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THE SEMINOLE WAR.—MASSACRE OF THE MOTTE FAMILY (See page 600)

PREFACE.

CIVILIZATION is a war—a war of light with darkness; of truth with falsehood; of the illuminated intellect and the rectified heart with the barbarism of ignorance and the animalism of the savage.

The present work portrays a single phase of this sublime conflict. It recounts one of the thousand campaigns of this war. It is an attempt to condense into a single volume, and give an adequate literary expression to, the thrilling history of the struggle between the White man and the Red man for the possession of this continent. It is also intended to be a memorial to a race of heroes. Other countries have esteemed their earliest heroes as worthy the song of the poet and the praise of the historian. With us, the deeds of our fathers are as yet unsung, and their very names are fading from our memory.

This book is historical, but not history. That is to say, it is a truthful account of real events, gathered from a vast mass of authorities. Yet the design has been pictorial rather than geometrical. The author has sought rather to paint a picture than to make a map. In the execution of this purpose he has been nobly seconded by the PUBLISHERS, who have spared neither trouble nor expense to procure for him rare

and valuable authorities. The large collections of the public libraries of the country were found inadequate, and booksellers from Boston to San Antonio have been called upon for books difficult of access.

To the vast number of painstaking and truthful writers from whom the author has thus drawn his facts, and perchance even the expression of them, an obligation exists for which no adequate return can be made. The author also takes this opportunity to express his deep obligations to PROFESSOR JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, by whose polished pen and extensive and accurate acquaintance with American history many a defect in this book has been generously obviated. A similar recognition is due to HON. HENRY A. RATTERMANN, whose unequalled library of rare books on American Pioneer History,—especially that part relating to the settlement of the Ohio Valley,—has furnished valuable data for this volume, without which much that is interesting would have been lost to these pages.

The liberality of the PUBLISHERS has extended not merely to the procurement of literary materials, but has also enriched the book with a collection of artistic engravings every way worthy of the topic. Supplemented as his own efforts have been by these powerful and generous aids, it is not without confidence that the work is submitted to the public.

A. L. M.

DEER PARK, MARYLAND, Sept., 1883.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE PIONEER was a rugged seer
As he crossed the Western river,
Where the Copper Man called the INDIAN
Lay hid with his bow and quiver.

As for the pioneer, his days are numbered. As for the Indian, there he stands, a specter on the horizon!

The conflict has been irrepressible. There could be no compromise; the races were too unlike. The Red man had no beauty that our spirits could desire him. The verdict of civilization has been, that his room is better than his company. It is an edict issued from the court of Progress—that ferocious Titan who strides from East to West—that the Indian shall disappear, shall be remanded to the past, shall vanish.

In those great movements by which the populations of the world are transformed, History is blind, cruel, remorseless. She is the least sentimental of all the divinities. She neither smiles at human happiness, nor weeps at human sorrow; she merely attends to her syllogism. When she finds a tribe of nomads living in a valley adapted to the cultivation of corn, she sends the news to some corn-raising race, and leaves the rest to cupidity and the casuists.

And the casuists make a muck of the whole business. They seek a design. They find it in this—that the soil is intended for those who will cultivate it. They fix on this correlation. The hint of nature is, that the clover-field and the orchard must take the place of the brake and the wilderness. It is all very

beautiful. The designated race comes in ; and the gray squirrel, after gibling at the business for a season, goes over the horizon followed by a bullet.

But how about the other side of the question ? It is well for the supplanters—but the supplanted ? The red deer is designed for the cane-brake, and the cane-brake for him. Both are designed for the hunter. Is Nature not as well pleased to be tracked by a buck of ten spikes, as to be wounded in the breast with a hoe ?

In this world there is one law : *the weakest goes to the wall*. Men may as well expect a weight on the shorter arm of a lever to lift a greater weight on the longer, as to suppose a reversal of this law. There is such a thing as a science of *Historical Physics*, which it is time for thinkers to consider. The fundamental maxim in the dynamics of progress is, that the greater force overcomes the less. They who will, may complain of the result and try to explain it.

The movement of civilization westward, from Babylon to Rome, from Rome to London, from London to San Francisco, has furnished a succession of eras in which the stronger, more highly developed races, have flung themselves in heavy masses upon the aboriginal populations. The latter have yielded, have perished, are perishing. In Greece, the Hellenes came upon the Pelasgians, and the latter were either exterminated or absorbed. Again, in Southern Italy, the Ænotrians were overwhelmed by the aggressive colonists of Magna Græcia. The Gaulish and British Celts sank into the earth under the tremendous pressure of the Roman and the Saxon. The American aborigines, forced back from the seaboard through the passes of the Alleghanies, are swept across the great valley of the Mississippi, and thrown up like pebbles on the plains of the West.

In the great march which has thus substituted the wheat-field for the cane-brake, and made the White man the exterminator of the Red barbarian, there is this that is peculiar : in America the work has been done by a class of men unknown

in Europe—THE PIONEERS. Europe was peopled by large bodies of men moving from one country to another. In many regions the antiquarian finds the Age of Stone suddenly cut off by the Age of Bronze, without any intervening Age of Copper. This means that a bronze-bearing soldiery overwhelmed the people of the Stone Age before the latter had developed into a capability of working the metals. The Hellenes came from the east as migrating tribes. The original peoples of the peninsula were extinguished by the invaders. The Gaulish nations were trodden under foot by Cæsar's armies. The followers of Hengist and Horsa, before whom the Celts of Britain perished, were an innumerable horde. Everywhere, except in our own country, the movement has been *en masse*. But in America the work has been accomplished by a different process. Here we have had the gradual approach of civilization, and the gradual recession of barbarism. Population has been flung westward in a spray, which has fallen far out beyond the actual line of the column. Hence the pioneers.

It is surprising that no State of the great sisterhood, west of the influence of the Atlantic tides, has been *colonized*. Every commonwealth has been peopled by the scattered scouts of progress—the pioneers. They have come by twos and threes. The individual, unable longer to endure the hardships of civilization, has moved out to find the comforts and conveniences of the wilderness. At the first he consisted of himself, his dog, and his gun. A little later he consisted of himself, several dogs, one wife, and many children. Afterwards he consisted of himself, with the concomitants last mentioned, and a neighbor of precisely the same definitions.

We have thus had in America a race of men, *sui generis*—the pioneers—the hardiest breed of adventurers that ever foreran the columns of civilization. They belonged, like other heroes, to the Epoch of the Dawn. The Old World knew them not. They are our own—or were; for the pioneer type is in process of extinction. Like the red tribes, pressed back by

their energies, the rugged adventurers who made ourselves possible, are seen only in the glow of sun-down. The line of pioneer life has swept westward from the Connecticut to the Hudson; from the Delaware to the Ohio; from the Ohio to the Wabash, the Wisconsin, and the Illinois; from the Father of Waters to the Rockies and the Plains. In a few more years there will be no place on the continent, or any continent, that can properly be called *THE WEST*. The pioneer has always lived in the West. He will disappear with his habitat, and never be seen more.

The pioneers were a people of heroic virtues—and no literature. The situation forbade it. The actual life of the men who made civilization possible in the larger part of the United States was remanded at their death to tradition. The pioneer bard starved. The pioneer annalist left his note-book to his son, who lost it while moving further west. The next generation repeated the story of frontier life as it had been received from the fathers. A few wrote. From Canada to the lagoons of Louisiana a traditional lore grew up and was perpetuated. Then came books, most of them written with little skill and no dramatic quality, often garrulous, sometimes dull. In them, however, were portrayed the incidents and accidents of that daring life which was soon to sink behind the horizon.

A few of these frontier books were written by the actors; others, by those who had not participated in the scenes described; most, by persons of little scholarship or wit. Until the present time few works on pioneer life and adventure have been produced which have exhibited artistic merit and literary ability. The flash of life through the cumbrous drama has been obscured by dull conception, coarse diction, ungainly style, and unnatural arrangement. It is important at the present epoch, when the sun of our heroes' fame is setting, but has not set, that a true and vivid picture should be preserved of the life which they led, and the deeds which they performed.

As it respects this preservation for posterity of the annals

of our Pioneer Age—the story of our great adventurers and heroes—there is thus presented an alternative between the *now* and the *never*. What is not presently accomplished in the way of an authentic record of the daring exploits of the fathers will never be accomplished at all. It is a question of immediate photography. The pioneer may still be sketched ere the sunlight fades into darkness; but the evening cometh, when no instrument, however delicate its lenses, can supply the want of a living subject for the picture. In another generation the sketch of the American adventurer will be but the reproduction of a wood-cut, instead of a photograph from nature. Whoever by genius and industry contributes to fix in our literature an adequate conception of the lives and deeds of our heroes, will make himself a favorite of the present and a friend of the coming generation.

Such a work requires the skill of a dramatist. It is not enough that the story of the men, “who by their valor and warcraft beat back the savages from the borders of civilization, and gave the American forests to the plow and the sickle,” should be told even passably well; it must be told with the fervor and living power of the drama. Shakespeare is now recognized as the prince of historians. If we would study the story of the struggles of York and Lancaster, we shall do better in the three *Henrys* and the two *Richards* than in the flat and lifeless pages of Hall and Hollinshed. It has remained for our times to discover that the historical imagination is better than the historical microscope. The former discovers men; the latter, insects. The former composes the Drama of Life; the latter, the Farce of Particulars.

The present work is a series of dramas in prose. It gathers and relates the exploits of our national heroes. The characters live and act. The material is gathered from the wild, but not extravagant, annals of frontier life. Every scene in this book is a true photograph from Man and Nature. The incidents are real. They are sketched with a dramatic power

which can be paralleled in no other book devoted to the romance and tragedy of American adventure. The author has precisely that kind of fervor which is requisite to make alive the very pages whereon his characters are marshaled for our interest. The book conforms emphatically to the prime conditions of narrative: it is *interesting* and *true*. The interest is maintained by the vigor and enthusiasm of the treatment; the truth has been elicited by a careful culling and comparison of the various traditions, which are thus given a new lease of life.

The book is a work of art. It is composed with a skill worthy of the highest species of literary effort. The arrangement of the several parts, and the adaptation of style to subject, show on the part of the author a rare combination of brilliant fancy and artistic taste. Mr. Mason has made the happy discovery that dullness in a book is never commended, except in the columns of a magazine called the *Owls' Own Quarterly*.

To all classes of people THE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF PIONEER LIFE will recommend itself. The book will be read—which is an important consideration in the premises. The American boy will take fire as he turns these pages. The mild-eyed youth in the bubble-stage of sentiment will wonder that such things could be and not o'ercome the actors. He who has reached the zone of apathy in the Middle Age of Man will find in these thrilling stories of the life that is setting a-west food to revive the adventurous spirit; and the nonagenarian may chance to be re-warmed to hear again so graphically related the traditions that hovered about the fountains of his youth.

A book so well conceived and admirably executed—so vivid in its delineations of the lives and deeds of our national heroes, and so picturesque in its contrasts and surprises—can hardly fail of a hearty reception by the public.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

THE
ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY
OF
PIONEER LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEGEND OF POWHATAN.



THE age of Elizabeth was an age of wonders. The extension of commerce and the revival of learning, the reformation of religion and the revolution of science, the rise of civil liberty and the invention of negro slavery, the theory of the planets, the proof of the circulation of the blood, and the discoveries in the New World, all combined, at once, by their variety and oppositeness, to stimulate and astonish the minds of men. It was a dozen epochs crowded into one. The wildest romances were seriously believed, and the soberest facts laughed at as chimeras. Every thing which was simple and matter of fact was rejected. The more improbable a thing was, the more willingly men received it as truth. At such a time the stories of the traveler found a ready audience.

Captain John Smith, the historian of Powhatan and Pocahontas, was a traveler who narrated his own adventures. As a story-teller he was a success. What he tells us of Powhatan and his amiable daughter, is told as an aside to the stirring drama of his own life. Left an orphan, in England, at fifteen, but with competent means, he was apprenticed to a trade, while his guardians appropriated his fortune to themselves. He had read books of romance and adventure enough to inspire him to

run away. But he was no ordinary boy. He rambled around over Europe, meeting with various adventures, taking part in the Continental wars until the peace of 1598. Being nineteen years old and eager for adventure, he enlisted in an army of mercenaries, employed in the war of the Netherlands. After a year or two of hacking at his fellow-men, he fell in with three rogues for companions, who robbed him and escaped. One of these gallants he afterward met, and ran through with his sword.

Our hero next appears on a ship bound for Italy. Getting into a quarrel with the passengers over religion and politics, they settled the argument by pitching him overboard. But "God got him ashore on an island." He was picked up by a trading vessel, the *Britaine*, which seemed to have no particular destination, but lingered around for freight. The "freight" wanted was a Venetian merchant vessel, which no sooner "spoke" than the *Britaine* fired a broadside. A lively fight followed, but the merchant surrendered to the pirate. Of the spoils, Smith got "five hundred sequins, and a little box God sent him, worth as much more." His acknowledgments of Providence are touching.

Having wandered around Italy till he was tired, Smith went to Vienna, and enlisted in the army of the Emperor Rudolph, in the war against the Turks. The Turks had shut up Lord Ebersbraught in the besieged town of Olumpagh. Smith had invented a system of signals, which he had once providentially explained to Ebersbraught. Letters from A to L were represented by one torch displayed as many times as the letter was removed from A; letters from M to Z were represented by two torches, similarly displayed. Three torches signified the end of a word. Going upon a hill, Smith flashed his torches to the besieged, signaling that they would attack at midnight on the east. The garrison were to make a sortie at the same time. On the side opposite to that of the intended attack, Smith set up some stakes in the plain, and strung them with long lines of powder strings. At the moment of the attack these were touched off, resembling the flash of musketry, and the Turks prepared,

in force, to resist the attack from this quarter. Their mistake was discovered too late to prevent the rescue of the garrison. From this time on, Smith bore the rank of captain.

Still more chivalric are his performances in another siege. During the slow toil of the besieging Christians in making trenches and fortifications, the Turks would frequently yell at them, and ridicule their work. In order to pass away the time and "delight the ladies," the Turkish bashaw sent a challenge for single combat with any Christian. John Smith, aged twenty-three, accepted it. A theater was built, the armies drawn up, and the bashaw appeared to the sound of music. His caparisoned horse was led by two janizaries, and his lance was borne by a third. On his shoulders were a pair of silver wings, and his costume was ornamented with jeweled plumes. "This gorgeous being Smith did not keep long in waiting. Accompanied by a single page, he took position, made a courteous salute, charged at the signal, and, before the bashaw could say 'Jack Robinson,' thrust his lance through the sight of his beaver, face, head, and all, threw him to the ground, and cut off his head." A friend of the bashaw's then challenged Smith. The fight was with pistols, the Englishman winning another head. Smith then became challenger. The combat was long and doubtful. The weapons were battle-axes. Once Smith dropped his, and the Turks set up a great cheer, but "by his judgment and dexterity in such a business, by God's assistance, having drawn his fanchion, he pierced the Turk so under the culets, thorow backe and body."

Smith was eventually taken prisoner, but only to meet with a new adventure. He was sent to be the slave of the beautiful Charatza Tragabigzanda at Constantinople. He was by no means ill-favored, and the tender passion soon inflamed the heart of the young mistress. But controlling herself, she sent him away to her brother Tymor, "to learn the language, till time made her mistress of herself." Smith thought he would, ere long, become her husband, but in an hour after his arrival the brother stripped

him naked, forged a great iron ring about his neck, with a bent stick attached to it, and set him about the vilest tasks. One day Tymor was alone with him in a field. Mad with rage, Smith sprang on him, beat out his brains, dressed himself in the dead man's clothes, and made his escape. After wandering several days in a desert, he found a kind-hearted man, who knocked off the iron, and helped him to a ship homeward bound.

Such was the man who, in 1605, returned to smoky, pestilential, and filthy London, a city without sidewalks or lighted streets, its houses, built of wood, vilely constructed and ventilated, one-half of its people religious bigots, the other half abandoned debauchees. The town was feverish with excitement over the stories of the great Virginia, where gold was as common as iron, where copper was dipped out of the rivers by the bowl full, where the inhabitants decked out in pearls as large as peas, supplied all visitors with the rarest fish and game and the finest fruits, "four times bigger than those in England." So, in 1606, when a charter was granted for a colony in Virginia, notwithstanding several previous ones had utterly failed, and left no monument but the story of their fate, Smith joined the expedition. Edward Wingfield was president. It is not wonderful that this crowd of seventy-one persons soon fell to quarreling. They were from the slums of London—thieves, plugs, cut-throats, idlers—in search, not of glory, but of a country where money could be had without labor, men, as Smith said, "more fit to mar a state than to make one." Their settlement in Virginia was called Jamestown. Here they had a rough time.

The engraving on the opposite page gives a faithful view of the first day's work in the wilderness. It was a struggle for existence rather than for wealth. Discipline there was none. The president was accused of keeping the choicest stores for himself. The men would not work, supplies ran low, disease and famine alike attacked the unhappy adventurers. One night they had an ugly row, in which all took part. Their preacher, Mr. Hunt, a good man, pacified them, and the next



THE FIRST DAY AT JAMESTOWN.

day the crowd partook of the holy communion. All these colonial undertakings, no matter how abandoned the men, wore a cloak of religion. The ostensible aim, as expressed in the Jamestown charter was, "by the grace of Almighty God, to propagate the Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of all true knowledge, and worship of God."

But the quarrel was ever breaking out anew. Conspiracies to kill Smith, depose Wingfield, and escape to England in the pinnace were as thick as hops. Sometimes one faction had the upper hand, sometimes the other. The intelligent directors, safe at home, had instructed the colonists to search for a passage to the North Sea, and in exploring rivers, when they reached a fork to take the branch leading to the north-west as most likely to come out right. In obedience to this, Captain Newport, Smith, and others shortly ascended the river which the savages called POWHATAN. The country, too, bore the name, and the various tribes of Indians, whatever else they called themselves, were continually mentioning the same mysterious word. On their journey the explorers were hospitably treated, receiving presents of fruit, game, and vegetables, as well as a roast deer and baked cakes. They reached a wigwam village, governed by a king, the name of town and ruler both being Powhatan. This chief is supposed to have been a son of the great Powhatan. The natives made elaborate feasts, and in return their chief was entertained on the ship, where the English pork and peas and the liquors quite enraptured him. When the latter grew suspicious of a cross erected as a sign of English dominion, Newport told him the arms represented Powhatan and himself, and the middle their united league.

On the morning after the feast on shipboard, the noble red man found himself too sick to get up; no doubt, the result of the hot drinks he had taken to so kindly. After a multitude of feastings from other chiefs, the explorers returned to find that the colony had suffered a severe attack from savages. The

president was cursed to his face for his failure to erect fortifications. He was accused "of ingrissing to his private use oat-meale, sacke, oyle, aqua vitæ, beef, and egges;" while the others had only "a half pint of wheat, and as much barley boyled with water for a man a day, and this being fryed some twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold, contained as many wormes as graines." As a result of the quarrels, Wingfield was deposed and imprisoned. Wingfield denies embezzling the delicacies. "I never had but one squirrel roasted!"

The colonists hung one of the council, and Smith himself came near it. The pious frauds had a church, however, with "Common Prayer morning and evening, every day two sermons, with an Homily on Sundaies." Smith seems to have been almost alone in his efforts to build up the colony. Every one else was crazy about gold. He made several short voyages, securing small amounts of corn from the Indians, which, with the swans, geese, and ducks on the rivers, wild "pumpkins and persimmons," made life quite tolerable, so that for a while the "tuftaffety" gentlemen of the colony quit wanting to return to England. Necessity, however, again drove Smith to make a more extended voyage up the Chickahominy.

They proceeded up the river as far as possible with the pinnace. Then Smith took two of the crew, Robinson and Emry, ashore with him, where two Indians were hired to take them further in a canoe. The crowd in this canoe paddled some twenty miles. For convenience in getting supper, they pulled ashore. Leaving one Indian and the two Englishmen to "boyle the pott," Smith took the other Indian with him to look around in the neighborhood for game. He had gone some distance when cries and yells were heard from the canoe, and then all grew still. Smith rightly conjectured that the men had been attacked and killed. Seizing his guide, he bound him fast to his own arm with a garter, and made ready to fight. No Indians were yet in sight, but an arrow, winged by a hidden hand, struck Smith's thigh. Shortly a score of savages jumped from their

cover. Holding his terrified guide before him as a shield, Smith began a retreat to the boat. His pistol he fired as often as he could, and at every shot the savages fled. When the sound died away they would again appear and discharge their arrows, but the unlucky Indian tied to Smith's arm protected him well. But for an accident, the retreat would have been successful, and the story of Powhatan never have been set afloat in the current of history. While walking backwards, intent on his enemies, Smith fell into a quagmire, both his guide and himself sinking up to their breasts. To escape was out of the question. Almost dead with the cold, Smith threw away his weapons. The Indians then ran to him and pulled him out of the mud, built a fire, rubbed his benumbed limbs, and took him before their king, Opechancanough, a brother, as it transpired, of the great Powhatan.

Smith was a man of resources. He drew out a compass, which greatly interested the savage, and then proceeded to "demonstrate by that globe-like Jewell, the roundness of the Earth and Skies the Spheare of the Sunne, Moone, and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatness of the Land and See, the diversitie of Nations, varietie of Complexions, and how we are to them Antipodes." These wonderful qualities of a compass have, probably, never been made use of by any but our own Smith.

The secret of his demonstration is lost to science. At any rate, it evidently impressed the savage, as it must the reader, with the ingenious intellect of the lecturer. The king saw his captive was an extraordinary man. Smith was placed under guard, and the Indians formed in procession to conduct him to Orapaka, a "Town and Seat much frequented by Powhatan and the Imperial Family." The king walked first, followed by poor Smith, held by three lusty savages. On either side walked a file of six more, with their arrows notched. The remainder followed in single file. The village celebrated the strange capture with games, dances, and feastings. Smith was placed in a long house, with forty savages for a guard. For supper he had

a quarter of venison and ten pounds of bread. Each morning three women brought him three great platters of fine bread and more venison than a dozen men could devour. In spite of the plenty, Smith's appetite was poor, as he thought they fed him highly in order to eat him. His captors were preparing to attack Jamestown, and Smith exerted himself to explain the terrible cannon, the mines with which the fort was, he said, surrounded, and the certain failure which would result from an attack. To prove it, and to procure some presents for the Indians, he asked the king to send messengers to the fort. This request was granted. Three naked savages set out through the snow and ice of winter on the trip. Smith took care to send a letter, scratched on some bark, telling the colonists that he was safe, and how to both treat the messengers well, yet to frighten them with the cannon, and to send him certain trinkets. When the messengers returned, great was the astonishment of the village that Smith had been able to talk so far to his friends, and that the messengers had brought what he predicted they would bring.

After many days of delay and ceremony, the Indians decided to take Smith before their emperor, Powhatan, the Indian Cæsar, who had conquered the entire region, to whom innumerable chiefs and tribes were subject. Such was the extent of his name that the English, understanding little of the language but hearing the word often repeated, by turns regarded it as we have seen, as the name of a river, of the country, of the people, of a town, and of the chief whom they met in their first voyage. This man had extended his dominions till they were many times the size of his original inheritance. The hereditary chiefs or "kings" of the subject tribes were permitted to rule their own tribes as before the conquest, and their local laws and customs were not interfered with, on condition of their paying annual tribute to Powhatan of "Skins, Beades, Copper, Pearl, Deare, Turkies, wild Beastes, and Corn," a system of government strangely similar to that of the Roman Empire. His subjects

regarded him as half man and half God, a rather intimate union of church and state.

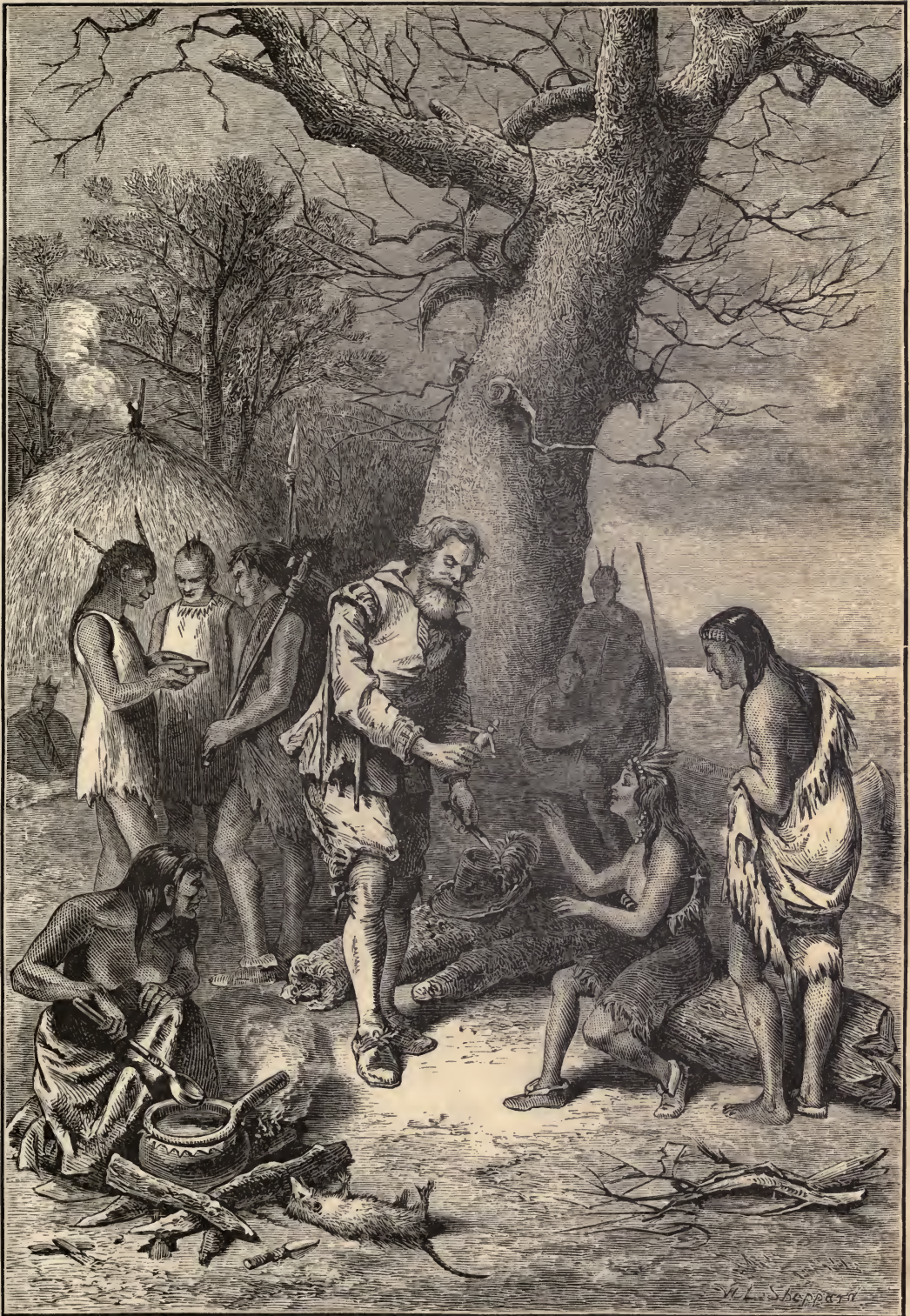
When the dauntless Smith was presented to this important personage, he seemed about sixty years old, his hair was gray, his figure tall and majestic. He was reclining at the end of a long apartment, on a chair or couch of state, covered with great robes of furs, with a coronet of immense, gayly colored plumes on his head. At his head and feet sat two shapely young Indian girls, in scanty attire, his youngest and favorite wives. Behind him were grouped the rest of his wives, adorned with beads and decorated with the most gaudy paints. Around the room were arranged fifty of the tallest warriors in his dominions. This "palace guard" was increased to two hundred from this time on account of the English. He is said to have lived "in great barbaric state and magnificence." At night a sentinel was posted on each corner of the house, who was required at certain intervals to give a signal to the guard in the house. If he slept or omitted the signal he received terrible punishment. Powhatan had a large number of towns or seats in which he, from time to time, made his residence, according to the season or the character of the game which each place afforded.

On Smith's entrance into the dusky emperor's hall of state, a terrific shout was set up. The Queen of Appomattox (a name now familiar to every American), brought a copper basin of water, while her companion attended with a bunch of feathers on which to dry Smith's hands. The emperor, having assured himself that Smith's hands were clean, proceeded to ask him innumerable questions as to where he was from, where he was going, what brought the whites to his kingdom, what were their intentions, what kind of a country they lived in, and how many warriors they had. No doubt, the slayer of three Turkish bashaws, and the pet of the princess, Tragabigzanda, was equal to his opportunities. It is possible that the old savage regarded him as a liar, for after his questionings were over, Smith says, "a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two

great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many savages as could, layd hands on him, dragged him to them, and theron laid his head," preparatory to beating out his precious brains with their war-clubs. By lucky accident Smith escaped the doom through the famous intercession of Pocahontas, "the king's dearest daughter, whom no entreaty could prevaile, but gat his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death," an incident which has been expanded, moralized upon, and applauded in turn by a hundred historians.

No doubt poor Smith received the caresses of the Indian maiden with a sensation rarely the lot of mortals to enjoy, for the stern old emperor looked at the scene for a moment, muttered a few words in his strange tongue, and, with his own hand lifted the girl and Smith from the ground. Smith was still doubtful of his fate for a day or two. During this time he busied himself carving wooden toys for Pocahontas, who had saved him by her intercession. These filled the childish hearts of herself and her companions with delight. While making himself popular with the young girls, Smith noticed with satisfaction that the chiefs still admired and wondered at the compass as much as ever. In the picture on the opposite page the wily Englishman is presenting Pocahontas with a wooden doll, which he has just manufactured.

One day, old Powhatan laid aside his dignity, as most kings do at times, and disguising himself in the most horrible manner, with two hundred others, "as blacke as himselfe," hid behind a curtain in a large house, to which Smith was presently brought. He sat down by the fire, thinking the apartment otherwise unoccupied, when with unearthly shrieks and a "hellishe noise," the savages jumped from their hiding-place, brandishing weapons, and making horrible contortions as they circled around him. He supposed his end was at hand. The affair was only a joke, though he was well-nigh dead with apprehension. There are still savages, white enough, who enjoy such jokes. Powhatan explained the matter with many grins, furnished him with



CAPTAIN SMITH AMUSES POCAHONTAS WITH TOYS.

guides, and sent him back to Jamestown. Smith promised to send his liberator "two gunnes and a gryndestone." This promise he fulfilled by offering his guides two culverins and a mill-stone, which they could not possibly transport. He took care both to frighten by firing the culverins and to pacify them with many presents for Powhatan and his wives.

Smith's life, however, was scarcely safer among the ruffians at the fort than among the savages. On the day of his return, his enemies, headed by Ratcliffe, the president, arrested him on the charge of murdering his two companions, Robinson and Emry, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be hung the next morning, a sentence of which the fulfillment was only prevented by the arrival of Newport, from England, the same evening. The affectionate Pocahontas and her father did not forget Smith. Two or three days after his return a fire broke out, destroying their buildings and supplies at the fort. Shortly afterward, Pocahontas, a perfectly nude maiden, appeared at the fort with a train of attendants such as herself, bringing presents of corn and game to Smith and his friends. This visit was only the first of a long series, in which Pocahontas came to the fort regularly, at least twice a week, with abundant gifts. She was only eleven or twelve years old, evidently of a kind and generous nature, but full of the fun which belongs to youth. On the occasions of her visits to the fort, she became well acquainted with the men. Her sportiveness was manifested by "making cart wheelies," falling on her hands, "heeles upwards," and turning over and over around the fort.

During Smith's seven weeks' captivity, which had been a great advantage in gaining the confidence and learning the language of the Indians, he, in order to awe them, greatly bragged of the immense power and skill of Captain Newport. Though he secretly despised the man, Smith, priest-like, set up the bogus image before the worshiping multitude, and called it divine. Powhatan naturally had a great desire to see Newport, and he was promised the pleasure. The new-comers on

the ship completely demoralized the prices in trade with the Indians. The sailors were foolishly granted the privilege of trading, and it soon took a pound of copper to buy the quantity of corn for which only an ounce of the metal had previously been required. Only such Indians as had his special license were allowed by Powhatan to visit the fort and trade. One poor redskin slipped in one day without license, and furtively sold a little basket of corn. For this offense the emperor had him killed. Newport sent forward to Powhatan presents, much too rich to be wise, and followed himself with Smith and forty men.

When they arrived at Werowocomoco, the wary Newport declined going ashore, for fear of treachery, till Smith first examined the situation. Even Smith, before crossing the crazy traps, which bridged a network of creeks, required a large number of Indians to precede him, and retained others as hostages, lest the affairs should be pitfalls. The village wore a holiday look. Fifty great platters of fine bread stood in front of Powhatan's lodge. The emperor received Smith with great state and display, caused him to sit on the right hand of his throne, and renewed the old acquaintance with friendly conversation, in which Smith's joke about the "gunnes and grynde-stone" drew much loud laughter. Smith presented Powhatan with a suit of red cloth, a white greyhound, and a hat. He was lodged with Powhatan, and served by a young Indian woman, who was appointed to attend him, with an abundance of rich and various food. In the evening there was a feast, with songs, dances, and speeches. Next morning Newport came ashore, and was royally entertained for four days. Powhatan spared no effort to elaborate his hospitality, proclaiming death to any subject who offered any discourtesy to his guests. Newport gave him a white boy, Thomas Savage, as a present.

When they came to trade, Powhatan was much too crafty for Newport. He affected great dignity, said the great Powhatan could not enter into a dicker. "Let Captain Newport lay down all his commodities. Such as Powhatan wants he will

take and then make such recompense as is right." Such was his speech. Newport fell into the trap. He received four bushels of corn when he should have had two hundred. Smith seeing this failure, apparently by accident glanced some blue beads, so that their glint caught the eye of the Indian, who at once became eager to see them. Smith denied having them, then protested he could not sell them, that they were made of the same stuff as the sky, and were only to be worn by the greatest kings on earth. All this inflamed the savage's anxiety to the highest pitch, and he offered twenty, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred bushels of corn. Smith yielded to this last offer with great show of reluctance, took his corn, "and yet," he says, "parted good friends."

The presence of Newport's ship at the colony was a constant demoralization. Such of the shoremen as had any thing of value whatever traded it to the sailors for liquor or ship stores, which were wasted in excesses. Smith wanted Newport to leave, but he caught the "gold fever," and remained fourteen weeks, diligently loading his vessel with river sand, in which were shining particles of mica, which he insisted were gold. The idle colonists gave up regular work, in spite of Smith's expostulations, and dreamed of fabulous wealth. The ship remained so long that its stores were exhausted, and instead of the colony receiving supplies from Newport, actually had to divide its meager store to revictual the ship for the return. Newport sailed proudly away with his cargo of dirt, but not without doing a mischief to the colony. Powhatan, with a motive clear as day to Smith, sent Newport twenty turkeys, asking for twenty swords in return, which the goose at once sent him. Soon afterward he sent a like present and message to Smith, but obtained no swords for his trouble, which angered him. Though professing friendship, the Indians began to give trouble with their thieving. Several men from the fort were waylaid in the forest and stripped of their weapons. Thus matters went on till Smith took several of the Indians prisoners,

and by dint of threats and promises learned from them that the crafty Powhatan, seeing the superiority of English weapons, and designing to massacre the colony, had undertaken to trade for weapons with Newport and Smith, and, failing with the latter, to take them from the colonists whenever caught out alone. Another sign of hostility was the return of the boy Savage, with bag and baggage, to the fort. Learning that some of his people were prisoners, the emperor of Virginia sent the lovely Pocahontas, "who not only for feature, countenance, and proportion, much exceedeth any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only nonpareil of his country," to Smith to deny hostile intentions and ask for the release of his men. Any favor asked by Pocahontas was certain to be granted, and after prayers, and a hearty meal, the warriors were given back their bows and arrows, and restored to liberty.

Smith, who was never idle, one day went on an exploring trip around the Chesapeake Bay, on which he met with many adventures. Once he caught a fish on his sword, which in being taken off thrust its "poysonne sting of two or three inches long, bearded like a saw," into his wrist. The arm quickly swelled to an enormous size, and the torment was so great that he gave up hope, and his friends prepared a grave under his directions. Luckily "it pleased God, by a precious oyle Dr. Russell applied to it, that his tormenting paine was so assuaged that he ate of that fish to his supper." Once he met the Susquehannock Indians, distinguished by their friendly disposition, and enormous stature. Their tobacco pipes were three feet long, their voices "sounded from them as they were a great noyse in a vault or cave, as an ecco." The calf of the chief's leg "was three-quarters of a yard about," and his body of similar proportions.

On September 10, 1608, Smith was made president of the colony. He at once stopped the erection of a pleasure house, which Ratcliffe, who had succeeded Wingfield in the presidency, was having built for his own use, and set the men about useful

labor. Things had barely begun to run smoothly when the marplot Newport returned with several wild schemes. He brought with him orders for a coronation of Powhatan as emperor, together with elaborate presents for the old Indian.

A more foolish thing was never perpetrated. The effect of the coronation was to increase Powhatan's notion of his own importance, and make it impossible to maintain friendly relations with him. Smith's hard sense protested against the folly, but finally he insisted on at least trying to get Powhatan to come to Jamestown for the ceremony. With this object he went to Powhatan's residence, but finding him away from home, was compelled to wait a day for his return. In the meantime Pocahontas had some more of her fun. Smith and his men were sitting around a fire in the open air, when they were alarmed by the most frightful uproar in the surrounding woods. They seized their arms and thought they were betrayed. In a moment Pocahontas came running up to Smith, and told him he might kill her if any hurt was intended, and explained that it was only sport. At the head of her thirty young women, attired as we have intimated was their fashion, she led them in a wonderful "anticke," dancing, singing, crying, leaping, casting themselves in circles around the visitors, and "falling into their infernal passions." An hour was spent in this "mascarade." Then "they solemnly invited Smith to their lodgings, where he was no sooner in the house, but all these nymphs more tormented him than ever, with crowding, pressing, hanging about him, most tediously crying, "Love you not me? Love you not me?" After this he was seated at the most elaborate banquet of savage dainties which the ingenuity of Pocahontas and her nymphs could devise. The feast at last broke up, and his dusky tormentors escorted him to his lodging with a fire-brand procession.

In the morning, Smith, his head no doubt a little thick from the frolic, stated his wish to Powhatan, agreeing to assist him in a war against his enemies, the Monacans, if he would come

to Jamestown. But this proud representative in the American forest of the divine rights of kings, haughtily replied: "If your king has sent me a present, I also am a king, and this is my land; eight days I will stay to receive them. Your father is to come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort; neither will I bite at such a bait; as for the Monacans, I can revenge my own injuries."

"This was the lofty potentate," says a charming writer, "whom Smith could have tickled out of his senses with a glass bead, and who would infinitely have preferred a big shining copper kettle to the misplaced honor intended to be thrust upon him, but the offer of which puffed him up beyond the reach of negotiation."

Smith returned with his message. If the mountain would not come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. Smith describes with rare humor the ridiculous ceremony of the coronation, the last act of which shows that Powhatan himself must have seen the size of the joke. "The presents were brought him, his bason and ewer, bed and furniture set up, his scarlet cloke and apparel with much adoe put on him, being assured they would not hurt him. But a foule trouble there was to make him kneel to receive his crown; he not knowing the majesty, nor wearing of a crown, nor bending of the knee, endured so many persuasions, examples, and instructions as tyred them all. At last, by bearing hard on his shoulders, he, a little stooped, and three having the crown in their hands, put it on his head, when by the warning of a pistoll the boats were prepared with such a volley of shot, that the king started up in a horrible feare, till he saw all was well. Then remembering himself to congratulate their kindness, *he gave his old shoes and his mantell to Capt. Newport!*" The mountain labored, and brought forth a mouse.

This magnificent failure to get two ship loads of corn which Newport had promised, reduced the colonists almost to starvation. Smith, finding no corn was to be procured peaceably

from the Indians, began a more radical policy. Taking a strong force with him, he again sailed up the Chickahominy, and declaring his purpose to be to avenge his captivity and the murder of his men, he made war. It was not long before the Indians sued for peace, and paid one hundred bushels of corn, a serious inroad on a small harvest, for their crops had failed.

Things went on poorly enough at the fort. Out of three hundred axes, hoes and pick-axes, only twenty could be found, the thievish colonists having secretly traded them off to the Indians. The hundred bushels of corn were soon gone. In their extremity Powhatan sent word to Smith to visit him, send him men to build him a house, give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some big guns, a cock and hen, much copper and beads, and he would in return load Smith's ship with corn. Unwilling to miss an opportunity, however slight, to procure supplies, Smith resolved to humor Powhatan by sending some workmen, among whom were two knavish Dutchmen, to build the house, and to follow with a force strong enough to take old Powhatan's corn by force if it could not be had peaceably.

It was midwinter. A severe storm detained Smith and his men on the way, and compelled them to celebrate their Christmas among some friendly Indians. While the winter storm raged without, the men were warmly lodged among the savages, and feasted around the roaring fires on splendid bread, fish, oysters, game, and wild fowl.

Proceeding on their journey, their landing at Powhatan's residence had to be made by wading breast deep through the half frozen shallows and mire for a half mile. Powhatan sent down provisions for them, but pretended not to have sent for them at all. Smith reproached him with deceit and hostility. Powhatan replied by wordy evasions, and seemed coolly indifferent about his new house. He demanded guns and swords in exchange for corn, which Smith refused. The old emperor then said he doubted the intentions of the English, for he had heard that they came not so much for trade as to invade and possess

his country. For what good purpose did Smith and his men carry arms, if they really came on an errand of peace? Let them leave their weapons in their vessel, in order that his people might not be afraid to bring in their corn, and as a proof that their intentions were peaceful. "Let us all be friends together and forever Powhatans." The secret of Powhatan's conduct lay in the fact, not entirely discovered by Smith for some months, that the two Dutchmen, yielding to the seductive influence of Powhatan's abundant table and comfortable quarters, had betrayed the destitute condition of the colonists to him.

At an interval in the dispute Smith managed to trade an old copper kettle to the emperor for eighty bushels of corn. Then the debate was renewed with the same vigor. Powhatan, liar that he was, said that he had lived to see the death of three generations of his people, and his experience taught him that peace was better than war. Why then would the English try to take by force what they could quickly have by love? Why would they destroy Powhatan and his people who provided them food? What could be gained by war? Powhatan in his old age could take his people, hide their corn, burn their lodges, fly to the forest, and live there in the cold, subsisting on acorns and roots. But this would not only make him and his people bitterly unhappy; the English themselves must starve if they destroyed the people who furnished them food. Powhatan and Captain Smith would alike end their lives in misery. He concluded with an earnest appeal to Smith to have his men lay aside their guns and swords.

But Smith was proof against this eloquence. Believing that Powhatan's purpose was to disarm the English and then massacre them, he ordered his men to break the ice and bring the vessel nearer shore. Then more men were to land and an attack was to be made. The intellect of the Indian and the white man were well matched in their insight into character and in craftiness. No diplomacy inferior to that of the Indian emperor could have so long retained the upper hand of Smith.

No leader of less courage and resources than John Smith could so long have maintained a starving colony in the hostile dominions of the great Powhatan. In order to consummate the movement by which his entire force should become available for action, Smith kept Powhatan engaged in a lengthy conversation. But the Indian outwitted him. Suspecting his motive, Powhatan, skillfully excused himself for a moment, leaving three of his most entertaining wives to occupy Smith's attention, and passing through the rear of his bark dwelling, escaped to the forest, while the house was silently surrounded by his warriors.

When Smith discovered his danger, he rushed boldly out, fired at the nearest Indian, and made his way unhurt to the shore. The English, then, with leveled muskets, forced the Indians to load the boat with corn. Night came on; the work was done, but the vessel could not sail till high tide. Smith and his men had to pass the night ashore. Powhatan designed to surprise them by an attack while at their supper. Once more the gentle Pocahontas saved Smith. Slipping into the camp, she took Smith aside, hurriedly told him that her father would shortly send down an abundant supper for the English, but, that while the latter were engaged in the meal, an attack would be made by her father, with all his warriors. Smith offered her handsome presents and rewards, but with tears running down her cheeks, she refused them all, saying, that if she were seen to have them, it would cost her her life. Once more urging Smith to depart, the affectionate girl turned from him and fled into the forest, the gloom of which was deepened by the thickening shadows of a winter twilight. Presently ten huge savages came, bearing a hot supper for the English, and urged them to eat. But Smith compelled the cooks first to taste their own broth as an assurance that it was not poisoned.

The night was one of anxiety. Large numbers of savages could be seen lurking around. No one was permitted to sleep, but all were required to be prepared for a fight at any moment. Their vigilance saved them, and in the morning the homeward

trip was commenced. It was a dark prospect for the colonists. They had escaped this time, but could they always do as well? Where were their supplies to come from, if not from the Indians? Meanwhile, the Dutch traitors made a trip overland to the fort, represented that Smith had sent them, and procured guns, ammunition, fifty swords, tools, and clothing. They also induced six "expert thieves" to desert with them to Powhatan.

On the way back Smith had a thrilling adventure with Opechancanough, the savage to whom Smith had delivered his lecture on astronomy. In the hope of securing corn, Smith took fifteen men and went up to the chief's house, where he found himself betrayed and surrounded by seven hundred armed savages. Smith spoke to his men, told them to follow his example and die fighting. He then openly accused Opechancanough of an intent to murder him, and challenged him to single combat, the Indian to choose the weapons, and the victor to cut off the other's head and be lord over the countrymen of the vanquished. This the Indian refused, denied his hostile intention, and laid a handsome present just outside the door. Had Smith gone outside, he would have fallen, pierced by a hundred arrows. Seizing an opportunity, he rushed up to the king, grabbed him by the hair, placed a loaded pistol at his head, and marched him around, half dead with fright, before all his warriors. Looking on Smith as a god, the people threw down their arms. It was not long till they were trading in good style. Here Smith was overtaken by a messenger from the fort, who had gone to Powhatan's residence, seen great preparations for war, and only escaped alive through being concealed by Pocahontas in her lodge, and, having been furnished by her with provisions for his journey, safely conducted away at night.

New disasters at the fort required Smith's presence. Beset by hostile savages along the river, he at last reached home, with five hundred bushels of corn as the result of this exhausting campaign in the dead of winter. New hardships beset the colony, but were met with renewed energy on the part of Smith.





The renegade Dutchmen managed through confederates in the gang of ruffians within the fort to continue the thefts of arms and ammunition.

One day, Smith, while walking in the forest, encountered the gigantic king of Paspahy, and a terrible combat ensued. The savage, of great strength and stature, slowly forced Smith into the water, intending to drown him. But the Indian stumbled over a stone. To regain his balance he threw up his hands. At the same instant Smith's iron hand grasped his throat; with the other hand the Englishman whipped out his sword to kill his foe. But the Indian pleaded for his life. Smith was a kind-hearted fellow, and besides, full of vanity. The notion struck him that it would be a fine thing to take the big Indian prisoner to the fort as proof of his prowess. This he at once proceeded to do. Our artist has given us a vivid picture of the scene of the combat, just at the moment when Smith, clutching his adversary's throat, paused with sword in air. The Indian was taken safely to the fort and put in chains. He subsequently managed to escape, probably through the help of Smith's enemies.

Shortly afterward, on a trip up the Pamunkey (now York) River, Smith was attacked by this king's people, but when they knew their foe, they threw down their arms, and their best orator addressed Smith, telling him that his ex-captive was there and proceeding to justify the escape. "Do you blame the fish for swimming, or the bird for flying? Then you should not blame my master for obeying the instinct of his nature to escape to the freedom of his forests. Why do you pursue us and force us at too great loss to avenge the injuries we receive at your hands? The red man is a savage; he knows not the white man's God. But these are his rivers and forests. Here his people have hunted and fished, planted seed and gathered harvests, for many generations. Yet the white man seeks to take what is not his. If you succeed in conquering us, we will simply abandon the country of our fathers, and remove to a place where we will

be beyond the white man's reach. If that were done the English would gain nothing, but would lose the corn and fruit we are willing to sell them. Why not, then, let us enjoy our houses, and plant our fields in peace and security, seeing that you as well as we will be benefited by our toil?" The result of this speech was a friendship which lasted for many years.

A singular incident at this time raised Smith's reputation to the highest pitch among the savages. Two of Powhatan's people had stolen a pistol. Smith arrested them, threw one in the dungeon, and gave the other a certain time to produce the pistol, in default of which the prisoner should die. Smith, pitying the fellow in the dungeon, sent him some food and some charcoal for a fire. At midnight the other returned with the pistol, but his friend was found badly burned, and smothered to death with charcoal fumes. The grief of the poor fellow was so great that Smith said, if he would be quiet he would restore his companion to life. Little thinking a recovery would take place, Smith applied stimulants and rubbed the Indian's body, when suddenly he sat up! To the great sorrow of his friend the "dead" Indian was crazy. Smith, catching the spirit of the thing, told the other to be quiet, and he would restore reason to his friend also. The patient was laid by the fire and allowed to sleep till morning. He awoke in his right senses. Thenceforth the Indians believed Smith could restore the dead to life. For three months, the colonists, through the iron discipline of Smith, enjoyed peace and prosperity. Twenty cabins were built at the fort; a block-house erected for defense, through which lay the only entrance; a good well was dug, and a considerable quantity of tar and soap ashes manufactured.

One day the unlucky colonists found that their abundant store of corn was eaten up by the rats, which, from the few brought over in the ship, had increased to thousands. Without corn for bread work had to be stopped. No provision, except wild roots and herbs, could be procured at that time of year. Eighty men were sent down the bay to live on oysters;

twenty went up the river to subsist on fish. The Indians, to show their friendship, brought to the fort what game they could find. Sturgeon were abundant. Those of the colony who were not too lazy, dried the fish, pounded it to powder, mixed it with herbs, and made a very tolerable bread. The majority, however, would rather starve than work. They importuned and abused Smith because he refused to trade guns, swords, and ammunition for corn. He, at last, issued an order, reciting that every man able to work who failed to gather each day as much provision in a day as he himself did, should be taken across the river, and left as a drone. Some of the vagabonds preferred to desert to the Indians, where they could partake of the abundance without labor. But Powhatan and his tributary chieftains imitated Smith, and all whites who refused to work were flogged and sent back to the fort.

Meanwhile treachery was at work without and within. The villains at the fort plotted with Powhatan to betray it. The Indians were being taught that King James would kill Smith for his ill-treatment of them. Besides these obstacles, the Virginia Company was greatly dissatisfied. A considerable investment of money in the colony had brought no return. The North Sea was undiscovered. This was without excuse, argued the London magistrates, when only a little longer trip, twenty, thirty, or forty miles would, doubtless, have brought the colonists to the other ocean. What want of courage and common sense was shown by not pushing the matter! Besides, there were yet no cargoes of gold pigs or even copper pigs sent home. There must be gold there. Every one said there was. Probably Smith was amassing a fortune, and his colony rolling in a life of wealth and luxury, while he left the Honorable Board of Directors to hold the bag. No doubt there were mountain ranges of solid gold in Virginia, but the directors were not fault-finding. A certain report of one single mountain, or even hill, of gold would be satisfactory. Even a very little hill, say two hundred feet high and two thousand feet in circumference, if it

were not full of caves, would be quite comforting. Such a modest demand, they argued, ought to be complied with.

Thus, at war with the Indians, betrayed by his own men, and misrepresented and abused by the English capitalists, Smith, no doubt, felt that, after all his hardships, his fall was at hand. Lord De La Ware and others obtained a new charter and commission from the English king. Preparations, more elaborate than for any previous expedition, were made. Several ships in the fleet were wrecked in a storm. Those which reached Jamestown brought many enemies of Smith, and a great crowd of the London riff-raff. Smith, not yet formally superseded, continued to exert his authority.

To relieve the Jamestown settlement somewhat of its unruly elements, Smith planned two new settlements, one under Captain West and one under Martin. Each, with its proportion of provisions, set out in high glee. Martin and his men went to Nausemon. The poor savages received him kindly, but the novice mistook their noisy mirth, as they celebrated his arrival, for hostility, and falling on the wretched Indians, captured their poor, naked king and his houses. The work of fortification was begun, and the savages, divining Martin's fear, attacked him, released their king, killed several men and captured a thousand bushels of corn which Martin had traded for.

The other expedition pitched its settlement in low, swampy ground, liable to inundation, and well suited to breed fevers among the men. To remedy this mistake Smith, still the president, sent to Powhatan proposing to buy the town called Powhatan, for the new settlement. A treaty was at last made between them, by the terms of which Powhatan agreed to resign the town, its forts and houses, with the entire region thereabouts to the English. The latter, in return, were to defend him and his dominions from the Monacans, and to pay annually a certain proportion of copper. All thieves were to be promptly returned to their own people for punishment. Each house of Powhatan's was to annually furnish one bushel of corn

in exchange for a cubic inch of copper. When this treaty of trade and friendship was completed, the swaggerers and roustabouts of the settlement denied Smith's authority, and refused to stir an inch from their swamp. In attempting to quell the mutiny Smith barely escaped with his life. Well knowing the importance of keeping faith with Powhatan, he exerted all his skill to induce the men to take advantage of the treaty. But the settlement had the notion that the Monacan country was full of gold, that they could prevent any one else than themselves from visiting it, and that Smith's desire to remove them was prompted by his wish to secure access to the gold fields for himself.

Meanwhile, Powhatan's people began to complain bitterly to Smith. The old emperor sent messengers, saying that those whom he had brought for their protectors were worse enemies than the Monacans themselves; that these "protectors stole their corn, robbed their gardens, broke open their houses, beat them, and put many in prison; that, heretofore, out of love for him, they had borne these wrongs, but after this they must defend themselves." The shrewd old diplomat also offered to fight with Smith against the settlement and quell the mutiny, which he was keen enough to perceive and understand.

Failing in his well-meant efforts, Smith sailed away. Accidents are sometimes fortunate. His ship ran aground. Messengers came running, begging him to return. In the brief interval since his departure, Powhatan's enraged people had made an attack, killing many of the settlement. Smith returned, restored order, removed the colony to the town Powhatan, where they found a fort capable of defense against all the savages in Virginia, good warm and dry houses to live in, and two hundred acres of land ready for planting corn. This comfortable and secure place was called Non-such. Hardly were they well settled, when the old infatuation seized them. Mutiny broke out. Smith, seeing the mutineers bent on their own destruction, gave up in despair and left them forever.

They at once abandoned the eligible lodges and fort at Non-such to return to the open air, and poisoned at that, of the old swamp.

Misfortunes come not singly but in whole battalions. As Smith was returning to Jamestown, disgusted at the folly he had witnessed, a bag of powder in the boat was accidentally fired, tearing the flesh from his body and thighs and inflicting terrible burns. In his agony he leaped into the river, and was barely saved from drowning. Lacking both doctor and nurse, flat on his back at the fort, suffering untold torments from the wounds, poor Smith succumbed at last. His enemies deposed him; a plot to murder him in his bed was almost consummated, an elaborate indictment for his misdeeds was drawn up, and on September 29, 1609, he sailed away from the inhospitable shores of Virginia to return no more—

“Ingratitude, more strong than traitor’s arms,
O’ercame him quite.”

Powhatan at once commenced active hostilities.

Henry Spelman was an English boy whom Smith had given to Powhatan in the trade for the town of the same name. He had afterwards left Powhatan and returned to the fort. Powhatan sent Thomas Savage, the other boy whom Newport had given him, to Jamestown on an errand. Savage complained of loneliness, and easily persuaded Spelman to return with him. Powhatan now made use of him by sending word to the fort that he would sell them corn if they would come up for it. It may be easily believed that supplies were running low, now that Smith was no longer there to plan and execute methods for their procurement. An expedition of thirty-eight men set out at once. No suspicion of treachery was felt. As the boat landed, the Indians, who lay in ambush, sprang forth in overpowering numbers and killed every man in the party except Spelman, who was returning with them. He fled through the woods, made known his distress to Pocahontas, whose tender

heart seems to have been ever responsive to misfortune. Through her help he was hidden for a while, furnished with provisions by her own hand, and then assisted to secret flight.

Powhatan henceforth haughtily refused all trade. The forests were filled with lurking savages. Many a man went out from the fort to hunt game who never returned. Such food as they had on hand was consumed and wasted by the officers. The colonists bartered away their very swords and guns, with which alone corn could be procured. Of the five hundred colonists at the time of Smith's departure there remained, at the end of six months, only sixty, and these subsisted chiefly on "roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, and berries, and now and then a little fish." It is almost impossible to believe the stories of this "starving time." The corpses of two savages who had been killed, were seized by the poorer colonists, boiled with roots and herbs, and greedily devoured. "*One among the rest did kill his wife, powdered her, and had eaten part of her before it was known.*" This man was burned alive for his crime. Strange as this story is, it was reaffirmed in most particulars in the published report of an official investigation into the affairs of the colony by the London directors in the year 1610. These extremities were the result of sloth, vice, and crime as much as of the natural hardships of the situation. The colony was composed of the very offscourings of London. All planting and gathering of crops was abandoned, the houses decayed, the church became a tumbling ruin. They ate their fish raw rather than build a fire and cook it. When Somers and Gates, after terrible adventures, arrived with re-enforcements, they said the colony would have been extinct in ten days had not succor arrived.

With wavering fortunes the colony continued to exist. We have little account of Powhatan, owing to the fact that his remorseless hostility cut off all intercourse with him. In 1613 the princess, Pocahontas, had developed into the maturer beauty of eighteen years. Captain Argall, Smith's ancient enemy, was

making a voyage in search of supplies, when he learned that Pocahontas, instead of being with her father, the emperor, was living with the King Potowomek's people. It is not certainly known why she was away from home. There are reasons for thinking that she went to Potowomek, partly because her father suspected her of friendship to the English, and desired to remove her from their vicinity, and partly, because she herself was glad to escape from the scenes of torture and butchery which took place on the occasion of every capture of an Englishman.

Another account is, that she was making a friendly visit on the occasion of an Indian fair. Argall resolved to capture her if possible, and force Powhatan to ransom her by the release of his prisoners, the restoration of stolen property, and abundant gifts of corn. He resorted to a mean stratagem. Among the tribe whose guest she was, Argall found a low savage, named Jabazaws, to whom he offered the bribe of a copper kettle, to decoy her on board his ship. The scoundrel had a keen insight into his victim's character. Having no chance to play upon her curiosity, because Pocahontas had seen many larger vessels, he instructed his wife to pretend her great desire to see one.

Carefully planning for Pocahontas to overhear them, the savage proceeded to beat his wife for her mock importunities. She cried lustily, and at last he told her that if Pocahontas would go aboard with her, she might go. The amiable girl, always glad to oblige others, fell into the snare. Once on board the ship, Argall decoyed her into the gun room, and locked her up, in order to conceal from her the treachery of her own people. Jabazaws and his wife gleefully received their reward. Then Argall told Pocahontas she was his prisoner, and must be the means of making peace between the English and her father. At this announcement the cheat, Jabazaws, and his wife, cried louder than poor Pocahontas herself, finally, with many tears and embracings, taking leave of her. The meanness of the man Argall, who could thus take advantage of a young girl, a *barbarian*, forsooth, whose very life she had

risked again and again to help the English, is almost beneath the whip of scorn.

This gallant gentleman took his prize to Jamestown, which she looked upon for the first time since Smith's departure, four years before. Messengers were dispatched to Powhatan, announcing the capture of his daughter and the requisite ransom set on her head. English captives, stolen tools, captured guns, were to be restored, with much corn. Powhatan was greatly disturbed by this news. Pocahontas was still his favorite daughter. But it was a great sacrifice to give up the English weapons. Besides she had always inclined to aid the English, which was wrong. Whatever were the thoughts of the white-haired emperor, as this new sorrow burdened his heart, it was three months before he responded to the message. This delay was singular, and is hard to account for. It may have been caused by the struggle between private affection for his daughter and public duty to his country and people. At the end of three months, he sent back seven of his English captives, each armed with an unserviceable musket, and promised, on the release of his daughter, to give five hundred bushels of corn. This was promptly declined, and a demand made for the return of every captive, gun, and sword. Powhatan was so angered at this reply that he was not heard from for a long time.

In the following Spring, an expedition of one hundred and fifty men took Pocahontas, and went up to Powhatan's seat. The emperor refused to see their messengers. The English then told his people they had come to receive a ransom for Pocahontas and restore her to liberty. To this the Indians replied with showers of arrows. A fight ensued. Forty houses were burned. Then a palaver was had, and a truce arranged till the following day. Meanwhile Pocahontas went ashore, and two of her brothers and some friends were permitted to see her. She welcomed them, but in a rather frigid way. She spoke little to any but her brothers, and told them plainly, that if her father loved her, he would not value her less than old

swords, axes, and guns; that for her part, she preferred to remain with her captors, who treated her more kindly than her father, unless he manifested his affection more actively. Her brothers were fond of her, and were glad to find her gently treated. They promised to persuade the emperor to make a peace. Two Englishmen, John Rolfe and one Sparkes, at once started to Powhatan's court to arrange a treaty. He haughtily refused to see them, but his brother, Opechancanough, intimated that a peace might be effected.

But while these elaborate negotiations were working to patch up a cumbrous and probably short-lived treaty, another power, with more skillful hands, was knitting a surer alliance. Pocahontas, whose gentle and refined nature from the first seemed to yearn toward the civilization of the English, had changed greatly during her residence with them. Her tears and entreaties to be set free, at the time of her capture, are in marked contrast with her indifference, at the interview with her brothers, toward her own people, and her willingness to remain with the English. The real reason for this was known only to a single one of her captors, Mr. John Rolfe, a steady, industrious, and enterprising man, one of the best of the colony. He was a widower, his young wife having died. When he came in contact with Pocahontas, her charms of person and graces of character filled him with an admiration tinged with emotion.

Rolfe was a very religious fellow, and he made his Christian duty to the untutored maiden the excuse for frequent calls, long conversations, and earnest persuasions to renounce her idolatry, and adopt the true Christian religion. Love is a cunning fellow. He knows the foibles of human nature. He delights to masquerade long in the characters of duty, friendship, mutual improvement, pleasure, or religion, and then suddenly to throw aside his masque and startle his victims with the sight of his own true self. Thus it was that Master Rolfe kept assuring himself that his talks and persuasions with Pocahontas were merely done from a sense of duty; and, as the girl slowly

yielded to his influence, until at last, just before her wedding, she renounced the religion of her fathers, and formally professing her adoption of Christianity, was baptized and re-christened by the name of Rebecca, she too persuaded herself that she was animated wholly by the strength of Master Rolfe's arguments and the truth of his cause.

When the expedition set out, of which the object was to restore Pocahontas to her people, Rolfe must have undergone great inward torment. He resolved to ask the governor, Sir Thomas Dale, for permission to marry Pocahontas. Instead of speaking to Dale, whom he saw every day, Rolfe drew up a long letter, a sort of theological treatise, to him, and when he set out to interview Powhatan on the subject of the peace, left this curious document with a faithful friend, who was to deliver it to the governor in the author's absence. The letter is a glorious illustration of the perfection of love's masquerade, his deft concealment of his real character from his victim.

It began with solemn assertions that the writer was moved only by the Spirit of God; that he sought only to obey his conscience, as a preparation for the "dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all men's hearts shall be opened;" that he was in no way led by "carnall affection," and that he sought only "for the good of this plantation, for the honor of our countrie, for the glory of God, for my owne salvation, and for the converting to the true knowledge of God and Jesus Christ, an unbelieving creature, namely Pokahuntas." He went on to describe how long the subject had borne on his mind, how he had set before his mind the proneness of mankind to evil desires, how he had studied the rebukes of the Bible against marrying strange wives; how the fearful struggle had kept up day and night between the powers of light and darkness; how "besides the weary passions and suffering, he had daiely, hourelly, yea, and in his sleep indured; even awaking him to astonishment, taxing him with remissnesse, and carelesnesse, refusing and neglecting to perform the duteie of a good Christian, pulling

him by the eare and crying; why dost thou not indeavor to make her a Christian?" Still he proceeded with his foolish delusion. He said that the Holy Spirit often demanded why he was created, if not to labor in the Lord's vineyard. Here was a good chance for him. Besides all which were her apparent love for him, her intelligence and desire to be taught, her willingness to receive good impressions, "and also the spirituall, besides her owne incitements stirring me up hereunto." That these "incitements" and the rest had great influence over the writer of this remarkable love-letter is plain. "Shall I be of so untoward a disposition as to refuse to lead the blind in the right way? Shall I be so unnatural as not to give bread to the hungrie, or uncharitable as not to cover the naked?"

Such horrible wickedness was not to be thought of. He determined to sacrifice himself on the altar of duty. He could not close, however, without renewed protests that he was not influenced by his own desires or affections. In fact, one thinks he doth protest too much. He finishes, saying, "I will heartily accept of it as a godly taxe appointed me, and I will never cease (God assissting me) untill I have accomplished and brought to perfection so holy a worke, in which I will daily pray God to bless me, to mine and her eternal happiness."

Governor Dale read this tedious missive, and no doubt saw the size of the joke. But, nevertheless, he could see the marriage would be a good thing for the colony, and lay the foundation for a lasting peace. He approved of it heartily, humoring Rolfe by giving his assent in the same style in which the letter was written, and, so far as we are informed, without wounding the susceptible heart of the widower by any facetious reflection on his cant and self-delusion.

Word was sent to Powhatan, and he, too, seemed to approve of it. He was growing conservative in his old age, and he saw in the marriage a career suited to the tastes of his daughter as well as an assurance of long continued peace for his weary people. The expedition returned to Jamestown, where Poca-



MARRIAGE OF ROLFE AND POCAHONTAS.



hontas, as before remarked, formally announced her conversion to Christianity. This was really a good joke on Rolfe, for it demolished at one blow the entire fabric of mock reasoning, by which he justified his desire to marry Pocahontas. However, the question was not sprung. Preparations for the wedding went on merrily. Powhatan shortly sent down an old uncle of Pocahontas to represent him at the wedding and give the bride away. The ceremony was performed in the Jamestown Church, about the 5th of April, 1614. This marriage is justly celebrated as being the basis for a peace with the Powhatans as long as Pocahontas lived. Other tribes, among them the Chickahominies, who are said to have had no king, but a rude sort of republican government, sent in their submission to this colony, which no longer had occasion for war.

It is instructive to notice that the colony at this time abandoned the communal system of property, because while all were fed out of the common store, some would shirk the labor, and even the most industrious would "scarcely work in a week so much as they would for themselves in a single day." The prosperity of the colony was assured. Communism is the very soul of barbarism; individual property the earliest sign of civilization.

The first time a thing occurs it is remarkable. The wedding of Rolfe and Pocahontas, famous as the first marriage of a white man with an Indian woman on this continent, recalls an incident which had transpired twenty-seven years before. This was the birth of a little waif known to history as Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America. It took place in 1587, in the unhappy colony at Roanoke, Virginia, founded under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose transcendent genius more nearly apprehended the glorious destiny of America than that of any other man of the age. This little maiden was baptized when she was a week or two old. The scene was one of thrilling interest to the anxious group of spectators. That ceremony performed over the unconscious babe has been described with touching interest by every historian of America.

Well might it be. What a world drama has been and will be enacted on the new continent between the births of the first white child and of the last white child in America! But the history of little Virginia Dare closes with her baptism. Shortly after, her father, leaving his wife and child behind, went to England for food and help. When he returned no trace was to be found of the colony, save the single word "CROATAN" carved on a tree. Historians have speculated upon the fate of the lost colony of Roanoke and of Virginia Dare, but no satisfactory solution has ever been given of the mystery.

Such benefits had flowed from the marriage of Pocahontas that good Governor Dale piously ascribing it to the Divine approval which rested on the conversion of the heathen, and reflecting that another daughter of Powhatan would form an additional pledge of peace, sent Hamor and the interpreter, Thomas Savage, to Powhatan, for the purpose of securing another daughter for himself. At the town of Matchcat, farther up the river than Werowocomoco, from which the emperor had removed on account of the proximity of the English, the visitors were received. The emperor seemed glad to see Savage, and invited him to his house. After a pipe of tobacco had been passed around, Powhatan inquired anxiously about his daughter's welfare, "her marriage, his unknown son, and how they liked, lived, and loved together." Hamor answered that Rolfe was very well, and "his daughter so well content that she would not change her life to return and live with him, whereat he laughed heartily, and said he was very glad of it."

Powhatan then desired to know the reason of the unexpected visit. Hamor said his message was private, and he desired no one to be present. The emperor at once ordered the room cleared of all except the inevitable pair of queens who sat on either side of the monarch. As a propitiatory introduction to the subject, Hamor delivered a message of "love and peace," supplementing it with presents of coffee, beads, combs, fish-hooks, and knives, and a promise of the long-wished-for grind-

stone, whenever Powhatan would send for it. Hamor then proceeded to speak of the great reputation for beauty and attractiveness which Powhatan's youngest daughter bore, of the desire of Pocahontas to have her sister's companionship, of Governor Dale's intention to remain permanently in Virginia, and his desire, in case the young lady proved to be all that was reported of her, to make her his "nearest companion, wife, and bed-fellow." Such an alliance, Hamor represented, would be an honor to all concerned, and would form a new bond of alliance and friendship.

When Hamor had finished, the emperor gracefully acknowledged the compliment, but protested that his daughter had been three days married to a certain one of his kings. Hamor replied that this was nothing, that the groom would readily relinquish her for the ample presents which Governor Dale would make, and further, that the emperor might easily exert his authority to reclaim his daughter on some pretext. To this base proposition the old monarch made an answer, of which the nobility and purity might have put to shame the brazen Hamor. He confessed that his real objection was the love he bore to his daughter, who was dearer to him than his own life; that though he had many children, none delighted him as much as she; that he could not live unless he saw her every day during the few remaining years of his life, which he could not do if she went to live with the English, as he was resolved never to put himself in their power by visiting them. He desired no other pledge of friendship than the one already existing in the marriage of his Pocahontas, unless she should die, in which case he would give up another child. Finally, he urged with vehement and pathetic eloquence, "I hold it not a brotherly part for your king to endeavor to bereave me of my two darling children at once. Give him to understand that, if he had no pledge at all, he need not distrust any injury from me or my people. There hath been already too much of blood and war. Too many of my people and of his, have already fallen in our strife, and by

my occasion there shall never be any more. I, who have power to perform it, have said it; no, not though I should have just occasion offered, for I am now grown old and would gladly end my few remaining days in peace and quiet. Even if the English should offer me injury, I would not resent it. My country is large enough, and I would remove myself farther from you. I hope this will give satisfaction to your king. He can not have my daughter. If he is not satisfied, I will move three days' journey farther from him, and never see Englishmen more."

His speech was ended. The barbarian's hall of state was silent. The council fire, un replenished, had burned low during the interview, and the great, crackling logs lay reduced to a dull heap of embers, fit symbol of the aged monarch who had just spoken; within their midst still burned the glowing heart of fire, but more and more feebly, while over all the white and feathery ashes were weaving the shroud of death. Call him a savage, but remember that his shining love for his daughter only throws into darker shadow the infamous proposition of the civilized Englishman to tear away the three days' bride from the arms of her Indian lover, and give her to a man who had already a wife in England. Call him a barbarian, but forget not that, when his enemies hungered he had given them food. When his people were robbed, whipped, and imprisoned by the invaders of his country, he had only retaliated, and had never failed to buy the peace, to which he was entitled without money and without price. Call him a heathen, but do not deny that when he said that, if the English should do him an injury, he would not resent it, but only move farther from them, he more nearly followed the rule of the Master, of whom he was ignorant, than did the faithless, pilfering adventurers at the fort, who rolled their eyes heavenward and called themselves CHRISTIANS.

In 1616 John Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England, taking several Indians with them. Here Rolfe well-nigh got

into trouble over his marriage. The intelligent King James, the same who wanted his minister to procure him a flying-squirrel, because he was "so well affected to such toys," took it into his limited head that Rolfe, a private gentleman, by marrying into the imperial family of Powhatan, had committed high treason. The "anointed" pedant was deeply offended, and insisted that Rolfe meant to claim the Virginia dominion as his wife's heritage, and have the crown descend to his posterity. His counselors succeeded with difficulty in showing him how far-fetched the notion was. The Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called in England, received, for a little while, considerable attention. The aristocracy ventured to patronize her slightly on account of her rank. She was received by the king and queen, taken to the theaters, and called on by several of the nobility. Captain Smith, busy with other matters, did not see her for some time, but either to help Pocahontas or draw attention to himself, wrote the queen a letter, in which he gave a brief and spirited account of the many kindnesses which Pocahontas had bestowed on the colony, and earnestly requesting that she receive the royal favor and attention while in England.

In a little while, however, Pocahontas seems to have been neglected. The novelty wore off. After the first weeks of her visit she was no longer spoken of as the wife of Rolfe at all. Either on account of the London smoke or the neglect of the Virginia company, she was staying at Branford. Smith relates the story of a singular interview which he had with her here. After a modest salutation, she, without a word, turned her back to him, and passionately buried her face in her hands. At length she broke forth with pathetic reproaches, recalling the old scenes at the colony, and her sacrifices for the English, how he had called Powhatan "father" when he was a stranger in a strange land, yet how, now that their positions were reversed, he neglected her and objected to her calling him "father." She said that after his departure the English always

told her he was dead, yet Powhatan had commanded those of her people that were with her to search for Smith, and find out whether he was living, "because your countrymen will lie



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

much." The reason of her conduct is obscure. Many have thought that Rolfe had told her Smith was dead, because she was resolved never to marry to any one as long as he was alive. It is not impossible that she had loved him, and was deeply grieved to find the trick which had been played upon her. More likely she was

homesick, and, grieved to find the English no longer paid her any attention, was deeply sensitive to Smith's neglect, in not visiting her earlier and renewing their old acquaintance.

Among the Indians who accompanied Pocahontas was Tocomoco, her brother-in-law, who was sent by Powhatan to take the number of people in England, and bring an account of their strength and resources. When he arrived at Plymouth he got him a long stick, and began to cut a notch in it for every person he met. But he soon wearied of the endless task, and threw away the stick. When he was asked by Powhatan on his return, how many Englishmen there were, he said: "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the sea-shore; for such is the number of people in England."

This same savage accidentally met Captain Smith in London, where their old acquaintance was renewed. He at once begged Smith to show him his God, king, queen, and prince, about whom Smith had told him so much. Smith put him off the best he could about showing his God, but told him he had already seen the king, and the others he should see when he liked. The Indian stoutly denied having seen the king, James not coming up to his notion of the ruler of such a people. When convinced that he had really seen the king, he said, with a melancholy countenance: "You gave Powhatan a white dog, which he fed as himself; but your king has given me not a mouthful nor a present; yet I am better than your white dog."

In May, 1617, Rolfe, who had been appointed secretary of Virginia, with his wife and child, prepared to return to America. They were on board their ship, which was detained a few days in the Thames by contrary winds. During this delay the lovely Pocahontas was taken ill, and, after an illness of three days, died, in a stranger's land.

Thus ends one of the briefest and loveliest romances to be found in all literature. Amid the darkness of barbarism and savagery, bloomed the rare and delicate nature of Pocahontas, a wild rose in the rocky cleft of black precipices and gloomy mountains. She seemed born for a different sphere than that in which she was placed. The brutality of her people was wholly absent from her affectionate heart. She took naturally to the civilization which she so little understood. Whatever motives may have influenced her in her adoption of Christianity, it is on record that she "lived civilly and lovingly" with her husband. From the first she had no fear of the English, going freely to their fort and on board their ships. Nearly every one in the colony had some favor, bestowed in the days of her frolicsome visits to Jamestown, for which to remember her. On all occasions she was their friend, supplying them with provisions, concealing them from her father, and aiding them to escape. Her influence over her father was unceasingly exerted

in behalf of the strangers. Modern criticism has regarded some of the stories told of her as romances. But after disentangling the flower from all the weeds and mosses of legend which may have sprung up around it, the beautiful, affectionate nature, the



POCAHONTAS.

refined manners, and apt intelligence of the Indian princess, remain in all their lily-like freshness and fragrance. Her early death, though sad enough, was perhaps fortunate, both for her and for her history. As to herself, had she lived, her keen intelligence would have learned to understand more and more fully the difference between her people and the English, a knowledge which would have brought only pain and sorrow to her loving heart. And as for her history, her early death has left us only

her portrait in the perfect bloom of youth, a youth which has been made immortal by the pens of countless historians.

In 1618 died the great Powhatan, "full of years and satiated with fightings and the delights of savage life." He is a prominent character in the early history of our country, and well does he deserve it. In his prime he had been proportionally to his surroundings, as ambitious as Julius Cæsar, and not less successful. He had enlarged his dominions by conquest to many times their original size, and had spread the terror of his arms over a vast extent of country. He had many towns and residences, and over a hundred wives. In his government he was despotic and cruel. Offenders were beaten to death before him, or tied to trees and torn limb from limb, or broiled to death on red-hot coals.

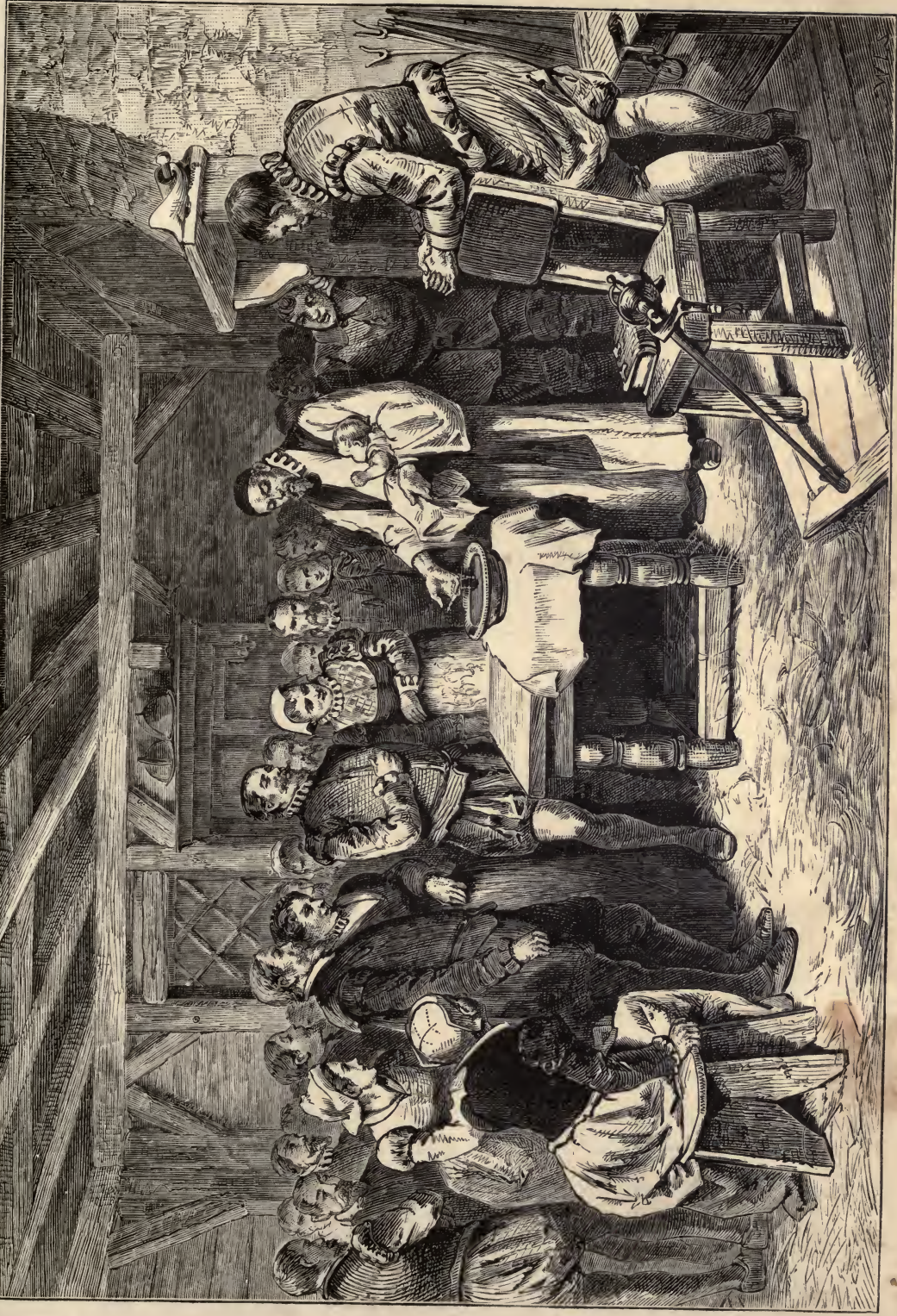
His people had a sort of religion, with priests, temples, and images, but "the ceremonies seemed not worship, but propitiations against evil," and they appear to have had no conception of an overruling power or of an immortal life. Their notions of personal adornment were very decided, if not pleasing. Oil and paints were daubed all over the person. Their ears had large holes bored in them, in which were hung bones, claws, beads, "and some of their men there be who will weare in these holes a small greene-and-yellow coloured live snake, neere half a yard in length, which crawling and lapping itself about his neck, oftentimes familiarly he suffreeth to kiss his lips. Others wear a dead ratt tyed by the tayle."

In his last days Powhatan much feared a conspiracy, between his brother Opechancanough and the English, to overthrow his government, to prevent which his diplomacy was carefully exercised. There is much that is pathetic in the close of his career, his dominions overrun with strangers, his well-beloved daughter sleeping her last sleep in a foreign land, and himself, no longer opposing armed resistance to the English, which he was shrewd enough to see must in the long run result in the extermination of his people, but simply "moving farther from them."

It would be unjust to the man, to whom we are indebted for the story of Powhatan and his lovely daughter, to close this account without referring briefly to his career after leaving Virginia. He was forever after a hobbyist on America. He was always laboring to get up new expeditions, of which he should have command. Once he did go to New England, and as usual, met with thrilling adventures. But he was pursued by the same ill luck which had been his evil star. His ambitious plans were never fulfilled, or, if he did get men to invest in his enterprises, they always met with disaster and ruin. Smith had the great good fortune to be his own historian. He took care to tell his own story, and he told it well, making himself the center of every scene. He was a graphic writer, full of wit, and his pages, though crude in style and bungled in arrangement, are the most interesting chronicles of his time.

Smith was a prolific author. His first work was "The True Relation," written by him, while in America, narrating the history and condition of the colony, published in London, 1608. In 1612 he published his "Map of Virginia and Description of the Country." This map shows that he had a fine eye for topographical outline. Other works were "A Description of New England," 1616; "New England's Trials," 1620; "The General Historie," 1624, with three later editions. He wrote also "A Sea Grammar" and several other books, which went over the same ground of his own adventures and the history of the Jamestown colony. These books were written and published by him at his own expense. He distributed them gratuitously in large numbers, solely with a view to exciting interest about America, and helping him in working up his plans.

Reading between the lines, we see a man of strong nature, full of conceit, of manners disagreeable because egotistical, impatient of opposition, and insufferably fond of talking about and magnifying his own adventures. Yet he was no ordinary character. The very rashness and impulsiveness which he manifested in England made him fertile in expedients in fighting Powhatan. The very strength of his dictator-like intellect, which gained him the hate of the Jamestown colonists, whether of lower or equal rank, caused him to achieve success with the savages and keep the storehouse of the fort full of corn. His great energy expending itself on the one hobby of working up expeditions to America, no doubt, made him to some extent a nuisance in England, after he was discountenanced and insulted by the Virginia company. But that Smith was a smart man, of rare force and ingenuity, far ahead of his age in foreseeing the future greatness of America, and possessing executive ability of a high order, must be conceded. He came, in time, to regard himself as the originator of all the discoveries and colonizations of his busy age, mentioning the Virginia colony as "my colony," and in relating the story of an expedition, of which he was only a private in the rear rank, saying, "*I* took ten men and



BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE. (See pp. 57-58.)



went ashore," "I ordered the boats to be lowered," and so forth. His swaggering rhetoric brings a smile to the face of the reader. His latest and best biographer says: "If Shakespeare had known him, as he might have done, he would have had a character ready to his hand that would have added one of the most amusing and interesting portraits to his gallery. He faintly suggests a moral Falstaff, if we can imagine a Falstaff without vices." Smith was not only a good Churchman, but a good man. His private life, passed amid the roughest characters and surroundings, was upright and pure. He was never heard to use an oath.

In spite of his incessant efforts, by writing books, making speeches, and addressing letters with offers of his services, to colonization societies, Smith was compelled to remain a mere spectator of the rapid settlement of the New World. Though out of money and out of reputation, his buoyant spirits never sunk. He was a Micawber, always expecting something to turn up, or better yet, a Colonel Mulberry Sellers, who was never without a scheme with "millions in it." Hardship and disappointment made him prematurely old, if it did not make him unhappy. His last years were spent in poverty-stricken seclusion, a "prince's mind imprisoned in a pauper's purse," as was said of him by a friend. Fed by his "great expectations," he held up his head to the end. Almost his last act was to make his will in due form, pompously disposing to Thomas Parker, Esq., of "all my houses, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever." They were located only in his fancy. When the instrument was duly drawn, he, who had written so many books, could only make his mark. The end had come. On June 21, 1631, being fifty-two years old, he passed away. He lived and died a bachelor. He was wedded to his love of adventure. While there is much about him at which to laugh, there is more which begets admiration and sympathy for him who called himself, on the title-pages of his books, the "sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England."

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIALS OF LA SALLE.



ROBERT CAVALIER DE LA SALLE is one of the loneliest characters of history. His life was a struggle between Will and Fate. He was a Frenchman, the descendant of a wealthy family of Rouen. While but a child his love of study, his dislike of amusements, his serious energy, caused his family to select for him a career in the Church. His education was carefully attended to by the great "Society of Jesus," of which he became a member. But while La Salle was at first attracted to the Jesuits by their marvelous discipline, their concentrated power, their unequaled organization, his strong nature, as he approached manhood, rebelled at the vast machine of which he was only a part. He found himself, not at the center, but at the circumference of power. He left them. By the laws of the order, the fortune left him by his father had become the property of the "Society." Impoverished, but ambitious, La Salle, a young man of twenty-three years, in 1666, turned his back on the splendors and achievements of France in the reign of *Le Grand Monarque*, to seek his fortune among the wildernesses of America.

His destination was Montreal. An association of priests called the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were the feudal proprietors of the entire region. The priests were granting out their lands on easy terms to any who would form a settlement. La Salle at once arranged for a large tract of land, eight miles above

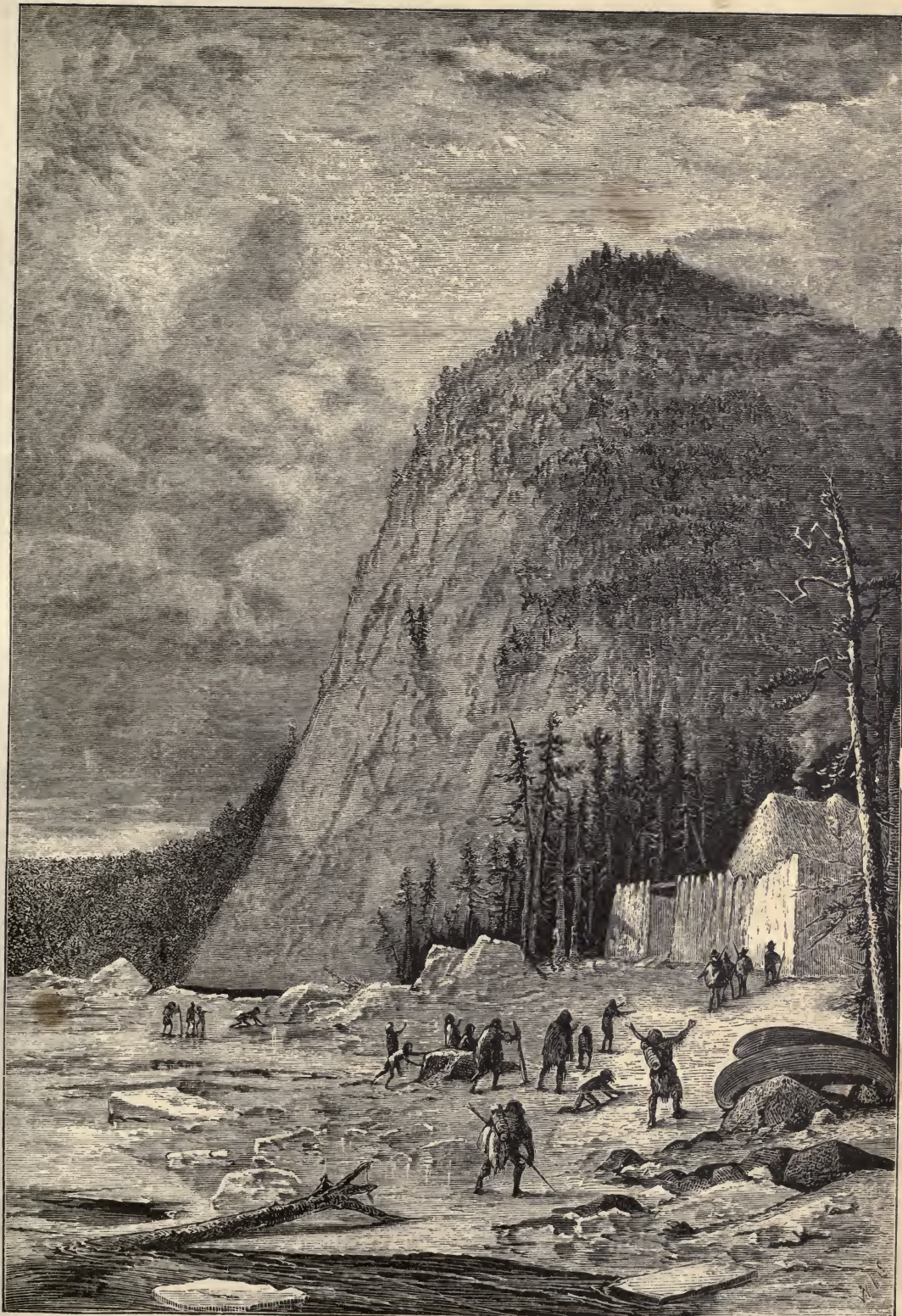
Montreal, at the place now called La Chine. The location was exposed and dangerous, but eligible for the fur trade. Here he marked out a palisaded village, platted the land within the palisade into lots containing a third of an acre each, and without the palisade into forty-acre fields. These tracts he rented out for a small, annual rent to tenants. He built a comfortable house for himself, and a small fort. The little settlement of which he was the feudal lord grew and flourished. At evening La Salle would look out over the tranquil waters of Lake St. Louis, and as his imagination dwelt on the lonely world stretching ever toward the sunset, the great purpose of its exploration took shape in his mind. The Indians who came to trade with him told him of a great river in the West, but of its destination they were ignorant. The dream of the age, a passage to the South Sea, was realized, if this river emptied into the Southern or Pacific Ocean. So the restless La Salle sold his seignory back to the priests of St. Sulpice, and with the money bought canoes and supplies for an expedition.

The Sulpitians were envious of their more famous rivals, the Jesuits. The latter had long excluded every rival from missionary labors among the Indians. They threaded forests, swam rivers, endured hunger, cold, and disease to follow the Indian to his wigwam. With deathless pertinacity, they learned hideous languages, lived on nauseous food, and dared the flames of torture, to tell the story of their religion. No sacrifice was too great, no enterprise too hazardous, no suffering too severe to deter them from their great object—the conversion of the savages. Everywhere these heroic priests had preceded the march of civilization. Twenty years before the saintly Marquette floated down the Mississippi, a Jesuit establishment was located on its banks. When the Hurons, among which they labored so long, were driven from their homes by the resistless arms of the Five Nations, the priests shared their sufferings and exile. Long before any other white men, they had traversed the great lakes and unfurled the banner of the cross on their farthest shores.

For all this wasted heroism the rewards seem meager enough. Now and then a savage, attracted by some beads, would allow himself to be baptized; but, as one chronicler says, "an Indian would be baptized ten times a day for a pint of brandy." Sometimes the priests were edified by seeing a warrior throw a piece of tobacco at the foot of the cross as a symbol of worship. "I have been amply rewarded," says one of these fathers, after being fed by his hosts for six days on some nauseous, boiled lichen and a piece of old moccasin, "for all my sufferings. I have this day rescued from the burning a dying infant, to whom its mother allowed me to administer the sacred rites of baptism, and who is now, thank God, safe from that dreadful destiny which befalls those who die without the pale of our most holy Church."

The Sulpitians, envying the Jesuits, aided La Salle in his efforts, and also fitted out an expedition of their own to join him, hoping to find fields for their own missionary zeal. This double-headed expedition was ill-suited to the imperious will of La Salle. After weeks of travel the priests resolved to direct their course to Lake Superior. La Salle warned them that they would find the field preoccupied by the Jesuits. La Salle's goal was the Ohio, which his Indian friends had confounded with the Mississippi. The two expeditions separated. The priests traversed the great lakes, and met with many hardships, only to find La Salle's prediction true. One night a storm swept their baggage, containing their altar service, into the lake. This they took to be the work of the Devil, to prevent their having mass. Soon afterward they found a stone idol in the forest, which inspired their highest resentment. Hungry and petulant, they attacked the thing with fury, broke it up, and dumped the fragments in the lake. This pious exploit was, as they said, divinely rewarded by a bear and a deer, killed the same day. They returned to Montreal without having made a convert or a discovery.

La Salle's men had mostly deserted him, and returning to



STARVING INDIANS AT THE STOCKADE OF QUEBEC.



his old settlement, called it *La Chine* in derision of his phantom idea of a passage to China. With one companion, he pushed on to the south, discovered the Ohio River, and descended it to the falls at Louisville, Kentucky. Here his guide deserted him, and La Salle made his way back to Montreal alone. In the following year he made a similar trip to Lake Michigan, and discovered the Illinois River.

The information gained on these trips and from the Indians, together with vague rumors among the Jesuits, gradually created a belief by La Salle, that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. His fertile mind mapped out the vast scheme of discovery and conquest, to the accomplishment of which he devoted the remainder of his life. History has no parallel for his labors. His idea was to explore the Mississippi, build a chain of French forts from the Lakes to the Gulf, command the mouth of the Mississippi with a fortress which should be the key to the continent. The great river should be open only to the navies of France. The vast interior domain of the continent should become a new empire for Louis XIV to govern.

