

There are no indigenous tribes. They have migrated so much & ousted & been ousted so often, that our own ousting of them is no new or startling feature of history. And we in turn shall probably be overcome, & deprived of our "own" lands.

CHAPTER IV

TECUMTHA AND TIPPECANOE

These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners.—*Tecumtha to Wells, 1807.*

The Great Spirit gave this great island to his red children. He placed the whites on the other side of the big water. They were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes—we can go no farther.—*Tecumtha, 1810.*

The President may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out.—*Tecumtha to Harrison, 1810.*

And now we begin to hear of the prophet's brother, Tecumtha, the most heroic character in Indian history. Tecumtha, "The Meteor," was the son of a chief and the worthy scion of a warrior race. His tribe, the Shawano, made it their proud boast that they of all tribes had opposed the most determined resistance to the encroachments of the whites. His father had fallen under the bullets of the Virginians while leading his warriors at the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774. His eldest and dearest brother had lost his life in an attack on a southern frontier post, and another had been killed fighting by his side at Wayne's victory in 1794. What wonder that the young Tecumtha declared that his flesh crept at the sight of a white man!

But his was no mean spirit of personal revenge; his mind was too noble for that. He hated the whites as the destroyers of his race, but prisoners and the defenseless knew well that they could rely on his honor and humanity and were safe under his protection. When only a boy—for his military career began in childhood—he had witnessed the burning of a prisoner, and the spectacle was so abhorrent to his feelings that by an earnest and eloquent harangue he induced the party to give up the practice forever. In later years his name was accepted by helpless women and children as a guaranty of protection even in the midst of hostile Indians. Of commanding figure, nearly six feet in height and compactly built; of dignified bearing and piercing eye, before whose lightning even a British general quailed; with the fiery eloquence of a Clay and the clear-cut logic of a Webster; abstemious in habit, charitable in thought and action, brave as a lion, but humane and generous withal—in a word, an aboriginal American knight—his life was given to his people, and he fell at last, like his father and his brothers before him, in battle with the destroyers of his nation, the champion of a lost cause and a dying race.

His name has been rendered "The Shooting Star" and "The Panther Crouching, or Lying in Wait." From a reply to a letter of inquiry