by throwing the priming out of his gun, and then talking with him and parting under the mask of friendship. Had Wolf and his companions supposed him to be accessory to the death of Herrod in any way, he would have gone with them cheerfully to Old Town or Chillicothe, and given himself up to an investigation. But Wolf was determined on murder, and the blood of Waw-wil-a-way rests upon his head.*

Williams, when found, was stone dead, but Ferguson and Wolf unfortunately recovered. The surgeon who examined Waw-wil-a-way stated that every one of his wounds was mortal, and those of the two whites were so severe that it was many months, and they underwent great suffering, before they were themselves again.

This occurrence added fuel to the excitement. The Indians

* J. B. Finley.

fled in one direction and the whites in another, each party undecided what course to pursue. Several of the prominent citizens of Chillicothe went into the Indian country where they found Tecumseh and a number of his people. These disavowed all connection with the murder of Herrod, and affirmed that it was their intention to remain true to the Greenville treaty. To quell the apprehension, Tecumseh returned with the deputation to give them personal assurances of his intentions. The people were called together, and through an interpreter, Tecumseh delivered a speech of which a listener said: "When he rose to speak, as he cast his gaze over the vast multitude, which the interesting occasion had drawn together, he appeared one of the most dignified men I ever beheld. While this orator of nature was speaking, the vast crowd preserved the most profound silence. From the confident manner in which he spoke of the intention of the Indians to adhere to the treaty of Greenville, and live in peace and friendship with their white brethren, he dispelled, as if by magic, the apprehensions of the whites — the settlers returned to their deserted farms, and business generally was resumed throughout that region." As Drake remarks, the declaration of no other Indian would have dissipated the fears of a border man which then pervaded the settlement.

CHAPTER IV.

TECUMSEH'S BROTHER, THE PROPHET—HIS SORCERIES AND CRUELITIES—MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR HARRISON TO THE DELAWARES—BETWEEN-THE-LOGS, A WYANDOT CHIEF, EXAMINES THE PROPHET'S PRETENSIONS—ASSEMBLY OF THE INDIANS AT GREENVILLE AND FORT WAYNE—SHANE SENT TO INQUIRE THEIR MEANING—THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO SENDS A DEPUTATION FOR THE SAME PURPOSE — SPEECH OF BLUE JACKET AND THE PROPHET — THE COUNCIL AT CHILLICOTHE.

LAULEWASIKAU, the brother of Tecumseh, known as the Prophet, now began to acquire notoriety. The prophet of the Shawnees dying at this fortunate juncture, he caught up his mantle and claimed that his virtues had descended to him. He changed his name to Teuskwautawau, or the Open Door,

and signifying that he was to point out the new modes of life which his people were to lead.

The Shawnees, from various causes having somewhat scattered in their settlements, an attempt was made by them in 1805 to collect them together once more. Tecumseh, who had settled with his party upon White river, together with some others upon another tributary of the Wabash, started for the Auglaize towns. These two companies met at Greenville, and through the influence of the Prophet, they gave over the project of going further, and established themselves at that place.

Here the Prophet commenced the practice of those sorceries and incantations, by which he gained such notoriety. In the autumn, he assembled a large number of Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Kickapoos, Chippewas and Senecas, upon the Auglaize river, where he made known to them the sacred character he had taken upon himself. He harangued them at considerable length, denouncing, it is said, the belief and practice of witchcraft common among them, and declaiming against drunkenness with great eloquence and success. He advocated many practices which were really virtuous, and ended by affirming with great solemnity that power was given him by the Great Spirit, to cure all diseases, to confound his enemies, and to stay the arm of death, in sickness, or on the battle-field.*

These assertions of the Prophet had great weight with the people—and so much confidence was placed in him, that he did not hesitate to put to death those who in the least disputed his preposterous claims. His plan, when he desired the death of any one, was to denounce him as guilty of witchcraft, and then to call in the help of others in putting him out of the way. Several prominent men of the tribe, who were unfortunate enough to possess more common sense than the others, were put to the torture. Among these was a well-known Delaware chief, named Teteboxti, who calmly assisted in making his own funeral pile. Others of his family were doomed to death, and the sacrifices at last grew so numerous that William Henry Harrison, then Governor of the Indiana Territory, sent a special messenger to the Delawares with the following speech of his :

* Drake.

"MY CHILDREN:—My heart is filled with grief, and my eyes are dissolved in tears, at the news which has reached me. You have been celebrated for your wisdom above all the tribes of red people who inhabit this great island. Your fame as warriors has extended to the remotest nations, and the wisdom of your chiefs has gained for you the appellation of *grandfathers*, from all the neighboring tribes. From what cause, then, does it proceed, that you have departed from the wise counsel of your fathers, and covered yourselves with guilt? My children, tread back the steps you have taken; and endeavor to regain the straight road which you have abandoned. The dark, crooked and thorny one which you are now pursuing, will certainly lead to endless woe and misery. But who is this pretended prophet; who dares to speak in the name of the Great Creator? Examine him. Is he more wise or virtuous than you are yourselves, that he should be selected to convey to you the orders of your God? Demand of him some proofs at least, of his being the messenger of the Deity. If God has really employed him, he has doubtless authorized him to perform miracles, that he may be known and received as a prophet. If he is really a prophet, ask of him to cause the sun to stand still—the moon to alter its course—the rivers to cease to flow—or the dead to rise from their graves. If he does these things, you may then believe that he has been sent from God. He tells you the Great Spirit commands you to punish with death those who deal in magic; and that he is authorized to point such out. Wretched delusion! Is then the Master of Life obliged to employ mortal man to punish those who offend him? Has he not the thunder and all the powers of nature at his command?—and could he not sweep away from the earth a whole nation with one motion of his arm? My children, do not believe that the great and good Creator of mankind has directed you to destroy your own flesh; and do not doubt but that if you pursue this abominable wickedness, his vengeance will overtake and crush you.

"The above is addressed to you in the name of the Seventeen Fires.* I now speak to you from myself, as a friend who wishes nothing more sincerely than to see you

* Referring to the seventeen States that composed the Union at that time.

prosperous and happy. Clear your eyes, I beseech you, from the mist which surrounds them. No longer be imposed upon by the arts of an impostor. Drive him from your town, and let peace and harmony once more prevail among you. Let your poor old men and women sleep in quietness, and banish from their minds the dreadful idea of being burnt alive by their own friends and countrymen. I charge you to stop your bloody career; and, if you value the friendship of your great father, the President—if you wish to preserve the good opinion of the Seventeen Fires, let me hear by the return of the bearer, that you have determined to follow my advice."

Governor Harrison was much loved and respected by the Indians, and this message carried considerable influence with it. The sacrifices ceased, and the influence of the Prophet over the Delawares as well as the Shawnees was almost lost for the time. The Kickapoos, and several minor tribes, however, acknowledged the impostor's claims, and were infatuated to an astonishing degree.

About this time, *Between-the-Logs*, a Wyandot chief, who had been converted to Christianity, and who was a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, was sent from Lower Sandusky to fathom the doctrines and professions of the Prophet. He spent a year with him and then returned to his people, telling them that he was an impostor of the worst kind.

In 1806, the sun was totally eclipsed. By some means or other, the Prophet learned of it beforehand, and made the prophecy that on a certain day the sun would hide his face, and the earth be veiled in darkness for a time. The cunning use of this phenomenon strengthened his influence greatly, and from that day he grew more daring than ever in his assumptions of supernatural power.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until the spring of the next year, when Tecumseh and the Prophet assembled several hundred of their people at Greenville, and wrought them up to a high pitch of excitement, by harangues that in reality had no point to them. Their principal object seemed to be a wish to make their control over them more perfect than it was; and the probability is that the idea of an *Indian Confederacy*

was here first broached. The minds of the savagés being prepared to receive it, it was skillfully brought before them, and they were left to meditate upon it. The assembling of so many Indians, naturally alarmed the settlers, and several vain efforts were made to ascertain the object of Tecumseh and his brother. The Indian agent at Fort Wayne finally sent Anthony Shane, a half-blood Shawnee, and one who for years had been intimately acquainted with them, with a message requesting the two brothers, and two other chiefs, to visit him at the fort, that he might read them a letter which their great father at Washington had sent him.

When Shane made known the communication in council Tecumseh arose, and in a dignified manner said: "Go back to Fort Wayne, and tell Captain Wells (the Indian agent) that my fire is kindled on the spot appointed by the Great Spirit alone; and if he has any thing to communicate to me, *he* must come *here*; and I shall expect him *six days* from this time."

Captain Wells did not comply with Tecumseh's request, but at the appointed time sent back Shane, with their "great Father's" letter, received through the Secretary of War. This communication was addressed to the Indians, and reminded them that they were collected within the limits of the government purchase, and requested them to remove to some point without it, where the Government would do all in their power to assist them until they had established themselves in their new home. This communication was made known by Shane. Tecumseh was indignant that Wells had not waited on him in person as he desired. He delivered a glowing and eloquent speech to the council, and at its conclusion told Shane to return to Wells and tell him that he would hold no further communication with him, and that if the President of the Seventeen Fires had any thing else to say to him, he must send it by a man of more importance than was Shane.

Instead of dispersing, the Indians continued to assemble, until by early summer there had fully fifteen hundred passed and repassed Fort Wayne in their visits to the Prophet. Messengers and runners went from tribe to tribe, and the British agents aided the Indians in carrying out their plans, and carefully concealed their intentions from such as were

friendly to the United States. By the close of summer, reliable witnesses testified that nearly a thousand Indians equipped with new rifles were at Fort Wayne and Greenville, and were all under the influence of the Prophet. The alarm now became so general that the Governor of Ohio sent a deputation to Greenville, in September, for the purpose of ascertaining the meaning of this course. The Commissioners were well received by the Indians, a council called, and the Governor's letter read to them, after which one of the Commissioners addressed them at length, explaining their relations with the United States Government, and urging them to remain neutral in case of a war with England. As is the almost invariable custom with the Indians, they adjourned until the next day, in order that they might properly meditate upon the words they had heard. When they reassembled, it was announced that Blue Jacket had been authorized to speak for them. Thereupon that chief arose, and through the interpreter addressed them in the following terms:

"BRETHREN :—We are seated who heard you yesterday. You will get a true relation, so far as our connections can give it, who are as follows: Shawnees, Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Tawas, Chippewas, Winnepaus, Malominese, Malockese, Lecawgoes, and one more from the north of the Chippewas. Brethren, you see all these men sitting before you, who now speak to you.

"About eleven days ago we had a council, at which the tribe of Wyandots, (the elder brother of the red people) spoke and said God had kindled a fire, and all sat around it. In this council we talked over the treaties with the French and the Americans. The Wyandot said, the French formerly marked a line along the Alleghany mountains, southerly, to Charleston, (S. C.) No man was to pass it from either side. When the Americans came to settle over the line, the English told the Indians to unite and drive off the French, until the war came on between the British and the Americans, when it was told them that king George, by his officers, directed them to unite and drive the Americans back.

"After the treaty of peace between the English and the Americans, the summer before Wayne's army came out, the English held a council with the Indians, and told them if

they would turn out and unite as one man, they might surround the Americans like deer in a ring of fire, and destroy them all. The Wyandot spoke further in the council. We see, said he, there is like to be war between the English and our white brethren, the Americans. Let us unite and consider the sufferings we have undergone, from interfering in the wars of the English. They have often promised to help us, and at last, when we could not withstand the army that came against us, and went to the English fort for refuge, the English told us, 'I can not let you in; you are painted too much, my children.' It was then we saw the British dealt treacherously with us. We now see them going to war again. We do not know what they are going to fight for. Let us, my brethren, not interfere, was the speech of the Wyandot.

"Further, the Wyandot said, I speak to you, my little brother, the Shawanoes at Greenville, and to you our little brothers all around. You appear to be at Greenville to serve the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Now send forth your speeches to all our brethren far around us, and let us unite to seek for that which shall be for our eternal welfare, and unite ourselves in a band of perpetual brotherhood. These, brethren, are the sentiments of all the men who sit around you; they all adhere to what the elder brother, the Wyandot, has said, and these are their sentiments. It is not that they are afraid of their white brothers, but that they desire peace and harmony, and not that their white brethren could put them to great necessity, for their former arms were bows and arrows, by which they get their living."

At the conclusion of this speech, the Commissioners made some explanation, whereupon the Prophet, who seemed determined to make every occasion advance his own importance, took upon himself the duty of informing the whites why his people had settled upon Greenville.

"About nine years since," said he, "I became convinced of the errors of my ways, and that I would be destroyed from the face of the earth if I did not amend them. Soon after I was told what I must do to be right. From that time I have continually preached to my red brethren, telling them the miserable situation they are in by nature, and striving to convince them that they must change their lives, live honestly

and be just in all their dealings, kind to one another and also to their white brethren; affectionate in their families, put away lying and slandering, and serve the Great Spirit in the way I have pointed out; they must never think of war again; the tomahawk was not given them to go at war with one another. The Shawnees at Tawa town could not listen to me, but persecuted me. This made a division in the nation; those who adhered to me removed to this place, where I have constantly preached to them. They did not select this place because it looked fine or was valuable, for it was neither; but because it was revealed to me that this is the proper place where I must establish my doctrines. I mean to adhere to them while I live, for they are not mine but those of the Great Ruler of the world, and my future life shall prove to the whites the sincerity of my professions. In conclusion, my brethren, our six chiefs shall go with you to Chillicothe."

Tecumseh, Roundhead, Blue Jacket and Panther, returned with the Commissioners to Chillicothe, where a council was called, and in which they gave the Governor positive assurances that they entertained none but peaceful intentions toward the whites. A speech which Tecumseh delivered at the time occupied between three and four hours in its delivery. It was eloquent and masterly, and showed that he possessed a thorough knowledge of all the treaties which had been made for years. While he expressed his pacific intentions if fairly treated, he told the Governor to his face that every aggression or settlement upon their lands would be resisted, and that no *pretended* treaties would insure the squatter's safety. Stephen Ruddell (who with Anthony Shane has given to the world nearly all that has been learned of Tecumseh) acted as interpreter upon the occasion. Other of the chiefs spoke, but Tecumseh, it was evident, was the leader, and every word that he uttered was received with attention and its full importance attached to it.

The council terminated pleasantly, and the Governor, convinced that no instant danger was threatened from the gatherings of the Indians at Greenville and Fort Wayne, disbanded the militia which he had called into service. The chiefs returned to their people, and for a short time the settlers were free from alarm and apprehension.

CHAPTER V.

MURDER OF MYERS—RENEWED ALARM—THE COUNCIL—THE PENNSYLVANIAN AND TECUMSEH—GOVERNOR HARRISON'S ADDRESS TO THE SHAWNEES—TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET REMOVE TO THE TIPPECANOE—NEW ALLIES FROM THE NORTH—PROTEST OF THE MIAMIS AND DELAWARES—VISIT OF THE PROPHET TO GOVERNOR HARRISON—HIS SPEECH—A NEW TREATY—EVIDENCES OF THE APPROACHING STRUGGLE.