England should be confined to the strip of sea coast east of the Alleghanies; Spain to Florida, Mexico, and South America. The trade with Indians for furs and hides, opened up through the whole interior of the continent, from the base line of the Mississippi and the chain of forts, would enrich France beyond the scope of the imagination; and this was but the prelude to the great empire which La Salle foresaw was destined to flourish between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, the Lakes and the Gulf. The Jesuits might hold undisputed sway in frozen Canada. It was for him to discover and control the rich and beautiful Mississippi valley.

In 1672 the Count de Frontenac became governor of New France. He was a bold and ambitious man, with many points of resemblance to La Salle. The latter, nursing his mighty dream in the secrecy of his own brain, saw that Canada must be the basis for the fabric. From there he must start, from

there receive supplies and men. Nor could he stir without the permission of the government. Frontenac became the friend of the youthful, but stern, and self-poised adventurer.

A plan was formed between them, to build a fort at the spot now occupied by Kingston, near the junction of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. The ostensible reason was defense against the Iroquois. But Frontenac saw in it a monopoly of trade and La Salle regarded it as the first link in the chain which was to bind America to the throne of France.

The location chosen was the territory of the Iroquois, the dreaded Five Nations. This league of Indians, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, embraced the most intelligent, powerful, and warlike races on the continent. Originally occupying about what is now New York State, they had extended their all-conquering arms over Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, and much of Canada. A thousand miles from their council fires were brave but subjugated peoples, who held their lands at the pleasure of their conquerors, paid annual tribute, and prostrated themselves before embassies of Iroquois, who called them dogs and spat in the faces of their proudest chieftains.

The Iroquois hated the French, who had helped their Canadian neighbors to defend themselves from the scourge. Moreover, the English and Dutch furnished them arms, and made them a sort of police over other tribes. Many a party of Indians from the Lake Superior region, with its fleet of furladen canoes, was waylaid by the Iroquois on the way to Montreal, and either plundered or forced to trade with the English and Dutch.

La Salle was dispatched to Onondaga, where the council-house of the confederacy was located, to invite them to a conference at the site of the proposed fort. On the appointed day, Frontenac, in glittering armor, with a brilliant and formidable force of French soldiery, met the assembled hosts of the Iroquois. By means of alternate threats, persuasions, and presents,

he obtained their consent to build the fort, which was named in honor of himself.

The next step in La Salle's course was to erect a fort at the mouth of the Niagara River. But it was indispensable to obtain the sanction of the French Government. Fort Frontenac had been built without any authority. Already strong influences were at work to have Louis XIV order it to be torn down. First, was the political party in Canada, who had supported the former governor, and who became the mortal enemies of Frontenac when he supplanted his predecessor. The political animosities of Frenchmen are the most bitter and far reaching of any people. When they hate, they hate. Another group of formidable enemies were the merchants of Montreal and Quebec. They saw that Frontenac and La Salle, with their fort so much nearer the lakes, the great avenue of Indian traffic, would have a practical monopoly of the fur trade. The last, but by no means least, of the enemies of the governor and the dauntless La Salle, were the Jesuits. La Salle was a zealous Catholic, but he despised the Jesuits. The latter, who had long had a monopoly of New France, were already losing it in Lower Canada. They therefore watched their western missions with the greatest jealousy, and resented every movement which tended to open up the great lakes to their rivals.

The first attack of these dangerous enemies on La Salle was an attempt to secure the destruction of Fort Frontenac. La Salle was arranging to return to France in the fall of 1674, in order to lay his projects before the king, and resist these intrigues, when his ambition received a powerful stimulus from the report of Joliet, who in the spring of 1673 had set out with Father Marquette, and five boatmen, to explore the Mississippi, and carry the Gospel to the countless tribes along its banks.

Marquette was the child of an illustrious family of the French nobility. Inspired solely by a sense of religious duty, he had bidden farewell to the splendors of the baronial castle in

which he was born, to dwell among the Indians. Slowly the little party made their way through the lakes, up Green Bay and Fox River, thence by many weary portages on to the Mississippi. The simple and inoffensive savages, perhaps drawn more by the gentle and saint-like spirit of Marquette than by his explanations of the atonement, received the strangers kindly, pressed on them their best hospitality, and after many solicitations for them to remain, helped them on their weary way. At the village of the Illinois the two unarmed Frenchmen were treated to a great feast. The first course was Indian meal, boiled in grease, which their host fed them with a spoon. This was followed by a vast platter of fish. The host carefully picked the bones from each mouthful, cooled it by blowing, and tucked it in their mouths with his fingers. This excessive politeness seemed to destroy the Frenchmen's appetites, either from embarrassment or other causes, as the remaining courses of baked dog and buffalo were hardly tasted.

Day after day the voyagers floated down the majestic river, into the ever-opening landscape. Now their eye swept over boundless prairies; now they peered into the perennial gloom of mighty forests; now they shuddered with alarm at the imaginary dangers of red and green dragons and scaly monsters, painted by some Indian artist on the dark background of the overhanging bluffs; now they struggled with a more real danger in the mighty torrent from the Missouri River, which hurled its masses of mud and uprooted trees far out into the transparent depths of the Mississippi. As they proceeded southward the sun became warmer, the vegetation denser, the flowers more luxuriant. Every evening, after hauling their canoes ashore, Marquette, with clasped hands, would kneel before the "Father of Waters," and pour out his soul in prayer to the Infinite. As he prayed, a mild supernatural radiance would illumine his delicate and scholarly features. The spoken words would often cease, but still the slender black-gowned figure, with hands lifted, and face turned toward the crimson glories of the dying day, con-



MARQUETTE DESCENDING THE MISSISSIPPI.



tinued kneeling till the black bannered armies of night darkened all the air.

Seven hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi the voyagers commenced to retrace their lonely way. After weeks of toil, they made their way back to the Green Bay mission. Here Marquette, sick and exhausted from the toils of the expedition, was compelled to stop, while Joliet carried to Montreal the news of the discovery, and of their firm belief that the Mississippi flowed, not into the Pacific Ocean, but the Gulf of Mexico.

Marquette, though feeble in health, after a long repose, determined to return to the Illinois Indians, among whom he had promised to found a mission. Taking two boatmen, Pierre and Jaques, he started on the slow journey. Overtaken by winter and renewed sickness, the gentle father was compelled to pass the winter in a rude hut on the shores of Lake Michigan. Some branches from the trees formed his bed, a log his pillow. His earthly companions were filthy savages, but he had constantly present with him a divine Companion. Urged on by love and pity, he set out amid the sleet and rain of early spring toward his destination. He was received by the Illinois at their great village, near the site of the present town of Utica, La Salle County, Illinois. Here, every morning, in a vast wigwam, he told his breathless auditors the story of the cross.

At last his failing health forced him to leave his sorrowful Indian friends. Slowly and wearily, he set out with his two faithful boatmen on the return trip. During the day he reclined on a rude pallet in the canoe, his face turned toward the skies he was so soon to inhabit. At night his two companions would hastily build a shelter, gently lift and carry him from the boat, and then prepare the rough dish of Indian meal, so ill suited to the sufferer. One evening Marquette pointed to a lonely eminence on the lake shore: "That is the spot for my last repose." The encampment was made earlier than usual. It was well. In the darkness of the night, with a crucifix in his

hand and a prayer on his lips, the gentle spirit of Marquette exhaled to the skies, amid the sobs of his heart-broken companions. There in the wilderness they laid him to rest. Though always called Father Marquette, he was just thirty-eight years old.

We turn abruptly from this angelic nature to the iron figure of La Salle. When Joliet arrived at Montreal with the news of his discovery, La Salle found all of his beliefs as to the course of the Mississippi confirmed. He at once sailed for France, it being the fall of 1674. His tireless energy and address secured him an audience with the great French monarch himself. In strong, clear statements he explained the necessity of the forts. His effort was successful. The king granted him the fort and a large tract of land. He was to pay back what the fort had cost the king, and rebuild it in stone. His friends, anxious to share his prosperity, loaned him money to pay the king.

La Salle returned to Canada with his grant in his pocket. From this moment he was encircled by enemies who shadowed him to his grave. The merchants and traders of Canada organized into a league to oppose him. The country became a hornet-nest for him. Every weapon which malice could wield or ingenuity invent was employed to strike him. The Jesuits procured an order from France forbidding his traders to go out among the Indians. La Salle formed an Iroquois settlement around his fort, so that the Indians thereafter came to him. When he was at Quebec, the wife of his host undertook to play the part of Potiphar's wife. La Salle quickly left the room to find the hall filled with spies, who had expected to catch him in the baited trap. Reports were sent to his brother, the Abbé Cavalier, a Sulpitian priest, to the effect that La Salle had seduced a young girl, and was living in gross immorality. His excommunication might have taken place, had not his brother visited him, only to find him presiding over a most exemplary household. A servant was hired to put poison in his food.

La Salle ate of the dish, and was taken dangerously ill, but finally recovered. Emissaries were sent out among the bloody Iroquois, telling them that the fort was designed to aid in making war on them. On the other hand, word was sent through many channels to La Salle that the Iroquois intended a massacre, and Frontenac was urged to raise a force and attack them. It was with great difficulty that the Indians were quieted.

In spite of these villainous machinations, La Salle's inflexible will was victorious. By the help of Indians, Fort Frontenac was rebuilt of stone. Within its walls were substantial barracks, a guard house, an officer's house, a forge, a well, a mill, and a bakery. Nine small cannon peeped through the walls. A dozen soldiers formed the garrison, and three times as many laborers and canoe men were also inhabitants of the fort. Outside were a French settlement, an Iroquois village, a chapel and priest's house, a hundred acres of cleared land, and a comfortable lot of live stock. Four forty-ton vessels and a fleet of canoes were built for navigating the lakes.

Here in this solitude, a week's journey from the nearest settlement, La Salle reigned with absolute power and rapidly increasing wealth. But La Salle's ambition was not gain, but glory. In the autumn of 1677 he again sailed for France. His enemies, growing more numerous and bitter all the time, were ahead of him, and denounced him to the government as a fool and madman. This was embarrassing. The scheme he was about to propose was so vast as to inspire distrust of his sanity. In his memorial to the king, La Salle recited his discoveries, described the great Mississippi valley, predicted its future, unfolded its immense value to France, enumerated the enormous difficulties which would attend its conquest, pointed out the anxiety of the English to possess it, outlined the plan of securing it by a vast chain of forts, artfully hinted at a chance to wrest Mexico from Spain, declared that it was as a basis for this enterprise that he had built Fort Frontenac, and asked similar privileges for another fort at the mouth of the Niagara—the

key to Lake Erie. The statesmen of France gave La Salle an attentive audience. They granted him a royal patent allowing him to build as many forts as he chose on the same terms as Fort Frontenac, gave him a monopoly of the trade in buffalo hides, and as a crumb of comfort for the Jesuits, forbade him to trade in Upper Canada or the great lakes. This patent says nothing of colonies. Louis XIV was always opposed to them. But a military dominion over the wilderness, and a path for the invasion of Mexico, suited him well. For the accomplishment of this Titanic labor he gave La Salle five years!

La Salle's imperative need was money. This he borrowed in large sums at ruinous interest. These creditors lived to change from wealthy friends to bankrupted enemies. The exploration of America cost untold fortunes, thousands of heroic lives, and centuries of unrequited toil and hardships. Our debt to the past is beyond computation. La Salle was joined by the valued and trusted Henri de Tonty, a son of an Italian banker, who invented Tontine insurance. Tonty had lost a hand in battle. He was the only one of all his followers in whom La Salle could place complete confidence.

On his arrival in Canada, although it was in the dead of winter, La Salle pushed forward his enterprise. Father Hennepin, a Ricollet friar, and La Motte, another ally, who had joined La Salle in France, with sixteen men were dispatched from Fort Frontenac across the chopping waves of Erie as an advance party. After breasting the fierce December storms, they disembarked in the snow at the mouth of the Niagara River, and commenced to erect a fortified house. The ground was thawed with hot water. Little progress was made before it became evident that the consent of the Iroquois must be obtained. La Motte failed in this, but La Salle, following with supplies and re-enforcements, appeared before the solemn council of the Five Nations. Forty-two stately chiefs, arrayed in robes of black squirrel skin, listened to him and received his presents. "The senators of Venice," wrote Hennepin, "do not look more grave

or speak more deliberately than the counselors of the Iroquois." La Salle's dexterity won their permission to erect a fortified warehouse at the mouth of the Niagara River and to build a ship above the Falls. This was a triumph over the Jesuits, two of whom he found at the Iroquois capital, who spared no effort to thwart his proceeding.

But La Salle's enemies were just beginning to show their hand. He made his way to the camp on the Niagara River, only to find that the pilot, to whom he had intrusted the navigation of his vessel, laden with costly supplies, tools, and materials for building the ship above the Falls, had wrecked her on the rocks, and of all her precious cargo nothing but the anchors and cables for the new vessel had been saved. This disaster was appalling and irreparable, and, as Hennepin says, "would have made any one but La Salle give up the enterprise." It became evident, too, that others of his party, besides the pilot, had been tampered with. They were a motley crew of French, Flemings, and Italians, quarrelsome, discontented, and insubordinate.

La Salle, inflexible and silent, ordered an advance. Formed in single file, every man heavily burdened with materials and supplies for the new ship, the priest, Hennepin, with his altar on his back, the procession stumbled through the deep snow, and up the steep heights above Lewiston. Six miles above the Falls, in spite of the terrible cold, the ship was begun. Food was scarce. The Iroquois acted suspiciously. A squaw told the French that they intended to burn the vessel on the stocks. No corn could be bought. Leaving the energetic Tonty in command, La Salle returned to the mouth of the river, marked out the foundations for the new fort, and then set out on foot, with two companions, for Fort Frontenac, two hundred and fifty miles away, a trip made necessary by the loss of his supply vessel. It was a bitter February. His path lay through the country of the treacherous Iroquois, among whom the Jesuits were intriguing for his destruction. For food he had a small bag of parched

corn. Though a long way from the fort, the bag was growing very light. Their rations were reduced one-half. This did not suffice. They again reduced them one-half. One night they ate the last handful. Then they did without eating.

La Salle arrived at the fort to find himself ruined. His enemies had circulated reports that he was gone on a hare-brained adventure. Though his property at Fort Frontenac was ample security for his Canada creditors, they had seized all his property of furs, ships, and corn, wherever found. The blow was terrific and beyond remedy. La Salle simply hardened himself to the shock. If any thing, his step was more haughty, and his mouth more stern. But he could not allow his foes to triumph by giving up his enterprise.

In August he reappeared on the Niagara River. He had contrived to get a few supplies in spite of the vigilance of his creditors, and he brought three more friars. Though he hated Jesuitism, he was zealous for the faith. Tonty had long since completed the *Griffin*, as the new ship was called. It swung easily at anchor, so near the shore that Hennepin preached from its deck to the Indians.

On the seventh day of August, 1679, amid the chant of Te Deums and the booming of cannon, the *Griffin* spread her snowy canvas, and sped out over the blue depths of Lake Erie. The first few days were lovely. The rippling water sparkled in the sunlight; the distant shore seemed like a delicate blue penciling upon the cloudless horizon; the bulwarks of the *Griffin* were decorated with splendid game. On up the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair into Lake Huron, which spread before them like a sea, the voyagers held their way. Suddenly a terrific storm arose. The vessel shook like a leaf before the fury of the billows. La Salle and his company cried aloud to all the saints, some one of whom it is presumed heard their cries, as the storm passed away and the vessel found refuge behind Point St. Ignace. La Salle lingered here at the Jesuit mission to find his ever present enemies still bent on his destruction. He had

expected to have the expedition proceed from this point in canoes, while he returned in the *Griffin* with a cargo of furs to appease his creditors. Such signs of disloyalty appeared that he sent the *Griffin* back without him. It proved to be a most disastrous determination.

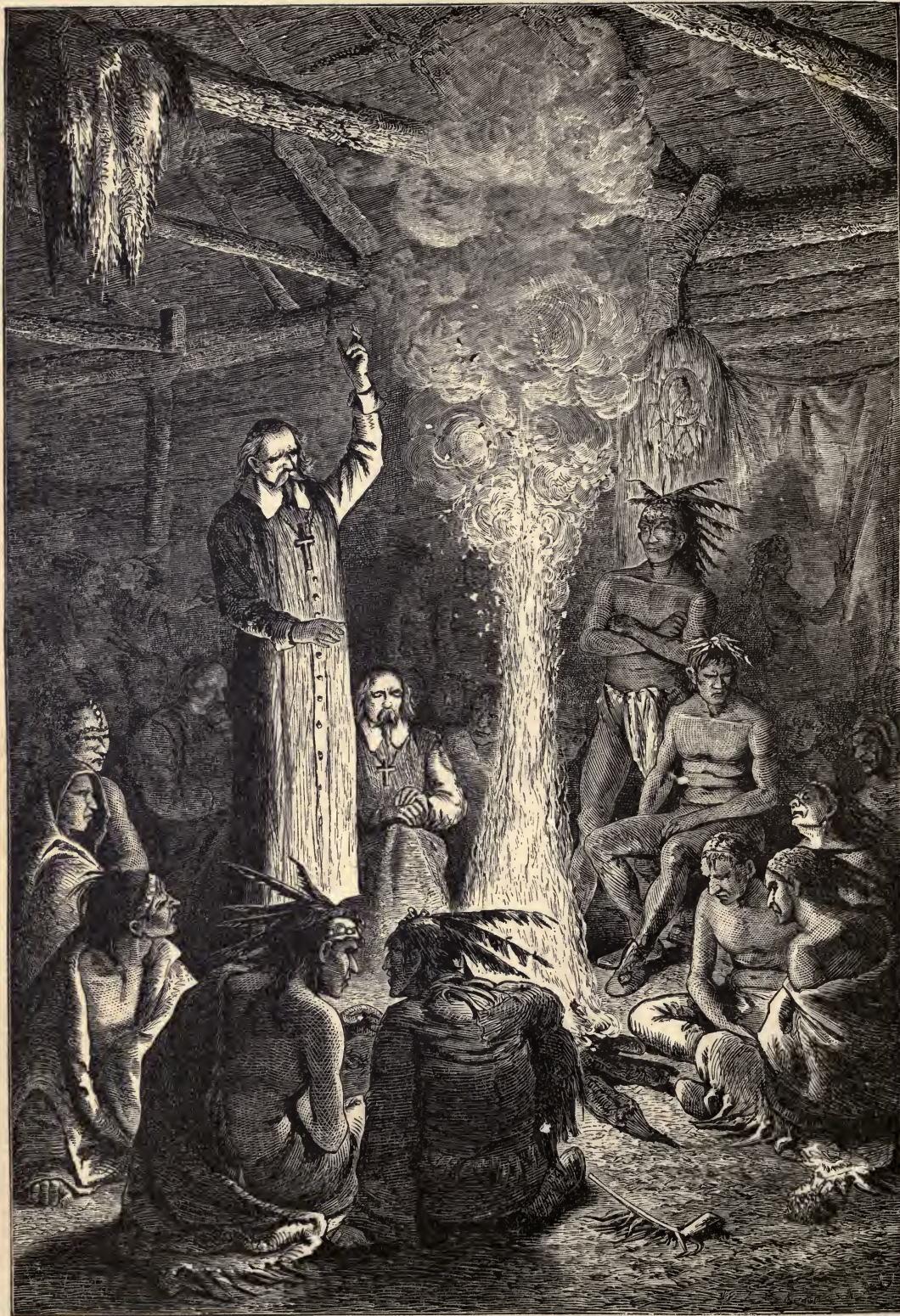
The fleet of deep-laden canoes were soon caught in another storm. With great difficulty and danger the explorers reached the shore, where they remained a week, drenched by incessant sleet and rain. As the tempest raged on the lake, La Salle trembled for the *Griffin*. Though sorely pressed for food, he dared not camp near Indians, for fear some of his men would steal his goods and desert to them. The hardships were intolerable. Overhead great rain clouds swept across the sky; beneath raged an angry turmoil of tossing waves. At night the heavy canoes had to be dragged by the exhausted and hungry men through the breakers and up the steep shores. One morning foot-prints were seen in the soft mud and a coat was missing. La Salle knew that the theft must be punished. A stray Indian was made prisoner, and La Salle went to his people and told them he would be killed unless the coat was returned. This was embarrassing. The coat had been cut up and divided among the Indians. It was a fight or a compromise. The latter was effected by paying for the coat in corn.

La Salle made his way to the mouth of the St. Joseph River. Here he was to meet Tonty, coming along the east shore of the lake from Michillimackinac. The spot was wrapped in its primeval solitude. To wait for Tonty was dangerous. Winter was setting in; the men were restless; yet La Salle said he would wait, if it was by himself. In three weeks Tonty arrived. One of his canoes with guns, baggage and provisions had been swamped. Part of his men had deserted. For many days their only food had been acorns. It was time for the *Griffin* to have made her trip to Niagara and back again. Day after day La Salle scanned the horizon, with anxious eye. No sail appeared. To delay longer was impossible. Two men were sent to

meet it, while the remainder, thirty-three in all, began to force their canoes up the St. Joseph River. They looked eagerly for the trail which led to the great village of the Illinois. Nowhere could it be found. La Salle went ashore to search for it. Night came with thick falling snow, but La Salle returned not. The suspense of the party was intolerable. It was four o'clock the next day before he came in sight. He had lost his way. In the night he saw the gleam of a fire through the forest. Hastening to it, he found, not his camp, but a spot warm from the body of a man who had evidently fled. Calling loudly and getting no answer, La Salle coolly lay down and slept till morning. On his return he was greatly exhausted from his exposure, and slept in a hut close to the camp-fire. During the night the hut caught fire, and he narrowly escaped the flames.

When at last the Illinois trail was found, the party shouldered canoes and baggage for the tramp. One of the men, enraged at his hardships, raised his gun to shoot La Salle through the back, but was prevented from doing so. The great Indian town of five hundred enormous lodges was reached, but every wigwam was silent and empty; and the ashes of every camp-fire cold. The people were absent on their great hunt. Abundant stores of corn were found, but it was a terrible offense to touch it. La Salle felt that he must have the friendship of the Indians at any cost. The Jesuit emissaries were busy among the Iroquois, inciting them to make war on the distant Illinois, hoping by this means that La Salle and his forlorn companions might be massacred, or at least forced to abandon their enterprise. One morning, as the little flotilla of canoes drifted down the Illinois River, the Indians of the deserted village came in sight. They received the strangers as friends, providing food, and rubbing their feet with bear's grease. La Salle made them a speech, told them he came to protect them against the Iroquois, and intended to build a great wooden canoe with which to descend the Mississippi and bring them the merchandise they so much wanted.





One would think that La Salle, in this wilderness, far remote from the dwellings of men, would have been free from the pursuit of his enemies. Not so. Hate, like love, laughs at distance and difficulties. That very night a Jesuit emissary reached the Indian camp. A secret nocturnal council was held. The stranger warned the Illinois that La Salle was their enemy, an Iroquois spy, soon to be followed by the Iroquois themselves in all their blood-thirstiness. After this speech he disappeared in the forest. In the morning La Salle noticed the change in his hosts. Distrust and malignity were depicted on every savage face. Adroitly learning the facts from an Indian to whom he had given a hatchet, he made a bold speech, denying the slander, and challenging them to set him face to face with his traducer. The speech restored general confidence. If oratory is the art of persuading men and swaying an audience, La Salle was a great orator.

One morning, La Salle found six of his men, including two of his best shipbuilders, had deserted. It cut him to the quick. But this was not all. A treacherous hand again placed poison in his food. His life hung in the balance for hours, but an antidote given by the faithful Tonty turned the wavering scale. Worse than all, it was evident that the *Griffin*, the main stay of the whole enterprise, was lost. Nothing was ever heard of her again. Two men sent to search for her, reported that they had made the circuit of the lakes and found her not. La Salle afterwards found evidence of her having been deliberately sunk by the pilot, at the instance of his enemies. The loss of the *Griffin* was the severest blow yet. She carried anchors, cables, and equipment for the new boat he was to build on the Mississippi, as well as costly supplies. The mountain of disasters was enough to break a heart of stone.

Did La Salle give up? No! He mocked at despair, and instead of yielding, built a strong permanent fort, which he called Fort Crève-cœur, or "Broken-hearted," in very irony at his misfortunes. He also commenced the great task of building

a forty-ton ship for the river. Trees had to be felled and laboriously sawed into plank by hand. Yet in six weeks the hull was completed by men who were not carpenters. La Salle induced Father Hennepin to give up his preaching, and render some reluctant service by exploring the Illinois River to its mouth. Hennepin, who was a great boaster but poor worker, tried to shirk the enterprise, but at last, with two companions and a canoe well filled with hatchets, beads, and other presents for the Indians, supplied at La Salle's own cost, started on his trip. He descended the Illinois to its mouth, and then ascended the Mississippi, was taken prisoner by the Sioux, and after many adventures made his way back to Montreal, and thence to Europe. He at once published an account of his travels, laying no claim to having discovered the mouth of the Mississippi. Fifteen years later, La Salle being long since dead, Hennepin rivaled our friend Captain John Smith by publishing a new story of his travels, in which he claims to have traversed the entire Mississippi, and thus anticipated La Salle in his chief work. The falsehoods and exaggerations of the book have long since been exposed.

La Salle's exploration could advance no farther until the precious articles for the new ship, lost in the *Griffin*, could be replaced. The expedition was eating itself up with expense. Its chief determined to make his way on foot through the vast and gloomy wildernesses which lay between him and Montreal, in one last effort to replace the loss. It was equal to one of the labors of Hercules—a journey of twelve hundred miles, through a country which was the perpetual battle-ground of hostile and cruel savages, without food, sleeping on the open ground, watching by night and marching by day, carrying a heavy load of blanket, gun, ammunition, hatchet, kettle, and a sack of parched corn. Sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with ice and snow, with clothing constantly wet from swimming a dozen rivers a day, and wading for hours at a time waist or even neck deep in

marshes, exposed continually to attack from ravenous beasts, and to a thousand other hardships, toils, and dangers. In all the journey there was not a gleam of light from a single cabin window to welcome the weary travelers at night-fall, not a white man's face to cheer them amid the frightful and gloomy solitudes of unending forests.

La Salle's companions were a Mohegan hunter, who had followed him with ceaseless fidelity, and four Frenchmen. Two of the latter left the party at the point nearest Michillimackinac. The terrible exposures impaired the health of the party. The Mohegan and one Frenchmen were taken ill, and were spitting blood. This left La Salle and one man in health. They had to provide for the additional burden of the sick men.

But we may not linger over the tragic story. After sixty-five days of unparalleled sufferings, the stone bastions of Fort Frontenac rose before their weary eyes. The unconquerable will and iron frame of La Salle, who had been reared in delicate luxury, a scholar, whose career had been marked out to be that of a gentle parish priest for some rural flock in France, had achieved the impossible.

Poor La Salle had reached his goal, but his long journey had but brought him to new grief. It is almost too cruel to record. Within a week he had, by extraordinary effort, in spite of his bankruptcy and misfortunes, collected the needed supplies. He was on the point of setting out on the return trip to his forlorn colony on the Illinois, when two messengers from Fort Crèvecœur arrived with a letter from Tonty. He reported to his stricken chief that, after his departure, the men had mutinied, blown up the fort, plundered its stores, throwing into the river all they could not carry off, and then deserted. All was lost. His mighty effort was spent. Yet he gave not an hour to his grief. Whatever was the inward conflict, no human eye could pierce beneath the iron mask of his features. He chose nine trusty and well-armed men and went to meet the mutineers. Two canoes surrendered at once. The third showed

fight. Two of the villains were killed. The remainder were safely lodged in the dungeon of the fort, to await the coming of Count Frontenac. La Salle's enemies used the killing of the two mutineers as a basis for a charge of murder.

After all his toil, the mighty dream of the interior empire seemed wrecked forever. But La Salle was incapable of retreat. He seemed impelled by an inward force, as resistless as his fate was remorseless. On the 10th of August, 1680, he embarked again with his succor for Tonty. If the latter could keep his foothold on the Illinois, success might yet be wrested from adversity. Through Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, up the St. Joseph River, and down the Kankakee, he once more took his way. At every step he found the Indians prejudiced against him by the Jesuits.

When, at last, they drew near the meadows on which had stood the great village of the Illinois, with its population of eight thousand souls, their horror-stricken gaze met a scene of utter desolation. Where once was heard the busy hum of human life, no sound, save their own footsteps, broke a silence as of the grave. The plain was covered with heaps of ashes and charred poles. Hundreds of human bodies, hideous souvenirs of battle, half-eaten by wolves and birds of prey, filled the air with pollution. With but one thought, La Salle searched the blackened and bloody field of death, with sleepless anxiety, for traces of the fate of Tonty. That the Iroquois had wrought the work of ruin was clear. That Tonty had been burned alive, or taken prisoner, he thought he read in some charcoal drawings on some stakes. Taking four men with him, La Salle pushed on to Fort Crèvecoeur. Hope was dead in his breast, and dark despair floated on raven plume, like a bird of ill-omen, in ever-narrowing circles above his dauntless form.

The fort was destroyed. On the stocks stood the hull of the half-finished vessel, with every nail and spike withdrawn. In charcoal letters La Salle read, "*Nous sommes tous sauvages : ce 15, 1680,*" inscription by the mutineers. Even here he found

bodies lashed to stakes and half-consumed by the torturing flames. Down the Illinois he floated, till he saw before his eyes the mighty river of the Mississippi. It was the source and object of all his vast ambitions and incomparable efforts. But its charms were unheeded by his anxious eye. No trace of Tonty could be found.

Tonty, after the mutiny, lived in the Illinois village, a weak, one-handed soldier of fortune, yet, withal, a courtly gentleman, amid his savage companions; one who would have graced any court in Europe. One evening word was brought that the Iroquois were coming. The same messenger said La Salle was with them; hence, Tonty must be a traitor. The excited savages threw his precious forge and tools into the river. He was in the utmost peril. All night the warriors sang, danced, painted their bodies, and worked themselves into a frenzy to raise their courage. Tonty resorted to a desperate expedient. He went unarmed into the Iroquois camp, bearing a belt of wampum.

By exaggerating the numbers of the Illinois and threatening future vengeance from the French, he patched up a peace. Scarcely was it made before being broken. In six days the Iroquois chieftains summoned Tonty to meet them. An orator presented him with six packs of beaver skins. The first two, he said, signified that the children of Frontenac, that is, the Illinois, should not be eaten; the next was a plaster to heal Tonty's wound; the next was oil to anoint himself, that he might not be fatigued in traveling; the fifth signified that the sun was bright; the sixth required him to pack up and go back to Canada forthwith. Sadly he called his five faithful companions together and started on foot for Green Bay Mission.

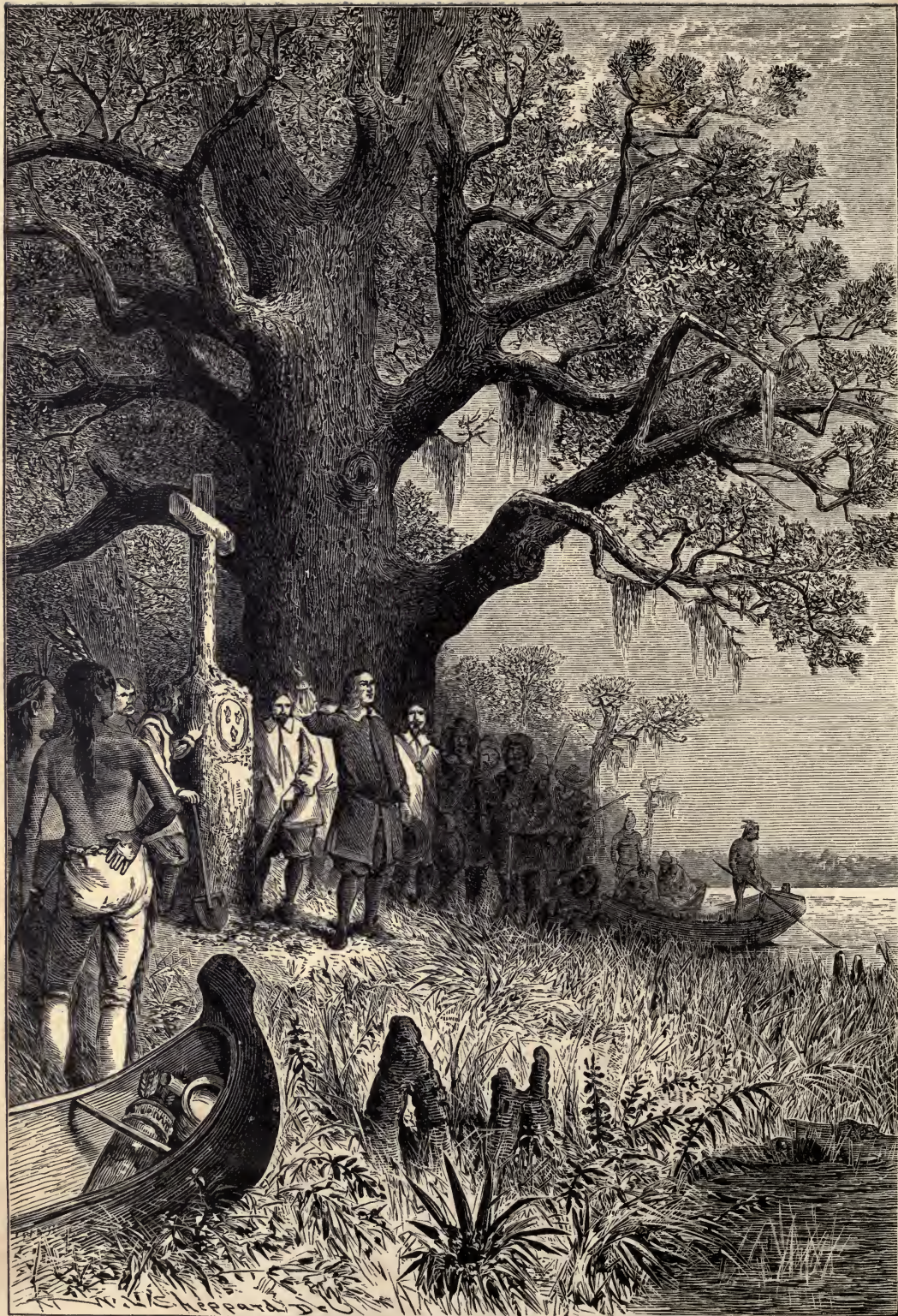
La Salle, failing to find his friend, retraced his steps to the fort on the St. Joseph River. Here he located for the winter. Instead of being crushed by the cruel aggregation of disasters and defeats, he modified his plans and mapped out in his own secretive mind a new plan for the pursuit of the great enterprise, from which he never took his eye. His notion was to

induce the Western tribes of Indians to unite in a defensive league against the Iroquois, with himself at its head. He worked incessantly, traveling far and near. As has been said, he was a great orator with the Indians. He punctuated his sentences with presents of hatchets and kettles, and emphasized his words with red blankets. Such eloquence was irresistible. Besides, the Indian knows a hero by instinct. He recognizes a true leader at sight. Everywhere the Indians from innumerable tribes lent their aid to the enterprise. La Salle was to protect them against the Iroquois, and French traders were to bring to them all the articles they needed, in ships which would sail up the Mississippi.

Things looked promising. To discover the mouth of the Mississippi was of the first importance. For this a trip to Canada was again necessary. On his way back, La Salle, to his infinite joy, found Tonty at Michillimackinac. Each told his tale of disaster. The new scheme and its signs of promise were laid before Tonty. Arrived at Montreal, La Salle made a last effort to appease his creditors and procure a new equipment. Once more he set out for the Illinois, by the same dreary route, so full of suggestions of wasted wealth, disappointed ambitions, and fruitless toil. The past was a failure. Would the future prove brighter?

The plan of building a large vessel for the journey down the Mississippi, if consummated, would have enabled La Salle to gather quantities of furs, and pay the cost of the expedition. Disaster had forced him to abandon the plan and the trip was made in canoes. The Indians along the river proved to be friendly, intelligent, and polite. Concerning the Arkansas tribe, one of the party writes: "They are gay, civil, and free-hearted. The young men, though alert and spirited, are so modest that not one of them would take the liberty to enter our hut, but all stood quietly at the door. We greatly admired their form and beauty. We did not lose the value of a pin while among them." At the principal town of the Taensas, the travelers were dum-





founded to find large square dwellings, built of mud, straw, and cane, arched over with dome-shaped roofs.

In one of these buildings, in a room forty feet square, sat the king on a chair of state; three wives were at his side, and ranged around him sat sixty old men, wrapped in white cloaks, woven of mulberry bark. When he spoke his wives howled. His death would be celebrated with the death of one hundred victims. Another building formed the temple. In the center was an altar on which burned a perpetual fire. Around the room were ranged long rows of grinning skulls from the victims sacrificed to the Sun. The king was frightfully solemn. No smile had ever flitted across his cast-iron countenance. But if he failed to appreciate a joke, he liked presents and visited La Salle at his camp. On this important occasion the solemn old savage advanced in his white robes, preceded by two men with large white fans, while a third bore an enormous disc of burnished copper, representing the Sun, which was the king's ancestor. At each spot that he visited, La Salle erected a cross with the arms of France, as an emblem of her dominion.

On the 6th of April they reached a point where the river divided into three channels. It was the Delta. It was not long till the heavy current bore the voyagers out into the lonely gulf. For a thousand years its tossing waves had in that mighty solitude striven to rise above themselves; for a thousand years they had fallen back, broken and sullen, to their own level—fit emblems of human ambition. Gathering on the shore, the little group of weather-beaten men erected a column and a cross, with the insignia of the French people. Then La Salle proclaimed aloud the French dominion.

“On that day,” says Francis Parkman, “the realm of France received on parchment a stupendous accession. The fertile plains of Texas; the vast basin of the Mississippi, from its frozen northern springs to the sultry borders of the gulf; from the woody ridges of the Alleghanies to the bare peaks of the Rocky Mountains—a region of savannahs and forests, sun-

cracked deserts, and grassy prairies, watered by a thousand rivers, ranged by a thousand warlike tribes, passed beneath the scepter of the sultan of Versailles; and all by virtue of a feeble human voice inaudible at half a mile."

The new domain was called Louisiana, in honor of its king. Henceforth the name of La Salle was a part of history. But his labors were only begun. Impatiently he urged his little fleet of canoes upward against the heavy current. His way seemed clear now for the execution of his original plan, to abandon the difficult and roundabout route through frozen Canada, the great lakes and the Kankakee swamps, to plant a fort at the mouth of the Mississippi, and thus monopolize the magnificent natural pathway to the interior of the continent. On his way back, La Salle was stricken down with a deadly fever. Against this foe his stubborn will was powerless. He could not proceed to Canada to announce his discovery, nor to France to raise means for carrying out his splendid plans, nor even to the Illinois to commence his fort. While La Salle lay in a hut on the banks of the Mississippi, the fever of ambition and impatience uniting with that of disease, Tonty pressed on to Canada with the glorious news of the discovery.

By December Tonty and La Salle were once more together on the Illinois River, busy with perfecting the great Indian league. Overhanging the river, La Salle had previously noticed a great rock, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, inaccessible on all sides except by a difficult footpath in the rear. Its top was about an acre in extent. This rock, properly fortified, could be defended by a score of men against hosts of savages. It is now called "Starved Rock." It is six miles below the town of Ottawa, Illinois. On the top of this rock La Salle and Tonty made a clearing, and built a palisade, lodges, store-houses. It was named Fort St. Louis.

The league grew and strengthened. Every day brought re-enforcements. Around the fort a hundred tribes took up their dwelling, inspired with the idea of being protected by La Salle

from the terrible Iroquois. They came from the Kankakee, from the Ohio, even from Maine. Among the promiscuous throng of lodges were those of some discomfited warriors of Philip of Mount Hope, who had for a while spread terror and despair through the Puritan settlements of New England. La Salle's diplomacy had achieved a wonderful success. Twenty thousand savages planted their wigwams upon the plains, over which he looked from his castle in the air.

Of all men the Indian is the most unstable. La Salle understood the Indian character thoroughly. His mushroom colony could only live by his fulfilling his promises to protect it from the Iroquois, and bring Frenchmen to exchange commodities for their furs. To achieve these things he needed help. Frontenac was no longer governor of Canada. His successor, La Barre, belonged to the political faction composed of La Salle's enemies. These last were not asleep. The news of his discovery and his mammoth Indian town teased their jealousy and hate into a perfect frenzy. Their emissaries worked incessantly to induce the Iroquois to make war and destroy La Salle, who, they said, was combining the western Indians against the Five Nations. On the other hand, they spread rumors through the excitable throngs around Fort St. Louis that La Salle was keeping them there for the Iroquois to destroy them all at once. Reports were frequent that the Iroquois were coming.

La Salle's situation was full of peril. He dared not leave Fort St. Louis to carry out his plans for traffic on the Mississippi, for if an attack should be made in his absence he would be denounced as the instigator of the Iroquois war. Yet the necessity for his departure grew stronger each day. No one but he could arrange to build the fort at the mouth of the Mississippi, and bring vessels from France laden with articles of traffic for his savage allies. To meet the emergency, he sent letters to France, imploring assistance. They were never heard from. He begged La Barre to send him supplies and re-enforcements. No answers were ever received. He weakened his

little colony by sending messengers to Montreal to procure supplies and bring them by canoes. The messengers were plundered of their cargoes by the Canadian governor and thrown into prison. La Salle, in the depths of the wilderness, was unaware of the governor's enmity. Again and again he wrote, describing the situation, and imploring that his men might be allowed to return with supplies. The only response was angry letters from his creditors, accusing him of every crime under heaven. There remained but a hundred pounds of powder in the fort. Should the Iroquois come, strong resistance was impossible.

On receipt of La Salle's letters, La Barre wrote to the government of France that La Salle was a crack-brained adventurer, bent on involving the Canadian colonies in a war with the Iroquois; that he had set himself up as king; that he had robbed his creditors only to waste the ill-gotten gain in riotous living and in debauching the Indians; that so far from serving the king, his sole object was private gain. These slanders reached the mark. The king wrote back that "the discovery of La Salle is utterly useless, and such enterprises should, in the future, be prevented." What a prophet was Louis XIV concerning the future of America! Had he but known better, his "New" France was most speedily to far surpass his "Old" France. La Barre, emboldened by the king's letter, seized all of La Salle's property, declared his privileges forfeited, and dispatched an officer to supersede him at Fort St. Louis. He found only Tonty. La Salle had started for France.

It was an opportune moment for La Salle when he appeared before the gold and ivory chair of state in which sat the small specimen of humanity, in high-heeled shoes and gaudy attire, who represented the sovereignty of France. A war with Spain was in progress. La Salle was smart. His great object was to get a fort and colony on the Mississippi. Instead of dwelling on its use in controlling and developing traffic with the vast

interior, he held out the more glittering, but far less substantial, allurements that such a fort would be a basis for a descent on Mexico and the Spanish dominion. His geographical notions were wrong. Mexico was much farther off than he thought. But the king knew no better. The idea of wresting Mexico, with its rich mines of silver and gold from the indolent Spaniards who guarded it, caught his eye. Feeling exerts a powerful influence on conduct. He hated Spain. Any plan to hurt her was grateful to him.

So La Salle was granted more than he asked. La Forest, La Salle's lieutenant, was dispatched to Canada with a royal reprimand for La Barre. He was also to resume possession of Fort Frontenac and Fort St. Louis. He was further ordered to march the four thousand warriors at the latter place, to the mouth of the Mississippi, to co-operate with La Salle in an invasion of Mexico. When his lieutenant received this latter order from La Salle, the latter must have nearly burst with inward laughter. It is the solitary joke in his stern career. It gives him a rank among the funny men of all ages. Gulliver's exploits are nothing in comparison with marching four thousand wild Indians, as unstable as water, belonging to a hundred wandering tribes, two thousand miles from their hunting-grounds; their women and children left behind at the mercy of savage foes; their numbers so great that, without any provision for supplies, they must starve on the way; with no arms but bows and arrows, and no object but to invade a country of which they had never heard. But the wise simpleton of Versailles saw nothing of the joke. What could be more natural? The idea delighted him. He gave La Salle four ships instead of one. Of these the *Joly* was the largest.

A hundred soldiers, thirty gentlemen, a number of mechanics, besides the wives of some and a few girls who saw a certain prospect of matrimony, embarked on this last expedition of Robert Cavalier De La Salle. The command was divided. Beaujeu, a high-tempered, but old and experienced naval officer,

was to command the ships at sea; La Salle was to have entire control on land. This two-headed arrangement gave rise to no end of trouble. La Salle, always suspicious and secretive, found out that Beaujeu's wife was devoted to the Jesuits. His cold, impenetrable manner, confiding in none, counseling with none, haughty and reserved, would have exasperated a far less testy and excitable man than old Beaujeu. As it was, La Salle's colleague sputtered over with fury. Before they were out of the harbor, La Salle believed that Beaujeu was a traitor, in connivance with his enemies to ruin the expedition. Old Beaujeu, on his part, was furious that he, an experienced naval officer of high rank, should divide command with a man "who has no experience of war except with savages, who has no rank, and *never commanded any body but school-boys*"—a thrust at La Salle's school-teaching days, when he was with the Jesuits. Beaujeu wrote letters continually to the government, complaining of his ignominy. To these ebullitions of age, vanity, and temper the answers were curt enough.

The two leaders quarreled—about the stowage of the cargo, about the amount of provision to be taken on board, about the destination of the expedition. Beaujeu believed that La Salle was not a sane man. It is not impossible that his terrible exposures and sufferings, his ceaseless struggles with his creditors and enemies, his crushing disappointments had affected the poise of La Salle's mind. His universal distrust included even the faithful Tonty. On July 24, 1684, the little fleet spread its canvas. On the fourth day out the *Joly* broke a bowsprit. La Salle believed it to have happened by design. The ships put back to Rochelle to repair the damage.

The wretched voyage lasted two months. La Salle was in miserable health. The disagreements between him and Beaujeu grew continually worse. La Salle desired to put in at Port de Paix. Here he was to receive supplies and information from the French governor, who had orders to render all possible assistance to the expedition. Beaujeu, boiling with rage, managed to

run by the place at night and insisted on landing at a different place, Petit Gouare. No supplies were to be had here. Many of the men were sick from the intense heat and close confinement on shipboard. The smallest vessel, the one laden with stores, tools, and ammunition, had fallen behind. Two days passed, and instead of her arrival, word was brought that she had been captured by pirates. The blow was terrific, and could not have fallen, had Beaujeu put in at Port de Paix. La Salle, eaten up with anxiety, became dangerously ill and delirious. In the extremity, Joutel, a gardener, who had joined the expedition, was his main reliance, and continued so till the end. He became the historian of the enterprise. While lying at this port, freed from the restraint of their leader's eye, the men engaged in the worst debauchery, contracting diseases which brought many to their graves.

The captain of the *Aimable* gave La Salle great uneasiness. To prevent treachery, he went on board the vessel himself. It was near New Year's, when, having entered the Gulf of Mexico, they discovered land. Every eye was strained to detect the mouth of the great river.

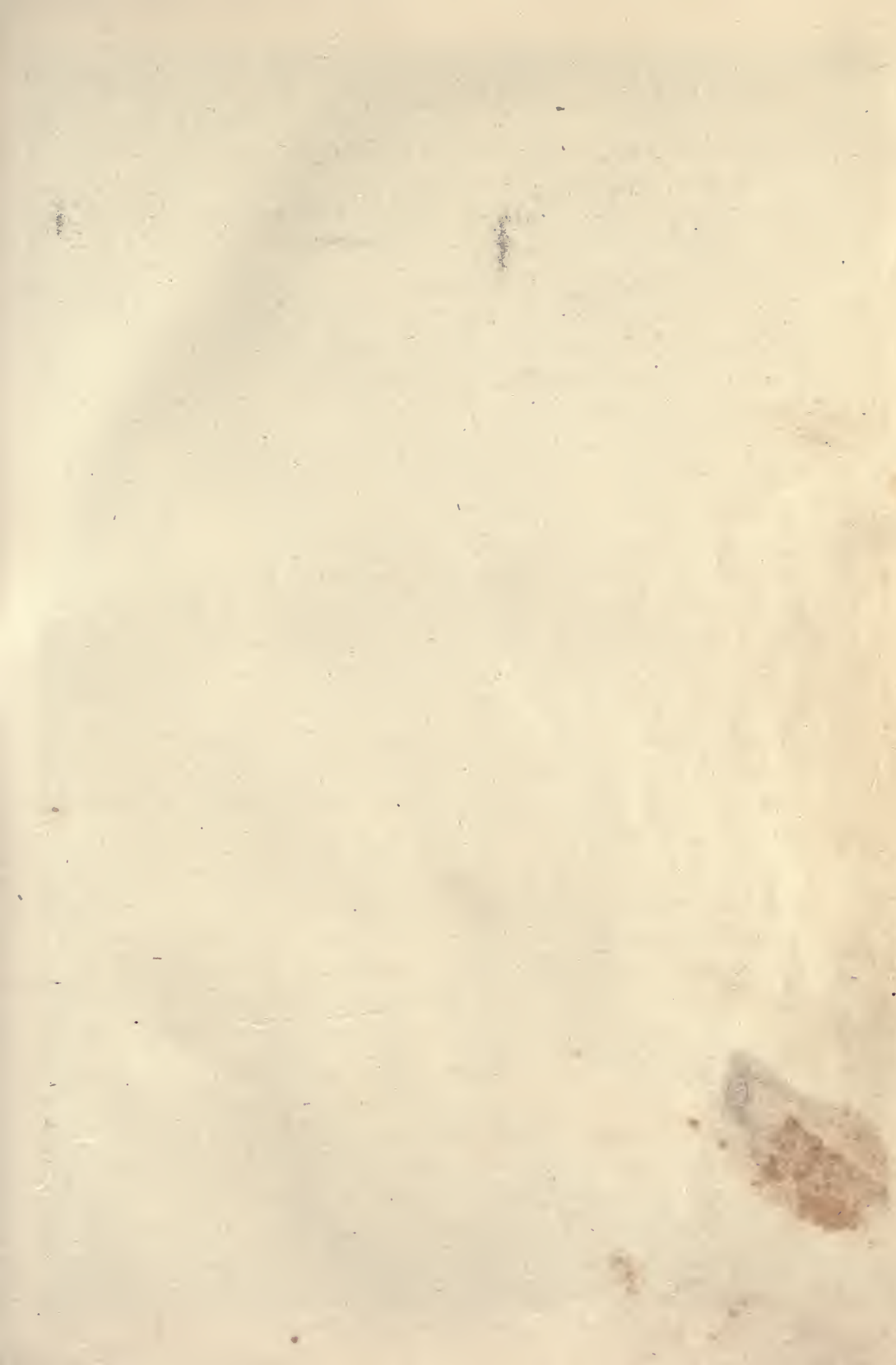
At this point La Salle committed a fatal blunder. Having heard that the currents of the gulf set strongly to the eastward, he supposed he had not reached the Mississippi. *In fact he had passed it.* Day after day they sailed slowly to the west. No sign of the river appeared. A halt was called. The weather was stormy; the coast unknown and dangerous. The men were rapidly consuming the provisions. Beaujeu was irritable. Joutel says La Salle requested him to sail back in search of the river and that the naval commander refused to do it. Impatient of the restraint and anxious to assume the sole command, La Salle determined to land his soldiers on the swampy shores and send them to search for the river by land. Joutel was placed in command.

For three days the detachment pushed their way north-eastward through tropical forests and across lagoons. The men were constructing a raft to cross Matagorda Bay, when they dis-

covered the ships which had been following along the coast. La Salle came ashore, and announced that this was the western mouth of the Mississippi. He ordered the ships to enter the narrow harbor. The *Aimable* came first. La Salle was watching her. Suddenly some men came running in from the forest reporting that two of their number had been carried off by the Indians. La Salle ordered instant pursuit. With a last anxious look at the *Aimable*, which was steering in the wrong direction to be safe, he started after the Indians. He had just come in sight of them when the report of a cannon was heard from the bay. The savages fell prostrate with fright. But the chill of a more deadly fear froze the blood in La Salle's veins. The gun was a signal of distress. The *Aimable*, with her cargo of stores and utensils for the colony, had struck the cruel reef.

Securing his men from the Indians, La Salle hastened back to the scene of either accident or treachery to save, if possible, the cargo. The small boat of the vessel was found to have been staved in. This looked suspicious and caused delay. A boat was sent from the *Joly*. Some gunpowder and flour had been landed, when the wind rose. The breakers came rolling in, lifting the doomed vessel and hurling her, again and again, upon the rocks. The greedy waves were strewn with her treasures.

La Salle's heart must have been broken. The circumstantial evidence that the captain of the *Aimable* had wrecked his vessel on purpose was of the strongest character. The wretched company encamped near the wreck behind a rough pile of boxes, bales, driftwood, and spars. The Indians were unmistakably hostile. They plundered the camp, fired the woods, and even killed two men. The colonists were nearly all sick. Five or six were dying every day. Beaujeu having accomplished his mission and landed La Salle at what he declared was the mouth of the Mississippi, set sail for France. Toward the last, the testy old sea-captain sympathized with La Salle. He, at least, had not proved treacherous, and they parted friends. The colonists were left to their misery. It is to be remembered that





in the unhappy company were women and girls. The colony lived in constant fear of the Spanish, who were patrolling the gulf in search of them. Two of the men deserted. Another was hung for crime. One of the best of the company was bitten by a snake and died.

The most serious thing, however, which befell the colony was the discovery by La Salle that he was not at the mouth of the Mississippi. He knew not where he was, only not on the river which was the source and object of all his Titanic toil. Unless the river could be found, and that speedily, his mighty undertaking was utterly and forever ruined. If it could be found, a good fort built, and communications established with Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois, something might yet be accomplished. Unless this was done, La Salle felt that all his Herculean labors were wasted, his life a ruin, and his dream of empire a bitter folly.

The future was as black as midnight. A single star beam shone through the darkness. The little frigate *Belle*, a gift from the king to La Salle, was still safe. If the Mississippi could be found, this vessel might convey the colony and such stores as they had left to its banks. A spot was sought where protection could be had from the scorching sun. The industrious toiled. The friars got out their battered altar and crosses. A fort was built. The stoutest sank under this labor. Numbers also were being slowly consumed by diseases brought with them. La Salle's company was not the "flower of France." Many of his men had been professional street beggars. On the walls of the new "Fort St. Louis," as La Salle called it, were planted eight cannon. In the absence of balls, they were loaded with stones and bags of bullets.

When the wretched colonists were thus located, La Salle started on a journey of exploration. He was still dauntless, self-contained, energetic. His mighty sorrows may have shattered him. In his extremity his fierce temper only became more fractious, his suspicion more dark. He treated his men

with more and more rigor and hauteur. He kept his own counsel more obstinately than ever. He was made of iron. He bent not one inch to the storm. His invincible intellect refused to bow to defeat. It insulted Fate, and hurled defiance at all the powers of destiny and hell.

The day of his departure was the last of October, 1685. His brother, Abbé Cavalier, just recovered from a long illness, accompanied him with fifty men. It was March before they returned. They told a tale of suffering and disappointment. Some of the men had deserted, some were drowned, some snake bitten, some killed by Indians. The Mississippi had not been found. This was not the worst. The *Belle* had been ordered to follow them along the coast. At a certain point in the journey La Salle lost sight of her. Men were sent to search. They brought back no tidings. The day after La Salle reached the fort the last one of these detachments arrived. They had been more successful. The pilot of the *Belle*, while on shore, had been killed by Indians. Soon after this the crew got drunk. A wind arose; the vessel was clumsily handled; in five minutes all that was left of her was a mass of spars and splinters hanging on the rock-bound coast.

In all his troubled career, the unfortunate La Salle had never met with a disaster so utterly overwhelming and irretrievable as this. With the loss of the *Belle* was lost the only means of returning to France, or of planting a colony on the Mississippi.

There was no longer any use to hunt for the river. If it were found the colony could never get there. To transport their cannon, forges, tools, and stores by land was preposterous. A man could not carry enough food to take him half-way. La Salle broke down. He was taken with another terrible attack of fever.

For months he fought this foe as he had every other. His sublime will rose superior to difficulty. His mind once more cleared. He determined to make his way to the Mississippi, force his canoe upward against its current to the Illinois; thence from Fort St. Louis again to Canada and to France, where he

would obtain succor. It was a journey of seven thousand miles. The imagination fails to compass the immensity of the undertaking. It surpassed the labors of Hercules.

One April day, after mass and prayer, a little handful of men, with hatchets, kettles, guns, corn, and presents for the Indians, strapped to their backs, set out over the prairie on the mighty undertaking. La Salle alone knew its extent. He kept the secret locked in his own breast, or not a man would have accompanied him. The trusty Joutel remained in command at the fort. The strictest discipline was enforced. This was to divert the minds of the colonists from their terrible situation. Every one was compelled to work. Joutel says: "We did what we could to amuse ourselves, and drive away care. I encouraged our people to dance and sing in the evenings, for when M. de La Salle was among us pleasure was often banished. I tried to keep the people as busy as possible. I set them to making a small cellar to keep meat fresh in hot weather; but when M. de La Salle came back he said it was too small. As he always wanted to do every thing on a large scale, he prepared to make a large one, and marked out the plan." Like poor La Salle's other plans, the one for this cellar proved too large to be practicable. So it was never built at all.

The situation of the colonists was practically hopeless. There was not one chance in a thousand that La Salle could really make his way across the wilderness of a continent inhabited by sleepless and bloodthirsty savages, to Montreal, and thence to France. Even if he reached France, from what resources could the disappointed and ruined adventurer draw the large sums necessary to equip a vessel and come to their relief? It was now nearly two years since they left Rochelle. La Salle had promised to conquer Mexico in a year! Yet La Salle's trip to France was their only hope. Located at the mouth of a Texan river, no ship would ever pass that way, unless some Spanish cruiser, seeking whom it might destroy.

Still, that the colonists were not overwhelmed with despair,

is shown by one Barbiers, who asked leave to marry one of the girls. Joutel held a solemn consultation with the friars, and the two lovers were united. Shortly afterward a marquis begged the same privilege concerning another girl. Joutel, the young gardener, concerned at such an abasement of nobility, refused, and deprived the lovers of all communication with each other. Meanwhile great discontent became manifest. Duhant, the greatest villain in the company, declared that La Salle had left them to their fate, and would never return.

One night a knocking was heard at the gate. It was La Salle. Out of twenty men only eight had lived to return. They had journeyed far, incurring almost every peril and disaster of which one can conceive. At last La Salle took sick. This delayed them two months, and by exhausting their ammunition and strength, forced them to return to the fort. The colonists, of whom only forty-five remained, murmured loudly. La Salle had a heavy task to make them contented with the dreary weather-beaten palisade and fort. He was about to renew his effort to reach Canada, when he was attacked with hernia. His constitution seemed badly shattered.

It was in January, 1687, before the start could be made. Joutel this time was to accompany his chief. La Salle made a farewell address, in an unusually kind, winning and hopeful manner. With heavy hearts, both of those going and those remaining, the little band took up its slow march, followed by straining eyes, until it disappeared from view forever. The company was full of discord. Liotal, the surgeon, had sworn revenge on La Salle for having on one occasion sent his brother on a trip, during which he was killed by Indians. Duhaut had long hated La Salle, and both men alike despised Moranget, La Salle's nephew. Several quarrels took place. One day Duhaut, Liotal, Hiens, a buccaneer, Teissier, l'Archevêque, and Nika and Saget, two Indian servants of La Salle, were out hunting buffalo. Having killed some, they sent word to the camp. Moranget and DeMarle were dispatched with horses,

which had been bought of Indians, to bring in the meat. When Moranget arrived he abused the men violently because the meat was not smoked properly, and quarreled fiercely with Duhaut because he claimed the marrow bones. Moranget ended by seizing them.

It was too much. The men who might in France have lived and died respected citizens, embittered by disappointment, and crushed by disaster, were no longer men. They were wild beasts. That evening Duhaut and Liotal took counsel with Hiens, Teissier, and l'Archevêque. A bloody plot was laid. The supper over, the pipes smoked, each man rolled himself in his blanket. Then the conspirators arose. Duhaut and Hiens stood with guns cocked, to shoot any who might resist. The surgeon stole forward, and, with hurried blows from an axe, clove the skulls of the sleeping Moranget, Nika, and Saget, the nephew, the friend, and the servant of La Salle.

It was quickly done. Their victims lay weltering in pools of blood, while the night wind sighed through the lonely forest. The red demon of murder, which had entered the hearts of the conspirators, pointed with bloody finger at La Salle, six miles away. Hatred and self-preservation alike demanded his death.

That evening Moranget had not returned, and La Salle seemed to have a presentiment of evil. He questioned Joutel closely as to whether Duhaut had any bad designs. Joutel knew nothing except that he had complained about being found fault with so much. La Salle passed an uneasy night. In the morning he borrowed the best gun in the party, and taking a friar for a companion and an Indian for his guide, started in search of the missing men. As he walked, he talked with the good friar, only "of piety, grace, and predestination; enlarging on the debt he owed God, who had saved him from so many perils, during more than twenty years of travel in America." "Suddenly," says the friar, "I saw him overwhelmed with a profound sadness, for which himself could not account. He was so moved I scarcely knew him." His approach was

perceived by the murderers. Duhaut and the surgeon, crouched in the long grass, with guns cocked. L'Archevêque remained in sight. La Salle called to him, asking where was Moranget. The man replied in a tone agitated but insolent, that he was strolling around somewhere. La Salle rebuked him, and continued to advance. At that moment two shots were fired from the grass, and the great La Salle, the hero of a thousand exploits, dropped dead with a bullet in his brain.

The toiler had found rest at last. The toilworn body was rudely thrown into the bushes, and became the food of vultures and of wolves.

Thus, at forty-three years of age, fell one of the greatest explorers of all time. That he had grave faults is most true. He was often impractical. His movements seem sometimes the result of hasty and inconsiderate resolve. His fierce temper, and gloomy, unsocial nature brought on him the dislike of his men. He attempted too much. Yet, it is clear that he far surpassed his age in his foresight of the future of the Mississippi valley. His dream of the interior empire was to what has really come to pass, as the first faint blush of dawn in eastern skies is to the blazing radiance of noon. If his material resources were too small for his vast undertaking, he possessed a will like that of a god. The vast and continuous stream of energy, proceeding for twenty years from the brain of La Salle, was superhuman. His sensibilities were weak or wholly wanting. His intellect and will place his name above that of every other explorer.

It is impossible to find anywhere an equal for La Salle's undertakings and efforts, his sufferings and toils. Yet for it all he received no reward save the bullet of an assassin. Like many another hero, La Salle was ignored and cast out by mankind. Unfortunate in life, he was still unfortunate in death. His countless throng of enemies each made a stab at his memory. The only thing we, who enjoy the fruits of his terrific toil, can do for La Salle, is to accord him the praise of history.



We have said he was one of history's loneliest characters. It is true. He was and is a solitary of the solitaries. In life his lonely, retiring, secretive nature forced him, as he himself said, to abandon various employments in which, without it, he would have succeeded, and to choose a life more suited to his solitary disposition. We see him driven to the wilderness by his own solitariness. Still he was not enough alone. He shut out from his confidence even the handful of men with whom he traversed the silent and uninhabited forests of America. His was the solitude of genius. "Buzzing insects fly in swarms; the lion stalks alone." He was separated from his nearest friend by fathomless abysses. Solitary in life, he is also solitary in history. He can not be classed with nor compared to any other. His name is a star which belongs to no constellation. The Chevalier de La Salle is like no one but himself. His very greatness makes it so.

After the murders, Joutel, and one or two companions, who had been faithful to their leader, expected nothing but death. The conspirators would never allow the witnesses of their crime to reach the settlements alive. But the way was strangely cleared. The murderers fell out among themselves, and Hiens and his friends deliberately shot and killed Duhaut and Liotal. Thus these heralds of civilization instructed the savages in its lessons. Joutel and his friends were allowed to depart on condition of giving the murderers certificates of their innocence of the crime. They made their way to Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois, where the brave Tonty still held his own, and thence to Canada and France. When Tonty had learned that La Salle had landed on the shores of the gulf, he had gone to meet him. But though he explored the coast for sixty miles from the mouth, failed to find him. La Salle, at that moment, was seeking the fatal river in the plains of Texas. The brave Tonty remained for some years at Fort St. Louis trading in furs. The king finally ordered the post to be abandoned, and his subsequent career is unknown.

The colony on the gulf was left to its fate by Louis XIV. In his gorgeous palaces at Versailles, he turned an ear of stone to the account of Joutel concerning the unfortunates left behind. One day a Spanish ship, guided by one of La Salle's deserters, sought out the spot where the colony had been, intent on its destruction. But the destroyers found the place as silent as death. The weather-beaten palisade was out of repair. The roof of the store-house had tumbled in. The dismantled cannon lay scattered around in the mire. The whole place had fallen into decay. Looking a little farther, the fierce Spaniards found a cluster of human skeletons, lying as if they had fallen there in death. Around the bony finger of one was a little ring. Its possessor had been a woman. Awed by the mystery of the place, the strangers were about leaving, when two men, apparently Indians, came up. They said the colony had been attacked by small-pox. Many had died. The rest were murdered by the Indians. The speakers were l'Archevêque and Grallet. They alone remained to tell the tale. They were made prisoners of war, and sentenced to a life imprisonment in a Spanish dungeon. The last of La Salle's colonies had disappeared from the face of the earth!

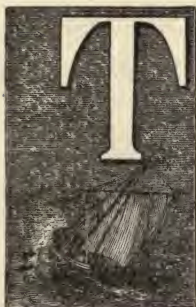


DISCOVERY OF I. A. SALLE'S RUINED SETTLEMENT.



CHAPTER III.

THE FATE OF PHILIP.



THE Pilgrim Fathers are immortal! No hand can snatch the laurel from their brows. For two hundred and fifty years their fame has steadily grown. Their history has been written with faithful accuracy and elaborate detail. It is a part of our common knowledge, our universal heritage. We see them as they were. In the dark and narrow cabin of the *Mayflower*, as it passes the farthest reach of human laws, we see them calmly signing a compact to make and keep laws for themselves. We see them, men, women, and children, in an open shallop, pelted by storms of sleet and hail, their clothing stiff with frozen spray, beating their way through the wintry tempest to the bleak and rocky New England shore. A narrow street of log dwellings arises in the wilderness. Some have exchanged luxury and elegance for these humble homes. We see them struggling with starvation, disease, and death. The little graveyard swiftly grows, until, before the flowers of spring, the number of the dead exceeds that of the living. For liberty of opinion they lay down their lives. When all but eight men are stricken down, these few toil day and night in service for the sick, refusing no task, however mean. We see them daily in dread of an attack from brutal savages.

Yet in the midst of these toils and dangers, they are prayerful and contented. In spite of the demoralizations of a life in

the wilderness, their conduct is as correct as the law itself; their moral principles as rigid as iron; their hearts as loyal as love. Though starving to death, they will not trade for an ounce of the corn which some Indians bring, because it is the Sabbath day. We see them for weeks at a time with nothing but a few clams and some cold water to place before themselves at meals, yet giving thanks in prayer to God that they "could suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sands." For a while the daily allowance of corn is five kernels to the person. These kernels are carefully parched, a blessing pronounced over them with all solemnity, thanking God for his abundant mercy, and then they are eaten with cheerful hearts. All this they endured, and infinitely more. Yet not one person gave up and went back to England. They came to stay.

The pure and lofty character of the Plymouth colonists is in marked contrast with that of the thieves and cut-throats of many another colony.

We have seen how the English robbed and murdered Powhatan's people, and abducted his daughter. The Puritans, in spite of their more fearful hardships, took nothing, not a bushel of corn, not an acre of land, without making compensation. The Indians immediately surrounding them were ruled by Massasoit. With him the Pilgrims made a treaty, and by him it was faithfully kept for forty years.

This treaty, though carefully regarded in letter and spirit by the Pilgrims themselves, was not so well kept by their descendants. They gradually narrowed Massasoit's territory and encroached on his rights. He had formally submitted to the English king and laws. Every time a horse was stolen or a hen-roost pilfered, every time an Indian boy got into a quarrel with his white playmates, old Massasoit was summoned to Plymouth to be tried in court for breach of faith. To these things he had submitted quietly, and his prestige and influence which had kept loyal his own subject tribes, gradually waned.



DEALING OUT THE FIVE KERNELS OF CORN.



In 1661 Massasoit was gathered to his fathers. His two sons, Alexander and Philip, had been deeply impressed by the decline of their father's power and the alarming increase of the English. They represented the younger and more radical element of their people. Alexander succeeded to the sachemship. The colonists were shrewd enough to see the change in the Wampanoags. They detected a more independent air in the braves, and a less friendly disposition in their chief.

It was decided to summon Alexander before the Plymouth court to answer charges of plotting against the colony. The young chief refused to come. Greatly excited, the English sent an armed force to arrest him. He was marched to Plymouth with the muzzle of a gun against his head. His rage knew no bounds. The indignity offered him crushed his kingly spirit. He was taken alarmingly ill, the effect of his fury and his grief. The Indians begged to take him home. The privilege was granted, but he never reached Mount Hope. While on the way his brief and bitter reign was ended by death. This event filled the hearts of his people with sullen hate. They believed him to have been poisoned by the English.

Philip of Mount Hope, one of the few Indians who is acknowledged by the white men to have been truly great, succeeded his brother. His determination was made to have revenge and drive the English from the country. But this great scheme required time. He renewed the treaty with the English and sought in every way to allay their suspicion. It was a work of years to restore to his people their supremacy and power, but in time his superior diplomacy placed him at the head of nearly all the tribes of New England.

The Mohegans alone remained faithful to the English. Philip exerted every effort to accumulate guns and ammunition for his warriors. His men became expert marksmen, and continually practiced athletic exercises, all in pursuit of their common purpose. So carefully were these preparations concealed that the colonists did not suspect Philip until 1671. At that

time the frequent assemblies of Indians, their incessant grinding of hatchets, the mysterious threats and insolent manners of the savages, who had for sixty years lived as the colonists' neighbors and friends, were too plain to be misunderstood.

Philip was summoned to explain his conduct. He refused to come unless accompanied by his men. The conference took place in the meeting-house at Taunton. On one side of the house were ranged Philip's ferocious warriors. Their long black hair, their eyes glittering with treachery and hate, their fantastic plumes and decorations contrasted strangely with the prim and austere Puritans, with plain garb, close-cut hair, and solemn countenances, as they ranged themselves on the opposite side of the church. Philip claimed that his military preparations were for war with the Narragansetts. Evidence was at hand, however, to show that he was on better terms with their people than ever before, and had been planning an attack on the colony. His plans were by no means ripe, and he denied any hostile purposes, signed a new treaty, and agreed to surrender all his guns. He is said to have been frightened into this agreement, but his history is written only by his foes. Seventy guns were given up at once, but the summer wore away without any more being surrendered.

At last Philip was notified from Plymouth that, unless the arms were given up by September 13th, resort would be had to force to compel the act. Messengers were also dispatched to the great and wealthy Massachusetts colony, at Boston, to secure its co-operation. Philip, shrewd enough to have perceived the jealousy and rivalry between the two colonies, set off at once to Boston. With the rarest diplomacy he flattered the Massachusetts colony by certain territorial concessions, and made such an adroit statement of his case, representing that Plymouth had encroached on the other colonies by summoning him for trial before her own court, and virtually declaring war without consulting them, that the Bostonians not only refused to help Plymouth, but coolly criticised her action as wrong and

unwarrantable. The dispute was referred to mediators. Philip, bent on gaining further time for his plans and preparations, signed a new treaty, and for three years nothing further occurred to bring on a collision.

The three years were used by the sachem to concert a most elaborate plan for the extermination of the English. Ancient enmities were forgotten. All New England tribes were to unite in a confederacy of which Philip was to be the chief. The Narragansetts alone were to furnish four thousand warriors. The spring of 1676 was fixed for the destruction of the colonists. But an accident brought on the war at an earlier date, and before Philip's arrangements were complete.

Among the "praying Indians," converts of the Rev. John Elliot, was a savage named Sassamon, who had received an English education, and acted for a while as a teacher. Philip, needing a secretary to write his letters, employed Sassamon, who was thus admitted to the confidence of the sachem, and learned his bloody plans. Partly owing to Elliot's persuasions to resume Christianity, from which he had apostatized while with Philip, partly from a quarrel with his chief, Sassamon resigned his position and informed the colonists of the conspiracy. Although secrecy was pledged, the wily Philip found out the betrayal.

One winter morning Sassamon was missing. His hat and gun were found near a hole in the ice on a deep pond. His body was recovered and exhibited marks of violence. Three Indians were arrested as the murderers. Guilty or innocent, the three wretches were hung.

Philip continued to organize his army. Strange Indians enlisted by hundreds. When the colonists mildly remonstrated he replied with insults. Awashonks, the squaw sachem or queen of one of the tribes, sent word to Plymouth that Philip wanted her to unite in a war. Philip himself had, for several weeks, been holding a war-dance at Mount Hope. Its length indicated the greatness of the conflict. The women and chil-

dren of his tribe were sent away to be cared for by the Narragansetts. Just before the outbreak, John Borden, a Rhode Island man, and a great friend of Philip, tried to dissuade the Indian monarch from war. His reply is remarkable :

“The English who came first to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor, and distressed. My father did all in his power to serve them. Others came. Their numbers increased. My father’s counselors were alarmed. They urged him to destroy the English before they became strong enough to give law to the Indians and take away their country. My father was also the father to the English. He remained their friend. Experience shows that his counselors were right. The English disarmed my people. They tried them by their own laws, and assessed damages my people could not pay. Sometimes the cattle of the English would come into the cornfields of my people, for they did not make fences like the English. I must then be seized and confined till I sold another tract of my country for damages and costs. Thus tract after tract is gone. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. I am determined not to live till I have no country.”

“This,” says a writer, “is a declaration of war more striking in its origin, more true in its statements, than any with which we are acquainted. It is the mournful summary of accumulated wrongs that cry aloud for battle, not for revenge alone, but for the very existence of the oppressed. It is the sad note of preparation sounded by a royal leader that summons to their last conflict the aboriginal lords of New England.”

These burning words were followed by burning deeds. The pent-up fury of his people could no longer be restrained. The 20th of June, 1675, was Sunday. Eight Indians, bent on mischief, entered the little settlement of Swanzey, ransacked a house, and shot the peaceful cattle pasturing on the green. In trying to prevent them from forcing their way into his house, a settler fired at and wounded one of the savages, who went sul-

lenly away with bloody threats. In view of the alarming state of affairs, messengers were dispatched to Boston and Plymouth. Thursday, the 24th, was appointed as a day of fasting and prayer.

On that day the village wore the stillness of a Sabbath. The pious colonists were returning with thoughtful faces from the log church. The rough street, filled with stumps, wound past the cabins with their little clearings and through the noon-day shadows of the primeval forests. Suddenly the glint of a gun-barrel shone through the thicket—two puffs of smoke, two sharp reports, and two manly forms, clad in their sober gray, lay prostrate forever. The Puritans were dumb with horror. Two of the party started to run for a surgeon. At the bend of the road each fell dead with a ball in his heart. In a moment red flames burst through the roofs of a dozen cabins.

Leaving their slain in the street, sixteen men and fifty-four women and children fled to a large house, where they prepared for defense. Others were killed in attempting to reach a place of safety. One story comes to us of a servant girl in a cabin, who hid two little children under a brass kettle, fired at an Indian entering the house, and, failing to kill him, beat him off by throwing live coals in his face, so that he was found in the woods dead from his wounds.

As the terrible news spread like wildfire through the colonies, little companies of men were quickly raised. The houseful of people at Swanzey was relieved. From every direction came news of other outrages. In a day or two the force at Swanzey numbered over a hundred. An expedition set out for Mount Hope to attack Philip. On the way were seen the ashes of many a cabin, with the heads and hands of the family placed in front on sharp stakes. Philip, fearing a trap, had withdrawn from the little peninsula of Mount Hope, and the expedition was a failure.

The war quickly became general. The Indians appeared at various points at once. Isolated cabins were fired and their

occupants murdered. Men were shot from thickets as they galloped along the highway. Women were killed as they went to draw water from the well or gather green corn in the fields. Everywhere was terror and apprehension.

The colonial forces fought to little advantage. The Massachusetts and Plymouth troops, under different commanders, failed to co-operate. The mode of Indian warfare, or indeed, of any kind, was ill understood. One company insisted on ransacking a large tract of country in which there was not a sign of an Indian. Another little detachment was bent on building a fort at Mount Hope.

Captain Benjamin Church alone seems to have had a genius for warfare. With sixteen men he successfully resisted for six hours one hundred and fifty savages. He ridiculed the notion of a fort, and laughed away the fears of his undisciplined men. The great difficulty was to meet the Indians in force and strike a decisive blow. A deserting Indian offered to conduct the Plymouth troops to a place where a large body of his people were encamped. They had proceeded about two miles when their gallant captain called a halt, and wanted to know of Church what certainty there was that the Indians had not already left the camp. Church told him the thing, though not impossible, was unlikely, and urged an advance. "If I was sure of killing all the enemy, and knew that I must lose the life of one of my men in this action, I would not attempt it," said the chicken-hearted commander. "Then," said Church, "take your men to the windmill in Rhode Island, where they will be out of danger and be far less trouble to feed."

Church, with a small detachment of men, succeeded in maneuvering Philip into the great Pocasset swamp. The Massachusetts troops had pushed into the Narragansett country, and with great show of force concluded a treaty with the Narragansetts, which they observed faithfully so long as their enemies were in sight. The united forces then marched on Philip, who still lurked in the great swamp.

The English supposed that, three sides of the swamp being surrounded with water, if they guarded the land side, when his provisions ran out, Philip would be forced to surrender. So they built a fort and waited. One fine morning they discovered that the game had fled. Leaving his starving women and children to fall into the hands of the English, Philip and his warriors, under cover of night, had escaped by swimming the river, and were on their way north. Wetamoo, the widow of his brother Alexander, who was ever at Philip's side, had escaped with him.

One incident of this period of the war was the capture of one hundred and sixty Indians, and their sale into perpetual slavery by the Plymouth colony. Strange inconsistency in men whose fathers had suffered so much for liberty! A force of Massachusetts troops were in pursuit of Philip, but for some reason were recalled and disbanded. It is more than hinted that this failure to pursue Philip, while in his enfeebled condition, grew out of a jealousy of the Plymouth colony, and a desire in the Massachusetts colony to magnify her own services to Plymouth by letting Philip annoy her longer. The history of colonial jealousies is a monumental proof of the value of the nation.

The policy of Massachusetts was a mistake. She sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. The war was transferred to her own borders. A thousand happy homes were destroyed from the face of the earth by the avenging foe.

Brookfield, an exposed settlement of twenty families, suffered first. Twenty horsemen, coming to its defense, were ambushed in a deep gully through which their road ran, and



FIRST SCENE OF PHILIP'S WAR.

eleven killed. Frenzied by this success, three hundred Indians rushed into the settlement. The frightened people gathered for defense in one house. From the window they saw the torch applied to their homes, rude, but dear to every heart. In an hour, every cabin, with all its precious little collection of household furniture, all the more prized because brought over from the old home in England, was a heap of smoldering embers.

The Indians then besieged the only remaining house, the one in which the people were gathered. Inside, the women fastened feather-beds to the walls for protection. Outside, the savages exerted their infernal ingenuity to fire the building. Long torches and brands were thrown on the roof. One night a fire was built against the very door, and the colonists had to rush out to a well for water to quench the flames. A cart was filled with hemp and combustibles, fired, and pushed against the house, but a heavy rain saved it. At the end of two days, the besieged were relieved by a force of fifty men from Boston. One Englishman and eighty Indians had been killed. This solitary house was garrisoned for a while, and then the settlement was abandoned. Its site again became a part of the surrounding wilderness.

Major Willard, who had marched to the assistance and rescue of the people, suffered military censure and disgrace for having gone there instead of remaining at Hadley, where there were no Indians. The poor man died of a broken heart.

The fate of Brookfield was also the fate of Hatfield, Deerfield, Northfield, North Hampton, Springfield, and Worcester. In one battle, one hundred of the picked soldiers of Massachusetts were slain.

The attack on Hadley, on September 1st, affords a curious illustration of the superstition of the times. This town had three organized companies for defense. But the attack took place during public worship on Sabbath morning, and the panic-stricken people started to fly in the wildest confusion. Sud-



GOFFE RALLYING THE MEN OF HADLEY.



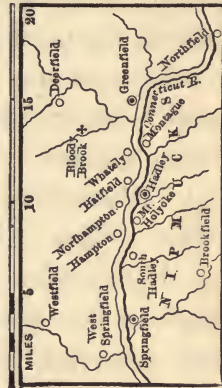
denly, a stranger of immense stature, with flowing white hair, and commanding voice, appeared in their midst, with a rallying cry. His strange aspect and authoritative manner quickly rallied the frightened colonists. They believed him to be an angel of the Lord. Men fought under his leadership with the wildest courage, and after a bloody battle the savages gradually retreated from the place.

When the colonists turned to look for their benefactor, he had disappeared. That he was a supernatural visitor no one doubted. It was a part of the age to believe it. It is to be remembered that the colonists believed in witchcraft, and burnt many a man and woman at the stake for it. They had sentenced an Indian to death for killing Sassamon, on the testimony of a man, that when the corpse of four days was approached by the Indian, its

wounds commenced bleeding afresh. They believed in haunted houses, in legerdemain, in spooks. No story of an old woman riding through the sky on a broomstick, or of an Indian with bow and arrows, in the moon, was too much for their credulous imaginations.

Six years after the attack on Hadley, when a great comet appeared in the heavens, the whole population of New England abandoned the usual tasks of life, and passed their days and nights in horrified prayer, regarding the wild visitor, with his flaming tail reaching half across the sky, if not as a portent of the end of the world, at least, as one of wars, famine, and the plague. The dark, but romantic genius of our Hawthorne has caught the gloomy tints of early New England superstition, and woven them into the strange web of his thrilling romances.

So the story of the angel of the Lord, who had saved Hadley, passed into the traditions of the place. Years afterward, it was discovered that the stranger was one of Cromwell's soldiers, a regicide judge, who had aided in condemning Charles I to the



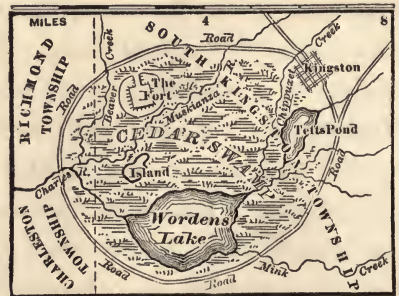
SECOND SCENE
OF PHILIP'S WAR.

scaffold. He had lived for many years, during the Restoration of the Stuarts, concealed in the house of the minister of Hadley, unknown to his nearest neighbors. The truth was scarcely less strange than the fiction. But when once the mind has clasped a slimy superstition to its bosom no logic can avail to loosen the embrace. The good people of Hadley continued to believe the myth.

Hitherto the colonies had acted independently of each other. Their only hope to avoid utter destruction lay in UNION. Commissioners were appointed from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, to form a confederation, and concert united action. They called for a thousand troops.

Each colony quickly raised her quota. No uniform and epaulets were necessary. Every man with a gun and a blanket was equipped. Though it was the dead of winter, it was determined to attack the Narragansetts in their winter quarters, where four thousand warriors were preparing to join Philip in the spring. "Not a Wampanoag nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail shall be delivered up," had been the answer of their haughty sachem, Canonchet, to the demand for a surrender, in accordance with the treaty, of some of Philip's men, who were with him.

About the middle of December the expedition of twelve hundred men, under General Winslow, set out through the snow for Narragansett. It was about one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, that they came in sight of the Narragansett fort. It was on high ground, in the center of an immense swamp, and covered five acres. The walls were an impenetrable hedge, with palisades and breastworks. Within this inclosure were five hundred solid bullet-proof log houses. The whole plan of the place was an admirable proof of Philip's genius for war.



THIRD SCENE OF PHILIP'S WAR.

The only entrance was by a bridge, consisting of the trunk of an immense tree thrown across deep water, along which persons were forced to walk in single file. This bridge was flanked by a block-house.

As the English charged on the entrance the deadly fire from the block-house again and again repulsed them. Some crossed the tree and reached the inclosure, only to fall pierced by a dozen balls from the shrieking savages within. At last Church, with thirty picked men, gained a foothold behind some logs near the palisade, and rushed into the inclosure. In a moment they were supported by hundreds more.

Once within the fort, the struggle was but commenced. The shrieks of the savages mingled with the roar of the musketry. The living made barricades of their own dead. It was the great struggle of New England. On the one hand, fought three thousand Indian warriors, inspired by every feeling of patriotism, hatred, revenge, the sense of oppression, and love for their families. They fought for their native land. On the other, were the colonists, the offspring of an age of intolerance and fanaticism, of war and revolution. Exiled from their native land, these men of iron had wrought out for themselves rude homes in the wilderness. Unless they could maintain their settlements in New England against the savages, there was no place under the bending sky where they might live in liberty and peace. The inhospitable earth would disown her children.

So they fought, nerved by thought of wife and child, by the memory of the past, by the hopes of the future. The ground within the palisade was red with bloody mire. For three hours the conflict raged without decisive result. The slaughter on both sides was immense. The English could not be driven from the fort, nor could they dislodge their foes. At this point a battle which had also been raging without the fort turned in favor of the English. The victors pursued their foes within the palisade. The ammunition of the Indians ran low. A cry arose among the English to fire the wigwams.

The scene was terrific. To the din of battle were added the dull and thunderous roar of the flames, and the shrieks and wailings of old men, women, and children, who, unable to escape through the murderous volleys of the English, were driven back to be roasted alive in the fiery furnaces.

Wilder and wilder grew the conflict. The combatants no longer fought as men but as demoniacs. Quarter was neither asked nor given. Corpses were piled up in vast heaps. Little by little the English advanced. Little by little the Indian fire slackened. When night closed in with a heavy snow storm, the English were left masters of the fort. The savages retreated to the gloomy and smoky depths of the swamp, where many perished with the cold.

The colonists had since day-break marched sixteen miles, and fought a terrible battle, all without a mouthful of food. But they had yet to retrace their steps, in the darkness, through a dense forest, a deep snow beneath their feet, and a December storm roaring through the leafless trees. By the glare of five hundred smoldering wigwams, they collected their dead and wounded, and wearily trudged away into the forest. As the exhausted men stumbled along over the rough ground, bearing their slain, many a brave comrade sank down by the way to rise no more. Soon after the colonial army dispersed.

It was too soon to have disbanded. The power of the Narragansetts was broken, but the master spirit of Philip still survived. The course of the war was hardly checked by the great swamp fight. In the early spring Philip swept the country from one end to the other with resistless fury. Lancaster, Medfield, Weymouth, Groton, Seekonk, Providence, and Sudbury were plundered and burnt. In one action, every man in a company of seventy picked men from Plymouth was killed. It was no longer a war of conquest. It was a war of extermination.

Once a colonist was on one side of a rock, an Indian on the other, watching their opportunities to kill each other. The colo-

nist put his hat on the end of his gun and carefully raised it a little above the top of the rock. The Indian, thinking it was the head of his foe, instantly fired at the object. In a moment the colonist left his hiding-place, and shot the Indian who had uselessly emptied his gun. Another time an Indian was separated from his white antagonist by the upturned roots and clinging earth of a fallen tree. The savage cautiously dug a little hole through the mass of earth, presented the muzzle of his gun, and shot his antagonist dead.

The prospects of the colonies had never seemed so dark. From every direction came reports of disaster and defeat. A new call for men was made. The settlements were literally drained of their defenders. A happy stroke turned the tide somewhat in their favor. Canonchet, the great chief of the Narragansetts, Philip's principal captain and a masterful warrior, was surprised and captured by a party of English. He was offered his life on condition of bringing about a peace, but the suggestion was scornfully rejected. When informed that he must die, he made this memorable answer: "*I like it well: I shall die before my heart is soft, or I have said any thing unworthy of myself.*" Because he had refused to violate the laws of hospitality by surrendering his friends, the Wampanoags, his father had been murdered, his warriors slain by the hundred, his women and children burnt alive in the flaming wigwams of the fort. Yet for all this he uttered not a word of reproach. Scorning to save his life by the submission of his people to such conquerors, he calmly folded his arms across his kingly breast, and with head erect and cheek unblanched, received the fatal bullets to his heart. In all the lore of chivalry and war there can be found no more heroic soul.

As the summer wore on, though the ferocity of the Indian ravages was not abated, yet influences were at work which were surely undermining the power of Philip. Having had their stored corn destroyed by the English, and being prevented from planting new crops by the desolation of war, his warriors, to escape star-

vation, had changed their diet almost entirely to meat. This caused many to fall a prey to disease. The allied tribes murmured loudly, saying that Philip had promised them much plunder; but, instead, they had gained nothing by this war, save hardship and suffering and the enmity of the English. Philip's foresight of the future of his people, unless the encroachments of the English were forever stopped, was not shared by the common Indian. It was not the first nor the last time that a blind mob rejected the wisdom of leaders.

These murmurings soon blazed into open quarrels. Nothing fails like failure. The fights began to result favorably for the colonists. Offers of peace were made to all who would submit, and various bands of Indians began to accept these offers. The English were about to succeed in spite of their own folly. Their troops were without discipline, and openly threatened their inefficient commanders. Church, who had inspired every successful movement, had been deposed from command and dismissed from the service, for opposing the sale of Indians into slavery. He was recalled, however, in June, and went alone to Awashonks, queen of the Saconets, and negotiated a treaty of peace. Not only this, but the Saconets entered the English army, and fought faithfully till the close of the war.

This, and several other distinguished successes, forced the jealous colonists to enlarge the powers of Captain Church, giving him authority to raise men and make peace or levy war, just as he thought best. With a large force of Indians and a few whites, Church toiled day and night, now surprising and capturing a large force of Philip's warriors, now making peace with his allies, now squarely whipping them in open fight. The English method of warfare was abandoned. He fought the Indians with their own methods. On a half dozen different occasions he made captures of over two hundred men. Once he was unable to leave a guard for his prisoners while he went into battle. He told them that, if they attempted flight, he would shortly recapture them, and inflict severe punishment; but if

they would follow him and not run off, they should be well treated. Such was his power over them that, after the fight, every Indian voluntarily surrendered again as a prisoner.

These repeated blows hurried on the final crisis. Philip, with a broken and disheartened remnant of his own people, retired to a swamp near his old home of Mount Hope. To Church was allotted the closing act in the tragedy. Philip was encamped on a little knoll in the swamp. Church, foreseeing that flight would be attempted, silently posted his men in the swamp, so as to completely encircle the knoll. Philip was sitting on a log, relating to a friend a troubled dream which he had had, omen of his approaching fate.

At the first fire the Indians fled. Philip ran right towards an ambush of the English. A Saconet Indian fired. With a terrific leap in the air, the great captain of Mount Hope fell dead, a fulfillment of the prophecy of his people that Metacomet should never fall by English hands. The corpse was dragged out of the swamp; the head sent to Plymouth, where it was set up on a gibbet for twenty years; the body quartered and nailed to four trees, a terrible exhibition of the barbarism of the age. All of Philip's principal friends were executed or sold into slavery, and shipped to the West Indies. This last was the fate of young Metacomet, Philip's only son.

"Such," said Edward Everett, "was the fate of Philip. He had fought a relentless war, but he fought for his native land, for the mound that covered the bones of his parents; he fought for his squaw and papoose; no—I will not defraud them of the sacred names which our hearts understand; he fought for his wife and child."

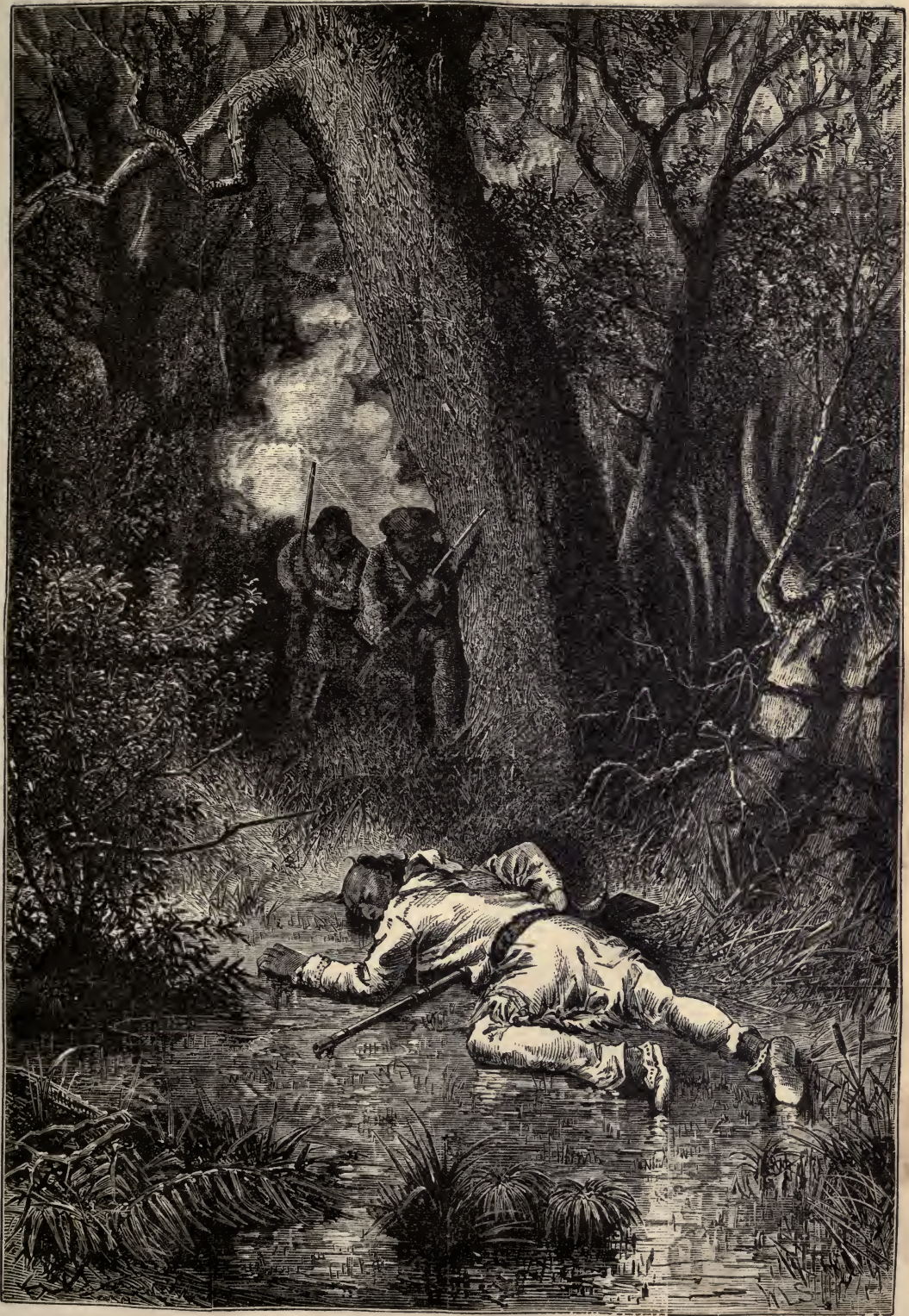
Philip of Mount Hope was a great man. He proved himself so, both in diplomacy and war. He foresaw the dark destiny of his people, and held himself completely aloof from the insinuating influence of the English, who had so infatuated his father. Before the war, Rev. John Elliot, of the Massachusetts colony, the great apostle to the Indians, made the

most persistent efforts to induce Philip to embrace Christianity. The courtly savage had always received his arguments and persuasions politely, but without other effect. One day he took hold of a button on Elliot's threadbare coat, and said: "I care no more for your religion than I do for that old button. Let me hear no more about it."

