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His wise Administration.

CHAPTER X.

"On Wabash, when the sun withdrew, And chill November's tempest blew, Dark rolled thy waves, Tippecanoe, Amidst that lonely solitude.

But Wabash saw another sight; A martial host, in armor bright, Encamped upon the shore that night, And lighted up her scenery."

Song-Tippecanoe

"Bold Boyd led on his steady band, with bristling bayonets burnished bright. What could their dauntless charge withstand? What stay the warriors' matchless might? Rushing amain, they cleared the field; The savage foe constrained to yield To Harrison, who, near and far, Gave form and spirit to the war."

BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.



HILE the nation was agitated by political contentions, and the low mutterings of the thunder of an oncoming tempest of war were heard, heavy, dark, and ominous clouds of trouble were seen gathering in the northwestern horizon, where the Indians were still numerous, and discontents had made them restless.

In the year 1800, as we have seen (page 130), the Indiana Territory (then including the present States of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin) was established, and the late President Harri-

son, then an energetic young man of less than thirty years of age, was appointed governor. He had resigned his commission of captain in the United States army, and for a few years had been employed in civil life. In the year 1805 a Territorial Legislature was organized, much to the discontent of the French settlers on the Wabash, and Vincennes, an old town already spoken of (page 40), was made the capital. Harrison was popular among all classes, and particularly with the Indians; and he managed the public affairs of the Territory with prudence and energy in the midst of many difficulties arising out of land speculations, land titles, treaties with the Indians, and the machinations of traders and the English in Canada. He had much to contend against in the demoralization of the Indians by immediate contact with the white people, especially effected by whisky and other spirituous liquors.

By a succession of treaties, Governor Harrison, at the close of 1805, had extinguished Indian titles to forty-six thousand acres of land within the domain of Indiana. Every thing had been done in accordance with the principles of exact justice, and, had the governor's instructions been fully carried out, the Indians would never have had cause to complain. But settlers and speculators came, bringing with them, in many cases, the peculiar vices of civilized society, which, when copied by the Indians, were intensified fourfold. Regarding the natives as little better than the wild beasts of the forest, they defrauded them, encroached upon their reserved domain, and treated them with contempt and inhumanity. "You call us your children," said an old chief to Harrison one day, in bitterness of spirit—"you call us your children

⁻¹ "I do not believe," wrote General Harrison in 1805, "that there are more than six hundred warriors on the Wabash, and yet the quantity of whisky brought here annually for their consumption is said to amount to six thousand gallons."