THE quiet of the frontier, however, was of short duration. In the autumn of the same year (1807) a man named Myers was murdered, near the spot where Urbana now stands, by some Indians. This threw the settlers into a greater excitement than ever. Many of them made all haste back to Kentucky, and the alarm increasing, a large force of the militia were called out. Tecumseh and the Prophet were demanded to give up the murderers, but they replied that they were not of *their* people, and they knew nothing of them. Finally a council was called at Springfield, which was attended by Tecumseh, Blackfish and several other chiefs, and two distinct parties of Indians, one from the North and one from Fort Wayne, the latter under Tecumseh. These two parties were imbittered toward each other, and were perfectly willing that the other should bear the blame of the murder. The party from the North, at the request of the Commissioners, left their arms a few miles behind them, but Tecumseh would not consent to attend unless his followers were allowed to keep theirs about them, adding that his tomahawk was his pipe, and he might wish to use it. At this a tall, lank-sided Pennsylvanian, who was standing among the spectators, and who, perhaps, had no love for the glittering tomahawk of the self-willed chief, cautiously stepped up, and handed him a greasy, long-stemmed clay pipe, respectfully intimating that if he would only deliver up his dreadful tomahawk, he might use that article. The chief took it between his thumb and finger, held it up, looked at it a few seconds, then at the owner, who all the time was gradually backing away from him, and instantly threw it, with a contemptuous sneer, over his head into the bushes.* The Commissioners

* Drake.

were compelled to waive the point and the council went on. Its result was that the murder was found to have been sanctioned by neither party, and was purely an individual affair. The council ended with the reconciliation of the two parties, and to the satisfaction of the settlers.

In spite of the reiterated protestations of Tecumseh and the Prophet, however, such a wide-spread uneasiness gradually gained ground, that in the autumn of the same year Governor Harrison prepared and forwarded by one of the Indian agents, the following address to the Shawnees:

"MY CHILDREN:—Listen to me; I speak in the name of your father, the great chief of the Seventeen Fires.

"My children, it is now twelve years since the tomahawk, which you had seized by the advice of your father, the king of Great Britain, was buried at Greenville, in the presence of that great warrior, General Wayne.

"My children, you then promised, and the Great Spirit heard it, that you would in future live in peace and friendship with your brothers, the Americans. You made a treaty with your father, and one that contained a number of good things, equally beneficial to all the tribes of the red people, who were parties to it.

"My children, you promised in that treaty to acknowledge no other father than the chief of the Seventeen Fires; and never to listen to the proposition of any foreign nation. You promised never to lift up the tomahawk against any of your father's children, and to give him notice of any other tribe that intended it; your father also promised to do something for you, particularly to deliver to you, every year, a certain quantity of goods; to prevent any white man from settling on your lands without your consent, or to do you any personal injury. He promised to run a line between your land and his, so that you might know your own; and you were to be permitted to live and hunt upon your father's land, as long as you behaved yourselves well. My children, which of these articles has your father broken? You know that he has observed them all with the utmost good faith. But, my children, have you done so? Have you not always had your ears open to receive bad advice from the white people beyond the lakes?

"My children, let us look back to times that are past. . It has been a long time since you called the king of Great Britain father. You know that it is the duty of a father to watch over his children, to give them good advice, and to do every thing in his power to make them happy. What has this father of yours done for you, during the long time that you have looked up to him for protection and advice? Are you wiser and happier than you were before you knew him, or is your nation stronger or more respectable? No, my children, he took you by the hand when you were a powerful tribe; you held him fast, supposing he was your friend, and he conducted you through paths filled with thorns and briars, which tore your flesh and shed your blood. Your strength was exhausted, and you could no longer follow him. Did he stay by you in your distress, and assist and comfort you? No, he led you into danger and then abandoned you. He saw your blood flowing and he would give you no bandage to tie up your wounds. This was the conduct of the man who called himself your father. The Great Spirit opened your eyes; you heard the voice of the chief of the Seventeen Fires speaking the words of peace. He called you to follow him; you came to him, and he once more put you on the right way, on the broad, smooth road that would have led to happiness. But the voice of your deceiver is again heard; and, forgetful of your former sufferings, you are again listening to him. My children, shut your ears and mind him not, or he will lead you to ruin and misery.

"My children, I have heard bad news. The sacred spot where the great council-fire was kindled, around which the Seventeen Fires and ten tribes of their children smoked the pipe of peace—that very spot where the Great Spirit saw his red and white children encircle themselves with the chain of friendship—that place has been selected for dark and bloody councils. My children, this business must be stopped. You have called in a number of men from the most distant tribes, to listen to a fool, who spake not the words of the Great Spirit, but those of the devil, and of the British agents. My children, your conduct has much alarmed the white settlers near you. They desire that you will send away those people, and if they wish to have the impostor with them, they can

carry him. Let him go to the lakes ; he can hear the British more distinctly."

To this pointed speech the Prophet made answer, telling Governor Harrison that evil birds had sung in his ears. He denied having any correspondence with the British, and repeated that nothing was further from his thoughts than to create a disturbance with the adjoining settlers.

It was soon manifest that these gatherings of the Prophet could not be broken up, unless actual force was employed ; and, as there was no excuse for this, and Governor Harrison really believed they intended no harm to the settlers, nothing of the kind was attempted. Consequently, they continued to assemble, and in the early part of 1808, large numbers came down from the lakes, where, when their provisions were exhausted, they were supplied by the agent at Fort Wayne.

In the spring, Tecumseh and the Prophet changed their residence to Tippecanoe, where the Pottawatomies had granted them a tract of land. Here larger numbers collected, and it was discovered that they had united warlike sports with their other exercises. This increased the uneasiness of the settlers, many of whom all along had declared the Indians were concocting some deep and treacherous game. Many of these savages were from the North, and, as the Miamis and Delawares were friendly to the whites, they were so much opposed to their coming, that they sent a delegation to the Prophet to protest against it. Tecumseh received and assured them that he and his brother were not to be turned from their purpose, which was only that of ameliorating the condition of their red brethren. The delegation returned to their people, fully satisfied that the apprehensions of the settlers were well-grounded.

In August of this year, the Prophet, with a number of his followers, paid a visit to Governor Harrison. After repeating his former statements, he made the following speech :

"FATHER :—It is three years since I first began with that system of religion which I now practice. The white people and some of the Indians were against me ; but I had no other intention but to introduce among the Indians, those good principles of religion which the white people profess. I was

spoken badly of by the white people, who reproached me with misleading the Indians; but I defy them to say I did any thing amiss.

“Father, I was told that you intended to hang me. When I heard this, I intended to remember it, and tell my father, when I went to see him, and relate to him the truth.

“I heard, when I settled on the Wabash, that my father, the Governor, had declared that all the land between Vincennes and Fort Wayne, was the property of the Seventeen Fires. I also heard that you wanted to know, my father, whether I was God or man; and that you said if I was the former, I should not steal horses. I heard this from Mr. Wells, but I believed it originated with himself.

“The Great Spirit told me to tell the Indians that he had made them, and made the world—that he had placed them on it to do good and not evil.

“I told all the red-skins, that the way they were in was not good, and that they ought to abandon it.

“That we ought to consider ourselves as one man; but we ought to live agreeably to our several customs, the red people after their mode, and the white people after theirs; particularly, that they should not drink whisky; that it was not made for them, but the white people, who alone knew how to use it; and that it is the cause of all the mischiefs which the Indians suffer; and that they must always follow the directions of the Great Spirit, and we must listen to him, as it was He that made us; determine to listen to nothing that is bad; do not take up the tomahawk, should it be offered by the British, or by the Long-Knives; do not meddle with any thing that does not belong to you, but mind your own business, and cultivate the ground, that your women and your children may have enough to live on.

“I now inform you that it is our intention to live in peace with our father and his people forever.

“My father, I have informed you what we mean to do, and I call the Great Spirit to witness the truth of my declaration. The religion which I have established for the last three years, has been attended to by the different tribes of Indians in this part of the world. These Indians were once different people; they are now but one; they are all

determined to practice what I have communicated to them, that has come immediately from the Great Spirit through me.

"Brother, I speak to you as a warrior. You are one. But let us lay aside this character, and attend to the care of our children, that they may live in comfort and peace. We desire that you will join us for the preservation of both red and white people. Formerly, when we lived in ignorance, we were foolish; but now, since we listen to the voice of the Great Spirit, we are happy.

"I have listened to what you have said to us. You have promised to assist us. I now request you, in behalf of all the red people, to use your exertions to prevent the sale of liquor to us. We are all well pleased to hear you say that you will endeavor to promote our happiness. We give you every assurance that we will follow the dictates of the Great Spirit.

"We are all well pleased with the attention you have showed us; also with the good intentions of our father, the President. If you give us a few articles, such as needles, flints, hoes, powder, etc., we will take the animals that afford us meat, with powder and ball."

To test the influence of the Prophet over his followers, Drake states that Governor Harrison held conversations with and offered them spirits, but they always refused, and he became almost convinced that he was really sincere in his professions, and had no higher ambition than to ameliorate the condition of his race.

During the next year, the Prophet and Tecumseh continued quietly strengthening their cause. The latter, although he kept in the back-ground, was really the main-spring of these movements. While he helped to increase, he also directed his influence, and the Prophet never attempted any thing of importance without first consulting his brother.

In the spring of 1809, Harrison received information that large numbers of Indians were leaving the Prophet because they were required to join in a scheme for the massacre of the inhabitants of Vincennes. Other reports joined with this, induced the Governor to organize two companies of volunteer militia to garrison a post within a couple of miles of Vincennes. By the close of summer, however, the Prophet's

followers had dispersed, and the alarm of the settlers was once more quieted for a time.

In the autumn of 1809, Governor Harrison made a treaty with the Miami, Delaware and Pottawatamie tribes, by which their title to the lands on the east of the Wabash was extinguished. This treaty was confirmed by another one made with the Kickapoos; and, as the Governor invited all who laid any claims to the territory in question to be present and treat with him, the land came fairly and honorably into the possession of the Government.

Early in 1810, Harrison received notice from an authority which could not be doubted, that the Prophet and Tecumseh were doing their utmost to incite the Indians to a rebellion. Those who had left them were again rallying around their standard, and five hundred were already his supporters. In July, the Secretary of War gave Governor Harrison power to take such a course as he believed necessary for the safety of the frontier.

CHAPTER VI.

EXECUTION OF LEATHERLIPS BY ORDER OF TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET—GOVERNOR HARRISON VINDICATES TARHE FROM THE CHARGE OF COMPLICITY IN THE AFFAIR—HIS ADDRESS TO THE PROPHET—DRAKE'S ACCOUNT OF TECUMSEH'S VISIT TO GENERAL HARRISON.

THE 1st of June, 1810, was signalized by the murder of a Wyandot chief named Leatherlips. The Prophet accused him of witchcraft, and it is believed he and Tecumseh ordered him put to death, although Mr. Thatcher accuses Tarhe, or the "Crane," a Wyandot chief of the Porcupine tribe of the Wyandot nation, as being the principal agent in the affair. General Harrison, in a letter to the editor of the "Hesperian," in 1838, denies this most emphatically. In speaking of Tarhe he says: "I have often said I never knew a better man, and am confident he would not have been concerned in such a

transaction as is ascribed to him. In support of this opinion I offer the following reasons: The execution of the 'Doomed Wyandot Chief' is attributed, and no doubt correctly, to the Shawnee Prophet and his brother Tecumseh. To my knowledge, Tarhe was always the opponent of these men, and could not have been their agent in the matter. The accusation of witchcraft was brought by these Shawnee brothers, and the accused were exclusively those who were friendly to the United States, and who had been parties to treaties by which the Indian titles to lands had been extinguished. In both these respects, Tarhe had rendered himself obnoxious to the former. Tarhe was not only the Grand Sachem of his tribe, but the acknowledged head of all the tribes who were engaged in the war with the United States, which was terminated by the treaty of Greenville; and in that character the duplicate of the original treaty, engrossed on parchment, was committed to his custody, as had been the grand calumet which was the symbol of peace. Tarhe united with his friend, Black-Hoof, the head chief of the Shawnees, in denying the rank of chief either to the Prophet or Tecumseh; and, of course, he would not have received it of them. If the 'Doomed Warrior' had been sentenced by a council of his own nation, Tarhe would not have directed the execution, but, as was invariably the custom, it would have been committed to one of the war-chiefs. The party sent to put the old chief to death, no doubt, came immediately from Tippecanoe; and if it was commanded by a Wyandot, the probability is that it was Round-Head, who was a Captain of the band of Wyandots who resided with the Prophet, and was, to a great extent, under his influence."

We give this opinion of General Harrison, which is certainly conclusive, in order to fasten the blame where it most certainly belongs. Rev. J. B. Finley, who was a missionary to Tarhe's tribe, and who for years was intimately acquainted with him, adds that Mr. Thatcher and his informant were wholly mistaken as to the agency of Tarhe in this matter. Mr. Finley also says that a better and truer Indian than the latter never lived.

The "Doomed Chief" was found at his home, twelve miles north of Columbus, where he was told of the sentence which

had been passed upon him. He calmly prepared for the death which he knew he could not avoid. Several white men who were present, interfered to save his life, but it was unavailing. When the fatal moment arrived, "he turned from his wigwam, and, with a voice of surpassing strength and melody, commenced the chant of his death-song. He was followed slowly by the Wyandot warriors, all timing, with their slow and measured march, the music of his wild and melancholy dirge. The white men were likewise all silent followers in that strange procession."

The chief was led to his own grave, where he knelt down and addressed a solemn and impressive prayer to the Great Spirit. After he had finished praying, he remained in the kneeling position. One of the Wyandots then clove his skull with a keen tomahawk, and, after he had ceased to move, he was buried with all his apparel and decorations.

A few weeks after the murder of Leatherlips, Governor Harrison learned that an actual plan had been formed to surprise and massacre Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Fort Wayne and Vincennes. Strong efforts were being made to induce the tribes on the Mississippi to join them, but, up to the present time, only with partial success. The most influential chiefs of the Shawnees, Delawares, Miamis, and many other tribes, firmly opposed the ambitious schemes of Tecumseh and his brother. Governor Harrison also received, from a friendly Indian, an account of a visit which had been made by a British agent to the Prophet. He said this man had urged the plotter to persevere in his work of uniting the tribes, and to wait for the signal from the British authorities before striking the blow against the United States.

By this time, Governor Harrison was well convinced that the doings of the ambitious brothers boded no good to his country, and that the most incessant watchfulness was necessary upon his part. He sent two agents to them, for the purpose of learning more definitely their plans. These were courteously received by the Prophet, and, in answer to their pointed inquiries, told them that the assembling of the Indians upon this spot was by the direct commands of the Great Spirit. The agents told him that his conduct was exciting such apprehension that Kentucky and Indiana were calling

out their troops, and every preparation was making for the expected outbreak. He was then asked the causes of his complaints against the United States. The Prophet replied that his people had been cheated of their lands. The agents told him that any of his complaints would be listened to, and urged him to visit Governor Harrison, at Vincennes, for this purpose. The Prophet, however, refused, alleging that he was not well treated upon his previous visit.

In a letter to the Secretary of War, Governor Harrison stated that this caviling about the wrongful purchase of lands, was only a pretext upon the part of Tecumseh and the Prophet for the furtherance of their designs. He (Harrison) had been as liberal in the conclusion of the treaties as his knowledge of the views and opinions of the Government would allow him, and none of the Indians had just grounds for complaint.

In July, Governor Harrison heard that the Sacs and Foxes had united themselves to the Prophet, and expressed themselves willing to strike the Americans whenever required. In the hope of still inducing the Prophet to pause, the Governor prepared and forwarded the following address to him by a confidential interpreter :

“William Henry Harrison, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Territory of Indiana, to the Shawnee Chief, and the Indians assembled at Tippecanoe :

“Notwithstanding the improper language which you have used toward me, I will endeavor to open your eyes to your true interests. Notwithstanding what bad white men have told you, I am not your personal enemy. You ought to know this from the manner in which I received and treated you on your visit to this place.