The Puritan imagination pictured Philip and his warriors as infernal fiends. But fifty years later the descendants of those who nailed his quartered corpse to trees, and sold his child into burning slavery, learned to understand him better. He was a hero, a patriot, who suffered much. His people were destroyed. A handful of his warriors escaped to the far West, and joined La Salle at Fort St. Louis. But the proud name of the Wampanoags was buried in oblivion.

With the close of the war, the bruised and bleeding colonies began to survey the extent of their sufferings. Between fifteen and twenty towns had been destroyed from the face of the earth by the swift and terrible vengeance of Philip. A few charred timbers, and a heap of ashes marked the site of many a lonely farm house. Among the ashes often lay the bleaching bones of its defenders. The mangled remains of the little herd of cattle lay scattered about the pasture, while overhead slowly circled on wide extended pinions, the black and ominous birds of prey. Now and then a bedraggled and sickly chicken, weakened by starvation, sole survivor of the desolation, tottered feebly around the yard, listening, waiting for the kindly call to feasts of yellow grain that never came. The fields so hardly won by cruel toil and valiant struggle from the unwilling forest, lay desolate and abandoned.

Hardly a family was there in all the colonies from which a father or a son had not gone out to battle to return no more forever. There were few cripples. Their enemy had seldom wounded except unto death. The war had been a destroyer, with one exception. In that it was a creator. It had created for the colonies a debt of half a million dollars.



DEATH OF KING PHILIP.



“New England had suffered terribly. Six hundred men, the flower and pride of the country, had fallen in the field. Hundreds of families had been butchered in cold blood. Gray-haired sire, mother, and babe, had sunk together, under the vengeful blow of the red man’s gory tomahawk. Now there was peace again. The Indian race was swept out of New England. The tribes beyond the Connecticut came humbly submissive, and pleaded for their lives. The colonists returned to their desolated farms and villages to build new homes in the ashes of old ruins.”

But the vitality of the colonies was inexhaustible. The ordinary tasks of life, sowing and reaping, bartering and manufacturing, were resumed with tireless zeal and vigor. In a few years the crimson footprints of the war were effaced, and peace and prosperity smiled throughout the land.



SCENE OF PHILIP'S OPERATIONS IN NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LION AND THE LILIES.



THE British Lion and the Lilies of France! Such were the emblems of the two terrible antagonists on either side of the English channel, who were to contend for the incomparable prize of the North American continent. Through centuries of hate their armies had fought on the blood-soaked soil of Europe. When the hardy English colonies took root along the narrow fringe of coast between the Alleghanies and the sea, France, planting herself on the discoveries of La Salle, silently stretched out the rod of empire over the vast American interior. The old feud had fastened its fangs upon the New World.

The difference between the two nations was strikingly manifest in America. The English colonies were, from the first, neglected by their government and thrown on their own resources. The French were supported by royal bounty, and nourished with grants of power. The English founded free institutions; every man owned his own cabin and plat of ground; their government was of the people and by the people. The French transplanted the coarsest feudalism; a few nobles owned the soil, while the remainder of the population were mere tenants. The principal occupation of the Englishman was agriculture, keeping him closely at home, while the Frenchman relied mainly on the fur trade, and with his articles of traffic traversed the rivers and forests of the entire continent. The English ministers



A SUMMER EVENING IN VINCENNES.

preached the Gospel only to the savages within call of their colonies; but the burning zeal of the Catholic Jesuit carried him to the remotest forests. The English were acquainted only with the Indians of their immediate neighborhood, while the Frenchmen insinuated themselves into the wigwams of every tribe from the lakes to the gulf. On summer evenings they danced with the squaws who visited their posts at Vincennes and elsewhere, and made the places ring with their merriment. The English aimed only at making for themselves and their children comfortable homes of liberty and peace, and held themselves sternly aloof from the natives. The French ambition was military empire. To achieve this they spared no effort and neglected no art to win the love and alliance of the red men.

The great question of the boundaries of the respective dominions was enough to have brought on war of itself, without the help of immemorial hostility and the essential antagonism of opposite institutions and religions. In the numerous wars between France and England these questions had, up to 1753, never been settled. France claimed the right to all the territory west of the ridges of the Alleghanies. The English colonies, on the other hand, claimed that their territories reached between the same parallels of latitude which they occupied on the Atlantic coast, westward to the Mississippi River. In the actual military occupation of the territory, the French were far ahead of their slower and less ambitious rivals. They had dotted the wilderness with log forts before the English turned their heavy eyes to the fair domain beyond the mountains.

When in 1754 came the shock of battle, the Indians, with few exceptions, were the allies of France. A large number of Scotch, Irish, Germans, and English had from time to time pushed the line of settlements into the fertile valleys of the Alleghanies, and even beyond the mountains.

A young Virginian, George Washington, making an exploring tour, found French forts frowning with cannon, and was informed that France proposed to seize every settler west of

the mountains. On hearing this, Virginia placed this explorer at the head of a hundred and fifty undisciplined men who were to protect the settlers, and in particular kill every Frenchman who interfered with the new fort, which an English company was building at the forks of the Ohio. Before Washington



FIRST SCENE OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

reached there, a force of French and Indians had captured the unfinished fort, completed it for themselves, and named it Fort du Quesne. A force was dispatched against the approaching band of Englishmen, who were intrenched at Fort Necessity. When the enemy was discovered Washington gave the command "Fire!" That word kindled the world into a flame.

"Thus began that memorable war," writes an eloquent historian, "which, kindling among the wild forests of America, scattered its fires over the kingdoms of Europe, and the sultry empire of the Great Mogul; the war made glorious by the heroic death of Wolfe, the victories of Frederic, and the marvelous exploits of Clive; the war, which controlled the destinies of America, and was first in the chain of events which led her on to revolution, with all its vast and undeveloped consequences. On the old battle-ground of Europe, the struggle bore the same familiar features of violence and horror which had marked the strife of former generations. But in America war assumed a new and striking aspect. A wilderness was its sublime arena. Army met army under the shadows of primeval woods, their cannon resounded over wastes unknown to civilized man. And before the hostile powers could join in battle, endless forests must be traversed and morasses passed, and everywhere the axe of the pioneer must hew a path for the bayonet of the soldier."

Washington and his little band were driven out of the country in short order. When heavy sail vessels carried the news to London and Paris, each government dispatched troops to their respective colonies. In the spring of 1755 General Braddock set out with an army of several thousand men for the conquest of Fort du Quesne. The army was composed of a force of British regulars, in their scarlet uniforms and gay trappings, and of levies of raw troops from the colonies.

It was a great event to the settlers. From far and near they flocked to see the redcoats. Every colonist along the route who possessed a wagon was pressed into the service of hauling provisions for the mighty host which, with glittering banners, wound slowly through the forests. Settlers who had no wagons served as axemen to blaze a road for the army. Every neighborhood sent its company. Hundreds of men, in advance of the army, toiled day and night, felling trees, burning thickets, leveling molehills, and bridging streams, preparing a way for the soldiery, the long line of wagons, and the ponderous cannon.

It was a Herculean task. The veteran troops were soon worn out in this new mode of warfare. Many a redcoat fell dead in the ranks, pierced by a ball from an unseen weapon. The raw yeomanry in advance of the army suffered heavily. In a company of three hundred, raised in one neighborhood, there were only thirty old-fashioned guns. Many a man, busily swinging his ax, and left behind somewhat by his companions, was snatched away into the forest by swarthy foes. Among these was James Smith, of whose adventures more hereafter. The slow advance of the heavy column made it necessary for twelve hundred picked troops, with light equipment, to press on, leaving the rest to follow more slowly.

At Fort du Quesne were a small number of Frenchmen and a multitude of Indians gathered from far and near. On the 9th of July Indian scouts reported the near approach of the British. Instantly the fort became a pandemonium. The Indian allies

stamping, yelling, smearing their bodies with grease and gaudy paint, were harangued by their chiefs, and wrought into a delirium of courage and fury. Great barrels of powder, bullets, and flints were hurriedly rolled into the parade-ground and knocked open, while the frantic throng helped themselves to whatever they wanted. Shortly, at the word "March," there formed in single file and issued from the fort, two hundred white men and eight hundred Indians.

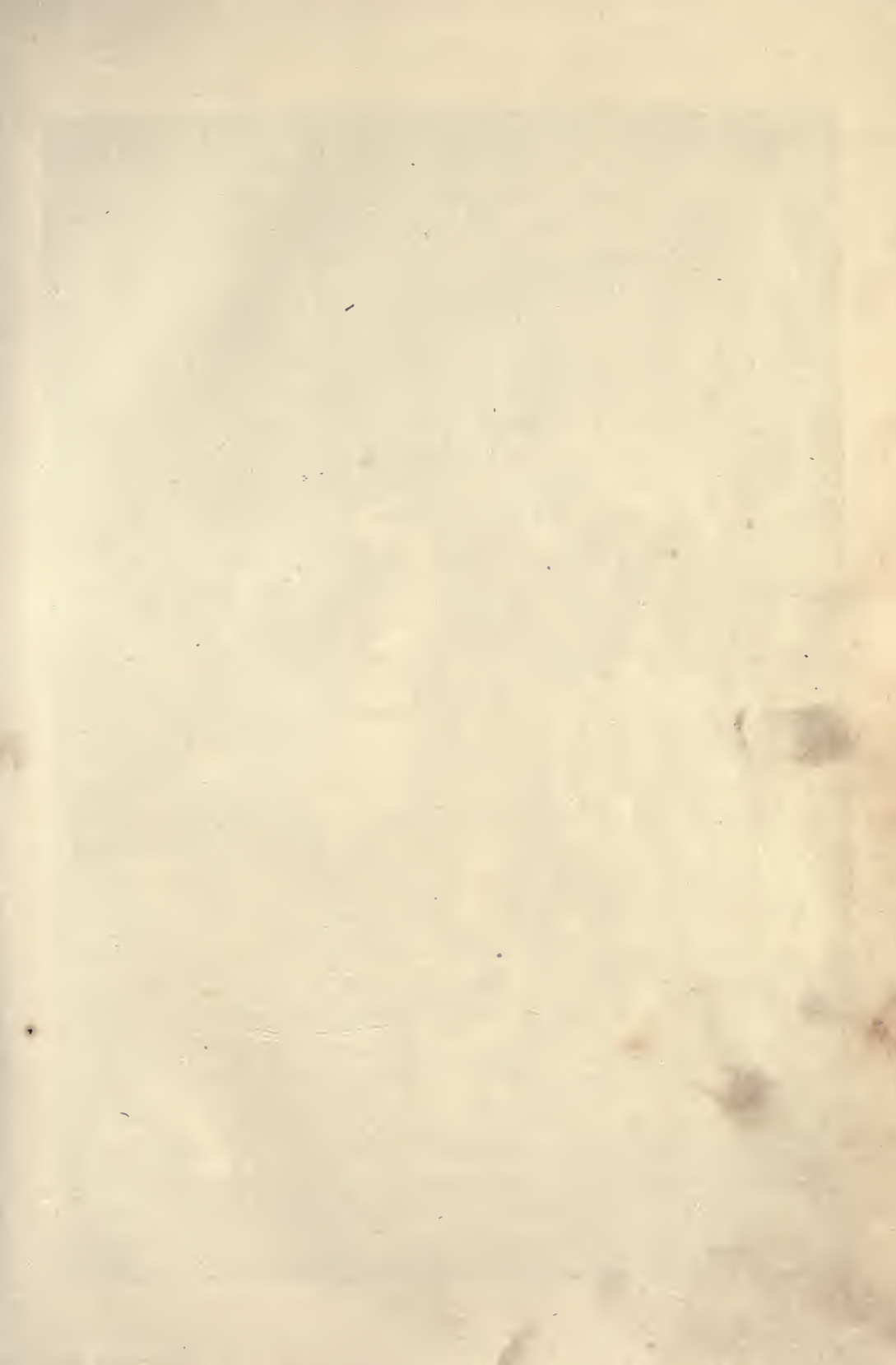
Seven miles from the fort, the narrow road along which the British were approaching, wound through a dark and dangerous defile into which opened two ravines. Here their foes hid in deadly ambush.

When the splendid column of British regulars, with scarlet coats and gleaming gun-barrels, entered the defile to the sound of drums and the blare of trumpets, followed by the less regular ranks of ununiformed colonists, not a soul suspected that, behind every tree and fallen log, in the thick underbrush and in the shadow of mossy rocks, lurked deadly and terrible enemies.

Suddenly a volley of shots, followed by a wild, discordant clamor, was heard at the front. Quickly a hundred commands of "Halt," were shouted along the line. The troops, far ahead in the ravine, were seen to fire. In a moment, the Indians on either side of the column throughout its entire length, poured in a deadly fire at point-blank range. Not an enemy could be seen, though the forest resounded with their yells, and every bush and tree blazed with the flash of their weapons. The troops, insane with panic, fired wildly in the air. The narrow defile was choked with their slain. Vainly the heroic officers sought to rally their men. Again and again they endeavored to



SCENE OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.





get them to form in small detachments and drive the enemy from the woods. But the brave young officers would advance but a few steps at their head to find themselves forsaken by their men.

Almost two hours the conflict raged. Steadily the Indians kept up their fire till seven hundred out of the army of twelve hundred men were slain. Then the remainder turned and fled, leaving their dead and all their splendid equipment of cannon, small arms, wagons, tents, and clothing piled in bloody ruin in the defile. Here General Braddock was mortally wounded, and here his aid-de-camp, George Washington, calm amid the storm of death and disaster, won that reputation which afterward caused him to be appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of the Revolution.

When the British fled, the Indians sprang wildly from their ambush to feast upon the banquet of blood. Like fiends, like monsters, like wild beasts, like incarnations of all the raging and hellish passions of the human heart, they leaped upon the slain. They scalped the corpses, crushed in their skulls with tomahawks, jumped on the breasts and stamped in the ribs, tore out the vitals, and wrenched limb from limb and member from member. Their uproar was different from the yells of battle. The forest resounded, but it was to a guttural roar, several notes below the war-whoop. It was the savage fury and satisfaction of wild beasts as they tear and mangle their bleeding prey.

At last the shades of night drew their curtain around the fearful scene. At last the gorge of blood was ended. At last the horrid appetites were appeased. Smear'd from head to foot with the gore of their enemies, decked out in the gay uniforms of the soldiery, carrying the guns which had so lately been aimed against them, and dangling the reeking scalps of their foes from their belts, the Indian warriors, with eye-balls still blood-shot with the frenzy of battle and voices still raised in boasts and frantic screams, picked their reluctant way, one by one, over the mountains to their expectant squaws. Just seven Indians and

four Frenchmen had been slain. That night unwonted fires blazed on the banks of the Alleghany River opposite Fort du Quesne. The groans of the shrieking victims, who had fallen alive into the hands of the Indians, pierced the night and, rising above the moan of the wind and the roar of the rushing river, penetrated even to the fort, as the torturing flames leaped up and walled them in.

The traveler through Pennsylvania looks out upon the prettiest scenery in the world. Seated in the palace-car of a lightning-express train, his fascinated eye never wearies of the swift and brilliant panorama which paints itself in changing splendors on the plate-glass window. At one moment he looks with awe on yawning precipices and rugged mountain steepes, in some cleft of which stands a little house, with difficulty kept from tumbling down the abyss. Now he beholds some lovely valley, decked out with all the beauties of the changing seasons.

In this warm and fertile spot, hemmed in by lofty mountains, are smiling farms and happy homes. Sleek cattle graze peacefully in pastures green, and far below him, looking like a toy, stands the husbandman, with plow and team afield, pausing in his toil to watch the smoking dragon of the distant train in its splendid flight. Far as the traveler's eye can reach white villages dot the sequestered vale, each with its quiet church and noisy school, through which the throngs of merry children troop all day. Anon he glides along the shore of the lovely Susquehanna, whose placid surface mirrors sky and landscape with such perplexing accuracy that the line of the opposite shore, where the water ends and the land begins, is indistinguishable.

At the time of Braddock's defeat the country was by no means so different from the above as one might think. To be sure, the railroads and bridges, the busy factory towns, and the perfectly cultivated farms are the magical handiwork of a later day. But at that time the mountains were as picturesque, the skies as blue, the valleys as fertile, the streams as crystalline,

the climate as delightful as they are to-day. For all these natural endowments the colonist had an eager eye.

For fifty years the settlers had been, to some extent, passing by the more crowded and sterile shores of the ocean for this splendid interior country. In 1755 the population was sparse and unequally distributed, but already the fertile parts of eastern and, to some extent, central Pennsylvania were occupied by thousands of settlers. The houses were but cabins, often five miles apart. A town consisted of little more than a grist-mill, a blacksmith shop, and a meeting-house, all of logs. But for the sake of the advantages of the region, the courageous race of hardy pioneers had left their more cautious brethren behind and braved the dangers of the treacherous Indian and the ravenous beast.

The same state of affairs existed in Virginia and Maryland. The country was full of Indians, who still roamed through it in quest of game, but these were gradually withdrawing toward the west, and those who remained gave little trouble to the pioneers. No danger had been experienced or apprehended for many years, and the settlers made and cultivated their farms without means of defense, or fears of interruption.

The arts of the French, however, had, as we have said, gradually won the Indians to their support. All through this magnificent region, as well as among the ferocious tribes of the great west, the stolid countenances and indifferent manners of the red men concealed a bitter jealousy and hatred of the English, who were driving the game from their forests and crowding the red men off of their ancestral domain.

The defeat of Braddock opened the flood-gates of fury. The last obstacle was removed. The red tide of blood rolled in crimson torrents, unchecked, over the fair domain of which we write. The true history of the time has never been written. The general historian passes it over with a few lines, stating that for three years the whole region was desolated by Indian warfare. Nothing more. The panics, the massacres, the burnings,

the tortures, the prayers for mercy, the uplifted tomahawks, the crushing skulls,—all these are omitted.

The farmer plowing in his fields, the wife singing over her household tasks, the red-cheeked, laughing children romping through the orchard,—these were the victims of a war whose ferocity and desolation are hardly equaled in history. War is the most terrible of all experiences. But there are varieties of war. The conflict of armies is grand. The carnage of the battle is awful. But the war which has for its object, not the destruction of a military force, but the desolation of the fireside, the outrage of womanhood, the embitterment of childhood, is worse. It is harming the harmless. It is wreaking vengeance upon innocence. It is the infinitude of wickedness.

Measure, if you can, the frantic, maddening grief of one husband, returning at sunset from his toil in the forest, to find the little cabin home a heap of embers, and his precious wife a mutilated corpse. Conceive, if you can, the heart-breaking anguish of one mother, as she sees the yelling fiends sink the tomahawk into the skull of her sleeping infant, or worse yet, sees her children, the joy and pride of all her life, torn from her arms, and carried captive to the distant wigwams of the west. Imagine, if it be possible, the tearful sorrow, the blighting loneliness of one childish heart, as the little fellow, running in glee to call his father to the evening meal, finds the fond form stretched beside the half-chopped log, stilled forever into the unresponsive hush of death. Take such things as these. Sound with line and plummet the black waves of agony which beat in restless surge within a single human heart. Then multiply this by all the thousands who suffered thus, at the time of which we write. The awful sum of sorrow will reach the stars!

So complete was the work of the savages, as for three years they roamed at will through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, that few were left alive to tell the story. The greater part of all the suffering and desolation never became known to history. The sufferers died, carrying the secret of their fate

with them into oblivion. Yet in spite of this, the busy voice of tradition whispers a thousand tales of horror.

If we descend from the stately narrative of the general historian to the local traditions and histories of counties and neighborhoods, we find every one rich with gloomy traditions of the past. Each smiling valley has its stories of horror; each mountain its thrilling legends. Not a rippling stream is there whose waters have not been reddened with the tide of massacre; not a lonely dell from which the moaning wind has not carried the shrieks and pleadings of suffering ones.

Within two months after Braddock's defeat, the work of slaughter began. The frontiers were open and defenseless. The Indians in great force appeared suddenly in Cumberland county. From this point their detachments swept the entire country with fire and sword. The inhabitants fell by hundreds, easy victims to savage atrocities. The people, living in the greatest dread, besought the government at Philadelphia to protect them. On October 29th, 1755, John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, a trader of great energy and ability, wrote as follows to the governor:

"We expect the enemy upon us every day, and the inhabitants are abandoning their plantations, being greatly discouraged at the approach of such a number of cruel savages, and no sign of assistance. The Indians are cutting us off every day, and I had a certain account of about fifteen hundred Indians, besides French, being on their march against us and Virginia, and now close on our borders, their scouts scalping our families on our frontiers daily. . . . Consider our terrible situation, and rouse your people downwards, and not let about fifteen hundred villains distress such a number of inhabitants as is in Pennsylvania. They now have many thousands of bushels of our corn and wheat in possession already."

In response to this and a hundred similar appeals, the Legislature was convened, but the Quakers who composed it declared themselves opposed to war, and refused to do any thing. Mean-

while the work of fire and slaughter went on. In Berks County hundreds of houses were laid in ashes, hundreds of persons scalped and slain, and many, without distinction of age or sex, taken captive and subjected to frightful tortures. Says one letter of the time, "The county is in a most dismal condition. It can't hold out long. Help for God's sake. Consternation, poverty, and confusion everywhere."

An assault was made on a settlement of twenty-five persons at the mouth of Penn's Creek, on the Susquehanna, from which not one escaped. The only history of the bloody deed is that given by neighbors who came to bury the dead. "We found but thirteen, who were men and elderly women. The children, we suppose to be carried away prisoners. The house where we suppose they finished the murder we found burnt up; the man of it, Jacob King, lying just by it. He lay on his back, barbarously burnt, and two tomahawks sticking in his forehead. . . . Terror has driven away almost all the inhabitants, except a few of us who are willing to stay and defend the land. But as we are not at all able to defend it for want of guns and ammunition, and are few in numbers, without assistance, we must flee and leave the country to the mercy of the enemy."

By the dark waters of the Lehigh, in what is now Carbon county, the Moravian Brethren had founded a settlement of Christian Indians, called Gnadenhutzen. A half mile off they laid out a farm, built a mill, a blacksmith's shop, a meeting-house, and a dwelling. This latter settlement was called Mahoning. On an evening in November the white brethren were at supper. The dark night and the roaring of the wintry blast through the valley, stripping the trees of their last brown leaves, made the little band of devoted people all the more thankful for the warm fire and smoking meal.

Suddenly the dogs set up a loud barking. Some one went out to see what was the matter. A shot was heard. Every one rushed to open the door. As the light streamed out the

yard was seen to be alive with savages, who instantly fired, killing two persons. The remainder fled to the garret, heavily barricading the door. After vain efforts to burst open the door, the Indians fired the house. Three persons escaped by jumping from the flaming building. The rest, seven men, three women, and one child, were shot in the attempt or burned alive. The settlement was plundered and destroyed, while the neighbors at Gnadenhutzen fled through the night to Bethlehem, thirty miles away.

This dreadful work was but the first act in the drama of destruction in this neighborhood. Seven settlements were in turn destroyed. The whole population of the country fled, and a region of settled farms, a hundred miles wide, was left without a single white inhabitant. The interior towns were choked and crowded with these wretched refugees, who poured into them, destitute of food, clothing, or means, and overwhelmed with the great sorrow which had visited them.

A letter, written to Benjamin Franklin, from Easton, Pennsylvania, which must have been a hundred or more miles from the border settlements, says: "The settlers on this side of the mountain are actually removed and we are now the frontier. Our poor people of this town have quite expended their little substance and are wearied out with watching. Seeing themselves neglected they are moving away as fast as they can. Pray do something for our speedy relief or the whole country will be entirely ruined. All this part of the country is now entirely lost, and the enemy are penetrating further and further, and if immediate measures are not taken, they will soon be in sight of Philadelphia. The whole country is flying before them."

The slaughter was by no means confined to this section of the state. The same state of affairs existed everywhere, even to Greene county in the extreme south-west. Still the Quaker Legislature refused to help. Popular indignation knew no bounds. The bodies of the dead and mangled were sent to Philadelphia, hauled around the streets in public view, and

placarded "THESE ARE THE VICTIMS OF THE QUAKER POLICY OF NON-RESISTANCE!" A vast mob assembled around the House of Assembly, piled the corpses in the doorway, and demanded that instant action be taken.

At last, with great reluctance, the Assembly ordered the erection of a chain of stockade forts at the mountain passes from Easton to Bedford, a line of two hundred and fifty miles, at a cost of half a million dollars. These forts varied in size, but were much alike in structure. The stockade included from a half to two acres, and consisted of logs set close together in the ground and extending twelve feet above. Another row inside made it a double stockade. At the corners were projections, and within the inclosure were log barracks and a magazine. Occasionally the fort was merely a block-house. This was a solid log building, generally octagonal in form, of which the upper story projected about three feet beyond the lower to enable the defenders to fire on the enemy beneath, and prevent fires from being built against the walls, which were appropriately pierced with port-holes.

Although this line of forts had been begun, the year 1756 only brought new horrors. The first region to suffer was what is now Franklin county. The savages remained there a month. Two brothers, named Craig, were captured on their way to McDowell's mill. Sixty men started in pursuit. A sharp fight resulted in favor of the savages. An attempt made by the latter to surprise the fort resulted in another desperate encounter in a thicket near its walls.

The attempt to surprise the fort at McDowell's was foiled. But Indians are tireless. Defeated at one point, they will strike at another. When a man named Barr was fired at and escaped, they went and burned his and all the neighbors' houses. When defeated at McDowell's, they went to McCord's fort. Here they were in luck. They burned the fort in process of construction. They killed twenty-seven of its defenders. William Mitchell had collected a dozen reapers to



MASSACRE OF CONOCOHEAGUE.



cut his grain. Being cautious, they took their guns into the harvest field. But a man can not carry a gun and wield a scythe at the same time. Nor can a reaper stand all the time in one place. So the men laid down their weapons. The Indians waited. In two hours the reapers had mowed so much that they were two hundred yards from their guns. It is unnecessary to tell what followed. The Indians somehow carried away twelve more guns than they brought. They also left twelve corpses in the field. The Great Reaper had gathered the little reapers.

These massacres were not all. The Conococheague is a creek. On its banks was a settlement. It was composed of brave men, hard-working women, and laughing children. One day there was a war-whoop in the forest. There were some shots, some shrieks, some gasps. Suddenly the Conococheague, which is naturally as clear as crystal, became ruddy. This unusual color proceeded from the wounds in thirty-nine bodies which were thrown into its current. Thirty-nine had been the exact number of living souls in the settlement.

Without salt, life is unbearable. John Grey and Robert Innis went to Carlisle to purchase it. The providences of God are inscrutable. On the return, while descending the mountains, a bear ran across the path, frightening Grey's horse, which threw him off and ran away. Innis was anxious to get home. He left his companion behind. It took the latter all day to catch his horse and readjust his pack. This made him lose his temper. It also saved his life. When he reached the fort, where he lived, its logs were well burned. Every occupant of it, including Innis, had been killed or taken prisoner. Failing to find the remains of his wife and daughter, Grey rightly concluded they had been taken prisoner. They had been carried to Canada.

Poor Grey, after every effort to hear of their whereabouts, died of a broken heart. His will divided his little farm equally between wife and daughter. If the daughter did not return,

her share was to go to a sister. The widow returned in a year, proved the will, and received her half. Her daughter was still captive. In 1764, all Indian captives, by terms of the peace, were brought to Philadelphia. Mrs. Grey failed to find her daughter, but, in order to get the daughter's share of the property, claimed another child as her own. The stratagem succeeded for the time. But as years rolled on, the spurious heir developed coarse features, loose morals, and vile manners. The heirs of the sister brought suit, and, in 1836, it was decided that the supposed heir was not Grey's child.

At the time of Mrs. Grey's capture, other bands of Indians were doing similar things in other places. In what is Lehigh county, there were a few settlers who still dared to remain. It was folly. As the family of Frederick Reichelsderfer sat down to breakfast, they were fired upon from a window and every one killed. At the house of Jacob Gerhart all were killed outright, except two children. These little fellows had crawled under the bed. This, however, reserved them for a worse fate. They were burned alive.

These instances are selected at random from a hundred others. But how about other places? Mifflin county is one hundred miles west of Lehigh. Fort Granville had a strong garrison. The settlers, crowded into the stockade for safety, asked to have a part of the troops act as guards while they reaped their harvest. Unless grain could be had, starvation would ensue. Only twenty-four men remained in the fort. That night the Indians attacked it, and set it on fire.

Besides the garrison, three women and six children were captured. The prisoners were hurried away. In the morning they were treated to a rare sight. A soldier, named Turner, was tied to a stake. Some gun-barrels were heated red-hot and run through his body. The sickening odor of burnt flesh was delicious to the Indians. After three hours Turner no longer cried. This spoiled the fun. An Indian boy of eight years was held up in the arms of its proud father, with a tomahawk

in the boy's hand. The cherub took careful aim. He split Turner's head open at one stroke. This feat so delighted the fond parent that he gave the infant prodigy a bow and arrows.

About this time the Quakers in Philadelphia formed a "Peace Association." The association at once bought a large number of splendid presents and sent them to the Indians, to "propitiate" them. It was a bold step, so bold that one laughs right out at it. On August 24, 1756, another desperate plea for help was sent to Philadelphia, "begging, for God's sake," as it reads, "that you may take pity on our poor families."

There were reasons for this outcry. A band of Indians had spread new desolation in the neighborhood in which lived the petitioners. Among this band an Indian named Cotties wanted to be made chief or captain. The warriors laughed at him. "Where are the scalps of the enemies you claim to have killed? You are but a squaw!" That night Cotties and an Indian boy disappeared from the camp. The reproach stung him. Rivalry in slaughter, competition in destruction—such a contest is terrible. Cotties determined to compete with the entire band of sixty Indians in the red tournament.

At Sherman's Creek lived William Sheridan with his family. On a fashionable city street, as many as two children in one family are unusual. On the frontier it is different. Population is needed. William Sheridan had thirteen children. Cotties hid himself in the bushes. When Sheridan came out after fire-wood, Cotties buried a knife in his heart. Presently the oldest son came out to look for his father, and was similarly treated. In half an hour Cotties had sixteen scalps at his belt.

Half a mile down the creek, buried in a deep wood, stood a solitary cabin, occupied by two old men and one woman. Thither proceeded the terrible Cotties. He entered the dark wood. In an hour he emerged. It could be seen that he carried nineteen scalps instead of sixteen. The three new ones came from the three old people. When Cotties returned to his camp, the braves threw down their weapons. Nineteen scalps in one day! The

whole band had only taken eighteen in the same time. They begged the redoubtable Cotties to become their chief. Such a hero was little short of a demi-god.

Sometimes luck was against the Indians. James Bell, while out hunting for deer, discovered three savages. One of them he fired at and wounded. From the shots of the others he protected himself by a large tree. But a tree is a protection only on one side. There were two Indians. They moved in opposite directions to checkmate Bell. This would have succeeded if Bell had not shot and killed one of them. The third turned to fly, taking the dead savage on his back. Bell fired. His ball passed through the corpse and lodged in the living body.

One evening a settler came in from the forest and found his cabin burnt, and his wife and children murdered. As he looked on the ruin, a tempest of fire swept through his being. In a moment the waving foliage of hopes and loves, of sympathies and compassions were burnt out, leaving his nature like the charred trunks of trees through which has passed the roaring forest fire. A demon entered into and possessed him. As he walked to and fro before the heap of ashes which had borne the precious name of home, his clenched fist was shaken at the surrounding forest. His teeth were gnashed together. A storm came up. The rains of heaven beat down unnoticed upon his unprotected head. The crack of the thunderbolt, the flash of the forked lightning alike failed to attract his attention.

It was midnight. By the dull glow of the cabin embers the man could be seen, still walking backward and forward. The storm ceased, but not the walker. At last morning dawned. A bird caroled its early song from the leafy branches of a mighty tree. The man paused. He looked around with a bewildered air. At a distance, in a puddle of water, lay his hat, where it had fallen the night before. He picked it up. As he did so his eye fell upon the corpse of his child. He started. He had been living over his entire life. He recollected him-

self. With heavy heart he dug a grave and reverently laid away to rest the bodies of the dead. One mighty burst of tears, one last look at the little homestead, and he was gone. Henceforth all aims and ambitions, all hopes and affections were fused into one overmastering passion—REVENGE. Caves and mountains became his dwelling-place.

Before this calamity he had not been known to a half dozen men. They soon forgot him. The pioneers found corpses of Indians in the forest, half devoured by birds of prey. When they saw it they said, "He has been here." They heard the crack of a rifle at midnight in the mountains, and said, "It is he." One night a settler hearing a shot near by, threw open his door. A dead savage lay before it, and a voice called out from the woods, "I have saved your lives." That was all. He was the protector of the settlers. Though they knew not his name, he was well known. He was spoken of as "Captain Jack," "The Black Rifle," "Half Indian," and "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata." At one time he had about him a band of men as formidable as himself. At last he disappeared. The grateful settlers perpetuated his memory. They said that every night at midnight, he revisited, in spirit form, a favorite spring, drank from its clear depths, and then vanished. Who is there that can say it was not so?

Kittanning was an Indian village on the Alleghany River, the stronghold of Jacobs and Shingas, the most ferocious and bloodthirsty of the Indian chiefs. From this point were sent out many of those terrible war parties, which swept the defenseless frontier with desolation and destruction. On the 30th of August, 1756, Colonel John Armstrong, with a band of three hundred brave frontiersmen, set out to attack this nest of thunderbolts. A journey of seven days brought them within six miles of the village. At this point, a half dozen Indians were found sitting around a fire in the woods. As Armstrong's plan was to surprise the town, these fellows were left in peace for the time being, a dozen men under Lieutenant Hogg, remaining

to watch them, while the main body made a detour and pushed on to the village.

The attack was made at sunrise, through a cornfield which concealed their approach. A desperate fight ensued. The houses were fired. Again and again the Indians were called on to surrender. But the offer was invariably refused. They defended their houses with desperate courage. Jacobs, the chief, was shot in getting out of a window. As the flames walled in many for whom escape was impossible, they set up the death song, which rose in wild and plaintive notes above the din of the conflict. The store of powder in each house, which the Indians had boasted was sufficient for ten years' war, exploded with terrific force, flinging many an unfortunate high in air. Eleven captives were rescued; the village and great stores of provisions were destroyed, and forty warriors killed, the majority escaping by flight.

Only the night before, an advance party of twenty-four Indians had gone out on an expedition against the frontier. Lieutenant Hogg attacked these, but was defeated, after losing several of his best men. He, himself, though badly wounded, was overlooked by the enemy, and lay in the forest, helpless and hopeless, until he was fortunately discovered and rescued by the victorious army on its return march. For this valiant service, the city of Philadelphia presented Armstrong with a memorial medal.

Yet the Indian ravages were unchecked. The line of forts, the heroic efforts of the settlers, were nothing. When the third year after Braddock's defeat rolled round, the boundless brutalities of the Indians, instead of being checked, were more constant, more wide-spread, and more terrible than ever before.

What at the beginning of the war had been the interior, in which danger was never apprehended, became in turn the frontier. The country was absolutely depopulated. The territory now forming many counties, which, in 1755, was tolerably settled, became a howling wilderness, and was abandoned to sav-

ages and wild beasts. The bold invaders pushed farther and farther to the east. One day Philadelphia learned that a band of warriors had sacked and pillaged the country and massacred the inhabitants, only thirty miles away.

The instances we have given are only a few drops from a mighty flood, only a few dead coals raked from the embers of a tremendous conflagration. There is enough of insecurity, of transitoriness in life at best. The universal tragedy goes on around us perpetually. Each of us comes to take his turn in the last sad act of the dreadful drama.

Yet to all this, for the pioneers of Pennsylvania and of all new countries, were added the horrors of border warfare. As the family huddled around the fire-place at evening, they felt that each rattle of the shutter in the wintry blast might be the work of a savage hand. The rustling leaves of the forest might only conceal the stealthy approach of moccasined feet. Each trip to the well after nightfall for a bucket of water was like a sally from a beleaguered fort. Every shadow might hide a dusky form. Behind every tree might lurk a murderous enemy. The bark of the dogs, or the querulous cacklings of the sleepy hens, might be the warning of the approach of an Indian war party. Life had no security. The regularity of toil, the pursuit of ambitions, the routine of the family, the quiet succession of tasks in the respective seasons—all this was broken into and interrupted.

But why not fly? Why wait until the crimsoned tomahawk was raised in air, and the little cabin crackled in the flames? It is easy to answer. To fly was to lose home and all means of subsistence, and become homeless refugees, starving wanderers, pensioners on a cold and reluctant charity. Added to the real dangers of the situation were the fantastic horrors of the imagination. In such a community wild rumors filled every breeze. Hardly a day passed that some messenger of alarm did not dash past the cabin on flying steed. A hundred times a year the settlers took refuge in the forts from imaginary enemies.

In such sorrows did the rivalries of France and England involve the innocent settlers of distant Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. In this way did the arts of the Frenchman turn the rage of the Indian against the English in favor of himself. Yet it was useless. England, defeated and humiliated on every battle-field, whether in Europe or America, called to her help a single man, an invalid, without fortune, family, or party. That man was William Pitt. With the voice of an archangel he roused the States of Protestantism to wage a war for mastery against the despotic monarchy and the institutions of the Middle Ages, and to secure to humanity its futurity of freedom. The mighty alliance which he created humbled the haughty monarch of the French and changed the destinies of mankind.

In 1758 three great military expeditions were fitted out by the English in America. One of these achieved the conquest of Louisburg; another that of Fort Frontenac. A third was dispatched, under General Forbes, to attack Fort du Quesne, and if possible, drive the savages from the country. It was successful. The fort at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers once more passed into the hands of the English. With unanimous voice the new fort, rising on the ruins of the old was named **FORT PITT**, in honor of the great statesman, whose genius was overwhelming the enemies of England. "Pittsburg," says Bancroft, "is the most enduring trophy of the glory of William Pitt. Long as the Monongahela and the Alleghany shall flow to form the Ohio, long as the English tongue shall be the language of freedom in the boundless valley which their waters traverse, his name shall stand inscribed on the Gateway of the West."

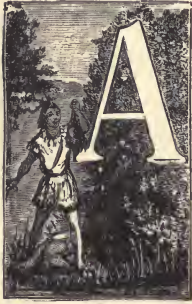
The year 1759 witnessed another series of victories planned by Pitt. Among these was the memorable and dramatic fall of Quebec. These successes continued without interruption, until, on September 8, 1760, the French surrendered all of Canada to the English. Everywhere the Lilies of France were supplanted by the British Lion.

So far as France was concerned, the peace, which had come to the bruised and bleeding pioneers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, on the fall of Fort du Quesne, and which was now re-enforced by the surrender of Canada and all French forts, was permanent. Such the settlers believed it to be. Unfortunately, France, in winning the Indians to her cause, and deluging in blood the country of their enemies, had evoked a spirit which would not down at her bidding.



CHAPTER V.

ROGERS'S RANGERS.



AMONG the colonial recruits raised for the British army in the year 1755, after the awful defeat of Braddock, was Captain Robert Rogers, who was at the head of a small company of rough fellows from New Hampshire. He was over six feet high, physically the most powerful man in the army. He had been virtually brought up in a hunter's camp. From boyhood he had, with gun, blanket, and kettle, some ammunition, and a little sack of parched corn, ranged the untrodden forests of New England and Canada in search of furs and game. He had slept with the savages in their wigwams, wrestled and gambled with their warriors, ogled their squaws, shot the rapids with them in their frail bark canoes, until the Indian character and methods hid no secret from him. When the recruits assembled at Albany, New York, General Johnson, knowing Rogers by reputation, employed him from time to time on important scouts. His head-quarters were at Fort William Henry, a new fort erected by the British at the southern extremity of Lake George.

Taking four or five trusty men with him, he would proceed up the lake to a convenient point, hide the canoe in the rushes, and push his way through the forest, penetrating the sentry lines to the very camp of the enemy. At Crown Point, one of the French forts, his men, under cover of night, concealed

themselves in the willows only three hundred yards from the fort. When morning dawned, Rogers, holding some bushes in his hand, crawled nearer. While making his reconnoissance, numbers of soldiers and Indians came out of the fort and engaged in drilling or shooting at marks so near that Rogers could not rejoin his men, nor could the latter retreat without discovery. As he lay behind a small log, a Frenchman left his companions and walked directly toward the spot of concealment. Rogers sprang at him with his gun, offering quarter. The stranger, instead of submitting, whipped out a dirk, and made a quick lunge at Rogers, but the latter shot him dead. The report instantly gave the alarm. The Frenchmen ran to the spot where lay the bleeding corpse, but no sign was there of the hand which had done the deed. If Rogers and his men had suddenly evaporated, the mystery, understood only by themselves, could not have been more perfect.

Soon after their safe return, with information of the enemy gained on the above scout, Rogers took thirty men and two small cannon in four bateaux, and, pushing down the lake, discovered the enemy in an open camp in the forest. Runners bore the information to Fort Henry asking for re-enforcements. The delay caused them to be discovered. The British moved forward to surprise the French, when they perceived a fleet of hostile canoes coming down the lake. No doubt a similar force was advancing by land to catch the British between two fires. Rogers at once threw fifteen men into canoes to decoy the French within range of the two cannon. He steered as if meaning to escape. The French at once headed diagonally toward the shore, to cut him off. The stratagem succeeded. Two cannon shots sunk as many canoes, and the remainder fled, pursued unsuccessfully by the entire force of British, who had swiftly embarked for the chase.

In another scout, toward Fort Ticonderoga, Rogers and two companions were discovered on the lake by the enemy. Determined not to retreat, the scouts quickly assumed the guise of

fishermen. All day they coolly floated within gunshot of the French, dropping hook and line into the placid lake, and at evening actually sold their catch to the French. When night came on the adventurers pushed on toward their destination. Their



VICINITY OF LAKE GEORGE.

reconnoissance at Ticonderoga, rendered difficult by the intense cold, was about completed, except as to capturing a prisoner, when a snow began to fall. No art could conceal their trail, if they lingered till the snowfall ceased. So the return trip was hastily begun. By Christmas Lake George was entirely frozen from shore to shore. But Rogers and his tireless woodsmen, instead of remaining idly in the warm quarters at the fort, equipped themselves with skates, and braved the winter tempest in many an expedition. Their

success was unvarying. Taking a force of from ten to fifty men, on skates, Rogers would skim along the icy floor of the lake surface to a point opposite Ticonderoga or Crown Point, order his men to change their skates for snow-shoes, and move swiftly to some ambush along the roads leading to the fort. Here they would lie in the snow, exposed to the bitter cold, sometimes for two or three days, with no shelter but a few pine boughs hastily thrown together, and without a spark of fire, the smoke of which would instantly reveal them to the neighboring fort. Here they intercepted the sledges carrying fresh beef, venison, and corn to the fort, captured the drivers, and appropriated the provision. When they had caught several prisoners, they would glide into the French settlement, cut the throats of the cattle, set fire to the barns full of grain and to the houses of the villagers, and just as the red flames shot upward into the winter night, throwing their angry glare far across the whitened landscape, the mysterious and deadly Rangers would disappear in the forest as suddenly as they came.

So valuable were the services of Rogers and his hardy

woodsmen, that, in the spring of 1756, he received a special commission from the commander-in-chief to raise an independent corps of experienced foresters, men whom he was to choose himself, of the most approved courage and fidelity, and of the greatest physical inurement to exposure. The corps was to be known as ROGERS'S RANGERS, the men receiving the pay of regular soldiers, but carrying on warfare as scouts in their own brave fashion. This famous corps became the right arm of the British troops. Their official instructions were "to use their best endeavors to distress the French and their allies, by sacking, burning, and destroying their houses, barns, barracks, canoes, bateaux, etc., and by killing their cattle of every kind; and at all times to endeavor to destroy their convoys of provision, by land and water, in every part of the country."

On the way to Fort Henry, with his new Rangers, Rogers made an elaborate scout around Crown Point. After killing large numbers of cattle, the tongues of which were carefully removed for the Rangers' use, they were discovered and closely pursued by an overwhelming force of French and Indians. In this emergency, Rogers executed a masterly maneuver. Appointing a rendezvous at a distant point on the lake shore, the Rangers suddenly separated, every man taking his own course. Where there had been five minutes before a stout body of men, the enemy found no one. The Rangers had dispersed and left only thin air. From this point on, their history is a succession of thrilling and successful exploits, of which we may only take an occasional glimpse. Not a week passed without some daring scout or victory. The Rangers only had to go out in order to catch a net full of birds, as they called their prisoners. These Rogers would examine separately and with great care, to see if their stories agreed, concerning the strength, movements, plans, supplies, and situation of the enemy. Keen and sagacious in these examinations, able at a glance to separate the truth from falsehood, and wonderfully skillful in reading character, Rogers kept the British head-quarters more accurately posted

with regard to the enemy than were the French and Indian commanders themselves. From time to time, during the war, the "Rangers" were gradually increased from their original strength of sixty-two men, to more than a thousand.

One night in July, 1756, while on a lengthy scout, the Rangers prepared to attack a French schooner, lying one mile from the lake shore. Just then two lighters, laden with provision and strongly guarded, came in sight, and made for the shore as if to encamp, it being about ten o'clock at night. As they drew close to land, the Rangers fired from the forest, and Rogers offered quarter to the enemy. The latter, however, put about, and made every effort to reach the opposite shore. Before they reached it the terrible Rangers had made prisoners of the entire party, and sunk and destroyed both cargoes, consisting of wheat, flour, wine and brandy. At this time the French were offering the Indians sixty francs for every English scalp, and prisoners were sold in Canada for sixty crowns. Rogers's first-lieutenant was John Stark, afterwards major-general of the American army in the Revolution.

The fall and winter of 1756 were busily employed in harassing the enemy in the neighborhood of Lake George. On the 21st of January, 1757, Rogers had a company of eighty men with him, equipped with skates and snow-shoes. They were encamped three miles from the lake, on elevated ground, near Ticonderoga, from which they commanded a view of the snowy landscape for many miles. Far off on the glittering ice, they saw a small object moving across the lake. The keen eye of Rogers pronounced it to be a sled laden with provision. Lieutenant Stark set out with ten men to head it off, while Rogers and the others moved swiftly to intercept the retreat.

Soon after Stark had departed, Rogers detected ten other sleds following the first. It was too late to warn Stark of the fact. The latter struck out for the first sled, and the other sleds, still at a distance, discovering him, instantly put about. Pursuit was the only thing possible. The sleds were

made of a long board, turned up in front, and with high racks at the side and end to hold the load. They were as light as egg-shells, and drawn each by two horses, rough shod, and, urged to the top of their speed by relentless drivers, sped over the ice with the velocity of the wind. Quick as thought, Rogers's men clapped on their skates and began the chase. The nearest sleds were a half a mile away. It was a race between swift and powerful horses and the swiftest skaters in the world. On flew the foaming horses, their manes flying and eyeballs strained, scattering showers of ice as their ponderous feet dug into the glittering surface. Wildly the hoarse drivers shouted and plied their rawhide lashes upon the reeking steeds. Behind them came the shaggy and powerful Rangers, seeming as they whirled over the ringing ice like superhuman creatures. The pursuers had the shorter path. The sleds must cross it. Whoever reached the intersection first would win the deadly race.

As the steel of the pursuers' skates flashed in the sunlight, it could be seen that they were gaining. Stark and his men had overtaken the rear sled, but the other Rangers paused not in their impetuous career. Still, it was evident, that some of the sleds would escape. One after another of those farthest in advance crossed the point where met the paths of pursuer and pursued. All but two of the sleds had passed the line of safety. Suddenly Rogers, who was six yards ahead of the nearest Ranger, was seen to unslung his gun. Without slackening his terrific speed, or removing his eye from the enemy for a moment, just as the second sled from the rear crossed his path he threw his gun to his shoulder and fired.

The nearest horse was seen to lunge forward and fall, thrown by his momentum, a hundred feet along the ice. His mate, frightened and entangled, lost her footing. In a moment the Rangers were upon their foes. The last sled fell an easy victim. The race between man and brute had been won by man.

It was evident that the sleds which had escaped would carry the news to the fort, and rouse instant pursuit. Rogers ordered

his men to take the seven prisoners, and return at once to the camp fires they had left three hours before. So sudden had been their departure, that the men had not removed the priming in their guns since the previous day. Every thing was made ready for a fight, and a retreat commenced. They had just crossed a little valley, and were nearing the opposite ridge, when the woods blazed with a deadly volley of bullets. Several Rangers fell dead, Rogers himself being wounded in the head. The Rangers retreated to the opposite ridge, where, sheltered by trees, they were enabled to fight to advantage. From two o'clock till sunset the battle raged. Three times the French and Indians tried to flank the British, but as many times were driven back. Rogers received a wound in his wrist, and many of his brave men, scorning the idea of a surrender, lay helpless and bleeding in the snow. At dark the enemy withdrew.

Worn out with the exciting events of the day, many of their number badly wounded, the exhausted Rangers still felt it necessary to retreat farther from the enemy's neighboring fort. For six weary miles they groped their way through the forest. Once they caught sight of a camp fire, and made a wide detour for fear of Indians. At last, a comfortless camp was pitched for the night. In the morning the wounded were unable to proceed farther without assistance. Lieutenant Stark offered to go to the fort on snow-shoes, a distance of forty long miles, and procure sleighs for them.

In spite of the many difficulties and hardships of the way, he traversed the entire forty miles by sundown, and dispatched a relief party with sleighs for the wounded, so that they reached the suffering men before morning. Just as the sleighs arrived the Rangers perceived a black object, at a great distance, crawling over the ice. Supposing it to be one of their stragglers, a sleigh was sent to investigate. It proved to be Joshua Martin, who had been shot through the hips. He had been left for dead on the field of battle, but managed to crawl back into the woods and build the fire which his companions saw and avoided.

Febly and with great pain, crawling through the snow, he followed their track to the lake, and then moved along the ice. When relief reached him he fainted away, but afterward recovered and fought all through the war.

The French made several attempts to capture Fort Henry, but as long as the Rangers were there these efforts failed. Rogers, suffering greatly from his wounds, had gone to Albany for surgical aid, soon after the events last recorded. While there he was attacked with the small-pox, that scourge alike of the wilderness and of the city. So it happened that on the 16th of March, 1757, Stark was acting commander of the Rangers at Fort Henry. On that evening, as he made his round of inspection, he noticed the men standing in little knots, engaged in busy conversation, interrupted with many laughs. It was the eve of St. Patrick's day. These lonely fellows were planning their celebration. Stark at once gave orders to the sutler to issue no rum to his men without written permission from him. The men, not to be foiled, at once applied to him for it, but Stark put them off, on the ground that his hand was lame and he could not write. The Rangers were not in the best of humors, when they saw the Irish troops, who composed the remainder of the garrison, freely filling their bumpers with fiery draughts in honor of St. Patrick's wife, and making the fort ring with their hilarious songs and carousals. That night the French, knowing the habit of the Irishmen, to celebrate the occasion, made a terrific attack on the fort. But instead of surprising a set of intoxicated fellows, they were met at the first onslaught by the cool and invincible Rangers. These men bravely fought the enemy hand to hand, repelling assault after assault, until their drunken companions could come to their senses. The Rangers had saved the fort.

In May the Rangers were ordered to Halifax, to join in an expedition against Louisburg. Their versatile talents were employed during harvest, while the preparations for the expedition were going on, in making hay for the horses. The expe-

dition was afterwards abandoned and the Rangers ordered to Fort Edward.

On the 18th of December, 1757, Rogers led his men on a lengthy scout. On their way, they for the first time since their previous departure in April looked on Fort William Henry. Then it had been a solid log structure, occupied by a large garrison, and supplied, as Rogers says, "with every thing they could desire for their comfort and convenience."

We smile at a rough Ranger's notion of "comfort and convenience." It was filled by a rude frontier fort, with its long barrack rooms, the walls of logs, the floor of puncheon; no ceiling but a smoky thatch, the cracks stuffed with mud and straw to keep out the winter; no windows except openings, closed with heavy shutters; no light or fire except from an immense fire-place at one end, from which the heat was dissipated long before it reached the frosty region at the opposite end; no fare but salt pork, soup, and black bread, eaten at greasy log tables, twenty inches wide, set with a gloomy array of battered iron plates and cups. Yet to the Ranger, accustomed as he was to sleep often in the snow, and pass days and nights without fire or shelter, the rough fort, with its rougher company, was "every thing he could desire for comfort and convenience." Looking back to the luxury of their life in Fort William Henry, it was with keen regrets that the Rangers now beheld it, a deserted ruin, covered with half-burnt rafters and fragments of exploded cannon.

With a British army of six thousand men only fifteen miles away, the French had, in the previous August, while the Rangers were away, been allowed to besiege Fort Henry. After a brave defense of six days, during which time the steady cannonade from the besiegers' batteries had dismounted their guns and rendered the place no longer tenable, its defenders had surrendered on condition of quarter. Whatever may have been the wishes of the French commander, the Indian allies, of whom was composed the principal part of his army, could not be restrained from violating the condition. Many prisoners were

massacred outright. Others were led away to suffer the exquisite agonies of the stake. Worse and more horrible still, an Indian tribe called the Cold Country Cannibals, who were present at the siege, roasted their prisoners and ate them. For this statement there is unquestionable authority.

In spite of these terrible associations, the sturdy Rangers entered the ruin, scraped away the heavy snow, and built fires in the partial shelter of a corner which was yet standing, and passed the night "comfortably," as Rogers says. As they continued their scout, the Rangers met with fine success, and on their return to Fort Edward, December 27th, they were enabled to present the commandant with a fine Christmas gift of several prisoners, who gave full and accurate information of the enemy. During this winter a company of regular soldiers were placed in Rogers's hands to learn Ranger tactics. For their benefit he drew up a written code, which was published with his memoirs.

On the 10th of March, 1758, Rogers received orders to march with one hundred and eighty Rangers to the neighborhood of Ticonderoga. He protested that the force was too small, and asked to be allowed to take four hundred men, but his requests were refused. The march was made along the solid ice of the lake, the party lying concealed on shore during the day and marching by night. Since the capture of Fort Henry, the enemy had been exceedingly active, strong forces of Indians scouring the country in every direction.

The nights were as dark as pitch, and while fifteen Rangers on skates acted as an advance guard, the main body marched as closely together as possible, to avoid separation. When within eight miles of the French army, an advanced guardsman skated swiftly to the rear with word to halt. The men were instantly ordered to sit down on the ice. Rogers went forward. The advance guard were called in, and thought they had seen a fire on the east shore. The sleighs and baggage were hastily pulled ashore, guards posted, and the main body marched swiftly forward to attack the supposed camp. No light was to be seen.

At last, concluding that the guard had mistaken a patch of snow or some rotten wood, which in the night has a phosphorescent glow, for a hostile camp fire, the Rangers returned to their packs, and passed the night on shore, without fire. The truth was, the guard had seen a real camp fire, which had been extinguished on the approach of the Rangers, and a hasty message sent to the fort of their presence. In the morning it was thought best to push on by land with snow-shoes, the snow being now four feet deep.

Toward night word was brought that a band of ninety-six Indians was approaching. On the left of the line of march, was a small rivulet, and on the right a steep mountain. The Rangers extended their line, and at the first fire killed fifty Indians. Supposing this to be the entire force of the enemy, the Rangers pressed on in pursuit, when suddenly they were attacked by over six hundred well armed Indians and Canadians, who on receipt of the news of the Rangers' approach had set out to attack them. Rogers shouted to his men to fall back quickly to their former ground, but before they reached it the life-blood of fifty gallant Rangers reddened the snow where they had fallen.

With cool desperation they continued to fight for an hour, against the overwhelming numbers of the foe. Small detachments were thrown out on the right and left to prevent flanking. But the contest was too unequal. One hundred and eight out of the one hundred and eighty Rangers were killed on the spot. Of these, ten men under Lieutenant Phillips, on the left flank, had been surrounded and captured. They were tied to trees in sight of their friends, and deliberately hacked to pieces by the savages.

At last, Rogers cried to his men to fly, every one for himself. Rogers himself, with twenty men, rushed to an icy precipice, over a hundred feet high, which sloped abruptly down to the lake. Turning and firing on their pursuers, Rogers and his followers deliberately jumped over the perilous precipice and

slid down to the lake with terrific force. The spot is still pointed out as "Rogers's Leap." By this exploit, these men, though severely injured, escaped alive, one of their number making his way to Fort Edward, and sending out a relief party with sleighs and blankets.

But others were not so fortunate. Accompanying the Rangers had been two British officers, Captains Creed and Kent, who had gone out to study their mode of warfare. At the beginning of the fight Rogers had advised them to retire, but being unused to travel on snow-shoes, ignorant of the country, and seeing their friends attacked by such a multitude of yelling savages, painted in the most gaudy colors, they chose like brave men to remain and fight. At the retreat, Rogers shouted to them to fly with him, but in their efforts to escape their snow-shoes came off, and the poor fellows sunk breast deep in the soft surface. By the strangest good fortune the savages overlooked them in the fury of their pursuit after Rogers. Not till the moon arose did they venture to stir. Then with fluttering hearts they stole through the forest, knowing nothing of their course, but hoping that it took them farther from the Indians. When morning dawned, it found them still struggling on through the snow, along the shore of some body of water.

As the fear of savages departed, another dreadful apprehension laid hold of them. Which way was the fort? The dangers of death from exposure or starvation stared them in the face. Suddenly they saw a man. He came towards them. He proved to be a servant of Rogers, and claimed to know their whereabouts and the way to the fort. He affirmed that they were on South Bay and not Lake George. All day they followed their guide, at first on the ice and then on foot, through the slavish snow.

At night they halted. Creed and Kent had thrown off their coats and fur caps in the battle, and had on only their vests. Over their heads they tied handkerchiefs. For a single blanket they would have given worlds. The third day the guide prom-

ised that the fort would be reached. But at sunset their weary eyes beheld nothing but the same vast expanse of whiteness. The fourth day he said it would be impossible to fail, but the day passed with the prophecy unfulfilled. Again and again their snow-shoes broke. Again and again, with benumbed fingers they tried to tie and patch them up. Every few paces they sank up to the breast in the snow. The hardships were intolerable. They scrambled up mountains full of dangerous chasms and hidden holes. They made detours to avoid impassable forests of fallen timber, prostrated by some tornado.

At the outset their entire stock of food had been a link of bologna sausage and a little ginger. This had long since been exhausted, and for two days they had lived on some frozen berries and water. Their nights had been passed without cover, and with the scantiest fires; for without a hatchet, by their utmost efforts, they could only wrench a few twigs from the frozen trees for fuel. During the fifth day they struggled along a dreadful road in the mountains, with only one snow-shoe apiece.

Towards noon on the sixth day they came once more to the ice. *At a single glance the unfortunate men perceived it to be the same spot which they had left four days before.* This terrible discovery paralyzed them with horror. Their only chance was to throw themselves into the hands of the French at Fort Carillon. All day and night the wind blew hard, and a freezing rain incrustated their clothes with ice. The remainder of the sad story we give in Captain Creed's own words.

"We traveled a few miles, but the snow driving full in our faces, made every thing appear as dark as the fog upon the banks of Newfoundland. As the storm cleared up we looked in vain for the fort. Proceeding onward by land we came to a large waterfall. I attempted to ford the stream above it, and had almost gained the opposite shore where the water reached my breast, when the rapidity of the stream hurried me off the slippery rocks and plunged me under water. I lost my fusee,

and narrowly escaped being carried over the fall. Mr. Kent and the guide fared no better, but the hopes of reaching a fire made us think lightly of the matter.

“As night approached we labored through the snow, being now certain that the fort was near; but our guide now confessed for the first time that he was at a loss. We plainly perceived that his brain was affected; he saw Indians all around him, and, though we have since learned that we had every thing to fear from them, yet that was a danger we did not think of. We even shouted to give notice where we were, but could neither see nor hear of any one to lead us right. If we halted we became pillars of ice. We therefore resolved to make a fire, though the danger was apparent. We had one dry cartridge on hand, but in trying to catch a fire with a little of it, by means of my pistol, Mr. Kent held the cartridge so near as to have it blow up in our faces, almost blinding him and causing great pain. This appeared to be the last stroke of fortune.

“We had now no hopes of fire and were not anxious for life, but wished to carry the scene out in a manner becoming to soldiers. We made a path round a tree and there exercised all night, though scarcely able to stand or to prevent each other from sleeping. Our guide, notwithstanding repeated cautions, strayed from us, sat down, and died immediately. On the morning of the 20th we saw the fort, and approached it with a white flag. The officers ran violently toward us, and we were saved from a danger we did not apprehend, for we were informed that if the Indians, who were close after them, had seized us first, it would not have been in the power of the French to have prevented our being hurried to the camp, and perhaps the next day to Montreal, or killed for not being able to march.”

The prisoners were afterwards exchanged by the French.

From this time on in the war the Rangers operated in larger bodies and in more important movements. All the companies were concentrated at Fort Edward. Rogers was raised to the rank of major. Their history during the years of 1758 and 1759 is

full of romance, adventure, and excitement. When we pass it over, we leave out their heroic service in the fatal attack of the British on Fort Ticonderoga, from which the army retreated, leaving two thousand of their number slain. We omit, too, the thrilling story of their exploits in the triumphant expedition against Crown Point. In these movements the Rangers formed a part of the general army, whose defeats and victories are a part of history.

When the British occupied Crown Point, they dispatched a messenger with a flag of truce and proposals of peace to the St. Francis Indians. They dwelt in the heart of Canada, midway between Montreal and Quebec, at a point three miles from the St. Lawrence River. They were notoriously attached to the French, and no other six tribes of Indians combined had done the English more injury than the single one of St. Francis. Their unspeakable ferocity, their exhaustless hatred and malicious industry, had resulted in the murder of over six hundred colonists during the years of the war. On the 13th of September the commandant of Crown Point learned that his messenger, bearing the flag of truce, had been coolly taken prisoner and subjected to insult and indignity. Shortly after receipt of this news an orderly handed Major Rogers the following :

“You are this night to take a detachment of two hundred picked Rangers and proceed to Missisqui Bay, from which you will proceed to attack the enemy at the settlements of the St. Francis Indians, on the south side of the St. Lawrence River, in such a manner as shall most effectually disgrace and injure the enemy and redound to the honor and success of his majesty's arms. Remember the barbarities committed by the enemy's Indian scoundrels on every occasion where they have had opportunities of showing their infamous cruelties toward his majesty's subjects. Take your revenge, but remember that, although the villains have promiscuously murdered women and children of all ages, it is my order that no women or chil-

dren should be killed or hurt. When you have performed this service, you will again join the army, wherever it may be.

“Yours, etc.,

JEFF. AMHERST.

“*Camp at Crown Point, Sept. 13, 1759.*

“TO MAJOR ROGERS.”

What a commission! Two hundred men ordered to make a journey of more than three hundred miles, through a country barren of provisions, and occupied by the whole French and Indian army of fifteen thousand men; when at that distance from support and their base of supplies, to attack and destroy by stealth a powerful tribe of Indians, which had been a terror through the whole war, and after all this to effect a retreat by the same tremendous journey, only through a hostile country aroused by a knowledge of their presence, and exerting every effort to destroy them.

That night as the moon arose the little band sallied from the fort, and, with firm tread and rigid countenances, swiftly embarked in a fleet of canoes. Their progress down the lake was itself one of difficulty and danger. Its waters were patrolled incessantly by hostile schooners, armed with cannon, and other mischievous engines of war, for the discovery and destruction of the English. By night only did the Rangers advance.

On the fifth day a keg of gunpowder exploded in their camp, injuring a number of men, who, together with some sick, were forced to return to Crown Point, making a defection of forty-four men, one-fourth of the entire company. At the end of ten days, Rogers, having successfully eluded the enemy, landed at Missisqui Bay. Here he stored the boats and provisions enough to take the Rangers back to Crown Point. Two trusty Indians were left in charge, with orders to remain until their return, unless the enemy should discover the boats and strike the trail of the Rangers. In this case the two guards were to follow the Rangers at the top of their speed, bringing the fatal news.

On the evening of the second day, as the Rangers went into camp, the two Indians left behind came running in, breathless and excited. Four hundred French and Indians had discovered the boats and destroyed them, and two hundred of them were now in pursuit of the Rangers. "This," says the dauntless Rogers, "caused us some uneasiness. Should the enemy overtake us, and we have the advantage in an encounter, they would be immediately re-enforced, while we could expect no assistance, being so far advanced beyond our military posts; and our boats and provision likewise being taken, cut off all hope of retreat by the route we came."

A hurried council of war was held. The situation was desperate. But the motto of Rogers was, "In boldness lies safety." It was determined to push on to their destination, at the highest possible speed, avoiding an encounter, simply by out-marching their pursuers, strike their blow at the St. Francis settlements, and retreat quickly. The survivors were to make their way back by the roundabout route of the Connecticut River. Lieutenant McMullen was dispatched to Crown Point, to inform General Amherst of the disaster, and have him send relief and provisions at the Ammonoosuck River, "that being the way we should return, if we ever did return at all."

These arrangements were quickly made. McMullen, with a small sack of food, started back on his lonely journey to Crown Point; the others hurriedly prepared for the race with their pursuers. No sleep that night; the sunrise must find them many a mile on their way. Much of the time they advanced in double quick time, the hardy Rangers' being able to run for hours in a sort of dog-trot. After the first night's march they uniformly began their day's advance one hour before dawn, and continued it without halt, their meals being eaten as they marched, until one hour after dark.

Nine days they marched through a spruce bog, where the ground was low and swampy, the greater part being covered with water a foot deep. When the weary Rangers encamped

at night, it was necessary to go into the darkened forest and cut boughs from the trees and construct a kind of hammock to protect themselves from the water. The day before their destination was reached, they came upon the St. Francis River, with its swift current. Placing the tallest men up stream, and joining hands in a single line, the entire company passed the ford in safety. Their only loss was a few guns, which were recovered by diving to the bottom of the river. Towards evening of the twenty-second day from their departure from Crown Point, when the scout, as usual, climbed a tall tree for reconnoissance, he saw at a distance of three miles the unconscious village of the St. Francis Indians, over which hung the lightning-charged clouds of doom.

The Rangers were ordered to refresh themselves, and prepare for action on the following morning. Every gun was carefully dried and freshly loaded; ammunition bags were replenished, and such readjustment of clothing made as was possible. While the men rolled themselves in their blankets for a sound sleep, Rogers and two trusty companions stole out under the starry sky towards the fated settlement. As they drew softly near, wild shouts of merriment issued from the wigwams. Around enormous fires were dancing in frantic glee hilarious circles of warriors and maidens. It was a wedding dance. These wild Indians had turned aside, for the moment, from thoughts of war and bloodshed to the mild gentleness of love. A noble brave had chosen to himself a dusky bride. The chord of sentiment touched at the incident still trembled responsive in the savage breasts. Their festivities were bright, innocent, and happy, shining like a star in the midst of all the gloom and blackness of their lives.

All unconscious of their danger, the dance went on, each moment with madder, merrier glee. The squaws ran about, serving to all who wished the rare bounties of the wedding feast. The old men stood apart from the revelers, smoking their pipes. Ever and anon their stately dignity gave way to

unwonted outbursts of hideous laughter. Within the wigwam of the bride and groom, was dispensed with careless hand the blazing draughts of rum to the happy throng.

At last these potations began to have their effect. One after another of the braves staggered to his wigwam, and sunk into drunken slumber. The fires burned lower. The circle of dancers grew smaller, until only a handful of uproarious fellows and their girls kept up their shrieking orgies. At two o'clock in the morning Rogers and his companions returned quickly to their camp. A shake of the shoulder and a whispered command roused each sleeping Ranger to his feet. Blankets were hastily rolled up, packs adjusted, and guns examined. A frugal meal was eaten standing.

By three o'clock the Rangers were in motion for the village. With stealthy step they advanced to within a quarter of a mile. Another halt was made. Rogers crawled forward to make another reconnoissance. Meanwhile the men lay flat on their faces. At five o'clock Rogers returned. The feast had ended. The last reveler was wrapped in oblivion, and the entire settlement was asleep. The Rangers were disencumbered of all their packs. Weapons formed their only load. The men were formed in three columns. They were to fall on the settlement on three sides at once.

The first faint flush of dawn reddening the east had only obscured a few stars as the men moved rapidly forward through the frosty air. When the settlement was reached each man knew his work. The nearest wigwams were entered. In a moment the throat of every sleeping warrior was cut from ear to ear. The knife only was used as yet. No guns were fired. In this way the deadly Rangers had massacred two-thirds of the warriors in the settlement before a single note of alarm. Many children and squaws, who slept soundly, were left undisturbed. Such was the case with the new bride, whom they found locked in her husband's arms. Poor sleeper; too soon, alas, too soon, would she awaken to find all joy, all light, all



MASSACRE OF THE ST. FRANCIS INDIANS.

love, gone out from life. If, perchance, a child's wide wondering eyes opened as the glittering knife swept across its father's throat, it was the work of an instant to gag its mouth and hand it over as a prisoner.

At last, the groans of some dying brave, or the screams of an awakened squaw, gave the alarm. Small time was there for the warriors to reach for weapons. Their only safety lay in flight. Only one side lay open; that was the river. But as the canoes of the frightened savages pushed out into the current, the swift messengers of lead sped from the gun of the destroyers and stilled every noble form in death. Five English captives were found and rescued. The scalps of more than six hundred murdered white men hung from the wigwam poles. These sights were not unnoticed by the Rangers. Snatching brands from the smouldering embers of the wedding fires, the wigwams were ignited. Black volumes of smoke, pierced by forked tongues of flame, rolled upward to the peaceful sky of the morning, and draped its blue canopy with the mournful color which all the world has chosen for the sign of sorrow.

By seven o'clock, with the exception of three wigwams, preserved for their own shelter, the Rangers had utterly destroyed the village and its inhabitants. Two hundred warriors had been slain, while of their own number but one had been killed and two or three wounded. From their prisoners, who, excepting two Indian boys and three girls, were shortly set at liberty, Rogers learned that his pursuers had missed him; but that their messengers had sent word of his approach; that only four miles down the river were a force of five hundred French and Indians, waiting at a settlement which was supposed to be Rogers's destination, instead of the St. Francis settlement. While this examination took place, the Rangers supplied themselves with corn from the granaries of the village. A council of war determined that instant retreat by way of the Connecticut River and Number Four must be begun.

The hardships of the retreat far exceeded those of the

advance. The way led over barren mountains and through endless swamps. In one of these morasses, trusting an Indian squaw for guidance, they were led about three days, and brought back to their own tracks, to gain time for their pursuers. After eight days' travel, provisions gave out, and the Rangers divided into small companies of eight or ten each, for procuring subsistence from roots and berries.

One of these detachments, lingering behind the rest, was surprised by the enemy, and seven of their men taken prisoner. Two other detachments, similarly attacked, had nearly all their number slain. Some of the men, being still in fair condition, preferred to make their way directly to Crown Point. The bulk of the company, however, was to rendezvous at the mouth of the Ammonoosuck River, a hundred miles above Number Four (now Charleston, New Hampshire), where Rogers confidently expected provisions and relief, in accordance with the message sent to Crown Point by McMullen, after the news of the destruction of their boats.

When at last the straggling companies of wretched men reached the rendezvous, they found camp fires still burning, but no succor. They fired their guns, and shouted for help, but only the mocking echoes of the forest answered them. Not till some time later did they learn that in accordance with McMullen's message provisions had been sent to this spot in charge of a Lieutenant Stevens. Arriving there and not finding Rogers, the fellow thought proper, after waiting only two days, to return, taking his provisions with him. His departure took place just two hours before the exhausted and famished Rangers arrived. The signal guns fired by the latter were heard by Stevens, but only served to hasten his march, as he believed them to be fired by Indians.

The disappointment was cruel. It was evident that the men who, nerved by the hope of succor, had exhausted all their little remaining strength to reach this point, could proceed no farther. Relief must be had, or the whole party die in the

wilderness. "In this emergency," says Rogers, "I resolved to make the best of my way to Number Four, leaving the remainder of the party, now unable to proceed any farther, to obtain such wretched subsistence as the wilderness afforded, until I could relieve them, which I promised to do in ten days. Captain Ogden, myself, and a captive Indian boy, embarked upon a raft of dry pine trees. The current carried us down the stream in the middle of the river, where we kept our miserable vessel with such paddles as could be split and hewn with small hatchets.

"The second day we reached White River Falls, and very narrowly escaped running over them. The raft went over, and was lost, but our remaining strength enabled us to land and march by the falls. At the foot of them Captain Ogden and the Ranger killed some red squirrels, and also a partridge, while I attempted to construct another raft. Not being able to cut the trees, I burnt them down, and burnt them at proper lengths. This was our third day's work after leaving our companions.

"The next day we floated down to Nattoquichie Falls, which are about fifty yards in length. Here we landed, and Captain Ogden held the raft by a withe of hazel bushes, while I went below the falls to swim in, board, and paddle it ashore; this being our only hope for life, as we had not strength sufficient to make a new raft should this be lost. I succeeded in securing it, and next morning we floated down within a short distance of Number Four. Here we found several men cutting timber, who relieved and assisted us to the fort. A cut of was immediatly dispatched up the river with provisions, which reached the men at Coos in four days after, which, by my agreement, was the tenth after I left them, according to afterwards I went up the river with two others. Two days others of my party who might be coming in their canoes to relieve

Relief parties were also sent out in the same way." up stragglers. Slowly the haggard men in other directions to hunt for the fort at Number Four. It was two months before they had recovered sufficiently to proceed to Crown Point.

With this story of the unfortunate expedition against the St. Francis Indians, a military exploit which, for boldness and dexterity, is hardly equaled in the history of our country, our recital of the story of Rogers's Rangers must close. They continued their operations until the close of the war in 1760, when they were directed to take formal possession of all the French forts west of the Alleghanies, in accordance with their surrender by France.

After performing this duty with approved success, Major Rogers went to England, where he resided till the opening of the Revolutionary War. He then returned to America, and visited the American camp, but was refused admission by General Washington, who suspected him as a British spy. Rogers was, however, visited by Colonel Stark, and other old Rangers, who had since enlisted in the cause of the colonies. He seemed greatly chagrined by Washington's treatment, and soon after joined Lord Howe, who commanded the British army. In a short time, however, he returned to England, and never again visited the land in which he had won undying fame. It was the opinion of General Stark, and other friends, that Washington misjudged Rogers, and that he would have proved a true and valuable soldier in the American army had he not been mistrusted. He was denounced as a Tory before he had declared his principles.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE CAPTIVES.



It is only adventurers who have adventures. Quiet men have quiet lives. It is the dare-devil who is the hero of thrilling exploits and startling situations. The dangers of frontier life attract only the boldest spirits. For these reasons it is, that early American history contains more romance, more adventure and more excitement than the annals of any other period or place. The colonies were populated with brave, adventurous men, the most daring spirits of the age. Such men as these were sure to find themselves in exciting situations and to perform heroic deeds.

Other countries and peoples than ours have had to gratify the appetite for adventure with fictitious exploits and imaginary heroes. The French feast on such unsubstantial banquets as the wild and improbable feats of the mysterious Count of Monte Christo, and the feverish tragedy of the Wandering Jew. Englishmen revel in the romance of chivalry and of the Middle Ages, as pictured in "Ivanhoe," "The Black Dwarf," and the "Idyls of the King." America, however, has within her reach, not only the brilliant literature of fancy, but the equally thrilling and far more substantial stories of the feats of our fathers upon the frontier.

The personal characters of these dauntless men, their inexhaustible resources, their marvelous facility of adaptation, is

nowhere better shown than in the stories of their captivities. To give just a taste of this racy food, we present the stories of three of them, taken prisoner at different times and under different circumstances, during the French and Indian war.

MAJOR ROBERT STOBO,

a brave and generous Scotchman, was appointed one of the officers in the little company with which George Washington, in 1754, attempted to protect the fort at the forks of the Ohio. He traveled in great style, in a covered wagon with a dozen servants, and keeping a sumptuous table, adorned with sparkling wines and smoking dishes of game. When Washington was surrounded at Fort Necessity, he negotiated a surrender, by the terms of which his men were allowed to retreat unharmed from the Ohio valley, and certain French captives were to be restored. As a guarantee for the latter condition, our gallant Stobo was handed over as a hostage to the French at Fort du Quesne.

The governor of Virginia refused to carry out Washington's promises, and one pleasant morning Stobo found himself a genuine prisoner. McKnight furnishes us with a graphic outline of his adventures, which we use with slight abridgment or change. Stobo at once began to reflect how he could throw Fort du Quesne into the hands of the English. He wrote letters to Washington, giving a full plan of the fort, information as to its garrison, and urging in the most strenuous manner that an expedition be fitted out at once for the capture of the fort. These letters he intrusted to Indian messengers, staking his life on their fidelity. The messengers kept faith. The letters reached Washington all right, but no expedition could be fitted out that year. Meanwhile Stobo was sent to Quebec.

Although a prisoner, Stobo's gay and popular manners, his genial nature and his society accomplishments secured him every privilege. He was the boon companion of the army officers, and the favored gallant of every lovely lady in Quebec. Care-

less and gay, he determined to add to his accomplishments a knowledge of the French language. At this announcement all the *salons* of the city applauded. Stobo reigned without a rival.

But a change came o'er the spirit of his dreams. Braddock had marched to the forks of the Ohio, carrying with him Stobo's letters, as a guide in the attack. By strange fatuity, these compromising epistles, which had escaped falling into the hands of the French when it might have been expected, now that their writer was seven hundred miles away, and had forgotten all about them, were left among the baggage piled helter-skelter in the bloody defile, where Braddock's army was destroyed. Here they were found by the victors.

Stobo took no more lessons in French from his amorous lady loves. He was clapped into prison as a spy, and notified that he would be tried for his life.

He effected his escape from prison, but a reward of six thousand livres, offered to any who would bring him in alive or dead, filled the woods with thousands of eager persons, and he was soon caught and thrust into a black, horrible dungeon. He found nothing but cold stone to sit or lie on, and on the floor was daily placed an earthen pan with bread and water for his sustenance. In this dark and dismal dungeon his eyes soon acquired such power that he could discern a rat running over the floor, a feat for which his opportunities were ample.

In November our hero was brought before the military court, and after a brief, stern trial, sentenced to death. The day for his execution was fixed, and he was remanded to prison. But his indomitable heart was yet unshaken, and he busied himself meditating over plans of escape. The judgment of the court, however, was not approved by King Louis, and the dungeon was exchanged for a jail, with two vigilant sentinels at the door, and two below the single window.

Many were his plans for escape. The window offered him the best chance. He found it firmly barred with iron up and

down, but not across. He must cut a groove in the hard stone, so as to throw one of the bars aside. He had but a sorry knife, round at the point, and as it would imperil all to make a noise, his business must be done by careful, silent rubbing. The work went slowly on. Meanwhile, he must gather provisions for his long journey. He managed to secrete a sort of knapsack, and on the stove he parched grain to carry with him. His room was always open to his jailers, and he had to fill the groove as fast as he made it by stuffing it with chewed bread, which was then covered with sand or ashes. Sometimes the grating noise would bring in the jailer, but the groove was so neatly concealed and the major was generally found sitting so calmly, walking, smoking, or reading, that, after peering around the room with jealous eye, the jailer was fain to depart with shaking head.

At length the groove was done; the bar had room to play, but being short and fast at top, the Major could not bend it. Tying his handkerchief around the two bars, he inserted a stick, and by twisting it about had leverage enough to bring the bars together. The knapsack was now stored with over thirty pounds of various kinds of provisions, which he had managed to secrete, and all was ready for the escape.

The 30th of April was a horrible day of wind and rain and hail. The night was no better. The sleepy sentries, suspecting naught, sought favorable shelter from the wretched weather. Stobo's eyes were on guard, and as soon as he saw the place deserted he knew his time had come. Hurriedly tying about him his knapsack and applying the handkerchief tourniquet, a passage was soon opened, and down he jumped into the mud below, and disappeared in the night. Far above the town he took refuge in a farmer's outhouse and anxiously awaited the chance for escape. His flight was at once detected; again six thousand livres were offered for his arrest, and the whole town turned out for the search. For two days the major lay snug. At midnight he stole stealthily out, and made straight for

Charles River, crossed it with knapsack on his head, the water coming up to his chin. He had proceeded to a point, eight miles below Quebec, when just as he had set foot on the great road, he spied some gentlemen riding towards him, who unfortunately were just as quick in spying him, and made hard after him. He was caught and dragged back to prison.

His biographer thus quaintly laments this sad relapse into captivity: "Ill-used before, better could not be hoped for; he sickens at the thought of his sad fate; a dreary while for him to linger out in sad despondency, well barred and bolted in with treble vigilance. A long, long summer and a dismal winter were to come, and these, for what he knew, might be repeated, if life so long would stay. He could not stand the thought, his spirits failed him, his looks grew pale; corroding, pensive thought sat brooding on his forehead, and left it all in wrinkles; his long, black hair grows like a badger gray, his body to a shadow wastes, and ere the winter came with her keen edge of hardened cold, his health was gone; yet he must struggle still with the remaining span of life, for out he must not come, and he's given up for dead.

"There dwelt, by lucky fate, in this strong capital, a lady fair, of chaste renown; of manners sweet, and gentle soul; long had her heart confessed for this poor prisoner a flame, best suited with the spirit of the times to smother, whose tender heart felt double smart at this his deep affliction, which threatened certain death; her kindred was confessed, and influence, too, well known with Vaudreuil, and, strange speech of love, thus she accosts the proud Canadian viceroy," etc.

We need not give this tender love song, but the burden of it was an urgent appeal to change the major's prison, and give him exercise and good air, and so a chance for his life. The prayer prevailed. The wan and wasted prisoner was allowed to walk the ramparts. By the care of this kind lady and her daughter, the major's health recovered by degrees, and he became very watchful and studious to disarm all suspicion.

The months passed on, and Stobo made the acquaintance of some English prisoners brought in, among others a Scotchman, by the name of Clarke, a ship carpenter by trade, who, by a facile and timely change of religion, was released, and was soon employed at work in the ship-yard.

With this man and another prisoner, by the name of Stevenson, he concocted a new scheme. In order to dismiss his kind lady attendant, he feigned illness. Instead of going to bed, however, he dressed in a plain, coarse workman's dress, incased his head in a thick worsted wig, and quietly stole down the stairs, past the rooms of the family that had been so kind to him, out into the garden, and leaped the wall.

No sooner out of town than he quickened his pace and made his way to a little windmill on the river, which was fixed as the rendezvous for the whole escaping party. He found them all there, with guns, ammunition, and provisions. March was the word, and Stobo, as leader of this gallant little band of five, moved along the river for a couple of miles, hoping to find some vessel by which to escape. At length they came across a large birch canoe, which they carried to the water, and all safely embarked. With nimble hands they plied the paddles and flew down the strong current of the St. Lawrence. By daylight Quebec was left far behind, and they sought the protection of the woods, carrying their canoe with them. As before, the major's flight was early discovered. This time the search was fruitless. The little party lay by quietly during each day, but as night came on they would again launch their bark upon the river.

On the eleventh night, as they paddled out into the broad St. Lawrence, they encountered a violent storm. The canoe filled with water, and they tried in vain to make the shore, but passed the night, tossed like a cork upon the waters, and only saved from wreck by unintermitting bailing. A piercing cold now set in, freezing their drenched clothes to their backs. By morning they succeeded in again reaching shore,

but in a most sorry plight. Their frozen garments rattled like coats of mail, scarce one could lift a limb, and a mother and children, who formed part of their crew, were almost dead. Two of the men, going out for game, soon ran back, frightened by the appearance of two armed savages. Stobo reassured them, and demanded to be led to a sight of them, thinking that if they were scouts for a larger party, it might be necessary to cut them off. They soon came upon the two unsuspecting savages, when Stobo broke out into a French cantata, and saluting the savages in French, seized the gun of one, while Stevenson grappled him and Clarke the other. Stobo then said they were Frenchmen, but in search of English prisoners who had escaped, and that he must be sure who they were. They were much alarmed, and offered to lead the way to their tent and to the fire, of which they were the guardians, so that the whole country might be alarmed at the advance up the river of any hostile British fleet. These fires, they said, were placed at regular distances from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Quebec, so that news could be speedily carried of any hostile invasion.

The wigwam was found full of furs, wild duck, and maple sugar, and the major's party began to rifle it. The Indians now realized their mistake, and the one Stevenson held gave a backward spring and set up a dreadful yell. To prevent any further noise, Stevenson had to shoot his man, and his comrade was soon made to share his fate. The camp again reached, Stobo thought it was imprudent to leave the bodies unburied, and sent back Clarke and another to inter them, which they did by fastening a heavy stone to the feet of each, and, having carefully removed the scalps, shoving them into a deep, black pool of water. Their poor, faithful dog, which sat howling on the margin of the pool, was also shot.

They now saw out in the river a fleet of French transports, with a convoy, ferrying their slow way up to Quebec. One ship in the rear, judged by her size to be that of the commodore of

the fleet, was lying to. Stobo concluded that she had seen their smoke and had sent her boat ashore to learn the meaning of it. The fire, therefore, was put out, and the canoe and baggage moved off into the woods, and then a roundabout course taken to the river again. They now espied a large four-oared bateau rowing for the shore and no ship in view. "Courage, my lads!" cried the fearless Stobo. "I hope, by your assistance and God's blessing on our arms, this prize shall be our own; these men our prisoners, too, and they shall lessen your fatigue and row for us; observe but what I order, and leave the rest to me."

Stobo's party now lay closely concealed among some rocks while the boat's crew pulled briskly in. Scarce had the prow bumped the beach when a volley was sent in among them, by which two were wounded. The astonished Frenchmen at once cried out for quarter. The major and his companions rushed down from the rocks, and ordered out the whole five. A reverend old gentleman, who was steering, stepped out with a polite bow of submission, and very naturally asked whose prisoner he was. The major answered in French that they were British subjects, who had been prisoners in Canada, and told them that they and their boat must aid their escape. To this the old Frenchman replied, he had been a long distance down the river, and was returning with his boat laden with wheat; that he was the Chevalier La Darante, and sole owner of the Camaraski Isles, and that, in addition to all this, he was old and feeble, and, therefore, should well be excused from being compelled to row his enemies.

To all which the major answered that if he were King Louis himself, and each of his crew a peer of the realm, he would have to row them. This ended the matter. As the shallop was too deep-laden for expedition, much of the wheat was cast out, and, all hands embarking, the boat left the shore, the faithful canoe dragging astern. Thus doubly manned, they could relieve the oars as well as attend the sail, which was now set

to a favoring gale, and away they sped again down the St. Lawrence. Finding the canoe impeding the shallop's speed, it was cut loose and turned adrift.

To lie by in the day was now impossible, neither did the major like much to trust his prisoners ashore. About noon they noted a lofty frigate, which had been convoy to the fleet of transports. This sudden and dreadful apparition gave no small alarm. Since they could not stand a fight, a run was resolved upon. Stobo took the helm, and ordered all to pull hard and to spread the sail, so as to pass the frigate's stern.

The usual signal to heave to came from the frigate, but the party paid it no attention; a second followed, which was likewise disregarded. The third report came accompanied by a shot which whizzed over their heads uncomfortably near. Then followed shot after shot, as long as the boat was in sight. The boat flew along, continuing on its course all night. The old Chevalier's remonstrance as to the hardships and indignities he was compelled to undergo passed unheeded. "*Il est fortune de guerre, monsieur,*" was all the reply vouchsafed by the major.

Days sped on. Capes, islands, and mountains were passed, one by one, but fortunately no sail was met. At length, a boat was found upon the beach, and Stobo told the Chevalier that he would let him go. All things being ready, the two parties took separate ways. Stobo's boat continued along all night. With the morning they espied abreast of them a ship at anchor, and heard the signal to heave to. This they declined, when a swivel, loaded with grape, opened fire, and after that another, completely riddling their sail, but doing no further damage. On they pushed, all that day and the next, but after that they were not quite so fortunate. Toward evening a dreadful storm arose. At the point they now were, the St. Lawrence was very broad, and the waves ran as high as upon the ocean, while the surf was quite as loud and dangerous. To beach the boat, however, was the only salvation for them, and straight to shore they let

her drive. Near the shore she came upon a rock with a dreadful shock, bursting open the boat's bows and filling her with water. The boat was completely demolished. Soaking as they were, a wet and dreary night was passed.

Next morning the boat's wreck was hauled ashore, and all, under the direction of Clarke, the ship carpenter, set to work to make it sea-worthy again. With wistful search they scanned the shore for nails and pieces of board to patch the old hulk. Eight days were spent in this tedious and disheartening work, and the stock of provisions was getting fearfully low. At length the boat was ready for the first pitch and oakum, carefully gathered from sticks found along many miles of shore. Stockings, handkerchiefs, and other articles of dress were used to stuff the joints, and the frail cutter was ready for launching.

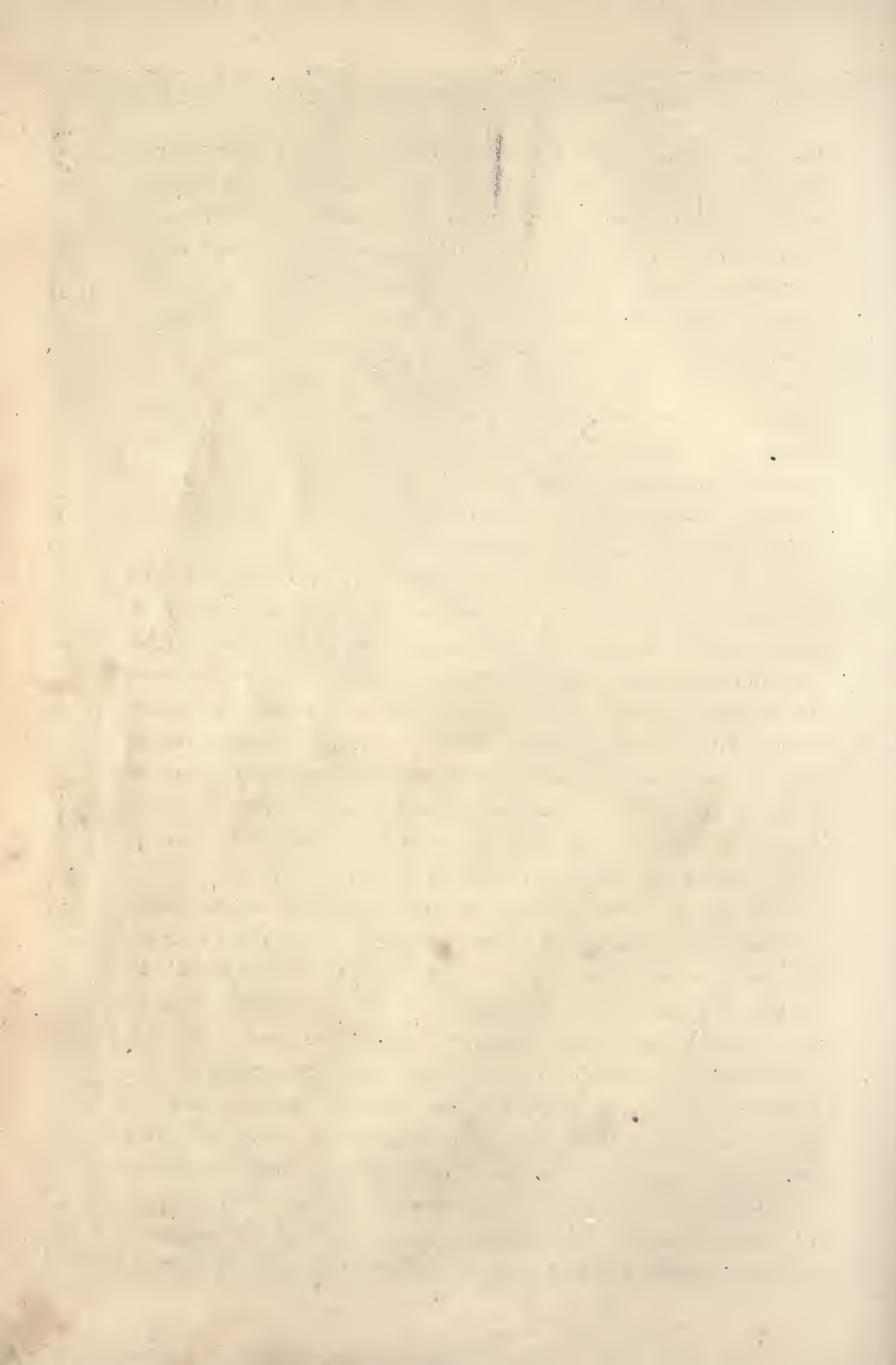
Just as this interesting ceremony was about to be performed, two sails were seen standing down the river, and, finally, their anchors were dropped right off the point where the crazy vessel sat upon the stocks.