“Although I must say, that you are an enemy to the Seventeen Fires, and that you have used the greatest exertions with other tribes to lead them astray. In this, you have been in some measure successful ; as I am told they are ready to raise the tomahawk against their father ; yet their father, notwithstanding his anger at their folly, is full of goodness, and is always ready to receive into his arms those of his children who are willing to repent, acknowledge their fault, and ask for his forgiveness.

"There is yet but little harm done, which may easily be repaired. The chain of friendship which united the whites with the Indians may be renewed, and be as strong as ever. A great deal of that work depends on you—the destiny of those who are under you, depends upon the choice you may make of the two roads which are before you. The one is large, open and pleasant, and leads to peace, security and happiness; the other, on the contrary, is narrow and crooked, and leads to misery and ruin. Don't deceive yourselves; do not believe that all the nations of Indians united are able to resist the force of the Seventeen Fires. I know your warriors are brave, but ours are not less so; but what can a few brave warriors do against the innumerable warriors of the Seventeen Fires? Our blue-coats are more numerous than you can count; our hunters are like the leaves of the forest, or the grains of sand on the Wabash.

"Do not think that the red-coats can protect you; they are not able to protect themselves. They do not think of going to war with us. If they did, you would, in a few moons, see our flag wave over all the forts of Canada.

"What reason have you to complain of the Seventeen Fires? Have they taken any thing from you? Have they ever violated the treaties made with the red-men? You say that they have purchased lands from them who had no right to sell them: show that this is true, and the land will be instantly restored. Show us the rightful owners of those lands which have been purchased—let them present themselves. The ears of your father will be opened to your complaints, and if the lands have been purchased of those who did not own them, they will be restored to their rightful owners. I have full power to arrange this business; but if you would rather carry your complaints before your great father, the President, you shall be indulged. I will immediately take means to send you, with those chiefs which you may choose, to the city where your father lives. Every thing necessary shall be prepared for your journey, and means taken for your safe return."

When this speech was read to the Prophet, he stated to the interpreter that his brother would carry the reply to it, as he intended to make Governor Harrison a visit in a few

weeks. Upon receiving this information, the Governor sent a messenger to Tecumseh with the request that he would bring only a small number of his followers, as it was inconvenient for him to receive more. Tecumseh paid no heed at all to this; but on the 12th of August, 1800, he descended the Wabash to Vincennes, attended by four hundred warriors, all armed with tomahawks and war-clubs, and "painted in the most terrific manner."

Governor Harrison, attended by the judges of the Supreme Court, several army officers, a Sergeant and a dozen men, besides a large number of citizens, waited upon the portico of his own house to receive his distinguished visitors. On the morning of the 15th, Tecumseh, attended by forty of his men, approached the house, but before reaching it, halted as though not satisfied with the appearance of things. In answer to an invitation to approach and take seats upon the portico, he objected, saying it was not a proper place to hold a council, and requested that they might adjourn to a grove of trees, standing a short distance away. The seats were accordingly removed to the grove, and with the Indians seated upon the earth the conference commenced.

The account of this interesting meeting by Benjamin Drake, is so faithful and graphic, that we here transcribe it:

"Tecumseh opened the meeting by stating, at length, his objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, made by Governor Harrison in the previous year; and in the course of his speech, boldly avowed the principle of his party to be, that of resistance to every cession of land, unless made by all the tribes, who, he contended, formed but one nation. He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the treaty of Fort Wayne: and that it was his fixed determination not to permit the *village* chiefs, in future, to manage their affairs, but to place the power with which *they* had been heretofore invested, in the hands of the war-chiefs. The Americans, he said, had driven the Indians from the sea-coast, and would soon push them into the lakes; and, while he disclaimed all intention of making war upon the United States, he declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand, and resolutely oppose the further intrusion of the whites upon the Indian lands. He concluded, by making a brief but impassioned

recital of the various wrongs and aggressions inflicted upon the Indians by the white men, from the commencement of the Revolutionary war down to the period of that council; all of which was calculated to arouse and influence the minds of such of his followers as were present.

"The Governor rose in reply, and in examining the right of Tecumseh and his party to make objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, took occasion to say, that the Indians were not one nation, having a common property in the lands. The Miamis, he contended, were the real owners of the tract on the Wabash, ceded by the late treaty, and the Shawnees had no right to interfere in the case; that upon the arrival of the whites on this continent, they had found the Miamis in possession of this land, the Shawnees being then residents of Georgia, from which they had been driven by the Creeks, and that it was ridiculous to assert that the red-men constituted but one nation; for, if such had been the intention of the Great Spirit, he would not have put different tongues in their heads, but have taught them all to speak the same language.

"The Governor having taken his seat, the interpreter commenced explaining the speech to Tecumseh, who, after listening to a portion of it, sprung to his feet, and began to speak with great vehemence of manner.

"The Governor was surprised at his violent gestures, but as he did not understand him, thought he was making some explanation, and suffered his attention to be drawn toward Winnemac, a friendly Indian lying on the grass before him, who was renewing the priming of his pistol, which he had kept concealed from the other Indians, but in full view of the Governor. His attention, however, was again attracted toward Tecumseh, by hearing General Gibson, who was intimately acquainted with the Shawnee language, say to Lieutenant Jennings, 'Those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard.' At that moment, the followers of Tecumseh seized their tomahawks and war-clubs, and sprung upon their feet, their eyes turned upon the Governor. As soon as he could disengage himself from the arm-chair in which he sat, he rose, drew a small sword which he had by his side, and stood on the defensive. Captain G. R. Floyd, of the army, who stood near him, drew a dirk, and the chief Winnemac cocked his

pistol. The citizens present were more numerous than the Indians, but were unarmed ; some of them procured clubs and brick-bats, and also stood on the defensive. The Rev. Mr. Winans, of the Methodist church, ran to the Governor's house, got a gun, and posted himself at the door to defend the family. During this singular scene, no one spoke, until the guard came running up, and appearing to be in the act of firing, the Governor ordered them not to do so. He then demanded of the interpreter an explanation of what had happened, who replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all the Governor had said was *false* ; and that he and the Seventeen Fires had cheated and imposed on the Indians.

"The Governor then told Tecumseh that he was a bad man, and that he would hold no further communication with him ; that as he had come to Vincennes under the protection of a council-fire, he might return in safety, but that he must immediately leave the village. Here the council terminated. During the night, two companies of militia were brought in from the country, and that belonging to the town was also embodied. Next morning Tecumseh requested the Governor to afford him an opportunity of explaining his conduct on the previous day—declaring that he did not intend to attack the Governor, and that he had acted under the advice of some of the white people. The Governor consented to have another interview, it being understood that each party should have the same armed force as on the previous day. On this occasion, the deportment of Tecumseh was respectful and dignified. He again denied having any intention to make an attack upon the Governor, and declared that he had been stimulated to the course he had taken, by two white men, who assured him that one half of the citizens were opposed to the Governor, and willing to restore the land in question ; that the Governor would soon be put out of office, and a good man sent to fill his place, who would give up the land to the Indians. When asked by the Governor whether he intended to resist the survey of these lands, Tecumseh replied that he and his followers were resolutely determined to insist upon the old boundary. When he had taken his seat, chiefs from the Wyandots, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Winnebagoes, spoke in succession, and distinctly avowed that they had entered into the Shawnee

confederacy, and were determined to support the principles laid down by their leader. The Governor, in conclusion, stated that he would make known to the President the claims of Tecumseh and his party, to the land in question; but that he was satisfied the Government would never admit that the lands on the Wabash were the property of any other tribes than those who occupied them when the white people first arrived in America; and, as the title to these lands had been derived by purchase from those tribes, he might rest assured that the right of the United States would be sustained by the sword. Here the council adjourned.

“On the following day, Governor Harrison visited Tecumseh in his camp, attended only by the interpreter, and was politely received. A long conversation ensued, in which Tecumseh again declared that his intentions were really such as he had avowed them to be in the council; that the policy which the United States pursued, of purchasing land from the Indians, he viewed as mighty water, ready to overflow his people; and that the confederacy which he was forming among the tribes to prevent any individual tribe from selling without the consent of the others, was the dam he was erecting to resist this mighty water. He stated further, that he should be reluctantly drawn into a war with the United States; and that if he, the Governor, would induce the President to give up the lands lately purchased, and agree never to make another treaty without the consent of all the tribes, he would be their faithful ally, and assist them in the war, which he knew was about to take place with England; that he preferred being the ally of the Seventeen Fires, but if they did not comply with his request, he would be compelled to unite with the British. The Governor replied, that he would make known his views to the President, but that there was no probability of its being agreed to. ‘Well,’ said Tecumseh, ‘as the great chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough into his head to induce him to give up this land; it is true, he is so far off, he will not be injured by the war; he may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out.’ This prophecy, it will be seen, was literally fulfilled; and the great chieftain who uttered it, attested that fulfillment with his blood. The Governor, in conclusion;

proposed to Tecumseh, that in the event of hostilities between the Indians and the United States, he should use his influence to put an end to the cruel mode of warfare which the Indians were accustomed to wage upon women and children, or upon prisoners. To this he cheerfully assented; and it is due to the memory of Tecumseh to add, that he faithfully kept his promise down to the period of his death."

CHAPTER VII.

SUSPICIONS OF THE TRUE INTENTIONS OF THE PROPHET AND TECUMSEH CONFIRMED—SEIZURE OF THE ANNUITY BY THE PROPHET—TECUMSEH'S VISIT TO VINCENNES—THE COUNCIL—VISITS THE CREEKS, CHOCTAWS AND OTHER TRIBES OF THE SOUTH—HIS SPEECH—HIS THREAT—ITS REMARKABLE FULFILLMENT.

SHORTLY after this council, a Winnebago chief, who had been employed by Harrison for that purpose, reported that Tecumseh was sending a large wampum-belt to the different tribes for the purpose of uniting them in one grand confederacy (that the belt had been returned); and he added, with tears in his eyes, that he and all the village chiefs had been deprived of their power, and the control of every thing was now in the hands of the warriors, who were unrelentingly opposed to the United States.

In his address to the Indiana Legislature of this year, Governor Harrison made reference to the trouble with the Indians at Tippecanoe, and added, when referring to the Prophet: "His character as a Prophet would not, however, have given him any very dangerous influence, if he had not been assisted by the intrigues and advice of foreign agents, and other disaffected persons, who have for many years omitted no opportunity of counteracting the measures of the Government with regard to the Indians, and filling their naturally jealous minds with suspicions of the justice and integrity of our views toward them."

In the fall of this year a Kickapoo chief visited Governor Harrison and stated that the peaceful professions of the Prophet

and Tecumseh were intended to screen their real designs, which were hostile to our Government. The Governor of Missouri sent information, about the same time, that the Sacs had joined the confederacy, and Tecumseh was doing his best to bring in the tribes west of the Mississippi. To these reports were added those of the Indian agents, speaking of the disaffection of the tribes around, and predicting a speedy commencement of a war with them.

The year 1810 closed thus; and early in the next season, Governor Harrison sent a boat-load of salt up the Wabash, this being a part of the annuity to the Indians. A quantity was to be given the Prophet for the Shawnees and Kickapoos; out upon landing for that purpose, the Prophet seized and appropriated it all, sending word to Harrison that he was obliged to do so, as he had two thousand men to feed, who had received no salt for a couple of years. The Governor deemed that he was now justified in asking for help from his Government. Accordingly he made application to the Secretary of War, that Colonel Boyd's regiment, then at Pittsburg, might be moved forward to Vincennes for the protection of that place, and requested authority to act offensively, so soon as it was known the Indians were arrayed in hostility to the United States. Harrison believed—in fact it was certain—that the plan of Tecumseh was to strike his first blow at Vincennes, which could not have been placed in a better situation for his purpose. A descent could be made upon it, almost without an hour's warning, and the savages could retreat into the unexplored country behind it, where no cavalry could make their way, and where infantry would almost be useless. Governor Harrison notified the Secretary of War that, if troops were not immediately sent them, he would take the case in his own hands.

Tecumseh, accompanied by three hundred warriors, made his visit to Vincennes, July 27th. The council was held on the 30th, in an arbor, the chief being attended by nearly two hundred of his followers. Harrison opened the council by referring to several murders which had been perpetrated by the Indians in Illinois, and inviting Tecumseh to visit the President for the purpose of laying his complaints before the Chief Magistrate, promising him that he should receive full justice at the President's hands. In conclusion, he demanded

of the chief an explanation of his seizure of the salt which was to be divided among the tribes. In reply Tecumseh stated that he was not at home when the salt was received, and therefore would say nothing except that Harrison seemed very difficult to suit. He had complained some time before because they refused to take the salt, and now he was displeased because they did take it. After a few unimportant remarks, the council adjourned.

It reassembled on the afternoon of the next day, and was continued far into the night. There being a full moon and a clear sky, the members were distinctly revealed to each other. It must have been a picturesque scene—those one hundred and seventy warriors seated in grim silence, listening spell-bound to the eloquence of the wonderful Tecumseh, occasionally signifying their approbation by their odd grunts: or, taking in the words of the noble Harrison, as he strove by every means at his command, to convince them that what he urged was for their welfare and interest.

Tecumseh manifested his usual self-will and independence. He admitted that he was endeavoring to bring about a union of the different tribes. "But why do *you* complain?" he asked; "haven't *you* formed a confederacy of your different Fires? We have raised no voice against that, and what right have *you* to prevent us doing the same? So soon as the council ends, I shall go south and seek to bring the Creeks and Choctaws into our confederacy." He repeated that his designs were peaceful, and the whites were needlessly alarmed. His reply in reference to the murders in Illinois, was not only cutting and pointed, but it was justified by facts. Governor Harrison had said, in a letter written some time before to the war department, that it was impossible, in many instances, for the Indians to receive justice. Were one of their number murdered by a white man, no jury of settlers would convict him, and many of the latter seemed to think the savage fit for nothing but insults and kicks. "As to the murderers," said Tecumseh, in substance, "they are not in my town, and if they were I would not give them up. We have set the whites an example of *forgiving* injuries, which they should follow." He added a wish that no settlers would come upon the new purchase, near Tippecanoe, before his return from the South, as the

Indians would need it as a hunting-ground, and if they found cattle and hogs there, would be apt to treat them as lawful game.

Governor Harrison's reply was brief and earnest. He said the moon above them should fall to the earth before the President would allow his people to be massacred with impunity, and that no land would be yielded which had been honorably and fairly bought of the Indians. With this interchange of views the council terminated. As Tecumseh had said, he started immediately for the South, attended by twenty warriors, and made the journey with all the "pomp and circumstance" of the greatest king of the North American Woods. In reference to this mission, save its object, little is known. The only information we have been able to collect in regard to it, is the following taken from "Claiborne's Life and Times of General Sam Dale." It is a description of the interview or council between the Shawnee leader and his followers, and the Creeks whom he was seeking to bring into the confederacy of the northern tribes.

"Tecumseh led, the warriors followed, one in the footsteps of the other. The Creeks, in dense masses, stood on one side of the path, but the Shawnees noticed no one; they marched into the center of the square, and then turned to the left. At each angle of the square, Tecumseh took from his pouch some tobacco and sumach, and dropped on the ground; his warriors performed the same ceremony. This they repeated three times as they marched around the square. Then they approached the flag-pole in the center, circled around it three times, and facing the north, threw tobacco and sumach on a small fire, burning as usual, near the base of the pole. On this they emptied their pouches. They then marched in the same order to the council, or king's house, (as it was termed in ancient times,) and drew up before it. The Big Warrior and leading men were sitting there. The Shawnee chief sounded his war-whoop—a most diabolical yell—and each of his followers responded. Tecumseh then presented to the Big Warrior a wampum-belt of five different-colored strands, which the Creek chief handed to his warriors, and it passed down the line. The Shawnee's pipe was then produced: it was large, long, and profusely decorated with shells, beads and painted

eagle and porcupine-quills. It was lighted from the fire in the center, and slowly passed from the big warrior along the line.