At this crisis Stobo conceived a desperate scheme. Ordering his companions to lie still, he ran forward to the shore, fired his gun and waved his handkerchief. The signal was answered from the ship, a boat was lowered, and manned by two men and a boy, rowed within a short distance of the shore. One of the men asked what was wanted. Stobo answered, in good French, that he was on the king's errand, and wanted passage down the river, for which he would pay well, and that if they would come ashore he had a bottle of choice rum which he would be glad to offer. This proved too much for their prudence. In three minutes they were ashore guzzling the liquor. When well under its spell, it was a quick task to make them prisoners. Stobo then offered them life on condition of their giving true information of the numbers on board the ships. He said he would examine them separately, and if they disagreed, all would be killed. Their accounts agreed.

It was now night. The two men were bound to a tree, and



EXPLOIT OF MAJOR STORO.



the one woman, with drawn tomahawk, left to guard them. The boy was taken into the boat, to pilot them. Two rowed, while two were busy bailing out the leaky craft. Swiftly they pulled alongside the dark hull of the French sloop. No watch was kept. Stobo and his little company climbed quickly on board. Some unavoidable noise aroused the crew. The first man who came on deck was shot. A short struggle overpowered the crew, who fought at great disadvantage. Stobo found, to his joy, that the sloop was well armed, while the other vessel, the schooner, had no cannon. The two vessels were carrying provisions for a party of three hundred Indians at Quebec. Stobo instantly ordered his men to put the sloop under way, and run up the British flag.

In a few minutes the sloop was laid right alongside the schooner, and without a note of warning, a heavy volley of balls swept the deck of the schooner, killing every man in sight. The Indians on board sprang into the water. The whites cried for quarter. Stobo and his men, having boarded the prize, stood, with cocked muskets at the companion door; boldly ordered down the prisoners, one by one from the sloop; removed every thing valuable from the latter and smaller vessel; transferred the swivels, and then deliberately set fire to the sloop, which lighted up the whole heavens with a lurid glare.

All this time the poor woman stood trembling on the shore, keeping guard over the first two prisoners. When the thunder of the broadside was heard, the noise went to her heart like death's last summons. She was sure the guns were fired at Stobo and the rest, since she knew they had no guns. She was just about to surrender herself to her own two prisoners, and to entreat them to save her and her children, when she saw the vessel on fire. With fear and wonder, she kept her own thoughts. Stobo selected two of his best men and two prisoners and sent them ashore for the company there. They brought all safely on board. The hatches being closed on no less than eighteen prisoners, which was too many to be safe, they were

ordered up by ones, and eight were sent adrift in a small boat with provisions plenty, a musket and shot, and fishing-tackle, while the French schooner sailed away under British colors.

The small boat's party made straight to shore, and thence to the nearest military post, and told all that had happened. The officer, having heard of Stobo's escape from Quebec and the munificent prize offered for his capture, at once raised every man that could be spared, armed a suitable vessel, and made chase after the schooner. Too late! by this time Stobo was far ahead, and kept steadily on his course for several days, until the Island of St. John's appeared. By scudding along on one side of the isle, they chanced to miss a British fleet which was passing toward the river by the other channel. The armed sloop in pursuit of them, however, had no such good luck, for she was captured by the British.

At length our adventurous party sighted Cape Breton, away across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and soon gained the British fortified port of Louisburg, having been full thirty-eight days making the voyage from Quebec. The news of this wonderful and gallant escape flew from mouth to mouth, and the whole place was in a ferment of excitement. Stobo was for a time the observed of all observers. The schooner, with its valuable furs and other goods, was sold, and Stobo gave all his own share of the proceeds to the poor woman and her children who had so long been his patient companions.

Within two days Stobo set out to join Wolfe in his great expedition against Quebec. He is said to have been the man who pointed out the path up the steep cliffs by which the final assault was made. On the fall of the great citadel of Canada, Stobo was ordered to carry the dispatches to General Amherst, at Boston. On the way, the vessel he sailed in was attacked and captured by a French privateer. Stobo managed to pass as a common sailor, and was set adrift in a boat with one day's provisions. After four days of anxious toil at the oars, he reached Halifax, and thence made his way on foot to Boston.

On a November day in the year 1759, Stobo appeared among his old friends in Virginia. He was hailed as one risen from the dead. The Virginia Assembly presented him with one thousand pounds, and passed a resolution in praise of his heroism. He was also granted a year's leave of absence from his regiment on full pay. He went to England, and was honored by an interview with Pitt himself. At this point history loses sight of him. This shining portion of his career is known to all the world, but the fate of the man who accomplished such remarkable feats is unknown.

COLONEL JAMES SMITH

was, in May, 1755, a boy of eighteen years. He was one of the many settlers who went out to clear a path for the passage of Braddock's army through the wilderness. One morning he was ordered to go several miles to the rear to hurry up the provision wagons. On his return trip he was ambushed and captured by Indians. With a savage grasping either arm, he was forced to run over broken and rocky ground for fifteen miles. After a halt for the night, his captors pushed on to Fort du Quesne. On the journey, Smith received his share of moldy biscuit, roast venison, and wild turkey, faring comfortably, till he reached the neighborhood of the fort, where he was forced to run the gauntlet. In this little amusement the poor fellow was badly hurt, but, through the ministration of a French physician at the fort, he recovered.

After the terrible rout of Braddock's army the painted allies of the French began to withdraw from the fort, to return to their own people. Smith's captors took him with them to a town on the Muskingum river. He describes the novel reception given him.

“On my arrival at the aforesaid town, a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers, in order to take the firmer

hold; and so he went on as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair out of my head, except a small spot three or four inches square on my crown; this they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up with ornaments. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did. I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death.

“The old chief, holding me by the hand, made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them—I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me), and said ‘*no hurt you;*’ on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for, though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

“These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on; also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads; likewise a pair of moccasins, and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills, and red hair; also a tinsel laced cappel. They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and contained tobacco, spunk,

flint, and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in, dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats, and for a considerable time there was a profound silence—every one was smoking; but not a word was spoken among them.”

At length an old chief made a lengthy harangue, informing Smith that by this ceremony he had been adopted into the tribe. “From that day to this,” said he, after a captivity of many years, “I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves, in any respect whatever.”

That evening a band of braves, who were about to go on the war-path, collected together for the war-dance. An old Indian began to sing and beat time on a rude drum. “Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear, or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly toward the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks toward the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about, and danced in the same manner back.

“Each warrior then sung a war-song, and, striking a post with his tomahawk, in a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done, and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war, at this time were so animated by this performance that they took up the tomahawk, and sung the war-song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company.

“The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colors, and packs upon their backs. They marched off, all silent except the commander, who, in the front, sung the traveling song. Just as the rear passed the end of the town, they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.”

Smith’s first hunting expedition resulted disastrously to his

reputation. He was out with a party on a six weeks' hunt. One day his Indian friends gave him a gun, and told him to take the dogs, go down the creek, and try to kill some turkeys. He was further cautioned not to get lost. When some distance from camp, he found some buffalo tracks. Instantly all thought of such small game as turkeys vanished. The young hunter became fired with ambition to kill a buffalo. All day he followed the trail. At nightfall he found himself without turkeys, and much less buffalo. Worse than this, he was completely lost. He fired his gun, and halloed, but met no response. The next morning the Indians hunted him up by his tracks. "On my return to camp," says he, "they took my gun from me, and for this rash step, I was reduced to bow and arrows for near two years."

One day he displeased the Indians in some way, and the next morning found they erected a large frame-work, which he concluded was a gallows, on which he was to be hung. The structure proved, however, to have no more dangerous purpose than to serve as a drying rack for skins.

His first winter was spent with his adopted brother, Tontileago, and a small company of Indians, in a cabin, which they erected near the shores of Lake Erie. Though warm and comfortable, they were in great distress for want of food. There were only two men in the camp besides Smith. These had to provide food for several families of squaws and children. The crust on the snow would break through at every step, alarming the deer at the hunter's approach, and reducing them to the single chance of hunting bear holes. This became their daily occupation. Sometimes they drove the bear out of the hollow trees, with smoke and fire-brands; at other times, Smith and Tontileago would chop the tree down with their tomahawks. On these hunts they would build a little bark shelter for themselves, where, as Smith says, "we were quite snug." In the month of February, the squaws went to work to make maple sugar, collecting the water in bark vessels, holding a hundred

gallons, and boiling it in two large brass kettles. Towards spring, they also made vessels of dried deer skin, in which they stored the oil rendered out by frying bear's fat.

While out on a hunt with Tontileaugo, Smith one day remained in the little camp, while his companion went out after game. A Wyandotte came to the camp, and begged for some food. Smith gave him a shoulder of roasted venison, for which he was very thankful. That night Smith related the circumstance to Tontileaugo, who said that was right, but that of course Smith gave him sugar and bear's oil to eat his venison with. Smith said he had not. This answer angered the Indian greatly. "You have behaved just like a Dutchman. Do you not know that when strangers come to our camp, we ought always to give them the best we have?"

The next winter Smith was invited by a visiting chief, named Tecaughretanego, to go with him to another part of the country. Smith hesitated to leave his old friends, but Tontileaugo said that his new friend was a greater man than he was, and rather advised him to go. The region to which Smith went was north-western Ohio and eastern Michigan. Game was tolerably abundant, and the Indians had many apples stored up. Here too, Smith saw for the first time, cranberries, which grew in swamps, and were gathered by the Indians when the swamp was frozen. "These berries," Smith remarks, "were about as large as rifle bullets, of a bright red color, an agreeable sour, though rather too sour of themselves, but when mixed with sugar had a very agreeable taste." Smith met with a thrilling adventure this winter, which he relates as follows :

"I went out with Tecaughretanego and some others a beaver hunting; but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several raccoons had passed while the snow was soft, though there was now a crust upon it. We all made a halt, looking at the raccoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it, they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat; and if they had to halloo, and they would come and take them

out. When I went to that tree, I found they had gone past; but I saw another the way they had gone, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

“As it began to snow and blow most violently, I returned, and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being only about three inches deep, and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows, and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation, and as the air was dark with snow, I had little more prospect of steering my course than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree, with a hole at one side that I could go in at. I went in, and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry, rotten wood around this hollow. I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting breechclout, leggins, and moccasins), and with my tomahawk fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood and set it up on end against the door, until I had it three or four feet thick, all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at. I had a block prepared that I could haul after me, to stop this hole; and before I went in I put in a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside.

“When I went in I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry, rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my moccasins, and danced in the center of my bed for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow, in the meanwhile, had stopped all the holes, so that my house

was as dark as a dungeon; though I knew that it could not be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging.

“When I awoke, all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door or window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold as I was then situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my moccasins, which I had lain under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do all by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified. Among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous.

“I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket round me, and lay and mused awhile, and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful; it moved about nine inches. With this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received light; so that I found a very great snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light, that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell, and returned God thanks for having once more received the light of heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

“I was now in tolerable high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the

ground before ; and the only imperfect guide I had, in order to steer my course to camp, was the trees, as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them, if they are straight. I proceeded on, wading through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterwards, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy), I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp ; and when I came in sight of the camp, I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys."

This and another somewhat similar adventure so improved Smith's reputation that, soon after, the Indians went to Detroit and bought him a fine new gun. At the time of this purchase, the Indians, having a large surplus of beaver skins, resolved to expend them for brandy. Those who were to get drunk invited Smith to join in the revel, but he preferred to remain with the sober party, whose duty it was to prevent the debauchees from hurting themselves and one another. This dangerous task met with only partial success during the several days of the drunk, which lasted till the beaver skins were exhausted.

"When the brandy was gone, and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned. A number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn-planting. We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day ; but their frolic ended worse than ours : five Ottawas were killed and a great many wounded."

One night a squaw reported that the dreaded Mohawks were in the vicinity. Every one at once took to the bushes, except Manetohcoa, the conjurer, who placed himself before the fire, to exercise his magic. Among his implements were dyed feathers, and the shoulder-blade of a wild-cat. After many incantations and performances, he called loudly for the rest to come back. Breathless with awe, his audience listened while he announced

that, instead of a number of Mohawks appearing on the flat-bone, the pictures of two wolves had come, and that no enemy was near. Upon this assurance the whole camp went to sleep at once. In the morning his magic was verified by the presence of wolf-tracks, and the entire absence of moccasin prints.

Smith writes: "If there is any such thing as a wizard, I think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshiper of the devil. But let him be a conjurer or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them upon this occasion, as well as if it had come from an infallible oracle, or they would not, after such an alarm as this, go all to sleep in an unconcerned manner."

Tecaughretanego was an Indian of unusual intelligence. He had lofty opinions and original ideas on every subject with which he had opportunity to become acquainted. Smith said that he was the best reasoner he ever saw, and, as compared with other Indians, was as Socrates among the common Athenians. But the old chief was no longer influential or active. He was sixty years of age, and was so disabled by rheumatism as to be confined to his wigwam. It happened that one winter Smith found himself encamped alone with the old chief and his young son, Murganey, at a great distance from any other Indians. Here the old Indian was attacked by rheumatism, and so lamed and disabled that a removal was out of the question. On Smith's exertions the three depended to be kept from starvation. The story of the time is preserved in Smith's narrative.

"Though Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery, yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain me with cheerful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill, and activity; and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me that if I failed of success we would suffer very much, as we were about forty miles from any one living, that we knew of; yet he would not intimate that he appre-

hended we were in any danger, but still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.

“From Christmas until some time in February we had always plenty of bear meat and venison. During this time I killed much more than we could use, but having no horses to carry in what I killed, I left part of it in the woods. In February, there came a snow, with a crust which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating any thing, and had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary.

“When I came into our hut, Tecaughretanego asked what success. I told him not any. He asked me if I was not very hungry. I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey, his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth. After eating a few mouthfuls, my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wild-cat bones which lay about the camp, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked; these Nunganey had collected and boiled, until the sinews that remained on the bones would strip off.

“I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my *sweet* repast, Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt. I told him that I was much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He then said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now was because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed, ‘but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate

to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true.

“*Brother*—As you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the great Being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied, and that so frequently, that it is evidently the hand of the great Owaneeyo* that doth this. Whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of heaven and earth. I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger, but you have no just reason to fear this. I have been young, but am now old; I have been frequently under the like circumstances that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need. Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to love and serve him; and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful. Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means. Go to sleep, and rise early in the morning, and go a hunting; be strong, and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way.’

“The next morning I went out, and steered about an east course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles, and saw deer frequently; but as the crust on the snow made a great noise, they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry. It was now that I concluded I would run

* This is the name of God, in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape, but my case appeared desperate. If I stayed here, I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians, they could but kill me.

“I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, I came upon fresh buffalo tracks; I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them as they were passing through a small glade. I ran with all my might and headed them, where I lay in ambush, and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire, and began to roast the meat, but could not wait till it was done; I ate it almost raw. When hunger was abated, I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homeward.

“I scarcely thought on the old man’s speech, while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hard-heartedness and ingratitude in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man’s speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

“As it was moonlight, I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humor. He thanked me for my exertion, and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself; which he did, but ate it almost raw, as I

had done. I immediately hung on the kettle, with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices, and put them in. When it had boiled awhile, I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied, 'let it be done enough.' This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner as if he had not wanted one single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time, lest he might hurt himself, but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth; this command he reluctantly obeyed.

"When we were all refreshed, Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary supports of life with thankfulness, knowing that Owaneeyo is the great giver."

It was April before the old chief could be removed. The river being low, he said that he would pray for rain. "Tecaughretanego made himself a sweat-house, which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semi-circle; this he covered all round with blankets and skins. He then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into this hut, and then went into it himself with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs, which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack; they afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in, he told me to pull down the blankets behind him, and cover all up close, which I did, and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. He continued in this vehement hot place about fifteen minutes. All this he did in order to purify himself before he would address the Supreme Being."

When he came out of his sweat-house, he began to burn tobacco and pray in the following manner: "'O Great Being! I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, etc., without feeling exquisite pain and misery. I know that thou art a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee. Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may

be able, not only to walk, but to run and to jump logs, as I did last fall. Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Scioto and Sandusky. Grant that we may kill plenty of turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat. Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto, without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks. And now, O Great Being! thou knowest how matters stand; thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I may get any more, I now make a present of the last I have unto thee, as a free burnt offering; therefore, I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I, thy servant, will return thee thanks, and love thee for thy gifts.’”

While the old chieftain went through his devotions with the most profound solemnity, the irreverent Smith, greatly amused to see him waste all his tobacco, unfortunately laughed at him. The savage paid no attention to it at the time, but when the ceremony was over he scolded Smith roundly. The latter apologized, smoked some dried willow bark with him, the tobacco being all gone, and to patch up matters told him a good deal about Christianity. “I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible. He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priests, but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion, therefore he should continue to worship God in the way that he had been taught, and that if future happiness was to be had in his way of worship, he expected he would obtain it, and if it was inconsistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, he hoped that Owaneeyo would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which mercy might be conveyed. He said that he believed that Owaneeyo would hear and help every one that sincerely waited upon him.”

In a few days the rains descended and the floods came, and the chief, duly reminding Smith that it was in answer to his prayer, said that they might now embark for their people.

Smith remained with the Indians till the summer of 1759, when his tribe happened to be near Montreal. Here he heard of a French ship which had on board English prisoners to be taken across the sea and exchanged for Frenchmen. His resolution was made up. He managed to be taken captive by the French as a means for getting away from the Indians. After some months in prison he was exchanged, and in 1760, made his way back to his Pennsylvania home, where he was joyfully received. His parents had never known whether he had been killed or taken prisoner. One sorrow awaited him. His sweetheart was married to another man.

Smith took a very prominent part in Indian wars from this time forth. He was a colonel in the Revolutionary war, and in 1788 removed to Bourbon county, Kentucky. Here he became a prominent man, being a member of the legislature for many years. In his later years he wrote a narrative of his adventures among the Indians, which is, by far, the best specimen of that kind of literature extant. It has been called the American Robinson Crusoe. The quotations we have made show its interesting and graphic style.

THE BARD FAMILY.

Among the stories of Indian captivities which are in existence is one which purports to have been prepared by Archibald Bard, a son of the persons figuring in the narrative.

Richard Bard owned, in 1758, a small grist-mill in York county, Pennsylvania.

One morning in April, a band of Indians surrounded the mill and cabin. The doors were closed, but the Indians prepared to fire the house, and the inmates chose to surrender. These were Mr. Bard and his wife, a servant-girl and boy, and a Lieutenant Potter. The savages also captured a lad named

White, who was bringing a bag of corn to the mill to be ground, and two men named Hunter and McManimy, who were at work in a neighboring field. At a short distance from the house the Indians deliberately tomahawked Potter and Hunter. The remaining captives were hurried on at a break-neck speed over the mountains.

On the fifth day Mr. Bard received a severe beating with the club of a gun, almost disabling him. One-half of his head had been painted red. This indicated that one-half of the council were in favor of putting him to death, and the other half opposed to it. Bard's thoughts were busy with plans for escape, but he was not allowed to communicate with his wife. At last they were ordered to dress some turkeys. During the labor, the wretched husband and wife signalled that, if possible, each should escape separately at the first opportunity, and if only one got away, that every effort should be made to secure the release of the other. Bard's chance came. He was ordered to bring water from a spring twenty yards away. Mrs. Bard engaged the attention of the Indians at the moment, and instead of stopping at the spring, her husband bounded away into the forest.

The Indians soon missed him, and gave chase. Bard, being so lame that he could not run far, crawled into a hollow log, where he lay till his pursuers had passed him, and then started in a different direction. Bruised, footsore, and famished, he pressed on all that day and the next, hardly daring to look behind him, much less to stop.

"Towards the close of the second day," says the narrator, "he came to a mountain four miles across, and at the top covered with snow. By this time he was almost exhausted, having traveled nearly constantly for two days and nights, and being without food, except a few buds plucked from the trees as he went along; his shoes were worn out, and the country he traveled through being extremely rough and in many places covered with briars of a poisonous nature, his feet were very

much lacerated and swollen. To add to his difficulties, the mountain was overgrown with laurel, and the snow lodged upon its leaves so bent it down that he was unable, in many places, to get along in his weak condition, except by creeping upon his hands and knees under the branches.

“Three days had now elapsed since his escape; and, although he feared that the Indians were still in pursuit of him, and that by traveling along the mountain they would find his tracks in the snow, and by that means be led to his place of concealment, yet he found himself so lame that he could proceed no further. His hands, also, by crawling upon them in the snow, became almost as much swollen as his feet. He was therefore compelled to lie by, without much prospect, indeed, of ever proceeding any farther on his journey. Besides the danger of being overtaken by his savage pursuers, he was, in fact, in a starving condition, not having tasted food since his escape, except the buds already mentioned, plucked, as he journeyed on, from the bean-wood, or red-bud tree, as it is called.

“On the fifth day, however, as he was creeping on his hands and knees (not being able yet to walk) in search of buds or herbs to appease his hunger, he was fortunate enough to see a rattlesnake, which he killed and ate raw. After lying by three or four days, he allayed the swelling of his feet by puncturing the festered parts with a thorn; he then tore up his breeches, and with the pieces bound up his feet as well as he could. Thus prepared, he again set out upon his journey, limping along with great pain; but he had no other alternative, except to remain where he was and die. He had gone but a few miles when, from a hill he had just ascended, he was startled by the welcome sound of a drum; he called as loud as he could, but there was no one to answer; it was but a delusion of the imagination.

“On the eighth day he crossed the Juniata by wading it, which, on account of his lameness, he accomplished with great difficulty. Shivering in his wet clothes, he luckily caught sight of a camp-fire left by some hunters. Here he passed the night

in comparative comfort. In the morning he was horrified to come suddenly upon three Indians, probably the builders of the camp-fire. They proved, however, to be friendly, and assisted him to Fort Littleton, where he obtained food and rest."

To return to the other captives. Shortly after her husband's escape, Mrs. Bard received a terrible beating from a squaw. When the party prepared to move on, the wretched woman pleaded to be left where she was. The answer was that she might, if she preferred to be tomahawked rather than proceed. One day the party arrived at an Indian town. McManimy was detained outside the squalid village, while the rest were taken in; Mrs. Bard receiving a terrible scratching from the long nails of the squaws.

Poor McManimy met with a worse fate. A circle of Indians formed around him, and commenced beating him. A stake was meanwhile driven in the ground, to which he was then bound. The scene of torture then commenced. Some threw shovelfuls of hot coals on him. Others heated gun-barrels red-hot, and seared his flesh, until the sickening odor polluted the air. The wretched man was at last released from his sufferings by death.

Soon after this, Mrs. Bard was separated from the other captives, and saw them no more. The only comfort she had was some information from a white woman, who had been taken captive years before, and had taken an Indian husband. This woman told her that the belt of wampum around her neck indicated that she was not to be put to death, but was designed to be the wife of some warrior. She added that, as soon as captive women could speak the Indian tongue, they were forced to take an Indian husband or be put to death. Mrs. Bard took the hint, and during the whole time of her captivity, two years and a half, she never uttered a single word in the Indian tongue. During this time she was treated by the family in which she lived with marked kindness. They removed, soon after her arrival, to the head-waters of the Susquehanna. The fatigues of this journey, following so closely on the other,

brought on a dangerous illness, confining her for several months. In spite of the rough fare, and rougher accommodations, she recovered, and lived both to hope for liberty and receive it.

When Mr. Bard was partially recovered, at Fort Littleton, his anxiety for his wife impelled him to leave his bed and start to Fort Pitt. Arriving there, he found some Indians arranging for a peace. He visited their camp across the river, and recognizing some of his old captors, questioned them eagerly about his wife. They told him to come back the next day. That night a young man who had been taken captive in childhood, and had been adopted into the tribe, crossed to the fort and warned Bard not to come, as he had promised, the next day, as a plot was perfected to kill him.

From this time the disappointed man never ceased to search for his wife. Her removal to the Susquehanna threw him completely in the dark as to her whereabouts. At last, he obtained a clue, and wrote her a letter, telling her to promise her captors forty pounds for her release. But the plan failed, either through the non-delivery of the letter, or the distrust of the Indians. Among other schemes, he hired an Indian to steal his wife, but at the last moment the fellow refused to go on such a dangerous and doubtful errand. At last, peace having been made, Bard determined at every hazard to go for his wife himself. He did so, found her, and succeeded in purchasing her release.

A tragic incident occurred in connection with Mrs. Bard's return home. Among the Indians was an adopted brother, who had been kind to her, and Mr. Bard invited him to come and see him some time. It was not long before the Indian accepted the invitation. While on his visit, the poor red man got drunk at a neighboring tavern, and received a dangerous stab in a quarrel. Mr. Bard cared for the wounded Indian in the most attentive manner, and he recovered. On his return to his people, the savage was accused of disloyalty, and of having become a white man. A council of braves was held, his death decreed, and the same day the fiat was put into execution.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AMBITION OF PONTIAC.



THE web of history is woven from the countless threads of individual lives. Its pattern is controlled by the genius of great men.

Pontiac was the chief of the mighty confederacy of the Ottowas, the Ojibwas, and the Pottawotamies, which had its center of power in what is now the State of Michigan. But the genius of the mighty chief had spread his fame and influence, not merely through the confederacy, nor yet alone to the surrounding tribes, but over the greater part of the continent.

On the east his name was respectfully mentioned among the Indians of the Mohawk Valley as that of their greatest foe. Far to the South, the wandering tribes of Florida and Louisiana, had heard of the unapproachable prowess of Pontiac, and looked up to him as the greatest of all the Algonquin chiefs. His intellect was broad, powerful, and far-seeing. In him were combined the qualities of a great leader, a great warrior, and a great statesman. His plans continually reached out beyond the narrow limits of his tribe. His ambitions vaulted far beyond the scope of those of common chieftains. His understanding rose to higher generalizations, broader comprehensions, than those of any other Indian mind. In 1760 he was fifty years old, just at the meridian of all his splendid powers.

Great minds require great opportunities. The world is full of wasted genius. "Hands that the rod of empire might have



REVELS OF THE INDIANS AT A FRENCH FORT.



swayed," are to be found holding the plow-handle and the plane. Cromwell without the English Revolution, Washington without the Revolutionary war, Grant without the Civil war, would have been indistinguishable from the common throng of men.

Pontiac was great. He also had great opportunities. Let us take a survey.

The English had conquered America. The French, the idols of the Indian heart, to support whose cause the remotest tribes of the north and west had furnished quotas of warriors, traveling hundreds upon hundreds of miles to strike a blow at the English, were humiliated, driven from the continent.

From the small and widely separated forts along the lakes and in the interior the red men had, with sorrow and anger, seen the *fleur-de-lis* disappear and the cross of St. George take its place. This took place, although the Indian power was unbroken. Toward the intruders, victors over their friends, patrons, and allies, the Indians maintained a stubborn resentment and hostility.

We have already noticed the difference in the policies of the French and English. The abundant supplies of rifles, blankets, gunpowder, beads, pipes, and brandy, which had for so many years been dispensed from the forts with lavish hand, were abruptly stopped. When the Indians visited the forts, instead of being treated with politic attention and politeness, they were received gruffly, subjected to indignities, and not infrequently helped out of the fort with the butt of a sentry's musket or a vigorous kick from an officer.

In addition to these things the wilderness was overrun with brutal English traders, who plundered, cheated and cursed the warriors, dishonored their squaws, and indulged in every form of profligacy. The best settlers tried to break this up, sometimes stopping a mad revel by force of arms. Such a scene is presented in the opposite picture. Meanwhile France, still smarting under her defeats, dispatched emissaries to almost

every council house and wigwam from the lakes to the gulf, saying that French armies were already on their way to drive out the English, and inciting the Indians to inflict swift and bloody revenge upon the foes of France.

Lashed almost into frenzy by these agencies, still another disturbing influence appeared in a great Indian prophet, who arose among the Delawares, preaching the recovery of the Indian's hunting grounds from the white man, and claiming to have received a revelation from God. Vast throngs listened to his wild eloquence, his audience containing hearers who had come from distant regions to hear him. The white man was driving the Indians from their country, he said, and unless the Indians obeyed the Great Spirit, and destroyed the white man, then the latter would destroy them.

This was the state of affairs among the Indians in 1761 and 1762. Everywhere was discontent, sullen hatred, and explosive passion. The shadows of the forest were not blacker than the ominous darkness which pervaded the Indian breast. This was not local, but was far more nearly universal, spreading from the lakes to the gulf, than any other Indian disturbance before or since.

It is impossible to say how much of this state of affairs was due to Pontiac's designing intrigue and instigation, and how much of it arose spontaneously. We can not tell whether Pontiac made it, or whether it made Pontiac. Certain it is that Pontiac maintained close relations with the great Shawanese prophet. However this may be, we are certain of two things, that it constituted Pontiac's opportunity, and that but for his genius the whole mighty ferment would have evaporated in a few scattering Indian raids.

While these things moved the common Indian, the vision of the great and wise Pontiac took a wider scope, and was inspired by loftier notions than a mere resentment at the failure of the presents and the summary treatment of idle loungers about the forts. He saw that as long as France and England had been

opposed to each other in America, the Indians had held the balance of power, and received the treatment which their importance merited. But now that England had no longer a rival, the Indians were spurned and crowded to the wall. This he saw must result in the destruction of the race, unless France could regain her foothold on the continent. This became his ambition. To this end he conceived and concerted the most wonderful conspiracy, taking into view the surroundings and circumstances, upon which the historian's toil has shed the light of day.

Toward the close of 1762, dark messengers from Pontiac, bearing the war belt of wampum, broad and long as the importance of the occasion demanded, threaded their way through the forest to the farthest shores of Lake Superior, and the distant delta of the Mississippi. On the arrival of these ambassadors among a tribe, the chief warriors would assemble in the council house. Then the orator, flinging down the red-stained tomahawk before his audience, would deliver, with energetic emphasis and action, the message from his lord. The keynote was WAR! On a certain day in May, after so many moons, the Indians from lakes to gulf, were to take the war-path simultaneously, destroy the English fort nearest them, and then throw themselves on the unprotected frontier.

The bugle call of such a mighty leader as Pontiac roused the remotest tribes. Everywhere they joined the conspiracy, and sent lofty messages to Pontiac of the deeds they would perform. The ordinary pursuits of life were given up. The warriors danced the war-dance for weeks at a time. Squaws were set to sharpening knives, moulding bullets, and mixing war-paint. Children caught the fever, and practiced incessantly with bows and arrows.

For the one time in their history, a thousand wild and restless tribes were animated by a single inspiration and purpose. That which was incapable of union, united. Conjurors practiced their arts. Magicians consulted their oracles. Prophets avowed

revelations from the Most High. Warriors withdrew to caves and fastnesses, where, with fasting and self-torture, they wrought themselves into more fearful excitement and mania. Young men sought to raise their courage by eating raw flesh and drinking hot blood. Tall chieftains, crowned with nodding plumes, harangued their followers nightly, striking every chord of revenge, glory, avarice, pride, patriotism, and love, which trembled in the savage breast.

As the orator approached his climax, he would leap into the air, brandishing his hatchet as if rushing upon an enemy, yelling the war-whoop, throwing himself into a thousand postures, his eyes aflame, his muscles strained and knotted, his face a thunderstorm of passion, as if in the actual struggle. At last, with a triumphant shout, he brandishes aloft the scalp of the imaginary victim. His eloquence is irresistible. His audience is convulsed with passionate interest, and sways like trees tossed in the tempest. At last, the whole assembly, fired with uncontrollable frenzy, rush together in the ring, leaping, stamping, yelling, brandishing knives and hatchets in the firelight, hacking and stabbing the air, until the lonely midnight forest is transformed into a howling pandemonium of devils, from whose fearful uproar the startled animals, miles away, flee frightened into remoter lairs.

The time for the bursting of the storm drew near. Yet at only one place on the frontier was there the least suspicion of Indian disturbance. The garrisons of the exposed forts reposed in fancied security. The arch conspirator, Pontiac, had breathed the breath of life into a vast conspiracy, whose ramifications spread their network over a region of country of which the north-western and south-eastern extremities were nearly two thousand miles apart. Yet the traders, hunters, scouts, and trappers who were right among the Indians, and were versed in the signs of approaching trouble, suspected nothing wrong. Colossal conspiracy! Stupendous deceit!

On the 27th of April, 1763, Pontiac met the chiefs of the

allied tribes, from far and near, in a grand war council, on the banks of the little river, Etorces, not far from Detroit. Parkman gives a vivid picture of the assembly, as band after band came straggling in before the appointed time. "Here were idle warriors, smoking and laughing in groups, or beguiling the lazy hours with gambling, with feasting, or with doubtful stories of their own exploits in war. Here were youthful gallants, bedizened with all the foppery of beads, feathers, and hawks' bills, but held, as yet, in light esteem, since they had slain no enemy, and taken no scalp. Here also were young damsels, radiant with bears' oil, ruddy with vermilion, and versed in all the arts of forest coquetry; shriveled hags, with limbs of wire, and voices like those of the screech owls; and troops of naked children, with small, black, mischievous eyes, roaming the outskirts of the woods.

"On the long expected morning, heralds passed from one group of lodges to another, calling the warriors in loud voice to attend the great council before Pontiac. In accordance with the summons they came issuing from their wigwams—the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibwas, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggins garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the deep and fiery passions hidden beneath that immovable exterior.

"Then Pontiac rose. According to tradition, not above middle height, his muscular figure was cast in a mould of remarkable symmetry and vigor. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression, while his habitual bearing was imperious and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his

impetuous will. His ordinary attire was that of the primitive savage, a scanty cincture girt about his loins, and his long black hair flowing loosely at his back; but on occasions like this he was wont to appear as befitted his power and character, and he stood before the council, plumed and painted in the full costume of war. Looking round upon his wild auditors, he began to speak, with fierce gesture and loud impassioned voice."

Parkman's story of the council reminds one of the council of infernal peers in Pandemonium, as described by Milton. One naturally expects Pontiac, this Moloch of the forest, to begin, "My sentence is for open war," and the expectation is fulfilled. He inveighed against the arrogance, rapacity, and injustice of the English, and contrasted them with the French, whom they had driven from the soil. He recounted the neglect, the insults, the outrages, which he and his braves had suffered at their hands. He pointed out how the English, no longer having the French to contend with, had not only ceased to treat the Indians with respect, but had stolen their hunting-grounds, and awaited only a chance to destroy them. Next he showed them an immense belt of wampum, saying that he had received it from the French king, whose armies and war-canoes were already on the way to sail up the St. Lawrence, and retake the forts from the English. The Indians and their French brothers would again fight side by side against the common foe, whose waving banners had long, long ago been trailed in the bloody mire of defeat on the Monongahela.

The orator having lashed his audience into fury, quickly soothed them with the story of a Delaware Indian, probably the prophet before mentioned, who had had a dream, in which it was revealed to him that, by traveling in a certain direction, he would at length reach the abode of the Great Spirit.

After many days of journeying, full of strange incidents, he saw before him a vast mountain of dazzling whiteness, so precipitous that he was about to turn back in despair when a beautiful woman, arrayed in white, appeared to him, and told

him that, in order to proceed he must throw away his gun, ammunition, provision and clothing, and wash in a stream of crystalline purity, flowing near by. He obeyed, but again failed to climb the mountain, when the vision reappeared and told him he must climb with one hand and foot. So doing, he succeeded, and at last came to a city of splendid dwellings. Hesitating which to enter, a man, gorgeously attired, took him by the hand, and led him into the largest one, where, astonished by the unspeakable splendor which surrounded him, the poor Delaware found himself in the presence of the Great Spirit.

The Great Spirit bade him to be seated, and addressed him, saying that he was the Maker of heaven and earth, that he had made this country for the Indian, and not for the white man; that as for the English, "these dogs dressed in red," the Indians must lift the hatchet against them, and destroy them from the face of the earth. Many other things did the Great Spirit say to the Delaware before the latter found his way back to his brothers. Pontiac next told the wide-laid plans for the outbreak during the next moon, urged his auditors to go to war, and, finally, laid before the vast council a stratagem for the capture of Detroit.

He ended. A deep roar of applause burst forth. No one was hardy enough to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. Chief after chief arose, and with solemn emphasis, entered his approval of the great Pontiac's conspiracy.

"The bold design

Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes. With full assent
They vote."

"With this conclusion the assembly dissolved, and all the evening the women were busily employed in loading the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank of the stream. The encampments broke up at so early an hour, that when the sun rose, the swarm had melted away, the secluded scene was restored to its wonted silence and solitude, and nothing remained but the slen-

der frame-work of several hundred cabins, with fragments of broken utensils, pieces of cloth, and scraps of hide, scattered over the trampled grass, while the smoldering embers of numberless fires mingled their dark smoke with the white mist which rose from the little river."

In 1763, the site of the city of Detroit, Michigan, was occupied by a settlement of some twenty-five hundred people. In the center of the long line of dwellings, with their little gardens, straggling along the river shore for several miles, stood what was known as the Fort. It was, in fact, a fortified part of the town. It consisted of a palisade twenty-five feet high, with a bastion at each corner, and block-houses over the gates. Within this palisade were crowded a hundred small, wooden, straw-thatched dwellings, crowded closely together, along narrow streets. Besides these incommodious dwellings, there was a little church, a council-house, and a well-built range of barracks. A wide roadway separated the houses from the palisade.

The garrison of the fort consisted of one hundred and twenty English soldiers, under Major Gladwyn. Besides these, were forty fur-traders, and the ordinary Canadian residents of the fort. Several light pieces of artillery peeped out from the bastions, and two armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn*, stood motionless in the stream. The settlement outside the fort, stretching out more than eight miles along both sides of the river, consisted of the dwellings of Canadians, and three Indian villages.

It was the afternoon of the 5th of May. A Canadian woman from the fort crossed the river to the Ottawa village, to buy some maple sugar and venison. She noticed some warriors in a strange occupation. They were filing off their gun-barrels. This left the entire weapon, stock and all, only a yard in length. Such a weapon could easily be hid under a blanket. That night the woman mentioned it to a neighbor. "Oh," said he, "that explains it." "Explains what?" "The reason why so many Indians have lately wanted to borrow my files."

He was a blacksmith. No more attention was paid to either circumstance.

The next afternoon a plump and pretty Ojibwa maid came to the fort. She was Gladwyn's mistress. But this time Catherine's eyes no longer sparkled with pleasure and excitement. Her face was anxious, and her look furtive. She lingered long at the gate till she could speak to Gladwyn alone.

The major at once saw that the girl knew something which she feared, yet longed to tell. He caressed her, and sought to



CATHERINE REVEALS THE CONSPIRACY TO GLADWYN.

win her secret, but it was not for a long while, and under solemn promises that she should not be betrayed, that the dusky sweetheart spoke. She said that on the morrow Pontiac would come to the fort with sixty chiefs, and demand a council. Each would be armed with a gun, cut short and hidden under his blanket. When all were assembled in the council-house, at a given signal from Pontiac, the chiefs would fire on the officers, then rush out and massacre the garrison. Gladwyn believed the maid.

She went back to her people. The guards that night were doubled. At times the watchers on the walls heard unwonted

sounds, borne to them on the night wind from the distant villages of the Indians. They were the steady beat of the Indian drum, and the shrill choruses of the war-dance.

At the expected hour, Pontiac came, followed in single file by his sixty chiefs. Each was wrapped to the throat in his gaudy blanket, his face smeared with paint, and his head adorned with nodding plumes. The leader started as he saw the soldiers drawn up in line, and heard the ominous tap of the drum.

The council took place, but under the encircling guns of the soldiers. Pontiac saw that the plot was discovered. The signal for attack was not given. After a short and uneasy sitting, he and his chiefs withdrew with marked discomfiture and apprehension. Better far had it been if Gladwyn had made prisoners of the chiefs of the conspiracy. But he knew nothing of the extent of the plot. He supposed it to be a fit of bad temper. He allowed his enemies, and the arch-conspirator, Pontiac, to slip through his fingers. Enraged at his defeat, and shrewdly perceiving Gladwyn's ignorance of the real situation, Pontiac returned the next day, to remove the suspicions of the garrison by smoking the pipe of peace.

On the 9th of May a great throng of Indians appeared before the fort. Pontiac was told that he might enter, but his company must be excluded. Instantly the savage threw off the mask of deceit he had worn so long, and, casting one look of unspeakable rage and hate at the fort, he strode away across the plain. At his approach, the whole horde of savages rushed to an exposed cabin, where lived an old English woman and her family. The doors were beaten in, and the inmates tomahawked. On a neighboring island lived an Englishman named Fisher. In a few moments he, too, was murdered.

That night, while the garrison watched with sleepless apprehension, the whole Ottawa village was removed to that side of the river on which stood the fort. "We will be nearer them," said Pontiac. A messenger arrived at the fort with news. Two

Englishmen had been murdered on Lake St. Clair, and Pontiac had been re-enforced by the whole war strength of the Ojibwas.

The garrison passed the night in feverish anxiety. Not till the blush of dawn tinged the eastern sky did the fierce Indians, yelling with infernal power, come bounding naked to the assault; but when they came it was not the Ottawas alone, but the Wyandots, the Pottawattamies and Ojibwas as well. For six hours the cautious Indians, from behind trees, logs, and cabins, showered their rifle-balls upon the fort with slight effect; and for the same time the garrison ineffectually returned the compliment. When the disappointed savages withdrew, Gladwyn, believing the affair ended, dispatched La Butte, a neutral interpreter, accompanied by two old Canadians, to open negotiations. Numbers of the Canadian inhabitants took this opportunity of leaving the place.

Pontiac received the three ambassadors politely, and heard their offers of peace with apparent acquiescence. La Butte hastened back to the fort, reporting that a few presents would fix up the difficulty, but when he returned to Pontiac he found the negotiation had made no progress. After a consultation with his chiefs, the treacherous Pontiac said that he desired Major Campbell, the veteran soldier, second in command at the fort, to come. When the word reached Campbell, he prepared at once to go, in spite of Gladwyn's fear of treachery. The officer's companion was Lieutenant McDougal. A Canadian met them, and warned them that they were advancing into the lion's jaws, but the brave officers refused to turn back.

As they entered the camp, a howling mob, armed with clubs and rocks, surrounded them, but Pontiac quelled the tumult, and conducted them to the council-house, where they were surrounded by sinister faces. Campbell made his speech. There was no reply. For an hour he waited in dead silence before the steady gaze of his dark-browed enemies. Not a chief deigned to open his mouth.

At last Campbell rose to go. Pontiac made an imperious

gesture for him to resume his seat. "My father," said the wily traitor, "will sleep to-night in the lodges of his red children." Campbell expostulated, he argued the matter to Pontiac with enforced calmness. Useless—he was a captive. Late that night La Butte returned with anxious face to the fort. Some of the officers suspected him, no doubt unjustly, of a share in the treachery. Feeling the suspicion, he stood in the narrow street, gloomy and silent, refusing all efforts at conversation.

Pontiac proceeded to redistribute his forces. One band hid in ambush along the river below the fort. Others surrounded the fort on the land side. The garrison had only three weeks' provisions. The Indians intended that this stock should not be replenished. Every house in the fort was searched for grease, tallow, or whatever would serve for food. Whatever was found was placed in the public storehouse.

The Indians, unused to protracted sieges, also suffered from want of provisions. The Canadian settlers were ruthlessly despoiled of their stores. Aggravated beyond endurance, they complained to Pontiac. He heard them. After that, each settler was required to contribute a certain quantity of food daily to the Indians, but it was to be deposited in a certain place. If any Indian entered a Canadian's premises, he was shot.

These dispositions on the part of Pontiac reveal his genius for command. He was an Indian Napoleon. He did another thing. After he had visited the house of each Canadian, examined the property, and assigned the amount of provision to be furnished by the owner, he found he had nothing with which to pay for it. In this emergency he hit upon a remarkable expedient. He issued promissory notes, drawn upon birch bark, and signed with the figure of an otter, the totem to which he belonged. These notes were afterwards faithfully redeemed. This incident is wonderful. The whole principle of paper money, the great resource of modern statesmanship, was utilized by this savage. It was an issue of greenbacks—a war measure.

Pontiac kept two secretaries, one to write letters, one to read



MAJOR CAMPBELL ARGUING WITH PONTIAC.



those received. Neither secretary knew what the other transacted. It is to be remembered that Pontiac maintained his ascendancy among the Indians by the sheer force of his genius. Accident, birth, fortune, laws, institutions, the power of the government—all these things which make and help the leaders in a civilized country, were wanting. One day a bottle of whisky was sent Pontiac as a present by our old friend, Rogers, of Rogers's Rangers, who was in the fort. His counselors urged him to let it alone, for fear of poison. As usual, he listened respectfully to them. Then he at once drank a large cupful, saying the man had no power to kill him.

Weeks rolled by with no change in the situation. Unaware of any trouble at Detroit, the British commander-in-chief at New York, had, as usual in the spring, sent a detachment up the lakes with food, ammunition, and re-enforcements for the forts along the lakes. In order to hasten this flotilla the schooner *Gladwyn* was dispatched down the river. On the 30th of May some faint specks appeared on the watery horizon. They grew larger and blacker. The sentry in the bastion called aloud to the officers, who eagerly ran to look with spy-glasses. They recognized the banner of St. George, under cover of which advanced the expected fleet of canoes. Quick, joyous commands were given for a salute of welcome.

When the sound of the booming cannon of the fort died away, every ear was strained to catch the response. It came, faint but unmistakable—a war-whoop, and not a salvo of artillery. The faces of the watchers grew pale. The approaching flotilla was watched with breathless anxiety. When it was well in view, a number of dark and savage forms rose up in the leading canoe. The truth was manifest. The flotilla was in the hands of the Indians. In the foremost of the eighteen canoes, there were four prisoners and only three Indians. In each of the others there were more savages than white men. These latter were forced to row.

Just as the leading canoe was opposite the small schooner,

which lay at anchor before the fort, one of the white men was seen to seize the first savage by the hair and throw him overboard. The Indian clutched his adversary's clothes, and stabbing him again and again, dragged him into the river, and locked in a death embrace, the two floated down the stream. The two remaining Indians jumped overboard, while the prisoners pulled desperately toward the schooner, which they succeeded in reaching, amid showers of bullets from the pursuing canoes.

The poor fellows told the story of their misfortune. After coasting for days, without seeing a sign of life, the soldiers had landed for a night encampment, when they were surrounded by savages, and, after a desperate fight, overpowered. As was afterwards discovered, only three, including the commander, Lieutenant Cuyler, escaped.

The Indians besieging Detroit now had two causes for rejoicing. One was the whisky of which the canoes, among other supplies, of course, brought large quantities for the garrisons. The other source of pleasure was the captives. Every Indian took his choice, either to become drunk with liquor or intoxicated with the fiercer frenzy of massacre. It was a puzzling alternative. Many chose the latter. After every species of torture and butchery, the poor, mutilated corpses were thrown into the river, with knives sticking in their hearts. Floating past the fort, they were seen by its defenders. The gloom of despair settled upon them. At any time the slender palisade might be cut or burned through, and then ——!

Thronged of Indians, having proceeded to get blindly drunk on whisky, sought consolation for their sorrow at not being participants in the massacre. This they found in biting off each other's noses, a cheerful and amusing sport. But even this hilarious fun grew monotonous. Then they organized a massacre of their own. Having no captives to kill, they killed each other.

One afternoon the famished and anxious garrison heard the dismal death-cry. A line of naked warriors extended across the

plain. Each savage was painted black, and carried a pole. At the end of the poles were small, fluttering pennants. An officer ran for a spy-glass. The pennants were discovered to be the scalps of white men. What had happened?

That night a Canadian crossed the river to the fort, bearing the tidings. Fort Sandusky was about seventy miles south-east of Detroit. Its garrison was commanded by Ensign Paully. About dark, on the evening of May 16th, there had been a knocking at the gates. It proved to be a few Indians. It was a time of peace. The Indians were well known to Paully. What was more natural than to admit them? The dark visitors were seated in a circle in the council-house. The pipe of peace was being handed from mouth to mouth. Suddenly the guests sprang up, and in a hand to hand conflict butchered or overpowered the garrison. As the commander was hurried away in a canoe, he saw the fort wrapped in flames, where he had, fifteen minutes before, commanded in as he supposed monotonous security.

Twenty-five miles south of the present town of Erie, then Presqu'Isle, stood a heavy block-house, known as Fort Le Bœuf. Simultaneously with the treachery at Sandusky, a multitude of howling savages surrounded the little post. By means of blazing arrows the roof was fired. As the flames swept through the structure, the savages poured in a continuous storm of balls, expecting each moment that the garrison must be driven from the building.

The brave men, however, chopped a hole through the heavy logs in the rear of the building, and escaped, while the Indians were still covering the doors and windows with their guns. The refugees made their way to Fort Venango, to find only a heap of red-hot coals. Of this post, not a single white man survived to tell the story of its fate. Overcome with suffering and starvation, most of the desolate band from Le Bœuf perished. Only seven haggard and weary men succeeded in reaching Fort Pitt.

The magnitude of the Pontiac conspiracy and the powers

of combination which its creator possessed are demonstrated by the widely separated points at which the smoldering flames of Indian hostility simultaneously burst through the thin crust of peace. Fort St. Joseph stood on the river of that name near the southern shore of Lake Michigan. Here the priests of the Roman Catholic Church had, for many years, maintained a rude temple of worship. Here, in the solitude of the wilderness, the toil-worn fathers labored, without recompense, to plant in the savage heart the germ of Christian faith.

One May morning a crowd of Indians pushed their way into the fort under various pretexts. At a sudden signal, they ran to the gates, tomahawked the sentinels, and threw them open to a host of savages without. The little band of fourteen soldiers made a fluttering attempt to rally, but in less than two minutes, as an eye-witness says, eleven of them were corpses, and the remaining three made captives.

Everywhere the Indian attack was made by stratagem and treachery. Everywhere their devilish ingenuity was successful. Fort Ouatanon, situated on the Wabash river, a short distance below the present flourishing and aristocratic city of Lafayette, was captured in this way. The Indians, however, did not massacre the garrison. They were merely made captives. About midway between Sandusky, St. Joseph, and Ouatanon, that is, about one hundred and twenty-five or fifty miles from each of them, on the Maumee river, stood another one of these lonely and isolated wilderness posts—Fort Miami.

One morning an Indian girl, a favorite of the commanding officer, Holmes, came to the fort. Unlike the Ojibwa maid at Detroit, this girl came to lure her lover into a trap. An old squaw, she said, was lying sick in a wigwam, a short distance from the fort, and she begged Holmes to come and see if he could do any thing for her. The unsuspecting officer yielded to the request. As he entered the lodge where the sick squaw was supposed to lie, a dozen rifles were discharged, and he fell dead. A sergeant, hearing the shots, ran out of the fort to see what

was the matter, and met a similar fate. The panic-stricken garrison, possessing no longer a leader, threw open the gates and surrendered.

The news of these disasters poured in thick and fast upon the horror-stricken garrison at Detroit. It seemed to them that the whole fabric of English supremacy in the wilderness was falling around them. In the great San Domingo insurrection of slaves, Toussaint L'Ouverture, their great leader, took a cup full of gunpowder, and placed a few grains of rice on top. Showing it to his officers, he said: "The black grains of powder are the multitudes of negroes on the island. The few white grains of rice on top are the few white men who are our masters." Shaking the cup, the rice was quickly overwhelmed and covered by the powder. "This," said he, "is the negro rebellion." The illustration applies equally to the situation of the defenders of Detroit at the time of which we write. But the worst news was yet to come.

Fort Presqu'Isle, standing near the present site of Erie, was constructed on the lake shore, at the mouth of a small brook. At one angle of the fort was a heavy block-house. Its roof was of bark, and easily fired, but on the comb was an opening, with a small bulwark of plank, where the guard could, from behind this partial protection, pour water on the flames. One lovely June morning, just as the rising sun shot his horizontal rays far across the blue expanse of Erie, tipping each wave with gold, hideous yells broke the silence of the lonely spot. The soldiers, catching the alarm, ran to the block-house.

Two hundred Indians had surrounded the post, and from behind some neighboring ridges of land discharged their guns at every opening visible in the walls of the block-house. In a short time fire arrows were showered on the roof. Again and again it burst into flames. Again and again they were extinguished. The tireless savages rolled logs to the summit of the ridges, and from these loftier barricades were enabled to command every point in the parade ground. Hour after hour the

soldiers returned the shots of the savages. About two o'clock the besiegers could be seen throwing up vast heaps of earth and stone behind their breastworks. What did it mean? A mine?

The garrison had no time to speculate on this problem. A more pressing danger was at hand. It was no longer possible to procure water from the well in the parade ground. The water barrels in the block-house were almost empty. Yet almost every moment the flames curled upward from the bark roof. The only resource was to dig a well in the block-house. While a part of the men discharged their heated muskets from the port-holes, the rest, with a strength inspired by the emergency, dug a hole in the ground. Before the well was finished the last drop of water was poured on the roof. It caught again. A soldier said, "I will put it out." He crawled out on the roof, amid a storm of balls, and tore the blazing shingle from its place.

Night came, but it brought little respite for the worn men. Some slept, while the others watched. All night long the flash of the enemy's guns startled the darkness. By morning the well was finished. It was fortunate! The savages had dug a mine to the commandant's cabin, which stood in the parade-ground. The building was fired. So close did it stand to the block-house, that the walls of the latter scorched, blackened, then burst into flames. Still the men passed water up from the well, and choked and blinded with the hot, sulphurous air of their wooden redoubt, fought with all the fury of the first repulse.

All day the storm raged, and nightfall brought no interruption. At midnight there was a sudden lull in the Indian fire. In a moment a voice was heard from the breastworks, calling for a surrender, saying that the speaker was an Englishman, who had been taken captive in childhood, and had espoused the Indian cause; that the besiegers had now completed a mine to the block-house itself, making its destruction certain; that a surrender would save the garrison's lives, while further resistance

would result in certain death. At daybreak, the pale and haggard defenders of the block-house looking, after their fiery ordeal, almost like blackened specters, marched out and surrendered. They were made captive, but not massacred.

The news at Detroit of the fall of Presqu 'Isle was only surpassed in tragic importance by that of the fall of Michillimackinac.

The pleasure seeker who spends a summer on the lovely Island of Mackinaw, with its white cliffs, its piny woods, its "Tower Rock," and "Devil's Kitchen," its old fort and venerable hotels, its meandering drives, and all the quiet scenes which go to make up the Mackinaw of to-day, is impressed with a sense of its antiquity. The prevailing air of decay, the old-time buildings of the Old Mission and Island House hotels, the quaint manners of the resident population, the rotting sail boats, which lie at abandoned wharves, all tend to make this impression.

The old fort looks as if it had been built in some remote age. Every thing is antique, quiet, un-American. Our summer traveler is completely shut in from the roar and bustle of the busy world. Mails come twice a week, or rather did a year or two ago, when the writer spent a summer there. The only event of the day is the arrival of some steamer. One feels as if the clock had been turned back a hundred years.

Drinking in the pure and bracing atmosphere, indulging in such quiet sports as the place affords, he soon learns to love the island. Sometimes he spends a day in fishing. More often he wanders with some friends through the woods. Now he joins his lady friends, and visiting the few little stores, inspects the stocks of Indian ware. Birch bark canoes, from six inches to three feet long, pipes, bows and arrows, birch baskets, all these he finds in immense quantities.

Lower down on the island he will find the shanties of the Indians who manufacture these articles. Stolid, copper-colored men, with straight, black hair, everlastingly smoking tobacco pipes, lounge around on benches in the open air on a summer

day. Now and then a grunt or a guttural ejaculation breaks the silence. That is all. They look sullen and sad. Too infinitely lazy to do any work, they seem simply to be waiting, waiting the extinction of their race. Yet these are the descendants of the fierce Ojibwas, whose principal village occupied the Island of Mackinaw in the year 1763.

So the air of antiquity which hangs about Mackinaw is an illusion. In 1763 no white man resided on the island. It was the home of the terrible Ojibwa chief. Fifteen miles to the south, across the beautiful straits, in which the blue waters of Michigan meet and mingle with the fresh tides of Huron, near the site of old Mackinaw, stood the fort of Michillimackinac, at the time of which we write.

This post was in 1763 nearly a hundred years old, while the Island of Mackinaw was yet only the seat of an Indian town. Parkman describes the post as it was on the eventful morning of June 4, 1763. The houses and barracks, containing thirty families, and a garrison of thirty-five men, were arranged in a square, inclosing a considerable area. Outside of this square was a larger one, formed by the high palisades. "In the vacant space inclosed by the houses, appeared the red uniforms of British soldiers, the gray coats of Canadians, and the gaudy blankets of Indians, mingled in picturesque confusion. Women and children were moving about the doors; knots of Canadian voyagers reclined on the ground, smoking and conversing; soldiers were lounging listlessly at the doors and windows of the barracks, or strolling in undress about the area."

There was absolutely no suspicion of danger. Yet the garrison had had warnings plain enough to put the British on their guard. Several Canadians had warned them that the Indians were plotting their destruction. The commander of the fort, Captain Etherington, did not overlook these warnings. He threatened to send the next alarmist in chains to Detroit! Only the day before the tragic fourth of June an Indian named Wawatam, who had taken a fancy to Alexander Henry, a trader,

who was in the fort, came over and first advised, then urged, and finally begged Henry, on his knees, to leave the fort that night. In vain!

All that day unusual throngs of Indians had visited the fort. Their special demand was for guns, hatchets, and knives. Valuable articles of jewelry were also called for, the place of their keeping carefully marked, and then the treacherous customers would leave, saying, "We will call to-morrow." This remark was deeply significant. What was the real state of affairs?

The news of Pontiac's attack on Detroit, at the head of the Ottawas and their neighbors, had inflamed the Ojibwas of Mackinaw. With the exception of the tribes around Detroit, the State of Michigan was occupied by the Ottawas and Ojibwas. Their territory was separated about equally by a line running south from Michillimackinac. The western, or Ottawa, tribe had their principal village, L'Arbre Croche, on what is now Little Traverse Bay. At the head of this lovely inlet now stands the bustling town of Petosky, while a pocket in the shore of the bay forms a quiet harbor which the wildest storm scarcely ripples. The spot where now stands the microscopic settlement of Harbor Springs was once occupied by the populous lodges of the Ottawas.

The original plan was for the warriors of L'Arbre Croche to unite with the Ojibwas of Mackinaw in the attack on the fort. But so jealous were the latter that they resolved on carrying out the plot without telling their neighbors.

The scene outside the fort on the morning of June 4, 1763, was quite different from that we have described within the palisade. The plain in front was covered by throngs of Indians engaged in ball playing. The gates of the palisade were wide open. Groups of soldiers stood in the shade of the palisade looking at the sport. Most of them were without their arms. Sober Indian chiefs stood as if intently watching the fortunes of the game. In fact, however, their thoughts were far otherwise employed. Large numbers of squaws also mingled in the

throng, collecting chiefly near the open gates. In spite of the warm day they were wrapped to the throat in blankets. The game of ball or baggattaway was between the Ojibwas and the neighboring Sacs. At either extremity of the open ground stood a post, which constituted the station of one of the parties. Except that the ball was smaller and that a bat much like those used in lawn tennis served instead of the kick, the game was identical with our well known foot-ball.

The ball was started from the middle of the ground, and the game was for each side to keep it from touching their own post, and drive it against that of their adversaries. The game was played on this morning with unprecedented fury and abandon. Hundreds of naked Indians were running, jumping, bounding over each other, turning hand-springs, executing aerial somersaults, striking with the bats, tripping each other up, every way, any way, to get at the ball and foil the adversary. Now they surged together in a knotted mass, struggling furiously for the ball; now the sphere rose high in air, with the players bounding after it like hounds, with hilarious uproar.

Suddenly the ball rose high, and descending in a wide curve, fell near the gate. It was no chance stroke. The players instantly bounded toward the ball, but just as they reached the neighborhood of the gates the shouts of sport changed suddenly to the ominous war-whoop. The squaws threw open their blankets, and withdrawing therefrom guns, hatchets, and knives, the players instantly flung away their bats, seized the weapons, and fell upon the defenseless garrison and traders. Fifteen of the garrison were butchered outright.

The story of Alexander Henry, the trader, is full of interest. At the time the war-whoop was raised, he was in his room writing letters.

“Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found.

“I had in the room in which I was a fowling-piece, loaded

with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living.

“At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians, nor suffering injury; and from this circumstance I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses.

“Between the yard-door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbor, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety, until the heat of the affair should be over, an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for me,—*‘Que voudriez-vous que j’en ferais?’*

“This was a moment for despair; but the next, a Pani woman,* a slave of M. Langlade’s, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed me up to the garret-door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

“This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I

* Usually written Pawnee. This tribe lived west of the Mississippi, and was frequently at war with the northern nations. This woman was a captive of war.

was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture, which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors.

“The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken not only with horror, but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before, every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of ‘All is finished!’ At the same instant I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

“The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could therefore hear every thing that passed; and the Indians no sooner came in than they inquired whether or not any Englishmen were in the house. M. Langlade replied that ‘he could not say; he did not know of any;’ answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. M. Langlade was therefore, as I presume, as far from a wish to destroy me as he was careless about saving me, when he added to these answers, that ‘they might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question.’ Saying this, he brought them to the garret-door.

“The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch-bark, used in maple-sugar making, as I have recently described.

“The door was unlocked and opening, and the Indians

ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

“The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes, and the want of light in a room which had no window, and in the corner in which I was, must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time.

“There was a feather-bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person that now entered was M. Langlade’s wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

“As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Detroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Michillimaackinac was four hundred miles; I was without provisions; and the

whole length of the road lay through Indian countries, countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was, threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquillity, suspended my cares, and procured me further sleep.

“The respite which sleep afforded me during the night was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise I heard the family stirring, and presently after Indian voices, informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and that they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which, no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers; giving as a reason for this measure, that, should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they.

“M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife’s, but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels.

“I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced, and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed, and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle.

“One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body entirely covered with charcoal and grease,

only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled either eye. This man, walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while, in the other, he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into my breast. His eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, 'I won't kill you!' To this he added that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him.

"A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me down stairs, and there informing me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed everywhere else, the Indians were all mad with liquor, death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my master. M. Langlade, in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was, until he found another opportunity to take me away. Thus far secure, I re-ascended my garret-stairs, in order to place myself the farthest possible out of the reach of drunken Indians."

In an hour a rough voice again summoned Henry from his hiding-place. The savage ordered him to strip, and then follow him. The fellow owed Henry for some goods, and as he carried a dangerous knife, Henry feared that he was to be murdered. The Indian conducted his prisoner some distance, when Henry, finding that their way led to a lonely and hidden spot behind some sandhills, stopped and told the Indian he believed it was a plot to murder him. The savage coolly replied that it was, and raising his knife, was about to suit the action to the word, when Henry turned and ran with all his might to the fort. The savage followed with uplifted knife, but the

trader regained the house from which he had been taken, and the pursuit was abandoned.

The next morning Henry, with two other prisoners, was placed in a canoe, to be taken by several Indians to the Isles du Castor. When well out of the straits and into Lake Michigan, a heavy fog and stormy weather caused them to hug the gloomy coast. When within twenty miles of L'Arbre Croche, a hundred Indians suddenly jumped out of the woods into the surf, dragged the canoe ashore, and while making captives of the guards, explained to the three Englishmen that their lives had been saved by the Ottawas, as the Ojibwas were going to eat them. In a short time the Ottawas embarked for the fort, and Henry started back, arriving at Michillimackinac, the Ottawas coolly took possession of the fort and proceeded to abuse the Ojibwas for springing the trap without notifying their brothers. Henry hoped to be freed, but the two tribes patched up the quarrel, and he again found himself a prisoner of the Ojibwas.

The latter removed the disappointed man to a neighbor town. Here, by strange good fortune, the trader met his friend Wawatam, who had given the unheeded warning. The Indian possessed more than the ordinary nobility of the human heart. He at once asked the council to set his friend free, and his eloquent appeal was emphasized at every pause by presents, which literally impoverished the savage. His request was granted, and Henry found himself established in an Indian family, on the footing of a brother of Wawatam.

On the morning following his release, Henry, whose fears were by no means quieted, was alarmed by a noise in the prison lodge from which he had been removed. "Looking through the openings of the lodge in which I was, I saw seven dead bodies of white men dragged forth. Upon my inquiry into the occasion, I was informed that a certain chief, called by the Canadians Le Grand Sable, had not long before arrived from his winter's hunt; and that he, having been absent when the war began,

and being now desirous of manifesting to the Indians at large his hearty concurrence in what they had done, had gone into the prison-lodge, and there with his knife put the seven men whose bodies I had seen, to death.

“Shortly after, two of the Indians took one of the dead bodies, which they chose as being the fattest, cut off the head, and divided the whole into five parts, one of which was put into each of five kettles, hung over as many fires, kindled for this purpose, at the door of the prison-lodge. Soon after things were so far prepared, a message came to our lodge, with an invitation to Wawatam to assist at the feast. An invitation to a feast is given by him who is the master of it. Small cuttings of cedar wood, of about four inches in length, supply the place of cards; and the bearer by word of mouth states the particulars.

“Wawatam obeyed the summons, taking with him, as is usual, to the place of entertainment, his dish and spoon.

“After an absence of about half an hour, he returned, bringing in his dish a human hand, and a large piece of flesh. He did not appear to relish the repast, but told me that it was then and always had been the custom among all the Indian nations, when returning from war, or on overcoming their enemies, to make a war-feast from among the slain. This he said inspired the warrior with courage in attack, and bred him to meet death with fearlessness.”

Soon after this agreeable information, Henry learned that the Indians were going to remove to the Island of Mackinaw, which was accordingly done. One day the Indians captured a couple of canoes from Montreal, carrying a quantity of liquor. The savages began to drink heavily, a proceeding full of danger to every one near. Wawatam told Henry that he was bound to get drunk, and that it would not be safe for the Englishman to remain where he was during the debauch. Wawatam therefore conducted him to a cave in the center of the island, where he was to hide himself until the liquor was all gone.

Henry broke some branches from the trees, and spreading

them down in a corner of the cave for a bed, went to sleep. During the night he felt some hard substance under him, and groping for it, seized some kind of a bone, and threw it away. Not till morning did he discover that "he was lying on nothing less than a heap of human bones and skulls, which covered all the floor." He remained in this cheerful apartment a day or two without food, until Mr. Wawatam, with swollen eyes and thick utterance, staggered up to the cave, and told him the drunk was over. For more than a year Henry lived with his protector, Wawatam, hunting through the gloomy forests of Michigan, before he finally succeeded in making his way to Montreal.

When Henry had met with his friend Wawatam, and been adopted into his family, the other survivors of the massacre were still kept by the Ottawas at Fort Michillimackinac, whence they were removed to L'Arbre Croche. Captain Etherington dispatched a letter to Lieutenant Gorell, the commander of the little post of Green Bay. The latter was requested to bring all his force to the relief of the prisoners. Gorell was on the point of obeying and abandoning his post, when the neighboring Indians intimated that his departure would be prevented. The threat might have been carried out had not a messenger from the terrible Dakota nation, with its thirty thousand braves, arrived with words of loyalty to the English, and denouncing with threatenings and slaughter, every tribe which was unfaithful to them. This sentiment must be attributed to no loftier source than the ancient hostility of the Dakotas to the Ojibwas. Gorell was now allowed to depart, and making his way to the Ottawa village, negotiated the release of the prisoners.

On July 18, 1763, they embarked in their canoes for Montreal, reaching there more than a year sooner than Henry. With the fall of Michillimackinac, and the abandonment of Green Bay, the Detroit garrison found itself left alone in the wilderness. There was not a British soldier west of Fort Niagara, except those behind the palisades of Detroit.

We have wandered far from the story of the defenders of Detroit. The news of the disasters which we have related was received by the despairing garrison with sad punctuality. Meanwhile, though we have neglected to follow their fortunes or misfortunes, events crowded each other in this remarkable siege.

One night some friendly Canadians, from the other side of the river, reported at the fort that there were rumors among the Indians that the schooner *Gladwyn* was coming up the river. This vessel had gone down to hasten Cuyler's ill-fated expedition. Having passed the flotilla, which was yet voyaging prosperously, she held on her way to Niagara. She was still riding at anchor in the smooth river above the falls, at the time when Cuyler and two companions, haggard and exhausted, reached the fort with the story of the disaster, and of themselves alone being left to tell the tale.

A force of sixty men was at once placed on board the schooner, with such ammunition and supplies as could be spared from the fort. She had made her way up the river, and was about to undertake the few dangerous miles which separated her from the fort. The garrison fired two guns to let the crew know that the fort still held out. This done, they waited.

The schooner, meanwhile, weighed anchor and started up the narrow channel between the shore and Fighting Island. Just as she reached the narrowest part, the afternoon breeze grew more and more gentle, and at last died away, leaving the white sails drooping idly in the air. Nothing is so absolutely helpless as a sail-vessel without a favoring wind. It is hardly possible to understand how the commerce of the globe was carried on entirely by means of them until within the present century. The anchor chain rattled off rapidly from the capstan. The great iron fluke disappeared in the water, and energetically grabbed the bottom of the river. The vessel was standing still, within gunshot of an Indian ambush.

As the sun sank to rest in his couch of flame, the guards on board the vessel were doubled. Hour after hour their

strained eyes sought to penetrate the darkness. At last, the splash of muffled oars was heard. Dark objects came moving swiftly down the river toward the vessel. Every man was silently summoned on deck. A blow of a hammer on the mast was to be the signal for firing. The long black canoes approached the dark and silent schooner. The Indians thought the prize was theirs. At last the hammer struck the mast. The slumbering vessel burst into a blaze of cannon and musketry. The hostile fleet was demoralized. Many Indians were killed. Some canoes were sunk outright. As the enemy opened fire from their barricade, the schooner weighed anchor, and, drifting with the river's tide, floated down out of danger.

The following day the passage was again attempted, this time with success. The beleaguered garrison received the much-needed supplies of men, ammunition, and provision.

Pontiac was disappointed. Everywhere success had crowned the conspiracy except that part of it which he superintended himself. For forty days his genius and resolution had held his restless followers to the dull monotony of the siege. How much longer could he do it? His uneasiness manifested itself. One thing which showed it was his attempt to force the neighboring Canadians to lend active assistance. He called them together in council, made a long speech, told them that he fought for the king of France, their sovereign; that if they were loyal Frenchmen they must lend their help; that if they were friendly to the English, and would not join in the war against them, then he would make war on them as enemies of France.

All men can, on occasion, be hypocrites. Some of the Canadians pretended to take up the hatchet and join in the siege. This accession required a celebration. Pontiac ordered a feast—of dogs. In every one of all the numberless wigwams which formed the besieging lines, a dog was slain, and the flesh eaten. If an Indian happened to dislike the dish, it was so much the worse for him. An enormous piece of the delicacy was placed before him. By all the laws of Indian society and etiquette,

he was not allowed to rise from the repast till he had eaten every bit of the meat.

Another incident revealed Pontiac's rage. It is hard even for a great leader to hide his real feelings from his followers. At first he had protected Major Campbell from Indian cruelty. But his red retainers now read a new lesson in his imperious eye. The captive was murdered in his prison.

The two schooners in the bay were regarded by the Indians with mingled rage and superstition. The broadsides with which their camps were bombarded, the white wings which they spread, the mysterious control of their movements by the sailors, the knowledge that the schooners served to connect the otherwise isolated garrison with the rest of the world, inspired the savages with apprehension and fury.

One night in July, the lookout on one of the schooners saw a glowing speck of flame far up the river. It came nearer, growing brighter and brighter as it approached. The white beach along the river front, the dark pine trees in the background, were lit up by the illumination, revealing dense throngs of Indians crowded along the water's edge. The palisades of the fort, and the spars and rigging of the vessels, glowed like fire itself. Far across the harbor the waves were reddened with the light. The anxious soldiers of the garrison could be seen, watching with anxiety the singular apparition. As the flaming object came nearer, it was discovered to be a fire-raft. The inventive genius of Pontiac had caused a number of canoes to be lashed together, and a vast quantity of combustibles to be piled on the structure. A torch was applied, and the thing of destruction was pushed off into the current.

But fortune or providence protected the schooners. The blazing monster, sending up vast volumes of roaring flames, missed them by a hundred feet, and floated harmlessly down the river, consuming nothing but itself. As the relieved soldiers and sailors watched it receding into the night, the light grew fainter and fainter, until, at last, with a mighty hiss, the demon

of fire plunged into the watery depths, as if to drown its sorrow at the wretched failure. This attempt was made again and again, but the crews of the vessel arranged a barricade of boats and chains, which foiled every effort.

Unknown to the garrison, Captain Dalzell was on his way to Detroit with two barges, two hundred and eighty men, several small cannon, and a fresh supply of provision and ammunition. Under cover of night and fog, they reached the fort in safety, having been attacked only once, a conflict which, however, resulted in the loss of fifteen men. Boat after boat discharged its loads on shore amid the cheers of the soldiers and the booming of cannon. Among the arrivals was Major Rogers, of Rogers's Rangers, with twenty of his old followers.

Captain Dalzell, on the day of his arrival, much against Gladwyn's advice, insisted on attacking the Indians. These had been forced, by the cannonading from the schooners, to remove their camp to the rear of a great marsh, several miles from the fort.

At two o'clock on the morning of July 31st, the gates of the palisades were noiselessly opened, and two hundred and fifty men marched down the road along the river shore. Not a sound was heard in the still night but the muffled footfalls of the soldiery and the occasional rattle of an officer's sword. Close to the river shore, keeping pace with the troops, two bateaux, each carrying a swivel gun, were rowed with stealthy stroke. The starlit sky was moonless. But for the fresh lake breeze, which sighed among the foliage of the overhanging forest, the midsummer night would have been intolerably sultry. On the right of the winding road lay the river, with its dark and restless tide; on the left, the houses and farms of Canadian settlers.

A mile and a half from the fort the road wound over a narrow, wooden bridge which spanned a small stream, and then crossed a succession of ridges lying parallel with the rivulet. These ridges were crowned with low barricades. The spot had



ARRIVAL OF DALZELL WITH SUPPLIES.



been Pontiac's old camp. On either side of the road were vast piles of firewood, cut by the Canadians, and stumps of trees from which the fuel had been cut. Here was a long line of heavy picket fence, inclosing several orchards. There, on rising ground, stood the house of a Canadian named Meloche. Over it all hung the pall of darkness and mist from the river which made the various objects indistinct.

The soldiers supposed their attack would be a complete surprise to Pontiac. Yet, in spite of this, the men shuddered as they filed down the descent which led across the narrow, wooden bridge. The ravine looked lonely and suspicious. The spot seemed fit for a massacre.

The advance guard had proceeded half-way across the bridge. Suddenly there was a wild war-whoop in the darkness, and the ridges, the intrenchments, the orchard fence, the black wood-piles, the half-chopped logs, whatever could afford a shelter to a savage, burst into flame. Half the advanced guard fell at the first fire. The unhurt men fled to the rear, and in a moment the whole column wavered. Dalzell dashed to the front. His clear voice rang out above the infernal din. The men rallied, and in a spasm of rage, charged across the bridge and up the opposite slope. It was sad folly. Before one-third of the way up the slope, every howling Indian had fled to another spot, from which he could fire upon the English. The latter pushed on with the courage of insanity. The charge which they maintained so stubbornly was a bloody mockery. The lines were broken and entangled in a labyrinth of fences, outhouses, trees, and woodpiles, from behind which the red foes kept up a murderous fire.

To advance was madness. To halt was folly. To retreat was a necessity. One company, under Captain Grant, hurried back across the bridge, and taking possession of the road prepared to cover the retreat. The two bateaux had been rowed up the creek to the bridge, and the dead and wounded were hurriedly placed on board. A heavy fire was poured in upon

the English during this last office of friendship. All at once a concentrated volley was received from another direction. The men of Grant's company turned to find a body of Indians strongly posted on their left flank about the house of Meloche and the neighboring orchards. To stop the deadly cross-fire, Grant's men charged up the hill, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the savages from the orchards and house. In the latter were two Canadians. They said the English should retreat at once to the fort, as large numbers of Indians had posted themselves on the road in the rear.

The situation was critical. The men retreated rapidly and without serious opposition for a half mile. At this spot the road again ran through a region thickly planted with houses and fences. Here, also, was a newly dug cellar for a house. This pit was near the road. It was full of Indians. As the center of the column arrived opposite the ambushade, a heavy volley of balls was discharged at the soldiers.

Already unnerved by the disaster at the bridge, the men were well-nigh panic-stricken at this new surprise. They started down the road in wild confusion, breaking ranks, trampling on each other, throwing away their weapons, any way, every way, to fly from the storm of bullets. Dalzell, with drawn sword, shouted at the men, and forced some to stop. Others he seized by the shoulders and held. He was twice wounded, but paused not till his panic-stricken command was rallied.

It was almost daybreak. But a dense fog from the river, illuminated by incessant flashes from the enemy's guns, nevertheless concealed the enemy. Finally it grew light enough to discern the shadowy outline of a house, of which the Indians had taken possession, and from the windows of which they poured murderous volleys upon the little band of Englishmen. This house commanded the road along which the men must pass to reach the fort. Major Rogers, with his handful of Rangers, burst in the door of the house with an ax, and, in a

fearful hand-to-hand conflict, killed every Indian in the house who did not fly. Another detachment charged a line of fences behind which the savages were concealed. This, too, was in the main successful.

In the lull that ensued after these two advantages, Dalzell at once ordered the retreat to recommence. The column had not moved twenty feet when the Indians came running from every direction with wild yells, and fell upon their rear and flank. Dalzell was shot and killed. The loss of their leader threatened the battered and unnerved command with total destruction.

In the crisis Major Rogers and his Rangers took possession of another house which commanded the road. Some of the terrified regulars followed him, in frantic eagerness to gain shelter from the tempest of destruction without. The building was large and strong. The Canadian women and children of the neighborhood had already fled to it for refuge. They were crowded into the cellar.

As the Rangers entered the building, its owner, an old man named Campan, resolutely planted himself on the trap-door leading to the cellar, and thrust back every soldier who sought to lift it. No time was to be lost. Rogers's stentorian voice shouted to the men to barricade the windows. In a moment the yells of two hundred Indians, surrounding the house, mingled with the shrieks and cries of the half-stifled women and children in the cellar. With skilled hands, the Rangers piled the windows full of furs, bedding, clothes, whatever would serve to shelter them from the bullets of the savages, which now rattled against the building like the roar of a hailstorm.

While Rogers and his men boldly risked their lives to cover the retreat of the others, Captain Grant hurried forward for another half mile, and posted a squad of men in a strong situation, from which base of operations he sent forward other detachments, as they came up, to occupy other points along the road within supporting distance of each other, until by these

tactics he had a complete line of communication with the fort. Each squad in turn, commencing with the farthest, then guardedly retreated to the fort, till all were in.

The gallant Rogers and his handful of Rangers, who had by their courage saved the command from complete destruction, were yet defending themselves in Campan's house against a vast multitude of savages, who had concentrated their force upon this isolated band of heroes. To relieve these brave fellows from their imminent peril, Grant ordered the bateaux to ascend the river to a point opposite the house. The swivel-guns were brought to bear, and in a short time the assailants were driven to the rear of the house. Rogers and his men seized the opportunity to rush out, just as the savages burst in at the rear door. Under cover of the cannonade, the Rangers made their way to the fort. At eight o'clock in the morning, after six hours of fighting, the last man entered the sheltering palisade. The fight at Bloody Run, as the creek was known from that time, had cost the English a loss of fifty-nine men.

The news of the Indian victory spread far and wide through the north, and bands of painted warriors arrived daily to re-enforce the besiegers. The siege resumed its old monotony, which was at last disturbed by a thrilling attack on the schooner *Gladwyn*. This vessel, the smaller of the two, was returning from a trip to Niagara. She had on board ten sailors and six Iroquois, who were supposed to support the cause of the English. One morning these wily children of the forest asked to be put ashore. In a moment of folly the request was complied with. That they repaired at once to Pontiac with reports of the weakness of the crew, there can be no doubt.

That night the schooner attempted the narrow river channel below the fort, but was caught midway in a dead calm. The pitchy darkness concealed from the eyes of the anxious look-outs a fleet of canoes, with three hundred and fifty Indians, which floated unobserved to within a few yards of the schooner. One cannon-shot was fired, but before its echoes had ceased the

savages swarmed over the sides of the vessel by scores. A fearful hand to hand conflict ensued.

But resistance was useless. Ten or fifteen savages surrounded each sailor. Just as all was about over the mate shouted, "Boys, fire the magazine, and blow her up!" A moment more and the vessel would have been a dismantled wreck. But some Wyandots understood the words. With a wild cry of alarm the Indians leaped from the vessel into the water, swimming away at the top of their speed. The deck was cleared instantaneously. The astonished crew found not an Indian on board, where a minute before they had been by scores. The savages ventured no more near the vessel. The next morning a stiff breeze filled the languid sails, and the plucky little schooner made her way safely to the fort.

We can not follow the detailed story of the siege further, but turn to view other fields which the ambition of Pontiac desolated with the horrors of war. When the weak line of frontier forts was overwhelmed, the news of the successive disasters was carried, not alone to the starving garrison of Detroit, and the great chieftain who sat watching it like an Evil Genius, but the same tidings spread like wild-fire along the defenseless frontiers, and among the wild Indians of the west, who yet hesitated to take up the hatchet. Venango, Sandusky, Le Bœuf, St. Joseph, Miami, Ouatanon, Michillimackinac, Presqu' Isle, these were the fated names which flashed over the frontiers, carrying dread and terror to every cabin.

It is to be remembered that the defenseless frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania bore the recent scars of the fearful desolation of the French and Indian War, which ensued after Braddock's defeat. Their sufferings were recent. The memory of the mighty panic which desolated vast stretches of settled country, and of the awful fate of hundreds and thousands of settlers, who, with dogged courage, faced the savage hordes, was fresh and vivid.

The imaginations of the terror-stricken pioneers dilated with

horror as the black-winged rumors flew from cabin to cabin, and from settlement to settlement. Nor were these apprehensions untimely. The very worst came to pass. The most exaggerated fears were those which most nearly foretold the truth. The war-parties of savages, with reddened tomahawk and flaming torch, followed swiftly after the tidings of the fall of the forts.

It was the French and Indian war over again. This statement must be received with some qualifications. It was more extended. It was bloodier. It was more sudden. It was more fearful in its details. In these respects the war of Pontiac was worse than that of the French and Indians. From the tall Creeks, who dwelt among the palms and magnolias of the sunny south, to the wiry/savages who shivered around frosty Halifax, the war-cry resounded through the unending forests, and the tomahawk was uplifted by cruel hands.

The details of the fearful conflict may not be followed in this place. Only a few of the most striking incidents can be mentioned. In three months more than two thousand families were driven from their homes in Pennsylvania and Virginia to the settlements and cities of the east, and more than a thousand persons were massacred or taken captive. As in the former war, vast sweeps of settled country were absolutely abandoned by the flying inhabitants. As before, the multitudes of unhappy refugees were crowded together in the towns to which they had hurried, seeking shelter in barns, hovels, and temporary huts of bark, where they were confronted by all the horrors of penury and famine. As before, the Quaker government sat with folded hands, extending to the bleeding frontiers no comfort but counsels to non-resistance, and no aid but pious maxims. From every valley of the Alleghanies rose black columns of smoke from burning cabins and blazing hay-stacks.

The commander-in-chief of the British army was reluctantly forced to believe in a wide-spread Indian insurrection. From the meager resources at his command, two relief expeditions

were organized for the two posts, which were thought to be in imminent peril. The story of the one designed for Detroit, under the brave but incautious Dalzell, we have already traced. The other expedition, under Henry Bouquet, consisting of five hundred emaciated and feeble regulars from the West Indies, was designed for Fort Pitt.

Day after day the weak, little band pressed on their errand of succor. Now they passed the charred ruins of desolated settlements in some lovely valley; now they came to some lonely little block-house, from which a swarm of beleaguering Indians fled at their first approach; now suffering from the heat of the July sun, they toiled, panting up the long slopes of the Alleghanies; now from the crest of some range they looked out over the landscape, with its purple mountain ranges, its shimmering rivers, and its deep valleys, embowered in all the luxuriance of midsummer foliage.

The fate of Braddock's army, of more than ten times the strength of this little command of regulars, already wasted by disease contracted in the burning atmosphere of the Indies, and wholly unused to Indian warfare, hung constantly before the eyes of the men. Every possible precaution against ambuscade was taken. They were within twenty-five miles of Fort Pitt, descending a hill through a dense forest, when a volley of shots at the head of the column announced to every startled soldier that they were attacked. A command to charge was given, and company after company dashed down the hill. Before the impetuous onset the Indians fled.

Just at the moment of victory, a heavy fire in the flank and rear announced that the enemy were by no means all in the front, and that the provision wagons, carrying the precious stores for Fort Pitt, as well as the supplies for the troops, had been attacked. No time was to be lost. The men turned and hurried back up the hill to the relief of the convoy. A circle was formed about the wagons right on the hill-side. It was none too soon, for the Indians at once flung themselves on this

protecting ring of soldiers. The forest rang with the war-whoops of the savages. Every tree and log served as a shelter from which they peppered the British regulars, who were wholly unused to bush fighting. The fight was kept up for seven hours, until night hid the combatants from each other.

The English were forced to encamp on the hill where they were. To attempt a remove was certain destruction. Yet not a drop of water could be had in their camp. After seven hours of fighting in a scorching midsummer sun, the men were almost insane with thirst. The gloom of the night could hardly darken the prospect which confronted the command. Sixty of their number had been killed and wounded. The latter were placed behind a low barricade of sacks of flour from the wagons. Fever lent its flames to intensify the fearful sufferings from thirst.

Bouquet, cool, competent commander, saw so little hope for the morrow, that he wrote a concise report of the engagement to his commander-in-chief, that the latter might be informed concerning it, "whatever our fate may be." The dream-haunted slumbers of the restless men were broken as the first gray light came stealing through the damp forest. It was the struggle of the previous day renewed. Yet some changes could be noticed. The Indians, confident of victory, dashed more openly and boldly upon the lines. The soldiers, on the other hand, fought with less hope, and some demoralization from their sufferings.

At ten o'clock in the morning there was no further alteration in the situation. Bouquet saw that it was only a question of time until his men were overpowered, unless a change came soon. The savages pressed harder and harder upon the distressed soldiery. The horses picketed in the circle near the barricade for the wounded, received many shots, and maddened with pain, added to the uproar of battle their own wild and unearthly cries, or sometimes breaking loose they would bound through the lines of friends and foes, and run up and down the mountains screaming with agony.

One thing was true. If the Indians could be collected into a body and stand long enough to fight it out, Bouquet might yet achieve a victory. He resolved on a desperate stratagem. Two companies, forming a part of the line hotly pressed, were ordered to fall back quickly, while the troops on either side were to rapidly cover the gap by a thin extension of their own lines, as if to cover the retreat.

The maneuver was executed successfully. The savages, as Bouquet had foreseen, mistook the movement for retreat. They sprang forward at the gap from all directions, and throwing themselves on the slender line, were on the point of breaking into the very heart of the camp, when the aspect of affairs underwent a sudden change. The two companies which had withdrawn made a quick flank movement, hidden by the forest, and just as the Indians were on the point of victory, discharged a fearful volley into their flank at point-blank range.

The astonished savages turned at bay, and fought like tigers to extricate themselves from the trap. Before they could do so, and break out of the circle which they had fought so long to break into, two other companies were precipitated upon the Indians. At this new onslaught they broke and fled, pursued by the English and overwhelmingly routed. The exhausted troops collected their wounded, and, by the following evening, reached Fort Pitt.

This place had been in peril, but on the report of the defeat of their warriors at Bushy Run, near which the battle had been fought, the besiegers fled. The defenders of the fort had taken every precaution possible. They had cleared the land around it so that the savages might have no shelter. They had raised the palisade, strengthened the barracks, and even constructed a rude fire-engine to be used in case the savages succeeded in firing the buildings.

On the other hand, the Indians had displayed equal ingenuity. Under cover of night, they had crawled up the open river banks, under the ramparts, and by incredible industry had dug

out innumerable rifle-pits with their knives. Each one of these burrows held one or two warriors, whose deadly aim was certain to bring down every exposed soldier. The peril of the fort, thus closely invested, arose from famine. The arrival of Bouquet, however, happily averted it.

Bouquet's victory caused only a temporary lull in the desolation of the frontiers in its immediate neighborhood. The history of the time is full of fearful incidents. A party of twenty-four soldiers, in charge of a train of provision wagons, was ambuscaded three miles below Niagara Falls, where the narrow road ran close to the brink of the gloomy precipices and black abysses of Devil's Hole. Such as were not killed on the spot were thrown over the cliff, and were shattered beyond recognition far below upon the rocks. A relief party started out from Fort Niagara on hearing the sound of rifles, but fell into an ambuscade not less terrible than the first, leaving over fifty of their number slain.

In the war on the Pennsylvania border one incident stands out unmatched in its cruelty. In the center of a lonely forest stood a small school-house. This building was attacked by Indians just as the master was about to begin the daily round of study with prayer. He was killed with the open Bible in his hand, and an agonized plea for the safety of his scholars on his lips. At nightfall, when the little fellows who attended the school failed to return home, anxious searchers made their way to the school-house, where they found the lifeless remains of the teacher, surrounded by the corpses of his nine scholars.

Before the winter closed in, another attempt was made to relieve Detroit. Major Wilkins, with a force of six hundred regulars, collected with painful effort from the colonies, started up the Niagara River. Before proceeding far they were attacked by Indians and driven back in confusion to Fort Schlosser.

A second time the ill-fated expedition set out, and succeeded in reaching Lake Erie. The inland lake of azure, as deceitful as a coquette, had been almost traversed. The broad mouth of

the Detroit River was already in sight. The tired garrison were just on the point of being relieved. But the sailors in the flotilla shook their heads with misgiving, and talked in low voices, as they saw rising in the north-western sky the dark battalions of the Storm King. With inconceivable rapidity, the little line of blue vapor which hung lazily on the horizon expanded and dilated until the blue canopy was obscured with dark and thunderous clouds. The ragged rain line advanced swiftly. A heavy gale of wind arose. The helpless bateaux were rocked more and more uneasily on the rising waves.

The surface of the lake grew black as ink, and was flecked with angry white-caps. The bright day was succeeded by the greenish darkness of the tempest. Every muscle was strained by the crew of each canoe to make the shore. It had been four miles away when the first signs of the approaching storm were detected. For fifteen minutes they had been headed for land. Yet it was still two miles and a half away.

The gale rose higher and higher. Now a rolling wave lifted the prow of a canoe five feet in the air, now plunged it as far below the surface of the lake, and broke athwart the bow, deluging the rowers with spray and water. Red lightnings shot zigzag across the angry sky, and terrific peals of thunder exploded like the trumps of doom. As the tempest grew heavier and wrought the mobile lake into more perfect reflection of its own fury and violence, the bateaux heaviest laden began to fill and sink. Some of the crew would be taken on board other boats; others, with white faces upturned, and piercing screams for help, sank out of sight forever in the raging depths. Great drops of water began to fall. The oarsmen pulled with swollen arteries and knotted sinews:

At last, as the flood-gates of the sky were opened, the flotilla attempted to land. The frail vessels were caught in the arms of giant breakers and flung again and again with remorseless violence against the beach. The men jumped overboard, and abandoning provisions, weapons, and ammunition to the greedy

waves, fought their way through the seething surf to the land so many had failed to reach. The equipment of the expedition was utterly lost. To proceed to Detroit was only to treble the number behind the palisade which must be fed, without replenishing the scanty supply of provision. With misery and hardship the men struggled back to Niagara. Detroit was still left alone.

Before the news of this disaster reached the garrison, information of a very different kind had filled the spirit of the mighty Pontiac with bitterness and rage. While Pontiac had been maturing the far-reaching plans of his ambitious conspiracy in the winter of 1762-1763, to overthrow the English, re-establish France in the military dominion of the west, and seat the Indians, the aboriginal lords, upon the throne of the balance of power between the two European nations, these latter had been maturing a counter movement, culminating on the 10th of February, 1763, in the treaty of Paris, by which France resigned all claim to the territory east of the Mississippi.

The news of this treaty reached Pontiac when the siege of Detroit was but a month old. But with iron-headed skepticism the dark-browed king of the forest refused to believe it, and threatened death to every person who ventured to bring such news. As the summer rolled away, with Detroit still unsubdued, and the expected war canoes of the French king, which he had promised his followers months before were already on their way to strike the English, were yet as far off as ever, Pontiac stamped his foot with rage, and dispatched a fierce, haughty demand for weapons, provisions, and re-enforcements to the French commandant of Fort Chartres, in the Illinois country.

The reply to this demand reached the haughty Pontiac about the time of the Lake Erie disaster. It was to the effect that the French king had made peace and resigned all claim to her territory in America; that instead of expecting help for war, Pontiac should himself lay down the hatchet.

On receipt of this message, of which the authenticity could

not be doubted, Pontiac's fierce spirit was wrought into unspeakable fury. For hours no man or woman dared go near him, so terrible was his rage. He sat raving and cursing, like an "archangel fallen." There are fiercer storms than those of wind and wave. This was one. It was a tempest in a brain. At last he rose, and with imperious gesture ordered the frightened squaws to take down the wigwams. That night the dark conspirator withdrew to the tribes along the Maumee River. The siege of Detroit, however, though practically suspended during the winter, was renewed the following spring, but with less pertinacity and zeal. The eye of the master was no longer there to oversee it.

Though Detroit still baffled the fierce tribes of the north, the defenseless borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia ceased not to be desolated with fire and blood. Farther and farther to the east the savages pushed their depredations. Nearer and nearer to the quick of the nation did the assassin's knife cut its way. To these things the Quaker Assembly of Philadelphia refused to make any resistance. With placid obstinacy and undisturbed countenances, they heard the horrible tales of border massacre and bloodshed, and then declared that resistance would be sinful! The poor frontier people flooded the assembly with memorials, pleas, petitions, prayers, and supplications, imploring, begging, demanding protection. To these things the good Quakers turned an ear of stone.