"All this time not a word had been uttered, every thing was as still as death; even the winds slept, and there was only the gently-falling leaves. At length Tecumseh spoke, at first slowly and in sonorous tones, but he soon grew impassioned, and the words fell in avalanches from his lips, his eye burned with supernatural luster, and his whole frame trembled with emotion; his voice resounded over the multitude—now sinking in low and musical whispers, now rising to its highest key, hurling out his words like a succession of thunderbolts. His countenance varied with his speech; its prevalent expression was a sneer of hatred and defiance; sometimes a murderous smile; for a brief interval a sentiment of profound sorrow pervaded it, at the close of a look of concentrated vengeance, such, I suppose, as distinguishes the arch-enemy of mankind.

"I have heard many great orators, but I never saw one with the vocal powers of Tecumseh, or the same command of the face. Had I been deaf, the play of his countenance would have told me what he said. Its effect on that wild, superstitious, untutored, and warlike assemblage, may be conceived; not a word was said, but stern warriors, the 'stoics of the woods,' shook with emotion, and a thousand tomahawks were brandished in the air. Even Big Warrior, who had been true to the whites, and remained faithful during the war, was, for the moment, visibly affected, and more than once I saw his huge hand clutch spasmodically the handle of his knife. And this was the effect of his delivery—for, though the mother of Tecumseh was a Creek, and he was familiar with the language, he spoke in the northern dialect, and it was afterward interpreted by an Indian linguist to the assembly. His speech has been reported; but no one has done, or can do it justice. I think I can repeat the substance of what he said, and, indeed, his very words:

"In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements—once our favorite hunting-grounds. No war-whoop was sounded, but there is blood upon our knives. The pale-faces felt the blow,

but knew not from whence it came. Accursed be the race that has seized on our country, and made women of our warriors. Our fathers; from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds. The Muscogee were once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at our war-whoop; and the maidens of my tribe, in the distant lakes, sung the prowess of your warriors, and sighed for their embraces. Now, your very blood is white, your tomahawks have no edges, your bows and arrows were buried with your fathers. O Muscogees! brethren of my mother! brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery; once more strike for vengeance—once more for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. The tears drop from the skies. Let the white race perish! They seize your land, they corrupt your women, they trample on your dead! Back! whence they came, upon a trail of blood, they must be driven! Back! back—ay, into the great water whose accursed waves brought them to our shores! Burn their dwellings! Destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The red-man owns the country, and the pale-face must never enjoy it! War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the graves! Our country must give no rest to a white man's bones. All the tribes of the North are dancing the war-dance. Two mighty warriors across the seas will send us arms.

“ ‘Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophets shall tarry with you. They will stand between you and your enemies. When the white man approaches you, the earth shall swallow him up. Soon shall you see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe,* and the very earth shall shake.’ ”

Incredible as it may seem, the threat of Tecumseh, embodied in the last sentence of the above speech, was fulfilled to the very letter. It was uttered by the chief when he saw the great reluctance of Big Warrior and the Creeks to join him; and the confidence with which he made the threat had its

* Other writers say that Detroit was mentioned in place of Tippecanoe, and in giving the exclamations of the astonished Indians, we have put that word in their mouth, in accordance with the authority quoted. This difference, however, is of little importance.

effect upon them. Tecumseh returned from the South through Missouri, visiting the different tribes on the Des Moines, crossing the head-waters of the Illinois to the Wabash, and so on to Tippecanoe.

The Indians were struck no less with Tecumseh's 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 the matter, and counted the days carefully, to know the time when Tecumseh would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the period 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 was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumseh has got to Detroit!" The effect was electrical. The message he delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for war.*

Of course, the reader will understand that an earthquake produced all this; but he will share his surprise with us, that it should happen upon the very day on which Tecumseh arrived at Detroit, and exactly as he predicted. It was the well-known earthquake of New Madrid, on the Mississippi, by which so many lands were sunk, and which, as the Government undertook to redeem for the owners, gave rise to the notorious "New Madrid Claims," hundreds of persons applying for indemnification who had never seen New Madrid.

CHAPTER VIII.

TROOPS SENT TO THE FRONTIER—GOVERNOR HARRISON'S MESSAGE TO THE TRIBES—MARCH TOWARD TIPPECANOE—THE BATTLE—POWER OF THE PROPHET BROKEN—TECUMSEH DECLINES TO MAKE HIS PROMISED VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE designs of the Indians now being certain, and Tecumseh's object in visiting the South being well known, the settlers in Indiana became more and more alarmed. They called

* History of the Tribes of North America.

meetings, at which resolutions were passed, and memorials drawn up and forwarded to the President, praying that the Prophet's Town might be broken up, and protection granted them. In answer to these petitions, Colonel Boyd's Fourth Regiment of United States Infantry, and a company of riflemen, were placed at the disposal of Governor Harrison. The Secretary of War instructed him at the same time, that while the citizens should be fully protected, and the outrages of the Indians punished, he should do all in his power to avoid hostilities, and to make no attack as long as there was a probability of bringing the Indians to terms without it.

Governor Harrison took prompt measures for bringing affairs to an issue. He wrote to his neighbor Governors in Missouri and Illinois, in the hope that, with him, they still might induce the Indians to avoid a recourse to arms; he instructed the Indian agents to do their utmost to bring the savages to reason, and, at the same time, he sent addresses to the different tribes, demanding that all who had been concerned in the murder of settlers should be given up—requiring also, from the Miamis, an absolute disavowal of all connection with the Prophet. He concluded by saying that the United States, having manifested, through a series of years, the utmost justice and generosity toward their Indian neighbors, and having not only fulfilled the engagements which they entered into with them, but had spent considerable sums to civilize them and promote their happiness—that if, under these circumstances, any tribe should dare to raise the tomahawk against their fathers, they need not expect the same lenity that had been shown them at the close of the former war, but that *they would either be exterminated, or driven beyond the Mississippi.**

In September the Prophet sent his reply to Harrison, saying that all his demands should be complied with, and repeating the transparent falsehood that his intentions were peaceful; but this message had hardly been received, when intelligence came that a party of whites had been fired upon when in pursuit of some horses which the Indians had stolen from them. In October, Harrison, at the head of a large body of troops, moved toward the Prophet's Town, hoping that such

* Drake.

a demonstration would bring its inhabitants to see the wisdom of consenting to terms. While moving forward, the Prophet sent a messenger to the Delaware chief, asking what part they intended to take in the coming war, and avowing that he had raised his tomahawk, and should never lay it down until he was either killed, or his grievances redressed.

On receiving this message, the chiefs of the Delawares, who had long been friendly to the United States, visited the Prophet for the purpose of dissuading him from commencing hostilities; but they returned to the Governor's camp with the report that they had been grossly insulted by him, and no attention paid to their words. On the 29th of October, Harrison sent twenty-four Miami chiefs to the Prophet, upon nearly the same errand; but, as they did not return, he concluded that they had united with the enemy.

On the 6th of November, at the head of nearly a thousand troops, General Harrison took up his march toward the Prophet's Town. When within a short distance, he sent forward a Captain and interpreter for the purpose of learning whether the Prophet would comply with his terms. Instead of holding communication with these messengers, the Indians endeavored to take them prisoners, and it was only with the greatest difficulty they effected their escape. One of Harrison's sentinels had been shot down also by them, and he believed it was now his duty to treat the willful Prophet and his followers as enemies. Accordingly he resumed his march, but before he reached the town, a deputation from the Prophet met him to inquire the reason of this advance upon them. They said they were anxious for peace, and had sent such a message by several of their chiefs, but they, having gone down the south side of the Wabash, had failed to meet him. Under these circumstances, Harrison agreed to make no advance upon the town, and to arrange the terms with the Prophet in the morning.

The situation of Harrison's army being unfit for an encampment, he moved forward to the north of the town, and halted his army somewhat less than a mile distant, upon a small creek which was above the village. The encampment was formed in the order of battle for a night attack, and the men "lay upon their arms." The guard of the night consisted of

two Captains' commands, of forty-two men and four non-commissioned officers each, and two subalterns' guards of twenty men and non-commissioned officers each—the whole amounting to about one hundred and thirty men, under the command of a field-officer of the day. The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain fell continually, and, as the militia had no tents, their situation was far from comfortable. No one apprehended an attack during the night, as in so doing, the Indians would have taken an occasion far less favorable to their designs than they had been given during the march of the army through the day.

Early on the morning of the 7th, immediately after Governor Harrison had arisen, and while he was in conversation with several of his officers, the Indians commenced their attack upon the left flank of the camp. Instantly the whole army were aroused, the camp-fires extinguished, and Harrison hurried to the point of attack. So complete had the arrangements been made, and so admirable was the discipline, that two minutes after the first shot of the Indians, the whole American army was ready for action. The battle of Tippecanoe, though comparatively short, was fought by the Indians with a desperate fierceness, and by the troops with the most determined bravery. Again and again the former returned to the charge, and again and again were they repulsed by the latter. Posted on an adjacent eminence, where he was safe from any American bullet, stood the Prophet, singing war songs, going through his sorceries, and urging his men on to the battle, assuring them that the Great Spirit would crown their arms with victory. When told that his followers were falling before the guns of their enemies, he told them to persevere—and that they were about giving way. Impelled thus by their superstitious belief in the infallibility of the Prophet, they fought with a fury which is seldom seen, even in an Indian contest.

The battle commenced at a few minutes after four in the morning. As long as the darkness continued, the troops prudently maintained their position; but at daylight, they made a charge upon the Indians, driving them into the swamp, thus ending the conflict.

In the battle of Tippecanoe, the Americans had sixty

killed, and nearly a hundred and thirty wounded, including among the former the well-known Joseph Hamilton Daviess—generally known as “Jo Daviess”—of Kentucky. The loss of the Indians could not be ascertained, but it must have been far greater.*

Tecumseh, at this time, was in the South, and the conflict took place without his sanction, if not in positive violation of his orders. He arrived in time to see the dream of his life dispelled by the Prophet—an ignominious defeat, and the union of the tribes destroyed forever. It is said he was so enraged at his brother, that shaking him by the hair he threatened his life. The warriors, too, were so incensed against him, that his power was forever broken.

Tecumseh kept up his professions of peace, and in the following winter notified Governor Harrison that he wished now to make his proposed visit to the President. Harrison in his reply gave him full liberty to do so, but told him he must dispense with the attendance of his several hundred armed warriors, as the President did not wish to see so many. Under these circumstances, Tecumseh refused to make the visit, and the intercourse between the two thus terminated for the present.

* Jo Daviess was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable men of his time. As a lawyer he had few equals—being considered the father of the Kentucky Bar. He was very singular in his habits, traveling his circuit—which comprised his whole State—in the costume of a hunter, often entering the Court-room with his rifle in his hands, at the very moment his case was ready for hearing. His extraordinary life was ended at Tippecanoe. He assumed command of a troop of Kentucky horse, after having been defeated, by Henry Clay, in the effort, as United States District Attorney, to secure the conviction of Aaron Burr. A most interesting series of papers appeared in Harper's New Monthly Magazine for 1860, on “the Life and Character” of the man.

CHAPTER IX.

DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN—SURRENDER OF DETROIT—ARRANGEMENT OF AMERICAN FORCES—DEFEAT OF GENERAL WINCHESTER—FORT MEIGS—OLIVER'S EXPLOIT—THE ATTACK—DEFEAT OF COLONEL DUDLEY'S DETACHMENT—SURRENDER DEMANDED—SIEGE RAISED—PRAISE-WORTHY CONDUCT OF TECUMSEH.

On the 4th of June, 1812, a bill declaring war against Great Britain passed the House of Representatives; and on the 17th, the Senate. On the 19th the proclamation of war was issued by the President. At the very commencement of hostilities, Tecumseh took the field against the United States. In August, at the head of a party of Shawnees, and in company with a number of British soldiers, he attacked a company of Ohio militia that had been sent by General Hull to escort some volunteers who were bringing supplies for his army. This was the affair at Brownstown—the first action after the declaration of war. A detachment of the Americans being drawn in ambush, they suffered considerable loss and were compelled to retreat to the De Corce river, to which point they were pursued.

General Hull now retreated from Canada and took up his position at Detroit. From this post, he sent out another detachment to open communication with the volunteers who had provisions for his army. This detachment consisted of six hundred troops, besides some artillerists with a six-pounder and howitzer. On the second day from Detroit, when just below Maguaga, the front guard were fired upon by some British and Indians. The former were intrenched behind a breast-work, while the Indians were concealed in a dense wood. The front guard maintained their position until the rest were brought into action. The first line poured their fire into the enemy and then charged upon them with fixed bayonets, driving them from their intrenchment and pursuing them for several miles. Tecumseh headed a band of Indians in this conflict, and he left forty of them dead upon the field. The bravery and admirable conduct displayed by him in this engagement led to his being appointed shortly afterward a Brigadier-General in the service of the king.

On the 16th of August, General Brock, the British commander, crossed the river a short distance above Detroit, with a force consisting of seven hundred British troops and six hundred Indians, and advanced upon the American works. The Americans, advantageously posted, outnumbered the combined forces of their enemy, and were ready and impatient for the conflict; but, when they were expecting the order to fire, what was their chagrin and rage to be ordered suddenly within the fort, and to see the white flag—a token of submission—hung out from the walls. General Hull, then Governor of the North-west Territory, by this treachery not merely surrendered the army at Detroit, but the entire territory, with all its forts and garrisons.

The astonishment of the British was as great as that of the Americans; and General Brock, in his account of the affair, thus wrote to his superior officer:—"When I detail my good fortune you will be astonished." No wonder Tecumseh, when requested by General Brock to prevent his followers from maltreating the prisoners, replied, "No; I *despise* them too much to meddle with them."

Tecumseh was an excellent judge of position; and not only knew, but could point out the localities of the whole country through which they passed. His facility of communicating the information he had acquired was thus displayed before a concourse of spectators. Previously to General Brock's crossing to Detroit, he asked him what sort of a country he should have to pass through, in case of his proceeding further. Tecumseh, taking a roll of elm-bark, and extending it on the ground by means of four stones, drew forth his scalping-knife, and with the point presently etched upon the bark a plan of the country; its hills, rivers, woods, morasses and roads; a plan which, if not as neat, was for the purpose required, fully as intelligible as if Arrowsmith himself had prepared it. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Tecumseh, also by his having, with his characteristic boldness, induced the Indians, not of his immediate party, to cross the Detroit, prior to the embarkation of the regulars and militia, General Brock, so soon as the business was over, publicly took off his sash, and placed it round the body of the chief. Tecumseh received the honor with evident gratification, but was next

day seen without the mark of distinction. General Brock fearing that something had displeased the Indian, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon returned with an account, that Tecumseh, not wishing to wear such a distinguished badge, when an older, and, as he said, an abler warrior than himself, was present, had transferred the sash to the Wyandot chief, Roundhead.*

Early in 1813, the principal American forces were arranged in three divisions. The army of the North was commanded by General Hampton, on the shores of Lake Champlain; the army of the center, under General Dearborn, was stationed on the southern shore of Lake Ontario; the army of the West was under General Harrison, who, as before mentioned, was Governor of the Indian Territory, comprising the present States of Indiana and Illinois. It was the intention of this commander to collect his command at some point near the head of Lake Erie, from which a descent should be made upon Detroit and Malden, then in possession of the British. On January 10th, General Winchester, at the head of eight hundred men, arrived at the rapids of the Maumee. Here he was informed that a considerable force of British and Indians was concentrating at Frenchtown, near the mouth of the river Raisin, and about twenty-five miles from Detroit. At the urgent request of the inhabitants, he sent a party under Colonels Allen and Lewis for their protection. Reaching the town they found it already in possession of the enemy; but, without hesitation, they immediately attacked it, drove the British out, and a few days later, were joined by General Winchester.

Here, on the 22d of January, they were attacked by a combined force of fifteen hundred British and Indians under General Proctor. A gallant defense was made against this overwhelming force, and after each side had suffered a heavy loss, the attack for a time was suspended.

But, during the battle, General Winchester had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Learning this, General Proctor, under a promise given that the prisoners should be protected, persuaded him to surrender his command. This pledge was afterward violated. General Proctor immediately

* Military Occurrences of the late War.

marched back to Malden, having no intention, let us hope, of abandoning them to the savages; but, so soon as he had departed, the latter wounded many, put others to the torture, and ransomed the remainder at enormous prices. Tecumseh was not present at this battle. Had he been, as Drake remarks, "the known magnanimity of his character justifies the belief that the horrible massacre of prisoners which followed that action would not have taken place. The savages would have been held in check, by a chief who, however daring and dreadful in the hour of battle, was never known to ill-treat or murder a prisoner."

General Harrison, by this time had reached the rapids of the Maumee, with twelve hundred men, when, learning the fate of General Winchester, he retreated a short distance, expecting an attack from General Proctor; but, advancing again, he began a fortified camp, named Fort Meigs, in honor of the Governor of Ohio. This fort was erected on the south side of the river Maumee, at the rapids, and a short distance south-west from the present village of Perrysburg. It was an octagonal, twenty-five hundred yards in circumference, and contained eight block-houses, picketed, inclosed by ditches. This being one of the most important posts in the West, Harrison rightly concluded that it would be the next assaulted by the combined British and Indians.

Early in April it was learned that Proctor had issued an order for the assembling of the Canadian militia and the different forces for the purpose of making this attack. The fort was still unfinished. The men, therefore, redoubled their work upon it. In a few days, Colonel Ball, at the head of two hundred dragoons, arrived at the post, and, four days later, General Harrison came in with three hundred additional troops. This was on the 19th of April. On the 26th of the same month, the enemy was seen at the mouth of the bay. The arrival of General Clay with the remainder of the garrison was hourly expected, but, while yet absent, it was discovered that the combined British and Indians were within a short distance of the fort.

It was now necessary that General Clay should know this, in order to guide his movements. It was a perilous task to reach him, as the woods were full of Indians; nevertheless,

William Oliver, accompanied by a white man and a Delaware, undertook the duty and safely executed it. He met General Clay at Fort Winchester, delivered General Harrison's instructions, and set out with him on his return.

While Oliver was absent, the gun-boats of the British came up the river, to a point two miles below Fort Meigs. The next day they came further up the river, and, at night, commenced erecting two gun-batteries and one bomb-battery. At daylight a fire was opened from the fort, which, although it annoyed them considerably, did not prevent the mounting of their guns. On the 1st of May they were discovered to be adjusting their guns, so as to bring them to bear upon the fort.

While these preparations of the enemy were progressing, the Americans by no means were idle. They had thrown up a traverse, fifteen hundred feet long, twenty feet broad at the base, and twelve feet high. In front of this were a large number of tents, which it was evident the enemy were preparing to use as targets. But, in an incredible space of time, these tents were taken down, whisked behind the traverse, where they were perfectly safe from any shots of the enemy. Not a tent nor a single person was seen. Those canvas houses, which had concealed the growth of the traverse from the view of the enemy, were now protected and hid in turn. The prospect of *smoking the Americans out*, was now at best very faint. But, as neither General Proctor nor his officers were yet convinced of the folly of their laborious preparations, their batteries were opened. Five days were spent in arduous and fruitless cannonading and bombarding. Very little damage, however, was done in the camp; one or two were killed, and three or four wounded. Among the latter was Amos Stoddard, of the First regiment of artillery, a survivor of the Revolution, and an officer of much merit. He was wounded slightly with a piece of shell, and two days afterward died with the lock-jaw.

The fire of the enemy was returned from the fort with a single eighteen-pounder; but, as there was but a limited supply of these balls, the Americans were forced to use them sparingly.*

* M'Affee.

General Harrison, believing the guns of the British would be carried to the other side of the river, had commenced throwing up some fortifications, intended to resist their fire upon the flanks of his camp. Before these were quite finished early on the 3d, Proctor opened a fierce fire upon the camp, from the left of the fort. It was returned with such spirit that in a few minutes, he was compelled to change his position. From another point he renewed his attack but it had little effect, and, on the 4th, the fire of the enemy was considerably slackened.

The following night was intensely dark. The sentinels hearing the plash of oars, one of them discharged his gun, when the voice of Oliver was heard in reply. Shortly after, accompanied by fifteen Ohio militia, and two Majors, he was admitted at one of the gates. He stated that he had left General Clay above the Rapids, for the purpose of informing General Harrison of the condition of his forces, in order that he (Harrison) might arrange his plans for the succeeding day. The commander ordered Captain Hamilton to ascend the river in a canoe, with the following directions to General Clay :

“ You must detach about eight hundred men from your brigade, and land them at a point I will show you, about a mile or a mile and a half above Camp Meigs. I will then conduct the detachment to the British batteries on the left bank of the river. The batteries must be taken, the cannons spiked, and the carriages cut down ; and the troops must then return to the boats and cross over to the fort. The balance of your men must land on the fort-side of the river, opposite the first landing, and fight their way into the fort through the Indians. The route they must take will be pointed out by a subaltern officer now with me, who will land the canoe on the right bank of the river to point out the landing for the boats.”*

Captain Hamilton met General Clay five miles above the fort at daylight. So soon as the latter read the orders of the commander, he directed the Captain to proceed to Colonel Dudley, and instruct him to execute the plan of General Harrison, by landing the first twelve boats upon the left river-bank : and to post the subaltern at the proper point on the right

* M'Afee.

bank, where the rest of the troops would land. By doing this, the enemy would be confused by two separate attacks, when Governor Harrison intended to send out a party to spike their guns upon the south side. General Clay gave orders for the remaining boats—five in number—to fall in the rear of the one occupied by him. He ran in close to the right shore expecting to find his guide opposite the point where Colonel Dudley had landed; but no guide was seen, and a hot fire being opened upon him by the Indians, he attempted to recross the river to his detachment. The current, however, proved too rapid, and heading once more toward the right bank, he landed considerably further down. About fifty men were in this boat, and forming in marching order, they pressed their way steadily into the fort, amidst a shower of grape from the batteries, and of bullets from the Indians, without the loss of a single man.

When Colonel Dudley attempted to cross the river, Colonel Boswell with the five boats landed upon the bank toward which Dudley was heading. When the latter turned back, their mistake was seen, and Captain Hamilton ordered the boats to be taken again, and a landing effected upon the other side. This was accomplished under a brisk fire of the Indians, when they received the order of Harrison to march in open order, across the plain to the fort. As the Indians were rapidly concentrating about this band, Alexander's brigade, and a portion of Johnson's battalion, with two companies were ordered to assist them. The latter reached the gates of the fort, however, before these reinforcements could be made ready; but at the gates they met them, when they formed in order—"Colonel Boswell being on the right,—marched against the Indians, who were superior to them in numbers, and at the point of the bayonet forced them into the woods to the distance of half a mile or more. Such was the ardor of the troops, in the pursuit, that it was difficult, especially for the Kentucky officers, to induce their men to return."

"General Harrison had now taken a position on one of the batteries of the fort, that he might see the various movements which at this moment claimed his attention. He soon perceived a detachment of British and Indians, passing along the edge of the woods, with a view to reach the left and rear of

the corps under Boswell; he forthwith dispatched his volunteer aid, John T. Johnston, to recall the troops under Boswell from the pursuit. Johnston's horse having been killed before he delivered this order, it was repeated through Major Graham, and a retreat was commenced: the Indians promptly rallied and boldly pursued them for some distance, killing and wounding a number of the troops. So soon as the commanding General perceived that Colonel Dudley and his detachment had reached the batteries on the northern bank of the river, and entered successfully upon the execution of the duty assigned them, he ordered John Miller of the regulars to make a sortie from the fort, against the batteries which the enemy had erected on the south side of the river. The detachment assigned to Colonel Miller, amounted to about three hundred and fifty men, composed of the companies and parts of companies of Captains Langham, Croghan, Bradford, Nearing, Elliot, and Lieutenants Gwynne and Campbell of the regular troops; the volunteers of Alexander's battalion; and Captain Sebree's company of Kentucky militia. Colonel Miller and his men charged upon the enemy, and drove them from their position; spiked the cannon at their batteries, and secured forty-one prisoners. The force of the enemy thus driven and defeated, consisted of two hundred British regulars, one hundred and fifty Canadians and about five hundred Indians, under the immediate command of Tecumseh, in all more than double the force of the detachment under Colonel Miller. In this sortie Captain Sebree's company of militia, were particularly distinguished. With the intrepid bravery and reckless ardor for which the Kentucky troops are noted, they plunged into the thickest ranks of the enemy and were for a time surrounded by the Indians, who gallantly pressed upon them; but they maintained their ground, until Lieutenant Gwynne, of the Nineteenth regiment, perceiving their imminent peril, boldly charged upon the Indians, with a portion of Captain Elliott's company, and released Captain Sebree and his men from their dangerous situation. Had the force of Colonel Miller been something stronger, he would probably have captured the whole of the enemy, then on the south side of the river. The British and Indians suffered severely being finally driven back and thrown into confusion. As

Colonel Miller commenced his return to the fort, the enemy rallied and pressed with great bravery upon his rear, until he arrived near the breast-works. A considerable number of the American soldiers were left dead on the field, and several officers wounded.

"Colonel Dudley's movements on the north side of the river, are now to be noticed. A landing was effected by this detachment, which was immediately marched off, through an open plain, to a hill clothed with timber. Here the troops were formed into three columns, Colonel Dudley placing himself at the head of the right, Major Shelby leading the left, and Captain Morrison, acting as Major, the center. The distance from the place where the detachment was formed in order, to the point to be attacked, was nearly two miles. The batteries were engaged in cannonading Camp Meigs, when the column led by Major Shelby, being a few hundred yards in advance of the others, rushed at full speed upon those having charge of the guns, and carried them without the loss of a single man. When the British flag was cut down, the garrison at Fort Meigs shouted for joy. The grand object of the enterprise having been achieved, the General, who was watching the movements of the detachment, made signs to them to retreat to their boats; but to his great surprise, and in express disobedience of the orders transmitted through Colonel Hamilton, the troops remained at the batteries, quietly looking around, without spiking the cannon, cutting down the carriages or destroying the magazines. This delay proved fatal to them. The General, alarmed for their safety, now offered a very high reward to any individual who would bear fresh orders to Colonel Dudley and his men to return to their boats and cross over the river to the fort. The service was undertaken by Lieutenant Campbell."

Previous to this, Colonel Dudley had given orders to reinforce a party of spies under Captain Leslie Combs, that had been fired upon by some Indians in ambush. The enthusiastic men did so with a will, pursuing the savages for the space of two miles. The left column only remained in possession of the guns, till their rightful owners, reinforced from the British camp, returned and attacked them. The Indians, too, were reinforced and returned to the attack on Colonel Dudley and

his men with redoubled fury. The confusion now became so great that the Americans ceased hostilities, while the Indians, in their skulking manner continued to shoot them down in safety. Colonel Dudley commenced a retreat, but after going a short distance, he was wounded, overtaken and tomahawked, and the greater part of his men were either slain or taken prisoners. Out of the whole detachment less than two hundred reached the fort.

The fighting ceased on the 5th, when Proctor demanded General Harrison to surrender the post, as he "wished to spare the effusion of blood." This demand of course was instantly refused, General Harrison adding that in case it fell into General Proctor's hands, it would be in a manner more creditable to him, than any capitulation could possibly be. The siege was maintained until the 9th of May when General Proctor withdrew his men and retreated down the bay.

In this siege the Americans numbered about twelve hundred, while the combined British and Indian force was fully three thousand. Tecumseh fought with extraordinary bravery, and under him his followers could lay claim to a larger part of the honors of the day. It has been stated that he made an agreement with Proctor that, in case the place was reduced, General Harrison was to be delivered into his hands, to be burnt; and it was even stated that Proctor made this promise to induce Tecumseh to take part in the battle.

While Drake admits that Tecumseh may possibly have had some agreement with the British commander to deliver Harrison into his hands, he denies emphatically that the chief ever entertained the idea of burning him. Not a single instance in the long eventful life of Tecumseh can be adduced to show that he ever maltreated a prisoner; and, as the most effectual contradiction of this slander, it is with pleasure we quote the following graphic extract from a letter written by William G. Ewing:

"PIQUA, O., May 2d, 1818.

"The most unfortunate event of that contest, I presume you admit to have been the defeat of Colonel Dudley. I will give you the statement made to me by a British officer who was present. He states, that when Colonel Dudley landed his troops, Tecumseh, the brave but unfortunate commander, was

on the south side of the river, annoying the American garrison with his Indians; and that Proctor, with a part of his troops and a few Indians, remained on the opposite side at the batteries. Dudley attacked and pursued him two miles.

“During this time, Harrison had sent out a detachment to engage Tecumseh; and that the contest with him continued a considerable length of time, before he was informed of what was doing on the opposite side. He immediately retreated, swam over the river, and fell in the rear of Dudley, and attacked him with great fury. Being thus surrounded and their commander killed, the troops marched up to the British line and surrendered. Shortly afterward commenced the scene of horrors which I dare say is yet fresh in your memory; but I shall recall it to your recollection for reasons which I will hereafter state. 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. While this bloodthirsty 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 sprung 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 inquired why he had not put a stop to this inhuman massacre. ‘Sir,’ said Proctor, ‘your Indians can not be commanded.’

'Begone!' retorted Tecumseh, with the greatest disdain. 'You are unfit to command; *go and put on petticoats.*'"

There is abundant evidence to show that Tecumseh despised Proctor. The great chief once said to that commander: "I conquer to save, you to murder"—an expression founded in truth, and worthy of the magnanimous hero from whose lips it fell.

Drake adds another characteristic incident of Tecumseh.

Shortly after he had put a stop to the horrid massacre of the prisoners, his attention was called to a small group of Indians occupied in looking at some object in their midst. Colonel Elliott remarked to him: "Yonder are four of your nation who have been taken prisoners; you may dispose of them as you think proper." Tecumseh walked up to the crowd, where he found four Shawnees, two brothers by the name of Perry, Big Jim, and the soldier. "Friends," said he, "Colonel Elliott has placed you under my charge, and I will send you back to your nation with a talk to your people." He accordingly took them on with the army as far as the river Raisin, from which point their return home would be less dangerous, and then appointed two of his followers to accompany them, with some friendly message to the chiefs of the Shawnees. They were thus discharged under their parole, not to fight against the British during the war.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS—GALLANT DEFENSE OF FORT STEPHENSON—DISAFFECTION OF TECUMSEH—INDUCED TO REMAIN BY THE SIOUX AND CHIPPEWAS—TECUMSEH'S SPEECH TO GENERAL PROCTOR—RETREAT OF THE BRITISH INTO CANADA—DECEPTION PRACTICED BY THE BRITISH COMMANDER—TECUMSEH'S STAND AT CHATHAM—THE BATTLE-GROUND CHOSEN.