So the frontiersmen, as is always the case where the government fails to discharge its duty and enforce the law, took the law and its execution into their own hands. Bands of maddened and desperate men organized for protection and revenge. As the report of their telling blows against the savages reached Philadelphia, the Quakers raised a fearful clamor of denunciation. As the majority of the frontiersmen were Presbyterians, the gall of sectarianism was added to the wormwood of political strife over the issue of resistance or non-resistance—which?

The bold borderers fought well, shouting their notes of defi-

ance to the citizens of the Quaker capital. Among them, our old friend James Smith, whose fortunes in captivity we traced in a former chapter, was one of the most notorious and successful leaders. Of course this irregular warfare, a sort of unlicensed murdering, led to excesses. One of these has become historic. It illustrates the stormy time.

Near the broad and mirror-like Susquehanna, and at no great distance from the town of Lancaster, at a spot known as the Manor of Conestoga, lived a small band of Indians. The settlement was old, and in former years had been prosperous, but at the time of which we write had dwindled, till nothing remained of it but a cluster of squalid hovels, inhabited by twenty wretched Indians, regarded in the neighborhood simply as lazy, but harmless vagabonds. On the east bank of the Susquehanna, and some distance farther up, stood the town of Paxton. It had been burnt by the Indians in the French war. Of this burning and the massacre which followed, the inhabitants carried in their hearts the memory. For the Indians they had no mercy, but only black hate and an undying thirst for revenge. For some time, as the horrors of Indian warfare again swept along the frontiers, they had watched the poor vagabonds of Conestoga with an eye of fierce suspicion. The verdict of history is that one or two of the Conestoga Indians were guilty; the rest innocent.

One night word was brought to Paxton that an Indian, known to have committed depredations, had been tracked to Conestoga. The Paxton blood was fired. Fifty men, athirst for blood, mounted on horses, proceeded to the Indian settlement and surrounded it just before daybreak. As they drew near to the hovels, an Indian overheard them and looked out. One of the men thought or pretended that he recognized him. "Curse him! he is the one that killed my mother," he shouted, and firing at the instant, the poor wretch fell dead. With wild shouts, the ruffians burst into the cabins, and shot, stabbed, and butchered the inmates. As it happened, there were only six

Indians in the settlement, the rest, vagabonds that they were, being scattered over the surrounding country. After firing the cabins, the fierce Paxtonians rode rapidly away, freely scattering the news.

In an hour or two the sheriff of Lancaster arrived on the ground. He at once proceeded to collect the fourteen other Indians who had escaped the massacre by being absent, and lodged them in the Lancaster jail for safety. On receipt of the news at Philadelphia, the government at once offered a reward for the apprehension of the murderers. This measure inflamed the Paxton men beyond all control. On December 27, 1763, they started to Lancaster, against the protests of the cooler-headed people of the community, with the purpose, more or less understood among them, of breaking into the jail and killing the Indians who had escaped the first massacre.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the rioters, all heavily armed, galloped into the little town and up to the jail, quickly burst in the door, and made their way to the Indians. The latter gathered billets of wood for self-defense. At sight of resistance the rioters fired into the crowd. "In a moment more," says Parkman, "the yard was filled with the ruffians, cursing and firing upon the cowering wretches, holding the muzzles of their pieces, in some instances, so near their victims' heads that the brains were scattered by the explosion. The work was soon finished. The bodies of men, women, and children, mangled with outrageous brutality, lay scattered about the yard, and the rioters were gone."

The whole country was thrown into an uproar by this event. On the one hand, the government was offering rewards for the apprehension of the murderers; on the other hand, the hardy frontiersmen threatened to destroy a government which left them to their fate, and branded them as murderers if they but defended themselves. The sectarian quarrel, and political disputes concerning inadequate representation, and taxation without protection, filled the country with agitation and clamor.

To Philadelphia there had been removed, a few weeks before the Lancaster affair, a community of Moravian Indians from Bethlehem, in order to save them from the fate which afterwards befell the Conestogas. All along the line of march the refugees had been insulted, and a howling mob assaulted them in the streets of Philadelphia. They were protected by the Quakers, and afforded shelter and food. This thing was remembered as the agitation over the Paxton matter grew greater and greater. Far and wide through the frontier borders, the notion sprang up of proceeding to Philadelphia, destroying these poor savages, and overturning the government.

Towards the close of January, a force of from five hundred to fifteen hundred desperate borderers started on this mission to Philadelphia. They expected co-operation from the city mob. Rumor had anticipated their movement by several days, and thrown the city of Philadelphia into a panic of fear.

The first resolution was to send the Indians away to New York. The execution of the timid plan was hastily begun. Before daybreak, one bitter cold January morning, the half-clad Indians filed mournfully through the streets of the City of Brotherly Love. The report of their removal had filled the streets with a howling mob, even at that hour. Under the protection of soldiers little less hostile than the mob itself, the unfortunate and shivering Indians commenced their march on foot to New York.

Greeted everywhere by the curses of the people, the sad children of the forest proceeded as far as Amboy, where they were notified by the governor of New York that they would not be allowed to enter that province, and that an attempt to do so would be resisted by force. For some days the poor Indian converts remained in the barracks at Amboy, engaged almost constantly in singing and praying. But there seemed to be no resting-place for them in the land of their fathers. The governor of New Jersey sent a message requiring them to leave



PANIC OF THE PHILADELPHIANS AT THE APPROACH OF THE PAXTONS.



that province forthwith. Beaten from pillar to post, the unhappy Indians again turned their faces to Philadelphia.

The return of the Indians, together with the news of the approach of the Paxton men, again convulsed the city with apprehension, discord, and fright. A large element in the city openly declared that they would espouse the cause of the borderers if it came to an armed conflict. The rest of the inhabitants took active measures for defense. The Quakers said no more about non-resistance. Barricades were thrown up in the streets, cannon were mounted, patrol guards posted, and a citizen soldiery hastily organized.

At two o'clock one morning the wild clangor of the alarm bells sent a shudder to every heart. By previous arrangement, every window was filled with candles. A vast multitude of armed citizens surged up and down the streets of the city. The alarm proved groundless. The rioters, learning the reception prepared for them, advanced no nearer than Germantown. Here they were visited in camp by many citizens.

A compromise treaty was drawn up. The Paxton men contented themselves with presenting elaborate memorials to the assembly, which were never acted on. They withdrew to their homes without having accomplished any thing further than to demonstrate the weakness of the provincial government, and the folly of all doctrines of non-resistance. As for the city, as soon as the external danger was removed, the rival factions engaged in a war of pamphlets and newspapers, which at the time was one of the most serious, but now appears as one of the most laughable, disputes in American history.

With this outline of the border wars of the time we must be content. The year 1764 witnessed serious military efforts commensurate with the undertaking to crush the Indian power. Bradstreet in August of this year effected the relief of Detroit. The weary garrison, after a siege of fifteen months, during which they had been cut off from communication with the rest of their race, had been pent up in rigorous and wearisome confinement,

had contended with a sleepless and powerful foe, had subsisted on scanty and wretched food, and had worn their clothes threadbare, were at last relieved, and permitted to step outside the worn and hard beaten inclosure of the palisade, and return to a world from which they had been so long banished.

In the south, Bouquet, at the head of a strong army, pushed westward from Fort Pitt, compelled the Indian tribes everywhere to submit, make treaties of peace and surrender their captives.

On a certain day the Indians from far and near brought their captives, taken during many years of warfare, to an appointed rendezvous for their surrender. Thither also repaired anxious throngs of settlers, whose relatives and friends had long been missing. The scene was tragical. The long lost were restored. Friend recognized friend; mothers clasped their children to their eager breasts. There was great joy. There was also great grief. Many persons failed to find the faces of the loved ones sought. Some of the captives had their hopes crushed, their hearts broken by failing to meet a single familiar face.

As his gigantic conspiracy crumbled into ruins, Pontiac, furious as a lion at bay, unconquered, because in spirit unconquerable, placed himself in person among the Indians of what are now the States of Indiana and Illinois, rousing them by his individual influence into a state of frenzy and warlike wrath. To defend this region, over which still waved the flag of France, into which no English foot had dared to penetrate, he resolved to devote all of his great and desperate energies. French traders, hostile to the advance of the English which would destroy their occupation, practiced on his ignorance and favorite belief. By means of forged letters, purporting to be written by the king of France, they again inspired in him that belief which was the corner-stone of his conspiracy, namely, that France would lend him her powerful aid and re-enforcement.

Bent on this idea, Pontiac presented himself to the French commander at St. Louis, and demanded arms and ammunition..



THE RETURN OF THE CAPTIVES.



The Frenchman tried to soften his refusal by presents of a less warlike character. But Pontiac had one absorbing, overmastering ambition. Whatever ministered to that ambition he desired and demanded. Whatever did not minister to it he flung aside as unworthy his attention. So he refused the presents with angry scorn and bitter words.

Still the resources of this Napoleon of the forest were not exhausted. He dispatched an embassy all the way to New Orleans to demand help from the French Government. These ambassadors also carried war-belts to the distant warriors of Louisiana, to whom the name and fame of the mighty Pontiac were as the sun at noon. These tribes were urged at every cost to prevent the English from ascending the Mississippi, which Pontiac's military genius foresaw they would attempt. In this he was right, and their attempts to ascend the river were completely foiled.

The principal mission of the ambassadors was, however, a complete failure. The French rule was just about to give way to that of Spain, to whom France had by the treaty of Paris resigned Louisiana. The governor interviewed them and explained the true situation. From France no help was to be expected.

To this announcement the Indian orator made a reply full of the most cutting sarcasm. "Since we last sat on these seats, our ears have heard strange words. When the English told us they had conquered you, we always thought they lied; but now we have learned that they spoke the truth. We have learned that you, whom we have loved and served so well, have given the lands that we dwell upon to your enemies and ours. We have learned that the English have forbidden you to send traders to our villages to supply our wants, and that you, whom we thought so great and brave, have obeyed their commands like women, leaving us to starve and die in misery. We now tell you once for all that our lands are our own; and we tell you, moreover, that we can live without your aid, and hunt, and fish,

and fight as our fathers did before us. All that we ask of you, is this, that you give us back the guns, the powder, the hatchets, and the knives which we have worn out in fighting your battles. As for you," hissed the orator, shaking his long forefinger at some English officers who were present,—“as for you, our hearts burn with rage, when we think of the ruin you have brought on us.”

When the report of this embassy reached Pontiac, he saw that all was lost. The foundation of all his ambitious schemes was French interference. He had rested on a delusion. He had believed in a lie. His solitary will, which had controlled and combined into co-operation a thousand restless tribes, had breathed life into a conspiracy continental in its proportions, and had exploded a mine ramifying to forts, isolated by hundreds of miles of unbroken wilderness, could no longer uphold the crumbling fabric. His stormy spirit had warred with destiny, and had been conquered.

For the proud Pontiac there remained but two alternatives, destruction or submission. With a hell of hate in his heart, he chose the latter. Near the site of Lafayette, Indiana, he met an English officer and formally tendered the traditional calumet of peace. He proceeded to Detroit with his diminished retinue, and, in the old council-hall, where he and his blanketed chiefs had attempted to destroy the garrison, the terms of the peace were arranged. The following spring he visited Sir William Johnson, at his castle in the Mohawk valley, and finally concluded the peace, renouncing forever the bold ambition by which he expected to avert or retard the ruin of his race.

From this time he disappears from the historic page, only to reappear in the last scene in the eventful drama of his life. Of his movements during the intervening years no record exists. He is known to have planted his lodge, and to have hunted and fished like a common warrior, through the region which now forms the great States of Indiana and Illinois.

In April, 1769, he appeared at St. Louis, and made a two

days' visit on his old friend, St. Ange, who was still commandant, though by that time his command was in the interest of Spain. On the second day, word came that the Indians of an Illinois town, across the river, were having a dance and carousal, and Pontiac announced his intention of going over. He drank deeply, and, marching down the street into the forest, sang the medicine song.

An English trader named Williamson, apprehensive of the proximity of such a mighty chieftain and conspirator as Pontiac, and especially suspicious on account of his visit to the French at St. Louis, resolved to dispatch him while he was in his power. A drunken Illinois Indian was bribed with liquor to watch Pontiac as he left the place, and stealing after him through the forest, to kill him. The assassin carried out the plan, and buried a tomahawk in the mighty brain in which all ambitions were dead forever.

Parkman, the great chieftain's biographer, thus closes his work: "The dead body was soon discovered, and startled cries and wild howlings announced the event. The word was caught up from mouth to mouth, and the place resounded with infernal yells. The warriors snatched their weapons. The Illinois took part with their guilty countryman, and the few followers of Pontiac, driven from the village, fled to spread the tidings and call the nations to revenge. Meanwhile, the murdered chief lay in the spot where he had fallen, until St. Ange, mindful of former friendship, sent to claim the body, and buried it with warlike honors near his fort of St. Louis.

"Thus basely perished this champion of a ruined race. But could his shade have revisited the scene of murder, his savage spirit would have exulted in the vengeance which overwhelmed the abettors of the crime. Whole tribes were rooted out to expiate it. Chiefs and sachems whose veins had thrilled with his eloquence, young warriors whose aspiring hearts had caught the inspiration of his greatness, mustered to revenge his fate; and, from the north and east, their united bands descended on the

villages of the Illinois. Tradition has but faintly preserved the memory of the event; and its only annalists, men who held the intestine feuds of the savage tribes in no more account than the quarrels of panthers or wildcats, have left but a meagre record. Yet enough remains to tell us that over the grave of Pontiac more blood was poured out in atonement than flowed from the hecatombs of slaughtered heroes on the corpse of Patroclus; and the remnant of the Illinois who survived the carnage remained forever after sunk into utter insignificance.

“Neither mound nor tablet marked the burial-place of Pontiac. For a mausoleum, a city has risen above the forest hero; and the race whom he hated with such burning rancor trample with unceasing footsteps over his forgotten grave.”

CHAPTER VIII.

JOSEPH BRANT AND THE MOHAWKS.



THE traveler along the New York Central railroad may have pointed out to him, near the town of Amsterdam, a heavy stone mansion, half hidden from view by a grove of locust trees. The building is "Johnson Castle," a name which its owner gave it one hundred and forty years ago. Its walls are thick and massive, its windows small and deep-set. Though extremely odd in its architecture, its size and durability still give it just rank as a fine residence. A century and a half sit lightly on its shoulders, and, barring accidents, it will survive two or three times that period. A few miles away, in the edge of Johnstown, the curious visitor will find "Johnson Hall." It is twenty years younger than the castle.

A visitor describes the place as follows: "Although both house and grounds have been greatly altered and modernized, we can even now judge well what they must have been originally. The hall is a two-storied double mansion, built of wood, in the most substantial, conscientious manner, with raised panels on the outside in imitation of stone. It was, without doubt, in its day the most spacious and elegant edifice in the colony outside of New York City. The hall is fully fifteen feet wide, and the ceilings over twelve feet high, surrounded with massive wooden cornices of carved work. The sides of the rooms are elegantly wainscoted with pine panels and heavy carved work. A broad staircase, of easy ascent, leads from the lower to the

upper hall, ornamented with massive mahogany balustrades, which still, at every foot, bear the marks of the tomahawk's hacking, said by tradition to have been notched there by Chief Brant himself, when he fled the valley with Sir John Johnson, in 1776, "to protect the house from the torch of Indians, who would understand and respect these signs."

"Of the garden and nursery, situated to the south of the hall, and which in the olden times were the delight of their owner, and the pride of the surrounding country, no vestige remains. Some of the poplars, however, which he planted, still stand, green and vigorous. The hall was formerly flanked by two stone block-houses, with sundry loop-holes for musketry cut directly under the eaves. But one of these—now converted into a servants' dwelling—yet stands, the other having been burned down many years ago. Of the stone wall which surrounded the whole place as a protection against attack, but little now remains.

"A subterranean passage formerly led from the main building to the block-house on the left, and thence another communicated with the block-house on the right flank. These passages, however, as well as the port-holes in the remaining block-house, have been filled up. Although the building never experienced a siege, yet it was twice fortified; once, as stated, by a strong stone rampart in 1763, and again in 1776."

The builder and original proprietor of these singular and romantic looking mansions was Sir William Johnson, Baronet. He came to this country when a young man, without title or fortune. Engaging in traffic with the Indians, Johnson, by dint of great natural abilities, which were assisted rather than retarded by a coarse nature, made money in large quantities. In 1742 he bought from the Mohawk Indians a large tract of the richest land in the world, lying in the very heart of the far-famed Mohawk valley. To this he added by yearly purchases, until he became the wealthiest man, and, next to the Penns, the largest landed proprietor in America. The "castle" was his residence throughout the year, until he built the "hall,"



A GUEST AT JOHNSON HALL.

in 1763, which he occupied as a summer residence, using the older mansion only in winter.

Four or five years after he built the castle, the wife of Colonel Johnson, as he was then called, a plain, fair-haired German girl, of humble lineage, died, leaving her husband one boy, John, and two baby daughters. One day the widower attended a muster of the county militia. As an officer came riding by on a prancing steed, a bright-eyed, red-cheeked Indian girl of sixteen, a real beauty, with her white teeth, long, flowing, black hair, and a form of rare symmetry and grace, laughingly bantered him for a ride. The officer told her she might jump on if she could. Quick as flash the agile girl leaped on the horse behind the gallant rider, and clinging to him, her hair and ribbons blowing wildly in the breeze, rode round and round on the flying steed before the applauding crowd. One man took more than ordinary interest in the incident. It was the susceptible and lonely widower. That night Mollie Brant, for such was the name of the dusky beauty, went home with the baronet to Johnson Castle, becoming thenceforth the mistress alike of it and its proprietor.

The two motherless daughters were assigned apartments of their own, where they lived in complete seclusion under the care of a devoted friend of their mother, an officer's widow. Their time was occupied with needle-work or study. Their library consisted of the Bible and prayer-book, a lot of the ponderous romances, which mark the beginning of the English novel, and Rollin's "Ancient History." A game of chess, a walk in the park or a drive up the valley, constituted their only amusements. At the age of sixteen they had never seen a lady other than their governess. Occasionally some gentleman visitor found his way to Johnson Hall. This was a rare treat to the lonely girls, to whom such a guest was always presented. They married early, and their father built for them two elegant stone residences a few miles from the castle.

Far different from this conventual life of the two sisters was that led below stairs by the baronet. From the first, Sir

William, as we will call him, though the title was not conferred by the king until the French and Indian War, acquired great influence over the warriors of the far-famed Six Nations. He had located himself in the heart of the territory of the Mohawks, the most easterly of the Iroquois nations. Thoroughly understanding the Indian character, he won their confidence and attained an ascendancy in their councils which no other white man ever approximated. The negotiations of the British Government with the Iroquois were all carried on through him. The castle was his store-house, where all the wonderful supplies of guns, ammunition, and trinkets were kept for trade. Around the castle were clusters of cabins for the accommodation of Indians who came to trade.

Sir William kept a bounteous table, open to every comer, and dispensed his hospitality in lord-like style. The Indians would visit him day and night, sleeping in the halls, on the steps, or in the cabins, as suited their fancy, and faring on their host's sumptuous provision for days at a time. The natural genius of the man for controlling the restless red men, and bending their rigid natures to his will, was powerfully supplemented by his rather questionable alliance with Mollie Brant. She was immensely popular, possessed a shrewd intelligence, and herself acquired great influence over her people.

The baronet, moreover, by this connection, for it was not a marriage, won the hearts of the warriors. His castle, to which they were always delighted to come, was looked up to as the splendid establishment of one of their own people. As they exchanged their valuable furs for the wares of the baronet, the heavy profit which went into his pocket was, they felt, well earned by the free and easy manner with which he treated them. In winter, the baronet often humored them by arraying himself in Indian disguise—war-paint, feathers, and tomahawk, complete—and living with them for weeks at a time as one of their own braves. His word once given them, whether a threat or a promise, was kept inviolate.

His vast landed estate was parceled out among Dutch and Highland tenantry, who were as devoted to his interests as the Indians themselves. "Nature had well fitted him," says a writer, "for the position in which his propitious stars had cast his lot. His person was tall, erect, and strong; his features, grave and manly. His direct and upright dealings, his courage, eloquence, and address were sure passports to favor in Indian eyes.

"He had a singular facility of adaptation. In the camp or at the council-board, in spite of his defective education, he bore himself as became his station; but at home he was seen drinking flip and smoking tobacco with the Dutch boors, his neighbors, talking of improvements or the price of beaver-skins; and in the Indian villages he would feast on dog's flesh, dance with the warriors, and harangue his attentive auditors with all the dignity of an Iroquois sachem. His temper was genial, he encouraged rustic sports, and was respected and beloved alike by whites and Indians.

"His good qualities, however, were alloyed with defects. His mind was as coarse as it was vigorous; he was vain of his rank and influence, without any scruples of delicacy as to proclaiming them. Eager and ambitious in pushing his own resistless way, he trampled beneath his iron heel whomsoever might cross his pathway."

Before proceeding to the story which forms the more immediate subject of this chapter, it may be well to speak more at length than we have heretofore done of the far-famed Iroquois, among whom Sir William Johnson lived, and over whom he exerted such a commanding influence. Francis Parkman gives the following eloquent summary of their tragic history:

"Foremost in war, foremost in eloquence, foremost in their savage arts of policy, stood the fierce people called by themselves the Hodenosaunee, and by the French the Iroquois, a name which has since been applied to the entire family, of which they formed the dominant member. They extended their con-

quests and their depredations from Quebec to the Carolinas, and from the western prairies to the forests of Maine. On the south, they forced tribute from the subjugated Delawares, and pierced the mountain fastnesses of the Cherokees with incessant forays. On the north, they uprooted the ancient settlements of the Wyandots. On the west, they exterminated the Eries and the Andastes, and spread havoc and dismay among the tribes of the Illinois; and on the east, the Indians of New England fled at the first peal of the Mohawk war-cry.

“Nor was it the Indian race alone who quailed before their ferocious valor. All Canada shook with the desolating fury of their onset; the people fled to the forts for refuge; the blood-besmeared conquerors roamed like wolves among the burning settlements, and the youthful colony trembled on the brink of ruin.

“The Iroquois, in some measure, owed their triumphs to the position of their country; for they dwelt within the present limits of the State of New York, whence several great rivers and the inland oceans of the northern lakes opened ready thoroughfares to their roving warriors through all the adjacent wilderness. But the true fountain of their success is to be sought in their own inherent energies, wrought to the most effective action, under a political fabric well suited to the Indian life; in their mental and moral organization; in their insatiable ambition and restless ferocity.

“In their scheme of government, as in their social customs and religious observances, the Iroquois displayed, in full symmetry and matured strength, the same characteristics which in other tribes are found distorted, withered, decayed to the root, or, perhaps, faintly visible in an imperfect germ. They consisted of five tribes or nations, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas, to whom a sixth, the Tuscaroras, was afterwards added.

“To each of these tribes belonged an organization of its own. Each had several sachems, who, with the subordinate



THE BARONET IN COUNCIL WITH THE MOHAWKS.

chiefs and principal men, regulated all its internal affairs; but when foreign powers were to be treated with, or matters involving the whole confederacy required deliberation, all the sachems of the several tribes convened in general assembly at the great council-house in the valley of Onondaga. Here ambassadors were received, alliances were adjusted, and all subjects of general interest discussed with exemplary harmony. The order of debate was prescribed by time-honored customs; and, in the fiercest heat of controversy, the assembly maintained its iron self-control.

“But the main stay of Iroquois polity was the system of totemship. It was this which gave the structure its elastic strength; and but for this, a mere confederacy of jealous and warlike tribes must soon have been rent asunder by shocks from without or discord from within. At some early period, the Iroquois must have formed an individual nation, for the whole people, irrespective of their separation into tribes, consisted of eight totemic clans; and the members of each clan, to what nation soever they belonged, were mutually bound to one another by those close ties of fraternity which mark this singular institution.

“Thus the five nations of the confederacy were laced together by an eight-fold band; and to this hour their slender remnants cling to one another with invincible tenacity. The Iroquois had no laws, but they had ancient customs, which took the place of laws. Each man, or rather each clan, was the avenger of its own wrongs; but the manner of the retaliation was fixed by established usage. The tribal sachems, and even the great council at Onondaga, had no power to compel the execution of their decrees; yet they were looked up to with a respect which the soldier’s bayonet or the sheriff’s staff would never have commanded; and it is highly to the honor of the Indian character that they could exact so great an authority where there was nothing to enforce it but the weight of moral power.

“The superiority of the intellect of the Iroquois was as

marked as that of their political organization. The energy of their fancy displayed itself in that peculiar eloquence which their wild democracy tended to call forth, and to which the mountain and the forest, the torrent and the storm, lent their stores of noble imagery. That to this imaginative vigor was joined mental power of a different stamp, is witnessed by the caustic irony of Garangula and Sagoyewatha, and no less by the subtle policy, sagacious as it was treacherous, which marked the dealings of the Iroquois with surrounding tribes.

“Their dwellings and works of defense were far from contemptible, either in their dimensions or in their structure; and though by the several attacks of the French, and especially by the invasion of De Nonville, in 1687, and of Frontenac, nine years later, their fortified towns were leveled to the earth, never again to reappear; yet in the works of Champlain and other early writers, we find abundant evidence of their pristine condition. Along the banks of the Mohawk, among the hills and hollows of Onondaga, in the forests of Oneida and Cayuga, on the romantic shores of Seneca Lake, and the rich borders of the Genesee, surrounded by waving maize fields, and encircled from afar by the green margin of the forest, stood the ancient strongholds of the confederacy. The clustering dwellings were encompassed by palisades, in single, double, or triple rows, pierced with loop-holes, furnished with platforms within, for the convenience of the defenders, with magazines of stones, to hurl upon the heads of the enemy, and with water conductors to extinguish any fire which might be kindled from without.

“The area which these defenses inclosed was often several acres in extent, and the dwellings, ranged in order within, were sometimes more than a hundred feet in length. Posts, firmly driven into the ground, with an intervening frame-work of poles, formed the basis of the structure; and its sides and arched roof were closely covered with layers of elm bark. Each of the larger dwellings contained several distinct families, whose separate fires were built along the central space, while compart-

ments on each side, like the stalls of a stable, afforded some degree of privacy. Here rude couches were prepared, and bear and deer skins spread; while above, the ripened ears of maize, suspended in rows, formed a golden tapestry.

“In the long evenings of midwinter, when in the wilderness without the trees cracked with biting cold, and the forest paths were clogged with snow, then, around the lodge-fires of the Iroquois, warriors, squaws, and restless, naked children were clustered in social groups, each dark face brightening in the fickle firelight, while, with jest and laugh, the pipe passed round from hand to hand. Perhaps some shriveled old warrior, the storyteller of the tribe, recounted to attentive ears the deeds of ancient heroism, legends of spirits and monsters, or tales of witches and vampires—superstitions not less rife among this all-believing race than among the nations of the transatlantic world.

“The life of the Iroquois, though void of those multiplying phases which vary the routine of civilized existence, was one of sharp excitement and sudden contrast. The chase, the war-path, the dance, the festival, the game of hazard, the race of political ambition, all had their votaries. When the assembled sachems had resolved on war against some foreign tribe, and when, from their great council-house of bark, in the Valley of Onondaga, their messengers had gone forth to invite the warriors to arms, then from east to west, through the farthest bounds of the confederacy, a thousand warlike hearts caught up the summons with glad alacrity. With fasting and praying, and consulting dreams and omens; with invoking the war-god, and dancing the frantic war-dance, the warriors sought to insure the triumph of their arms; and, these strange rites concluded, they began their stealthy progress, full of confidence, through the devious pathways of the forest.

“For days and weeks, in anxious expectation, the villagers await the result. And now, as evening closes, a shrill, wild cry, pealing from afar, over the darkening forest, proclaims the

return of the victorious warriors. The village is alive with sudden commotion; and snatching sticks and stones, knives and hatchets, men, women, and children, yelling like fiends let loose, swarm out of the narrow portal, to visit upon the miserable captives a foretaste of the deadlier torments in store for them. And now, the black arches of the forest glow with the fires of death; and with brandished torch and firebrand the frenzied multitude close around their victim. The pen shrinks to write, the heart sickens to conceive, the fierceness of his agony; yet still, amid the din of his tormentors, rises his clear voice of scorn and defiance. The work is done; the blackened trunk is flung to the dogs, and, with clamorous shouts and hootings, the murderers seek to drive away the spirit of their victim.

“The Iroquois reckoned these barbarities among their most exquisite enjoyments; and yet they had other sources of pleasure, which made up in frequency and in innocence all that they lacked in intensity. Each passing season had its feasts and dances, often mingling religion with social pastime. The young had their frolics and merry-makings; and the old had their no less frequent councils, where conversation and laughter alternated with grave deliberations for the public weal. There were also stated periods, marked by the recurrence of momentous ceremonies, in which the whole community took part—the mystic sacrifice of the dogs, the wild orgies of the dream-feast, and the loathsome festival of the exhumation of the dead. Yet, in the intervals of war and hunting, these multiform occupations would often fail; and, while the women were toiling in the cornfields, the lazy warriors vainly sought relief from the scanty resources of their own minds, and beguiled the hours with smoking or sleeping, with gambling or gallantry.

“If we seek for a single trait pre-eminently characteristic of the Iroquois, we shall find it in that boundless pride which impelled them to style themselves, not inaptly as regards their own race, ‘the men surpassing all others.’ ‘Must I,’ exclaimed one of their great warriors, as he fell wounded among a crowd

of Algonquins,—‘must I, who have made the whole earth tremble, now die by the hands of children?’ Their power kept pace with their pride. Their war-parties roamed over half America, and their name was a terror from the Atlantic to the Mississippi; but, when we ask the numerical strength of the dreaded confederacy, when we discover that, in the days of their greatest triumphs, their united cantons could not have mustered four thousand warriors, we stand amazed at the folly and dissension which left so vast a region the prey of a handful of bold marauders. Of the cities and villages now so thickly scattered over the lost domain of the Iroquois, a single one might boast a more numerous population than all the five united tribes.”

Before leaving the history of the Iroquois, it is possible to give the account of their terrible destruction of the Eries, which is said to have been handed down by their traditions. This mighty tribe, which, prior to their subjugation, far exceeded in strength any other single tribe of Indians, lived at the lower end of the lake which bears their name. Their chief town, Tushuway, occupied the site of the modern city of Buffalo. Jealous of the great confederacy to the eastward of them, the proud Eries sent a challenge to the Senecas, their nearest neighbors, for a game of ball between one hundred young men from each tribe. The great council of the Five Nations deliberated upon the challenge, and decided to decline it.

The next year the “Lords of the Lake” renewed the challenge. It was again declined. A repetition of it the third year so inflamed the younger warriors of the Five Nations, that the challenge was reluctantly accepted. One hundred braves, the very flower of the confederacy, armed with nothing but the small bat, used in ball-playing, and commanded by a chief of approved experience, marched away through the forest to the city of the Eries. A vast pile of furs, bracelets, beads, silver, and copper was to be the stake.

The eventful day arrived. The great Eries far excelled the more timid young men from the Five Nations in their self-con-

fidence. But the superiority went no farther. After a desperate contest the Iroquois bore off the prizes. The chief of the chagrined Eries at once challenged the visitors to a foot-race, with ten runners on a side. The Iroquois accommodated him, and were again victorious. As a last trial of skill, the Erie chieftain proposed to select ten wrestlers to be matched against an equal number from the ranks of the visitors, the victorious antagonist, in each case, to dispatch his adversary on the spot, by braining him with a tomahawk and scalping him. This bloody proposal was assented to by the Iroquois with altered countenances.

The first pair of wrestlers struggled furiously. The Iroquois finally threw his opponent on the ground, but refused to kill him. In a moment the angry chief of the Eries flung his own tomahawk revolving through the air and with unerring aim scattered the brains of his defeated kinsman on the soil of the arena. Another pair of champions from the rival sides then grappled for the conflict. Again victory was achieved by the strangers. Again the victor refused to strike his fallen foe. Again the Erie chieftain, black and choking with a tempest of rage, killed the vanquished brave with his own hand. A third time the singular scene took place. This was the last. At a signal from their leader, the well-disciplined Iroquois suddenly withdrew from the field, and, taking their canoes, returned home to relate their victories and the strange customs of their hosts.

The Eries at once resolved on war. The confederacy, on the other hand, prepared for defense. Three thousand warriors and a thousand reserves rode with nodding plumes into the forest to meet their foes. The two armies met half-way between Canandaigua Lake and the Genesee River. The battle raged with indescribable fury. The Eries saw too late that their enemies, too weak to cope with them single-handed, had combined against them, and that it was no longer a fight for glory, but a struggle for existence. Hour after hour, far into

nightfall, the awful carnage proceeded. With unyielding courage and invincible obstinacy the doomed Eries, like the Spartans of old, refused to fly, but fought to the bitter end, preferring death on the battle-field to survival of defeat. The battle was lost.

The victors, like avenging demons, pushed on to the Erie strongholds. Using their canoes for scaling ladders, the maddened Iroquois, insane with the delirium of victory, leaped down like tigers, and butchered the defenders without mercy. For the Eries it was not merely defeat. It was destruction. The proud people were literally destroyed from the face of the earth. To-day nothing remains to tell us that they ever existed, except the name of *ERIE*, which the generations of men still give to the blue inland sea along whose shores they flourished and then fell forever.

Such also was the fate of the noble Hurons, the Neutral Nation, and the Wyandots.

Thus, within less than a quarter of a century, four nations, the most brave and powerful of the North American savages, sank before the arms of the confederates. Nor did their triumphs end here. Within the same short space they subdued their southern neighbors, the Lenape or Delawares, the leading members of the Algonquin family, and expelled the Ottawas, a numerous people of the same lineage, from the borders of the river which bears their name. In the north, the west, and the south, their conquests embraced every adjacent tribe; and meanwhile, their war-parties were harassing the French of Canada with reiterated inroads, and yelling the war-whoop under the very walls of Quebec.

They were the worst of conquerors. Inordinate pride, the lust of blood and dominion, were the mainsprings of their warfare, and their victories were stained with every excess of savage passion. That their triumphs must have cost them dear; that, in spite of their cautious tactics, these multiplied conflicts must have greatly abridged their strength, would appear inevitable.

Their losses were, in fact, considerable; but every breach was repaired by means of a practice which they, in common with other tribes, constantly adhered to.

When their vengeance was glutted by the sacrifice of a sufficient number of captives, they spared the lives of the remainder and adopted them as members of their confederated tribes, separating wives from husbands and children from parents, and distributing them among different villages, in order that old ties and associations might be more completely broken up. This policy, as Schoolcraft informs us, was designated among them by a name which signifies "flesh cut into pieces and scattered among the tribes."

With two explanations, we resume the thread of the story, interrupted to relate the history and character of the Iroquois. A southern tribe, the Tuscaroras, having been expelled from their former home, came north, upon the invitation of their old allies, the Five Nations, and were received into the confederacy, which, from that time, became the "Six Nations." Although the Iroquois had been such as we have related, it is to be remembered that they had been greatly weakened by successive wars, and at the time of Sir William Johnson, though still powerful, the "Six Nations" were very far from being what they had once been.

From early times the Iroquois were allies of the English and Dutch colonists of the coast. Through them the confederacy procured fire-arms and ammunition far earlier than other nations, and by this means their power was infinitely increased. In return they constituted themselves a sort of police for the colonies against other tribes of Indians. They had early come in conflict with the French, as we have seen in the story of La Salle, and their prejudices were for the English. But the latter, by long years of neglect and aggression, lost their advantage.

When the French and Indian war broke out, the Six Nations were strongly disposed to join their red brethren in a war which was to drive the white man out of the country which he had

wrongfully invaded. That they did not do so was solely owing to the ascendancy and influence, the earnest eloquence, the tireless efforts, the superb diplomacy of Sir William Johnson. For his sake they buried the hatchet. Such an important figure did the British Government find him, that he was appointed Indian commissioner for the North, a position which he held for twenty years, rendering heroic and invaluable service to England. He was further made baronet, and received vast grants of land, as a reward for his work during the war. When Pontiac, "the archangel fallen," planned his gigantic conspiracy, the baronet again needed all his influence and resources to hold the confederacy to its alliance with England. Indeed, the Senecas, farthest removed from his influence, did get away from him and join the conspiracy.

From 1763 Sir William lived in ease, his immense possessions multiplying year by year. But a struggle was coming, in which it would have been as difficult for him to choose his own side as for his Indian allies themselves. The volcanic fires of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION were, at the time of which we write, shooting their forks of flame upward through the fissures in the political and social crust. Which side should he take? Should he, on the one hand, turn traitor to the government which he had served so long, and from which he had received such abundant favors? Or should he, on the other hand, let loose the thunderbolts of savage warfare which he held within his grasp, upon the struggling colonists, his neighbors, friends, and countrymen, who were so clearly in the right? He never gave his final decision.

Deeply disturbed at the approaching crisis, and perhaps lacking the nerve which had belonged to the earlier years of his strange life, the great baronet gave way to his anxieties, and died suddenly in the summer of 1774. The belief was widespread at the time that his sudden death was the work of his own hand.

The zeal of Sir William Johnson for the improvement of his

Mohawk neighbors had planted churches and sent missionaries among them. More than this, he selected promising youths from the Mohawk nation, and sent them to be educated at a school in Lebanon, Connecticut.

Women are often designing, and use their influence over men for their own purposes. It is natural to find that Mistress Mollie Brant made use of her influence with the baronet to further the interests of her brother Joseph. He was born about 1742, and became a lad of unusual precocity. Of course he became the recipient of Sir William's bounty. He was sent to the school at Lebanon. He was employed by the baronet in the discharge of his multitudinous duties as Indian commissioner. He acted as interpreter, he labored to carry out his master's notions concerning his people, and he was often sent on long journeys to the wild Indians of the west. In this work he early exhibited rare diplomatic ability.

Nor was this all. His precociousness and talent were turned to the assistance of the missionaries. The smart heathen helped to prepare translations of portions of the Bible, and of the prayer book and ritual, into the Mohawk tongue. With a readiness which is suspicious, he joined the Episcopal Church. So zealous was Joseph in the observance of the forms of worship, and in partaking of the sacraments of the Church, that enthusiastic friends pointed him out as a model Christian.

As he took the rank which his lineage and his native abilities alike insured him, these good missionaries predicted that he would absolutely lift his people out of their savage state and transform them into solid citizens. No doubt they expected the wild Mohawk warriors to lay aside their filthy blankets, and don knee-breeches, silk stockings, knee-buckles, and powdered wigs, all on account of Joseph. He lived much of the time with Sir William, and was devotedly attached to him. His Indian name was Thayendanagea, of which "Brant" was a translation.

At the time of the baronet's death, Brant was a powerful Mohawk sachem. The title and much of the property of Sir

William went to Sir John Johnson, the only son of the dead baronet. Guy Johnson, the son-in-law, became Indian commissioner. To him Joseph Brant became private secretary. By means of their great wealth and family prestige, Sir John and Guy Johnson naturally inherited much of the influence of Sir William over the Six Nations. This influence was greatly strengthened by the attachment of Brant.

Meanwhile, the colonies were hurrying forward to a crisis. The spirit of patriotism entered into and possessed the people. Resistance to tyranny, free-trade, and self-government became the catch-words of the hour. The struggling colonies, hitherto a mere outlying and uninfluential province of a great empire, suddenly felt themselves assuming a vast and startling importance before the eyes of mankind.

Political discussion became loud and heated. The people found themselves ranged into two hostile parties. The great majority were patriots. They believed in the colonies having justice, though the heavens fell. These were the Whigs. There was also another party, a minority, who retained their old attachment to England. They justified the home government. They abused the Whigs. They were opposed to revolution and even to agitation. They were the Conservatives, or Tories. The lines between these two parties were very clearly marked out. The warfare was bitter. The same party lines exist in every epoch of progress. They are the Radicals and Conservatives. The one demands a change, a reform, a revolution. The latter cries out, "Let be; let well enough alone; peace! peace!" when there is no peace.

These party dissensions extended to the Mohawk valley. As elsewhere, there were Whigs and Tories. The majority of the people were enthusiastic Whigs. They wished to better their condition. They were therefore Radicals.

The Johnsons, however, were Tories. Property and aristocracy are conservative. The wealthy few who are on top are comfortable. They are averse to change. They desire only

that things remain as they are. If you touch them they scream. This is natural, but it is selfish. On the other hand, the many who are underneath, want to take the risk and make a change. They have nothing to lose and every thing to gain. This also is natural, but selfish.

Sir John Johnson held a title of nobility under the British crown. Guy Johnson held the lucrative office of Indian commissioner under the same government. They had vast possessions. They lived in baronial splendor in magnificent stone castles, from whose turrets the eye swept over an estate, stretching many miles along the lovely valley, and supporting a vast tenant population. These gentlemen, therefore, were strongly conservative. What cared they for a tax of a few cents on tea? Their dinner table would not be thereby deprived of the steaming tea-pot. What was it to them if troops were quartered in Boston? It cost them nothing. So they wanted things to continue as they were.

As the times became more violent and explosive, the colonists instinctively felt, rather than foresaw, that war was inevitable. In case this should come to pass, the leading men also rightly foresaw that the western tribes of Indians, always ready to strike a blow at the white invaders, would seize the opportunity to assail the colonies on the west, while England would levy war on the Canada frontier and along the coast. While the attitude of the western Indian was thus certainly hostile and dangerous, that of the Six Nations was more a matter of doubt. From the earliest times, the Iroquois, with the single exception of the Senecas, during the war of Pontiac, had been allies of the colonies and therefore of England. To which would the Indian allies incline if the colonies engaged in war with England?

Both parties to the contest saw that the alliance of the Six Nations was a strategic point. The powerful influence of the Johnsons and of Brant might be confidently counted on by England. The colonies relied mainly on the old friendship, and

the influence of the patriotic missionaries. They hoped simply that the Iroquois would remain neutral. The Oneidas early took this position. In May, 1775, their chiefs wrote to the governor of New York, "You are two brothers of one blood. We are unwilling to join on either side in such a contest, for we bear an equal affection to both Old and New England. Should the great king of England apply to us for aid, we shall deny him; if the colonies apply we shall refuse. The present situation of you two brothers is new and strange to us. We Indians can not find, nor recollect, in the traditions of our ancestors, the like case or a similar instance."

Both British and Americans were busily engaged in feverish preparations for war. Sir John Johnson constructed heavy fortifications around his castle. Guy Johnson, alarmed at the popular threatenings, raised a band of several hundred Mohawk warriors, headed by Brant, and re-enforced by the leading chiefs of the Senecas, Cayugas, and Onondagas. With this force he fled to Oswego and then to Canada, leaving his splendid mansion desolate and unoccupied.

The colonies, on the other hand, issued a call for a grand council at Albany, in August. The meeting was attended very thinly, except by the Oneidas, and the Lower clan of the Mohawks. However, the representatives of the colonial congress made speeches, urging the Six Nations to remain neutral. A treaty to that effect was made, but it amounted to little.

On their return home, a plague broke out among the Mohawks. Like all ignorant people, they regarded it as a visitation from the Great Spirit. They believed that he was angry for their desertion of the cause of the king. Superstition is both blind and deaf. It has neither eyes to look at facts, nor ears to listen to argument. It transforms a man into a mummy. The Mohawks were superstitious. Many of them at once joined Brant's forces. A few, however, of the Lower clan still remained neutral. Probably they were not much troubled with the plague.

As a price of their neutrality they demanded one thing, that Sir John Johnson be left at his house in peace. This gentleman on his part bound himself by agreement to remain neutral. This promise was a sham. He remained in his fortified castle with a strong force of Indians and tenantry. He intrigued incessantly to excite the remaining Iroquois to a revolt. He carried on constant correspondence with leading Tories. In other words, he was a spy.

The colonies resolved to arrest him. Troops were dispatched up the Mohawk Valley for that purpose. A messenger was sent in advance to quiet the nerves of the excitable Iroquois. In this way Sir John heard of the plan for the seizure of his person. He hurriedly buried his treasure in the garden, and, regretfully leaving his splendid home, plunged into the wilderness with a band of retainers, to make his way to Canada. After nineteen days of hardship and suffering the proud baronet, ragged, footsore, and starved, with such remnant of his famished followers as had not fallen by the weary wayside, arrived at Montreal. Such are the vicissitudes of war!

Meanwhile, Joseph Brant had been advanced to the position of principal war-chief of the Six Nations. Around his standard rallied the dark warriors of the great confederacy, in whose veins ran the blood of the most terrible fighters among the American Indians. Thayendanegea was a fit leader for them. He was tall, erect, and majestic, with the manners and bearing of a king of men. He was distinguished alike for his courage and his intelligence, for his prowess as a warrior and his skill as a diplomate. His name was a tower of strength among the nations of the confederacy. While in native genius and originality of intellect he was inferior to Powhatan, Philip, and Pontiac, he knew more of the world than either of his great predecessors. If he was not inspired by the burning loyalty to his race, by the lofty ambitions and purposes of the two latter, he at least had a much wider education and range of ideas. If he was less of an Indian, he was more of a white man.

Although Thayendanegea had pledged himself to the cause of the king, he still hesitated to take up the hatchet. The Americans opened the campaign in Canada with a brilliant victory. Our Indian friend had an eye to the main chance. He sailed for England in the winter of 1775-6 to interview the king, and, no doubt, with a view to forming an estimate of the war strength of the English. The wily war-chief wanted to be on the winning side.

On his arrival in London he was conducted to a rather obscure inn, called "The Swan with the Two Necks." State-lieer lodgings were soon provided for the great "Indian king," as the Englishmen called him. But Brant politely declined, declaring that the kind treatment of his host at "The Swan" had won his heart, so that he could not think of leaving him.

In this Joseph showed his innocence. He mistook the broad smile and hearty handshake, which forms such an important part of the landlord's stock in trade, for the genuine article. If he was taken in by the patronizing airs of the shrewd tavern-keeper, Brant showed no other signs of verdancy. He dressed in European clothing. His courtly manners and clear-cut English caused the throng of titled men and jeweled women who sought his company and pressed upon him the honors of the capital to lose sight of the fact that this lordly gentleman of foreign accent and distinguished air was, in fact, a red-fisted savage, accustomed to lead his yelling band of braves to midnight massacres, a man whose flashing tomahawk eagerly brained the fallen foe, and whose nervous fingers had often clutched the bloody scalps of his victims.

When he appeared at court on visits of business or ceremony, he laid aside his European habit, and wore a gorgeous costume of the fashion of his own people. Bands of silver encircled his sinewy arms. Tall plumes adorned his head-dress, and highly colored fabrics, hung with copper pendants, formed his clothing. A glittering tomahawk and a scalping-knife dangled

carelessly from his belt. On such occasions he attracted the greatest attention.

Of course, the magnificent entertainments and presents which were pressed upon the war-chief of the Six Nations, together with the material splendor of England, the dazzling pageantry of the court, and the soldiery, with their equipment of cannon, small arms, ammunition, uniforms, and all the accoutrements of war, made a profound impression on his mind. When he sailed for America in April, he had pledged himself and his people to the cause of England in her conflict with the colonies.

He and his six hundred warriors in Canada at once joined the British army, and commenced vigorous hostilities. The great majority of the Iroquois still remained in their ancient seats in the Mohawk valley, and seemed peaceably inclined to the colonists. The people of the frontier built block-houses and organized parties of rangers for self-defense. They kept scouts constantly on the watch for an Indian outbreak. The isolated settlers moved into towns. At Cherry Valley, the most exposed point, the inhabitants, daily excited by the news of the battles of the Revolution, were deeply anxious about the Indians. But month after month rolled by, and the Iroquois still lingered idly in their wigwams.

In the spring of 1777 Brant reappeared in the Mohawk valley. The influence of the great war-chief at once made itself felt in the remotest wigwam. Carefully concealing his plans, he commenced collecting an enormous war-party at the Indian town of Oghkwaga. There were further indications, as the excited and patriotic Whig settler's thought, of a Tory uprising in connection with Brant's movement. On June 15th, General Herkimer reached Cherry Valley with a force of three hundred local militia. He was an old acquaintance of Brant, and determined to have an interview with him. The meeting was near Unadillo.

On the first day Brant threw off the mask, and declared himself as a soldier of the king. By agreement, the conference

was to be resumed in the morning. That night Herkimer laid a dark plot to massacre the chief and his few attendants when they returned to his camp the following day. Brant, however, was up to such tricks. At the appointed hour he appeared in Herkimer's camp with five hundred picked warriors, plumed and painted for war. The raw recruits with Herkimer were completely in the power of the Indians. With a haughty gesture Brant said, "You may go." The colonists took the hint, and went—at the highest possible speed.

At Cherry Valley the people selected the strongest house for a fort, surrounding it with embankments. Near this place the road ran along the edge of a precipice. A hundred and fifty feet below lay a gloomy glen, filled with a dense growth of evergreens. In this lonely spot, Brant and a half-dozen braves hid in ambush. Late one afternoon, a gallant young colonial officer, "well-mounted, and clad in a suit of ash-colored velvet," spurred out of the settlement along the road by the glen on some errand of war. A few moments after the gentleman had left the village, the sharp crack of rifles was heard from the direction of the glen, and shortly the young officer's horse came galloping back, riderless, and the saddle crimsoned with blood.

A party of armed men at once started out to solve the mystery. Not till the following day, however, did they find the lifeless body of the gay lieutenant, gay no longer, but rather pale, mangled, and bloody. Brant, however, withdrew after this murder, without attacking Cherry Valley. He was deceived as to the strength of the place by some false dispatches found by him on the person of a captive whom he secured near the settlement. The man carried double dispatches, and, when captured, was smart enough to destroy the genuine and surrender the bogus documents.

While the settlers were being daily horrified by these and a hundred other isolated deeds of violence, information was brought them by friendly Indians and scouts of an impending danger of much greater magnitude. As Burgoyne descended

from the north along Lakes Champlain and George, Colonel Barry St. Leger, with Thayendanegea's wild warriors, was to rendezvous at Oswego, and then sweep down the Mohawk valley from the west, conquering and destroying, and form a junction with Burgoyne at Albany, whence the united armies would descend the Hudson. At the upper end of the valley, on a strategic spot on the carrying path which led from the Mohawk River to Wood Creek, stood Fort Schuyler. Wood Creek flowed into Oneida Lake, from which the Oswego River led into Lake Ontario. The carrying path between the Mohawk and Wood Creek was thus the only interruption which the war canoes of the Iroquois would meet in their voyage from Oswego to Albany. The carrying path was the door to the Mohawk valley. Fort Schuyler was the lock on the door. To unlock that door was the first task of Colonel Barry St. Leger and Thayendanegea.

Fort Schuyler was an old fortification, originally built by the British during the French and Indian War, at an enormous expense. It was not a mere block-house, nor a stockade, but, as originally laid out, was a regular fort, costing over a quarter of a million of dollars. It was square, with a bastion at each corner. It had had the traditional moat or ditch, the glacis or earth embankment, and the draw-bridge. A covered way led to a spring. In the center of the ditch had been planted rows of pickets. In the interior was constructed what was supposed to be a bomb-proof citadel. On one side, the fortification was further protected by a swamp. But at the outbreak of the Revolution the old fort was a miserable ruin. The ditch was filled up. The draw-bridge had fallen to pieces. The rows of pickets consisted of nothing but rotten stumps, projecting a foot or so from the ground. The ground about the fort, which had been cleared with infinite trouble of every obstruction which might afford a cover to the enemy, was once more overgrown with a dense forest, which flung its shadows over the decaying fortification.

In the spring of 1777, Colonel Gansevoort took command of the feeble and sickly garrison. Such men as were able to work were employed in placing the fort in a defensible state. But their feeble labors made slight impression on the old ruin. The commandant ceased not to write for re-enforcements and supplies. On the 4th of July, when St. Leger's plan was already made known, the place was still in a deplorable condition. Cannon there were, but not a ball in the magazine. The rifle balls on hand were too large for the fire-locks, and there were no moulds to make others. The supply of powder was dangerously small. As for provision, a quantity of spoiled beef, sufficient, perhaps, for six weeks, formed the larger part of the supplies.

From time to time, small re-enforcements had reached the fort, until the garrison was something over five hundred men. Of these, a hundred and fifty were employed in cutting and hauling timber to repair the fort and to build an obstruction in the channel of Wood Creek. As many more were required to keep guard over the workmen, for the woods were infested by hostile Indians. Others still were out on scouting and foraging parties, so that the fort proper was left with scarcely a man behind the ramparts.

One morning two officers went gunning, to secure, if possible, some untainted meat. A mile and a half from the fort they were fired upon. Madison was killed outright, but Gregg was only wounded. The Indians sprang forward to secure the scalp. Gregg, with incomparable grit, feigned death, and endured the horrible pain of being scalped, without the quiver of a muscle, or the utterance of a groan.

Some fishermen, a quarter of a mile distant, were that afternoon disturbed by a dog, who bounded toward them, and by lamentable howls, and every sign of distress, attracted their attention. The poor animal would run a short distance into the forest, and seeing they did not follow, would return and pull at their clothing, as if asking them to come with him. The men's suspicions were aroused, and they started to follow the dog,

who at once gave a yelp of joy. Every time the men stopped he would resume his supplications.

At last the men reached the spot where lay the dog's fallen master, Captain Gregg, still breathing, but stupefied from pain and loss of blood. They bore him to the fort, with the corpse of his companion, followed by the faithful dog, who had seen his master's need. Gregg afterwards recovered.

On another day sixteen of the garrison were out cutting turf, about three-quarters of a mile away. All at once they discovered a party of thirty or forty Indians coming toward them at a rapid run. The men turned to fly. Only nine men reached the fort. Of these, two were badly wounded; a third was dying in the arms of his companions.

This was not all. On the 3d of July, a little girl ran screaming toward the fort, with a basket in her hand, and her calico frock stained with blood. She and two others of her age had been picking berries in the neighborhood. The other children had been killed, while she herself was wounded, though slightly.

While the garrison of Fort Schuyler were thus preparing, as well as they could, for the coming storm, of which the indications were so clear, the friendly Oneidas looked on the approach of Brant with as much uneasiness as the whites themselves. Their neutrality had incurred the wrath of the other tribes, and they feared, not without reason, that the indiscriminate fury of the invaders might involve them in destruction. They ceased not to urge the colonies to send prompt and powerful succor to Fort Schuyler. Ticonderoga had fallen before Burgoyne without the firing of a shot. "The chiefs" wrote the Oneidas, with cutting directness, "desire the commanding officers of Fort Schuyler not to make a Ticonderoga of it."

On the 2d of August, a re-enforcement of two hundred men, with two bateaux of provision, reached Fort Schuyler. The supplies were hurried into the fort as fast as possible, for the enemy was expected at any moment. All scouting and

repairing parties had been called into the fort. The time for further strengthening their defenses was gone. The siege was about to begin. As the boats were just emptied of their cargoes, and the last armfuls were being hurried into the fort, the savages burst from the forest with loud yells. The captain of the expedition, with drawn sword, hurried his men forward. Too brave to enter the fort before his men, he remained to the last, and was unfortunately made prisoner.

The siege was begun. Inside the fort were seven hundred and fifty men, with supplies and ammunition for six weeks, and no longer. But the garrison was without a flag! In this emergency stripes of white from officer's shirts, of blue from a cloak captured from the enemy, and of red from some ragged sashes, were sewed together, and the patchwork run up on the flag-staff. The besieging army numbered some seventeen hundred, composed of one thousand warriors under Thayendanegea, together with some Hessian and Canadian troops. They at once threw up redoubts for their batteries and commenced active hostilities.

Meanwhile, General Herkimer was marching to the relief of the defenders of Fort Schuyler, at the head of eight hundred militia-men, from the anxious settlements farther down the valley. Thayendanegea was kept constantly informed of Herkimer's movements. He repeated the stratagem which had resulted in the destruction of Braddock's army and brought Bouquet's entire command so near to death.

A few miles below the fort, the Albany road, along which Herkimer was advancing, crossed a low marsh by means of a causeway. Just at this point the road was intersected by an immense lateral ravine, or depression. Here, with devilish sagacity, Thayendanegea ambushed his dark followers. They were arranged in a circle, in which a narrow segment was left open at the bridge, for the militia-men to enter the trap. As soon as the main body had crossed the bridge, a band of warriors rushed in to close the gap of the circle, completely inclos-

ing the colonists, with the exception of the rear guard, consisting of about sixty men, and the supply train, which had not entered the causeway.

A frightful struggle ensued. Herkimer was wounded at the first fire. Propped against the foot of a tree, with a pipe in his mouth, the brave old man continued to command his men. From



THE BATTLE NEAR FORT SCHUYLER.

every side the savages poured in the most galling fire. Everywhere that the men attempted, like wild beasts at bay, to break through the fatal lines which encircled them, they were beaten back with fearful slaughter. The men got stuck in the mire, and the vast boa-constrictor, which had wound its fearful coils about them, began to tighten. Yet many of the men fought bravely.

Observing that a savage, waiting till a colonist had discharged his gun from behind some tree, would rush forward and tomahawk him before he could reload, they placed two men behind each tree, one reserving his fire. Finding themselves.

pressed on all sides, the militia-men disposed themselves in a circle. It was a small wheel within a larger one.

Just as the Indians charged on their foes with desperate valor, to conquer them at the point of the murderous bayonet, a fearful thunder-storm broke over the dark field of battle. The trees of the forest writhed in the fury of the tempest. Unearthly bolts of lightning, followed by peal after peal of sky-splitting thunder, lent horror to the scene. In a moment a mighty flood of waters burst forth from the surcharged clouds. The conflict of men became puny in comparison with the conflict of the elements. The noise of battle was but a stillness contrasted with the awful roar of the storm. The awed combatants desisted. The dark clans of Thayendanegea withdrew in sullen rage to the sheltering distance.

The tempest, however, gradually subsided. Not so the fierce passions of the men. The Indians renewed the onset, re-enforced by a detachment of Johnson's "Greens." These were American Tories. Many of them were friends, or even relatives of the members of the colonial militia. In the close hand to hand fighting these foes recognized each other. With the fiercest rage these enemies flew at each others' throats like tigers.

War is horrible. Civil war is awful. These neighbors and acquaintances grappled each other, kicking, biting, stabbing, each refusing to let go of his antagonist until, at last, some fatal thrust opened the ruddy door through which the spirit took its flight. As a *ruse de guerre*, another detachment of Greens hurried forward to the front with hats disguised as Americans. The men were about to receive them as friends from the fort, when the counterfeit was at the last moment discovered.

A militia-man ran forward to give his eager hand to an acquaintance. The hand was grasped, but not in friendship. The Tory sought to make his verdant friend a prisoner. In the struggle, Captain Gardenier, of the colonial forces, sprang forward and felled the would-be captor to the ground. Several Greens set on him, the first falling dead, the second severely

wounded. His spur catching in the clothes of one, threw Gardenier to the ground. A bayonet was just entering his breast, when the brave man seized it, and, with a terrific effort, dragged his opponent down, and used him as a shield from the blows of two other assailants. One of the militia-men now ran to his relief. As his foes turned on the new enemy, Gardenier sprang to his feet, and buried his sword in the body of the man whom he had dragged down. This was but one of a thousand individual combats.

The militia-men fought hand to hand with the Indians and Greens. "Let me recall, gentlemen, to your recollection," said the eloquent Gouverneur Morris at a later time, "that bloody field in which Herkimer fell. There was found the Indian and the white man, born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hand clenched in each other's hair, the right grasping in a gripe of death the knife plunged in each other's heart. Thus they lay frowning."

At last Thayendanegea reluctantly called off his braves, of whom so many were falling. The colonists could not be driven from the field. They had determined to die in their tracks rather than yield. Two hundred of the Americans had been killed, and twice as many more wounded or taken prisoner. Hardly a cabin in the valley was there from which some father or son had not gone forth to return no more. Many of the unfortunate captives were tortured and put to death by the Indians. The direct reason for the withdrawal of the enemy was a spirited sally by the garrison of Fort Schuyler. So well conducted was the sortie that nearly the entire camp equipage of St. Leger fell into their hands.

Thus ended one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. Thayendanegea had commanded the enemy in person. Heavy as was the loss of the Americans, that of the enemy was still heavier. Two or three days afterward a solitary scout chanced to come upon the field of battle. "There I beheld the most shocking sight I had ever witnessed. The Indians and white

men were mingled with one another just as they had been left when death had first completed his work. Many bodies had also been torn to pieces by wild beasts."

General Herkimer did not long survive the battle. His wounded limb was unskillfully amputated. The flow of blood was not properly staunched. As the hemorrhage renewed again and again, the hero calmly called his friends about him. With mind unclouded, and a body almost free from pain, he read the thirty-eighth Psalm aloud, while the red tide ebbed fast away. "Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation." As the closing words of the psalm died away on his pallid lips, the light of an unseen morning momentarily lit up his eye, and then it closed in eternal sleep.

Meanwhile the siege was resumed. One day an Indian entered St. Leger's camp. His clothes were riddled with shot. He was a half-crazy fellow, regarded by the Iroquois with considerable awe and superstition. With knowing looks and a few significant words, he led them to believe that a vast army of Americans was on the way to Fort Schuyler. He had, he said, been informed in a dream. A panic seized the Indian camp. Wigwams were hastily taken down and preparations made to decamp. St. Leger persuaded, threatened, and expostulated. In vain. The whole Indian army abandoned the siege, and fled in precipitation before nightfall. For St. Leger no alternative was left but retreat. As it turned out, the dreamer was a liar. Having been captured by the Americans and condemned to death, he was offered his liberty if he could frighten the Indians away from Fort Schuyler. His brother stood as hostage while the knave went on his errand, and, as we have seen, achieved success.

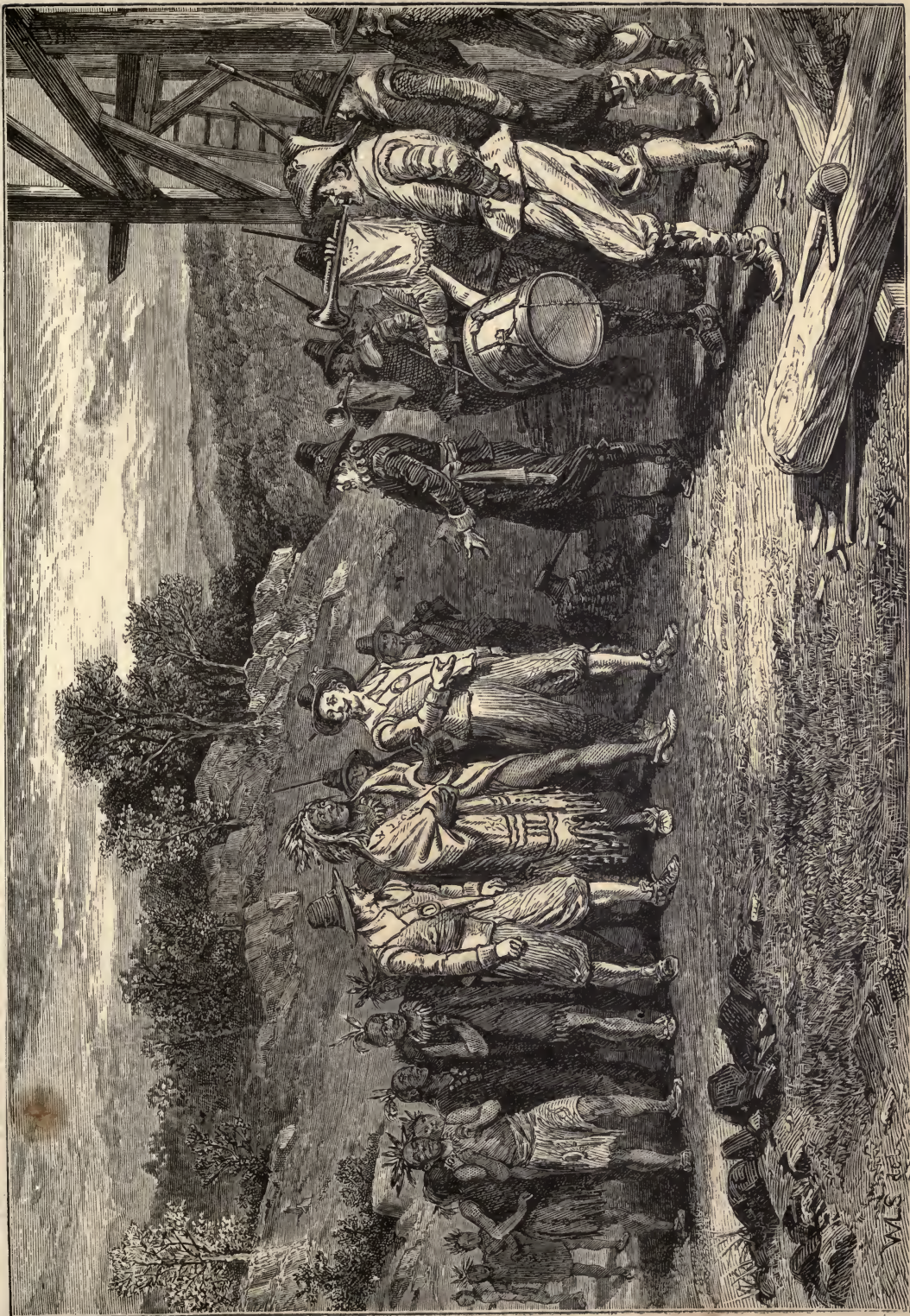
During the winter of 1777-78 Brant kept his head-quarters at Niagara, from which point he maintained constant communication with the western Indians, inciting them to co-operate with the Iroquois. As the spring advanced, he again returned suddenly to his old haunts at Unadillo on the Susquehanna.

This was sufficient to cause innumerable patriotic hearts to pop into their owners' mouths. Brant, with a large force of warriors, secure enough behind his fortifications, forthwith inspired and directed incessant raids up and down the defenseless valley.

Besides their Indian foes, the people were also torn by political animosities. In one locality the male settlers capable of bearing arms were summoned from far and wide to meet the king's commissioners at the house of Captain Mann, a wealthy loyalist. At the appointed day a large assemblage met. Numbers of Indians came, impressed by the warlike preparations. Each man was required to take the oath of allegiance to the king, and wear a scarlet badge on the hat. Earnest loyalists wore red caps. Less zealous ones pinned on a small piece of red cloth. Others, who were at heart Whigs, through fear of confiscation and arrest, contented themselves with a bit of red yarn. Two men refused absolutely to take the oath. Just as they were about to be arrested, a thick cloud of dust down the road betokened the approach of horsemen. In a moment a strong body of American cavalry, with drawn swords flashing in the sunlight, dashed up, and ordered the loyalist gathering to disperse.

Captain Mann made his escape. The orders were to take him alive, if possible, but dead, if not. Late at night, a young patriot, a neighbor lad, found him in a wheat-stack. He summoned Mann to surrender on pain of instant death. The latter answered with entreaties to be spared. The country boy hesitated to shoot down the richest man in the locality. He wavered. It was midnight. A heavy rain was falling. Perhaps, in the pitchy darkness, he did not see Mann edging away. Perhaps his heart softened, and at the crisis his nerve became weak. The loyalist got away.

The whole country turned out to hound him down. In the search a party ran across a stray Indian. He wore a bit of scarlet cloth in his hat. Unstrung by excitement, the whites



THE SUMMONS AT CAPTAIN MANN'S.



absolutely butchered the poor fellow. The badge may have been that of a loyalist. More likely the bright color had caught the barbarian's eye, and he wore it as an ornament. After fifteen days' search, Mann was captured in the mountains. He was thrown into a prison at Albany, and detained until the war was over.

During the year 1778 the valley was filled with a thousand frightful rumors. Many of these were true. Innumerable lonely farm-houses were plundered and burned, and their occupants massacred. Rage is often near-sighted. In their indiscriminate fury the Indians massacred a woman and six children. She was the wife of a Tory.

But a greater enterprise was at hand. The valley of Wyoming, in North-eastern Pennsylvania, is one of the loveliest spots of earth. It is a second Eden. It has been the burden of the poet's song and of the historian's admiration. Yet from the earliest time this paradise had been the scene of the bloodiest contentions. Indian tribes had warred over it, until both of the contending parties were extinct. A civil war had broken out there between rival settlers from Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and again drenched its soil with blood. But in the year 1778, the sounds of violence had long since died away in this sequestered vale, and the crimson foot-prints of war had been effaced. From many a rude cabin chimney the blue smoke curled peacefully upward toward the sky. Around many a fireside sat happy families.

Towards this lovely spot the English commanders at Niagara turned their cruel eyes. A large force of whites and Indians pushed across the country on their mission of destruction. Two or three days before the 1st of July wild reports of their approach were carried down the valley by galloping horsemen. These reports were followed by others even more dreadful. Nine men at work in a field had been murdered. Two forts near the upper end of the valley had been captured and burnt. Colonel Zebulon Butler at once toiled day and night to collect

a force of settlers to resist the enemy. The country was already drained of its men to fill the ragged, but heroic, ranks of the American army. Still, from far and near, they came, with their fire-locks and ammunition, until about three hundred men assembled in Fort Forty.

The name of this fort is a history in itself. At one time, in the earlier border wars, it had been defended by forty men against fearful odds. Hence its name. The enemy took possession of Fort Wintermoot, farther up the valley. The impatient and undisciplined militia-men, roused by the unusual occasion to a fever of martial excitement, demanded that they advance to attack the foe. Of course, the attempt at a surprise failed. The whites, under Colonel John Butler, fought the settlers from the front. In this engagement the militia gained a slight advantage. They were pressing forward to pursue it.

Suddenly a terrific yell from hundreds of savage throats, just in their rear, thrilled every patriot with horror. The Indians, under their leader, for a long time supposed to have been Brant himself, had passed around to the rear of the Americans. The latter fought with boldness. But it was useless. They were being crushed between the two forces. Besides this, some one blundered. The drummer beat a retreat when the order was an advance. They broke and ran—ran for life. The Indians leaped after them, flinging down their rifles, and using only the tomahawk. They pursued every straggling runner. Only sixty out of the noble three hundred escaped unhurt. Some of these did so by swimming the river, others by fleeing to the mountains.

This was not a battle. History calls it a MASSACRE. An eye-witness, an Englishman, slightly changes these figures. He says there were three hundred and forty Americans, and that *forty only escaped*. The other statement was frightful enough. But for this latter unquestionable testimony, the former report would have been regarded as an exaggeration.

As the news of the defeat was carried down the valley by

the hunted fugitives, the women and children fled panic-stricken into the wilderness. Colonel Zebulon Butler managed to make a stand in Fort Wyoming, where large numbers of settlers were huddled together. Concerning what followed, there is a bitter historical dispute. The earliest writers relate the following: On the morning of July 4th, the invaders demanded surrender of the fort. A parley was proposed. A large body of Americans marched to the appointed place. Instead of the truce being respected, the Indians suddenly sprang, howling, upon them from the shadowy recesses in the forest, and commenced a second and more horrible massacre, slaughtering nearly all in cold blood. "A remnant only regained the fort. A demand was sent in for surrender, accompanied by one hundred and ninety-six bloody scalps, taken from those who had just been slain. When the best terms were asked, the infamous Butler replied, *the hatchet*." It will be observed that the hostile commanders bore the same name. They were cousins and old friends.

Some of the occupants of the fort, including Colonel Zebulon Butler, managed to escape to the wilderness. The rest, with those who were found in the settlement—men, women, and children—were locked up in the houses, which were set on fire, and "the whole consumed together." This was not all. Another fort was near by with seventy soldiers. They surrendered, under solemn promises that their lives would be spared. They were butchered to a man. Some details have been handed down to us. "One of the prisoners, a Captain Badlock, was committed to torture, by having his body stuck full of splinters of pine *knobs*, and a fire of dry wood made around him, when his two companions, Captains Rauson and Durkee were thrown into the same fire and held down with pitchforks until consumed. One Partial Terry, the son of a man of respectable character, having joined the Indian cause, with his own hands, murdered his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, stripped off their scalps, and cut off his father's head!"

These were the earliest reports of the Wyoming tragedy. Later and more critical authorities deny them. It is creditable to human nature to disbelieve them. Whether the particular incidents recorded took place or not is of no importance. All agree that a Reign of Terror was inaugurated in the peaceful valley. At the best, history is only approximately true. Froude, Gibbon, Macaulay, Bancroft, have alike drawn on their imagination for details. The outline of history only is correct. The "historical imagination" is what makes history readable. It furnishes one a picture of the past.

Whether the particular details are true is immaterial. The scene, as a whole, may be true, nevertheless. Who doubts that one of Dickens's novels presents us with a better view of English life and manners than any history can do? Yet the whole book is a tissue of fiction. The truth or falsity of history is not to be determined merely by the pictorial and graphic details, which give life and animation to the scene. The real test is, whether the general outline, the perspective, the tone, proportion, and coloring is true to the original. Any thing else is impossible. No two witnesses will ever agree as to the exact details of a street brawl. Yet a hundred will substantiate each other as to the general and obvious facts.

One of the disputes over the Wyoming tragedy was, the leadership of the Indians. Early reports charged it to Brant. The poet Campbell, acting on this authority, gave him an immortality of shame in his "Gertrude of Wyoming." In his later years, however, Brant's son went to England and charged the poet with traducing his father. Indeed, the proofs strongly indicate that Brant was not present at the invasion of Wyoming.

If Brant was not at Wyoming, there were enough raids, burnings, ambushes, fights, and massacres which did take place during this summer under his leadership. One incident must suffice. German Flatts was the very flower of the Mohawk valley. A settlement of some sixty-five houses, was distributed equally on either side of the river. On one side stood the mas-

sive stone residence of the Herkimer family, used as a fort. One evening, half an hour before sunset, a scout brought word that Brant and several hundred warriors was on his way to this settlement. There had been four in the scout's party. The other three were killed. As the great and solemn sunset flung its dying splendors across the evening sky, there was alarm and terror in every household, for ten miles along the valley. The poor people piled their most valuable furniture into canoes, and hurriedly made their way to Fort Herkimer, and Fort Dayton, on the opposite side of the river. All night the fugitives continued to arrive. Their houses and flocks had been abandoned. A heavy rainstorm occurred after midnight, adding to the misery of the unhappy people, who were dragging their things up the river bank to the forts.

Brant arrived, and halted in a neighboring ravine, little suspecting that his approach was known. Anxious eyes kept watch from the fort. At the first flush of dawn, the Indians could be seen swarming through the settlement. The black smoke and flames from the incendiary torch rolled up at nearly the same moment from every house in the place. The Indians waited, in the morning air, with drawn tomahawks, impatient for the roasting inmates to rush forth. But they were disappointed. Not a scalp graced their victory. The unhappy settlers were forced to see every house and barn, one hundred and twenty in number, with the contents, and five mills burnt, and nearly a thousand head of live stock driven away.

Linked by a common fate with the melancholy Wyoming, is Cherry Valley. On the 10th of November, 1778, Brant and Walter N. Butler appeared suddenly before the place. No alarm had reached the settlement. For this there was a reason. All the scouts had been taken prisoners. The settlers were sleeping quietly in their houses. Even the officers of the fort were staying at the houses of the neighbors.

Just before daybreak the savages, a name which belongs equally to the Tory rangers and to Brant's Indians, dashed into

the settlement. The house of Mr. Wells was first surrounded. The family was awakened by the bursting in of the door. Mr. Wells, his mother, his wife, three sons, and a daughter, were butchered in their beds. His sister Jane, a lovely girl, managed to get out of the house. She sought refuge in a wood-pile, but was killed in the act of reaching it. The guards in the house were either killed or taken. Here too, was Captain Alden, commandant of the fort. He fled down the hill, pursued by an Indian. Refusing to stop, the savage hurled his tomahawk, with fatal accuracy. This was but a specimen of the horrid scenes.

Every house in the settlement was burnt. Thirty-two inhabitants, largely women and children, were slain, besides sixteen soldiers. In addition to this, some forty persons were taken prisoners. Most of the women and children were set free, but the rest were taken to Niagara.

For the atrocities at Cherry Valley, Brant's biographer claims, with much plausibility, that he was not responsible, that Walter N. Butler had entire command of the expedition. Indeed, there are many authentic instances where Brant interposed to save women and children from outrage. In this regard he differed from nearly all of the great Indian chiefs. He was always sensitive to any charge of cruelty.

There were other raids by Brant during this season. But they hardly deserve mention. Not more than twelve or fifteen firesides were desolated by each attack. What place can such small massacres find in history? One with fifty victims will do, but five hundred is better.

The whites managed to extract some sport out of affairs themselves. About this time the Onondagas were suspected by the Americans of infidelity. An expedition, under Colonel Van Schaick, fell upon their principal village, the capital of the confederacy, destroying it and numbers of the inhabitants. The immemorial council-fire was extinguished. The faithful Oneidas trembled in their moccasins at the fearful vengeance wreaked upon their neighbors. They at once sent an embassy



SETTLERS OF CHERRY VALLEY FLEEING FROM BRANT.



to ask what it meant. "Was it done by mistake or design," they asked. "If our brethren, the Americans, mean to destroy us also, we will not fly—we will wait here and receive our death." "They were cut off by design. I was ordered to do it—it is done," was the reply. For the injury the Onondagas took ample revenge. Three hundred of their warriors fell upon the settlement of Schoharie, and destroyed it.

Another of Brant's exploits was the destruction of Minisink. In the massacre large numbers of whites suffered death. One man, Major Wood, was about to be killed when, either by accident or design, he made a Masonic signal, though he did not belong to the order. Brant was an enthusiastic Freemason, and at once rescued him. When the Indian leader found out the deception, he boiled over with rage, cursing the man terribly, but yet sparing his life.

In the summer of 1779, the colonies resolved on a united effort to crush the power of the Six Nations by an invasion of their country. The army for that purpose was strong and well equipped. Brant, on the other hand, rallied all his forces for the defense of his country. The battle took place on the site of the present city of Elmira, New York. It raged all day. The Americans gradually forced the enemy back. So many Indians were killed, that "the sides of the rocks next the river appeared as though blood had been poured on them by pailfuls."

All was lost. The Indian warriors fled, taking women and children with them, and leaving their smiling country, with its populous and regularly laid out villages, its vast acreage of waving grain, its numerous orchards, in which the ruddy fruit was already peeping from among the clustering leaves, open to the destroyers' advance. Town after town was laid in ashes. Of Kanadaseagea, the capital of the Senecas, not one wigwam was left standing. Genesee, the principal western town, containing all the winter stores of the confederacy, was completely obliterated. The fields of grain were burnt. The very gardens were uprooted, and the harmless apple trees hewn down.

Yet the wrath of the invaders wreaked itself alone upon these inanimate objects. The Indians fled at their approach, leaving their villages silent and deserted. Fires were still burning in the wigwams. Iron pots, with their noonday meal, were still simmering away over the coals. The rude cradle was still warm from the babe which had lain there. But no human being could be found. The hand which built the fire was invisible. The cook who had prepared the pot of broth was nowhere to be seen. The mother of the babe was out of sight. All were gone. The women and children were sent to Niagara. The warriors remained lurking in the forest, insane with wrath at the destruction of their lovely country, sometimes venting their rage in nameless tortures upon unfortunate stragglers whom they captured, but otherwise offering no resistance to the invaders.

The flight of the Iroquois on this occasion reminds one of the flight of the Russians on Napoleon's march to Moscow. But in one regard it is different. Napoleon found himself in a frozen wilderness. These invaders found themselves in a blooming garden. A soldier took the trouble to measure an ear of corn which he plucked from the rustling stalk. He found it to be twenty-two inches long. Another soldier made a rough count of the number of apple trees in a single orchard which was on the point of destruction. He estimated that there were fifteen hundred bearing trees. This was not unusually large. Of the number of orchards, the men said they were "innumerable." This, probably, included those of peach and pear trees. They were the product of the toil and care of countless generations of Iroquois. "A wigwam can be rebuilt in two or three days," the Indians sadly said; "but a tree takes many years to grow again."

Their sorrows became the source of dissension. There arose a peace party. Among the Senecas was a young orator named Red Jacket. He had the gift of eloquence. He became the leader of the peace party. He spoke with thrilling earnestness.

of the folly of a war which was driving them forever from the lovely valley which they had inherited from their fathers; a war, too, in which they fought, not for themselves, but for the English. "What have the English done for us," he exclaimed, drawing his proud form to its fullest height, and pointing with the zeal of despair toward the winding Mohawk, "that we should become homeless and helpless wanderers for their sakes?" His burning words sank deep into the hearts of his passionate hearers. It was secretly resolved by his party to send a runner to the American army, and ask them to offer peace on any terms.

Brant was the leader of the war party. All his tremendous prejudices and masterful abilities were enlisted in behalf of England. He hated the young and eloquent Red Jacket. Moreover, Brant was no orator. He could not contend with his gifted rival in mere words. He was rather a man of action, a Cromwell of great executive ability and possessing a will of iron. He heard of the plot to make peace. He kept his own council. The runner left the camp. Two confidential warriors were summoned by Brant. In a few stern words he explained to them that the American flag of truce must never reach the Indian camp. Its bearers must be murdered on the way, yet with such secrecy that their fate should not be known. The expectant peace party, waiting for the message in vain, were to believe that the Americans had scornfully refused to hear their prayer for peace. The plot was carried out. The man of words was vanquished. The man of deeds triumphed. The flag of truce never arrived.

General Sullivan had now destroyed the home of the proud Iroquois, and driven their families abroad to strange and inhospitable regions. More than forty populous towns had been literally blotted out from the map of the country. The landscape was no longer variegated with fields of golden grain, with burdened orchards, staggering beneath their tinted fruitage, with verdant pastures, dotted over with sleek and peaceful herds, nor with

waving forests of ancient trees, whose emerald foliage formed such a rich contrast with the sunny sky and the winding river. As far as the eye could stretch, the prospect presented a single ominous color. That color was black. It was a landscape of charcoal! The American general was happy.

Instead of pressing on to Niagara, and destroying the military head-quarters of the north-west, he turned about. Only one ambition remained unfulfilled. He had no captives. Casting about in his mind, he remembered a few families of the Lower clan of the Mohawks, who, as will be recollected, had refused to follow Brant. They had remained peacefully at home in their wigwams and fields. They were neutral. They expected no danger. As General Sullivan thought of them his eye brightened. He would add the missing plume to his hat. He would take these Mohawks prisoners. Happy thought! Brilliant idea! It was carried into execution. The peaceful tillers of the soil were rudely torn from their homes. It is hardly necessary to add that they were soon released, by order of Sullivan's superiors. The general himself soon found it convenient to resign on account of ill-health.

The winter of 1779-80, was one of unprecedented rigor. The shivering Iroquois, at Niagara, suffered severely. But the fire of hate burnt in the heart of Brant as hot as ever. Long had he been meditating a terrible revenge upon the Oneidas, who had refused to follow his leadership, but had persisted in neutrality. Upon them he laid the blame of all his disasters. That winter he led his warriors across frozen rivers, and through snowy forests, to the home of the unsuspecting Oneidas. Of what followed we have no detailed history. The Oneidas had no historian. Their sufferings have passed, like the sufferers themselves, into the unremembered past. It is only known that Brant fell upon them without mercy, that their villages and wigwams, their storehouses, and castles, were suddenly destroyed, that vast numbers of them were slain, and that the survivors fled to the white men for protection.

The poor refugees, stricken for a fault which was not their own, were allotted rude and comfortless quarters near Schenectady, where they were supported by the government till the close of the war. Their misfortunes did not end with their dispersion. Driven from their homes, reduced to want, dependence, and abject poverty, they lapsed from their regular and industrious habits. They became intemperate and idle. Of the proud and loyal Oneidas, a few lazy drunkards came in time to be the only representatives.

In pursuing Brant's larger enterprises we omit wild fields of incident and individual adventure. One brave man, Solomon Woodworth, lived all alone, in a block-house, eight miles from Johnstown. He was repeatedly attacked in his lonely stronghold, and managed not only to repulse such small bands as came that way, but on one occasion, at least, pursued the Indians, and killed several. Another dramatic incident was the burning of Ellis's mills. They were located at the wild waterfall, where the foaming Mohawk plunges through a rocky gorge into the lower valley. Since the burning of the mills at Fort Herkimer, these were resorted to by the settlers from miles around, with their bags of grain carried on horseback. The mill was garrisoned by twelve men. The Indians attacked it at dead of night. The building was in flames before its defenders knew their danger. A brief and hopeless resistance was made, and then every man sought safety by flight. Six or seven were quickly captured.

Two of the men plunged into the race above the mill, leaving only their faces above water, and hoping to escape discovery in the darkness. Before long, however, the red tongues of flame were thrust out through the windows. The glare became brighter and brighter. Glowing seams appeared between the logs, through which shone the fierce fires within the doomed building. The roar grew louder and louder. The yells of the shrieking savages mingled with the crackling of the flames. Snatching brands in their hands, they ran up and down the

shore, eagerly watching for lurking whites. At last, the roof tree fell in with an infernal crash. Millions of sparks flitted upward, followed by dense volumes of smoke. The surroundings grew darker for a moment. But suddenly the pall lifted. Mighty billows of seething fire burst upwards into the heavens, as if furious at their confinement. In a moment the race became as light as day. The poor fellows were discovered, and put to death.

Two others, Cox and Skinner, had sought a more dangerous and yet a safer hiding place. They were under the great water wheel, nearly choked with the dashing spray. The great embers from the conflagration above them dropped down, but were knocked off by the revolving water wheel. The savages sought for them in vain. When at last the mill was a smoking ruin, the Indians rode away with hideous yells. Then the poor fellows came out. They were severely burnt where coals had fallen on them. But they were safe.

From the beginning of 1780 the sufferings of the settlers of the lower Mohawk Valley steadily increased. It will be remembered that at the time of Sir John Johnson's hasty flight to Canada, he had secretly buried his papers and treasure. His estates were confiscated, and his splendid mansion passed into the possession of another. One morning, a year or so previous to the time of which we are writing, the owner was disturbed to find a hole dug in his garden walk, the marks of many foot-prints, and a number of papers scattered through the garden. A small band of Johnson's followers had recovered his chest of papers.

In the spring of '80, Sir John, incredible as it seems, made his way with five hundred men from Montreal to Johnstown, without his approach being discovered. His avowed object was the recovery of his treasure, which was still buried in the cellar. This expedition was one of the most impudent as well as brutal occurrences of the war. Entering Johnstown at dead of night, the ruffians proceeded to murder large numbers of the old

acquaintances, neighbors, and friends of Sir John, and apply the torch to their homes. The treasure was recovered, the outrages consummated, and the strangers coolly made their retreat without a straw of opposition from the terrified people. On this occasion Jacob and Frederick Sammons were taken prisoners, of whose adventures more hereafter.

On the 2d of August harvesters in the fields around Johnstown noticed dark columns of smoke from the direction of Canajoharie. A company was at once collected to march to the relief of the settlers, who were undoubtedly attacked by Indians. The place had, for defense, a block-house, called Fort Plain, but on this occasion the fort was without a garrison.

For some time the valley had been filled with rumors to the effect that Brant intended to attack a convoy of boats, carrying supplies to Fort Schuyler. To prevent this the militia from the lower part of the valley were withdrawn and dispatched up the river. As soon as this was done, the wily Brant led his warriors by swift marches to Canajoharie, which, in common with the rest, had let her garrison go up the river. The scenes of slaughter and destruction which took place on this raid of Brant's were almost a duplicate, though, perhaps, covering a smaller territory, of those which had marked General Sullivan's great invasion of the Indian country during the previous year. In one regard it was much worse. The settlers were taken by surprise and had no time for flight. Great numbers of them were killed, and immensely more taken prisoner.

But still Brant's appetite for vengeance was unabated. Again he raised a force for a third invasion of the Mohawk Valley within a year. It was not enough to have equaled the work of Sullivan. It must be surpassed. To this end he and Sir John Johnson united their savages. To be sure, Johnson's men were white. History's verdict is that they were more savage and brutal and cruel in their warfare than the wild children of the forest by whose side they fought. The summer had brought a rich harvest to the glad settlers. When the

season of the sere and yellow leaf approached it found granaries almost bursting with their golden treasures, and barns stuffed to the rafters with the sweetest hay and oats.

On the morning of October 16, 1780, the occupants of the little mud fort at Middleburg, far down the Mohawk Valley, and the settlers of the lovely region looked out at sunrise on a startling sight. In every direction barns, hay-stacks, granaries, and many houses were on fire. The product of the summer's toil was mounting to the skies in chariots of flame. Everywhere the people fled, abandoning all their effects, in the madness of fear. Their alarm was justifiable. Brant's army of fifteen hundred warriors and Tories was upon them without a single note of warning. At first, the enemy mounted their little cannon, and prepared to besiege the fort. But the little mud redoubt held plucky men.

Finding that the siege would delay them, Brant, a true master of guerrilla warfare, gave up the notion of taking the fort, and swept on down the valley with his terrible band of destroyers. In their course the whole valley was laid in ruins. Houses and barns were burned, the horses and cattle killed or taken, and those of the inhabitants who were not safely within the walls of their little fortifications were either killed or taken captive. The very churches were fired.

But the torch of war was not applied to the property of Tories. Wherever lived a loyalist to England, the horde of destroyers stayed its ruthless hands. They passed by, leaving the property untouched. Then one of the strange sides of human nature displayed itself. The settlers, furious at their own wrongs, and aflame with passion at the sight of their disloyal neighbors' immunity from harm, issued from the forts, and, with their own hands, completed the desolation of the valley, destroying every bit of Tory property.

As the invading army hurried on, transforming, with its breath of flame, the verdant valley into a mighty cinder, many a cabin became the scene of a tragedy, more thrilling than those

performed behind the flashing footlights of any theater. The humble pioneers and their clinging families were enrolled in the terrible *dramatis personæ*.

John Vraoman was on a scout some miles from his home. An Indian jumped out of a bush. Vraoman killed him. A second Indian bounded forward, his long and sinewy fingers reaching to clutch the white man's throat, but a lightning blow with the clubbed musket stretched the savage senseless on the sod. At that moment a swarm of savages started up in the forest. Vraoman fled. By great skill and marvelous endurance he eluded his pursuers. After hours of strenuous exertion, he neared his cabin. His heart leaped for joy at the thought that his wife and children were saved from the lonely, unprotected, and poverty-stricken life of the widow and the fatherless. Nearing the spot, he caught a smell of burning. His tired steps were quickened with anxiety. Too late! The cabin was a heap of glowing coals, the wife and children captives. He suffered but a few days of anguish. Brant sent back the captives, with a note on birch bark, giving them sweet liberty.

A farmer was unloading a wagon of corn at his granary. Hearing a shriek from the house, he looked about to find a swarm of Indians and Tories surrounding it on all sides. "The enemy, my boys!" shouted the father, but, as he leaped down from the wagon, a rifle ball pierced his patriotic breast. The shriek came from his wife, who was tomahawked. Her five-year old boy ran screaming to his fallen mother, his childish heart bursting with the frantic agony of sorrow. He knelt down in the crimson pool about the form he loved so well. In a moment a tomakawk ended his grief and life together.

An aged man in the fort at Middleburg owned a mill two miles away. His son had passed the night there alone. At the first discovery of the Indians, the white-haired father, knowing they would speedily attack the mill, started, regardless of earnest remonstrances on account of the danger of the attempt, to warn his son of his peril. He hoped to reach the mill before

the savages, and succeeded. The father and son then hurried back to the fort, to find it already attacked. By a bold move they managed to get inside of the sheltering redoubt. Of the havoc wrought by Brant, one instance was the suffering of the large and prominent Vrooman family, three of whom were killed and nine carried captive to Canada.

These incidents are but a few drops from the bloody deluge. The invaders divided into two parties. One marched down one side of the Mohawk. The other division kept pace on the opposite side. In this way the country was laid waste in every direction. The goal of the expedition was Schenectady. It was never reached. Flying horsemen had long since carried the news of the invasion to Albany. Too much time had been taken up in the advance. General Van Rensselaer, with a strong army, was on the way to meet the enemy. Brant and Johnson began a retreat. It was too late. A heavy battle was fought. At sunset the advantage was with the Americans, but they failed to push it, and fell back to encamp. That night the enemy fled, without the rustle of a leaf or the rattle of a bayonet.

Some funny things occur in a forced retreat. Nine Tories were hurrying through the forest, each trying to outdo the other in the speed of retreat. Suddenly a stern voice cried out in the darkness, "Lay down your arms." They obeyed with precipitation, and were made prisoners. They could not see their hand before them. Of the number of their captors they had no idea. Every Tory was securely pinioned and led away. In the morning they found themselves in a little block-house. Their captors were seven militia-men. The nine had surrendered to the seven!

An incident of the invasion is worth relating. The Senecas were led by a half-Indian named Corn Planter. His father was a white trader, who had, many years before, on one of his trips, been enamored of a pretty Seneca maiden. Corn Planter became one of the living evidences of his affection.

The son was not ignorant of his father's name and whereabouts. With a dozen trusty followers, he sought the old man's cabin, where he lived in peace with his family, and took him prisoner. After proceeding a few miles the proud Seneca stepped up, and said: "I am your son. You are my father. I am a warrior. Many scalps have I taken. Many a captive have I tortured. Yet you have nothing to fear. If you will come with me to the distant lodges of my people, I will cherish you in your old age, and give you plenty of venison. If you scorn the simple life of the children of the forest, and prefer to return to the arms of your pale-face squaw and the caresses of your pale-face children, my brothers, it is well. You are free to choose."

It may be imagined that the old man, who was or wished to be ignorant of his near relationship to the stalwart savage, chose pretty quickly, and scampered off home as fast as he could. The young chief bowed to his wishes, and sorrowfully turned to hide himself in the forest.

The common name of John Shell, a Dutch settler who lived with his family in a lonely block-house four miles from Fort Herkimer, has been embalmed in an incident which comes down to us. A band of sixty or seventy Mohawks suddenly surrounded the little fortress one day, and laid siege. Mrs. Shell loaded the rifles, while her husband and sons fired them. The attack lasted from two o'clock until sunset. McDonald, the leader of the enemy, made repeated efforts to break in the door of the structure. He was in the act of using a heavy iron crowbar when he received a shot in his leg. He fell. None of his men were just at hand. The bold Dutchman, Shell, flung open the door and dragged him in—a prisoner. The cartridges found on him were greedily seized by the defenders, whose stock of ammunition was dangerously low.