LATE in the evening of July 20th, the garrison at Fort Meigs, discovered the boats of the British ascending, and shortly after found they were besieged by a combined force of over four thousand British and Indians. General Clay

was now the commandant of the fort, whose garrison numbered only a few hundred men. So soon as the boats were seen, he dispatched a picket-guard of ten men to a point three hundred yards below the fort. Here the guard were surprised by the Indians and all but three either killed or captured.

The enemy now moved up the river and encamped upon the north side near old Fort Miami. For some time the Indians held a position in the rear, where they kept a scattering fire upon the garrison; but with such poor success that they finally withdrew.

General Clay, feeling that in case of assault he would be unable to withstand such an overwhelming force, sent Captain M'Cune to Lower Sandusky, where Harrison then was, with this intelligence. M'Cune left in the night, safely passed through the lines of sentinels that surrounded the fort, and reached Sandusky, where he lost no time in making General Harrison acquainted with the perilous predicament of the fort. The General dispatched Clay the information that as soon as the necessary troops could be collected, they would be sent to his relief. At the same time, Harrison did not believe the enemy intended a serious attack upon the place. He suspected—and correctly, too—that it was a feint to give out this impression, and cover their real design—that of assaulting Cleveland and Lower Sandusky (now Fremont, Ohio.)

On the 22d of July, while M'Cune was at Sandusky, Tecumseh, at the head of nearly a thousand Indians, passed up the river in front of the fort. General Clay supposed he was on his way to attack Fort Winchester, but, it was only another ruse for the purpose of misleading the garrison. Two days later, the British crossed over to the south side, and made their encampment, to the great alarm of Clay, who believed they were making preparations to carry it by assault. The next morning M'Cune reached the fort in safety, and reported himself to Clay.

Just at nightfall of this day, the garrison were startled by hearing shouts, Indian yells and the discharge of rifles, in the direction of the Sandusky road. Looking out, they saw the Indians attacking a party of whites with great fury, who soon gave way and retreated. But, rallying again, they

made a stand and attacked the Indians in turn, with such bravery, that they broke and scattered in confusion. "They are reinforcements who are attacked," exclaimed the garrison, and immediately demanded that they should be led to the assistance of their friends. The officers too were urgent, and only awaited the word of permission to open the gates, and rush out upon the assailants.

But the cool-headed Clay had a strong suspicion that it was some scheme of Tecumseh, intended for the very purpose of drawing him out. M'Cune having returned only that morning, it was clearly impossible that any reinforcements could be so close at hand. Accordingly, he firmly refused the earnest petitions of his men and officers, and the firing shortly ceased. It was afterward learned that this was a ruse, originating with Tecumseh, for the purpose which General Clay suspected. So soon as the troops were drawn from the fort, the British had made their preparations to assault it and carry it by storm. The firmness of General Clay upon this trying occasion saved the fort, beyond a doubt, from falling into the hands of their enemies.

Finding the fort so well prepared for resistance, General Proctor withdrew his forces the next day, and, as General Harrison had anticipated, sailed around into Sandusky Bay for the purpose of attacking the fort at Lower Sandusky. This was named Stephenson and was situated on the west bank of the Sandusky river, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie.

It was garrisoned by Major Croghan, a youth of twenty-one, with only one hundred and fifty men.

On the 2d of August, General Proctor, with five hundred regulars and eight hundred Indians appeared before the fort and demanded its surrender, threatening all with indiscriminate slaughter. Young Croghan replied that the fort should be defended to the last extremity.

A cannonade was commenced upon the fort, and was continued until a breach was opened, when five hundred of the British made the attempt to carry it by assault. An incessant fire of musketry was directed against the advancing host, but they rushed forward and poured themselves into the ditch. There was but one cannon in the fort. It had been so placed as to rake the ditch, and was opened at the perilous moment

with dreadful effect. Into the dense masses of bodies, the true iron hurled its messenger of death and destruction, scattering the enemy like chaff before the wind. The whole British force, panic-struck and thrown into confusion, abandoned the siege, followed by Tecumseh and his allies, whose opinion of British prowess was considerably lowered by this defeat. One hundred and fifty of the assailants were killed and wounded, while only one of the Americans was slain, and but seven wounded. This affair is justly considered one of the most creditable that occurred to the American arms during the war.

This signal repulse ended the offensive operations of Proctor and his Indian allies, and changed the conflict to one of defensive upon their part, and transferred the battle-grounds to the Canada shore. General Proctor, as he withdrew from before Fort Stephenson, made his way back to Malden by water, Tecumseh and his warriors crossing overland, at the head of Lake Erie, and uniting with him at that place. When the chief reached the rendezvous, he was so disgusted with the incapacity of General Proctor, and so well convinced that he was engaged in a hopeless struggle, that he decided to withdraw from the conflict. Possessed of a capacious and far-reaching mind, Tecumseh could but have seen that he was battling with fate. The dream of his life, the ambition of his manhood's years—that of an *Indian Confederacy*, had been dissipated, and why should he now be found with his hatchet raised against the American people? When the greatest chiefs of his own tribe, and most of the Shawnees themselves, refused to take up arms with him—when, indeed, many at that moment were fighting with the Americans, why should he be arrayed against them? Was it to benefit his people? Ah! no; he well knew none would be better friends to the red-man than General Harrison had proved himself to be. Was it to revenge himself? He had already done that on many a bloody field. Was it to befriend the British? None had better reason than himself to know that their sacrifices and their efforts would meet with but little return. Why then was the chief so ably assisting them?

With the intention of leaving the British cause forever

Tecumseh assembled those of the Shawnees, Wyandots and Ottawas, who were under his command, and made known his resolution. He said when they took up the tomahawk for the king, they were promised plenty of white men to fight with them, but the number was no greater now than at the commencement of the war, and, said he, "We are treated by them like the dogs of snipe-hunters; we are always *sent ahead to start the game*. It is best that we should return to our country, and let the Americans come on and fight the British."

His listeners agreed to this, but the Sioux and Chippewas, learning it, went to Tecumseh and told him he must remain. He had been the means of uniting the different tribes and bringing them into the war; it was, therefore, his duty to remain with the British as long as any of the Indians did. Tecumseh, feeling there was reason in these claims, replied that he was willing to lead them if they wished to fight, and he accordingly did so.

We have seen it stated that most of the Indians, notwithstanding Tecumseh's entreaties, deserted him and returned to their homes. This is surely an error. The proposition was first made by Tecumseh himself, and it was the entreaties of others that induced *him* to remain. What warriors left the British cause did so without any remonstrance from him.

While Proctor was at Malden, the struggle between the two nations for the mastery of Lake Erie was going on. Commodore Perry had prepared an American squadron, of nine vessels, carrying fifty-four guns, while a British one of six vessels and sixty-three guns, was under the command of Commodore Barclay. On the 10th of September, these squadrons met in the western part of Lake Erie. The particulars of this brilliant engagement are too familiar to our readers to need repetition here. At four o'clock in the afternoon every vessel of the British squadron had surrendered.

This engagement was witnessed by Tecumseh and the Indians from the shore. The next day, General Proctor told him, that his fleet had beaten the Americans; that the vessels being much damaged had gone to Put-in-Bay to refit, but would be at Malden in a few days. It was not long, however, before Tecumseh saw that the General had told him a falsehood and

that he was preparing to retreat from Malden further into Canada. He went instantly to Proctor, and taking no pains to hide his scorn, demanded the meaning of the preparations going on around him. Proctor replied that he was only sending their property up the Thames, where it would be safe from the enemy. Tecumseh, however, was not to be deceived. He remonstrated against the retreat, and demanded to be heard in council. This was granted, and on the 18th of September, as the representative of the Indians in the British army, he delivered the following speech :

“Father, listen to your children ! You have them now all before you.

“The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans ; and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge ; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time.

“Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans.

“Listen ! When war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans ; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us.

“Listen ! You told us at that time, to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so ; and you promised to take care of them, and they should not want for anything, while the men would go and fight the enemy ; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy’s garrison ; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad.

“Listen ! When we were last at the Rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs.

“Father, listen ! Our fleet has gone out ; we know they

have fought; we have heard the great guns, but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm.* Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish; our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog, that carries its tail on its back, but when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off.

"Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; *we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance.* If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father.

"At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we returned to our father's fort, at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it would now be the case; but instead of that, we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison.

"Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

This speech is authentic. It was preserved by General Proctor, as one of the many evidences that Tecumseh had little or no respect at all for him. He had the speech translated, and when, a few days afterward, his portfolio fell into the hands of the Americans, it was found within it.

Had General Proctor taken Tecumseh's advice, an opportunity would have been given him, to retrieve the credit which he had already lost in the eyes of his country. There was

* Commodore Barclay, who had lost an arm in some previous battle.

no occasion for his retreating further into Canada, as no better battle-ground could be found than that at Malden, and Tecumseh would have aided him with all the power at his command.

The way to Malden being now unobstructed, Harrison embarked his troops and crossed the lake. Reaching Malden, he found the British retreating, and a rapid pursuit was commenced.

After Tecumseh had delivered the speech given above, a large number of the Indians left Proctor and returned to the American shore. Nothing but the repeated solicitations of the Sioux and Chippewas prevented Tecumseh from going with them. He was more embittered than ever against Proctor. He said the battle-field had no terrors for him, and he had no fear of death; but it was only for the Sioux and Chippewas—who assured him they would serve under no leader—that he consented to remain longer with the retreating army.

Before continuing the retreat, Proctor proposed to Tecumseh to remove the families of the Indians to a point on the Rouge river, where their winter-clothing and their food would be furnished them. Tecumseh consented with reluctance, as he believed it was another falsehood of the commander. Such was indeed the case. When they reached their destination, there were no provisions, and he did not conceal his indignation. To mend the matter, Proctor pledged himself that if they would accompany him to the Thames, they would not only receive every thing that he had promised, but would find in addition, *a fort to receive them and a large reinforcement of British troops!*

Tecumseh and his followers did so, because it was the best that could be done under the circumstances. "We are now going to follow the British," he remarked to one of the chiefs, "and I feel assured, that we shall never return." The retreat toward the Thames was resumed and continued with all expedition. When the army encamped at a place called "Dalson's Farm," Proctor and Tecumseh, with a guard in attendance, rode back in a gig to examine the ground at a place called Chatham, where an unfordable creek falls into the Thames. The ground pleased both, and Proctor remarked

that upon it they would either defeat General Harrison or leave their bones. This gratified Tecumseh, who said: "It is a good place, and when I look upon these two streams they will remind me of Tippecanoe.*"

This Proctor decided should be the battle-ground, and it was a most excellent selection. Sheltered by the Thames, the unfordable stream and a dense swamp, he could so dispose his forces, as to make a determined and effectual stand. But for some cause he changed his mind, leaving Tecumseh and several hundred Indians to resist the passage of the American troops, and continued the retreat.

When the advanced guard of the invading army reached this point, they found the bridge taken up, while the Indians commenced a brisk fire from the opposite side. Under the impression that the entire force of Proctor was there, Harrison formed his troops in order of battle, and brought up a couple of cannon to protect the men while repairing the bridge. Several discharges from these pieces scattered the Indians, and, two hours later, all the Americans had crossed, having had two killed and three wounded.

Tecumseh could have made a much better stand if he chose, but he had no desire to protect the British from their assailants, and bearing the brunt of the battle alone. General Proctor had made "*snipe-hunters*" of his warriors long enough, and he felt that it was time the red-coats should be permitted to bear a part in the contest. His resistance was a mere display. He shortly retreated, and overtook the army near the Moravian village, on the north side of the Thames. Here he determined to stand, and so told General Proctor. The decision compelled that General to make his final stand. Therefore to Brigadier General Tecumseh is due the credit of having selected so good a site as that upon which the Battle of the Thames was fought. General Proctor, convinced that the resolve of the chief was imperative, halted his army and made his preparations for the coming battle.

* Drake.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES—DEATH OF TECUMSEH—HIS CHARACTER.

THE battle-ground selected by Tecumseh was found to be admirably chosen. The British troops, numbering about nine hundred, were stationed with their right extending to and across a swamp, in which Tecumseh at the head of nearly two thousand Indians took position. The left of the British was protected by the Thames at an unfordable point. Their artillery occupied the wagon-road near the river. From this it will be seen that both wings of the British army were protected, one by the river and the other by Tecumseh and his warriors in a dense swamp, (which was three hundred yards from the river, and extending in a direction parallel with it.)

General Harrison seeing that it was impossible to turn the wings of the enemy, concluded to make his attack upon the British line. For this purpose the order of battle was formed thus: The first division under Major General Henry, was drawn up in three lines, each consisting of a brigade and each a hundred yards from the other, and parallel with the British line. The second division, consisting of two brigades was placed at right angles to the first division. Governor Shelby was stationed with his Kentucky troops in the angle formed by these two divisions. A regiment of light infantry was posted in reserve, so as to cover the rear of the first division. Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment were instructed to take the ground to the left, so soon as the front line advanced, and make an effort to turn the right of the Indians. A detachment of United States infantry, was posted between the road and river, for the purpose of seizing the artillery of the British. Colonel Wood was ordered to prepare to use these pieces against the enemy by raking their lines with a flank fire.

Just as the order was about being issued to move forward, Colonel Wood, who had been reconnoitering the enemy, rode up to General Harrison and his staff with the announcement, that, in violation of all military custom, the British lines were drawn up in *open order*. Harrison instantly remarked that he

would make a novel movement, by ordering Colonel Johnson with his mounted regiment to charge the British lines, which, always accustomed to *the touch*, could be penetrated and overthrown. Colonel Johnson accordingly drew up his regiment in close order, with its right partially protected by trees from the artillery, and the left upon the swamp, before mentioned. They charged at full speed, thundering over the 'ground like a thousand chariots. The first fire of the enemy partially checked them; but, it was only for a moment. Regaining their order the troop burst forward, struck the lines with an irresistible force, and five minutes later the Battle of the Thames was ended.

The line of Johnson's regiment extending to the swamp, the Colonel was brought in contact with the Indians; but, at the first fire was so badly wounded that he was carried off the field. Before this, however, he shot with his pistol a "large Indian" who was about to tomahawk him. *This Indian, it has been claimed, was Tecumseh.**

The British officers seeing that it was impossible for them to restore their lines to order, instantly surrendered. The Americans had twenty killed and about double that number wounded. The British loss was nearly the same. Proctor, after a hot pursuit, effected his escape, but his baggage fell into the hands of the Americans. Although the charge of Johnson's regiment virtually decided the battle, all the American forces were equally engaged in it. The conflict was short, but it was severe and bloody while it lasted. Had the bravery or leadership of the British been anyways equal to that of the Indians, the victory of the Americans would have been far more dearly bought than it was.

The victory of the Thames terminated the war upon the

* The question, "Who killed Tecumseh?" probably never will be settled. Drake devotes some twenty pages of his volume to the discussion of the question—the result of which, as might be naturally expected—is the conclusion that Tecumseh was killed by *somebody*, but by whom never was and never will be known. The honor has generally been conceded to Colonel Richard M. Johnson; but wrongfully so, we think is proved by Mr. Drake. Colonel Johnson, we may remark, never *claimed* to have killed Tecumseh. While making a political speech in St. Louis, some one among his auditors called out, "Who killed Tecumseh?" "I can not tell," replied Johnson. "It is probable that I did, but equally probable that I didn't." The case was an urgent one, and as he remarked, he shot the Indian, as he would any other person, without stopping to inquire his name. As he was unacquainted with the chief, of course he was unable to identify this Indian as him. The question is, therefore, still undecided.

western frontier. The territory, basely surrendered by Hull was recovered, and the great master-spirit of the Indians slain. The battle-ground of England and the United States was transferred to a different part of the country.

As the subject of these pages is now dead, and we may suppose, buried, it is but proper that his eulogy should be delivered. This can be partly done in the words of another.

"Thus fell Tecumseh, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was one of the Shawnee tribe, five feet ten inches high, and with more than usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eye penetrating, his countenance, which, even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council. Those who consider that in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the United States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of their champion.

Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, was the prototype of Tecumseh, whose ambition was first awakened by the story of the Great Conspirator. Between the two there were many points of likeness. Both possessed the same towering ambition. Both dreamed, planned, intrigued and fought for an Indian Confederacy, thus hoping to resist the encroachments of the whites. Each was endowed, in a remarkable manner, with that peculiar power—that *gift*—"the mystery of commanding, the art Napoleon." The control of each over his followers was absolute, and no red-man ever dared to cross their orders. Tecumseh unquestionably was the *greatest* man. Pontiac was treacherous; Tecumseh was the soul of honor. The former maltreated and tortured his prisoners; the latter protected them. Pontiac was a speaker, Tecumseh was an *orator*, one of the truest the world has ever known. Both fought the settlers of their hunting-grounds; both were defeated, and

both beheld the hopes of their life dissipated and destroyed. Pontiac, while intoxicated, was assassinated; Tecumseh, after predicting his own death, went into battle, and perished. Though a savage, and though the enemy of our country through life, let us give him his due. He was a hero, a magnanimous and chivalrous one, the defender, as he believed, of the dearest rights of his people, and he died, striving to uphold the principles which he had ever professed.

CHAPTER XII.

DISTINGUISHED CHIEFS—CAPTAIN JOHN—CATAHECASSA—CAPTAIN LEWIS—CAPTAIN LOGAN—CORNSTALK—MICHINIQUA, OR LITTLE TURTLE—TARHE, THE CRANE—KEOKUK.

"CAPTAIN JOHN," in 1796, was one of the most noted chiefs of the Shawnees; but the traits which distinguished him, made his fame a local one, and one that died with him. He was a most skillful warrior, and a desperate savage, and when under the influence of strong drink, so dangerous that few ever dared to cross him. He was a splendid specimen of the physical man—over six feet high and with a frame of matchless symmetry. His fleetness of foot was wonderful, and his skill with the tomahawk and warlike instruments unsurpassed by any man of his day.

His disposition was friendly and often inclined to waggery, but he possessed that vindictiveness so characteristic of his race to a remarkable degree. If insulted or offended he never forgot it, but nourished his hatred, if needs be, for years, when blood alone could satisfy him. At the time of the settlement of the Sciota valley, (subsequent to the treaty of Greenville) the Indians often mingled with the whites in the most friendly manner, imitating their vices far sooner than their virtues. Captain John soon learned to love their "fire-water," and often indulged to excess. Its effect upon him was to make him noisy and quarrelsome, and he was almost sure to fall out with some one, before he was through with his spree.

In the neighborhood of Captain John, was a half-breed of

the Tuscarora tribe, larger if anything than himself. He was as tall and athletic, and weighed over two hundred. On one occasion, these two fell into company and went to a drunken frolic. As one was as quarrelsome as the other, they came to blows during the night, but were separated by several of their friends. In the morning, still drunk enough to keep the devil awake in their hearts, they made an agreement to fight it out. They drove a stake beside a log, and promised to commence the contest as soon as its shadow reached a certain mark. Then they seated themselves, one on one side the stake and one on the other. In grim, stoical silence they watched the approach of the shadow, and at the same second, sprung simultaneously to their feet and went at each other like two demons. They fought with their tomahawks and knives, and after each had received several severe wounds, Captain John sunk his tomahawk in the half-breed's brain, who fell dead at his feet.

Being one time at another frolic, he accosted an Irishman of the same size as himself: "Come, you big man—me big man, let's fight." The Irishman replied that the whites and Indians were brothers and should not quarrel. Still Captain John insisted, and to commence the fight struck the Irishman in the face. The Irishman was really a skillful boxer, and no longer loth, dealt Captain John a blow that stretched him out senseless upon the floor. His friends dragged him into the corner, where he lay some time, when he suddenly sprung to his feet and said, "Irishman strike like horse kick," and expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his punishment.

Captain John joined General Harrison at Fort Defiance in 1813. While at this post, he was sent in company with Benjamin Logan, and several friendly Indians, to reconnoiter the British and Indian army at Maumee Bay. On the way they encountered a party of the enemy, including a number of savages, and a bloody battle ensued. Captain John, it is said, fought with the fury of a wild beast. The British party were routed after the loss of nearly every one, while the gallant Logan was among the slain on the American side.

After this, Captain John joined the army in Canada under General M'Arthur, and did good service. At the close of the war, the General endeavored to restore him, but he had

disappeared, and no one knew any thing of him. He was never heard of again, and it is presumed he either fell in battle or by the hand of some of his own tribe.

CATAHECASSA, OR BLACK-HOOF, was born at the time his tribe were in Florida, whence they removed when he was a small child. He first acquired distinction at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and from this date, he took a leading part in all the wars of his people. "He was known far and wide as the great Shawnee warrior, whose cunning, sagacity and experience were only equaled by the fierce and desperate bravery with which he carried into operation his military plans. Like the other Shawnee chiefs, he was the inveterate foe of the white man, and held that no peace should be made, nor any negotiation attempted, except on the condition that the whites should repass the mountains, and leave the great plains of the West to the sole occupancy of the native tribes.

"He was the orator of his tribe during the greater part of his long life, and was an excellent speaker. The venerable Colonel Johnston, of Piqua, describes him as the most graceful Indian he had ever seen, and as possessing the most natural and happy faculty of expressing his ideas. He was well versed in the traditions of his people; no one understood better their peculiar relation to the whites, whose settlements were gradually encroaching on them, or could detail with more minuteness the wrongs with which his nation was afflicted.

"But, although a stern and uncompromising opposition to the whites had marked his policy through a series of forty years, and nerved his arm in a hundred battles, he became, at length, convinced of the madness of an ineffectual struggle against a vastly superior and hourly increasing foe. No sooner had he satisfied himself of this truth, than he acted upon it with the decision which formed a prominent trait in his character. The temporary success of the Indians in several engagements previous to the campaign of General Wayne, had kept alive their expiring hopes; but their signal defeat by that gallant officer, convinced the more reflecting of their leaders of the desperate character of the conflict. Black-Hoof was among those who decided upon making terms with the victorious American commander; and, having signed the

treaty of 1795, at Greenville, he continued faithful to his stipulations during the remainder of his life. From that day he ceased to be the enemy of the white man; and as he was not one who could act a negative part, he became the firm ally and friend of those against whom his tomahawk had been so long raised in vindictive animosity. He was their friend, not from sympathy or conviction, but in obedience to a necessity which left no middle course, and under a belief that submission alone could save his tribe from destruction; and having adopted this policy, his sagacity and sense of honor alike forbade a recurrence to open war or secret hostility.

"Black-Hoof was the principal chief of the Shawnee nation, and possessed all the influence and authority which are usually attached to that office, at the period when Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet commenced their hostile operations against the United States. Tecumseh had never been reconciled to the whites. As sagacious and brave as Black-Hoof, and resembling him in all the better traits of savage character, he differed widely from that respectable chief in his political opinions. They were both patriotic in the proper sense of the word, and earnestly desired to preserve the remnant of their tribe from the destruction that threatened the whole Indian race. Black-Hoof, whose long and victorious career as a warrior placed his courage far above suspicion, submitted to what he believed inevitable, and endeavored to evade the effects of the storm by bending beneath its fury; while Tecumseh, a younger man, an influential warrior, but not a chief, with motives equally public-spirited, was, no doubt, unconsciously biased by personal ambition, and suffered his hatred to the white man to master every other feeling and consideration."*

Black-Hoof possessed the elements of true greatness. He was opposed to bigamy and the practice of burning prisoners. It is said he lived for nearly half a century with one wife, and reared a large family who entertained the strongest affection and reverence for him. He was a great favorite with the whites, and indeed with all who knew him. He had a cheerful disposition, and conducted a conversation with great skill and sprightliness.

Tecumseh and the Prophet, when maturing their ambitious

* History of the North American Indians.

schemes, did their utmost to induce Black-Hoof to unite with them; but he was too honorable to violate his pledged word, and it was through his exertions and prudent counsels that so many of the Shawnees were restrained from joining the British in the war of 1812.

In January, 1813, Black-Hoof visited Fort McArthur to see his old friend General Tupper. While sitting in the company of him and his officers, late one night, and engaged in a lively conversation, some miscreant fired a pistol through an opening in the hut at him. The ball entered his cheek, and glancing off, buried itself in his neck. He dropped to the floor and all supposed he was dying, but he soon revived and finally recovered from the wound. General Tupper made every effort to discover the would-be assassin, but he was never known.

Black-Hoof was below the medium height, and having violated few if any laws of nature, he was rewarded by the best of health, and an astonishing vigor to the last. When a century old, his eye-sight was as keen as a young warrior's. He expired in 1831, at the wonderful age of *one hundred and ten years*, and numerous as were the mourners of his own people, they were far exceeded by those of the whites; for Black-Hoof was a valiant, chivalrous and honorable warrior, and a great and good man.

CAPTAIN LEWIS, a Shawnee chief who resided on Mad river, was at one time quite a celebrated character, but he possessed nothing in common with the noble-minded Black-Hoof. He was a handsome man, with a frank, prepossessing countenance and an agreeable address. He was addicted to drink, however, at which time he was a brute in disposition, and was not afraid to commit any crime. He and a number of Indians were once upon Mad river, enjoying one of their "sprees." Among them was a Delaware Indian who boasted that he could kill a man without shooting him. "I can do that much myself," said Lewis. "How?" inquired the Delaware. "This is the way I kill a man without shooting him," he answered, drawing his knife and plunging it into the heart of the Delaware. The next day a council decreed that Lewis should present the widow with a horse as a recompense for the death of her husband, which he did.

He was detected in several attempts to defraud his people

in the distribution of the annuities, and they at length broke him of his chieftdom. Dissatisfied with the uprightness of Black-Hoof, he and a few other chiefs emigrated to the west of the Missouri.

The Shawnees, as we have stated, had the reputation of a warlike and revengeful race; but their history affords many bright exceptions to this notoriety, and brightest among them all will ever remain the name of CAPTAIN LOGAN—sometimes called SPENICA-LAWBA, the HIGH HORN. And, before proceeding further we will remark that the name of *Logan* occurs several times in the history of the West, having been applied to different white men as well as Indians. The one of whom we are now speaking is not the Mingo Logan, whose family were murdered by the whites, and whose pathetic speech is so well known, but chief of the Shawnees, born in the Machachac towns on Mad river, about the time the former incident occurred.

In the autumn of 1786, Captain Benjamin Logan led a mounted expedition from Kentucky against the Machachac towns. Reaching them, he found nearly all of the warriors were gone, and after a slight struggle the place was captured. At this moment some unseen hand commenced launching arrows into their midst, and the skill with which they were directed, rendered them so dangerous that Captain Logan directed a search to be made for the archer. After a time they discovered him concealed in the grass, and upon bringing him out found that he was a small Indian boy, who had taken this method to annoy the enemies. Captain Logan was so pleased with his bravery, that he took him home with him and adopted him into his family, giving him his own name. Here he remained for several years, when, seeing that he still pined for his native woods, Captain Logan allowed him to return to his people, he retaining ever afterward the name of Logan.

Our hero possessed all the symmetry and grace of an Indian, being fully six feet high and without a blemish upon his person. He was not only a distinguished man but a *good* one, and was elevated to the rank of a civil chief on account of his good qualities, intellectual and moral. From the time of his return to his tribe he was the devoted friend of the whites, and his life was willingly laid down in their service.

So soon as hostilities commenced between England and the United States in 1812, he joined the American army, and was a guide of General Hull's army to Detroit. The commandant at Fort Wayne, fearful that his post was doomed to fall into the hands of the Indians, was very anxious to remove the women and children to Piqua, a hundred miles distant. The task of conducting them was confided to Logan, who executed it with great skill, and who was so alive to the responsibility resting upon him, that from the time of starting until he reached Piqua he never once closed his eyes in sleep. The women and children numbered nearly thirty, and to their dying day, remembered the chivalrous kindness and delicacy with which they were treated by Logan, upon this occasion.

In 1812, it will be recollected that Fort Wayne, with a garrison of sixty men, was besieged by five hundred Indians. Major William Oliver, of Cincinnati, fully sensible of the danger that threatened the post, besought General Harrison to set the troops at the latter place in motion toward the beleaguered fort, and in the mean time Oliver determined to visit it in order to encourage the men to hold out until relief reached them.

Worthington, Indian Commissioner, united with Oliver in this daring expedition, and at the head of eighty-four whites and Indians—the latter including Logan—they started toward the fort. In a day or two the peril of this attempt was so manifest that nearly forty of the troops withdrew and returned home. The remainder, however, marched steadily forward. They encamped within twenty-four miles of Fort Wayne, and upon a council being called, it was deemed prudent for all to remain behind, except Oliver, Logan and two other Shawnees. In the morning, these four, fully armed and mounted upon fleet horses, set out for the fort. They approached with care until within four or five miles, when the trained eye of Logan discovered signs which convinced him that their enemies were concealed along the road for the purpose of cutting off any reinforcements for the fort. Accordingly the scouts left the main road and struck across to the Maumee river, and leaving their horses in a thicket, proceeded on foot to ascertain whether the fort still held out or not. Being satisfied, they remounted their horses, and taking the main road again,

reached the gate of the esplanade which they found locked. They accordingly ascended the river-bank and approached the northern gate.

Now it so happened that the moment of the arrival of the scouts was the only opportune one that could have been made. As the Lieutenant of the fort remarked, "the safe arrival of Mr. Oliver at that particular juncture may be considered miraculous. One hour sooner or one hour later, would no doubt have been inevitable destruction both to himself and his escort. It is generally believed by those acquainted with the circumstances, that not one hour, for eight days and nights preceding or following the hour which Mr. Oliver arrived, would have afforded an opportunity of any safety."

For several days previous, the treacherous chiefs, under a flag of truce, had been holding communication with the fort, and had formed a plan to capture it. The commandant, Captain Rhea, was a timid, unsoldierlike man, and the savages, knowing this, had formed the plan of sending in five of their chiefs, who, under the pretense of treating with the officers, were to assassinate them with the exception of Captain Rhea, whom they intended to seize, believing they could frighten him into giving up the fort. They were in the very act of carrying this plan into execution when the scouts entered the gate. The leading chief was so surprised that he withdrew at once, satisfied that reinforcements were at that moment approaching. The others soon afterward departed, believing that the four scouts intended to remain within the fort.

But the great point was now to convey intelligence of the condition of the garrison to Worthington. Great as was the risk they had run, their self-imposed task was but half accomplished. Oliver, in a few words, wrote down the necessary information, and handing it to Logan, requested him and his two companions to carry it to their friends. These three succeeded in leaving the fort and reaching their horses before they were discovered. They were immediately pursued, but their exultant shout told the anxious garrison that they had passed the lines in safety. The Indians commenced their attack at once, but the garrison held out until the arrival of General Harrison, several days later, when the siege was raised.

In the autumn of this same year, Logan and two other Indians were sent by General Harrison to reconnoiter the country near the Maumee Rapids. While performing this duty, they encountered a large party of the enemy and were compelled to retreat. Reaching the army and making known their adventure, one of the officers, without the shadow of a reason, accused Logan of being in the service of the enemy. This wanton slander cut the noble chief to the heart. Calling upon Oliver, he related it and added that he was about to depart from the camp, and would never return until he brought such trophies as would forever shame the author of this accusation.