Enraged at the capture of their leader, the enemy made a furious assault. Five guns were stuck through the port-holes. Quick as flash, Mrs. Shell seized an ax and ruined every gun by bending the barrels. As the Indians fell back, Shell ran up

to the second story and calling out to his wife told her Captain Small was at hand from Fort Dayton with re-enforcements. Then, in a loud voice, he shouted to the imaginary Small to



JOSEPH BRANT.

march his men around by the left side. It was a ruse, and it succeeded. The Indians fled, supposing that a heavy force was at hand. Shell hastily collected his family, and placing such food as they had, within reach of their wounded prisoner, set out for Fort Dayton, leaving McDonald in solitary possession of

the block-house. He was removed the following day, but died from an unskillful amputation.

The war of the American Revolution at last came to an end. For Brant's wonderful raids there was no longer opportunity. He received from the British government for his tribe a new home on the Grand River, Canada. Here he devoted himself to the work of civilizing and improving his people. He made another trip to England, being received with more splendor and ceremony than before. This was in consideration of his eminent services in the Mohawk valley.

During the Indian wars of the west, his prejudices were all against the United States, though he never actually took the field. He translated a number of devotional books into English, and sought to induce his people to give up the uncertainties and demoralizations of the chase and substitute agriculture. His own opinion, as expressed at a dinner party given him by the distinguished Aaron Burr, was that the civilization of the Indians must take place through their intermarriage and mingling of blood with the whites. His correspondence, of which much is yet extant, reveals a rugged and powerful intellect, on which his associations with white men had exerted a marked influence. He encouraged missionaries to come among his people, and renewed his Christian professions, which had, perhaps, been suspended or eclipsed while he was hurling his warriors like destroying lightnings upon the defenseless inhabitants of the Mohawk valley. His letters reveal a proud, sensitive spirit, jealous of its dignity, and which could not brook the slightest imputation of dishonor. Nothing escaped the attention of his eminently diplomatic mind, whether it transpired in the cabinets of ministers or around the council fires of the distant tribes of western Indians. He erected for himself a fine mansion on the western shore of Lake Ontario, where he lived in unprecedented splendor. Here he held his barbaric court, "with a retinue of thirty negro servants, and surrounded by gay soldiers, cavaliers in powdered wigs and scarlet coats, and all the motley assemblage of that picturesque era."

Two or three times Brant condescended to visit the eastern cities, receiving every attention from the great men of the day. That "uneasy lies the head which wears a crown" was freshly demonstrated by his career. On one of his trips east, he was followed by an assassin, a Dutchman, from the Mohawk valley, whose entire family had been murdered by Brant's warriors. The man shadowed him day and night, seeking a convenient opportunity to kill him. Brant knew his danger, and took unusual precautions. One day the assassin had well-nigh accom-

plished his purpose. Brant had taken a room in a New York hotel, which fronted on Broadway. Looking out of the window, he saw his enemy on the opposite side of the street, aiming a gun at him. The alarm was given, and the Dutchman taken care of.

On the way home, after this or a similar trip, Brant wanted to go by way of the Mohawk valley, a region so dear to him by reason of its associations, older than the dreadful scenes of the war. There as a boy he had been employed at the baronial hall of his friend and patron, Sir William Johnson. There, too, his people had from time immemorial lived, and loved, and died. But the people of the valley confronted this sentiment of Brant with a widely different one. If any man was ever hated with all the abhorrence of which human nature is capable, such was the feeling with which Brant was regarded throughout the length and breadth of the Mohawk valley. When word came that the monster was to pass through the country, the settlers prepared, with exultant curses, to kill him. A rumor of the danger reached Brant in time for him to change his route and escape secretly by another way.

Brant's ascendancy among the Iroquois was not maintained without some heart-burnings. His old enemy, Red Jacket, gathered a number of malcontents around his standard, and at a pretended meeting of the sachems of the confederacy, during Brant's absence, he was impeached and formally deposed from the head chieftancy of the Six Nations. When the old warrior returned he confronted his enemies in public council, boldly defied and denied their calumnies and charges, and demanded a fair hearing before his people. For reasons which Americans of the present generation will readily understand, the military fame and prestige of the great war chief overcame even the burning invectives of Red Jacket, and Brant triumphed over all opposition.

One unfortunate affair made a terrible impression on his mind, and he was never really himself again. One of his sons

was in the habit of getting drunk. While on one of his sprees he entered his father's room and commenced a storm of cursing and abuse. The exact circumstances are unknown, but Brant, in a sudden heat, stabbed his son, from the effects of which he died. The old man never ceased to lament the deed, and it is said would lie awake at night and cry by the hour.

On November 24, 1807, as the shrill winds of winter began to whistle through the forest, and the first light snow spread a delicate mantle over the earth, the old chief looked out upon the whitened landscape for the last time. He had been in ill-health for quite awhile. That day a sudden change for the worse took place. After several hours of suffering, Thayendanegea, Joseph Brant, turned his face to the wall, and died. Among his latest words were those to his adopted nephew, in which he uttered the burden of his heart. "Have pity on the poor Indian; if you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

In 1876, William Cullen Bryant, the poet, whose lyre is now attuned to celestial harmonies, visited the old house of Brant. His description will form a pleasant conclusion to our story.

"To visit this quaint old mansion and find it untenanted for the moment, as chanced to the writer one sunny day last June, is like stepping backward from the nineteenth century into the last quarter of the eighteenth. You enter a spacious hall, and turning to the right, find yourself in a large old-fashioned drawing-room, whose front windows look out upon the blue expanse of Burlington Bay.

"On the opposite side of the room is a grate, surmounted by an absurdly tall mantel, and flanked on each side by a curious, arched recess. Life-size oil portraits of Brant, in his paint and war-dress; of John Brant, the ideal of an Indian hero; of Sir William Johnson and members of his family, in stiff wigs and scarlet coats, richly laced, stare down upon you from the walls.

"Upon the mantel lies Brant's dagger, which drank the blood

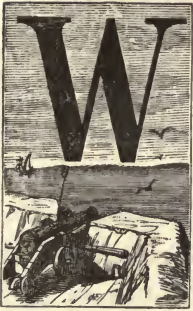
of his ruffianly son Isaac; carelessly disposed upon a table are a pair of richly ornamented dueling pistols, the gift of the Duke of Northumberland; there lies his tomahawk, yonder hangs the queer conch-shell medal, which he wore, and in the corner is flung his small sword, its ivory handle studded with gems, a testimonial from his sacred majesty, George the Third, to his gallant and faithful ally. So carelessly are these and other relics strewn about the room as to lend encouragement to the fancy that the old chief had hurriedly thrown them down, expecting momentarily to return and claim them. A dreamy atmosphere pervades the apartment, disposing the mind to reverie and rendering it hospitable to visions of the past.

“The writer, on the occasion mentioned, instinctively cast a look toward the door, expecting to hear the tread of moccasined feet, to catch a glimpse of those swarthy features, and be transfixed by a glance of the basilisk eyes which are reproduced in the portrait over the mantel. But the spell was broken by the hum of approaching voices, and a peal of childish laughter, proceeding from three bright little elves, descendants in the fourth generation from Joseph Brant.

“I can readily credit the rumor reported to me in good faith by a neighboring farmer, that Brant house is haunted.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE OF TWO BOYS FROM CHAMBLEE.



WHEN Sir John Johnson made his secret and expeditious return to the Mohawk Valley in 1780, for the recovery of the treasure which at the time of his flight he had buried in the cellar of Johnson Hall, his followers took captive Jacob and Frederick Sammons. They were the sons of an old gentleman who had been occupying the Hall since the confiscation of the baronet's estate by the American Congress.

The two young men were carried prisoners to the fort at Chamblee, in Canada. This prison was one of the most loathsome and awful dungeons from which the light of day was ever shut out. On their arrival Jacob Sammons took an accurate survey of the garrison and the facilities for escape. He noticed that the guards were few and undisciplined. Once a day the door of the prison was opened for an inspection by the commanding officer. The quick eye of Sammons also detected the fact that the guards stacked their arms in the prison-yard. He at once conceived a bold plan for the escape of the prisoners, of which no less than forty were immured in the awful place. When the door was opened for the inspection, a part of the prisoners were to rush upon and overpower the sentinels, while the rest were to rush forth and seize the arms there stacked up. But the timid prisoners shrank from the bold undertaking.

Foiled in this, Jacob Sammons and his brother Frederick studied day and night for some mode of escape for themselves

alone. Within a few days their ingenuity had devised a plan. The prisoners were allowed a supply of spruce beer. Each day two prisoners, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets, went to the brew-house to obtain the keg of beer. Sammons also discovered that the garrison generally carried their arms charged, but not primed. By a shrewd stratagem Jacob and Frederick Sammons contrived one day to be sent together for the beer. Their plan was at a certain point to break boldly from the guards and run for their lives, hoping that the delay occasioned by the lack of priming in the muskets might enable them to escape beyond the reach of gun-shot.

At the concerted moment the project was boldly executed. The young men dashed across the plain at the top of their speed. The excited garrison at once gave hot pursuit. Jacob had not proceeded far when he stumbled into an open ditch, and was thrown down with terrific violence. His ankle was badly sprained. Frederick turned to the assistance of his brother, but the latter generously commanded him to leave him to his chances and make good his own escape. Jacob managed to crawl, unobserved, from the ditch into a clump of bushes, where he hid himself between two logs. The guards passed him, unnoticed, in their wild pursuit of Frederick. The fleet-footed young Dutchman was, however, soon lost to their sight. In half an hour they returned greatly out of breath and furiously enraged.

The brothers had arranged, in case of separation, to meet at a certain spot at ten o'clock that night. Under cover of darkness, Jacob Sammons left his hiding-place and made his way to the rendezvous. No one was there. He called aloud to his brother Frederick, but only the sighing of the midsummer-night breeze among the branches of the forest answered his anxious cries.

Disheartened at the disappointment, Jacob at once began his journey through the wilderness. On the morning of the 14th of June he was about to swim the Sorel River, near Fort St.

Johns, and make his way homeward by the shores of Lake Champlain. Just as he entered the water he discovered a boat approaching filled with British soldiers. He concealed himself quickly and eluded their observation. Proceeding two or three miles through the forest he heard a noise from a vast number of woodmen's axes. A party of several hundred men from the fort were felling timber to strengthen its defenses. By a wide detour he succeeded in avoiding these enemies.

About noon he came upon a small clearing, in the center of which stood a cabin. Near by a man and a boy were in a small field, hoeing potatoes. Sammons, who was famished for want of food, resolved to throw himself upon the mercy of these people. Instead of finding, as he hoped, a friendly Frenchman, the forester proved to be a malignant Tory, and declared his intention of surrendering Sammons to the soldiers. Sammons replied that it was more than he could do, that all Canada should not take him alive.

The Tory returned to his potato field, leaving Sammons upon the door-step, where the compassionate wife of the forester gave him a bowl of bread and milk. Hanging on the wall Sammons discovered a musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch. If he could possess himself of these he felt that he might make his way home. He traveled into the woods but a little way. At nightfall he returned to the cabin to take the weapon by force. Scarcely had he entered when the noise of voices without caused him to hurry up the ladder into the loft. Here, through the cracks of the floor, he beheld with anxiety, eleven British soldiers buying and drinking milk from the people of the house. His situation was critical. At any moment the proprietor of the house might discover his presence. At last the soldiers were satisfied, and left the place.

The man and boy went to bed. Jacob stealthily descended from the loft. The good woman supplied him with another bowl of bread and milk. She tried to persuade him to surrender himself to the British. Her arguments failing, she told

him that if he would conceal himself in the woods for two days she would procure for him a supply of provisions and a pair of stout shoes. To this dangerous scheme Sammons would by no means consent: He was meanwhile undergoing an inward struggle as to whether he should take the gun and ammunition. He reflected that the theft would discover to the good woman's husband the fact that he had returned to the cabin, and perhaps might betray the kindness of the woman. With reluctant heart he resolved to forego this breach of hospitality, and without food, or the means of procuring it, he gallantly bade his benefactress farewell, and plunged into the forest.

Arriving at the shore of Lake Champlain, he came upon a cabin full of soldiers. A canoe was lying at the water's edge. Waiting till night, when the soldiers were asleep, Sammons boldly jumped into the canoe, and rejoiced at the prospect of an easy journey home, proceeded up the lake. His glad anticipations were not realized. As he approached the Isle Au Noix, he discovered a fortification. A hundred bayonets glistened in the moonlight. To pass the fort was impossible. He ran his canoe ashore, and footsore and famished, again began his dreary journey through the forest. His only subsistence was birch-bark.

On the fourth day he succeeded in catching a fish, from a brook, with his hands. Being without means to make a fire, he ate it raw. His feet were cut and bruised, his legs full of thorns. When he fell asleep hungry swarms of mosquitoes feasted upon him. On the fifth day he caught a black duck. Removing the feathers, he at once devoured the whole, not omitting head and feet. He then attempted the eggs which he found under the duck. In the first he found a half-formed duckling. Such food even his appetite would not accept.

On the tenth day he lay down, unable to proceed farther. Lying there, half stupefied, he felt a sharp pain in his right leg. It was the bite of a rattlesnake. Quick as thought, he cut out the poisoned flesh with his pocket-knife. Next he seized the

serpent, killed it, and made a meal off of the body. Further advance was impossible. Unable to crawl more than a few feet, he lay here for three days, subsisting upon the remains of the serpent. At last, when this resource was gone, his weakness increased hourly. Feeling that death was very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, and feebly attempted to carve his name upon the bark, hoping that when his bones were found, they might not be unrecognized.

Strange as it may appear, he felt somewhat stronger the next day. He cut up his hat and waistcoat, and bound them upon his feet. Hobbling along through the day he came upon human habitations. It proved to be the town of Pittsford. Here kind hands bound up his wounds and ministered to his wants. In time he made his way home.

Not less interesting were the adventures of Frederick Sammons. Having escaped the pursuit from the fort at Chamblee, he concealed himself until the hour at which he was to meet his brother at the rendezvous. He arrived at the appointed time, but Jacob, as we have seen, had come and gone. He lingered till toward morning, then crossed the river. He proceeded to a barn, hoping to find some chickens on which to breakfast. No poultry was to be found, but a fine bullock afforded a better prospect. Frederick succeeded in cutting the animal's throat. He then severed one of the hind quarters, shouldered it, and marched off into the forest. Arrived at a safe retreat, he dressed the beef, cut it into strips, and packed it in a knapsack made from the skin.

Proceeding five or six miles he came across a cabin. Here he attempted to obtain bread, salt, and means for kindling a fire. The latter only could he procure. Again making his way through the woods, he paused to build a fire, dressed and smoked his beef, and cured the knapsack of rawhide.

On the third day he had the good luck to kill a fawn. Reaching Lake Champlain he found an old canoe. Scarcely had he launched the shell, when it split asunder and he was

precipitated into the water. He journeyed on by land in good spirits until the close of the seventh day.

He had slept but an hour or two when he was attacked by an enemy. The foe could not be seen nor heard, but only felt by Frederick. The same enemy had attacked him before. Poor Sammons recognized him at once. For several years this sleepless foe had followed him day and night, seeking a favorable moment to accomplish his destruction. The name of the enemy was Pleurisy. A drenching rain came on, continuing steadily for three days, during which time Sammons lay at the foot of a tree without food, fire, or shelter, and racked by the most agonizing pains.

On the morning of the fourth day the sun rose clear. The sufferer crawled to a stagnant pond near by for a sup of water to quench his feverish thirst. The pool was full of frogs. Some of these he caught. Unable to build a fire he ate them raw. For fourteen days Frederick Sammons lay here unable to proceed. He was on a high bluff, in full view of the lake. Supposing that he would die, he nevertheless hung his hat on a pole as a signal of distress. At last some sailors on a passing ship noticed the hat. A boat was sent ashore and Sammons, living but speechless, was transferred to the vessel.

After all this suffering Frederick Sammons was again a prisoner of the British! As soon as he recovered he was returned to Chamblee. Heavy irons were forged about his limbs by blacksmiths. He was not allowed to leave his dungeon for a moment. The irons inflicted wounds upon his limbs, eating their way to the bone; even then an order for the removal of the irons was obtained by the prison surgeon with the greatest difficulty.

In November of 1781 Sammons was transferred from Chamblee to another hell-hole called Prison Island. Here with nine fellow-prisoners he organized a conspiracy for escape. By this attempt Sammons succeeded in having the irons restored to his limbs. In time, however, the manacles were again removed.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, Sammons watched with sleepless vigilance for an opportunity for escape. At last it came. On the 17th of August fifty prisoners were allowed to walk to the foot of the island around the shores of which a chain of sentinels was extended. Sammons and a fellow-prisoner, McMullen, watched their chance. The nearest sentinel happened to turn his back. The two prisoners at once leaped down a precipice into the foaming surges of the St. Lawrence. The tremendous current bore them swiftly away. Before the sentinel discovered the escape they were beyond reach. Both men were expert swimmers. In their perilous course they descended foaming rapids, one hundred and fifty rods long. Two miles below the island they attempted to land, but the buffeting waves only mocked their mad endeavors and drove them farther from the shore.

Two miles farther down they succeeded better. A cluster of houses stood near the place of their landing. Arming themselves with clubs, they entered the nearest house. No one was in it except an old lady. She was paralyzed with fright at the wild and savage appearance of the escaping prisoners. The latter ransacked the house for food, fire-arms, and ammunition. The old woman was poor. The plunderers found only one small loaf of bread. This they took, broke in two, and greedily devoured. To them it was but a crumb. The old lady had depended upon it for a week's subsistence! Only one other article in the house was worth taking. This was a small, thin blanket. It was the old woman's bed-cover. In the bitter cold of the Canadian winter she had been accustomed to double it and draw herself up, so as to make it cover her shriveled limbs. This, she said, was "quite a luxury."

As the prisoners started to leave the house they were assaulted by two Canadians. In criminal courts insanity is a defense. Imprisonment makes men insane. The prisoners beat the two Canadians to the ground with their clubs, and yet were innocent. They made their way to the woods. Amid excessive

hardships they pursued their journey homeward. For the first few days they subsisted on a calf which they had stolen. Both men were destitute of pantaloons. Their hats they bound upon their feet.

At last they reached Schenectady. They had forgotten their appearance. They were half naked. Their nails were an inch long. During their lengthened captivity their hair and beards had grown into vast and matted masses. The people of Schenectady gathered around them, supposing they were wild men of the woods. Suddenly a lady named Ellis recognized Frederick Sammons. She rushed through the crowd, seized his hands, and fainted. The adventures of the fugitives were over.

One singular coincidence remains to be mentioned. At the time when Jacob Sammons lay weak and exhausted on the shore of Lake Champlain, and tried to carve his name on the tree, that his bones might not be without a memorial, his brother Frederick was near at hand, with his hat hoisted upon the pole as a signal of distress. At the time of their greatest suffering, when each, ignorant of the other's fate, felt that death was near at hand, the brothers were not two miles apart!

CHAPTER X.

THE BLOODY YEAR OF THE THREE SEVENS.



THE keys to history are the names of its epochs. Every remarkable period somehow and from somewhere takes to itself a name. It is the way the people have of writing history. The great masses of humanity have neither time to write elaborate histories of the age in which they live, nor have their posterity time to read them. The millions simply give a name to their

age. They place an everlasting brand upon its brow, which it must wear forever amid the great procession of historic periods. The mighty artist paints the picture complete at a single stroke. Such a name was that given by the French to the climax of their revolution—the Reign of Terror. It is itself a panorama. It is itself a whole historical library. Others may write and elaborate the details. These words tell it all.

Of this sort is the title of this chapter. Among the settlers of the Ohio valley the year 1777 stood out in a solitude of horror. Standing in the midst of a long series of years darkened by ceaseless conflict with the savages, it was darker than the darkest. It was bloodier than the bloodiest. It stood alone, a lofty mountain peak, amid ranges of nestling hills. Then the settlers of the valley, as if by instinct, gave that year a name. It is also that of this chapter. Earth has run red with other wars when they were at rest forever. But so long as men look at the past, so long as the lovely valley of the Ohio unrolls its laughing landscapes to the sunlight, the children of

the settlers, hearing that name, may not forget the sorrows of their fathers.

KENTUCKI! This was the land of promise toward which the boldest spirits of the colonies had been looking for several years before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. New-year's day, of 1777, with its heavy snow-fall and extreme cold, was celebrated in this wilderness by several hundred settlers. There were forts already built at Harrodsburg, Boonesborough, and at the present town of Stanford. Amid the frolic of this New-year's day were uplifted the cheery voices of wives and mothers and the romping noise of children, as well as the loud laugh of shaggy hunters and pioneers. In the cabins at the forts, huge fires burned in immense fire-places. Before these roasted and sizzled the smoking game of rarest flavor, while the bright yellow of the sweet but homely corn-dodger silently deepened into a richer brown.

When at last the women, with faces which had caught the ruddy tint of the roaring fire, announced that dinner was ready, there was great clatter to drag up rude seats to the puncheon table. If the feast lacked variety, it was toothsome, and the mighty appetites of the family and guests would put to blush the dainty eaters of a later day. Nor was the entertainment thought complete without hearty draughts of liquors that are now proscribed. In the wild loneliness of their lives these brave people forgot not the holidays which they had been used to celebrate amid gentler surroundings. Amid their rough and dangerous career these days shone out bright, joyous and happy.

The snow had not yet melted from the cleared fields around the Harrodsburg fort, in March, 1777, when signs became manifest of an unusual disturbance among the Indians. Four miles from the fort, Coomes, Shores, and the two Ray boys were felling trees. Without a moment's warning a rifle ball, aimed by a dusky hand, killed William Ray.

The rest undertook to escape by flight. Shores was over-

taken and captured. Coomes, unable to maintain his terrific speed, flung himself among some briars, and was overlooked. James Ray was a wonderful runner. The swiftest warriors could not get within gunshot of him. In thirty minutes he dashed into the fort and gave the alarm. There was a disagreement as to the course to pursue. McGary, father-in-law of William Ray, wanted to go to the rescue. Harrod opposed it. In the heat of the moment the men raised their guns to shoot. McGary's wife rushed between and snatched her husband's weapon. McGary galloped off with thirty men. The bleeding corpse of Ray was found. Coomes was rescued. Poor Shores and his captors were gone.

A few days after this tragedy a cabin outside of the stockade was seen to be on fire. When the whites attempted to extinguish it, a large number of Indians sprang into sight, and, after a sharp struggle, drove them back into the fort. The Indians encamped in full view. For days they acted as if no such thing as a white man's fort was anywhere near. It was a ruse. One afternoon, without a single indication of their purpose, the whole force rushed forward to the fort. The scheme failed. In three minutes forty men leveled their rifles through the port-holes of the fort, and checked the advance with fatal volleys.

During the night the Indians decamped, and proceeded to Boonesborough. After an unsuccessful attack, they again changed their purpose, and advanced to Logan's Fort, one mile west of the present town of Stanford. This little redoubt and its precious population of mothers and children was defended by thirteen men.

One morning the women, attended by half the garrison, went out to milk the cows. The Indians, concealed in a cane-brake, at once fired, killing three men outright. A fourth fell wounded. The rest fled to the fort. In a few moments the wounded man was seen dragging himself, with great difficulty, to the fort. His strength gave out; he could proceed no farther.

The Indians withheld their fire, hoping to decoy a party out of the fort to rescue the poor fellow. His wife and children were agonized at the sight, but could do nothing. Benjamin Logan, the builder of the fort, called for volunteers to join him in a rescue. One man responded.

Thus attended, Logan started. At the gate his companion's heart failed him. Logan went on alone. In a shower of balls Logan ran down the hill, seized the wounded man, and started back. A shot brought him to his knees, but he struggled on till the great wooden gate shut out the danger. A furious assault followed. The nine men within the fort fought the two hundred without. Blind with rage, the assailants again and again swarmed up the hill, and again and again retreated in confusion before the deadly firing from the fort. Foiled in their attempt to carry it by storm, the savages determined to reduce it by famine.

Days passed. The supply of provisions at the fort grew smaller. Their ammunition could not hold out much longer. When it was gone, the savages would beat down the wooden gates, and the defenders of the fort would be conquered. Harrodsburg and Boonesborough would not be able to divide their own dwindling supplies, even if they could be reached.

In this emergency, the lion-hearted Logan determined to make his way to the nearest settlement in Virginia. On a dark and stormy night he left the fort, crawled through the lines of the Indian encampment, and struck out through the wilderness. He reached his destination. He loaded himself down with gunpowder and lead. The settlement refused to send a relief party, but promised to dispatch a messenger to the Virginia government with news of the alarming condition of affairs in Kentucky. With this promise, he hastened to return. His way was beset with difficulties. Rains came near ruining his gunpowder, rivers almost overwhelmed him, savages pursued him. Yet he reached the little fort in safety. He brought relief. Days and weeks passed. Still the stubborn

besiegers did not move. The situation at the fort again grew desperate. At this point a relief party, under command of Colonel Bowman, arrived. The agony was ended. Logan's Fort was saved.

This, however, by no means relieved the settlers. Indians continued to swarm into the country from all directions. Boonesborough and Harrodsburg were practically in a continued siege. Throughout the summer a camp of five hundred Indians was maintained within a quarter of a mile of Harrodsburg. To procure game for the fort was full of difficulty and danger. Yet it was indispensable. It had been impossible to go out of the fort to raise a crop of corn in the cleared land. The old supply was exhausted. For weeks they had lived in the fort without bread. Yet the daring hunters at the fort braved every danger. McGary, Harrod, and Ray would slip out of the fort at night, make their way to some distant game cover, load themselves with the spoils of the chase, and return as they went, by night.

The details of personal heroism can not be followed. One day, Ray and McConnell had incautiously gone outside the stockade to practice target shooting. While they used a tree, some Indians used them for the target. McConnell was killed. Ray started for the fort, but the gate was closed against him. Twenty feet from the wall was a stump, behind which he threw himself. He lay in this situation four hours, the balls of the enemy striking within a few inches of him. At last a hole was dug under the wall, and he was taken into the fort in that way.

Winter alone brought relief to the Kentuckians. The year had been one of unparalleled hardship. They were unable to leave the country, and, reduced almost to starvation, had carried on a defensive war with overwhelming forces of Indians for nearly a year. Of the causes of this bloody invasion the Kentuckians knew little. History, however, shows that it was a part of the Revolutionary War. While England fought the

colonies from the north and east, her emissaries incited the Indians to become her allies, and attack the exposed settlements of the west. Far more terrible was the conflict of the bloody and ominous year of the three sevens in the western part of Virginia than in Kentucky.

In the war of 1774 in this region, known as "Lord Dunmore's war," the great Shawanese chief, Cornstalk, had shared with his warriors the crushing defeat of Point Pleasant. When, therefore, the agents of Great Britain induced all the tribes north-west of the Ohio to unite for an attack on the whites, and held out the hope, that the tide of pioneers could thus be rolled back even beyond the Blue Ridge, Cornstalk alone refused to enter the confederacy. His voice alone was lifted to warn of the hopelessness of a struggle with the white man. Unable to control his warriors, he went to the fort at Point Pleasant, and laid before the officers the details of the great conspiracy. It was decided to detain him and his company as hostages, as security for the neutrality of his tribe. To this he assented. A small force of colonial troops was also collected at Point Pleasant.

One August morning Cornstalk was drawing in charcoal on the cabin floor a map of the route the Indian army would take. Suddenly a halloo was heard from the opposite shore of the Ohio. Cornstalk recognized it as the voice of his son Elenip-sico. He had grown uneasy at his father's absence. The meeting of father and son was full of joy. The next day two soldiers, out hunting across the river, were fired on from a thicket. Gilmore was killed. The shots, and the flight of the other hunter to the shore of the river, were perceived at the fort. A canoe full of men at once crossed the river. Hamilton was rescued. Gilmore's scalped and bloody corpse was recovered.

The soldiers at the fort were enraged beyond measure. Many of them had suffered from the savages. One had been a captive. Another's parents had been massacred. Yet another's wife had been carried into captivity and never heard of more.

The entire family of the dead Gilmore had been massacred twelve years before. These cruelties had filled their hearts with hatred for the savages. They brooded over the awful injuries.

At the first note of war they had taken the field against the Indians. Now, when the "poor, poor, dumb mouths" of Gilmore's wounds spoke in silent eloquence of the bloody wrong, a dreadful cry arose. "KILL THE INDIANS IN THE FORT!" The crowd at the river shore where the canoe had landed, inflamed by the cry, became a maddened mob. Up the hill they started in headlong fury to carry out the horrible threat. Two officers, hearing the riot, rushed out to turn aside the men from their awful purpose. But the flood-gates of murder were open, and the red tide would have its way. "Interfere with us, and you are dead men!" A score of rifles were leveled at the two young officers.

On towards the fort swept the mob, as if possessed by some raging demon, their faces crimson with fury, and every voice lifted in hoarse yells of rage. A woman saw them coming. She listened. She caught the advancing cry of "Kill the Indians." She ran to their cabin, and told them in hurried accents that the soldiers believed that Elenipsico had brought with him the Indians who had killed Gilmore, and were coming to kill them. The young chief vehemently denied the charge. Lifting his hand to heaven, he called on the Great Spirit to bear witness to his innocence. As the shouts of the mob grew plainer he trembled with excitement. Cornstalk spoke soothingly to him. "Die like a man. The Great Spirit has sent you here to die with your father, that you may not live to see the sorrows of your people. It is best."

The words quieted Elenipsico. He seated himself on a stool to rise no more. Red Hawk attempted to hide in the chimney. The murderers were at the door. Cornstalk, with folded arms and a look of unspeakable majesty and courage, advanced to receive them. No word escaped his lips. The

soldiers fired. Without a groan the mighty chieftain fell dead, pierced by seven balls, slain in cold blood by the very men whom he was trying to serve and to save. Elenipsico remained quiet. In a moment he was quiet forever. He met his fate in a manner worthy of his fallen sire. Red Hawk was dragged from his hiding-place, and killed. A fourth Shawanese was then dispatched with the clubs of the murderers' guns, and the horrid massacre was ended.

That the whites murdered their friend is beyond doubt. The killing of Gilmore, the only evidence which caused them to think Elenipsico had brought the Indians with him, and the only evidence which has ever been adduced to prove his guilt, really tended strongly to prove his innocence. Had the Indians been companions and friends of Elenipsico they would never have committed such a murder while their own great chief, Cornstalk and his son, their friend, were defenseless and in the power of the soldiers at the neighboring fort.

It is said that after the battle of Point Pleasant, three years before, Cornstalk called his warriors together, and said: "The Long Knives are coming to burn our town, and will soon be in sight. What shall we do." After a long silence Cornstalk arose and said: "You have proposed nothing. We have been beaten in a great battle. The Long Knives are pursuing us. When the sun rises, he will look upon the ashes of our wigwams and the corpses of our people. I have a plan. Let us kill our women and children; then let our warriors go out and fight until they too are killed." Still there was no response. "Then," said he, striking his tomahawk into the tent-post, "I will go and make peace." He did so. Dunmore's war was ended. From that time he was the firm friend of the whites. For this friendship, he and his son, the pride of his life, the flower of the tribe, were murdered by an insane mob.

The murderers of Cornstalk were rewarded. During the time he was at the fort, messengers had been dispatched to the Virginia authorities, carrying the warning of the coming

storm, and asking help. But the eyes of the people were turned in another direction. The thirteen colonies were adrift upon the stormy sea of revolution. Every purse was emptied, every arm lifted, every nerve strained, to strengthen the cause of the suffering patriots. The new British commander, Burgoyne, with his splendid army, was sweeping down from the north, along the shores of Champlain and George, carrying every thing before him. Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Fort Edward, Fort Ann, one after another were falling. But there yet lay in his path, to the heart of the colonies, the army of the north, under General Gates.

Toward the conflict which was shortly to ensue, every patriot looked with anxiety and apprehension. But the invasion of Burgoyne was not the only danger. Lord Howe was beginning his advance upon Philadelphia, the capital of the confederacy. Opposed to him was George Washington, with his army of the south, that immortal band which had seven months before startled the world with their memorable escape over the crumbling ice of the Delaware, at Trenton, and who were destined to make another retreat not less famous, in which their bare and bleeding feet were to mark their stony path to Valley Forge with the red insignia of suffering.

The patriots felt that the eyes of the world were upon them. The ragged un-uniformed, bare-footed soldiery, transfigured and inspired by immortal ideas, suffered and fought with a consciousness that all that was good in the past, and all that was bright in the future of humanity, was staked upon the issue of the war. The women of the colonies toiled in field and kitchen, at the loom, and in the hospital, to supply food, clothing, and medicine to the starved and bleeding troops. Men were spending every dollar of their private fortune in the cause of liberty and independence. The very children caught the spirit of self-sacrifice from their sires. Memorable struggle! Immortal victory!

What then could Virginia, the home of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry do for the frontier? Nothing. Her zeal, her attention, her resources, were all absorbed in the

momentous conflict of the Revolution. On receipt of the news from Point Pleasant, the Virginia authorities were filled with dismay. Not a man could be spared to repel the Indian invasion. A small quantity of ammunition was sent to each of the four forts which at that time guarded the entire frontier—Red Stone, on the Monongahela, Fort Pitt, Fort Henry, at Wheeling, and the one at Point Pleasant. Of these, Fort Henry had no regular garrison at all. The settlers who might take refuge in it were its only defenders.

In addition to the little supply of ammunition, the Virginia government dispatched mounted messengers along the frontier, carrying the news of the approaching invasion to the scattered cabins, and of the government's inability to send relief, and advising them to abandon their exposed situations, and fly to places of safety. In some localities these tidings of alarm were followed by hurried preparations for flight, but generally the brave frontiersmen were reluctant to abandon their little properties, won from the wilderness by such persistent toil, and began to erect block-houses, store provisions, and drive their cattle into stockades, by way of defense against the painted invaders.

During the summer, isolated murders and depredations became more and more frequent along the frontier, but it was not till the latter part of August that the scouts brought word to the settlements that the Indians of the west were on the war-path, and would shortly be upon them. Where the blow would fall, no one could tell. The anxious settlers gathered in their forts and block-houses.

Wheeling, a village of thirty houses, was, with the exception of Pittsburg, the most important place on the Ohio River. Fort Henry was its citadel. The fort stood on a lofty bluff. It was an oblong square, of oak palisades, inclosing two or three acres of ground. At the corners of the stockade were block-houses. Inside were the magazine and a few solid cabins, quarters for the neighboring settlers who might take refuge there. In the few years since their coming, the founders of

Wheeling had made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Standing on the ramparts of Fort Henry, looking out over the landscape, one might have seen not only the encircling forests, the distant purple of the mountains, and the winding river, but also green pastures, populated with contented cattle, waving fields of yellow grain, leafy orchards, from which peeped the blushing fruit, and solid barns to store the products of the farms.

On the 31st of August, 1777, scouts brought definite information of the approach of five hundred Indians, all armed with the best weapons, and abundantly supplied by the British Government with ammunition. They were commanded by a white man. On receipt of this intelligence, every one repaired to the fort. The cattle were driven into the stockade. Provisions and ammunition were hurriedly carried up the bluff, and lodged in the store-house and magazine. Camp fires were built inside the stockade.

As night came on, the women and children spread improvised beds on the floors of the cabins. But, though they retired, they were wide-awake. The women talked to each other in excited whispers. The crackling of a twig caused shudders of apprehension. Forty times during the night, it was said: "There they are!" The men remained outside to watch. They sat around the camp fire, gun in hand, saying little, constantly on the alert, and grimly awaiting the attack. There were just sixty men in the fort. But the night passed without any indication of the presence of the foe. The truth was the Indians had come within sight of the fort. They had seen the sparks from the camp-fires, and the lights in the block-houses. This showed that the garrison was awake. The night attack was abandoned.

For this disappointment the Indians resolved to compensate themselves. An ambuscade would be about as gratifying as the night attack. They ranged themselves in a double line across the fields. When the sun rose they lay hidden in the weeds. The people at the fort did not suspect the trap. A white man and a negro went out to drive in some horses which had been over

looked the night before. They walked into the snare. Six Indians sprang up. The white man was killed. But the negro was purposely allowed to escape, that he might carry word to the fort and induce more men to come out. The scheme succeeded. He reported that there were six Indians down there. Fourteen men, under Captain Mason, at once set out to punish the murderers. Sure enough they found six Indians retreating across the field. The pursuers fired. As if by magic the field was instantly blackened with Indians starting up from their concealment. Retreat was cut off. The white men fell on the encircling lines with the fury of despair. They hacked, clubbed, cut, gashed, and beat their way through. We said "they." Who? The fifteen? No, the *four*! Eleven never got through. Mason and three men started to run for the fort. William Shepherd's foot caught in a grape vine. He fell. Before he could rise, a tomahawk clove asunder his skull. Another was shot as he ran. Mason snatched his gun. He, himself, was wounded twice, but he pressed on in the race for life. He felt the warm breath of his pursuer. He stopped short, tripped up the savage, and shot him. He could proceed no farther. He crawled into a hollow log, and lay there till the pursuers ceased to be such.

The discharge of guns and the yells of the Indians had been the only information at the fort of the ambushade. As has been said, it was a little after sunrise. A dense fog from the river made it impossible to see an object ten feet off. The defenders of the fort saw nothing. Captain Ogle took twelve more men, and went to the rescue. He was a little in the rear of his party. Suddenly a ring of Indians was discovered to have completely surrounded the party in the fog. Ogle alone was left outside the circle. The scene that followed was the worst sort of a butchery. In two minutes all but two of Ogle's men were killed. Ogle hid himself in a fence corner. An Indian came, and sat just above him on the fence. He was wounded and in pain. He did not notice the white man. When

the wounded Indian left, Ogle made his way to the fort. They were making a list of the dead. Twenty-seven of the best men had left the fort. Only four had returned alive, and they were wounded.

There was no time to grieve. The whole force of Indians was starting up the hill, flourishing the bloody scalps of the slain, for an assault on the fort. These scalps were valuable. Colonel Hamilton, the British commandant at Detroit, who had fitted out this terrible war-party, paid thirty dollars for every settler's scalp. Twenty-three scalps were worth six hundred and ninety dollars. Hamilton is known to history as the "hair buyer." There were thirty-three men and about a hundred women and children left in the fort. Every heart was heavy with grief from the terrible disasters of the morning. The Indians called for a surrender. But the weakened garrison replied that death alone could conquer them.

The Indians began the attack. At first, they fought at long range, firing into the walls of the palisade, and doing no execution. The defenders of the fort reserved their fire. At last, the Indians started in a dead run for the gates of the palisade, to tear them down and force an entrance. They were met by a deadly fire at point-blank range. The charging column wavered. To hesitate in a charge is to retreat. The Indians retreated.

It was an hour before this maneuver was repeated. This time the danger to the fort was great. Its defenders were splendid marksmen. Many a noble form was stretched lifeless in the grass as the Indians swarmed up the slope. But the numbers of the foe were so great that it seemed almost impossible to beat them back. Instead of retreating at the first fire, the survivors continued to advance.

The women of the fort were busy. Some moulded bullets. Others loaded guns, and handed them to the men, who could, as a consequence, fire three times where they could only have done so once. The garrison seemed to multiply itself. Some of the women stood at port-holes, loading and firing with

all the skill and precision of the men. The battle is said to have lasted twenty-three hours. During the lulls in the conflict, the women would carry bread and meat to the smoke-blackened men at the port-holes. It seemed as if the strength of the Indians would never be weakened. It seemed as if their persistence would never be wearied out. During all that time, not an eye was closed in slumber, not a hand removed from a rifle.

There were many incidents of personal heroism during the siege. As there was another siege of Fort Henry in 1782, there has been great dispute as to which siege the respective incidents belong. The best authorities differ. But for our purpose, this doubt is unimportant. The place, persons, and circumstances were the same at both sieges. The defenses were equally heroic. This is not a critical history. It is a popular recountal. We will take advantage of the doubt as to time. We will range ourselves with those authorities which hold that Elizabeth Zane's gunpowder exploit and Sam. McCullough's leap for life occurred in the siege of 1777. It would be interesting to relate this historical dispute. Both sides rest their argument on the sworn testimony of eye-witnesses. Either account, taken by itself and judged by the canons of historical criticism, would appear unimpeachable. Yet they are absolutely contradictory. They differ not only as to time, but as to the actors themselves, and as to the transaction itself.

One woman, who was an eye-witness, swears that she saw the gunpowder exploit performed by Mollie Clark, in 1782, that she herself handed out the gunpowder, that the supply had run short, not at the fort, but at Colonel Zane's cabin outside the stockade, and that Elizabeth Zane was not present at the siege at all. On the other hand, the first published accounts of the affair were prepared by scrupulously careful writers who obtained their whole information from the people of Wheeling, who were participants in the siege. They say the exploit was performed at the first siege, and relate it as we give it herein.

This dispute shows how apt eye-witnesses are, after a shorter or longer lapse of time, to exaggerate, to pervert, to wholly change the facts, no matter how honest their intentions. It illustrates the slenderness of so much of what is called historical evidence. It warns us to be cautious as to how we receive accounts of marvelous and unusual occurrences, and explains in a very practical way the growth of legends and historical myths.

During the afternoon of the first day, the supply of gunpowder was perceived to be dangerously small. Colonel Zane, the founder of Wheeling, remembered that in his cabin, sixty yards from the fort, was a full keg of powder. He called the men about him, told them the facts, and asked for volunteers to procure the keg of powder. Several brave fellows offered, but at this point, Elizabeth Zane, a handsome and vivacious girl, stepped forward.

She was a younger sister of the colonel, and had just come from Philadelphia, where she had been educated in the best school for young ladies in the city. Though wholly unfamiliar with border warfare, she had thrown herself into the work of casting bullets, making cartridges, and loading rifles, with the greatest zeal and courage. Now she bounded forward and imperiously announced, "No one shall go but myself!" The men turned quickly as her clear voice rang out in the air. Her flashing eyes and mounting color added emphasis to the bold declaration. At first, her offer was peremptorily refused, but the high-spirited girl was not to be denied. She argued that the enfeebled garrison could better spare her than any of the men.

In a moment she opened the heavy gate, and flew towards the cabin. The Indians saw her and watched her movements. When she came out of the building, and, with the keg of powder in her arms, sped with the fleetness of a fawn toward the fort, they sent heavy volleys of bullets after her, but not a ball touched the person of the daring girl. The gates were opened. She entered safely with her prize. A loud cheer welcomed her,

and every man, inspired by her heroism, and thrilled with her loveliness, resolved to repulse the foe or die in the effort. The young heroine lived to a ripe age, becoming the founder of Zanesville, Ohio, it is said. "The story of Elizabeth Zane," says Lossing, "ought to be perpetuated in marble and preserved in the Valhalla of our Revolutionary heroes."

During the night the savages kept up their assaults with unwearied vigor. About midnight they began to fire the houses of Wheeling, one after another. Meanwhile, relief was coming from two directions. How news flies so rapidly in a wilderness where there are neither telegraphs, railroads, mails, stage coaches, couriers, nor travelers, is a mystery impossible to explain. However it may be, Major Sam. McCullough, at the head of forty mounted men, was on his way from the Short Creek settlement, and Colonel Swearinger, with fourteen men, was coming down the river in a boat from Halliday's fort. About four o'clock in the morning McCullough's men dashed through the burning village and up to the fort. McCullough himself reined in, refusing to go in till all of his men had entered. The Indians made a rush to intercept the relief party, but were too late for any one except McCullough. He was left outside as the gates closed. They could have killed him, but desired to take him alive and save him for torture, to avenge themselves for the many injuries he had inflicted on them. McCullough, the hero of many a close encounter, put spurs to his horse and dashed along the hillside, toward Van Meter's block-house, several miles away. He had reached the top of Wheeling Hill, fairly distancing his pursuers, when a body of Indians appeared just ahead of him, moving rapidly to surround him.

A glance taught him the peril of the situation. On one side was a steep precipice; on the others were his foes. He hesitated not an instant, but curved his horse abruptly toward the precipice, and, with a leap disappeared from the view of his astounded pursuers. The hill was very high and exceedingly abrupt in its declivity. The Indians ran to the brink, expect-

ing to see his mangled corpse on the rocks below. Instead of this, they saw him firmly seated in his saddle, galloping rapidly around a point of rocks safe from their pursuit.

Swearinger's party, coming down the dark and foggy river, now running ashore, now far out in mid-stream, out of sight of land, half rowing, half drifting, were apprehensive lest they should pass Wheeling in the pitchy darkness. Their fears were groundless. Long before they reached the place, a red and angry glare lit up the black canopy of clouds which overhung the unfortunate settlement.

It was dawn before they reached their destination. Half-stifled by the smoke from the ruined cabins, they crawled up to the fort, and entered. Not an Indian was visible. A furious attack had been repulsed and was followed by an unusual stillness. Two bold scouts went out to reconnoiter. They returned without discovering the whereabouts of the foe. Then Colonel Zane took twenty men and explored the field and forest where the savages had so lately encamped. They were gone. Discouraged by the re-enforcement of McCullough's men, they had abandoned the siege, after burning the village and killing three hundred cattle.

A day passed. No signs of Indians were visible. The settlers ventured out of the fort to the desolate site of their frontier homes. Many a family had lost not only its home, but the strong right arm of the husband and father, which could have replaced the home. Place and prospect were to them but a vista of dreariness. With many a stifled sigh the survivors took up again the burden of life. In a day or two Captain Foreman arrived with more re-enforcements from Hampshire. For several weeks the people at Wheeling kept on their guard. That the Indians had returned to their towns in the west seemed possible.

On September 26th a cloud of smoke seemed to be rising from the region of Tomlinson's place, twelve miles below Wheeling. To ascertain the facts and lend assistance if necessary,

Foreman took a strong party and started in the direction of the smoke. Grave Creek, as the place was called, was found all safe. The men remained over night and commenced their return trip.

Foreman, a thick-headed fellow, inexperienced in Indian fighting, indulged in fatal recklessness. He would build large fires at night, and went to sleep right by them. In his company was a weather-beaten scout, named Lynn. His crafty eye took in the danger of this proceeding, and after a caution to Foreman, he and two or three of his fellows withdrew to a dark spot in the forest for their night's repose. About two o'clock in the morning, a faint plashing could be heard by a practiced ear. It came from the other side of the river. It was too regular and rythmical to be occasioned by the dash of the current on a hidden rock, or the sportive leapings of the fish from the dark depths. Lynn awoke. He listened. He made his way over to Foreman, roused him, and told him that he believed that Indians had seen their camp-fire, and were embarking from the opposite shore of the river on rafts, for an attack. Foreman repulsed him rudely, and turning over went to sleep. A shade fell on the honest face of the scout. He withdrew again into the forest. But he remained wide awake. He stood behind a tree, his finger on the trigger of his musket. He watched.

But the enemy, if present, gave no indications of it. With the morning came the order for marching. There were two routes. One along the creek bottom, the other along a ridge of hills. Lynn urged the latter, as being safer from ambuscade, and a different way from the one by which they came. Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. Foreman was mad. He scoffed at the rusty-looking scout. The fatal command was given to take the lower route.

Lynn and a half dozen companions left the company to return by the ridge. It was well. As Foreman's party proceeded the men discovered some Indian trinkets on the ground. A man in advance picked them up. Such a find is unusual.

The backwoodsman is, after all, a man. He has curiosity. But his life is barren. Of the splendors of a great city, with its magnificent store windows, filled with dazzling and brilliant displays, he has no conception. A few beads are to him an object of wonder. To find them in the woods is a miracle. The men crowded eagerly around the finder of the treasure. The big, rough fellows, brave as lions, behaved like children. They jostled and crowded each other to get a better sight of the toy. They were intently absorbed. Every eye was on the treasure. Had one of them looked around he would have seen that they were surrounded by Indians.

There was a fearful explosion. The unseen circle of enemies had fired. Twenty-one white men fell dead on the spot. The rest would have fallen at the second fire. But suddenly there were heard terrific yells from the top of the hill. The Indians turned to listen. It seemed as if a whole army was coming. The Indians broke and ran; the faster the better. In a moment they were gone. The yells did not come from an army. They came from Lynn and his companions. The remainder of Foreman's party was saved. He, himself, had paid the penalty for his obstinacy. But it was small recompense for the poor fellows lying cold in death.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONFLICT IN THE OHIO VALLEY.



THAT changes have been mirrored in the blue Ohio during the last hundred years! The waters of the river itself have not been more changing than the landscape. This is the true age of magic. Who is there that does not see that the Lamp of Civilization far surpasses the dull luminary of one Aladdin? Not a single palace, but whole cities have sprung into existence, as it were, in a single night. Instead of transforming towns into lakes, and their inhabitants into blue, green, and yellow fish, by our magic, swamps and reedy lakes are transformed into cities, and in the place of innumerable suckers, cats, and minnows, behold thronging populations of men. Unnumbered generations of wide-eyed children have wondered at the enchanted horse, which, by the turning of a peg, in a single day transported the Prince of Persia and his lady love to his distant dominions. But we have enchanted horses which travel at the rate of a mile a minute, able to carry, not merely two persons, but whole populations. Yet we do not wonder. The author of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" thought his fancy had transcended the bounds of all that was possible. But the creations of his imagination are tame and dull beside the marvelous handiwork of the real Genie, the Spirit of Civilization.

It is still possible to imagine the past. We can conjure up faint visions of the majestic river rolling on in everlasting solitude. The winding shores lie wrapped in the mantle of per-

ennial forests. Not a sound is heard above the muffled roar of the flood.

It is evening. At points where the shore slopes gradually to the water, stand shadowy herds of mild-eyed deer, now drinking from the cooling current, now lifting their graceful necks, and watching with timid anxiety some spot along the shore, from which had come the suspicious sound of rustling leaves. Lying hid in the thicket is a phantom canoe. A dusky form steals cautiously through the underbrush toward the gentle denizens of the forest. He obtains a view of the lovely sight. His eye flashes, his nostril quivers, but not with admiration of the beautiful.

There is a whirring sound, as a light shaft whistles through the air. The startled deer leap toward the shadow of the forest. Too late. The arrow-head is buried in the heart of a noble buck. His leap was unto death. The crimson tide spurts forth in hot jets upon the brown leaves of the wild wood. His large and intelligent eye is slowly covered with a film which shuts out forever the view of his forest home. His slender form stiffens. The head is partially lifted, as if to look with mild reproachfulness upon the enemy whom he had never harmed. Then it sinks back upon the spreading antlers. The agony is ended.

The dim picture quickly fades. Where stood the shadowy outlines of the forest, now stately buildings and the stony expanse of a great city's public landing, covered with vast piles of merchandise, force themselves upon the vision. Along the shore stretches a mile of stately steamers. From some just landed, streams of busy passengers pour forth over the wharf-boat. Others are about to depart. Dozens of drays thunder down the stony slope with freight for the out-going vessels. Gangs of deck-hands are hurriedly carrying aboard the last of the cargo. The voice of the master is heard above the din, incessantly urging the hands to greater exertions, now cursing them for clumsiness or abusing them for laziness, now threat-

ening them with discharge and no pay, now promising various glittering rewards for more speed.

At last the cargo is loaded. The last barrel is rolled aboard. The last consignment of brooms and wooden buckets is stowed away. The smoke, which has been rising from the steamer's chimneys in thin, idle currents, now rushes upward in black volumes. The gangway is hauled aboard, the hawser cast off. There is a hasty jingling of various signal bells. A heavy puff from the engines, and the roaring swash of the paddle-wheels is heard as the steamer slowly draws off from the dock.

If we turn from the din and confusion of the landing, we hear above us the roar of the Queen City. Miles upon miles of bowldered streets stretch on between tall rows of gloomy buildings. The air is heavy with the smell of groceries, and tremulous with the clangor of metropolitan activity. The street lamps are being lighted, and as we look up the long avenue their yellow flames on either side extend in a narrowing vista, until, far up the hill, the walls of the street seem to come together.

How came the change? Whence is the marvelous transformation? Few of us think of it. The cities are here—it is enough. What care we for the struggles of our fathers? No doubt they were gentlemen, loving quiet, and, following their tastes, they left the settled towns and cities of the east to build rude homes in the peaceful valley of the Ohio. Unmolested by any disturber, we think they quietly plowed the glebe, harvested crops, reared their children, and were gathered to their graves.

What a mistake! The peace we now enjoy is the offspring of war. Our fathers were not peaceful, timid men. They were bold adventurers. They were scouts. They were Indian fighters. The Ohio valley was won from the savages only after the longest, the bloodiest struggle on record. It was a war which raged without perceptible intermission from the breaking out of Lord Dunmore's war, in 1774, to the battle of Fallen

Timbers, in 1794, a period of twenty years. During that time the pioneers of the magnificent valley knew no peace. The battles of the Revolution were fought and won, but in the struggle with the savages there was no victory for the brave colonists. The independence of the New Republic was achieved by force of arms in spite of the greatest military nation on earth, but against the redskins of the Ohio the arms of the colonies prevailed not.

Peace was made with England, but with her Indian allies no armistice took place. Treaties were concluded with every European government, but the outraged red man still shook aloft the gory tomahawk. Years rolled by. Expedition after expedition was sent against the Indians of the west, only to end in rout and massacre. Children grew to be men and women, middle-aged men and women grew gray in the ceaseless conflict, yet they fought with all the zeal of the bygone years.

The prize was worth the struggle, and the combatants knew it. The region of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee is the finest part of the American continent. The Indians of the west for unnumbered generations knew it as the best hunting-ground between the oceans. The white settlers saw in it a seat of empire for their posterity, unequaled in Europe or America. Midway between the extremes of temperature, with mild winters and cool summers, with the richest soil, moderate rain-fall, a rolling surface, and abundant forests, it is evident at this day that the pioneers did not overestimate the prospect. There is hardly any limit to the population which the region is capable of sustaining. Delightful for residence, it is also the natural home of trade, agriculture, and manufacture.

As a nursery of great men, the Ohio valley has long since distanced any other portion of the country. Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Joseph E. McDonald, John Sherman, James A. Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, Hugh McCulloch, Robert G. Ingersoll, Oliver P. Morton, Stephen A. Douglas, Thomas A. Hendricks, Allen G. Thurman, Benjamin Harrison,

Matthew Simpson, E. S. Ames, Tom Corwin, Thomas Marshall, George D. Prentice, Robert Dale Owen, Henry Ward Beecher, William T. Sherman, Henry Bascom, A. E. Burnside, Stonewall Jackson—these are the men whom the valley of the Ohio has already furnished to the Republic. Where can be found any other portion of the country, which, within less than a hundred years after the first settlers found it a silent wilderness, has given to the world such a constellation of statesmen, orators, military commanders, and writers?

The Ohio valley then was won by war, by twenty years of conflict. Reserving for separate chapters the stories of the different expeditions and the most famous Indian fighters, in this chapter we will collect the crumbs which fall from the table of the feast.

The greater part of the romantic stories of Indian adventures have been buried with the daring actors in oblivion. Besides, the few tales which happened to be preserved in manuscript or print, there yet linger in certain old families shadowy traditions of their ancestors' struggles and adventures. Gray-haired men are yet to be found in warm chimney corners, who can repeat many romantic stories told them by their mothers. But in another generation these dim traditions will be gone, as will be the men who tell them. Even with a recountal of the feats of which the stories have been preserved, many volumes could be filled. Here we can only outline some representative deeds and dangers.

THE ESCAPE OF McCONNEL.

People will eat. Alexander McConnel, of Lexington, Kentucky, though no philosopher, had observed this. So it came to pass that he went hunting one spring morning in 1780, and killed a fine deer. It was necessary to procure a horse to transport the game. Five Indians happened to find the fallen buck, understood the situation, and, from a neighboring thicket prepared a reception for the hunter. Presently McConnel, careless of danger and chuckling over his good luck, appeared on

his horse. The Indians fired, killed the horse, but not the rider, and took the latter captive.

His captors turned out to be jolly fellows, in spite of the deep melancholy which is supposed to haunt the heart of the savage. They let McConnel have his gun, and he chimed in with the fun by killing game for them with fancy shots. About the fourth evening the travelers encamped on the shore of the Ohio. McConnel concluded the fun had gone far enough. He resolved to escape before they crossed the river. He complained that the cords with which they tied him at night were painful. Being polite gentlemen, they tied him loosely, passed the ends of the buffalo tug around their own bodies, and went to sleep. McConnel lay quiet till midnight.

Then he made his right hand as small as possible, and tried to draw it out of the loop. Impossible! He tried the left hand with the same result. He attempted to reach the knot with his mouth. It could not be done. Heretofore he had borne his light captivity with considerable resignation. Now he became frantic. His veins grew swollen with rage. He strained and pulled with the energy of despair. Useless! He thought of his home, of perpetual captivity, of a death by torture, of suicide.

As he lay almost bursting with fury, something on the ground, glittering in the firelight, caught his eye. He studied it attentively. At last he made it out. It was a knife. How could he reach it? He could not move his hands two inches without waking his sleeping guards. It lay nearly two yards from his feet. He commenced to slowly move his body toward the foot of his rude pallet, under the cover of buffalo skin. As this singular movement continued, he gradually drew his hands upward; leaving them in the same relative position. Now they were over his face, now above his head; now stretched at full length toward the head of the bed. His head was covered with the buffalo robe. It could no longer be lifted. Unable to see the knife he sought it with his foot. He felt everywhere for

it. He could not find it. With his great toe he made a mark in the ground. Then he drew himself up. He raised his head. The knife was there. The mark made by his toe was eleven inches this side of it. Eleven inches between liberty and a death by torture!

McConnel thought. In a little while he commenced moving his head from side to side. At each movement he seized the edge of the buffalo skin in his teeth and dragged it a little. Presently the skin was partially pulled off the savage on the right. He got cold. He turned over in his sleep to warm his cold side. This threw him much nearer McConnel. But it also gave considerable play to the prisoner's hands. Again the latter cautiously wriggled toward the foot. Again he extended his hands above his head. Again the foot sought for the precious knife.

It was reached, grasped firmly between the toes, and drawn upward. In a moment McConnel had it in his hand and severed his bonds. He rose. Instead of fleeing, he deliberately sat down by the fire. Strange conduct for a fugitive! Too well he knew that to fly without killing his captors meant certain pursuit and recapture. The trail he would leave would be as plain to their eyes as a plow furrow. He might succeed in cutting the throats of one or two. But the death rattle must rouse the rest.

At last he took all but two of the guns of the savages and hid them in the forest. Of the two he carefully examined the loads. They appeared satisfactory, for he noiselessly laid the barrels across a log, and aimed each at a savage. The flickering light of the camp fire revealed his calm but determined face. Bang! Bang! The guns were fired almost simultaneously, killing two of the savages outright. At the report the other three sprang to their feet. McConnel rushed instantly to the spot where he had hid the guns. As his enemies bounded towards him, he fired again. The ball passed through the body of the foremost Indian and wounded the one behind him. The fifth

and last savage instantly fled. McConnel clubbed the wounded brave, shouldered his gun, and made his way home in safety.

The surviving Indian paused not till he reached his people. Among them was a white captive, Mrs. Duulap. Afterward she escaped, and told McConnel of this Indian's account of the affair to his people. He related that he and his companions had captured a fine young hunter at Lexington, and had brought him as far as the Ohio; that, while there encamped, a large party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed all his companions, together with the defenseless prisoner, who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

One July evening in 1781, as the tired harvesters of what is Hardin County, Kentucky, were trudging to their cabins, a war party of Indians burst into the settlement with wild yells, murdered no less than twelve persons, and withdrew as swiftly as they came. The stricken pioneers started in pursuit. In their party was Peter Kennedy, a young Indian fighter, known as the swiftest runner in Kentucky. This talent caused him to be looked on as a very brilliant fellow. In the fury of pursuit the settlers ran into an ambush. Better had it been for the anxious women and children, left behind in the cabins, if the brave ones had never gone from them. The savages fired from ambush, killing every white except Kennedy. He jumped behind a tree. As an Indian ran at him with uplifted tomahawk, the runner fired, killed the savage, and ran. Nine rifles were discharged. A ball in his leg disabled him. It also cost him two years' captivity in the wigwams along the Wabash River in Indiana.

The time came at last when his wound healed and his captors were off their guard. He made his way to the Ohio River, built a raft, and crossed it. He felt pretty safe. A fat deer was shot by him, and, building a fire, he proceeded to roast a delicious haunch of venison. The savory roast was just done,

and the hungry man was putting the first rare morsel to his lips, when a rifle was fired from the thicket, and Kennedy felt a sharp sting on his leg. Hurt, but not disabled, he seized his gun and started at the top of his speed for the mountains. Thirty miles away was Gooden's Station. That point he must make.

The Indians started in hot pursuit. Now Kennedy summoned to his aid all the skill and endurance which had won his fame as a runner. Up-hill, down-hill, through underbrush, over fallen logs, across stony ground, and in the midst of quagmires, he sped like an arrow. He gained on his pursuers. At the end of five miles he was out of gun-shot. But still they followed. At the end of ten miles the perspiration streamed from his brow. His face and neck were swollen till the blood seemed ready to burst forth. Still he ran on without the least abatement of speed. Fifteen miles were accomplished. He found himself at the summit of a ridge of hills, near Rolling Fort. He paused for a moment. The pursuers were no longer in sight. He leaned against a tree for a whole minute. This seemed to refresh him immensely.

With redoubled speed he bounded down the rugged hillside, leaping from rock to rock, momentarily planting his flying feet on spots which seemed to furnish no foothold. A vast plain was before him. He was a mile from the ridge before he heard the yells of his pursuers. He looked over his shoulder. They had paused on the summit. At the moment Kennedy saw the Indians they caught sight of him. Far away on the hill-top he saw their gestures of rage outlined against the sky. Suddenly they leaped down the slope as he had done.

Kennedy redoubled his exertions. Mile after mile was accomplished. Hour after hour he maintained his terrific speed. At times he could see his pursuers crossing the open country two miles behind him. Once, losing sight of them, he thought the pursuit was abandoned. He threw himself on the ground. His limbs trembled violently. His chest heaved up and down in convulsive respiration. In a moment more stupor would

have seized him. Just then the wind bore to his ears a faint yell. They were still after him, only much nearer. He had not been able for an hour to hear their voices.

Once more he started. The speed was no longer so great. His gate was stumbling and irregular. Twice he fell headlong over trifling obstacles. But he was nearing his goal. Twenty-five miles were completed. Kennedy again lost sight and sound of his pursuers. Twenty-six miles—they were hopelessly in the rear. Twenty-seven miles—the flaming disk of the afternoon sun sank behind the tree-tops. Twenty-eight miles—Kennedy felt he had won the race. Thirty miles—and he sank exhausted, but victorious, on the floor of the fort. He gasped out an explanation. A party was organized. Almost within gunshot of the fort lay the savages. When discovered, they tried to run. But their strength was exhausted. They had run their race only to meet death at the end.

It was several weeks before Kennedy recovered from the effects of his fearful exertions. His race is without parallel in frontier chronicles.

A FIGHT IN A FOG.

Bryant's Station was a fort. It was on the bank of the Elkhorn Creek, between Lexington and Maysville, Kentucky. Being exposed and liable to frequent attack, it was strongly built, containing forty cabins, in parallel rows, connected by heavy palisades. From this shelter no man dared to venture alone. The garrison of fifty men required food. But the hunting parties never went out with less than twenty men.

It was in May, 1781, that such a party sallied forth, under command of William Bryant. The men picked their way cautiously through the overhanging branches of the forest. No enemy was seen. A ravine, which had been the site of many a bloody ambushade, was passed in peace. What reason was there for further caution? Why not divide the party, sweep a large tract of country, and gather a heavy supply of game

while they had the opportunity? Ten men, under James Hogan, took the north bank of the creek and Bryant the south bank. They were to meet and join camps at night-fall. Hogan's men were proceeding on their way, when they were startled by a loud cry of "Stop!" in good English. In their rear a party of Indians was to be seen in rapid advance.

The whites at once turned loose a pack-horse, put spurs to their animals, and galloped into the forest at a break-neck speed. After a run of several miles they reined in, and held a hurried consultation. That their flight had been premature was evident. The strength of the attacking party was unknown. Bryant's men might be in great peril. To cross the creek, and lie in ambush till the Indians came along, learn their numbers, then either fight, join Bryant, or fly to the fort in case of overwhelming force, seemed the best way to remedy the mistake. It was three hours before the crunching of twigs across the creek announced the footsteps of the enemy.

It was already night. The starlight revealed an Indian starting to cross the stream. Hogan fired. There was a yell, and a mighty splash of waters. The bullet had made its home in his heart. At once all became still. After an hour's waiting, the hunters mounted and made their way to the fort. Bryant and his little company were still out. Long before daylight, Hogan and his men, ashamed at their flight and anxious about Bryant, started once more down the creek to join him. The morning was very foggy. Objects were invisible at a distance of ten feet.

While they were thus on their way, Bryant met with a sad disaster. He had gone into camp the night before at the appointed time, but Hogan came not. The men prepared and ate their supper. They sat around the camp fire, speculating anxiously on his absence. Usually, these hunting parties were jolly crowds. The evenings in camp were filled with rough fun and jokes. But on this evening the men were in no humor for levity. The horses were picketed more closely than usual.

The men grouped themselves in a narrower circle. They talked in anxious whispers. A dozen times Bryant left the circle and went out into the forest to listen for Hogan's approach. As many times he returned with his anxiety unallayed. It was far in the night before the men rolled themselves in their buffalo robes for sleep.

The night passed uneasily. In the morning the men rose, and were preparing breakfast. Just then the faint tinkle of a bell was heard through the fog. Every one listened. In a few moments it was heard again. This time Bryant recognized it. It was the bell of Hogan's pack-horse. Believing Hogan to have missed the camp and to be wandering in the fog, Bryant and Grant mounted their horses and rode to the spot where the bell was still giving irregular tinkles. Just as they had about reached it, a dozen Indians started up in the fog and fired. Both men were wounded, Bryant mortally. The bell was the bell from Hogan's pack-horse, which the Indians had captured. But instead of being on the horse's neck, the bell was held by a savage, and shaken slightly from time to time. Both men retained their seats and managed to make their way to the fort, where Bryant shortly expired.

The Indians at once charged on the camp, killed some, and dispersed the rest. They proceeded to occupy the camp, and lounged about the fire, smoking their tobacco. At this moment Hogan's party rode upon them, unseen in the fog. The surprise was equal. Each side sought shelter, and a sharp battle was fought, lasting half an hour, at the end of which time the Indians fled, leaving several dead behind them. The camp trappings of Bryant's party were found by Hogan in the camp. His suspicions were at once aroused concerning the fate of their owners. After a vain search for them, he and his men sadly returned to the fort, to find their worst apprehensions realized. Bryant, the leader of the fort, the man for whom it was named, the hero of a hundred fights, was lying cold in death amid the corpses of the men who fell in the same attack.

A SETTLER'S SELF-DEFENSE.

Not in Kentucky alone, but throughout the length of the Ohio valley, raged the conflict with the red man. David Morgan occupied a cabin on the Monongahela River, several miles from the nearest neighbor. He was seventy years of age, but still braved the dangers of his situation.

One morning two of his younger children went to plow a field a mile away from the cabin. Morgan became uneasy from some cause, and taking his trusty rifle, determined to go to them. He found the boys all right. Taking a seat on the top rail of the worm fence, he was giving some directions about the work, when he suddenly became aware of the fact that he and his children were not alone. In the edge of the forest he perceived two Indians gliding stealthily and rapidly upon the boys. Morgan called to the latter to fly to the house. For himself, he determined to cover their retreat. The children, having two hundred yards the start, and being fleet runners, were soon out of reach.

The old man also ran with considerable activity for a short distance, but as his strength failed, his pursuers gained on him. He turned at bay, to contend with the two powerful and well-armed savages. The woods were thin. Morgan planted himself behind the only large tree in the locality. His pursuers instantly sought cover behind some saplings, but old Morgan, seeing a little of the person of the nearest savage exposed, fired with unerring skill and killed him. The other Indian at once rushed on Morgan, whose gun was of course empty. The latter ran, but in a moment his pursuer, less than twenty steps behind him, fired. By great fortune, the ball missed its mark. Morgan again turned at bay, clubbing his musket, while the Indian raised his tomahawk. Both blows took effect, the gun stock being broken on the Indian's skull, and the tomahawk, shattered by striking the gun-barrel, having cut off two of Morgan's fingers. The savage reached for his knife, but the old man grappled with him, hurling him to the ground.

An awful struggle took place, but the youth and superior strength of the Indian availed to turn Morgan. The savage planted his knee on his opponent's breast, and again reached for his knife. Again his luck turned. He had lately stolen a woman's apron. It was tied around his waist, covering the knife handle, so he could not readily get at it. Old Morgan, however, was game to the last. He managed to get one of the savage's fingers between his teeth. This maneuver caused the Indian to howl with rage, and struggle furiously to get loose, but Morgan's jaws were locked on that finger with the grip of a steel vise.

Seizing his little advantage, Morgan reached for the Indian's knife himself. Both grasped it at the same instant, Morgan getting a small grip on the handle, the savage a better one on the blade. At this juncture, Morgan gave the finger a terrific bite, and with swift dexterity twitched the knife out of his adversary's hand. Quick as thought he plunged it into the Indian's side, then into his stomach, blade, handle, and all. The latter fell over on his side.

Old Morgan rose, greatly exhausted by the exertion and excitement of the struggle, and feebly made his way home. A party of neighbors was raised within an hour or two, who found that the old man's antagonist had crawled some little distance to a clump of bushes. When discovered, he held out his hand, and feebly uttered "Brothers!" The whites, however, failed to acknowledge this claim of relationship. He was killed, scalped, and skinned, the hide being tanned by the settlers for bullet-pouches.

AN AMERICAN MEG MERRILES.

The genius of Walter Scott has immortalized the character of old Meg Merriles throughout the world. Her character was drawn from life, the original being a certain Jean Gordon, a famous gypsy of the Scottish border. Great novelists must have appropriate subject-matter on which to base their stories. The border lore and legendry from which Scott drew his treas-

ure, is popularly supposed to be unparalleled. Nowhere is the error of this notion, to which we have called attention in our preface, better shown than in the fact that in the conflict of the Ohio valley, there arose a woman, if such she might be called, more remarkable in career, more strange and wild in character, than Jean Gordon ever was. "Mad Ann Bailey," as she was known among the settlers, though of vastly different origin and surroundings, bears a general resemblance to the immortal Meg Merriles of "Guy Mannering."

The strange creature of whom we write was born in Liverpool, England, about 1750. Her maiden name was Hennis; her husband being Richard Trotter. Along with other adventurous spirits of the time, she and her husband emigrated to America, and, as if by instinct, sought the perils and excitement of border life. Trotter was an Indian fighter. He became a volunteer in Dunmore's war, and was killed in the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. From that day his widow lead that strange career which spread her name far and wide through the border settlements, and which will perpetuate it so long as the stories of the border struggles are read among men.

Thenceforth she followed but one pursuit—that of fighting the Indians. She unsexed herself, wore men's clothes, and instead of household tasks, she took upon herself the toilsome life of a scout. She became a dead-shot with a rifle. She learned to throw the tomahawk with all the accuracy and strength of an Indian warrior. As a hunter, she had no superior on the border. Wherever prizes were offered in contests in rifle shooting, tomahawk throwing, or other athletic sports, far or near along the border, this strange and solitary woman always appeared at the last moment as a contestant, and carried off the prize. She rode a powerful black horse, called "Liverpool," after her birthplace. It was the only living creature she loved. Her horse and rifle were her constant companions.

She spent her time as other scouts, roaming the forests in search of game, or stealthily watching in ambush for some wan-

dering Indian. Amid storms of rain and sleet, beset by the rigors of winter, followed by wild beasts, or pursued by Indians, her immense frame of iron strength knew no fatigue, her restless rancor no slumber. As she bestrode her horse, her male attire, her weather-beaten features, her black, wiry hair, cut short in men's fashion, her cold, gray eyes and grating voice, her rifle easily thrown over her shoulder, revealed the AMAZON. No service in behalf of the settlers was too arduous, no mode of injury to the savages too cruel or bloody for her fierce zeal.

The story of one incident has come down to us. She was making her head-quarters at Charleston Fort, in West Virginia, when the fort was besieged by an overwhelming force of Indians. Unable to subdue it by force, the besiegers undertook to reduce it by famine. The brave pioneers defended it resolutely until their hearts were chilled to find the supply of ammunition nearly exhausted. The nearest point from which supplies could be had was more than a hundred miles away. The way lay through dense forests, bottomless morasses, vast ranges of mountains, terrible precipices, and rushing rivers. Worse than all this, the whole country was overrun with war-parties of savages. Great as was the peril of the fort, great as was the peril of the journey, this bold woman alone would undertake the task of procuring supplies. Avoiding all trails, roads, and regular passes, she took her way directly across the mountains of West Virginia for more than a hundred miles.

Reaching her destination in safety, she procured lead and gunpowder, loaded it on a pack-horse, and commenced the fearful return journey. Followed by raving packs of wolves, at every step beset by hissing serpents which still infest the mountains of Virginia, discovered and pursued by Indians, hardly daring to sleep a moment, she recrossed the mountains by a different route, swam her two beasts across foaming mountain torrents, and, after exposure to every conceivable peril, and escape from all, delivered her precious load to the beleaguered garrison. This service became famous throughout the border.

On her return she again took her place among the resolute defenders of the fort, doing guard duty, or sharing in the fray of every attack.

At some period in her career, this strange, unsexed creature, with her disordered intellect, was actually wooed and won by a man named Bailey, but this marriage made no change in her life, except that, instead of being known as "Mad Ann," she was thereafter "Mad Ann Bailey." Her numerous services to the settlers caused her to be as much loved by the whites as she was feared and hated by the Indians. In the latter part of her life, when times had become more settled, she used at times to visit the families she had known and served in her earlier years. From such visits she never failed to return laden down with presents.

THE GREAT FIGHT OF POE AND BIG FOOT.

"No man ever took more satisfaction in hunting deer, bear, wolves, and buffalo than I have, but the greatest enjoyment I ever took was in hunting Indians." The speaker was an old man, of gigantic frame and shrunken muscles. He sat by an open fire-place, with its great andirons and blazing back-logs. Around him sat a group of younger people, his family and friends. A hush was upon the little circle. The old man was still quivering with excitement, as if he had gone through some violent exertion far beyond his strength. He had sat silent for a few moments, as if recovering his breath, and then uttered the sentence given above.

The old man was Andrew Poe, a man whose name was known in every cabin in the Ohio valley during the twenty years' conflict. His excitement and apparent exhaustion had a cause. He had just been relating to the company for the hundredth time the thrilling story of his fight with Big Foot. As he set himself afloat in the current of the story, he illustrated it by action. He went through all the fury and effort of a death-struggle with an imaginary adversary. Not a detail of

the fight had been omitted. With flashing eye, tense and knotted muscles, almost choked with frothing rage, he had re-enacted the scene with all the spirit of the original conflict, for the benefit of the little group.

We have entered the room too late to hear the old man tell it himself, too late to see him reproduce the conflict in all its vividness. All we can do is to learn the story from others who heard old Poe relate it.

In 1781, there stood on Harmon's Creek, twelve miles back from the Ohio River, in what is Washington County, Pennsylvania, a small settlement of white people.

Among the settlers were two brothers, Andrew Poe, then thirty-nine years of age, and his brother Adam, six years younger. The elder was a man of large build and splendid muscular development. He and his brother were both Indian fighters, and were looked on as the chief defenders of the settlement. Andrew, especially, by reason of his great strength, his matchless agility, and rare courage, was the pride of the valley. In the spring of the year of which we write, the settlement, in common with the rest of the valley, had suffered heavily from Indian attacks. On one occasion, while the Poes and their nearest neighbor, Kennedy, were off on a scout, a party of Indians had burst into Kennedy's house, and murdered his young wife and child.

A short time afterwards, probably in June, a band of seven bloody Wyandots stole into the settlement at midnight, broke into a lonely cabin, in which lived William Jackson, all alone. He was an old man, sixty years of age. Having made Jackson a captive, they attempted to enter another house, but aroused the inmates, who gave the alarm. The seven Indians made off with their prisoner. The men of the settlement were quickly collected. Jackson was discovered to be missing.

Arrangements were made for pursuit. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see the trail of the marauders, which was tolerably distinct in the high dewy grass, the settlers

set out to save their friend. Twelve of them rode at full speed toward the river. At the top of a steep descent to the river, down which the trail led, the horses were hitched, and the men pressed forward on foot. At the foot of the hill the trail turned down the river. It led across a shallow rivulet that entered the Ohio. The waters of the stream were muddied. They had been recently disturbed. Andrew Poe called the attention of the men to it, as a suggestion that the game was near. He had been convinced by the indications of the trail that the Indians were led by a person no less distinguished than the renowned "Big Foot," chief of the Wyandots, so called from the size of his feet, which, however, were not out of proportion to his immense stature and Herculean proportions.

Poe was not unwilling to measure his strength with such a famous adversary, should opportunity occur. For some reason, after crossing the rivulet, while the others followed the trail leading away from the river bank, Poe turned to his right, and kept on alone through some heavy willows along the shore. Suddenly he discovered, about twelve feet below him on the slope toward the water, two Indians, crouching behind a small bluff or elevation in the river bank. They had guns cocked and were looking intently towards a spot from which they had heard a noise. One Indian was of enormous size, and Poe at once conjectured that he was no other than Big Foot. The other, though smaller, was fully the equal of Poe, who was himself the boast of the settlements.

To take in the situation at a glance, to level his gun at the breast of Big Foot, and draw the trigger was the work of an instant. But the much vaunted weapons of the pioneers were clumsy affairs to those of to-day. The gun missed fire. The Indians yelled. Poe hastily drew back into the bushes. Just then the rest of the party had overtaken the other five Indians a hundred yards down the river. The shots momentarily attracted the attention of Poe's adversaries. He a second time attempted to fire.

A second time, as if reluctant for its task, the gun missed fire. Poe flung it down, boldly jumped over the bluff, throwing one arm around Big Foot's neck, and the other around his companion, throwing both to the ground by his weight and momentum. Big Foot fell on his back, with Poe on top of him, on his left side, his left arm around the Indian's neck. The smaller Indian fell to the right of the other two, but with his head caught in the vise-like grip of Poe's right upper arm and side. From this embarrassing situation the smaller savage struggled to withdraw his head, but in vain.

Poe felt that in order to save his life he must kill one of his opponents, before either disengaged himself from him. If one of them should get free while he still held down the other, he saw little hope. To kill Big Foot, however, he must get at his knife. This was in its scabbard, pressed tightly between his left side and Big Foot's body. Nor could he use more than his fore right arm in his effort to disengage it. He pulled and tugged frenziedly to get the knife out, but Big Foot's hand was also on it. While Poe and his larger antagonist tugged at the knife, the other lunged and twisted to free himself. At last Poe gave a furious wrench to the knife, and Big Foot suddenly letting go, the weapon came out suddenly. Poe's arm pulling at the knife, and unexpectedly released, jerked back, releasing the smaller Indian from its grip, the knife at the same time slipping from Poe's fingers, and flying into the river.

Almost at the same moment Big Foot threw his long arm about Poe, and hugged with all his strength. The latter struggled to free himself. The smaller Indian overlooking, or, perhaps, for fear of shooting Big Foot, afraid to use a cocked gun lying just at Poe's head, ran to a canoe, ten feet away, seized a tomahawk, and running back, gave a terrific hack at Poe's head. The latter, however, though still a prisoner in the iron embrace of Big Foot, managed, just as the Indian delivered the stroke, to give his wrist a terrific kick with his right foot, diverting the blow, and flinging the tomahawk into the river.

At this Big Foot bellowed furiously at his companion in his own tongue. The latter procured the other tomahawk, and, carefully avoiding Poe's heels, again struck at him. This time Poe threw up his right arm, received the blow in his wrist, one bone and the cords of three fingers being cut, and the hand practically disabled. Giving his arm a jerk, the tomahawk, which was caught in the sinews, was snatched from the Indian's hand, and Poe in turn threw it into the river.

At this moment Big Foot's embrace relaxed. Poe tore himself loose, snatching up the cocked gun with his left hand as he rose, and in a moment shot the smaller Indian through the body. Just as the bullet left the barrel, Big Foot, who had risen only less quickly than Poe, seized him by the neck and leg, and pitched him toward the river as if he were a chip. Poe, however, could not be excelled for activity. Though too late to prevent this, he threw his left hand back, caught the Indian's buckskin breech clout firmly, and, as he fell, dragged Big Foot with him over the bank into the river.

The water was deep. Each man struggled with unearthly fury to drown the other. The water was lashed into angry foam by their conflict. First one and then the other obtained the advantage. At last, Poe got his fingers on the Indian's scalp-lock, and held him under, as he supposed, till he was strangled. But the Indian had deceived him by keeping quiet. As Poe let go the scalp-lock to get his knife and end the contest, the latter seized Poe, and in turn put him under.

But Poe was still full of resources; though half strangled, he managed to struggle toward deeper water. The current seized them, carried both beyond their depth, and the Indian, as well as Poe, was obliged to let go his hold and swim for life. There was yet one loaded gun on shore. To get that weapon each adversary put forth every exertion. Poor Poe, however, having only one hand to swim with, saw Big Foot beating him in the race. He therefore turned again to mid-stream, intending to dive. Big Foot gained the shore, picked up the loaded gun, but

in cocking it broke the hammer. Throwing it down he snatched the empty rifle, and ran to the canoe for ammunition.

At this moment Adam Poe came running down the shore, to find out what was the matter. Andrew shouted to him to "shoot the big Indian on shore." Adam's gun was empty. Just as Big Foot was loading his gun, Adam began the same act with his. Each felt that his life depended on completing the charge first. Big Foot would inevitably have been ready to fire first, had not another mishap befallen him. In withdrawing his ramrod too hastily, it slipped from his hand. The time it took to pick it up gave Adam Poe the advantage. Just as Big Foot raised his gun, Poe fired, and killed him.

The fight was ended, but not its mishaps. Another white man following Adam Poe down the bank, seeing that the latter had shot an Indian on shore, and perceiving Andrew Poe, with bloody face, swimming rapidly from the shore, mistook him for an Indian, fired and shot him in the shoulder. Adam Poe, alarmed for his brother, started to swim to his help, but the latter shouted to him to let him alone, and "scalp the Indian." Adam, however, refused, thinking more of his brother's safety than of the trophy. Big Foot, mortally wounded, exerted his failing strength to roll himself into the river and keep his triumphant antagonist from winning the glory of taking Big Foot's scalp. As the two brothers started to the shore, the swift current of the Ohio swept the body of Big Foot, scalp and all, out of sight.

It may be easily understood how the story of this fight spread throughout the border settlements, and made Andrew Poe the most famous man in his part of the country.

FIVE KENTUCKY BOYS AND THEIR PLUCK.

It is easy to see what sort of men the pioneers were. But what about the children? Nothing is more interesting than the influence of border life upon boys. There is something in it which summons forth all the latent heroism of the youthful

heart. We yet see this trait in the boys of our Middle and Western States. Books of adventure, of pioneering, of Indian fights, of explorations, form their chosen literature. No matter how quiet and attentive they may be in school, one may be certain that stuffed away in some corner of their desk is a dog-eared book of adventure, a book in which scouts perform impossible exploits, in which one man whips a dozen red Indians, and rescues a pretty girl whom they have made a captive; in which abound hair-breadth escapes, and bold adventures of boys of their own age, who either by chance or by choice live in that mysterious and wonderful region known as *THE BORDER*.

Many of these books no doubt are vicious. We pause not to moralize. We simply call attention to the fact that this appetite for adventure is in a boy, in such strength, that no vigilance of parents, nor instruction of teachers can prevent him from gratifying it. He will have and will read books of adventure—the best, the worst. “*The Last of the Mohicans*,” and “*Long Haired Jack, the Mountain Avenger*,” alike. If there is a public library in the community, it is the books of this sort which are seized and read with appalling voracity. If not, then each boy furtively lends his treasure to every other boy, until the worn volume has gone the rounds, whereupon, if no other be at hand, the same book is read over again. Whence comes this appetite? Is it not an inheritance from our fathers who fought the wars of the real border, and which is only overwhelmed and destroyed by contact with the practical side of life?

Let it be remembered that America has been colonized and populated by the boldest spirits of every clime, men and women who spurned the quiet comfort of their homes in the “old country,” and chose rather the excitement and dangers of the wilderness. Then we may understand how natural it is for the American boy to love books of adventure. Then we may see whence comes that restless longing, which, unsatisfied with the quiet life of home, and the rigid discipline of school—in short,

finding no scope or outlet in real life—seeks vent and gratification in imaginary adventures and exploits.

The children of the pioneers were offspring worthy of their sires. It was about 1785 that a group of five Kentucky boys afforded a splendid illustration of this. Colonel Pope was a leading citizen in a settlement near Louisville, Kentucky. Feeling keenly the total absence of educational facilities for his two sons on the frontier, he employed a tutor for them. He generously invited several of the neighbor's lads to share the privileges of instruction. Among them were two sons of Colonel Linn, a famous scout, who had been killed by Indians. To them Colonel Pope sustained the relation of guardian.

The little school had no session on Saturdays. On these days the boys were accustomed to have their fun. One Saturday in February five of these school-boys went out for a hunt. In the party were the two Linns, William Wells, Brashear, and a fifth whose name is not preserved. They were little fellows, ranging from ten to fourteen years old. Yet they were marksmen who might well put to blush many of the best shots of the present day. They made a trip of several miles from home, to a region of ponds and swamps, in which abounded ducks, geese, and swans. They had a rare day, and, delaying until too late to return home, they decided to encamp for the night on the spot. As to the proper method of building a hut and spreading boughs for their beds, they were thoroughly posted. During the night a light snow covered the ground.

Rising early, they prepared their breakfast, and made ready to return home, when suddenly a party of Indians burst into their little camp with unearthly yells. Two of the boys attempted to run. Of these, the elder Linn being fat and clumsy, and encumbered with some game he had hung over his shoulder, stumbled and fell. For this the Indians called him "Fat Bear." Brashear, however, was fleet of foot, and came near escaping. He, however, like all the rest, was captured, but his agility won him the name of "Buck Elk."

Having secured their boy captives, the Indians demanded to know where they came from. "From Louisville," said Brash-ear. "You lie," was the gentle response of the leading Indian. But the boys stuck to the falsehood, and by their sagacity and firmness prevented the savages from advancing upon the defenseless settlement in which they lived.

When they found themselves prisoners the boys took it coolly enough. Their captors at once started on the journey to their distant wigwams. They crossed the Ohio River and moved northward through what is the State of Indiana. Every day took the five plucky little fellows farther from home, and decreased their chances for rescue. Yet they kept quiet, ate heartily of the game and other food provided by the Indians, and above all remained cheerful. Their journey did not end till they reached an Indian village on the Little Calumet River, near the present town of Valparaiso, in north-western Indiana.

On entering the village they were compelled to run the gauntlet. This, however, they knew exactly how to do, having heard about it all their lives, and having prepared themselves in mind for the ordeal. Two rows of Indian boys, some smaller, many larger than themselves, were drawn up. The young Indians had their hands full of clubs, tomahawks, dirt, salt, and stones.

At the word, away dashed the five spirited little Kentuckians at the top of their speed. They were met with showers of filth, missiles, and blows, but by rapid running and skillful dodging, they were in a fair way to get through all right. Just as the younger Linn, who was in front, was three-quarters down the ranks of howling redskins, an Indian boy, much larger than himself, hit him a stunning blow with his fist. Linn was a hot-blooded and fiery-tempered fellow at best. Resenting the insult with all the fury of his impetuous nature, he knocked the ruffian down by a left-handed stroke. At this clever feat, the assembled crowd of warriors gave vent to a huge uproar of laughter, but the squaws sympathized with their own blood.



CONFLICT OF THE LINN BOYS WITH THE INDIANS.



Young Linn quickly planted himself with his back to the council-house, and with clenched fists uplifted, and his eyes blazing with rage through his heavy, tangled hair, which in the mêlée had fallen over his forehead, awaited the onslaught which he knew was sure to come. A large and brawny young Indian, with a sinister countenance, ran at him. Linn received him with the same left-handed stroke which had been so effective before, and knocking him down, sprang on him with the ferocity of a panther, kicking, biting, pinching, and pounding till, in a moment, his formidable foe was completely demoralized.

The ring of warriors shouted and danced with delight at this sport, which was so much better than any gauntlet running. But the whole crowd of juvenile Indians, seeing their champions vanquished, now became pugnacious, and rushed upon him to demolish him. At this, the other four Kentuckians came to their friend's rescue, and fought the howling mass of Indian youth with the fury of tigers turned at bay. They fought against great odds, but being far superior to their enemies in athletic and pugilistic skill, they overthrew them one by one, until the rest were glad to run off.

The warriors here intervened, and proudly carried the boys into the council-house, to be adopted into the tribe as Indians. Four of the boys were adopted into the families of the leading warriors of the village. Poor Wells, however, fell to the lot of an Indian living in a remote village. With sad hearts the boys parted from him as he went from them, and they never saw him again. For many years he lived with the Indians, marrying a sister of Little Turtle, one of their celebrated chiefs, and fighting with his tribe against the whites. He afterwards rejoined the whites, and became a noted scout under General Wayne.

The other boys, becoming gradually accustomed to the loss of their friend, rapidly adapted themselves toward their new mode of life. They soon excelled in all Indian sports, and seemed so well satisfied with the pleasures of savage life, fish-

ing and hunting, wrestling, racing, riding Indian ponies, and romping with the maidens, that their captors no longer entertained any suspicion of their disloyalty, and they were allowed to roam about as they pleased. The boys, however, were playing a deep game, and were only biding their time to escape.

The chance came at last. In the autumn after their capture the warriors went off on their annual hunt, roaming far and wide over the country in quest of game, leaving the village inhabited only by old men, squaws, and children. One day the four boys arranged to go fishing some miles from the village. An old Indian and his wife alone accompanied them.

The boys felt this to be their opportunity for escape. But a serious problem had first to be solved. Did they dare to leave the old Indian and his squaw alive? The struggle in their minds was painful. The old people were kind to them in their way. To kill them seemed terrible. Yet to leave them alive meant speedy discovery of their flight, pursuit, and probably recapture, as the long journey to their homes lay through a wilderness of which they were ignorant, while their pursuers were thoroughly familiar with it. These boys, it must be remembered, had been brought up to regard the Indians as their most abhorred enemies. Frontier life was a constant warfare with them. The father of two of them had been killed by savages only four years before. These things decided them.

At dead of night the boys rose stealthily, armed themselves with tomahawks, and two of them placed themselves at the head of each sleeping Indian. At a signal from Brashear, they all struck at the skulls of the sleepers, killing them instantly. Hastily collecting the little stock of provisions in the camp, the boys set out in the darkness for home. Happy thought! With the skill of a band of Indian warriors themselves, they pursued their flight, traveling by night, guiding their course by the north star, lying by, hid in bushes and deep grass by day. They subsisted on nuts, wild berries, roots, and occasionally a squirrel or rabbit, which they succeeded in killing with a stone.

Their journey lay through a vast wilderness of gloomy swamps, lonely forests, solitary rivers, and silent prairies, which is now thickly populated with the citizens of Indiana. Their journey must have taken them over the site of the present splendid city of Indianapolis, the capital of the State, a city of fine public buildings, of wide, well-paved and brilliantly lighted streets and avenues, lined with tall business blocks, a city with miles of elegant residences, with numerous churches, handsome theaters, large manufacturing establishments, modern school-houses, and more railways than any other strictly interior city on the globe. The site of all this was, at the time of the boys' journey, a bottomless marsh. Besides this, our young heroes' path led them through the sites of innumerable flourishing county towns, such as Logansport, Franklin, Columbus, Seymour, New Albany, and Jeffersonville. Yet, in all their journey, they saw not a white man's clearing, nor a single cabin, nor a settlement.

After a three weeks' journey, they reached the shores of the Ohio, opposite Louisville. Here they tried by shouts and gestures to induce their friends to come over for them. But the Indians had been very troublesome that summer, and moreover, the young pioneers were dressed and disguised until they looked for all the world like four young Indians. So the good people of Louisville remained on their own side.

Nothing disheartened the boys went up the river some distance, and, with no tool but a small knife, constructed a raft. Their haste to finish it was so great, and the thing was so rickety, that it would only bear the weight of three. The elder Linn, being a splendid swimmer, swam by its side while the others paddled. In this way they reached the Kentucky shore. Just as they landed, their pursuers appeared on the opposite shore, mad with rage at their escape. Linn was nearly exhausted by his long swim in the chilly waters. But they soon found Colonel Pope, who had been driven from his settlement by Indians, and was living in Louisville. He gave them

a hearty welcome, supplied their wants, and listened to their thrilling story with the joy of a loving father. The only cloud in the sky was the absence of poor Wells, whose fate remained unknown to his companions.

WHO WAS HE?

It was one morning in 1780, that the inmates of a cabin in what is Bourbon County, Kentucky, were startled by strange yells from the outside. The door was slightly opened, and, while no person was in sight, the yells were discovered to proceed from a dense clump of underbrush. The bushes were violently shaken, and in a moment there stepped into view a man. His features were European, but his complexion, costume, and speech were Indian. He continued to jabber in a loud voice, rolling his eyes and gesticulating in a frightful manner. In a short time all the people in the little settlement had formed in a circle around him.

From his jargon, the settlers, who knew a little of the Indian language, made out that, when a little child, he had been captured by the Indians and had been reared by them; that of his home or parents he remembered nothing; that he had gone out on a hunt with his Indian father and brothers, and had accidentally come within sight of the white men's cabins. The view had acted like a magician's wand. In an instant all the associations and attachments of the long years of life in the wigwam had been swept away. He was seized with an overwhelming desire to rejoin the people of his birth, and now he begged them to receive him. His Indian father would miss him, but he wanted to rejoin the white people, and, if possible, learn something of his own birth and parentage.

The settlers conversed in a low tone among themselves, and, fearful lest he should be a decoy, asked him many questions. Among other things he said that he and his companions had ascended the Licking River in a canoe, and burying it, had struck into the woods. The cautious pioneers, therefore, as a

test of the truth of his story, proposed that he conduct them to the spot where the canoe lay concealed.

As soon as he understood the request, the stranger protested most vehemently against it. He said, that while he desired to leave his Indian father and brother, yet they had raised him and been very kind to him for many years; that they were the only friends he could remember having ever had, and he would not on any account betray them. The suspicion of the group of listeners deepened at this answer. They demanded that he lead them to the canoe at once, or they would treat him as a prisoner. With the strongest reluctance he set out to guide the company of twenty mounted men to the buried canoe.