A few days later he passed down the Maumee, accompanied by the same two friends, who had attended him in the preceding adventure. While resting at noon upon the same day, seven of the enemy suddenly came upon them, among whom was the celebrated Pottawatomie chief, Winnemac. Logan, without evincing any embarrassment, extended his hand to the chief, who had long been known to him, and remarked that he and his companions, being wearied of fighting with the Americans, were now on their way to join the British. Winnemac was too cunning to be deceived by this stratagem, and depriving them of their arms, started toward the British camp with them. On the way the chief became so convinced that his royal prisoner and companions were sincere, that he restored them their arms.

This was all Logan desired, and great as was the inferiority of his own number, he determined to make the effort to escape. He communicated this resolve to his companions, who made their preparations. Their guns being loaded, they placed a bullet or two in their mouths so as to facilitate them in reloading. In the evening the party encamped upon a small creek, and four of the enemy separated in the woods for the purpose of hunting blackhaws. So soon as they were gone, Logan gave the signal, and two of the Indians fell dead, the third making a second shot necessary to finish him. Those in the woods, hearing the firing and yells, instantly took to the trees and Logan's party doing the same, a regular strategic Indian contest was the result. The enemy numbering one the most, succeeded in outwitting Logan. The

fourth one got in his rear and shot him through the body, giving him a mortal wound. Nearly at the same instant two of their enemies were mortally wounded and they fell back. "Captain Johny," one of Logan's comrades, seeing his condition, and that his other friend was also hurt, lifted them upon two of their enemies' horses and started for Winchester's camp, which was not reached until midnight.

The able biographer of Logan (Drake) remarks in conclusion : "Logan's popularity was very great; indeed, he was almost universally esteemed in the army for his fidelity to our cause, his unquestioned bravery, and the nobleness of his nature. He lived two or three days after reaching the camp, but in extreme bodily agony; he was buried by the officers of the army, at Fort Winchester, with the honors of war. Previous to his death, he related the particulars of this fatal enterprise to his friend Oliver, declaring to him that he prized his honor more than his life; and having now vindicated his reputation from the imputation cast upon it, he died satisfied. It would perhaps be difficult in the history of savage warfare, to point out an enterprise the execution of which reflects higher credit upon the address and daring conduct of its authors, than this does upon Logan and his two companions. Indeed, a spirit even less indomitable, a sense of honor less acute, and a patriotic devotion to a good cause less active, than were manifested by this gallant chieftain of the woods, might, under other circumstances, have well conferred immortality upon his name."

"CORNSTALK," "the mighty Cornstalk, sachem of the Shawnees and king of the Northern Confederacy." The great oratorical powers of this chieftain have given him his extended fame, but exclusive of this he was a great and good man. He was the warm friend of the Moravian missions, and did all in his power to encourage them, while the object of his life was to better the condition of his people. He sought to keep his people from engaging in a war with the whites, but when he believed their wrongs demanded redress, he placed himself at their head and conducted their battle with a skill that would have been remarkable in a civilized leader.

At the battle of Point Pleasant, when some of his followers attempted to fly, it is said Cornstalk sunk his own tomahawk

in their heads, and literally compelled them to fight so long as a ray of hope remained. When, at length, they were compelled to retreat, he conducted it with such ability that they were enabled to carry off their dead and wounded with them. The loss of the Indians upon this occasion has, consequently, never been known.

He possessed a thorough and accurate knowledge of the geography of the North-west, and was acquainted with the conditions of the numerous treaties between the whites and the surrounding tribes. After the battle of Point Pleasant, when he believed there was an opportunity to make peace, he was the first to proffer it. When the council was held with Dunmore and the treaty made, Cornstalk delivered a most eloquent and impressive speech, picturing the wrongs which his people had suffered from the dishonesty of the whites, and stipulated that the pending treaty should forbid the venders of "fire-water" to visit his people. An officer who was present at this council, remarked: "When he arose he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice, without stammering or repetition, and with peculiar emphasis. His looks, while addressing Dunmore, were truly grand and majestic, yet graceful and attractive. I have heard the first orators in Virginia—Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, but never have I heard one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk."

In 1777, Cornstalk, fearing that his people, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, were about to take part in the war against the Virginia settlers, in company with Red Hawk, and another Indian, he went secretly to Point Pleasant and communicated the intelligence to the commandant. The latter, in violation of good faith, seized the two chiefs and held them as hostages. The son of Cornstalk, alarmed at his absence, visited the fort to see him. While here two hunters were fired upon in a canoe and one of them killed. This so enraged the settlers, that they instantly collected, and making their way to the fort, and in the face of the protestations of the commandant, and the declaration of Cornstalk's son that he knew nothing of the murderers, they shot both the father, son and Red Hawk, and put the remaining Indian to death by a cruel and lingering torture, terminating a tragedy, "which

all the waters of the beautiful Ohio can never wash out, and the remembrance of which will long outlive the heroic and hapless nation which gave birth to the noble Cornstalk."

MICHINQUA, or LITTLE TURTLE, was a Miami, who rose to the rank of chief by the force of his own genius. Like Tecumseh, he was an extraordinary person even in his youth. He was a well-built, symmetrical Indian, "had a prominent forehead, heavy brow, keen black eyes, and large chin. As a warrior, he was fearless, but not rash; shrewd to plan, bold and energetic to execute, no peril could daunt, and no emergency could surprise him. In fact, he was one of the greatest warriors and most sagacious rulers ever known among the Indians. Politically, Little Turtle was the follower of Pontiac. He indulged in much the same gloomy apprehension that the whites would overtop, and finally uproot his race; and he sought much the same combination of the Indian nations to prevent it.

The time of Little Turtle's actions was previous to those of Tecumseh and the Prophet. He was the principal leader of the Indians that defeated Generals Harman and St. Clair, in 1791; but "Mad Anthony," a few years later, defeated him in turn. This convinced Little Turtle that it was a vain hope that led his people to oppose the whites, and with the strong common sense that ever characterized his conduct, he at once became the warm friend of those whom he had so earnestly opposed.

After the treaty of 1795, Little Turtle settled upon Eel river, a few miles above Fort Wayne. Here the Americans had built him a fine house, and when he moved into it, he not only became a civilized being, but did his utmost to civilize his own tribe. His efforts met with abundant success, and Mr. Schoolcraft says he did as much as any other individual on the continent to abolish the rites of human sacrifice among the Indians.

In 1803, he visited the Legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky, and in a most impressive speech, besought protection from the whisky-traders, "who," said he, "will strip the poor Indian of skins, gun, blanket, every thing—while his squaw and children, dependent on him, lay starving and shivering in his wigwam."

While in Washington he learned the mode of vaccination, and upon his return to his tribe, practiced it with great success among the Indians. In speaking of his ardent desire of learning all that related to our institutions, Mr. Dawson says: "He seemed to possess a mind capable of understanding and valuing the advantages of civilized life, in a degree far superior to any other Indian of his time. During the frequent visits which he made to the seat of government, he examined every thing he saw with an inquisitive eye, and never failed to embrace every opportunity to acquire information by inquiring of those with whom he could take that liberty."

From the beginning, Little Turtle earnestly opposed the mad schemes of Tecumseh and the Prophet. He saw that every interest of the Indians demanded that they should be at peace with the Americans, and acquire the arts of civilization. Tecumseh used every resource of his genius to seduce him from the path of duty, but in vain. He was as true as the steel to the magnet, and the whites reposed all confidence in him. He died after an extremely painful illness, which he bore like a martyr, on July 14th, 1812. He was then on a visit to Fort Wayne, and was buried with all the honors of war.

In our account of Tecumseh, we have made reference to TARHE, the "Crane," the principal chief of the Wyandots. His characteristic was a cool, deliberate and unwavering judgment at all times. His wisdom and bravery gave him an influence that was felt among the neighboring tribes. He was a handsome and powerful man, and "his very countenance was strongly marked by the great virtues for which he was distinguished through a long and honorable life. All who knew him, whether white or red, deeply venerated his character. He was affable and courteous, kind and affectionate in his feelings, stern and unyielding in his integrity. As a warrior, he was among the bravest of the brave; but, Indian as he was, no stain of cruelty, barbarity or injustice, rests upon his character."*

It is said that, at the commencement of our last war with England, Tarhe attended, by invitation of a British officer, a council that was held at Brownstown, in Michigan. The object of this council was to induce the Wyandots to fight

* J. B. Finley.

against the United States. The British officers pictured in glowing colors the favors and advantages that would be showered upon them by their "great father," King George, if they only enlisted under his banner. He wound up with a grand peroration, and presenting a likeness of George III, to Tarhe, sat down to receive his reply. The latter arose with his usual dignity and deliberation, and holding the picture in his hand, said :

"We have no confidence in King George. He is always quarreling with his white children in this country. He sends his armies over the great water, in their big canoes, and then he gets his Indian friends here to join with him to conquer his children, and promises if they will fight for him, he will do great things for them. So he promised, if we would fight Wayne, and if he whipped us, he would open the gates of his fort, on the Maumee, and let us in, and open his big guns on our enemies ; but when we were whipped, and the flower of our nation were killed, we fled to this place, but instead of opening the gates, and letting us in, you shut yourself up in your ground-hog hole, and kept out of sight, while my warriors were killed at your gates. We have no confidence in any promise you make. When the Americans scratch your backs with their war-clubs, you jump into your big canoes, and run home, and leave the poor Indians to fight it out, or make peace with them, the best they may."

Then taking the likeness of General Washington from his bosom, Tarhe said :

"*This* is our Great Father, and for him we will fight."

Then producing the representation of King George, he struck it with his tomahawk, and said, "And so will we serve *your* Great Father."

This so enraged the British officer that he sprung up, and exclaimed that the daring chief should rue that action.

"This is my land and country," said Tarhe, with dignity ; "go home to your own land, and tell your countrymen that I and my warriors are ready, and that we are the friends of the Americans."

All the Wyandots that could be secured were taken prisoners that night, taken to Canada, and compelled to fight against their own nation. Tarhe returned to Upper Sandusky and

with all his warriors joined the Americans. They took part in every battle, including that of the Thames, and Tarhe fully redeemed the assertion he had made.

The last object of our notice is KEOKUK, a Sac, born on Rock river, Illinois, in 1781. When but a boy, he joined a party of the Sacs and Foxes, in an expedition against the Sioux, in which he distinguished himself by fearlessness at the moment of greatest danger. At the critical moment, when the victory was doubtful, he dashed into the center of the battle, upon his Indian pony, and ran the Sioux chief through with his spear. This act was considered such an extraordinary one that a day of feasting was appointed in honor of the young hero. He was looked upon as a *brave*, and accorded all the privileges of that class.

In 1812, a rumor reached the Sacs and Foxes, that the United States Government had a large army under way for the purpose of destroying the entire nation of Sacs and Foxes. This created such a panic, that the council at once determined to abandon the village and flee further westward. Keokuk, at this time, was not entitled to a seat in the council, but the instant he knew of this decision, he requested admittance. This being given, he then asked permission to address them, which was also accorded. "I have heard with great sorrow," said he, "the decision of this council. I am wholly opposed to fleeing before an enemy that is a long way off, and whose strength is unknown. Let us meet them as they come; harass their progress; cut them off by sudden attacks, and drive them back to their own country, or die in the defense of our families and country. Make me your war-chief! Let your young men follow me, and the pale-faces shall be driven back to their towns. Let your old men and women, and all that are afraid of the white men, stay here; but let your braves go to battle. My tomahawk leaps in its scabbard to defend the graves of my ancestors. Live or die, we will not run."

This speech electrified the hearers. Every brave declared that he would follow Keokuk, and he was made their war-chief upon the spot. The report, however, proved to be without foundation.

Some time after this, Keokuk, with a number of young warriors, was hunting on horseback, when they were suddenly

set upon by a party of Sioux, who, besides being their superior in point of numbers, were also better mounted. The Sacs were also in an open plain, where they could not avail themselves of any trees or cover. Keokuk, nevertheless, was ready with an expedient. He formed his horses in a compact circle, and his warriors dismounting, each took shelter behind them. They were thus protected from the Sioux, while they possessed the opportunity of displaying their own superior marksmanship. Their enemies made several desperate efforts to break this line, but on each occasion were received with a fire so deadly that they were compelled to retreat with great loss. J. B. Finley gives the following characteristic incident of this chief:

At a subsequent period, during a cessation of hostilities between these nations, the Sacs had gone to the prairies to hunt buffalo, leaving their villages but slightly protected by warriors. During their hunt, Keokuk and his band unexpectedly fell on an encampment of a large number of Sioux, painted for war, and evidently on their way to attack his nation. His warriors were widely scattered over the extended plains, and could not possibly be speedily collected together. Possessing a fearless and undaunted spirit, he instantly resolved on the bold expedient of throwing himself between the impending danger and his people. Unattended and alone, he deliberately rode into the camp of the enemy. In the midst of their camps arose a war-pole, and around it they were dancing and partaking of those fierce excitements by which the Indians usually prepare themselves for the battle-field. It happened that revenge on the Sacs was the burden of their song at the moment of Keokuk's approach. He dashed into the middle of them, and boldly demanded to see their chief. "I have come," said he, "to let you know that there are traitors in your camp—they have told me that you are preparing to attack my village. I know that they told me lies—for you could not, after smoking the pipe of peace, be so base as to murder my women and children in my absence. None but cowards would be guilty of such conduct!" When the first feeling of surprise began to subside, the Sioux collected around him in a manner evincing a determination to seize his person, when he spoke in a loud voice, and said: "If this is your

purpose, come on ; the Sacs are ready for you." With a sudden effort he dashed aside those that had gathered around him, plunged his spurs into his gallant steed, and rode off at full speed. Several guns were discharged at him, but without effect. A number of Sioux warriors sprung to their horses, and pursued him in vain. Keokuk, on horseback, was in his element ; he made the woods resound with his war-whoop, and brandishing his tomahawk in defiance of his foes, soon left them far behind him, and joined his party of young warriors. His pursuers, fearful of some stratagem, gave up the pursuit, after having followed him a short distance, and retired to their camp. Keokuk took measures immediately to collect his warriors, and speedily returned to protect his village and nation.

His enemies, finding their plot discovered, abandoned their contemplated attack, and retraced their steps to their own country.

Keokuk was also a great orator, and at one time, by means of his eloquence in council, averted a bloody war which had been threatened by the Menomonees and Winnebagoes upon his tribe, in revenge for a wanton murder of a number of their unarmed men. Keokuk showed that it was done by their young men and their whole tribe regretted it. He expressed his sorrow in such pathetic terms, that every one who had come into the council with the determination to make war, arose and took his hand in token of their friendly feeling.

Black-Hawk, in his war, did his utmost to induce the Sacs and Foxes to join him. It required all of Keokuk's influence to keep his nation from doing so, but he succeeded at last. Black-Hawk and his band were so incensed at him, that they did all in their power to destroy his command. They created such discontent among his people, at his peaceful, unambitious rule, that he was removed from his post, and a younger man placed in his stead. Keokuk raised not a word of objection, but on the contrary was the first to salute his successor. He asked also that he might accompany to Rock Island and introduce him to the United States agent there, and beg that the same respect and regard might be paid him as had been given to himself.

It did not require long for the people to see what a fatal

error they had committed. Their new ruler sunk lower and lower, while Keokuk rose higher and higher, and in a short time was reinstated. The people soon felt that Keokuk only lived for their good, and they hastened to pay obedience to one so well known for his bravery, talents and integrity.

Keokuk lived to a good old age, and died lamented by hundreds of Indians besides those of his own people, who had learned to love and venerate him.

THE END.