Perhaps, with the hope of giving his Indian friends time to escape, the wild stranger nervously explained that he would first lead the white men to a spot where he and his father and brother had encamped, and where he said they would find a kettle hidden in a hollow log. As they approached the spot from a distance they discovered two Indians in the camp, an old man and a boy, sitting by the fire, roasting some venison. At the sight the stranger burst into tears, and falling on his knees, begged and implored the white men in the most vehement and frenzied manner, to spare his Indian father and brother.

Moved by his entreaties, the pioneers formed a circle to surround the two Indians, with the notion, real or pretended, of taking them captive. The old man, however, fought with such desperation that they killed him, while the boy, with incredible agility, escaped into the forest. Seeing the old Indian fall, the stranger leaped from his horse, and running, threw his arms around the neck of the dying savage, begging his forgiveness for having unwittingly betrayed him to death. The aged Indian evidently recognized him, giving him a pressure of the hand, but he was too far gone to speak.

The settlers at once called loudly to the stranger to lead them at a gallop to the buried canoe. He wrung his hands in bitter agony, begging them to see that he had already given

proof of his honesty at the cost of his father's death, and beseeching that they might spare his younger brother. The only response was a peremptory demand to lead them to the canoe without delay. They rightly surmised that the young Indian would hasten thither. Overwhelmed with grief, the stranger again mounted his horse. In two hours they reached the spot. No footprints were visible. The young Indian had not arrived.

The men at once hid themselves in the bushes to wait. In ten minutes the young savage came running to the spot, and commenced hastily to dig up the canoe. In a moment he fell, pierced by a dozen balls. With a mournful cry the strange white man hid his face in his hands. They took him back to the settlement, but he mourned all the day long, saying over and over to himself in the Indian tongue, "I betrayed my best friends. I killed my father. I killed my brother. Oh, me!"

One morning the strange and unhappy man was missing. He appears only for this single act in the drama of history. That act is tragedy. Whether he sought out the white settlements of the east, or returned to the smoky wigwam which he had deprived of both its support and its hope, or whether, maddened with grief, Judas like, he went out into the solitary wilderness, and there, alone with his God, expiated his crime with the act of self-destruction, will never be known.

THE FIRST CHICKAMAUGA.

Horse-stealing is in the frontier code the worst of all crimes. This is because it is the one against which there is the least protection. In the spring of 1784, a small Kentucky settlement suffered this depredation from Indians. The pursuing party failed to overtake the thieves. Three of the pursuers, all hot-blooded fellows, named McClure, Davis, and Caffree, determined to push on south to some Indian village, make reprisals of other horses, and thus balance the account.

One day, traveling along a trail, the three white men fell in

with three Indians. It was in the vicinity of the Tennessee River, probably south of it, and near an Indian village called Chicacaugo, or Chicamaugo. It seems not improbable that this was near the field of the great battle of Chickamauga, in the civil war, to which the name was given from the creek near which it was fought. The two parties were equal in numbers. After a moment's thought each seemed to come to the same conclusion. Instead of fighting, they made signs of friendship, and agreed to travel together. The three white men walked in single file on one side of the path; the three Indians walked in single file on the opposite side of the path.

For a while this interesting procession held its way along the forest trail without incident or delay. It was observed at the end of a quarter of an hour that the Indians were marching very close together. Moreover they were, without turning their heads, whispering to one another. The white men saw danger. Each selected his man. Caffree, the most powerful of the party, leaped upon one Indian. Davis, at the same instant, fired at the second Indian, but missed him. McClure, with better success, killed his man.

Leaving Caffree still wrestling with his foe, his two companions jumped behind trees. The other Indian fired at Caffree, inflicting a mortal wound, and was in turn shot by the cool-headed McClure, who had reloaded his weapon. Caffree, poor fellow, struggling now not only with the Indian, but with the arch-enemy Death himself, called for help. Davis ran towards him, but when half-way to him, the Indian threw off Caffree's weakening grasp, seized his gun, and took aim at Davis. The latter dropped his gun, still unloaded, and ran off into the forest.

McClure, the coolest man of the trio, having already killed two Indians, shouldered Davis's gun, and ran after him. Strange as it may seem, in the short instant of picking up the gun, he lost sight of both pursuer and pursued. On he ran into the thick shadows of the southern forest, but not a trace could he

discover of their flight. He stopped to listen. Not a sign was audible, but the steady plash of the little creek of Chica-maugo, or the twittering of the birds. He ran on a little farther, and called aloud. No answer came, but the mocking echo, which rang in thousand-voiced responses, each fainter than the last, from every direction in the forest. He shouted with all his power. It only seemed to wake a thousand fiends, who took up his words and hurled them back and forth. The fate of Davis is unknown to this day.

McClure, left alone in the Indian country, resolved to make his way home at once, if possible. No more fine notions in him about running off a whole herd of Indian ponies from their masters. Still carrying Davis's rifle as well as his own, our brave young friend set his face to the north. He had only pushed forward for a mile or two, when he discovered approaching him, an Indian warrior, on a horse with a bell around its neck, and a boy walking by his side. A ready wit is valuable anywhere. McClure dropped one of his rifles, lest it excite suspicion, and boldly advanced, making signs of peace. The fellow returned them, dismounted, seated himself on a fallen tree, and producing a pipe, drew a few puffs, then handed it, following true Indian etiquette, to McClure.

Just then another tinkle was heard in the forest, followed by quite a troop of gayly attired Indian horsemen. McClure's companion now informed him that the Indians intended to tie him on a horse, and carry him off as a prisoner. To illustrate the thing, Mr. Indian, in the excess of his politeness, bestrode the fallen tree, and locked his feet beneath. As the dusky gentleman twined his legs about the log, the white man raised his rifle, and shot him dead. The Indian boy jumped on the horse and rode away. McClure ran in the opposite direction. A lot of small Indian dogs took after him, harmless in themselves, but succeeding in tripping him up. He fell several times with terrific force, but scrambled to his feet and ran on, until an unlucky fall filled his eyes with dust.

Blinded and exhausted, he lay still, expecting each moment to be seized by savage hands. Several minutes passed. No foe more formidable than the snapping dogs appeared. The silence of the woods was unbroken by a single foot-fall. His path homeward was open. Still anxious, but inspired with hope, he regained his feet, and again commenced the journey which brought him safely to his Kentucky cabin.

A WIDOW'S CABIN.

The homely name of "Widow Scraggs" has survived the death of its obscure bearer only by reason of her fate. Her home was an isolated cabin in Bourbon County, Kentucky. The structure contained two rooms, separated by a porch or passage-way, which was covered by the same roof as the rooms. In summer months on this porch was spread the frugal meal of the widow's family. In winter, but little use was made of it except for piles of firewood. One room was occupied by the old lady, two grown sons, a widowed daughter and her infant child. The other room was used by two unmarried daughters, one twenty years old, the other just blooming with all the blushing beauty of sweet sixteen, a girl living with the family, and the children.

It was twelve o'clock, on the night of April 11, 1787. In one room the elder daughter was still spinning flax at the old-fashioned spinning-wheel; in the other, one of the young men still busied himself with the humble task of cobbling his shoes by the flickering firelight. The remainder of the family were asleep. From time to time, the young cobbler raised his head, and, with awl arrested in mid-air, seemed to listen with anxiety to some sounds in the forest, which now and then disturbed the silence of the cabin.

These noises, to the ordinary listener, were no reason for the apparent apprehensions of the young man. They were but the hooting of owls and the restless neighing of a couple of horses in the barnyard. The young spinner in the other room seemed not

to notice them. Probably the noise of the spinning-wheel or the preoccupation of her mind explained this. The shoes were almost mended, when a footfall was heard from the porch, followed by a knock on the door. "Who keeps house?" the person knocking inquired in good English. The young man, supposing it to be some belated settler, rose to unbar the door. At that moment his mother, roused by the unusual disturbance, screamed, "Keep the door shut! They are Indians!"

The other young man, till then asleep, sprang from his bed, and the two prepared for defense. The Indians, of whose character there could now be no doubt, set up terrific yells, and attempted to batter down the heavy door. A shot from a port-hole in the cabin caused them to fall back quickly, only to discover the door to the other room, in which were the three defenseless girls. This door was out of range of the rifles of the young men. The fence supplied the savages with heavy rails. Using these as battering rams against the door, the savages filled the air with wild yells and discordant clamor, mingled with the heavy thuds of the rams, and the sharp sound of splitting wood and breaking hinges as the door began to give way.

At last the frail defense fell inward, and the savages leaped with exultant cries toward the frightened girls. The eldest, pale and desperate, braced herself against the door, but a savage hand and arm, thrust through a breach, buried a knife in her back. The second girl was captured without a struggle. The youngest one, in the uproar, slipped under a bed and out of the door. Instead of escaping, however, the little girl ran to the door of the other room, screaming that her sisters were murdered. The young men were about to attempt her rescue, when the mother firmly interposed, declaring that she must be left to her fate, as to open the door would be the death of all. At that moment a piercing scream announced that she lived no longer.

But a new horror was at hand. The room filled with smoke,

THE DEFENSE OF THE SCRAGGS CABIN.





the crackling of flames was heard. The dreadful truth was plain. The cabin had been fired. The inmates were forced to flight. Their plans were quickly made. The door was flung open. The widow, supported by her eldest son, ran in one direction; the daughter, with her child and the younger son, ran in another direction. The mounting flames lighted up the yard with the brightness of day. The widow was shot as she reached the fence; her son, by strange fortune, escaped. The other party also reached the fence, but were attacked in the act of crossing, by several Indians.

The younger brother, careless of his own safety, and seeking only that his sister and her child might have time for escape, fought with all the fury of despair and the sublime courage which is inspired by a consciousness of self-sacrifice. He had placed one foot on the fence. A spring, and he would have been over. Instead, he withdrew his foot. He resolved to remain on the side where he was. The foremost Indian he shot dead. Then, with clubbed muskét, he beat back his swarming foes, till his sister and her child were well out of the way.

But the unequal contest ended. Wounded unto death, he fell into the fence corner, where the ground was stained with the ebbing life tide. Four members of the family had been killed on the spot and one, the second daughter, taken prisoner. The fugitives carried the dark tidings to their neighbors. There were hurried preparations, eager inquiries, and dreadful maledictions among the settlers. By morning, a company of thirty men was raised for pursuit. They tracked the foe easily through the light snow. The latter, finding themselves hard pressed, tomahawked the young girl, taken captive. While the main band fled, two of their number posted themselves on a woody ridge, where, by terrific yells and incessant darting among the trees, they deluded the whites into thinking that a large force of Indians occupied the hill. Such is heroism—to die for others. The two dusky braves suffered death to aid their friends' escape.

A TYPICAL HEROINE.

John Merrill was a white settler in Nelson County, Kentucky. One night, about the time of the last incident, he and his wife had retired to bed. The glow of coals from the fire-place alone illuminated the rude apartment, and the loud tick of an old-fashioned clock measured off the flight of time, while the sleepers dreamed of other days. Suddenly the dogs without the cabin set up a furious barking. Mr. Merrill, but half awake, rose to see what was the matter. As he opened the door, he was shot dead, receiving seven bullets in his body. His wife sprang forward, and closed and barred the door, which the Indians at once began to chop down with their tomahawks. A breach was soon effected. But Mrs. Merrill was of great strength and invincible courage. Her hard life on the frontier had done much to prepare her for this crisis. As the Indians sought to enter the breach, the daring woman, with fearful exertion, successively killed or disabled four of the enemy.

Foiled in this, the savages climbed on the roof and commenced to descend the chimney. Again the courage and address of the solitary woman confronted them. Snatching up a feather-bed, she flung it on the fire. In a moment the volumes of flame and stifling smoke overcame two of the Indians, who fell helplessly down into the fire. Seizing an ax, the now widowed woman quickly dispatched them, and then, with a quick side stroke, inflicted a fearful gash upon the head of the last savage, who was again attempting an entrance by the breach. This fellow escaped. The story of the immense strength and valor of the "long knife squaw" agitated many a barbarous audience in the wigwams of his tribe.

THE SUFFERINGS OF MASSY HARBISON.

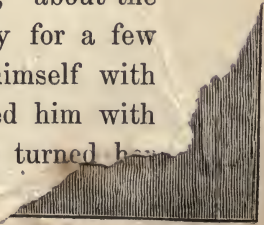
Two hundred yards from Reed's block-house, which was itself about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh, stood, in the year 1792, the rude cabin of an Indian fighter, named Harbison. At sunrise, one morning, while Harbison was absent on a scout,

the horn sounded at the block-house. Not thinking the bugle blast a danger signal, Mrs. Harbison fell asleep again. Dreaming of trouble, she awoke, to find a huge savage dragging her from the bed by her foot, and the house swarming with Indians. After ransacking the house, they forced her to come along with them. She carried in her arms her infant child, and led by the hand her little boy of five years.

There was yet a third child, three years old. For the little fellow the mother had no hand. To relieve her of this embarrassment, an Indian took him by the feet, whirled him through the air, and brained him against the cabin wall. To relate these details is sickening. The mother fainted at the awful sight. For this the murderers had a cure. It deserves the attention of medical men. In her story the mother describes it. "The savages gave me a blow across my head and face, and brought me to sight and recollection again."

With this delicate attention the procession marched on. In a few minutes the path led down a steep hill. The little five-year-old boy fell. It hurt him. He was but a child. With uplifted voice and face filled with liquid grief, he sought consolation from the mother's heart, which had never failed. As she put forth her hand in gentle caresses, such as only a mother can give, her arm was seized and she was jerked back. Instead of the soft maternal touch, an Indian's hand seized the little fellow. His crying was stopped forever. The toy which quieted him was a tomahawk. Her babe alone was left to the mother.

All day she marched with her captors. At night, they spread a blanket on the ground, and, tying her hand and foot, said "Go sleep." Two Indians lay down on each side of the poor woman. The next day the march was continued. This day she had food. It was a piece of dried venison, "about the bulk of an egg." One of the Indians went away for a few hours. In his absence another savage busied himself with making a small hoop. At first the captive watched him with languid curiosity. Then, full of wretchedness, she turned her

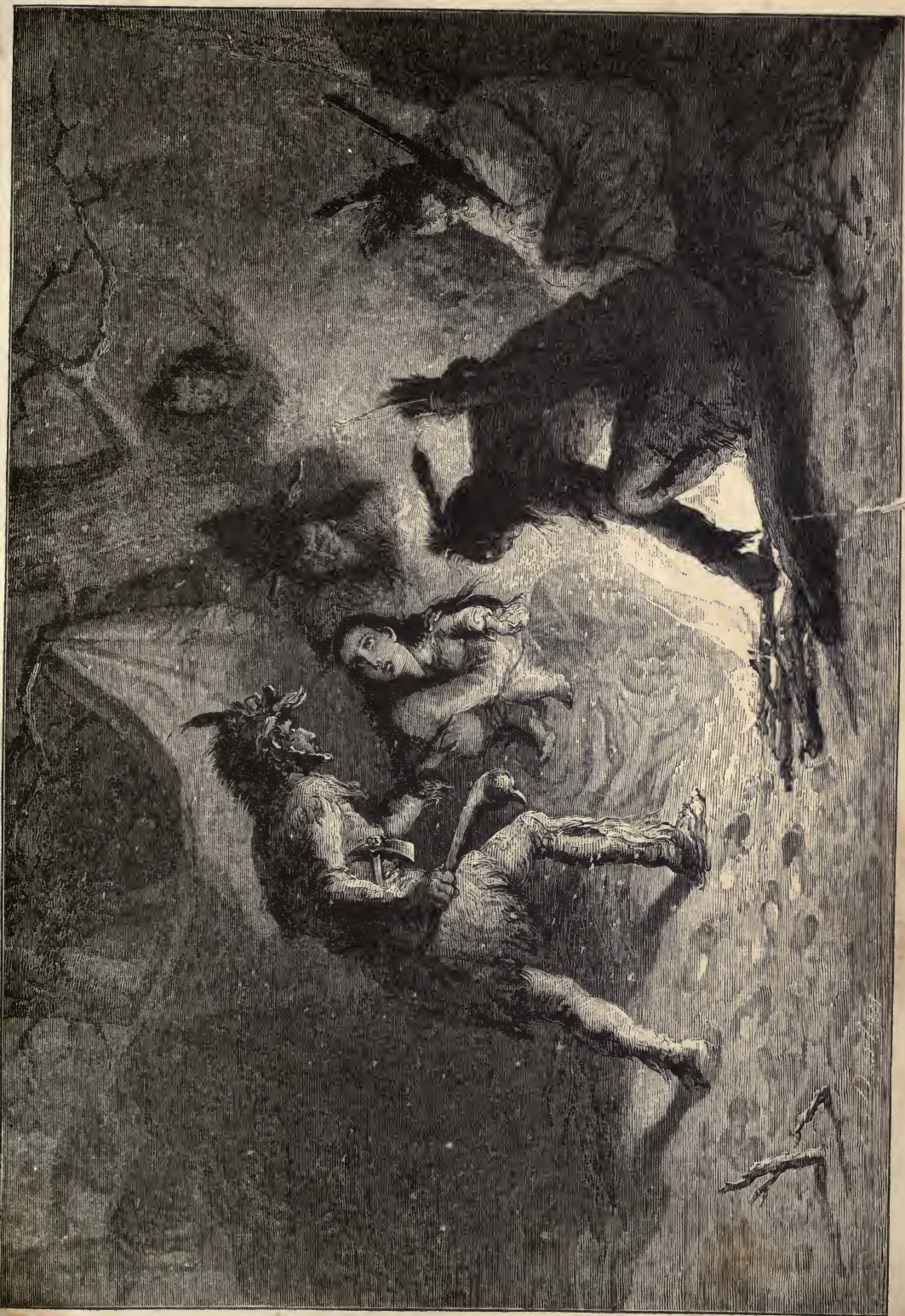


head to look upward into the waving foliage of the forest, and the vast illimitable sky-dome. When her eyes fell on the savage again, he had something in his hand. A flash of horror-struck recognition flickered in the woman's eyes. It was the scalp of her boy. The savage was stretching it on the hoop.

The second night was passed like the first. Towards morning one Indian rose and left the camp. The wakeful mother managed to slip loose from her bonds. With a step, noiseless as a spirit, she fled with her babe in arms on and on, pausing not to look behind, breathless, frantic, "over rocks, precipices, thorns, and briers, with bare feet and legs," as she says pathetically.

She was a pioneer woman, the wife of a scout. At two o'clock in the afternoon she could no longer keep up her flight. She waited. At night, when the north star appeared, she marked out the course for the next day. Long before sunrise she was on her way, resting not. It rained all day. She had no food for herself or child. Yet she bravely pushed on. At dark she made a bed of leaves in the forest. The child was hungry. The little creature wept aloud. "Fearful of the consequences," writes the mother, "I put him to my breast, and he became quiet. I then listened, and distinctly heard footsteps. The ground over which I had traveled was soft, and my footprints had been followed.

"Greatly alarmed, I looked about for a place of safety, and providentially discovered a large tree which had fallen, into the top of which I crept. The darkness greatly assisted me, and prevented detection. The savage who followed me had heard the cry of the child, and came to the very spot where it had cried, and there he halted, put down his gun, and was at this time so near that I heard the wiping-stick strike against his gun distinctly. My getting in under the tree and sheltering myself from the rain, and pressing my boy to my bosom, got him warm, and, most providentially, he fell asleep, and lay very still during that time of extreme danger. All was still and quiet; the ~~savage~~ was listening to hear the cry again. My own heart was



MRS. HARBISON AND HER CAPTORS.



the only thing I feared, and that beat so loud that I was apprehensive it would betray me.

“After the savage had stood and listened with nearly the stillness of death for two hours, the sound of a bell and a cry like that of a night-owl, signals which were given to him by his companions, induced him to answer, and after he had given a most horrid yell, he started off to join them. After his retreat, I concluded it unsafe to remain there till morning.

“But by this time nature was so nearly exhausted that I found some difficulty in moving; yet, compelled by necessity, I threw my coat about my child and placed the end between my teeth, and with one arm and my teeth I carried him, and with the other groped my way between the trees and traveled on, as I supposed, a mile or two, and there sat down at the root of a tree till morning. The night was cold and wet, and thus terminated the fourth day and night’s difficulties, trials, and dangers!”

After two days more of incredible suffering, the unfortunate woman made her way to a settlement. So changed was she by the six days of hardship, that her nearest neighbor failed to recognize her. “Two of the females, Sarah Carter and Mary Ann Crozier, took out the thorns from my feet and legs, which Mr. Felix Negley stood by and counted, to the number of one hundred and fifty, though they were not all extracted at that time, for the next evening there were many more taken out. The flesh was mangled dreadfully, and the skin and flesh were hanging in pieces on my feet and legs. The wounds were not healed for a considerable time. Some of the thorns went through my feet and came out at the top.”

Thus the pioneers of the Ohio valley endured for the sake of the hope which was set before them. Forty years they wandered in the wilderness that their children might enter into and possess the land of promise. What honor is due them by the thoughtless thousands who eat the fruit of their toil! Yet the shores of the Ohio contain no monument to their memory!

MOREDOCK'S REVENGE.

Nature is full of compensations, of balances. Light and darkness; heat and cold; love and hate; positive and negative; more and less—these are but a few instances of a law running through the universe. Indian massacres made Indian fighters. In the shadow of the murderer skulks the avenger. There was a woman named Moredock, who lived about 1793, at Vincennes, Indiana, the oldest and, historically, the richest town in the State. She had had several husbands, all of whom had fallen victims of Indian hostility. She had lived for twenty years on the extreme frontier. Husbands, children, neighbors, all these she had seen slain by the red destroyers. Yet with calm heart, stony face, and tearless eye, she faced the danger. She did more. She resolved to move farther west, that her boys might have a chance to grow up with the country.

The party of twenty-five or thirty voyagers, of which she and her family were members, journeyed easily down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. One noon they went ashore at what is Grand Tower, to tow the boats around a high cliff, by which the foaming river rushed with furious current. It was their last landing before reaching their destination. Every one was cheered at the happy prospect. At that moment a dark and dreadful band of warriors burst upon the little company. The surprise was too great, the force too overwhelming for the emigrants to rally. Only one man escaped. John Moredock, the widow's son, more lucky than the others, hid in a fissure in the rock. When the murderers left, glutted with the feast of blood, he climbed down and found the corpses of his family and friends. He buried them. Looking out over the majestic river, he lifted his hand heavenward, and with dark and rigid countenance, hissed out between clenched teeth, "Before God, I will have revenge."

That night the lonely youth started for the Kaskaskia settlements. By daylight he reached them. He told his story. Bold frontiersmen, hardy scouts, appalled by the extent of the horror,

inspired by the suppressed fury of Moredock, vowed to help him track the murderers. The flower of the frontier joined the expedition. They set out. It was days before they came within reach of the fleeing murderers.

At last they were discovered. Their camp was on the banks of the Missouri River. But Moredock refused to allow an attack. Why? Did his heart fail him? No. Were he and his companions, after all their tremendous pursuit, going to let the Indians escape? Yes, and no. Moredock's determination was to kill every Indian in the party. Their camp was so pitched that some might escape. He contained himself. Almost bursting with hatred, he was as calm and cool as a marble statue. He said to his men, "We will wait." For several days the avengers shadowed the band of warriors. Their patience was inexhaustible; their pertinacity tireless.

At last they were rewarded. At last, the Indians, unconscious of danger, stepped into a trap. They encamped on a little island in the middle of the Mississippi. Moredock said, "We have them." At midnight the white men landed on the island. They were as noiseless as specters. The canoes of the Indians were floating at the water's edge. These were cut adrift. This made escape for the Indians impossible. Moredock stepped to the canoes from which he and his men had disembarked. With a face of cast-iron, he cut them adrift also. What did this mean? *It meant that escape for the white men was also impossible.* "We will fight to the death!" said Moredock.

The struggle which followed on the island was terrible. The Indians, surprised, ran to their canoes. They were gone. With a howl of despair, the red sons of the forest turned to fight to the death. Out of thirty, twenty-seven were slain. Was not Moredock's revenge complete? No! Three had escaped, by swimming. His appetite for vengeance was unappeased. He dismissed his friends with thanks. They returned to their settlements. For himself, he struck out into the wilderness. For two years he followed the three Indians like

shadows. Across mountains, down rivers, over prairies he pursued them, day and night. One by one they fell before the avenger.

At the end of two years he returned to Kaskaskia with their scalps. His revenge was complete. He settled down. He was known as a quiet, peaceable man, strongly domestic in his tastes. This was his true character. Such men, once roused, make the deadliest of all foes. Moredock lived to be not only a respected, but a leading, citizen. He was chosen to hold offices of honor and profit. With it all, he spoke but seldom of the past. Many of the people among whom he lived and moved little suspected him of being a blood avenger. Yet it was the case. Such is our ignorance of our neighbors!

THE WIZARD'S PUNISHMENT.

Early in this century, a strange Indian appeared in a white settlement, near what is now the capital of Ohio. He seemed to be continually apprehensive of some danger, but otherwise acted as any Indian of the better sort. Gradually the white men won his confidence. He explained why he was always so watchful to see that no pursuer was after him. He was a Wyandot. His tribe had taken up a notion that he was guilty of witchcraft. His life was in peril. He fled to the wilderness. For a long time he had eluded them. But his tribe ceased not to pursue him with undying malignity. He was growing old. He needed a more settled habitation as he advanced in years. He had thrown himself upon the mercy of the white man, his father's foe.

One June morning he was sitting in a chair in his cabin. Suddenly a band of Wyandots entered the room. They had tracked him to his retreat. He made no effort to escape. With calm disdain and unruffled courage, he submitted quietly to be bound and carried away. The settlers asked his captors what it meant. With dark and bigoted looks they replied that he was a bad Indian, that he had caused horses, dogs, and even the

people of his tribe to fall sick. For this crime he must die. The settlers labored to convince them that their captive had no power to achieve such wonders. To this the savages obstinately shook their heads. The white men exhausted their powers of argument and persuasion. The victim could only be saved by force of arms. This was out of the question. The band of savages greatly outnumbered the population of the settlement.

Finding that he must die, the suspected wizard asked that he might be arrayed in his finest clothes and ornaments. Gorgeously decked out in his gay trappings of silver, gold, and scarlet cloth, he took his place in a ring, and asked that a paper, which he handed them, be read aloud, and then fastened to a tree. It was done. The document was only a recommendation from a prominent settler. With much emotion he bade farewell to his white friends, and then obediently took up his march to a lonely wood, chanting the while the Indian death-song. Arriving at his destination, he was made to kneel before a shallow grave. His relentless executioners formed a circle about him. There was a pause. Then a young warrior stepped briskly forward. His uplifted tomahawk glittered for a moment in the light of the afternoon sun, then sank to the heft in the skull of the victim.

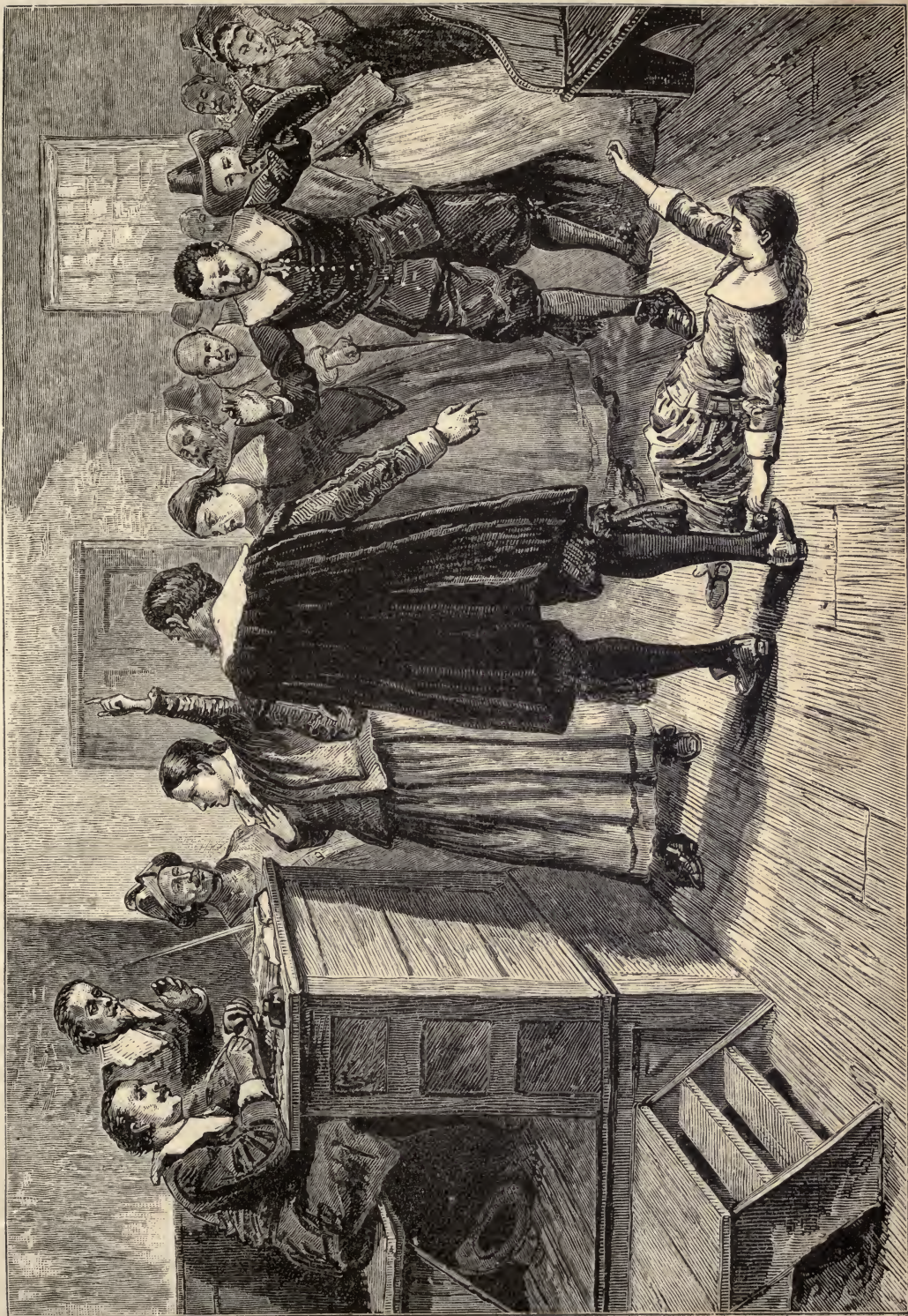
Herein Indian haters may find a text. The barbarism, the cruelty, the blood-thirstiness, the ignorance, the superstition of the savage! Softly, friend, if you please. Yonder, on the stormy New England coast, sits an old town, with its single street and its queer old houses, which look as if they were haunted. In the town museum you may see the wooden pegs which witnesses swore had been suddenly and mysteriously thrust into the flesh of tender babes, without any visible agency, except it was through the black art of the culprit at the bar. Near by is Witches' Hill, where innocent women and men were executed, under sentences rendered on just such testimony. Not ignorant savages were the witnesses, the jury,

the judge, the approving crowd; but intelligent, educated, New England Puritans, from whom is said to flow the best blood in America. When we remember the Reign of Superstition in Salem, when we open to the black pages of the witchcraft persecutions, let us withhold our obloquy from the wretched Indian.

Why do we look with such intense aversion, such anger, such disgust upon these crimes, which were committed in the name of justice? It is because it is a part of this age to abhor superstition. We know that the poison flower sheds a fatal perfume. We see that nothing so enervates the intellect, corrupts character, and demoralizes society as this denial of the laws of cause and effect, this belief in a lie, which we call superstition. We hate it. But the place for us to attack superstition is right here and now, and not in the past. There are historical reasons for the witchcraft persecutions of New England. There are reasons, too obvious to be named, for the rank superstition of the Indians. Those reasons do not exist for us. Let us tear from our hearts every cherished bit of superstition. Let us not merely not believe in witches. Let us also trample under our feet every vague belief in table-tipping spirits, in luck, in good and bad omens, in fortune-telling, in the infallibility of the past. This is our work. But it is not our work to abuse the Indians or the Salemites, or any other people under heaven because they believe or believed in superstitions at which we smile with scorn.

Let us pause. This chapter and others, both before and after it, deals with the massacres, the bloodshed, the midnight surprises, the deadly combats, the decoys, the ambushes of the Indian wars in the Ohio valley. These terrible records cover a period of twenty years, from 1774 to 1794. During all that time the frontier was a line of battle.

The history of the time is a history of murders, of cruelties, of tortures. It recites the slaughter of children, the tomahawking of women, the burning alive of men. It recites captivities,



WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM VILLAGE.

starvations, and wanderings. It tells of ruined homes, of desolated lives, of suffering hearts. The midnight sky is forever red with the glare of blazing cabins; the forest is forever filled with blood avengers; yelling Indians are forever battering down the doors of lonely dwellings. Little bands of devoted pioneers are constantly being shut up to starve in block-houses. Strong men, brave women, and tender girls are alike ever running the gauntlet of the encircling foes, to secure food, ammunition, and relief. Lion-hearted men, maddened by the outrages, the murders, the cruelties of the foe, are giving up their farms, their settlements, to roam the forests with the dark occupation of the Indian scout. This is but another name for Indian killer.

Young men, snatched away when children from the arms of agonized mothers, and reared in the squalid wigwams of the savage, remembering not the loving parents who bore them, but knowing only their filthy and ignorant captors, are ever returning, when they reach years of maturity, to the habitation of the white man. They feel themselves strangely moved. Faint memories of their real parents are pictured on their minds. They forever search, without success, to find that early home, and carry with them through life a dull sorrow in the heart. All this, and much more, enters into the story of the time. Seated in our comfortable homes, we read this history. The Indian hater says, "I told you so." Their baseness, their brutality, their wickedness made and makes it just that the red men should be destroyed from the face of the earth.

Let us take a wider view. Let us turn from the silent forests, the majestic rivers, the unpopulated landscapes of the wilderness during the years of this war, to the sunny cities of France, with their cathedrals and palaces, with their gay nobility, their thronging populations, their courts, their literature, their civilization. View them as they were during these same years which the wild Indians of the west marked out upon the historic calendar with the emblems of death and destruction. Need we to be reminded that these very years were the years

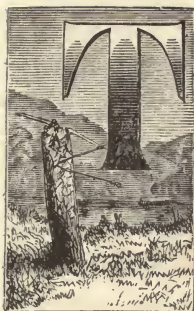
of the French Revolution; that at the very time when a few half starved Indians were attacking some cabin in the beautiful valley, infuriated thousands were thronging through the streets of Paris, crying "Bread or Blood?"

The past rises before us. The red panorama of the Revolution, with its sacked cities, its burning chateaux, its wild orgies of massacre, its streams of blood, its guillotine blades rising and falling with the regularity of heart beats, severing the heads of the bravest, the tenderest, the noblest, the loveliest, the truest sons and daughters of France, all these move in lurid procession before our startled eyes. Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, rise before us now terrible phantoms, but once, more terrible realities. Charlotte Corday, the peasant girl, leaving her rural home, seeking admittance to Marat's chamber, thrusting the dagger into his guilty heart, and then calmly waiting for her own execution, which came so soon; the awful tan-yard, where the skins of the guillotine's victims were transformed into a "fine soft leather, which made excellent breeches;" the Hall of the Jacobins; the procession of black tumbrils winding daily through the streets of Paris, bearing poets, nobles, statesmen, even the silly king and the sorrowful queen, to the place of public execution; these are but a few of the flame-lit scenes of the Reign of Terror.

Yet all this was civilization, progress, political birth-throes, the regeneration of the French, the richest, the gayest, the most brilliant, the most highly civilized people of Europe. How much worse was the '92 of the Ohio valley than the '93 of France? Upon the surface, the savages of the Revolution were blacker, bloodier, than the red men of America. The Philosophy of History steps in, and laying her hand alike upon the raging madmen of France and the untutored savages of America, says to us, JUDGE NOT!

CHAPTER XII.

THE EXPLOITS OF WETZEL.



HERE were not a half dozen white men's cabins in the Ohio valley when an honest Dutchman named John Wetzel located with the Zanes, at Wheeling. He was no Indian fighter. He roamed the woods without caution, and in 1787 was murdered by the savages, without a struggle. Peaceful as he was, his cabin was a nest of thunderbolts. Of five boys, every one was a famous Indian fighter.

Martin Wetzel, the oldest son, was taken prisoner by Indians. His cheerful adaptation of himself to circumstances disarmed suspicion among his captors. But his mind was full of plans for a tragic revenge and escape. The fall hunt was undertaken by him with three Indians. Their camp was pitched near the headwaters of the Sandusky. One evening, when two miles from the camp, he met one of his Indian companions. When the other's attention was called in another direction, Wetzel brained him with his tomahawk. The body was thrown in a hole, and carefully covered with earth and leaves. Hastening to the camp, Wetzel commenced cooking supper, when the other two Indians came in. He expressed surprise at the absence of their missing companion, but they said he had probably gone on a longer hunt than usual.

That night Wetzel could not sleep. In his heated brain he revolved many plans for completing the tragedy. He wavered between attacking them while asleep and waiting for an oppor-

tunity to dispatch them separately. Though consumed with the fever of excitement, he chose the latter as the surer plan. When the Indians started out for their day's hunt the next morning, Wetzel resolved to follow one. All day he shadowed him. Towards evening Wetzel walked up to him openly, and commenced a conversation with him about the day's hunt. The Indian, completely off his guard, turned to look at a flock of birds. With a lightning stroke of his terrible tomahawk, Wetzel killed him. This body also he buried, and then hurried to the camp.

At sunset Wetzel saw the third Indian coming heavily loaded with game. The captive went out to meet him, under pretense of relieving him of a part of his load. As the hunter stooped down to allow Wetzel to lift off a part of the pack, the latter for a third time swung his tomahawk, and a third time stretched his foe forever upon the ground. Wetzel, safe from pursuit, began and successfully accomplished the return to his home.

Similar incidents might be related of each of the Wetzels. Their figures, as outlined on the red panorama of border warfare, stand out in striking contrast with those of every other pioneer family. There seemed to run in their veins the blood of banditti. Yet their desperate deeds were all performed in the interests of the settlers. For themselves they cared nothing. They were a tower of defense against Indian invasion.

Of this strange group of brothers, Lewis Wetzel, the youngest of the five, surpassed the rest by his exploits as much as they surpassed all the other settlers of the valley. His first recorded exploit took place in 1776, when he was thirteen years of age. He and his brother Jacob were at a little distance from the house, playing near the barn, when Lewis saw a gun-barrel sticking out from the corner of the barn. He jumped back at the same instant, but received a painful wound in his breast-bone. Escape was impossible.

The Indians having taken the two boys prisoner, began a

hasty retreat. They crossed the Ohio, and headed for their wigwams on the Muskingum. Lewis suffered greatly from his wound during the toilsome journey, but refrained from complaint, knowing that the Indian cure for his wound would be the tomahawk. The first night the boys were tied. The second night the captors gorged their stomachs with the single meal of the day, and, thinking the boys too far away from home to attempt an escape, left them untied. When the noble red men were snoring loudly, Lewis arose, and pretending to fix the fire, made sure that all were sleeping heavily. Rousing his brother Jacob, he told him they must go. Jacob was frightened, but Lewis urged him out into the woods. The younger boy then slipped back, secured two pair of moccasins and his father's gun.

The runaways moved on rapidly through the pitchy darkness of the forest for two hours. Then the quick ear of Lewis heard a noise. Drawing his brother into a clump of bushes, they lay still till their pursuers passed them. Shortly they came out from their hiding-place, and pushed on boldly in the rear of the Indians. At last they discovered that the Indians were coming back. Again the boys hid, this time in a hollow tree, and again eluded the enemy. Their journey to the Ohio was not interrupted further. The river the little fellows crossed on a raft of their own construction, and they reached home in safety.

Another story of Wetzel's youth associates him with the famous Lydia Boggs. She was a young girl in Wheeling, and, unlike Elizabeth Zane, of the same place, who had been brought up in the best young ladies' schools of Philadelphia, and was rather aristocratic and reserved, Miss Lydia was a regular daughter of the frontier. She roamed the woods, climbed trees, engaged in jumping and shooting matches, and thought nothing of swimming the Ohio. She was a great favorite in the settlement. She lived until 1867, and furnished much of the information on which the books of border warfare were based.

On the occasion in question, Miss Lydia had crossed in a

canoe to an island in the Ohio. Just as she landed an Indian, plumed and painted, rushed at her with uplifted tomahawk. The girl dropped to her knees, and begged for mercy. But instead of striking her, the savage broke into a loud laugh, and exclaimed in good English: "Why, don't you know me, Lydia?" It was the mischievous Lewis Wetzel, just returning in Indian disguise from a scout. He had stopped to eat some wild raspberries, which were ripening on the island. The two young folks took the canoe, and Lewis went home with the light-hearted girl to supper.

The tragic, however, excluded the romantic element in Wetzel. In 1782, one of Crawford's men, having made his escape after the great defeat, left his horse ten miles below Wheeling, and persuaded Wetzel to go back with him for it. The trip was made. The horse was found standing tied to a tree. Wetzel at once saw the snare, and tried to hold his companion back. It was too late. The man was shot as he placed his hand on the bridle. Wetzel at once fled, pursued by four fleet Indians.

At the end of a half mile, Wetzel stopped short, wheeled, and shot the foremost Indian, and then ran on. From boyhood he had practiced the art of loading as he ran. Again he turned to shoot, but the pursuer sprang forward and caught the barrel. Wetzel had no time for a prolonged contest. In one minute the other two Indians would be upon him. By a desperate effort he wrenched the gun loose, and shot his opponent through the neck. The third Indian was killed in the same way after a further chase, whereupon the fourth one fled into the forest.

The settlers at Wheeling were justly alarmed by the signs of unusual Indian activity in 1782, before the second siege of Fort Henry actually took place. Some little distance away was a cave, from which had been heard several times one morning, the gobble-gobble-gobble of wild turkeys. This was a favorite decoy sound of the Indians. They could imitate a turkey call so that it would deceive the very elect. Wetzel was convinced that there was a redskin in the cavern. Making a long detour

in the grass, he reached a point from which he could observe the mouth of the cave. After a patient wait, he saw a red figure slowly emerge from the cavern, straighten itself up, and give forth a gobble as natural as life. Then the figure disappeared. It was but a few moments till the savage again appeared to re-enact the little part, in which he took great satisfaction. He inflated his lungs, and puckered his lips, but just as the first note of that gobble was sounded, the crack of Wetzel's rifle ended it and all other gobbles from that savage forever.

About 1786 the red man became a little too festive in the vicinity of Wheeling. The settlers clubbed together, made up a purse of one hundred dollars, and offered it to the first man who should bring in an Indian scalp. This offer greatly excited the borderers. They justly considered themselves engaged in a constant war with the Indians, and one scalp more or less, one wigwam without its owner, one squaw mourning over the corpse of her lord, what difference could it make? On the other hand, one hundred dollars was a fortune.

To make sure of securing the prize, a company of twenty Indian fighters was raised, each man to receive four dollars of the blood money, and the actual murderer and scalp-taker to receive twenty dollars. Lewis Wetzel joined this party. They moved rapidly and secretly toward the Muskingum. A scout of five men was detailed to hunt up the red man. The chase was discovered, but the numbers of the savages were so overwhelming that, instead of making an attack, the brave scalp-takers determined to retreat to the settlements as rapidly as they came. Wetzel said nothing, but scowled sarcastically at the men. When the word came to march, he coolly sat down and refused to budge. They argued with him, persuaded, and expostulated over his stubborn fool-hardiness. "Go on, you fools. I came out to fight Indians. I'm not going to run home with my finger in my mouth!" jerked out this æsthetic and gentle young fellow. His great, rugged nature was incapable of fear.

So his companions marched off, leaving Lewis leaning against a tree, utterly indifferent to their movements. The situation which he confronted so calmly was full of sudden and secret dangers. He was near the Indian villages, a long way from any white settlements. The very forest around him was traversed by red men incessantly in their hunts. Not ten feet from him were the white ashes of an Indian camp-fire which had not been cold a dozen hours.

When his friends disappeared from view, Wetzel's whole manner underwent a change. From an air of indifference and scorn, he suddenly changed to one of intense vigilance. Moving noiselessly from tree to tree through the darkest depths of the waving forest, not a decaying log, with its velvet upholstering of emerald mosses, not a shadow which fell across his path darker than the unbroken shades of the place itself escaped his careful and suspicious scrutiny. His piercing eye scanned every clump of bushes, and every hollow tree. Walking on with gun cocked and ready for instant use, now he leaped lightly over gigantic piles of fallen timber, huge trunks of trees, prostrated by some tempest and interlaced in inextricable confusion, now he crawled skillfully through thorny underbrush, and now waded, neck deep, up the channel of some stream.

For hours he continued in this way, but not an Indian was discovered. At last the greenish gloom of the forest began to change to a somber yellow. The air became damp and chilly. It was the approach of night. In a sheltered ravine, Wetzel selected a spot behind some fallen trees, and dug a small hole. In the bottom of this he built a little fire, covering it loosely with leaves and earth. He was cold. Seating himself on the ground, and encircling the hole with his legs, he covered himself with his blanket. This arrangement would not discover him to any wandering savages, and yet was, said he, "as warm as a store-room." When thoroughly warm, he took out some dried venison and parched corn, and ate his supper. A drink from a neighboring spring quenched his thirst. Spreading

some branches on the ground, he lay down close behind the sheltering log, and amid the twitter and bickerings of innumerable birds, the hum of insects, and howls of invisible animals, he quickly fell asleep.

On the afternoon of the next day Wetzel suddenly came across an empty camp. Two blankets and a kettle taught him that its occupants were two Indians, who would return from their hunt at night. He was patient. He concealed himself near by. At nightfall the two redskins came in. They cooked a savory supper. The odor from the roasting venison was wafted to the hungry Wetzel. He intended to wait till they slept. But these two citizens of the forest were in high humor. Hour after hour they laughed and joked in their unintelligible jargon, and making the forest ring with their merriment. At last one seized a flaming brand and started into the forest.

It was a tableau. Through the black darkness moved with silent tread this strange figure, on which fell the ruddy light from the glowing ember. Was it some deed of vengeance or some act of worship which impelled the torch-bearer on into the night? The red coal danced in and out among the trees, growing fainter and fainter. At last it disappeared from view altogether. Wetzel turned. The calm, regular snore of the remaining savage told plainly of his slumber. It was but a moment's work for the wakeful foe to steal forward, and, with one knife-stroke, plunge the Indian into a sleep which knew no waking, seize the coveted scalp, and quickly commence the homeward trip. In two days Wetzel delivered his trophy at Wheeling, and with untroubled conscience received the blood-money.

If Wetzel needed any further influence to develop him into a professional Indian fighter, it came in the murder of his peaceful old father in 1787. The honest German, while in his canoe on the Ohio, was fired at from the shore and killed. From this time Lewis Wetzel roamed the woods incessantly in quest of savages. To kill Indians became the trade of himself and his brothers. One exploit alone served to render him

famous as the most terrible scout in the Ohio valley. He was out on a lone hunt, and came across a camp of four Indians, all asleep. Three of them he dispatched, only the fourth escaping.

On another occasion he was out one night in a terrible storm. He happened to be near a deserted cabin. Toward this he made for shelter. Always cautious, instead of throwing himself down on the floor, he arranged some boards in a sort of loft to sleep. The tempest exerted its utmost fury upon the lonely hovel. The floods of rain beat in at the open door and the shutterless window. A bolt of lightning shivered a tree near by. Yet the uproar of the elements was defied by Wetzel, who felt snug enough on his boards. He had not yet fallen asleep, when he heard rapid footsteps splashing through the rain. They came toward the cabin. He listened.

In a moment some person entered the hut. Presently another dashed in, and another and another. Wetzel at once recognized them from their voices as Indians. The new-comers struck a light and built a fire. Wetzel saw six stalwart savages within arm's length beneath him. If they looked up and discovered the object in the loft, Wetzel determined to jump down in their midst, stab one or two, and try to escape. The new-comers spitted their meat, and prepared and ate a hearty meal without once lifting their eyes to the spot where Wetzel lay, braced for a spring, and holding his glittering knife in hand. Not a movement dared he to make. His breath seemed to him like the wind rushing in and out of a mighty cavern.

The meal ended, the dusky company stretched themselves out on the floor and slept. With a skill attained only by the most expert scouts, the white hunter climbed down from his rickety boards, without making a sound, stepped swiftly to the door and away. The rain had ceased. Pattering drops fell from the wind-shaken branches of the trees, but the floods no longer descended. Wetzel suddenly stopped short in his flight. A hundred feet from the cabin was a thicket. In that he hid

himself. At sunrise there was a stir in the cabin. A huge Indian rose and came to the door. He was yet half-asleep, and rubbing his eyes with his fingers. He was in full view of Wetzel. The latter fired with fatal effect, and then fled.

The qualities of the imaginary hero which excite the admiration of the American school-boy as he furtively reads some wretched border romance, and which existed in reality in Lewis Wetzel, also excited the love and admiration of the pioneers and border settlers of the Ohio valley. Judging him by our standards, Wetzel was a murderer. But this is by no means the rule of judgment. It is the cheapest sort of moralizing for a pert historian to erect for himself a throne of judgment, and measuring men, customs, and institutions of the remote past, condemn them as wicked and criminal. Conscience has only two monitions to men. "Do right," and "avoid wrong." But the great problem of what particular things are right, and what particular things are wrong, is one which conscience does not solve. It is a matter of reason, intelligence, civilization, and progress. It is a question to which every age has given different answers. What was yesterday the highest virtue, to-day is regarded as the blackest crime. What the last age considered an unpardonable sin, to-day is considered to be harmless and innocent.

Judging him as an individual, in the light, or rather the darkness, of his age, country, religion, and institutions—in short, by his civilization—there is every reason to think that there may have been as much virtue in the Hindoo holding his outstretched arm upward for twenty years, until it became a rigid and fleshless bone, as in the more enlightened Christian customs of to-day. The Bible itself is the best of all illustrations of the change which takes place in the notion of what is right and what is wrong. The Old Testament repeatedly asserts that burnt offerings of animals were pleasing to the Lord and atoned for sin. The New Testament explicitly denies that the Almighty delights in such offerings. An eye for an eye, is the morality

of Moses. Render unto no man evil for evil, is the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

Clearly, then, we have no business to judge Lewis Wetzel, or any other border hero, or even the Indian himself, by any other standard of morality than that which existed in the time and place in which he lived. The pioneers loved Wetzel. He was their favorite friend and hero. They regarded him as both great and good. That verdict we must accept. Judged by that standard to which he is justly entitled, he was a hero. To call him a murderer, or a desperado, is unfair and untruthful.

General Harmar was the commander of the troops in the Ohio valley. His head-quarters were Fort Harmar, at the mouth of the Muskingum, where Marietta now stands. The Indian question gave the United States Government great anxiety. Washington and his contemporaries gave it great thought.

As a part of their policy, efforts were made in 1787 and 1788 to make treaties of peace with the Indians. These efforts were looked on by the settlers with great chagrin. They had been bearing the brunt of a bloody war for fourteen years. Every treaty of peace which had been negotiated in all that time had proved to be a delusion and a snare. It had served simply to disarm the frontier, and prepare the way for Indian surprises and massacres. For their part, the settlers wanted the government to destroy the war-power of the Indians. However, the flags of truce, the belts of wampum, and the pipes of peace which messengers had carried among the tribes of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, resulted on January 9, 1789, in a very large assemblage of Indians in a camp at Fort Harmar, to meet General Harmar and arrange for a treaty.

Wetzel, sharing the contempt of the settlers for such proceeding, took a companion and repaired to the neighborhood of Fort Harmar. To him, of course, the killing of an Indian was as the killing of a wolf. The red men had occasion to pass and repass from their camp to the fort. Wetzel hid himself near

this path. A large and powerful Indian appeared on horseback. The white man fired. The savage kept his seat and rode rapidly to his camp. But the wound had been fatal. In attempting to dismount, he fell dead in the arms of his dusky friends.

Wetzel and his companion at once made a rapid retreat, before the swarms of Indians were alarmed into pursuit. When the incident was told at the fort, General Harmar was hot with indignation. Such an outrage, committed just when a treaty of peace was being made, and upon Indians who had assembled under guaranties of good faith, was a wicked crime. Protesting his indignation to the reproachful chieftans, he ordered Lewis Wetzel, who, for some reason was at once suspected to be the murderer, to be taken alive or dead.

A detachment of men under Captain Kingsbury, was ordered to execute this command. They marched at once to the Mingo Bottoms, where Wetzel was known to live. The rough borderers, however, were ugly customers. Great shaggy fellows, thoroughly used to fighting, caring nothing for discipline, and believing only in that crude and irregular thing known as border justice, they were the last men in the world from whom their leader could be taken peaceably. When they learned of Kingsbury's approach, their rage and fury knew no bounds.

They prepared an ambuscade for the massacre of Kingsbury's entire party. Among them, however, was a Major McMahan. Thoroughly understanding their temper, he persuaded the infuriated border-men to let him first try the effect of an interview with Kingsbury. This was sullenly agreed to. McMahan hastened to meet the commander. He warned him that the notions of the frontiersmen concerning the killing of Indians were vastly different from those of General Harmar; that the settlers approved of Wetzel's act, and that any further attempt to arrest Wetzel would bring the entire country upon him, and result in the certain destruction of himself and his command. Kingsbury listened. He saw the point. In five minutes he commenced a retreat.

Wetzel was a restless fellow. He determined on a lone hunt in Kentucky. Packing his canoe with provision, the great borderer started down the Ohio, supposing the little affair with Harmar was fully adjusted. Near Fort Harmar, on an island, lived one of Wetzel's friends, named Carr. The custom of the lonely frontier made it a matter of great importance that Wetzel should stop over with his friend. Such visits broke the monotonous solitude of the life. They were looked forward to, as well as remembered, for months by host and guest alike.

The joy of meeting on such occasions might well put to shame the hollow ceremonies of welcome with which we of a later day receive our friends. The husband, wife, and children in one of these lonely cabins knew no higher pleasure than to receive and entertain a friend. The best cheer the cabin afforded was furnished with lavish hand. Rare liquor, carefully hoarded for such occasions, coffee, sugar, and all those, to us, common articles, which constituted the dainties and delicacies of the pioneer cabin, were brought forth from the bottom of mighty chests. A few pieces of porcelain ware, a silver spoon or two, an old china sugar-bowl, a linen table-cloth, all these treasures, relics of other days, were carefully set out in gay parade in honor of the guest.

Wetzel remained over night with his friend Carr. About midnight, however, a force of men might have been seen silently putting out from Fort Harmar in a fleet of canoes. They directed their course to Carr's island. They landed at a point farthest removed from the cabin. With still and stealthy step they stole towards the cabin. By some means they effected an entrance. Wetzel was made a prisoner before he could leave his bed. He was bound hand and foot, swiftly carried to a boat, transported to the fort, heavily manacled with iron fetters, and thrown into a guard room.

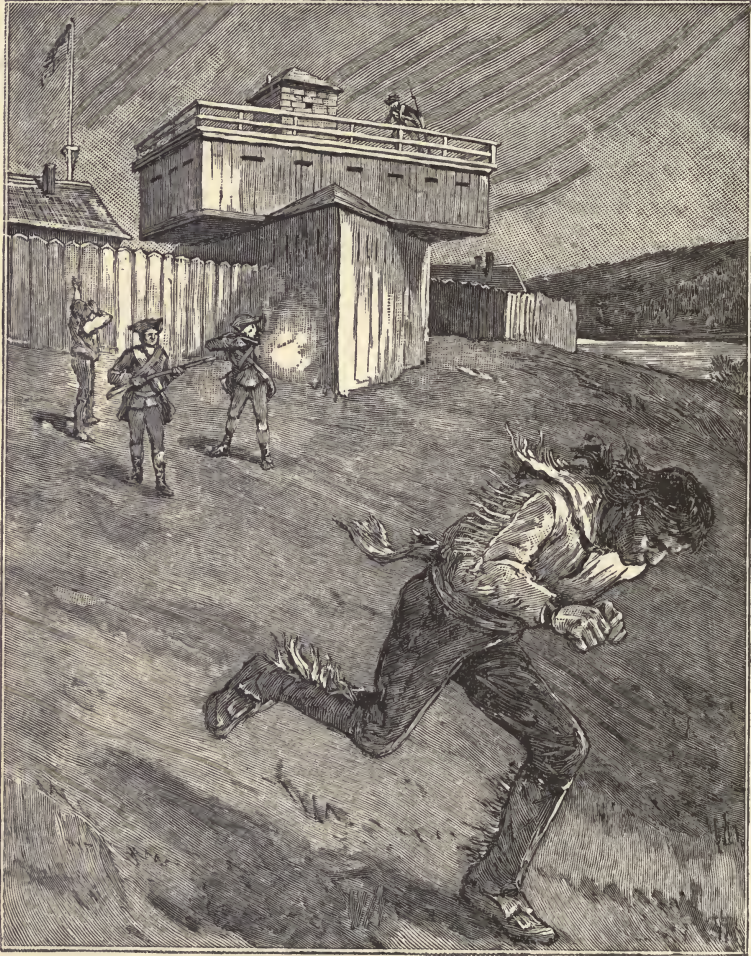
Picture to yourself a caged eagle. Now, maddened with fury at his restraint, he dashed himself in frantic frenzy against the imprisoning bars. Now, beaten back, bruised and bleeding,

he sinks in exhaustion upon the floor, still quivering with the violence of his passion. Now he stands and looks out with unutterable melancholy into the blue expanse, whither his soaring spirit burns to mount on majestic pinion. As he gazes upward he presses toward the bars. His wings expand; he has forgotten his narrow prison. He is about to fly. Just then the prison wall catches his attention. The wings droop. His imperious eye blazes with the fires of rage and scorn. His unconquerable spirit, baffled in its infinite yearnings for freedom, yet lifts him far above his captors. He spurns their kindness. He refuses their attentions. Imprisoned, broken-hearted, to all outward appearances crushed, he yet maintains his lofty pride, and from his lowly prison looks down with indescribable scorn upon his brutal keepers. As Napoleon on the lonely rock of St. Helena, as Mary, Queen of Scots, in the English jail, the monarch, though dethroned, is monarch still.

Such was Wetzel in captivity, the man, who of all men, prompted by the tremendous bent of his own wild nature, had led a life of the most unrestrained liberty and the wildest freedom. "Let me not live longer, strangled and suffocated by these choking prison walls," said he to General Harmar. "I have lived like a man, let me die like one. Let the Indians form a circle. Place me in the center, with no weapon but my knife, and let us fight it out till I am gone." There in the cell of that frontier fort the brave but illiterate borderer, who had devoted his life to rescuing the beautiful valley of the Ohio from the hands of barbarous savages, unwittingly re-echoed the sentiment of the great Virginia orator before the senate, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

It proved to be liberty. General Harmar, strongly impressed by the rugged courage of Wetzel, and his fierce love of freedom, ordered his guards to remove the fetters from his limbs, leaving on the handcuffs, and take him out each day for a walk in the open air. Once outside the fort, Wetzel began to run, jump, and caper around his guards, as if overjoyed at his freedom.

When they would turn to pursue him, he would stop, and laughingly return. Each time he ran a little further, but returned quietly, until his guards, refusing to be teased longer, quit pur-



WETZEL'S ESCAPE FROM THE GUARDS.

suing him. At this moment Wetzel summoned all his strength, and with a bound, disappeared in the forest.

Four days they searched for him. Once two of his pursuers sat upon the very log in which he lay concealed. His object was to cross the Ohio. With the fetters still on his wrists he could neither build a raft nor swim. Every point on the river,

where he could have procured a canoe, was guarded. Making his way to a spot opposite the cabin of a settler named Wiseman, with whom he was acquainted, he succeeded in attracting his friend's attention. The latter brought him across under cover of night. A file removed the handcuffs.

Once on the Virginia side Wetzel felt safe. Every cabin contained warm and true-hearted friends, who would willingly shed their blood in his defense. Borrowing a gun and blanket, Wetzel again set out for his Kentucky hunt. At Point Pleasant Wetzel went ashore. He was here some days among his friends, when one day he met Captain Kingsbury on the street. This gentleman had been stationed there without Wetzel's knowing it. Both men were startled at the meeting. After a moment's gaze, Wetzel slowly and cautiously backed away without being molested.

Lewis again embarked on the Ohio for his trip to Kentucky, this time accomplishing the undertaking. Here he passed his life in the wild, free manner which he had chosen for his own. Long hunts, Indian scouts, shooting matches, fiddle playing, foot-racing, wrestling—these were his occupations. His head-quarters were at Washington, now Mason County, Kentucky.

General Harmar, meanwhile, had moved his head-quarters to Fort Washington, on the site of which is now Cincinnati. Learning that Wetzel was in Kentucky, he offered a large reward for his capture. No one, however, seemed willing to attempt it. Wetzel, meanwhile, took no pains to conceal himself. One evening a detachment of soldiers, who were descending the Ohio, landed at Maysville for rest and refreshment. One or two of the company strolled into a tavern, and discovered Wetzel sitting on a bench in the bar-room. At this time he was about twenty-six years old. He was somewhat less than six feet in height, but of immense breadth across the shoulders, and possessing arms and limbs of immense size and prodigious muscular development. His skin was dark, his face deeply

marked by small-pox. His jet-black eyes were as piercing as dagger-points. The most remarkable thing, however, about the appearance of this modern Samson was his hair. It was coal-black, and when combed out reached to the calves of his legs. He was exceedingly careful of his hair, and wore it braided and knotted about his shoulders.

Wetzel apprehended no danger. The soldiers left the tavern carelessly. Once outside, they hurried to rally the entire company for his capture. One by one they sauntered into the bar-room. Still Wetzel sat unconcernedly playing on a fiddle. Suddenly, at a preconcerted signal, twenty men jumped on him. He was again a prisoner.

When the news spread through the valley that Wetzel was a prisoner at Cincinnati, and was to be tried for his life for the murder of the Indian at Fort Harmar, the frontiersmen from far and near cursed the government which so little understood Indian warfare. They did more. A conspiracy was laid for the rescue of Wetzel and the massacre of the garrison at Cincinnati. Petitions poured in upon General Harmar for his release. A scout who had just been through Kentucky, reported to Harmar that the frontiersmen would wipe the settlement, fort, and troops from the face of the earth unless Wetzel was liberated. At this point Wetzel's friends procured a writ of *habeas corpus*, to be issued from the bench of the young court of Ohio. Through this great defender of personal liberty Wetzel's release was procured.

The grounds of the release are not before us. We can easily see what they may or must have been. The murder of the Indian was a civil offense, and it is more than doubtful whether a military court could lawfully exercise any jurisdiction in the matter. There was no indictment or information against Wetzel, and no warrant for his arrest other than the order of General Harmar. There was no evidence at hand to prove that he had committed the murder, for the deed was without witnesses, and it was unlawful to force Wetzel to criminate himself.

So he went free. His rough companions celebrated his liberation with a supper and jollification.

At every step Wetzel met with adventures. Returning to West Virginia, he accepted an invitation to visit a young man residing on Dunkard's Creek. When he and his friend reached the spot where should have stood the cabin home of the host, they found only a heap of smoking embers. Wetzel made a hurried examination of the ground, and reported that the depredation had been committed by three savages and what seemed to be a white companion; that they had a prisoner, a young woman, with them; and that they had retreated toward the Ohio. The captive was none other than the young man's sweetheart and betrothed. Love lent wings to the stricken man, and Wetzel was the comrade, of all others, to render his friend invaluable assistance in such a crisis.

Instant pursuit was begun. The trail had been carefully concealed, but Wetzel confidently pushed on to the Ohio. Resting only a few hours in the middle of the night, they galloped on for two days. They were in a quiet valley, surrounded by velvety hills. Wetzel's keen eye caught sight of something which caused him to rein in sharply. It was the print of the heel of a little shoe. Traveling thirty-six hours, without sight of the trail, he had here recovered the clue. Pressing on eagerly they at last discovered the savages lolling about their camp-fire. In their midst sat the girl, her eyes swollen with weeping and her face filled with unutterable distress. At the sight the frantic lover well-nigh ruined all by his impulsiveness. Controlling him with difficulty, Wetzel instructed him to take careful aim at one savage while he fired at another. At the fire the two savages were killed. While the lover leaped in to rescue the girl, the other two of her captors took to the forest with Wetzel in pursuit, nor did he relinquish it until both Indians fell, mortally wounded.

As the Indian wars of the Ohio valley gradually approached their end, Wetzel, unfitted for any settled mode of life, and,

perhaps, tired at the prospect of a monotonous peace, planned for himself an expedition to the far South. Once in New Orleans, our brave Indian fighter, like many another child of the backwoods, seems to have succeeded, without loss of time, in forming intimate associations with the worst kind of ruffians, which formed a large part of the population of the Crescent City. He managed, in short order, to get himself thrown into a Spanish prison, on the charge of making counterfeit money. Another charge made against him was an *amour* with the wife of some Spaniard.

For two years he occupied a dark stone dungeon, loaded with heavy irons. Through the intervention of the United States, he was at last set at liberty and sent back to his old home at Wheeling. He remained only a few days. Then with darkened brow and fearful imprecations, this long-haired son of thunder, started back to the South to avenge himself, as he said, on a Spaniard named Anelota. His trip was made. Months afterwards he again appeared in Wheeling. What bloody deed of vengeance he had wrought, no one knew.

These meager fragments of the tale of this imprisonment in a Spanish dungeon, of the story of a Spanish *amour*, of hoards of ill-gotten and unlawful money, of an enemy who had thrown his toils about him and involved him in a fearful confinement, of the journey for revenge to the passionate South, of the dark curtain of mystery and impenetrable reserve with which Wetzel covered the past, are all that have come down to us. Yet they would furnish some American Dumas the clue to a romance which would rival those of the illustrious French writer.

Though changed in personal appearance by his long imprisonment in the slimy Bastille of the South, Wetzel retained his old appetite for hunting, and, on his return to Wheeling, seemed for awhile to enjoy as in bygone years his tramps, gun in hand, through the forests. He was employed by surveyors and land speculators to aid them in their explorations, and, it is said, even went with one party across the Rocky Mountains.





But the "valley" was no longer what it had been. The wedding procession, making its way in joyous freedom through the darkling woods that skirted the stream, was no more startled from its loud hilarity by the sudden burst of the ambuscade by the river. Very rarely was a straggling Indian to be met with. The game was rapidly disappearing. Settled farms and pleasant cottages were taking the place of the decaying stockades and dismantled block-houses. Sick at heart, Wetzel went south for the last time, taking up his abode near Natchez. He lived without work, and died in the summer of 1808, being then forty-eight years old. He never married. Being questioned on the subject by the wife of a friend whom he visited, he said, "I never intend to marry. There is no woman on this earth for me, but I expect there is one for me in heaven." Lewis Wetzel, on a larger scale, is but the representative of a host of brave scouts and Indian fighters who took part with himself in the long struggles of the Ohio valley. To us, he is a desperado. To the settlers of that day—he was a hero.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COURAGE OF KENTON.



NAITHFUL, rugged, and bold, the character of Simon Kenton is rarely equaled among the pioneers of the Ohio valley. He was by birth a Virginian, born in 1755, the long-remembered year of Braddock's defeat. He was reared an ignorant farm boy. The doors of a school-house were never opened to him, and labor early marked him for her child. Beneath the rough youth's exterior throbbed a warm and affectionate heart.

In the neighborhood of Kenton's home lived a young lady, whose spirited manners, personal charms, and coquettish arts had fascinated many a less susceptible young man than Kenton. The maiden of the frontier, like others of her sex in gentler situations, is full of stratagems. This belle of the border pretended to be interested in Kenton, who was but sixteen years old, and in another young fellow named Leitchman, some years Kenton's senior. All her ingenuity was exerted to bring about a conflict between these two suitors. She succeeded. Kenton sent a challenge to his rival. He repaired to the appointed spot alone, and was surprised to find Leitchman accompanied by a number of his friends, who at once assailed him with a volley of insults. Kenton, burning with jealousy and wrath, stripped himself of all but his pants and prepared to fight. The combat had proceeded but a few moments when Kenton's superior skill became manifest. Seeing their friend about to be punished severely, Leitchman's companions jumped upon Kenton and pounded, beat, and kicked him until he was nearly dead.

Kenton recovered from his injuries, but not from the insult. In the following spring he went over to Leitchman's house, and announced that he was ready to fight it out. In the combat which followed, Leitchman, more wary than before, succeeded in throwing Kenton to the ground, and at once sprang on him with malignant fury. Kenton lay still, enduring this severe punishment till his eye caught sight of a bush growing near by. He at once conceived a terrible revenge. He managed to lure his rival, who had remarkably long hair, to the spot where the bush grew. Watching his opportunity, he made a sudden and violent effort, sprang to his feet, pushed his foe into the bush, and quickly wrapped his long hair around its thick, tangled branches. Leitchman gave an unearthly roar of pain.

In that moment the long-suppressed rage burst forth from Kenton's heart. He took revenge terrible and complete for all his injuries, and leaving Leitchman for dead, he cast a last glance at his gasping foe, and then fled. Fled, he knew not whither, but any place to escape the pursuers with which his imagination peopled the woods through which he sped. Day and night passed, and he paused not.

In time he reached a region where the settlers were talking about the wonderful country of Kantuckee. In their stories it was an earthly paradise, an Eden in the wilderness. He fell in with two explorers, Yager and Strader. Yager had been a captive among the Indians, and claimed to have visited this El Dorado of the west. Fired by his glowing descriptions, his two companions resolved to join him in his search for this wonderful region, where fruits blushed unseen on the branches of trees which the hand of man had never planted; where fields of golden grain sprang spontaneously from the fertile soil and ripened untended beneath the summer sun; where the forests were stocked with supplies of rare and noble game, exhaustless and unequalled.

A boat was built, provisions gathered, and the trio of excited adventurers commenced their journey down the Ohio. Days

went by, but the Land of Promise did not appear. For weary weeks they journeyed, but Yager, whose memory of the beauty and luxuriance of the region was so vivid, was unable to locate it. Worn out with searching for a country which was a myth, they turned their attention to hunting and trapping on the great Kanawha. This profitable occupation they followed for two years, exchanging their furs with the traders at Fort Pitt for such things as they needed.

One evening in March, 1773, they were lying around their camp-fire in the forest, when a dozen shots were fired at them from the darkness. Strader was shot dead. Kenton and Yager took to flight, leaving behind them guns, ammunition, and all the accumulation of the two years' work. For five days they wandered through the woods, tortured with hunger and benumbed with cold. At sunset on the last day, to their great joy, they fell in with a party of traders.

Kenton soon obtained another rifle, and again began his forest life. He took part in Dunmore's war in 1774, acting as a scout. In the summer of 1775 he determined to join a party of explorers and again make search for the country which Yager had described. By careful exploration of the country for miles on either side of the Ohio, they at length reached a region which indeed afforded some basis for Yager's tales. In the neighborhood of what is now Maysville, Kentucky, the soil was found to be of wonderful fertility, far exceeding any thing in the Ohio valley, a reputation which it bears to this day. Here too, the eyes of the hunters brightened at the sight of vast herds of buffalo. Elk of rare size, were found in great numbers. The explorers were beside themselves. On the site of what is now Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, they cleared an acre of ground, and planted it with Indian corn. Here, in comfortable cabins, they made their home. Such fortune in hunting as they had surpassed their wildest dreams.

One day Kenton, while roaming along the banks of the Licking River, heard moans from the direction of some bushes.

Curious and alarmed, the trapper made his way with caution to the spot. He was astonished to find two white men lying on the ground, almost destitute of clothing and emaciated by starvation. The hunter hurriedly prepared them some food, and then started to conduct them to his cabin. The journey proved too much for the exhausted men, and a camp had to be pitched in the woods.

The unfortunate strangers related their story. Some time previous they had been descending the Ohio, when their boat capsized. All their supplies were lost. They saved their lives by swimming. But the hardships of the wilderness, finding them without food, cover, or arms, "o'ercame them quite." They had given up all hope when found by Kenton. The hunter informed them of his station, and invited them to join him and his companions there. One of the men accepted the invitation, but the other declared his intention to abandon the forest life forever.

Leaving Hendricks in the camp at the Blue Licks, without a gun, but well supplied with provisions, Kenton and his two companions, who had been with him on the hunt, courteously accompanied Fitzpatrick, who was eager to commence his homeward journey, as far as the "Point," by which name the site of Maysville was known. Bidding him farewell, they retraced their steps to the camp to rejoin Hendricks. To their great concern it was found deserted. The tent was thrown down and its contents scattered about. A number of bullets were found lodged in the neighboring trees. At a little distance was a ravine. A cloud of thick, white smoke, as if from a newly kindled fire, hovered over it.

That Hendricks had been captured by Indians was plain. That they themselves were in danger was no less so, and a hasty retreat was at once begun. They were halted at a distance of a few miles by some stinging rebukes from Kenton, who declared that common humanity demanded that an effort be made to save Hendricks. Caution compelled them to wait

till nightfall. Under Kenton's lead they then made their way back to the camp. The fire was still dimly glowing. No Indians were near.

As the men proceeded to reconnoiter the locality, one of them kicked a round object lying on the ground. It rolled nearer the fire. He stooped to pick it up. He saw what the object was. It was Hendricks's skull! The poor fellow had been roasted and eaten. Sadly enough Kenton and his comrades made their way to the cabin at Washington. Not for several months did they behold the face of a human being. One lazy September day, Kenton was startled to discover a man at some distance. The stranger came nearer. His complexion was white. He informed Kenton that there were other white men in Kentucky besides himself and his companions. Daniel Boone had already founded a settlement in the interior. Tired of solitude, Kenton and his companions broke up the settlement at Washington, and repaired to Boonsborough.

In 1778 Kenton met with a remarkable adventure. He was with an expedition led by Daniel Boone against an Indian town on Paint Creek. While scouting some distance ahead of the main force, he was startled by a loud laugh. To conceal himself in a thicket was the work of a moment. Two large Indians mounted on one small pony rode along the path, laughing and joking in high glee. Kenton fired at short range, killing not only the first Indian, through whose body the ball passed, but wounding the second.

The scout sprang forward to scalp the wounded Indian, when a noise from a thicket attracted his attention. He turned to find two guns aimed at him by a couple of stalwart savages. Kenton jumped to one side just in time to miss the deadly balls. Without delay he sought the best shelter the place afforded. Before his gun was reloaded a dozen Indians were on a dead run toward him. The result would in all probability have been fatal to Kenton, had not Boone's party, alarmed by the sight of the riderless pony, which had galloped toward

them when relieved of its riders, hurried to the rescue. Several Indians fell dead at the first fire.

Knowing that his approach was now discovered at the Indian town, Boone resolved on instant retreat. Not so with Kenton. He and a friend named Montgomery left the party, and proceeded alone to a neighborhood of the village. All day they lay in ambush in a corn-field, hoping that some Indian would come out to gather roasting ears. Disappointed in this expectation, they entered the town after night, captured four good horses, made a rapid night ride to the Ohio, which they swam in safety, and on the second day reached Logan's Fort with their booty.

No sooner was the restless Kenton through with this adventure than he set out on a scout with Montgomery and a young man named Clark to an Indian town on the Little Maumee River, against which an expedition was contemplated by the whites. Under cover of night a thorough investigation of the place and the number of its warriors was made. Having accomplished this, the scouts might have returned in safety. But the temptation to steal some horses was too strong to be resisted. In their greed they determined to take every horse in the village. Unfortunately they had attempted too much, and were discovered. The scouts saw their peril and rode for their lives, but were unwilling to abandon a single horse. Two rode in front and led the horses, while the third plied his whip from behind.

They were checked in their furious career by a swamp, in an attempt to avoid which they occupied the whole night. On the morning of the second day they had reached the Ohio. The wind was high, the river rough, the crossing dangerous. Kenton resolved to swim the horses across, while his companions hurriedly framed a raft on which to transport their guns and baggage. Again and again Kenton forced the horses into the water, but as often the animals, frightened by the boisterous waves, turned about, and swam back to shore.

No time was to be lost. The Indians were in hot pursuit.

Instead of abandoning the horses, which could not be made to cross the river, the trio still clung to their plunder and started down the banks of the Ohio. When the setting sun flung his red radiance over the stormy river, tipping the waves with crimson splendor, the horse-thieves still found themselves unable to cross. Totally infatuated, the three men encamped for the night. At dawn they awoke, rejoiced to find the river as placid as the blue morning sky which arched above them. But horses have memories, and the captive equines, mindful of their former experience, stubbornly refused to enter the water. Blows and curses were unavailing. For the white men but one course remained. Each mounted a horse, determined to ride to a point opposite Louisville, where they could obtain transportation.

It was too late. Scarcely had they ridden a hundred yards when the furious pursuers were heard in their rear. The fortunes of the scouts were widely different. Clark escaped. Montgomery was killed. Kenton was taken prisoner. Among the stolen horses was a wild colt, a vicious and powerful animal. Kenton was placed astride this animal, his hands tied behind him, and his feet bound together under the horse's belly. The animal was then turned loose without rein or bridle. A terrible cut from a whip caused it to dash furiously into the forest. On, on it went, its defenseless rider being scratched, bruised, and torn by the overhanging limbs of the trees.

Though blinded by the blood which flowed down his lacerated face, Kenton escaped without fatal injury. He was taken to the famous Indian town of Old Chillicothe. For amusement his guards beat his naked back and shoulders with hickory switches. Of all the borderers of the time no one was better known, more greatly feared, and so bitterly hated as Simon Kenton.

At his appearance the inhabitants of the town were beside themselves with rage. Their fury found no words adequate to give it utterance. Foaming at the mouth, they gave it vent in inarticulate and blood-curdling howls and curses. A stake was

driven in the ground. To this the captive was tied, with his hands extended above him and fastened to the top of the stake. He was painted black. Instead of the torture fires being applied at once, the savages, choked with speechless rage, danced and howled around him until midnight, pelting him with stones, lacerating him with switches, and searing his body with red-hot irons.

The rare pleasure of the occasion was prolonged by his grim captors. In the morning he was ordered to run the gauntlet. At the beat of a drum he started down the line of warriors, armed with clubs, hoe handles, tomahawks, and butcher knives. Again and again he was felled to the ground by his ferocious assailants. When the race was over, and he lay bloody and unconscious in the corner of a cabin, a council was held in the village. The assembled warriors were unanimous in their opinion that such fun had not been enjoyed for many a year. They generously resolved to share the sport with the other villages. Kenton was accordingly dragged about from town to town. Once the poor man attempted an escape. The pursuit was instant and keen.

Kenton put forth all his powers. At every step he remembered that he was flying from the stake and the red-hot irons. But he was retaken and carried back—back to beatings and bruising, back to searing irons and the cruel gauntlet, back to the dreadful stake and the torturing flames.

He was taken to Wapputonica, where his execution was to end his sufferings. He arrived there just as Simon Girty, the notorious renegade, returned from an unsuccessful expedition. When the angry monster saw Kenton, he saluted him by knocking him down with his brutal fist. Too weak to rise, Kenton called to Girty for protection. For once in his life a prayer for mercy was not unheard by Girty. He paused. He scanned the emaciated stranger closely. He asked his name. As the word "Kenton" was feebly murmured, Girty, with a start of surprise, seized the fallen man in his arms and lifted him to a

couch. The savages looked on in wonder. Such a thing had never been known before. Bloodier than the bloodiest, crueller than the cruelest, had ever been Simon Girty, a savage born amid civilization, an Indian who was the child of white parents.

The white chief sent forth a summons for a council. The dark audience assembled. On the rows of faces ranged round the room, rigid as if carved in ebony, not a trace of curiosity could be seen. But beneath every blanket beat a heart filled with fierce and cynical wonder. For some moments there was silence in the council hall.

Then Girty arose. He strode forward to the center of the room. He recounted the story of his own life; of how he had renounced the cause of the white man, and become an Indian of Indians; of his enormous services to the Wyandots, and of the rows of white men's scalps which decorated his cabin. He asked if he had ever been accused of mercy to the race from which he sprang. Yet, for this single time, he had a favor to ask. That favor was the life of a friend. That friend was Simon Kenton, the wretched captive lying there on that blanket. Many years before, said the orator, in rugged and convulsive eloquence, he and that captive had been brothers. They had slept under the same blanket. They had hunted through the same forests. They had dwelt in the same wigwam. For his own sake he asked that the life of the captive be spared.

Girty's influence was great. But the Wyandots regarded Kenton as their arch-enemy. The debate raged long and loud. At length the vote was taken. The captive was saved. Girty took Kenton to his own wigwam. For three weeks he remained there, recovering from his injuries.

At the end of twenty-one days a new war party returned. Many of their number had been slain. The families of the dead demanded vengeance. A cry rang through the village for the life of Kenton. A council was called. Speaker after speaker arose, and with vehement gesture and heavy emphasis, argued that Kenton must be put to death. Girty again put forth all

his powers to save his friend. But he was overwhelmed. The sentence of death was passed.

Kenton was bound and marched away to another village. An old Indian was sitting by the roadside. As he caught sight of Kenton a spasm of passionate hate convulsed his sullen features. He sprang forward, and with a blow from his tomahawk cut open Kenton's shoulder, breaking the bone, and almost severing the arm from the body. In this condition he was driven on to Sandusky, arriving there in the evening. Arrangements were at once made to burn him alive on the following morning.

By strange coincidence a British Indian agent was in the town. Learning of Kenton's arrival, he at once demanded the captive, in order that the commandant at Detroit might obtain from him information of the enemy. The Indians consented to give him up only on condition that he be returned to them. That condition was never kept. He remained at Detroit, under mild restraint, from October, 1777, to June, 1778. In the latter month he resolved upon an escape, taking into his confidence two young Kentuckians, captives like himself. By great adroitness Kenton managed to get possession of three guns and some ammunition. After a journey of thirty days through a wilderness infested by Indian war parties, the three refugees arrived at Louisville.

"Thus," says a writer, "terminated one of the most remarkable series of adventure in the whole realm of western history. Kenton was eight times exposed to the gauntlet, and three times tied to the stake for execution. For three weeks he vibrated between life and death. Yet, amid the changes of fickle fortune, he remained perfectly passive. No wisdom, foresight, or exertion could have saved him. Fortune, and fortune alone, fought his battle from first to last."

For many years, Kenton continued to be one of the most formidable Indian fighters of the valley. Through the details of his eventful career we may not follow him. One incident is

worth mentioning. While at Detroit, an English officer observing his fondness for smoking, and the difficulty of lighting his pipe, presented him with a fine burning glass or lens, by which the tobacco could easily be kindled from the rays of the sun. Two or three years afterward Kenton was again taken prisoner. He was bound hand and foot, preparatory to an immediate execution. As his last request to his captors, he asked the privilege of smoking his pipe. He placed the long, wooden stem in his mouth. The chief handed him the customary flint, steel, and tinder for lighting the tobacco.

With a gesture of indifference, Kenton refused the implements, to the great astonishment of the savage. Extending his hand toward the midday sun, cleverly grasping the burning-glass, he adroitly focused the rays in the pipe bowl and was quickly puffing clouds of smoke from his lips. The Indians were dumfounded. Not having noticed the glass, they supposed he had lighted his pipe by letting the sunlight pass through the circle formed by his thumb and forefinger. Awestricken and amazed, they grouped together at a little distance, with mutterings and grunts of wonder.

In a little while, Kenton refilled his pipe, and repeated the trick, accompanying it with three or four cries, mysterious and startling to the Indians. No one understood better than Kenton the superstition of their minds. Seizing his advantage, he made a sweeping gesture, clasping his hands above his head, and transferring the glass to his left hand. In a moment he had kindled some dry leaves at his side into a flame.

Struggling to his feet, tied though they were, and giving a terrific leap, such as Kenton alone could make, he brought himself to the pile of fagots which had been gathered for his torture. In a moment a flame blazed up around the stake as if the victim were already fastened to it. Kenton then beckoned to the chief to unbind his ankles. The mystified Indian durst not disobey such a man. While fumbling at the thongs, Kenton raised his burning-glass, and in a moment raised a blister on the



A WESTERN MAZEPPA—SIMON KENTON A PRISONER.



red man's wrist. He jerked his hand away with a howl of pain only to feel a spot of fire on his head. This was too much. The chief and his companions hurriedly got behind the nearest trees. Kenton then unbound his own ankles. Waving his arms towards the sun, he withdrew the stopple from a powder-horn, dropped by the Indians, focused the sunbeams upon the powder within, and shook his fist at his foes. In an instant the powder-horn exploded with a flash and roar. Not only had the powder-horn disappeared. The Indians left at the same instant. Kenton was free.

The later career of Kenton is a strange illustration of the reverses in the fortunes of men. When the Indian wars were over, the brave and generous Kenton found himself without an occupation. The lands which he had bought were lost to him through technical flaws in the title. He had braved the tomahawk, the gauntlet, and the stake in vain. The people who now came in to occupy and possess the fair region, to redeem which from the savages he had devoted the best years of his life, found no use for the old scout. His very body was taken for debt. He was imprisoned for a year on the very spot where he had built the first cabin, planted the first corn, and fought the savages in a hundred fierce encounters.

Beggared by losses and law-suits, he moved to Ohio about the beginning of this century. He was elected brigadier-general of the State militia, and was a soldier of the war of 1812. In 1810 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and ever after lived a consistent Christian life. After the war of 1812 he returned to his lonely cabin in the woods, near Urbana, Ohio. In 1820 he moved to Mad River, in sight of the old Indian town of Wappatomica, where he had once been tied to the stake. Even here he was pursued by judgments and executions from the courts of Kentucky. He still had some large tracts of mountain lands in Kentucky which were forfeited for taxes. He tried boring for salt on them, but failed. His last resource was an appeal to the Kentucky Legislature to release the forfeiture.

“So,” says McClung, “in 1824, when about seventy years old, he mounted his sorry old horse, and, in his tattered garments, commenced his weary pilgrimage. The second night he stopped at the house of James Galloway, of Xenia, Ohio, an old friend and pioneer.

“Kenton at last reached Frankfort, now become a thrifty and flourishing city. Here he was utterly unknown. All his old friends had departed. His dilapidated appearance and the sorry condition of his horse and its wretched equipments only provoked mirth. The grizzled old pioneer was like Rip Van Winkle appearing after his long sleep. He wandered up and down the streets, ‘the observed of all observers.’ The very boys followed him. At length, the scarred old warrior was recognized by General Fletcher, an old companion-in-arms. He grasped him by the hand, led him to a tailor-shop, bought him a suit of clothes and hat, and, after he was dressed, took him to the State capitol.

“Here he was placed in the speaker’s chair, and introduced to a crowded assembly of judges, citizens, and legislators, as the second pioneer of Kentucky. The simple-minded veteran used to say afterwards that ‘it was the very proudest day of his life,’ and ten years subsequently, his friend Hinde asserted, he was wearing the self-same hat and clothes. His lands were at once released, and shortly after, by the warm exertion of some of his friends, a pension from Congress of two hundred and fifty dollars was obtained, securing his old age from absolute want.

“Without any further marked notice, Kenton lived in his humble cabin until 1836, when, at the venerable old age of eighty-one, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family and neighbors, and supported by the consolations of the Gospel. He died in sight of the very spot where the savages, nearly sixty years previous, proposed to torture him to death.

“General Kenton was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked very erect, and, in the prime

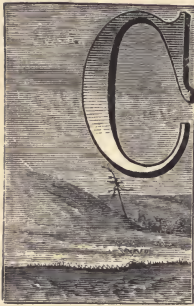
of life, weighed about a hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer; auburn hair and laughing gray eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder. He was a pleasant, good-humored, and obliging companion. When excited, or provoked to anger, which was seldom the case, the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His wrath, when aroused, was a tornado. In his dealings he was perfectly honest. His confidence in man and his credulity were such, that the same man might cheat him twenty times—and, if he professed friendship, might still continue to cheat him.”

Such was the man after whom was named the county of Kenton, Kentucky.



CHAPTER XIV.

BRADY, THE BACKWOODSMAN.



CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY, the hero of this narrative, was born in 1758, in the town of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. John Brady, his father, had before him been a brave and adventurous man. On the eleventh day of April, 1779, this gentleman, being in command of an exposed post, set out for Fort Augusta, to procure supplies of provisions. He had loaded his wagon heavily, and with several guards started early in the afternoon to return.

At a certain point the road forked. Those in charge of the wagon went one way, while Brady and a companion named Smith, who were on horseback, took the shorter cut. The spot was lonely. As the two men rode slowly along, Brady related to his companion an incident in his life which had made a deep impression on his mind.

The story he told was as follows: In 1776, information had been received at Fort Augusta, of the approach of Indians. Runners were at once dispatched to the neighboring settlements. In the afternoon Brady remembered that they had forgotten to send word to a trading post, occupied by a Dutchman named Derr. He threw himself into his saddle to carry the message.

Arriving at his destination, Brady found the yard full of Indians, stretched out on the ground, brutally drunk, while Derr sat calmly by, smoking his pipe, as if nothing unusual had occurred. Brady rebuked him sternly. The Dutchman replied

that the Indians had come and informed him that they would kill him unless he gave them liquor. Acting on the hint, he had politely rolled out a barrel of rum for his guests' entertainment. As he spoke, a drunken Indian, with a long scar on



DEATH OF JAMES BRADY.

his left cheek, staggered toward the half-emptied barrel to take another drink. Brady, however, interfered, and upset the barrel, spilling its contents. The Indian broke out into curses, and, with bitter emphasis, told Brady that the day would yet come when he would regret that act.

Ever since that time, said the Captain to his companion, the memory of that threat had haunted him. Knowing the Indian character, he believed that if that savage should ever chance to meet him, the threat would be fulfilled by an attempt on his life. By this time the riders had reached a place of exceeding wildness. At that moment three rifles were fired in quick succession. Brady dropped lifeless on the road. Smith bounded away. Momentarily glancing back, he saw an Indian standing over his dead friend flourishing a bloody scalp. He also saw that the savage had a long and prominent scar on the left side of his face.

Such was the fate of the father of Captain Samuel Brady. Only the year before, his younger brother, James, had also been killed by Indians. The young man, with three or four companions, had stood their guns against a tree. An Indian suddenly fired, at which the others fled. Brady, however, seized a gun, and shot the savage, only to find himself left to contend alone against a host of enemies. Two other guns he also fired at his foes with fatal effect, but while reaching for the fourth gun was knocked senseless. He was tomahawked, scalped, and left for dead. Coming to consciousness, the plucky fellow managed to crawl to a settler's cabin. He lived three or four days, and then died from his wounds.

In conformity to the wild customs of the frontier, the elder brother took a solemn oath that the remainder of his life should be devoted to wreaking a dreadful vengeance on the race whose members had thus twice desolated the family circle.

In 1780 Brady was dispatched from Fort Pitt to the distant towns of the Sandusky on a scout. He chose for his companions a few men and four Chickasaw Indians. The season was wet. The streams were swollen beyond their banks. Owing to several mishaps, their provisions ran low. The chart of the country which Brady carried proved to be defective and misleading. In time, however, they reached the neighborhood of the Indian towns.

While stealing through the woods, the sound of human voices broke upon them. Leaving his comrades behind him, Brady slipped forward to make observations. Sitting beside the embers of a camp-fire he found two squaws. He turned back unnoticed, leaving them unharmed. Coming back to his companions, he detected by their sullen looks and gruff answers that something had happened. The young scout sat down unconcernedly to clean his rifle. For some time nothing was said. He then called on the men to hand him their ammunition pouches, in order to make an equal distribution of the powder on hand. Instead of obeying the command, the men flatly refused. They informed Brady that the faithless Chickasaws had deserted, taking with them all the provisions, and that instead of continuing the scout, they had resolved on flight.

To this startling announcement Brady replied by handing the speaker his powder-horn, and asked him to see how much powder it contained. There was not a grain left. Raising his gun to his shoulder, Brady announced that he had one load yet in the weapon and *that* he would use to maintain his authority. The men, awed into admiration for their young leader, yielded. Matters having been thus settled, Brady hid all of his company but one man in a ravine. He and his companion then started to the village, wading the river to an island opposite the town, where they lay during the night.

In the morning a dense fog covered the landscape. At noon it lifted. The astonished spies discovered a vast concourse of Indians, evidently just returned from an expedition against the frontiers, bringing with them a number of fine horses. The crowd was wild with hilarity over some races, by which they were testing the animals and celebrating the occasion. That night Brady, having accomplished the object of his journey, rejoined his men and commenced the return trip. Entirely destitute of provisions they nevertheless subsisted for a time on strawberries. Only one rifle-charge was left in the party.

The loaded gun was given to Brady. Discovering a deer-

track, the scout followed it, and, coming within sight of the animal, attempted to fire. To his intense disappointment the gun failed to go off, and the deer fled. Brady picked the touch-hole of the weapon, and was starting in renewed pursuit of the game, when he discovered a party of Indians. They were led by a large and powerful savage on horseback, carrying in his arms a white child. The child's mother rode behind him on the horse. Ten warriors followed the leader.

Brady was a kind-hearted man. Moreover, he was young, and, therefore, gallant. From his concealment his quick eye perceived that the woman had been brutally mistreated. One of her arms was broken. Her face was a mass of bruises. Brady forgot himself. He raised his gun, and aiming carefully for fear of injury to the mother or her child, fired, the unerring bullet plunging into the heart of the savage. The Indians were paralyzed by fright and confusion.

Seizing his opportunity, Brady rushed forth, caught the child in one arm, the woman in the other, and disappeared in the brush amid a shower of balls. He was infinitely disgusted to find that his cowardly men had fled, allowing two prisoners to escape. Nevertheless he made his way with his two helpless companions to Fort McIntosh, and from there to Pittsburgh, where he received the congratulations of General Broadhead.

Brady's next service was a scout, with a man named Phouts, in the direction of the Susquehanna. Their start was made two hours before day. At evening they halted by a small creek and built a fire. While out hunting they discovered a deer-lick, and, as a consequence, brought into camp some excellent venison. The following day, a blue smoke, floating above the top of a distant forest, indicated an Indian camp. They approached cautiously and discovered, to their surprise, one old Indian sitting by the fire mending his moccasins. Phouts prepared to fire, but Brady prevented him from doing so, and the two men left unobserved.

A few hours later they came upon a well-defined Indian trail.

Brady noted the signs, and became convinced that a strong party of Indians had passed there the previous day. He at once determined to take the old savage captive, and return forthwith to Pittsburgh. Early in the morning they returned to the Indian's camp, and found the savage lying on his back by the fire. Brady crept forward toward the Indian, and when within a few feet, gave a whoop and jumped on the prostrate savage. A brief struggle ended in the old fellow being strongly tied.

On being assured that he would be taken to Pittsburgh unharmed, the captive politely pulled aside some bushes, and pointed out a most excellent canoe. The trio embarked, floating down the creek to the spot where they had encamped the previous night, and landed. Here they encamped until morning. Brady rose early and went up the creek to where they had left some venison hanging on a tree, which they wanted for breakfast.

Meanwhile, an interesting little occurrence took place in Brady's absence. The wily Indian complained to Phouts, who was a dull Dutchman, that his cords hurt him, and begged his guard to loosen them for a few moments. The Dutchman, charmed by the docile behavior and extreme humility of the prisoner, took off the cords entirely.

The old man sat meekly on the ground without a suspicious movement. At a moment when Phouts stooped to fix the fire, the Indian gave a lightning spring toward the Dutchman's gun, which was leaning against a tree, seized it, and fired at point-blank range. In the hurry his aim was bad, and the ball only took off a part of the Dutchman's bullet-pouch. Phouts rushed on the savage, and, with one blow from his tomahawk, clove asunder his skull. Brady, alarmed by the report, hurried back, relieved to find that nothing worse had happened. Their return to Pittsburgh was made without further incident.

Brady's genius for scouting was soon recognized, and he was constantly employed on the most perilous missions. On one occasion his bravery almost brought about a fatal result. He

was taken captive by a band of Indians, near Beaver River. He and four companions had come upon an Indian camp. A fire was burning, and near by lay some tempting deer meat. Their hunger overcame their prudence, and the men, roasting the venison, were soon in the midst of a hearty meal.

It is said that one of the men stopped eating, and suggested that the meat might be poisoned. At that instant there was a report from a dozen rifles. Brady's four companions dropped dead. The Indians, recognizing him, had saved his life only to reserve him for the pleasure of torture. He was taken to their village, given the usual reception of blows and beatings, and was forced to run the gauntlet. The traditional stake, with a pile of fagots, was prepared. Previous to commencing the torture, he was stripped and a circle of Indians formed around him for a fantastic dance.

The torture fires were already blazing. He felt that his end was at hand, but still, with cool head and fearless eye, he calculated the chances of escape. When the dance was at its height, a squaw, carrying in her arms a young child, strode up to Brady and hit him a terrible blow with a war-club. She was about to repeat the outrage when Brady, gathering all his strength, sprang upon her, tore the child from her arms, and threw it clear over the circle of dancers into the flames beyond. The Indians, struck with horror, rushed, as by one thought, to rescue the child. This Brady had foreseen. In the midst of the confusion he dashed through the crowd, overturning every one in his way, and disappearing in a neighboring ravine.

Another story related of Brady places him in company with sixteen companions. The party was encamped for a night. Towards morning a gun was heard, and the scouts quickly withdrew to an elevated bluff. Beneath them they discovered six Indians standing around a fire. Brady ordered his men to lie down while he kept watch. At day-break he placed them side by side, with himself at the end of the line. At an opportune moment Brady touched, with his elbow, the man on his

left, who in turn communicated it to his neighbor, and so on down the line. When the nudge reached the last man, he fired, followed by all the others. Every Indian in the camp was killed, with perhaps, a single exception.

Brady and two companions, passing along the northern shore of the Ohio, once reached the neighborhood of a cabin occupied by a man named Gray. Suddenly Brady detected the presence of Indians. In the moment of concealing himself Brady saw Gray approaching carelessly on horseback. As the hunter passed him Brady sprang out, dragged him off his horse, and whispered, "I am Sam Brady. For heaven's sake, keep quiet."

That this summary treatment saved Gray's life there can be no doubt. The four men approached the site of the cabin and discovered it to be a heap of embers. Of Gray's wife and children there was no trace. Gray, frantic with grief, begged his companions to join him in pursuit of the abductors. To Brady such an appeal was never made in vain. In two hours they came upon the Indians, who were there in force. There, bound hand and foot, sat Gray's wife and children.

The number of the savages so much exceeded that of Brady's party that a night attack was the only hope for the rescue of the captives. At an auspicious moment the four avengers stole noiselessly into the camp and distributed themselves among the sleepers. At a given signal from Brady each man tomahawked the nearest Indians. The survivors, leaping to their feet, bounded into the forest, leaving their captives in the hands of the white men.

Probably the most famous of Brady's exploits is that known as "Brady's Leap." He had been pursued by Indians for some distance from Sandusky, and, at last, seemed to be hedged in in all directions. It was a principle with the scout to never surrender. Taking in the situation with a quick glance, he bounded off toward a creek, at a point where it rushed through a rocky gorge. From bank to bank was more than twenty-five

feet. On his way, Brady hurled two savages to the ground. The whole swarm were following him with wild yells, believing that when he reached the brink of the chasm, he must be forced



BRADY'S LEAP.

to pause and become their captive. Rushing forward with the greatest impetuosity, Brady collected all his energies, and as his foot touched the verge of the precipice, he gave a terrific leap, catching the bushes on the steep, rocky cliff of the opposite bank, and quickly scrambling to his feet.

The Indians were dumfounded. It was not long, however, till they made their way around, and were again in pursuit of Brady. For his part, he had received a bullet in his leg as he jumped

the chasm, and found himself unable to maintain his terrific speed. He made his way to a body of water, which still bears the name of "Brady's Lake." He unhesitatingly plunged in, diving to a spot covered by pond lilies. Here he found that he could keep his face under water by breathing through the

hollow stem of a weed. The Indians followed his bloody track to the edge of the lake, and concluded that he had committed suicide. When their pursuit was abandoned Brady came out of the water and made his way home.

In 1786 Captain Brady married a Miss Drucilla Swearingen. Her father, a prominent soldier of the Revolution, objected to the match, but the beautiful young lady, enamored with the prowess and prestige of her lover, married him. The fond and lovely wife suffered greatly in mind during the absences of her brave husband on lengthy scouts. He was always a little lame from the wound received at the time of his famous leap. He also became quite deaf in his old age. This he attributed to his having remained so long under the water of the lake. His last years were spent at West Liberty, West Virginia, where he died.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE.



BOOK of American pioneers would be incomplete without a sketch of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky. It is not because he had such thrilling adventures, for the experiences of many of the borderers far surpassed those of Boone in wild heroism and wonderful feats. It is the character of Boone which impressed itself upon the minds of his contemporaries, and gives him such a prominent place in the history of the Ohio valley. His grandfather came to this country from England. No further reason need be sought for this move on the part of the old gentleman than the fact that he had nineteen children. He possessed peculiar qualifications for the population of a new country.

Our hero was born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, but his family removed at an early day to North Carolina. His education consisted in a short term at a school, opened by a wandering Irishman. The building was a square log structure, with a fire-place occupying one side of the room, and holding a log ten feet long. One day young Boone found himself at a spot where his schoolmaster had been observed to frequently stop. Under some vines he discovered, to his surprise, a bottle of whisky. That night Master Boone took some comrades into his confidence, and poured into the bottle a quantity of tartar-emetic.

Having set up the job, the boys waited on the following morning for the *dénouement*. During recess the boys, with

many a poke in one another's ribs, observed the unsuspecting pedagogue going to the spot where the bottle was hidden. He reappeared in a few moments with his face red as fire. The school was called together more quickly than usual, and the urchins trembled on their puncheon seats. The first two scholars made wretched failures of their lessons, and received terrific thrashings. Boone's turn came next. The Irishman's face was as white as paper. Boone's head was buzzing with curiosity about the whisky bottle, and he too failed. The master began to whip his pupil when the medicine began to take fearful effect. Boone revenged himself for his beating by throwing the wretched man down, at which signal the whole school joined in a shout and ran off.

We have one other brief glimpse of Boone's boyhood. One evening he failed to return from a hunt. His father and neighbors set out to search for the missing lad, who was but fourteen years old. At the end of two days the father found the lad living in a temporary hovel of sods and branches. Numerous skins of wild animals decorated the place. A piece of venison was roasting at the fire. Here the boy was enjoying himself all alone.

When he arrived at manhood, Boone married Rebecca Bryan. The first explorers brought back glowing reports of Kentucky, and in 1769, Boone, fascinated by these stories, with five companions, started to view this inland paradise themselves. They built a cabin on Red River, to protect themselves from a tremendous rain, which fell steadily for two weeks. Here they remained almost stationary for six months. The vast droves of buffalo and shadowy herds of deer supplied the men with profitable employment and exciting pleasure.

On the 22d of December, 1769, Boone and Stuart resolved to explore the interior of the country. In all the six months of their residence in the lovely region, neither the figure or even a foot-print of a savage had been seen. After a few days' journey, the men discovered a lofty mountain, which they climbed, in order to obtain a view of the country. Standing on its top,

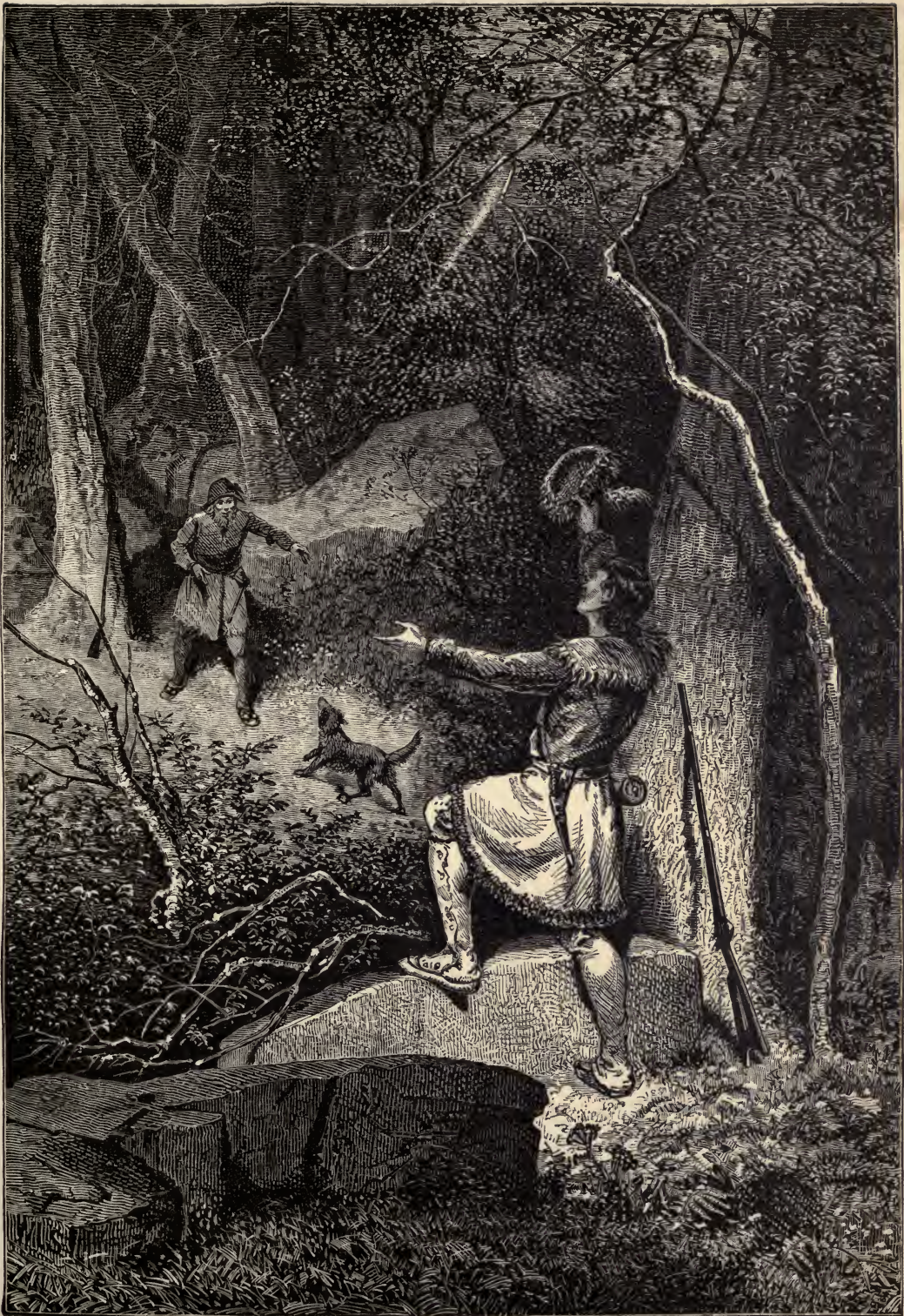
their dark figures outlined against the sky, and visible for many miles, the hunters' eyes were gladdened with a view of the fairest landscape in the world. Sloping hills, alternated with lovely valleys; leafless forests, with wide extended plains. Far to the north rolled the peaceful Ohio, beyond which lay expanses of a country destined to be the seat of empire, the home of busy millions.

Coming down from the mountain, little suspecting any danger, the two hunters were startled by a terrific yell just to their right. At the same instant the bushes parted, and dark forms emerging quickly, surrounded them, and they were taken prisoners.

The captives were as yet ignorant of Indian customs. They knew not one word of the language. As the howling captors bound them and marched them off to the forest, Boone did not know but that it might be to his death. He had, however, the cold and self-possessed temper which has in all times characterized men of action and leadership, a disposition which knows no special joy nor disheartening depression. There was nothing to be done except to obey his savage guards.

Manners are an art. It has been said that there is a mode of conduct possible which will blind the shrewdest insight and foil the most expert observer. The popular notion of the art of manners assumes that it belongs solely to the refined, the elegant; that its home is in society, and its disciples the votaries of fashion. Yet the languid belle and the prancing dandy are by no means the only nor the real experts in manners. The shaggy backwoodsman, dressed in the skin of wild animals, speaking in a peculiar dialect of frontier phraseology, and passing his life in restless warfare with a hideous and blood-thirsty foe, practices the so-called parlor art with infinitely more zeal and success than the empty-headed throngs of fashionable society.

Boone, on this occasion, revealed his superior skill in this regard. Though his heart was full of apprehension, his demeanor indicated the most fearless indifference. He acted



MEETING OF BOONE AND HIS BROTHER.



a part. He had a care for the tone of his voice, the poise of his head, the length of his step, the expression of his eye. He succeeded in what he was about. The Indians insensibly gave way to the influence of his manners. Reading in his eye no fear, and in his air no discontent, their vigilance insensibly relaxed. They and their captive could not exchange one single word. It was all pantomime, or manners.

On the seventh night after the capture, the Indians went to sleep. For three days Boone had been unbound. At night the bonds had heretofore been replaced. But what need was there to tie a man who was willing to stay with them anyhow.

Boone and his companion escaped. They did not kill any of their guards, nor did they attempt it. It was not a physical achievement, but a mental one. They made their way back to their cabin. The door was open. The rude furniture was broken in pieces. There was no fire in the fire-place. The stock of skins, the fruit of six months' toil, was gone. There was no clue to their companions. The whole thing was a mystery, and continued to be so. To the day of his death, Boone never knew whether the other men had stolen the stock and made off with it, or whether they had been killed by Indians, and the cabin plundered by the murderers.

There are some rare joys in the life in the wilderness. Such was the accidental meeting in the wilderness of Boone with his brother, who, with a companion, had also come up to Kentucky. There are many sorrows in a life in the wilderness. Such was that which befell Boone when, a few days later, he and Stuart were pursued by Indians, and Stuart was killed and scalped.

Only a week afterward, a still more distressing calamity happened. The companion of Boone's brother happened to remain away from the camp one night on a hunt. Finding, in a day or two, that he did not return, the two brothers began a search. In time they came upon the remains of the unfortunate man. While asleep by his fire, he was surrounded and attacked by a troop of famished wolves. The stock of his gun was shattered

from the desperate use he had made of it in trying to beat back the animals. At last, his strength failing, the throng of brutes had borne him to the ground, and quickly stripped the flesh from his bones, which the Boones found scattered about. But for the gun, the remains would have been beyond identification.

Boone and his brother thus left alone soon found their ammunition supply running low. The brother returned to Carolina to procure a new stock of powder and ball, leaving Boone in complete solitude. "I was," he says, "left by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar, without the company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog." On the 27th of July, 1770, his brother returned. He brought with him two good horses, with heavy packs of the much-needed supplies. Not till March, '71, did they think of returning. During all this time they maintained ceaseless vigilance, never making a permanent camp. During his brother's absence, Boone had frequently slept in a canebrake, without fire, and heard the yell of the Indians around him.

At the date last named Daniel rejoined his family after an absence of three years, during which he had tasted neither bread nor salt. He came home fired with the fever for removing to the new country. He sold out his property, loaded some horses and milch cows with the necessary baggage, and, amid prophecies of their destruction, started back to the wilderness with his wife and children.

His clear statements of the advantages of the region induced five other families and forty well armed men to accompany him. The party felt great confidence in its strength. Pride goeth before destruction. The party of immigrants were attacked by Indians near Cumberland Mountain, and six of their number killed, among whom, to the infinite sorrow of the great pioneer, was Boone's eldest son. This reception so startled the party that they beat a hasty retreat to the settlements on Clinch River, forty miles to their rear, where they remained for several years.

In 1774 and 1775 Daniel Boone was engaged in the border conflicts of the time. Only one incident of his part in these struggles has been preserved. He was taken prisoner one night by the Indians. He had just extinguished his camp-fire, wrapped himself in his blanket, and lain down to sleep, being, as was his custom, on a lone hunt, when he suddenly felt himself seized in the darkness by a number of hands.

Resistance was useless. He was bound with strips of buffalo hide, and carried to the Indian camp. The squaws immediately began to search their prisoner for valuables, and they soon drew forth a flask of strong whisky. Boone looked on with secret joy as he saw the bottle passed around from mouth to mouth. He earnestly wished that the bottle was ten times its size, and that every drop might stretch a brave dead-drunk on the ground. He felt, to his sorrow, that there was not enough liquor to intoxicate the company.

At that moment a gun was heard in the distance. The braves jumped up, held a short talk with the squaws, pointing frequently to Boone, and then seizing their guns, hurried away in the darkness to see what the firing of the gun meant. The squaws sat down cross-legged around the fire, and took frequent drinks from the bottle until, one by one, they sprawled out on the ground, and went sound asleep.

It was the time for action. With the frontiersman's ingenuity and pluck, Boone rolled over and over toward the fire, held his feet and then his hands in the blaze, in spite of the torture, until his bonds were burnt asunder. He sprang to his feet, and, though severely burned, snatched up his rifle for escape. He says, that at that moment he was on the point of tomahawking the drunken squaws, but on second thought reflected that to kill such defenseless wretches would be murder, and he desisted. Devoting his tomahawk to less bloody work, he walked to an ash sapling, and chopped out three large chips to mark the spot. He concealed himself in a canebrake, and, in a day or two, made his way home.

Many years afterward a gentleman laid out and purchased a tract of several thousand acres, and, by chance, took as one of the corners of his survey "an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk." Another series of years rolled by, the ash had grown until the bark had completely covered the marks. The land became involved in litigation. It was impossible to find the boundary tree.

Daniel Boone, who at that time was living in Missouri, was sent for to identify the spot. He had almost forgotten the incident we have related, but, after talking the matter over, remembered it. He returned to Kentucky, and, in company with several witnesses, went to the locality where he had been a prisoner twenty years before. Waiting until the moon rose, so as to reproduce, as far as possible, his surroundings on the night of his capture, Boone started through the woods, eying each tree attentively, and at last stopped before a large ash, averring positively that it was the tree.

His companions examined the trunk closely. Not a mark was to be seen in the bark. The men were skeptical, but Boone took an ax and cut off a strip of the bark. Still nothing was to be seen. He then scraped and cut with his butcher-knife, until he did come to a place where the tree had been scarred a long time before. The astonished men then went to work, scraped the whole trunk carefully until three hacks, as plain as three notches ever were, could be seen. On the strength of this remarkable testimony the gentleman who had sent for Boone won his lawsuit.

In the spring of 1775 Boone and some companions were employed to guard a company of surveyors through Kentucky. The party had two battles with the Indians, losing eleven of their number. These attacks suggested the necessity of building a small fort, lest the Indians should little by little destroy the whole party. For two weeks the men worked with unremitting toil in the construction of a block-house on the Kentucky River, to which the name of Boonesborough was eventu-

ally given. Beside the block-house several cabins were built, and the whole surrounded by a palisade.

When the work was done it looked so strong, so secure; it was such a snug retreat from all the dangers of the forest, that Boone resolved to bring his family there. He returned to the settlement on the Clinch River, and at once started with Mrs. Boone and her daughters for the new fort in Kentucky. The women of Boone's family were the first white women who ever looked upon the Kentucky River. A few months prior to the founding of Boonesborough James Harrod had erected a block-house at Harrodsburg. These two places soon became famous as the only refuge from the savages south of the Ohio.

Boone's family had a lonely life. Yet the excitement in which they lived, growing out of constant danger from wild animals and Indians, took the place of companionship. Three more families soon came to make their home in the fort. After a few months' residence, the women of the place were accustomed to venture outside of the palisade for short distances.

One July day, Jemima Boone, with two girls named Calloway, growing weary of the cramped quarters of the palisade, took a canoe, and crossed the Kentucky River to a point where the overhanging trees formed a dense and pleasant shade. The cool retreat afforded an agreeable relief from the heat of a July day. These pioneer girls had few pleasures, and the little diversion was all the more enjoyed.

While floating lazily in the water, sometimes splashing with their paddles, five Indians hid themselves near by. The girls were unconscious of any impending danger, until they discovered that their boat, propelled by an unseen force, was moving into a leafy nook out of sight of the fort. Looking for the cause, they discovered in front of them the head of an Indian. He was swimming with all his might with the tying rope of the boat in his teeth. The girls screamed at the top of their voices. They were heard at the fort. The men were scattered through the forest, busy with their usual occupations.

Before any thing could be done to rescue the girls, the Indians had seized them and started off through the forest at the top of their speed. It was nearly two hours before word of the horrible mishap could be sent to the men of the fort and a party of sufficient strength made up to attempt a rescue. Those hours seemed ages. The women at the fort wrung their hands in agony, while the one man who happened to be there hurried off to find help. When Boone at last got started with eight companions, the Indians were several miles in advance.

Darkness came on, but the pursuers caught no glimpse of the chase. All through the night the white men, with a skill which we of the present day can neither explain nor understand, followed the trail of the savages. Some time during the following night the ruffians were discovered. They were attacked and driven off before they had time to kill their fair prisoners. Two of the Indians were killed, while Boone's party was uninjured. The poor girls were overjoyed at their rescue, and the glad welcome which they received at the fort on their return may well be imagined.

The wandering band of Indians who had captured the three girls was a precursor of a host of warriors who were on their way to destroy the white settlements. Two hundred braves surrounded Boonesborough, and for two days attempted to capture the place. They retreated only to renew the attempt a few days later. Now and then some defender of the fort was killed, so that the garrison was depleted to fifteen men. The Indians fought with great boldness. Under cover of night, they stole up to the gates of the fort, and attempted to hew them down with their tomahawks. The arrival of a hundred men, under Colonel Bowman, coming to the relief of Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan's Fort, suddenly put an end to the siege.

The wants of the little community could not be supplied without some exposure and risk. The dangers of hunting were great. Behind each tree or log might lurk a savage. A still greater danger was the procurement of salt. In January, 1778,



BOONE RESCUES HIS DAUGHTER.



Boone took thirty men to the Blue Lick, to make salt for all the different stations in Kentucky.

It is related that one day he had wandered some distance from his party, and was suddenly confronted by two stalwart Indians. Boone threw himself behind a tree, and cautiously exposed a small portion of his body, to attract their aim. An Indian fired, and Boone dropped as if killed. To make the second savage throw away his shot, Boone repeated the trick, and while the two Indians were hurriedly attempting to reload, rushed out and deliberately shot the foremost savage. He then advanced upon the other Indian.

The white man relied on his knife, the Indian on his tomahawk. Boone planted his foot on the corpse of the dead savage, and awaited the attack with resolute eye and compressed lips. His antagonist advanced, and with the well-known, quick, circular movement, was about to bury his hatchet in the white man's brain. At the instant, when the Indian's arm was lifted, Boone, quick as lightning, plunged his knife into his exposed side. There was a spurt of hot blood which crimsoned the hand upon the knife handle, a convulsive, despairing groan. The hatchet descended, but slipped from the nerveless grasp and stuck in the ground. The Indian threw his hands to his side in vain attempt to stop the crimson tide, bestowed one look of unutterable malignity and hopelessness upon the man who still stood confronting him with the bloody hand and knife yet held aloft, then fell to rise no more.

On the 7th of February Boone, while out hunting, discovered a war party of a hundred Indians approaching him. He took to flight, but being then a man beyond the prime of life, and somewhat stiff from exposure, he was unable to contend with the swift braves who pursued him. He was captured and taken back to the lick, where he found his whole party of twenty-seven men prisoners like himself.

At this point we note a significant fact. The Indians neither tortured their prisoners nor offered to put them to death.

The conflict with the white man was a recent thing with the tribes so far west. Boone and his companions were taken to the Indian town of Chillicothe. As usual, Boone's mild and patient character made its impression upon the savages. While his courage excited the admiration of the fiercest brave, his gentleness touched the heart of the humblest squaw. His knowledge of human nature also helped him. Sometimes he was invited to engage in shooting matches with the Indians. On such occasions he usually took care to plant his bullets a little wider from the mark than the Indians, lest he should excite their animosity by beating them.

In the spring Boone was taken to Detroit. Here Governor Hamilton himself offered £100 for his ransom, but so strong was the affection of the Indians for their prisoner that they refused to consider it. Several English gentlemen, touched with sympathy for the misfortunes of the old pioneer, made pressing offers of money and other articles; but old Boone, with sturdy independence, refused to receive benefits which he could never return. In this incident we discover the character of Boone's reputation. It was in the midst of the Revolutionary War. Yet the Englishmen recognized Boone as a non-combatant. The Indians themselves knew that he was not an Indian fighter. He was simply and truly a pioneer.

Boone was taken back to Chillicothe, only to be terrified by the preparation of a great war-party for an attack on Boonesborough. His anxiety on account of his wife and children became intolerable. He resolved, at every risk, to attempt an escape so as to warn them of the impending danger. Early one morning he started from Chillicothe, directing his course toward Boonesborough. He traversed the one hundred and sixty miles in four days, during which time he ate but one meal and slept none.

Just at sunset he came in sight of the fort. The gates were open. Some women were leisurely milking the cows on a pleasant stretch of turf some distance from them. A little

further off a man was chopping wood. The whole place looked to the returned captive like a bit of Acadia. Every thing wore an air of peace and quiet, as if danger were the farthest thing from the minds of the little company of pioneers. Boone, hoarse, haggard, disfigured by Indian paint and costume, his eyes glaring wildly from their sunken sockets, shouted to the people to come into the fort. At the apparition waving its arms in the twilight, the people made haste to follow its advice, fleeing wildly to the gates as if it were a wild man.

A moment later old Boone was recognized. A shout of welcome went up. Receiving the greetings of his friends, he told them in a few short words of their danger, ordered every person outside the gates to be called in, and preparation to be made for an Indian attack. This done, he looked anxiously around for his family. A hard disappointment awaited him. Wife and daughters, giving him up for dead, had returned to North Carolina, taking all his property with them. Swallowing his chagrin, Boone, after a rest, went to work with a will to repair and strengthen the fort. Traces of lurking Indians could be seen in the surrounding woods, spies, no doubt, upon the fort. Their reports must have been bad, as the Indian invasion was not forthcoming.

In the previous September, Simon Kenton had abandoned his cabin at Washington, Kentucky, and seeing a white man who told him that a settlement had already been made in the interior at a place called Boonesborough, had repaired to this place. He was overjoyed to find a substantial fort, and was greeted by Boone himself.

Kenton was a valuable accession to the place. It was on the failure of the Indian invasion to materialize that Boone resolved on his expedition against the Indian village at Paint Creek. We have elsewhere mentioned the fact of Boone's retreat, on finding that his advance was discovered, and have related the adventures of Kenton, who resolved to go on with his friend Montgomery.

Boone's reason for retreat was the conviction that the whole Indian force were now on their way to Boonesborough, and that the condition of the fort and of his own party was extremely critical. He hurried back, and fell in with the trail of a great Indian war-party headed directly towards Boonesborough. Making a wide detour to avoid the savages, and traveling night and day, he and his men reached the fort on the evening of the seventh day, in advance of the Indians.

On the following morning, five hundred warriors appeared before the fort. They were commanded by British officers. The ensuing siege was, in fact, an obscure chapter in the Revolutionary War. A demand for surrender was made, accompanied by the significant and cruel hint that, if hostilities ensued, the handful of British officers would hardly be able to restrain the Indians from massacring the members of the garrison should they be taken prisoners. Boone asked two days to consider. The request, strange to say, was granted.

The intervening time was busily employed in strengthening the fort. Every man resolved to die in its defense rather than surrender. When Boone informed the British commander of his decision, the latter said that he meant no harm to the settlers, and that if nine of the principal men would come out of the fort and treat with him, he and his Indians would at once go away. For some unexplained reason, Boone assented to this proposal, and, with eight picked men, emerged from the fort, and was soon surrounded by throngs of hideous braves. Some sort of "a treaty" was pretended to be patched up.

Boone and his friends prepared to return, when the British commander said that it was an invariable custom of the Indians at the close of a treaty for two warriors to take hold of either hand of each white man. The Indians at once proceeded to act on the hint. The white men, who were not surprised by the movement, flung off their assailants, and started for the fort. The men at the latter place, who were looking on with deep anxiety, instantly fired upon the Indians, under cover of which

the nine men reached the fort and barred the gates. Only one of their number had been wounded in this scrimmage.

A siege of nine days followed. Every attack by the Indians resulted in the loss of many of their braves, while the whites suffered but little. The fort stood sixty yards from the river bank. The enemy, foiled in their other efforts, commenced to dig a mine from the river bank into the fort. One morning Boone's quick eye detected the discoloration of the river from the fresh earth thrown into it, and instantly divined the state of affairs. A deep trench was cut by the garrison under the palisade and then in front of the fort so as to intersect the approaching mine. This stratagem forced the Indians to abandon their attempt. At last, foiled in every effort, the savages withdrew. This was the last siege Boonesborough ever sustained. It occurred in the summer of 1778.

In the fall of this year, Boone, who was piqued at the facility with which his family had given him up for lost, returned to North Carolina. He was detained here by family troubles until 1780, when he again returned to Boonesborough with his wife and daughters.

Shortly after his return, Boone and his brother went to Blue Licks, where he had been taken captive, and were surprised by Indians. The brother was killed and scalped. Boone fled, urged on by a relentless pursuit. The Indians had with them a remarkable dog, which tracked Boone incessantly, and prevented his concealing himself. The situation was critical. Every twist and turn he made was detected by his pursuers, who were guided by the dog. At last Boone calmly paused, and waited till the animal should come in sight. It was a hazardous thing to stop with the Indians so near. In a moment the dog came bounding toward him, with a great red tongue lolling from his mouth, and uttering loud and mournful bays. At that moment Boone fired, and killed the brute. Then, under cover of the forest and approaching night, he made his escape.

Somewhere about this time in Boone's career, he, with a few

companions, was surprised in the woods by a large party of Indians. The whites were eating their breakfast, and the savages sat down near by without hostile demonstrations, and pretended to prepare their own meal, acting as if they were completely ignorant of the presence of Boone. The latter cautioned his men in an undertone to be prepared for a fight at any moment. Boone then walked toward the Indian chief unarmed, and intently gnawing the meat from a bone. The savage, who was also eating, licked his greasy fingers, and rose to greet Boone. The latter asked to see a knife, with which the Indian was cutting his meat. Boone took the long knife, and with a dexterous juggle, affected to swallow it, concealing it at the same time in his sleeve.

The Indians looked on with wide-eyed astonishment, while Boone struck his stomach, pronouncing the knife very good. In a few moments he went through another contortion, and apparently vomited forth the knife, which he wiped on his sleeve and returned to the Indian. The latter took it cautiously between his thumb and forefinger, and flung it into the bushes, as if the thing were contaminating. The whole party of savages then instantly broke and ran, regarding Boone, no doubt, as the devil himself.

Kentucky was filling up rapidly with settlers. Numerous other stations besides Boonesborough and Harrodsburg afforded refuge from savages. For a year or two the country was free from Indian hostilities. The settlers, busy with their farms, began to hope that the wars with the savages were over. In 1782, however, the tempest of destruction broke forth again. Numerous isolated outrages were committed by Indians.

In the spring, twenty-five savages sneaked up to Estill's station, entered a cabin somewhat apart from the rest, and after outraging a woman and her two daughters, brutally murdered them. A few moments later some women of the settlement discovered the tragedy which had been enacted. The men of the place were nearly all absent, searching for this very band of

Indians. Word was with difficulty conveyed to Captain Estill, who commanded the squad of pioneers. On receiving the information, instant pursuit was resolved on. Five men, anxious about their families, returned to the station. Ten more were soon left behind on account of their jaded horses.

The party, reduced to twenty-five men, pushed on, and overtook the Indians, whose number was exactly the same. The battle, which is memorable in the annals of pioneer warfare, took place at a small stream, on the opposite banks of which the combatants were posted. For an hour the loss on both sides was equal. The Indians fought with the pertinacity and coolness of the whites themselves. It seemed, as the battle continued, that nothing remained except to fight until all the men on each side were killed. Estill resolved on a stratagem. Six men were ordered to attempt a flank movement. They were, however, utterly destroyed in the effort. The Indians now pressed their foes hard. Estill, himself, became engaged in a terrible hand-to-hand struggle with the Wyandot chief. Each man made furious exertions to overpower his adversary. The friends of each dared not fire for fear of wounding the wrong man.

At last, a mishap of the most serious character occurred. Estill had in the year before broken his arm. In this combat, the bones, imperfectly knitted, came apart. As the arm gave way, Estill gave a cry of despair, and the next instant the Indian sunk a knife into his heart. The triumph of the savage was short. Just as he shook the gory scalp in air, a rifle ball laid him in the lowly dust beside his fallen foe. The whites fled, bearing wild reports of the numbers of the Indians to the agitated settlements. Panic and defeat seemed about to overwhelm the pioneers. Band after band met the fate of Estill's company.

In August came the famous attack of Simon Girty, on Bryant's station, on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, between Maysville and Lexington, Kentucky. The garrison of the place was about to march to the relief of Hoy's station. Just as the

gates were thrown open, a volley of rifle-balls rattled against the sides of the fort. No weakening of the garrison was to be thought of; instead, preparations for a siege had to be made at once. Their greatest peril in case of a siege arose from a scarcity of water. The spring on which they depended was some distance away from the fort. In a neighboring wood, signs of an ambush could be detected.

A council was held in the fort, and it was suggested that all the women get buckets, and go down to the spring after water, as if no ambush was suspected. The Indians, believing themselves undiscovered, would hardly attack a party of squaws, when by waiting longer, some of the fighting part of the garrison might be ambuscaded at the spring. This plan was adopted. Only one thing was wanting. This was the women's consent. Sharp words were indulged in. They did not see why the men could not go after the water. At last, some of the stronger and more sensible women took a practical view of the situation, and seizing their buckets, started boldly to the spring. The others followed with fear and trembling. On they went, defenseless and frightened, to within a short distance of the deadly ambush, where five hundred Indians lay concealed.

The buckets were filled with assumed deliberation, and the trembling procession of females started back to the fort. As they crossed the wide, open space their steps quickened, until every woman was in a dead run for the gates. Though pale with fear, they reached the fort without having been molested. As had been surmised, the Indians withheld their attack in the belief that some of the men of the fort could be caught at the spring before long.

Meanwhile an Indian decoy party had appeared on the opposite side of the fort. Thirteen men went out and attacked them, a maneuver which at once brought the whole Indian force upon the opposite side of the fort, which they believed to be unprotected. Heavy volleys of rifle-shots poured into them at point-

blank range, destroyed their delusion, and the Indians fled to the woods. A regular battle was now begun.

At two o'clock a diversion occurred. Two messengers had carried the news of the attack to Lexington, near which a company, on its way to Hoy's station, was met, and its course changed to Bryant's station. At two o'clock in the afternoon this reinforcement reached the vicinity of the fort. The Indians, discovering their approach, attempted to cut them off. The horsemen spurred on through clouds of dust, and made their way into the fort. Those on foot were not so fortunate. Finding themselves about to be destroyed, they took to a corn-field and attempted to escape. Some succeeded, but several were cut down in their flight. In the evening Girty called on the place to surrender. A man named Reynolds replied from the fort with taunts and insults, which put Girty in a terrible rage.

In the morning the men looked out through the palisades toward the spot where the Indians had encamped the night before, and were astonished to find the place entirely deserted. The enemy was in full retreat. Re-enforcements also began to pour into the fort, among them a strong company under Daniel Boone, from Boonesborough. Each little party which arrived had a leader, and among the multitude of counselors arose a discussion, which ended in a unanimous resolve not to wait for General Logan, who with a strong force was marching to Bryant's, but to commence pursuit of the Indians at once.

On the afternoon of the 18th of August, 1782, began the fatal march. The trail of the Indians was very plain. Here and there the enemy had chopped bits out of the trees. These signs made Boone and a few others cautious, as they indicated no anxiety to conceal retreat, but rather the reverse. At the Lower Blue Licks the whites, on the following day, came in sight of the enemy. The pursuers were gathered on the southern bank of the Licking River. On the opposite side a small group of savages could be seen standing on the top of a ridge. They coolly stared at the whites, and then disappeared.

A hurried consultation was held as to what should be done. The men were now a long way from any point of support. The country was wild and lonely, well adapted for ambuscades. The enemy was largely superior in strength to the whites. Boone advised a return or, at least, a halt, until Logan's force could come up with them. The discussion continued, when suddenly Hugh McGary, whose fierce and impetuous temper chafed at delay or deliberation when Indians were so near, gave a loud yell for "all who are not cowards" to follow him. At the same instant he spurred his horse into the stream.

The example was contagious. Calm deliberation was at an end, and the whole company crowded pell-mell after him. Through the river and up the opposite ridge they rushed in confused tumult. They hurried along the trail about a mile, burning with the reckless zeal which the rash McGary had inspired. Suddenly a party of Indians confronted them and fired. The place was inauspicious for the whites. They were on open ground, while the foe occupied a ravine, filled with a dense growth of trees and bushes. This ravine flanked the ridge from which the whites fought.

A severe battle at once began. The lagging settlers hurried to the front to the support of their companions. As soon as the Indians saw the whites well bunched together, a strong party of several hundred warriors started to throw themselves in their rear and cut off retreat. The movement was easy and on the point of success. The whites, seeing their peril, broke and ran back toward the river. The scene was awful. The battle of Blue Licks was really a slaughter. The Indians fell upon the fugitives, outnumbering them ten to one, and tomahawking them not singly, but by dozens.

At the moment of the retreat, Boone, who was in the front of the fight, and had already seen his son and many neighbors killed, found himself and a few friends surrounded by savages, and retreat hopelessly cut off. Thoroughly acquainted with the ground, he spurred forward boldly into the ravine which the

Indians had occupied, finding it, as he expected, almost deserted. By a roundabout course he reached the Licking, crossed it at a remote point, and reached the settlements in safety.

At the ford the Indians plunged into the water, falling upon and scalping their unhappy victims, and then letting the corpses float away, leaving behind a crimson trail in the blue water. There was no selfishness among the whites. Those who were able boldly helped their companions. Young Reynolds, who had given Girty the insult from the walls of the fort, was mounted on a fine horse. Half-way to the ford he overtook Captain Patterson, a man infirm from former wounds, and in his flight on foot in good way to be killed. With kingly generosity Reynolds sprang to the ground, placed his protesting friend in the saddle, and continued his own flight on foot. He saved his friend, but was taken prisoner.

He was at first guarded by three Indians, but the excitement of the pursuit was so fascinating that two of the savages turned their prisoner over to the third one, and eagerly ran on to take part in the fray. Reynolds marched quietly on, under the eye of his captor, who carried a tomahawk and loaded rifle. But when the Indian stooped down for a moment to tie his moccasin, Reynolds leaped on him, stunning him with terrific blows from his fists, and instantly disappeared in a thicket, making his way home in safety.

The survivors of the battle of Blue Licks spread terror among the sorrowing settlements. Sixty of the picked men of Kentucky had been slain, and a number taken captives. It was a time when every man was worth much to the new community. On the second day after the slaughter General Logan, with four hundred and fifty men, visited the fatal spot, and interred the swollen and disfigured bodies of the dead. Blue Licks was the most unlucky spot Boone ever knew. Here he had been taken captive, and kept so for many months. Here, too, his brother had been killed before his eyes, while he himself barely escaped with his life. And here, at last, his son Israel, together

with sixty of his neighbors and friends, had fallen in the battle we have just described. He subsequently took part in an expedition against the Indian towns of Ohio, but without results.

Here Boone's adventures close. We have no record that he ever figured in any subsequent fight with the Indians. He remained for some years a quiet farmer. As the years rolled on and his old friends, one by one, passed away, he became lonely; and, to some extent, unhappy. The country in which he had been a pioneer grew and developed into a splendid State of fertile farms and thrifty towns. Political questions succeeded the old agitations of the border wars.

But in all this Boone took no part. He wandered around—in the present, but not of it. In 1792 he dictated a brief and rather dry sketch of his life to some young man who could write. The young scribe palmed off some cheap rhetoric on the old man, who, no doubt, regarded it as thrilling eloquence. He was never so happy as when some one would take the book, in which his name appeared "in print," and read it to him. He never wearied of it. Innumerable times the dull book was read over to him, and he never failed to listen with intense interest, rubbing his hands and exclaiming, "All that's true—every word of it—not a lie in it!" He never spoke of himself unless questioned, but this published account of his life was the Delilah of his imagination.

The last years of Boone were strikingly like those of Simon Kenton, George Rogers Clark, and many others of the earliest settlers. The brave and heroic race of pioneers seemed to have no capacity for adapting themselves to the new and changed conditions of life which surrounded them. Their rigid and unyielding disposition, which refused to yield to circumstances, but viewed the advancing tide of civilization with sullen and morose regrets, has in it something of the very nature of the red men, in fighting whom they passed their lives.

Boone became embarrassed and involved in lawsuits, lost all his property, and, at last, heartsore and unhappy, took his way

to Missouri. Here, in the wilderness, he once more found comparative peace. He hunted and trapped, selling his furs at St. Louis, till he had laid up a considerable sum.

One day he reappeared at Boonesborough. He spent no time in reminiscence or pleasure, but with an expression on his face which indicated that he had some important task to perform, which would never let him rest until it was accomplished, sought out all his creditors, took their word for the amount which was owing to them, and paid them all off in full. This done, the honest old man shouldered his gun, and trudged back to Missouri. His face wore a brighter look than for some time. He took long hunting and trapping expeditions to the north-west, to the sources of the Missouri River. On one occasion he was on the Osage River, and was taken dangerously ill. His only companion was a negro lad. One pleasant day he managed to crawl out of his cabin, and marked out the spot where he wished the boy to bury him. He did not die, however, but lived to meet with further reverses.

The title which he had acquired through the Spanish government to certain Missouri lands was declared invalid, and at the age of seventy-six the venerable pioneer again found himself without one acre in all the boundless domain which he had explored. He, however, maintained his sweetness of temper, and in 1812, petitioned the Legislature of Kentucky to use its influence with Congress for the confirmation of his Spanish title to ten thousand acres of land. The request was granted, but Congress hesitated, and, after long delay, confirmed in him the title to one thousand acres of land, unmarketable at two cents an acre. Before this tardy and insufficient act of justice was done, his faithful wife, who had followed him through so many years of adventure, passed away. From that time he lived with his son, passing his days in meditative rambles through the forests. At the advanced age of eighty-two years he went on a hunting expedition of more than two hundred miles.

In 1819 a distinguished artist visited Boone at his dwelling

near the Missouri, for the purpose of taking his portrait, and found him in a "small, rude cabin, indisposed, and reclining on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted about the ramrod of his rifle, within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, were occupied by the descendants of the pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity. His withered energies and locks of snow indicated that the sources of existence were nearly exhausted."

He died September 26, 1820, at the home of his son-in-law, in Flanders, Calloway County, Missouri, being then eighty-seven years old.

Daniel Boone is the most honored of all the pioneers of the Ohio valley. This is as it should be. The gentleness and humanity which pervaded his life stand out in marked contrast with the fierceness and brutality which characterized so many of the borderers. He was a true pioneer.

Governor Morehead, in a memorial address on the life and services of Daniel Boone, has said: "His life is a forcible example of the powerful influence a single absorbing passion exerted over the destiny of an individual. Possessing no other acquirements than a very common education, he was enabled, nevertheless, to maintain through a long and useful career, a conspicuous rank among the most distinguished of his contemporaries. He united, in an eminent degree, the qualities of shrewdness, caution, courage, and uncommon muscular strength. He was seldom taken by surprise, he never shrank from danger, nor cowered beneath the pressure of exposure and fatigue. His manners were simple and unobtrusive—exempt from the rudeness characteristic of the backwoodsman. In his person there was nothing remarkably striking. He was five feet ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. His countenance was mild and contemplative. His ordinary habits were those of a hunter. He died as he lived, in a cabin, and perhaps his trusty rifle was the most valuable of all his chattels."

CHAPTER XVI.

GNADENHUTTEN AND THE MORAVIAN MASSACRE.



It is not for us to go back to the dim obscurity of the middle ages, or even to the dreadful epoch of religious wars and religious persecutions following them, to trace the unhappy history of the peaceful sect which we know as the Moravians. We look back no further than to see a band of unfortunate exiles offered and accepting a resting-place on the ample estate of a young German nobleman, Count Zinzendorf. Here the weary outcasts, burning with the purest spiritual devotion, built a town. When their membership reached six hundred, the little society became transfigured with a sublime missionary zeal. They longed to carry the Gospel of Peace to the darkest spots of earth, and by simple appeals and the example of pure and blameless lives to win men from wars and wickedness to peace and virtue. So, amid prayerful farewells, many of the brethren and sisters, the very flower of the congregation, set out from the little German village on diverse paths. Some of the pious missionaries went to the West Indies, some to Greenland, some went to the distant Cape of Good Hope, where, under southern skies, they toiled among the savage Hottentots; others took their way to the regions of everlasting snow and ice, where their converts were the fur-clad and blubber-eating Esquimaux. Of the fortunes of these heroic missionaries it is for others to tell the history.

It was natural that the simple-minded Moravians should turn their prayerful hearts to the fierce Indians of America. The stories of their enormous stature, their hideous cannibalism, their appalling blood-thirstiness and cruelties, which floated in distorted fragments to the placid Moravian community, instead of deterring them only impressed more deeply on their minds the midnight darkness, the infinite needs of the poor savages. So they sought the New World—pale-faced scholars and slender nuns, weak in every thing but their sublime faith and utter forgetfulness of self. A mere outline of the tragic history of the Moravian missions in America but poorly represents the toils, the hardships, the sufferings, the sickness, the deaths, which from the first was the lot of the frail missionaries.

Their first attempts were made in Georgia, in 1732. After seven years of labor, in which time they had managed to build a tolerably comfortable settlement, a war broke out between England and Spain. The fierce Cherokees became involved in it. The poor missionaries had to abandon the product of those seven years of weary toil, and fly for their lives. Their next location was in Pennsylvania, where, in the process of time, they founded several settlements to which they gave such gentle names as Nazareth, Bethlehem, Nain, Gnadenhutten (Tents of Mercy), and Friedenshutten (Tents of Peace).

At the same time that the tired wanderers commenced anew their labors in Pennsylvania some of their number pushed on into New York and Connecticut. A small settlement was founded in each State, on the lands of the white people. Little by little, the pious missionaries won a handful of converts from the Indians around them, perhaps fifty or sixty in each place. These Christian Indians came and settled with the missionaries, leading settled and upright lives. They worked in the field, assembled for morning and evening worship, and, catching the fire from the burning hearts of the Moravians, labored to win others of their race from habits of war, indolence, and drunkenness.





But if the Moravians were saints, their white neighbors were devils. These latter spared no pains to tempt the converts with rum, and to destroy the influence of the missionaries with lies. They drove the Moravians from their fields with open violence. This was not all. They circulated reports through the provinces that the pale-faced preachers were French spies, and were laboring to detach the Iroquois from the English. The gentle missionaries were dragged before justices of the peace, petty tyrants, whose criminal jurisdiction has always been, and yet remains, an intolerable and outrageous shame. They were dragged about from place to place for examination, thrown into prison, and subjected to cruel insults. The ministry of other Churches joined the hue and cry against the martyrs, and denounced them as *papists*. These men, whose sect had undergone every species of infernal persecution and torture from the Catholic Church, upon whom the fagot, sword, and thumb-screw had been used without mercy, were publicly accused of being papists! The devil must have thrust his tongue into his cheek and almost exploded with infernal laughter at the monstrous joke. Still worse, men declared that the Brethren had three thousand stand of arms, with which they intended to arm the Iroquois in the interest of France.

Such an uproar was raised that the governor of New York, on December 15, 1744, sent a sheriff and three justices of the peace to notify the Brethren that they were prohibited from holding any further meetings, and further ordering them to appear before the governor. Nothing was developed, except that the missionaries were conscientiously opposed to taking oaths. The assembly at once passed a law prohibiting any person from living in the province who refused to take an oath. Two of the leading missionaries, men of eminent piety, on their way from Bethlehem to the Iroquois confederacy, were arrested, taken to New York, thrown into a loathsome prison cell, and kept there seven weeks. Let us remember that these things were done in our own country. Let us learn from the bitter

past. Let us resolve, earnestly and honestly to rebuke superstition and religious intolerance wherever we find it, and at every cost to keep our courts free from partisan and political prejudice.

The sequel is evident. The New York and Connecticut missions were given up. Amid a hooting mob, the ministers of peace and their poor ignorant converts, who were no doubt confused and troubled at the dark and devious ways of the white man, humbly marched away to join their brethren in Pennsylvania. In a material way the Pennsylvania settlements had much greater prosperity. The towns were laid out regularly, with smooth, broad streets. At the time of the Revolution the Brethren at Bethlehem owned nearly a hundred buildings, all of stone, and of picturesque, though simple, architecture. Among these was a large church, from whose belfry a sweet chime of bells sounded a musical call to morning and evening worship. There was also the "Home for Single Brothers," and at a little distance, surrounded by trees, the pretty "Home for Single Sisters," as well as a third companion building, the "Home for Widowed Sisters." Here in their sober garments, with white aprons and white linen head-dress, the neat Moravian nuns plied their busy fingers. The buzz of the spinning-wheel and the rattle of the old-fashioned loom never ceased. The spacious buildings and tidy rooms were neatly though plainly furnished, and not a speck of dirt was allowed on the premises. Each inmate had a separate bed of scrupulous whiteness.

Around the picturesque village many a hundred acre field of grain flashed in the sunlight. The whole community was ideal, such as one reads about in fiction. During the hour's rest at noontide, the laborers would snatch up musical instruments, and fill the air with quaint, rich melodies. These plain people were skilled musicians. The place also contained the finest artisans in America. In all Europe could not be obtained such rarely ornamented pistols, such accurate watches, and such ingenious embroidery. A fine water works was a part of the

product of the skill and industry of the Brethren. European travelers went wild over the rare and curious souvenirs to be bought at Bethlehem.

Perhaps nothing, however, added so much to the reputation of the place as its inn and hostelry. In all America there was not another such haven of rest for the tired traveler. The building was a large and handsome stone structure, with commodious sleeping rooms, and beds for which no praise was too high. The table was all that could be desired. It abounded in the rarest mountain trout, the sweetest venison and partridges, together with famous beef and mutton, and the fattest poultry. Of the vegetables and fruits there was no end, and at no other table in America was to be found such rarely flavored wines, and such famous brands of other liquors. It is evident that the simple and abstemious Brethren knew well how to minister to their more worldly guests.

To this pleasant retreat the president of Congress, in person, brought the young Marquis de La Fayette when he was wounded. Here he lay for two months, under the care of the gentle sisters. As he afterwards said, they were the two happiest months of his life. Here, also, came another stranger, Count Pulaski, asking in broken English for his friend La Fayette. For Pulaski, it was, that the Moravian nuns embroidered an elegant silk banner.

In addition to this material prosperity, the gentle strangers made many converts from the Indians. These would settle near them in peaceful communities, strangely contrasted with the wild villages in which they had been born and reared. They were faithful even unto death.

But the pleasant picture of Bethlehem and its surroundings is by no means the only thing to be described. Troubles there were for the Moravians, on which we have twice already touched. We have seen the massacre at the first Gnadenhutten, on Mahony Creek, in November, 1755. We have also seen how, during the ferocities of the border warfare of 1763, the

Christian Indians were removed for safety to Philadelphia. These Indians were the poor, surprised converts, gathered in quiet little settlements, near Bethlehem. Sheep gathered near their shepherds. We have given a brief sketch of their sufferings, of the cruel mob which mocked their sorrows, and insulted their weakness; of the terrible journey toward New York; of the peremptory refusal to admit them to the province, and the weary return to Philadelphia. Even this was not the end of their misfortunes. The small-pox broke out among them in the barracks, and carried off large numbers. In the midst of these afflictions, their missionaries stayed with them, offering the comfort and solace which is from above. The poor outcasts remained faithful to the end. Suffering wrung from them only prayers. The plague itself only inspired the unhappy converts to new praises for God's providence. For more than a year they were cooped in the unhealthy Philadelphia barracks. Much of the time the guards with difficulty protected them from the ruffians of the city. Far more dangerous would it have been for them in their homes. The Moravians themselves were regarded by the borderers as French sympathizers, if not spies. Several of the settlements where the Indians had lived were laid in ashes by furious rangers, from whom the inhabitants themselves had barely escaped. Even the mills and expensive water-works at Bethlehem were set on fire by incendiaries.

At last the glad word came that the war was over. The doors of the barracks were thrown open. The unhappy Christians were told to go where they pleased. But where to go was a question. That a return to their former settlements, where they would be exposed to the ruffians of the border, was highly dangerous, and even foolish, was evident. The wanderers journeyed to Bethlehem, guided and guarded by the ever faithful missionaries. From here it was decided that they should go to Wyoming. The journey thither was so difficult that many of the party who had survived all the sufferings of the Philadelphia barracks died by the way. At last they

reached the pleasant shores of the Susquehanna. Here they industriously set to work to clear and fence the ground for planting. For provision, the men killed such game as they could find, while the women and children gathered wild potatoes and roots, to eke out the scanty meals. Here, in spite of the hostility of the Six Nations, the antagonism of Indian prophets and conjurors, and the meanness of the white settlers, who tempted the converts with rum, the Christian Indians prospered. In the course of seven years, their constant revivals greatly recruited their ranks, and tireless industry had built a pleasant village. There were forty well-built houses of squared logs and shingle roofs, a large, new church, "with a neat cupola and bell on top." The gardens were surrounded by paling fences, and the young orchards were beginning to bear well.

Their enemies, however, began to annoy the regenerated savages greatly. The lordly Iroquois sold the land on which the village was located to English speculators, and had the impudence to send two Spanish dollars to the Christian Indians as their share of the purchase money. Surveyors came and pretended to lay out the land for the new owners. A thousand indications of hostility were seen. The poor Indians became alarmed. It was evident that they must leave their happy settlement, throwing away the product of seven years' of toil, and start anew in some other region. Long and prayerful consultations were held. The final resolution was taken. They met to hold public worship for the last time in the chapel of which they had been so proud. A last look was taken at the comfortable houses, the neat gardens, and the rich fields. Then they, for whom there seemed to be no resting place on earth, turned their faces toward the new home in the west. Surely it at last would be one of permanent peace, happiness, and security.

There were two hundred and forty-one persons in the party. The details of the journey which have been preserved are few. Some went by boat, taking all the plows, pick-axes, harrows,

iron-pots, and other utensils. The land party had seventy head of cattle to care for. They waded tremendous morasses, crossed steep and rocky mountain ranges, waded and swam rivers without number. Many of the party were bitten by rattlesnakes. They were stung by vicious insects. The measles broke out among the children. One faithful Indian mother had a poor, crippled son, whom she carried in a basket on her shoulders. Day by day she journeyed on, feeling the burden on her back grow lighter, and that on her heart grow heavier, until one morning she found the load all transferred to the latter. A rude grave was made, a simple prayer offered, and then the slow procession moved on. One can feel that mother's heart turning back forever afterward to the little mound in the wildwood.

Their destination was the banks of the Muskingum River, where the Delawares had invited them to come. Worn and weary they reached the river's banks, and knelt in simple prayer of thankfulness to God. Here the new-comers built three villages, Shonbrun, Lichtenau, and, in memory of the past, and unwittingly in prophesy of the future, a third, named Gnadenhutten. They succeeded, as they had ever done. Shonbrun was the larger and handsomest of the villages yet built by the Christian Indians. It had sixty houses. The prospect for the conversion of the entire Delaware nation seemed bright. An "infidel" medicine man from the Six Nations, who came to argue with the converts, was confuted and confused. The pleasant state of affairs was interrupted by Lord Dunmore's war.

War had always brought harm to the Christian Indians. The hostilities ended without serious injury to the colony. It was not long, however, till the black portents of the Revolution appeared in the sky. The missionaries explained the trouble to the Delawares, and through the influence of their chief, Captain White Eyes, the nation resolved to remain neutral. This, of course, was the attitude of the Christian colony. The colonies invited the Delawares to come under the protection of their government, but the recollection of the fate of the Conestogas



THE MORAVIANS ASCENDING THE DELAWARE.



and the Moravians, made them shrink from such a protector. Yet, through 1776, and the stormy time of 1777, the Delawares remained at home in peace.

The English, at Detroit, attributed this to the influence of the missionaries. The Wyandots three times offered the war-belt to the Delawares. Finally, word was sent to Shonbrun that all would be murdered unless they left the place at once. Once more these sad children were driven from home. The chapel was torn down, that it might not be used for unholy purposes, and the procession of exiles again wound through the forest, to join one of the other settlements. As the terrible drama of the border war progressed, the war parties of Indians would pass through the peaceful settlements very frequently. Their object was, perhaps, to annoy the people and excite the Delawares, or, perhaps, only to get a good meal, which they uniformly demanded, and as uniformly received. One is not likely to refuse some victuals to a band of painted savages, armed with rifle and tomahawk. To have done so would probably have resulted in the destruction of the settlements. Yet, these acts were liable to misconstruction by the bold Indian fighters of the border. Bitter experience had shown that the Christian Indians would be confounded with the general mass.

On the other hand, a trio of deserters from Fort Pitt—McKee, Elliot, and Girty—spread reports among the Delawares that it was the purpose of the Americans to kill every Indian in the Ohio valley, and that an army was then on the march to carry out the plan. An official denial of this lie was necessary in order to prevent the Delawares from going to war at once. No runner could be found to carry the message from Fort Pitt. Heckewelder, the Moravian, undertook the dangerous journey. He arrived among the Delawares not a moment too soon, but he succeeded in convincing them of the falsity of the renegades' story. For the present Captain White Eyes, chief of the peace party among the Delawares, triumphed over his adversaries, who threatened to lead the tribe against the helpless frontiers.

The Moravian settlements were between two merciless fires. The English commander at Detroit burned with suspicion and hostility toward the peaceful missionaries. He rightfully suspected them of holding the Delawares in check, but he attributed to them the wrong motive. As has been said, the missionaries were neutral, both in conduct and spirit. Nevertheless, the petty annoyances, the everlasting incitements to warfare, the harassing threats, the mysterious inuendoes, and the open insolence of the emissaries, both white and Indian, compelled the evacuation of not only Shonbrun, but also of the other settlements. Shonbrun was destroyed. At Gnadenhutten, the chapel, cottages, barns, and gardens were left standing, unoccupied and desolate.

The refugees assembled at Lichtenau, some thirty miles away. Here they were packed into small apartments, crowded together at scanty and insufficient tables, and subjected to the greatest discomforts. Their cattle, horses, and sheep were herded in small pastures, designed for only one-third of their number. Here, throughout the winter of 1778-79, the unfortunates, both human and brute, were compelled to remain.

As spring came on, grave questions confronted the missionaries. The Christian Indians, impatient with their surroundings, longed to return to the fertile gardens and tenantless houses which they had, in their panic, abandoned during the previous year. Aside from the motives which inspired these homesick creatures, the missionaries became aware of other powerful reasons for dividing the Lichtenau settlement. The American borderers had suffered severely during the preceding year. They were now waging an offensive warfare. They were pursuing the Indian war-parties far into the west. Many Indian warriors passed through Lichtenau to beg a meal. The whites, following their trail, might at any time be led to the open village, throughout the extent of which scarcely a gun was to be found, and, roused by every feeling of hatred and indiscriminate vengeance, might butcher every helpless inmate of the place.

Gladly did the Christian Indians return to their old homes at Gnadenhutten and Shonbrun. For nearly two years these people considered themselves fortunate. They were left to till their gardens in peace, with no more alarming occurrence than the theft of their live stock. Lichtenau, however, continued to have its troubles. Captain White Eyes, the great peace chief of the Delawares, whose ambition and leadership had always been directed toward the civilization of his low-browed people, died. Deputations from distant tribes, not omitting the remote and terrible Cherokees, visited the Delawares. With blackened faces, with cruel thorns thrust in their flesh, and with the sorrowful eloquence of the forest, these ambassadors paid their tribute of grief to the memory of the great departed. If the missionaries omitted to prick themselves with thorns, paint themselves black, and utter lugubrious howls, it was not because they were less sad at the chieftain's death.

Captain Pipe, the rival of White Eyes, at once became the master spirit of his people. His voice was lifted for open war. The poor people at Lichtenau became the victims of robbery and murder. So intolerable did their situation become, that, in the spring of 1780, they, in turn, were forced to abandon their place. With streaming eyes, with hands uplifted to the heavens, which seemed as brass above them, they join in a farewell service, then thrust the torch into handsome little church and settlement, and as the encircling flames leap upward, the wanderers turn their faces toward Gnadenhutten. Earth seemed to have no resting-place for her most heroic children.

Seven miles from Gnadenhutten, the brave Christian Indians who, by their constancy, in the midst of suffering, to their new religion, rivaled the martyrs who had preceded them by many an age, again began the construction of a town. To this the simple-minded people gave the gentle name of Salem. It was eight weary months in building. December snows lay thick upon the frozen ground, the wild animals were sleeping benumbed in hollow trunks and hidden caverns, and cutting blasts roared

loudly among the leafless branches of the trees, before the refugees were again gathered around the cheery firesides of comfortable homes. Still, by their removal, they gained one thing. That thing was peace. By peace, we are to understand, not a life exempt from trouble, danger, and violence, but merely an immunity from scalp-lifting and the insolent exactions of hostile savages. The white people of the frontiers were very attentive. Not a week passed in which horses, cattle, or sheep were not stolen. These robberies, however, took place at night, and the polite plunderers took great care not to disturb the sleeping settlement.

The monotony of the settlers' lives was varied by disagreeable episodes. One day, when the good missionary Zeisberger was passing through the forest, eight red ruffians, headed by the white monster Simon Girty, sprang forward from the shadow to murder him. This was the fruit of a wicked plot, of which warnings had already reached the settlement. But Zeisberger, when told of it, had simply lifted his eyes to heaven with a prayer to the God in whom he put his trust. When his friends urged him to take precautions, he gently rebuked them. To such he said, suggestively, "God will protect me." Either in answer to the good man's prayer, or by some happy chance, some Delawares passed by just as the murderers were about to put the missionary to death. And at sight of the new-comers, Girty and his gang took to their heels. Zeisberger found in his deliverance a new miracle with which to excite the reverence of the Indians among whom he labored.

This incident was the first indication to the missionaries of a dark and far-reaching conspiracy for their destruction, more portentous than any which had yet alarmed them. The Iroquois had been urged to take in hand the work of destruction. This lordly people had, however, no mind to soil their fingers with the bloody task. They simply sent messengers to the Ojibwas, Ottawas, and Wyandots. Their messages ran thus:

“We herewith make you a present of the Christian Indians on the Muskingum to make broth of.”

The Wyandots accepted the bloody gift. An expedition was at once fitted out. On the 10th of August, 1780, one hundred and fifty plumed and painted warriors appeared before the startled town of Salem. They demanded an interview with the leading men of the settlement. Messengers were sent off in the night to Shonbrun and to Gnadenhutten with short, sharp information of the danger. When Zeisberger received the news he said, “It then has the appearance as if Satan is again about to make himself merry by persecuting us.”

The old missionary was about correct. During the following day, the Indians, with re-enforcements, having forced the frightened settlers to empty their larders of their choicest contents, repaired to Gnadenhutten for the conference. Only the chiefs took part in this. The common Indians had a grand drunk, which lasted a week. In this time they frightened the peaceful Christian Indians almost to death by their hideous threats and insults. The half king of the Wyandots demanded that the Christian Indians should at once leave their settlements and go upon the war-path. To this the unfortunates replied with tears and entreaties. The situation of the settlement was critical. That the inhabitants would be murdered in case of refusal to comply with the demands of the Wyandots was highly probable.

The plan for the murder of the missionaries was perfected. The warriors became surly and threatening. They would brandish their hatchets in the faces of the missionaries with horrid curses. In spite of their danger, the Christian Indians stood by their bold refusal. In this crisis, Zeisberger delivered a powerful and eloquent sermon in the hostile camp. It seems to have had but little effect. Within half an hour Zeisberger, Senseman, and Heckewelder found themselves prisoners. The settlements were panic-stricken. The prisoners were bound and placed under guard. Poor Heckewelder, to his anguish, was

shortly informed that forty Indians were going to Salem to get his wife and child. The information was correct. At midnight the party returned in triumph. Heckewelder's home had been entered, his wife and child made prisoners. The feather beds had been emptied into the yard, and sacks of coffee, and barrels of flour scattered through the streets.

For several days these terrible scenes continued. The result was inevitable. For perhaps the fifteenth time the settlements of the Moravians were abandoned. Gnadenhutten, Shonbrun, and Salem were left desolate and deserted. Many head of cattle were left behind. Large stores of provision remained in the cellars of the houses. Many hundred acres of corn, almost ripe for harvest, were left in the field without a hand to gather in the abundant yield.

The journey was made partly by land, partly by canoes. One night a terrific storm burst upon the encampment of wretched refugees. Even the women, with babes in their arms, stood knee-deep in the flood which covered their camping-ground. Large trees were torn up by the roots. Others were broken off and carried by the wind for an immense distance. Every camp-fire was put out. Alarmed and wretched, the poor people passed hour after hour in the darkness of the night, amid the convulsions of the elements and the fury of the storm. This was but one of many hardships. Sometimes the Indians cruelly struck the prisoners, staggering under heavy packs.

At last, on the eleventh day of October, 1781, they reached their destination, on the upper Sandusky River. There the Wyandots, taking all the valuable provision, unceremoniously left the unfortunates to shift for themselves. The situation was full of wretchedness. The milch-cows failed for want of pasturage. Corn was only to be had by paying a dollar for two or three quarts. Increasing cold caused the keenest suffering to the wanderers, who were encamped in the open air in the midst of a vast and barren prairie. The very logs with which to construct houses had to be dragged a great distance.

Leaving the others to prepare such shelter as they could, the four white missionaries were summoned to Detroit, to be tried for treason to the English. They made the journey amid insufferable hardships, arriving at Detroit with scarcely a rag on their backs, barefooted, famished, and sick at heart. The good missionaries made a favorable impression on their judges. They were not only acquitted, but sent back home with generous supplies of provision, clothing, and blankets. Their return to the rough camp on the Sandusky was the occasion of great joy. A little meeting-house was built. Heckewelder writes: "The Christmas holydays, notwithstanding our poverty, were celebrated with cheerfulness and a blessing, and the year concluded with thanks and praises to Him who is ever the guardian and savior of his people."

The memorable year of 1782 opened with disasters which formed true omens of the sad events which were near at hand. The cold became insupportable. Fire-wood was almost wholly wanting. At every thaw the water forced itself into the floorless cabins. The cattle dropped dead from starvation. Suckling babes perished for want of nourishment from their mothers' impoverished breasts. One pint of corn a day was the allowance to each person. In spite of this destitution, bullying Wyandots, and even Simon Girty himself, would force their way into the cabins of the unhappy people, and insolently demand the preparation of a good meal.

These hardships led the Christian Indians to a desperate resolve. They determined to make their way back to Gnadenhutzen, gather the corn left standing in the fields, and bring supplies to their starving families. They set out at once on their journey, leaving those behind to count the weary days till their return. Arrived at Gnadenhutzen, they commenced the work of gathering the corn. Some was stored in holes in the ground. Quantities were put up in packs for transportation. They were on the point of beginning their return trip, when four Sandusky warriors met them with alarming news. This

quartet of savages had captured a white woman and her child and put them to death. The whites had found the mangled remains, and were in full pursuit of the murderers. Before the Christian Indians had made their start homeward, a party of two hundred enraged borderers dashed into Gnadenhutten. Their hands were already reddened with the murder of two half-bloods on the outskirts of the settlement. Of this, the Indians, scattered through their corn-fields, were ignorant. One party of Indians surrendered at once on the promise that they would be taken to Pittsburgh. No one suspected the bloody intentions of the whites. The innocent Christian Indians were completely deceived. The whites represented themselves as devout Christians. They took a pious interest in the meeting-house, and solemnly inquired as to the state of the Indians' souls. Their only wish was to have the Indians lay down their arms and go with them to Pittsburgh, where their hardships and sufferings would be over, and where they would be joined by their friends from the Sandusky.

To this plan the unsuspecting Indians gave a joyous assent. The designing whites induced them to send messengers to Salem and elsewhere, to summon their companions to assemble at Gnadenhutten. These simple-hearted people fell into the snare. No sooner were they all at Gnadenhutten, and disarmed, than the conduct of the whites underwent a sudden change. The Indians were informed that they were prisoners. They were accused of having stolen property from the white people of the frontiers. They were charged with having massacred the settlers. They were impeached for sympathy with the British, and for treachery to the Americans. The borderers heaped upon them insults, and with the most frightful curses struck one after another of the unresisting people to the ground.

The Christian Indians were informed that they must die. To the protestations of innocence and prayers for mercy the black-hearted and enraged borderers turned an ear of stone. The condemned saw that their doom was fixed. Faithful even

in death to the religion which had involved them in such suffering: which, while it had opened their eyes to the truth, had only led them into an unending career of misery, they begged a short respite in which they might make a last sad preparation for death. The request was granted. Asking pardon for whatever offense they had given or grief they had occasioned, they kneeled down, offering fervent prayers to God, and kissing one another under a flood of tears, they commended their souls to the Savior, their great exemplar in suffering.

A farewell song, which they had been singing, was scarcely finished, when one of the murderers picked up a cooper's mallet. "This," said he, "will exactly suit our purpose." A deadly hatred glittered in his unfeeling eye. With a hasty stride forward he dashed out the brains of the nearest Indian, whose eyes were closed and hands uplifted, as he still knelt in prayer. Not an Indian stirred as the murderer proceeded down the line. Again and again he performed the act of murder, until a row of fourteen ghastly corpses marked his bloody path. Breathless with the awful work, he tossed the mallet to a companion, saying, "Go on with the glorious work. I have done pretty well."

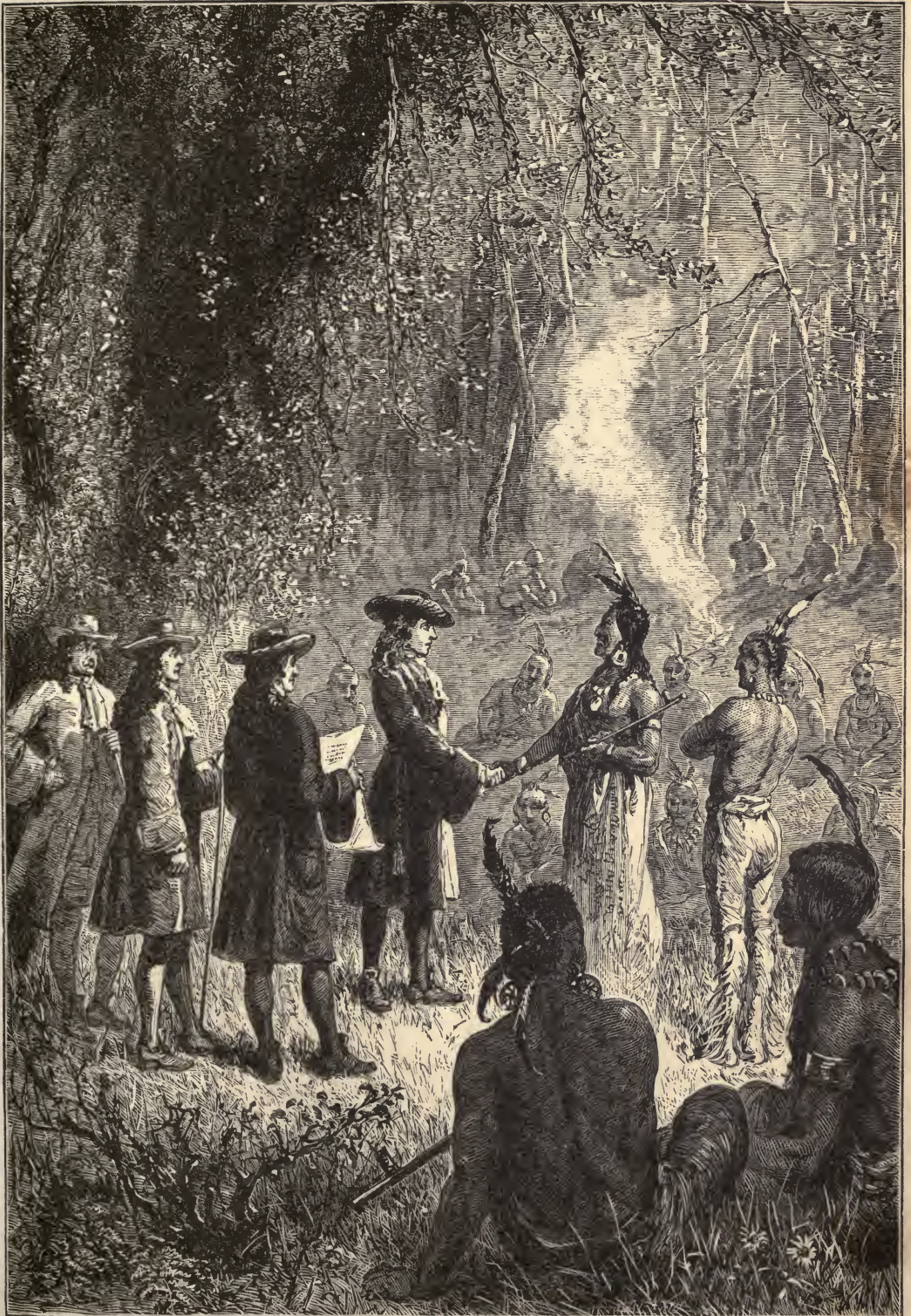
This was but the opening scene in the tragedy. The flood-gates of murder were open. The tide would have its way. Old men and young men, loving mothers, gentle maidens, and unconscious babes, innocent in the sight of earth and heaven, meek and unresisting as lambs led to the slaughter, were massacred outright. Ninety persons were put to death within a half an hour. Sixty-two of the number were grown persons, the remainder laughing bright-eyed children. Only two captives escaped the massacre. One crept under a plank in the floor, and lay concealed, while the blood of his companions dripped through the open cracks upon his face. The other, though knocked down and scalped, was not killed. After nightfall, he crept through a small window and stole away. Another boy was unable to get out at the window, on account

of his size, and was left imprisoned until the building was fired and the crackling flames released his soul from earth.

Glutted with their deeds of vengeance, finding no more work for their reddened hands to do, the monsters reluctantly withdrew to the shades of the neighboring forest. One of them, as if unsatisfied, returned to feast his fiendish eyes upon the horrid scene. At that moment, a youth, mangled and bloody, was lifting himself upon his hand. A smile of gratification crossed the white man's face as he buried his tomahawk in the brain of the unfortunate. As night drew on, the houses of the settlement were fired. Henceforth the peaceful name of Gnadenhutzen was to stand as the title of the place which the wrath of man, insane and wicked, had given over, without right or reason, to fire and blood.

Days and weeks passed by, and still the scene of slaughter remained a solitude. The flowers of spring blossomed out in all their old-time fragrance and beauty. The somber forests were embowered in soft, green foliage as rich and lovely as before. The sunny skies of May were just as blue, the waving verdure of the prairies had just as bright an emerald hue, the gentle breezes of the spring were just as balmy as when the humble converts of the Moravian missions looked out upon the landscape with happy faces and grateful hearts. The awful crime had left no stain upon the face of nature. Its only record was the unburied skeletons of the slain. Years have come and gone, until a century has rolled its ponderous wheels around. Other generations of men, ignorant or thoughtless of the past, now populate the accursed spot of the slaughter. Only now and then does some curious reader peruse the red pages of the story of the massacre.

It would be interesting to follow the career of the missionaries and their converts, which were left on the Sandusky River. They endured this blow, as they had all others, without a murmur against the God they worshiped. It was not long, however, before they were compelled to abandon their settlement. Again



MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES AMONG THE INDIANS.



and again they sought to find a resting place; sometimes in Canada, sometimes in the territory of the States, once even near the site of the fated Gnadenhutten. But in no place did their neighbors permit them to remain longer than two or three years, and often scarcely as many months. No less than seven removals are recorded after the massacre. At last, even the invincible courage and sublime faith of the missionaries wavered. The converts, already weary with the conflict with their external foes, were attacked by internal enemies. Skepticism, heathenism, and savage passions fought hand-to-hand with the Christian faith of the proselytes. A few remained faithful. Some succumbed. After so many years of suffering, the western missions of the Moravians were abandoned. Some twenty-five times since they came to America had these peaceful ministers been driven from their settlements, which they had founded with infinite pain and toil. The odds of ignorance, brutality, and wickedness were too great. Such of the pious missionaries as had survived the struggle made their way back to the peaceful Bethlehem. They had gone out from there young, vigorous, full of faith. They returned gray-headed, bent with age and exposure, disappointed and defeated.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CRUELITIES OF GIRTY.



OR the traitor there has been erected in every age and country a pillar of historic infamy. By whatever name he is known, apostate, renegade, turncoat, or Tory, mankind have for him one universal expression of contempt. His name, of all historic characters, is buried the deepest in the mire. He becomes a by-word, a hissing, a reproach among the nations of the earth. For him no curse is bitter enough, no oblivion black enough. He lives in the midst of the fiercest passions which darken the human heart. He is a hater and the hated. The rage which he excites among the followers of the cause which he has deserted is only equaled by the disgust and secret loathing which he inspires among the partisans of the cause which he has joined.

Of all enmities, that of the apostate is most bitter. Of all hatreds, that of the renegade is most bloody. Within him rage storms of wrath, without him storm tempests of calumny. When the occasion for his shame has passed, and he is no longer useful to the ranks of which he became the dishonored recruit, he is sent without the camp. He is spurned as a viper. He is shunned as a leper. He is despised as a devil.

Another man fights and falls in the cause of wrong, yet to him mankind accords the laurels of heroism. Upon his tomb the historian inscribes the legend, "He was mistaken, but he was great." From that time on his error is forgotten. His

name is inscribed among those of the heroes and the martyrs. The philosopher moralizes upon his career. He points out the fact that the dead was in the grasp of immutable laws; that he was not his own master; that ancestry, birth, place, temperament, surroundings, fortune, accident, and circumstances are the powers which have controlled him, in whose Titanic grasp he was but a puppet. This is the charity of history. This is the kindness of philosophy. This is the imperial task to which the human mind of after ages devotes herself, the task of preserving and immortalizing Truth, Heroism, and Honor, wherever found.

Not so with the renegade. He is the abhorrence of all future generations. He may have fallen fighting in the ranks of the brave and true. No matter. Above his grave rises the black shaft of shame. He may have made fearful sacrifices. He may have deserted one cause and joined another from an honest intellectual conviction. It is nothing. For him men have but epithets of shame, sneers of derision. He is disowned and dishonored. For him there is no charity. His virtues pass into oblivion. His solitary crime of apostasy becomes overshadowing and colossal. Philosophy refuses to inquire into the origin and reasons of his infamy. He, too, may have been a puppet, moved by invisible wires from remote agencies. Yet for his sin there is no atonement, no mercy-seat. His name is inscribed with those of Benedict Arnold and Brutus, of Julian and Judas Iscariot.

Concerning such characters the real truth is never known. The whirlwinds of abuse which overwhelm their lives throw dust in the eyes of the historian. He sees only a vast mass of slanders, invectives, reproaches, and vilifications. There seems to have been no good in the man. Passion, it may be, has exaggerated his vices. Enmity may have lied about his virtues. But the exact truth can never be obtained. He may have been worse than he seems; he may have been better than he seems. Concerning these things it is impossible to judge.

To the ranks of traitors of which we have been speaking belongs Simon Girty, the Renegade, or the White Savage. It is not impossible that he has been slandered. We can not tell. The story of his life is certainly a black one.

Among all the Tories of the Revolution Simon Girty was the most notorious. He was born in north-western Pennsylvania. His father was an Irishman. "The old man was beastly intemperate. A jug of whisky was the extent of his ambition. Grog was his song, and grog would he have. His sottishness turned his wife's affection. Ready for seduction, she yielded her heart to a neighboring rustic, who, to remove all obstacles to their wishes, knocked old Girty on the head, and bore off the trophy of his prowess."

The murdered man had been an Indian trader. He left four boys, Thomas, Simon, George, and James. During the Old French war the three younger boys were taken captive by the Indians. Inheriting the nature of savages, their surroundings only developed them. Each was adopted into an Indian tribe. Each became a blood-thirsty ruffian, and during long careers of violence inflicted every cruelty upon the persons and families of the white settlers.

Of the three brothers Simon became the most notorious, as he was the most wicked. At the close of Pontiac's war, Girty was delivered to Bouquet as a hostage for the good behavior of the Senecas, of which tribe he was a member. The savage propensities of the young ruffian were so strong that he escaped from his civilized companions, and sought again the wild and wicked life of the wigwams. Strangely enough his appetite for barbarism was at this time forced to remain unsatisfied. The Senecas, being bound by the condition in the treaty of peace, deliberately took Mr. Girty by force, and dragged him back to Pittsburgh.

Of course, when Dunmore's war broke out in 1774, Girty's natural taste for scenes of violence led him to take an active part. Here he met Simon Kenton, for whose life he afterwards

interceded with the Wyandots. Here, too, he met Colonel Crawford, at whose hospitable cabin on the Youghiogheny he was a frequent guest. In attempting to account for his subsequent treachery and desertion, the border writers mention several incidents, which tradition reports as having transpired about this time.

One story goes that he aspired to the hand of one of Colonel Crawford's daughters. The refusal, with which his advances were met, poisoned his malignant heart with a sleepless longing for revenge. This account is supposed to furnish some reason for Girty's awful inhumanity to Colonel Crawford some years later.

Another story runs to the effect that Girty and another scout, having rendered some two or three months' service in the militia, without receiving their pay, repaired to the headquarters of General Lewis, and insolently demanded that the arrears of salary be made up. The military discipline of the time seems to have been a little singular, for General Lewis not only received the application with a storm of curses, but proceeded to exercise himself in bloodying the heads of the two scouts with several severe blows from his cane. Strangely enough this style of reception and military etiquette displeased the untutored scouts. Girty picked himself up, and shaking his fist at the general, with a fearful oath, threateningly said, "*Sir, for this your quarters shall swim in blood.*"

On the 22d of February, 1775, a day which, at that time, was not yet celebrated as the birthday of the Father of his country, Girty became a commissioned officer in the militia at Pittsburgh. In accordance with English laws, he took the necessary oaths of allegiance to the king and his abhorrence of papacy.

Here, again, the ingenious border writers find a reason for Girty's faithlessness. They say he aspired to a captaincy, but was only made an orderly-sergeant. This affront his sensitive soul could by no means endure. He remained, however, in the

service at Fort Pitt until the early part of 1778. That his real sympathies, if such his inclinations might be called, were with the Indians, among whom he had been raised, and not with the struggling cause of the colonial patriots, is natural, and easy to believe.

A savage seeks the society of savages, just as surely as a gentleman seeks that of gentlemen. Accordingly we find Girty, together with a pair of precious scoundrels, McKee and Elliott, and twelve followers, one day making up their packs and deserting from Fort Pitt. The news spread far and wide over the agitated frontiers. Wherever the ruffians went, they spread lies about the defeat of the American forces, the triumph of the British, and the intention of the colonists to avenge their defeat by the murder of every Indian in the Ohio valley. The settlers trembled for the safety of their families. The mischief which the white scoundrels might work among credulous and excitable savages was incalculable. Their evil designs were looked upon as a matter of certainty.

Nor did the fears of the settlers exaggerate the real dangers of the situation. The Indians were made to believe that George Washington was killed, and that the members of Congress were hung in the very chambers where they had been accustomed to deliberate. As poor Heckewelder said, speaking of the renegade's visit to Gnadenhutzen: "It was enough to break the hearts of the missionaries."

Girty started for Detroit. On the way he was captured by the Wyandots. Some Senecas demanded that he be delivered up to them, on the ground that he was an adopted member of their tribe, and had taken arms against them. In fact, Girty's national allegiance was a little mixed. Was he a traitor to the Senecas, or to the Americans, or to both, or to neither? For this enigma, the Wyandot chief had a solution. "He is our prisoner." Such logic won the day. By shrewd explanations that he was now devoted to their cause Girty procured himself to be set at liberty, and proceeded to Detroit. Here the com-

mandant, Hamilton, gave him a hearty reception. He was at once employed by the British upon a salary to incite the Indians to warfare upon the unprotected settlers of the border.

Girty was now in his element. To the instinctive ferocity of his own nature, he added the relentless zeal of the renegade. His name became a household word of terror all along the border, from Pittsburgh to Louisville. About it hung every association of cruelty and fiendishness. Dressed and painted like an Indian, he seemed, as he really was, the very incarnation of fierceness and brutality. Inheriting from his Irish ancestry a capacity for rude eloquence, with which the children of the Emerald Isle are often gifted, his terrible voice rose high and commanding above all the hideous clamor and savage din of every Indian council-house. Convulsed with fury, a human volcano in eruption, he awed the savages themselves by the resistless torrents of his rage, and excited their admiration and emulation by his infinite thirst for blood and infernal schemes of vengeance.

The picture of the man, as it is preserved for us in the tales of the borders, represents him as a monstrosity in human form. We can fairly hear him yet, as he stalked through the village, or galloped through the forest, filling the air with an awful din and roar of oaths and curses. He it was who inspired and directed the many attacks on the settlers of the Ohio valley. It was the diabolical brain of Girty which tormented the Christian Indians of the Moravian settlements, drove them from spot to spot, and placed them in that ambiguous position which the pioneers mistook for treachery or hostility, and which resulted in the slaughter of more than ninety of their number.

One, among many instances of his cruelty toward them, must be related. Shortly after the massacre at Gnadenhutten, Heckewelder, Zeisberger, and two other missionaries were ordered by Girty to meet him on the lower Sandusky. Here they were hospitably received by some traders. The traders told them that Girty had commanded them to proceed to

Detroit forthwith. But exhausted by their toilsome journey on foot, the missionaries availed themselves of the kind invitation of the traders to remain at this point for a week or two.

Here, for the first time, they learned of the awful tragedy on the Muskingum. Their minds were greatly uneasy, not only by reason of the fearful news, but also from an apprehension that Girty might return from a terrible expedition against the frontiers and find his orders disobeyed with regard to their being taken to Detroit.

The two missionaries were quartered in different houses, separated by some distance. Between them lay the restless and filthy town of the Wyandots. For the missionaries to pass through the village and visit one another was an undertaking of considerable danger. Nevertheless, it was attempted a time or two. One day, when the Indian village seemed all quiet, Heckewelder ventured to cross it to the house where his friends were lodged. He reached the place in safety.

While engaged in conversation, the missionaries were horrified and startled by two scalp-yells from different directions. Two war-parties were just returning. Heckewelder at once started from the house, which stood on a lofty ridge of ground, to make his way back to his quarters. The elevated ground prevented the people of the village from hearing the scalp-yell of the war-party approaching from the rear of the house in which Heckewelder was talking. The savages all ran in the opposite direction to meet the other party. Heckewelder followed in their rear, and passed the deserted village in safety.

But the missionaries' troubles were not ended. Girty returned, and behaved like a madman on learning that they were there. "He flew at the Frenchman," says Heckewelder, "who was in the room adjoining ours, most furiously, striking him, and threatening to split his head in two, for disobeying the orders he had given him. He swore the most horrid oaths respecting us, and continued in that way until after midnight. His oaths were all to the purport that he would never leave the

house until he split our heads in two with his tomahawk, and made our brains stick to the walls of the rooms in which we were! I omit the names he called us by and the words he made use of while swearing, as also the place he would go to if he did not fulfill all which he had sworn he would do to us. He had somewhere procured liquor, and would, as we were told by those who were near him, at every drink renew his oaths, which he repeated until he fell asleep.

“Never before did any of us hear the like oaths, or know any one to rave like him. He appeared like a host of evil spirits. He would sometimes come up to the bolted door between us and him, threatening to chop it in pieces to get at us. No Indian we ever saw drunk would have been a match for him. How we should escape the clutches of this white beast in human form no one could foresee.”

The poor missionaries passed a miserable night, within the sound of the fearful ravings of the monster. When morning dawned they were fortunately enabled to leave the place in a boat which was going to Detroit.

The wicked and devilish part which Girty played in the execution of Colonel Crawford is given in another chapter, as is also the incident of a different character, in which he attempted to save Kenton's life. Toward the close of the Revolutionary War a thread of romance is twisted like a skein of gold through the dark web of Girty's career.

In March 1779 a family of emigrants named Malott embarked on the *Monongahela* in two flat-bottomed boats for a voyage to Kentucky. Mrs. Malott and her five children, with Captain Reynolds, were in the rear boat. Mrs. Reynolds, several children, and a Mrs. Hardin were in the forward boat. Some forty miles below Wheeling the little fleet, in which there were also some canoes, was attacked by Indians.

Several of the voyagers were killed, and no less than nineteen of them taken prisoner to the squalid villages of the Delawares and the Wyandots. Among these was Catharine Malott,

then fifteen years old. Some three years afterward, when Mrs. Malott had obtained her liberty at Detroit, she seems to have employed Girty to trace her children. He found Catharine, a very pretty girl, adopted into an Indian family. The people being very proud of her, refused to give her up. Girty's influence, and a well-timed promise, which was never intended to be kept, that she should be returned after visiting her mother in Detroit, secured her release.

Once at Detroit, Girty married her. During the next seven years Girty, softened somewhat by his new relations, remained comparatively quiet, leading the life of an Indian trader. For awhile he was tolerably quiet. In time, however, he became a hard drinker, and was separated from his family.

When the Indians of the west, after some years of comparative quiet, following the close of the Revolutionary War, combined in one last and furious effort to drive the white man from the territory of their fathers, an attempt which was met by the memorable and unfortunate expedition of General Harmar in 1790, by the no less tragic campaign of St. Clair in 1791, and finally, by the triumphant and overwhelming blow inflicted by General Wayne in 1794, Simon Girty again became prominent among the savages. At every council his voice was lifted in the support of bitter, relentless, and continued war. He was present, animating the Indian forces by his reckless courage, at each important battle of these campaigns. One incident early in 1791 has been preserved.

A party of hunters from Cincinnati were startled by the discharge of fire-arms from the neighborhood of Dunlap's Station. This was a settlement on the Great Miami River, eight miles from Hamilton. Here the settlers had erected several block-houses, connected by a stockade, fronting southward on the river at a point where the water is deep. The hunters beat a hasty retreat for Cincinnati, seventeen miles away. No one doubted that the station had been attacked by Indians.

Before daylight seventy men left Cincinnati for the relief

of the station. On arriving at the fort, they learned that the Indians had withdrawn. One man had been killed by a shot fired through a crack between the logs. Not far from the fort they found the body of Abner Hunt. It was mangled, the brains beaten out, and two war-clubs laid across the breast. Hunt had been out with three companions named Wallace, Sloan, and Cunningham, exploring the country. Cunningham was killed on the spot by an ambuscade of Indians; Hunt was captured only to be subsequently put to death. Wallace took to flight. Two fleet Indians pursued. In his flight Wallace had the misfortune to be tripped and thrown by the loosening of his leggins. He pluckily tied them up, and escaped in spite of the mishap. Sloan and Wallace carried the news of the Indians' approach to the fort.

Before sunrise on the 10th of January, the women of the fort, while milking the cows, raised an alarm cry that the Indians were upon them. Before the fight was begun, Simon Girty strode forward toward the fort, driving Abner Hunt before him by means of a rope, with which the prisoner was bound. Within speaking distance of the fort was a large stump. This Girty compelled Hunt to mount and to urge the surrender of the fort in the most earnest manner. Lieutenant Kingsbury, in command at the station, replied that he would not surrender if he were surrounded by five hundred devils and persuaded to do so by Demosthenes himself. An Indian shot at him, and struck off the white plume from his hat. Girty, to revenge himself for this disappointment, drove poor Hunt back to a spot on the plain, which, though out of range of the guns, was in full view of the garrison. Here he proceeded to torture the unhappy wretch, and finally put him to death.

This scene over, the Indians began a desperate attack. They fired from behind stumps, trees, and logs. A pile of brush near the stockade was soon in flames. The Indians then rushed forward with fire-brands to burn the block-houses, but they were driven back by a whirlwind of bullets. All day long the attack

was continued. Night brought no relief. The entire number in the fort was about thirty men, and as many women and children. Girty conducted the attack with great boldness and ingenuity. But the stubborn resistance of the defenders of the station successfully met him at every point. Both men and women teased the savages by momentarily exposing themselves above the pickets and inviting a shot.

That night, at ten o'clock, John S. Wallace attempted to leave the fort, in order to make his way to Cincinnati and procure relief. So vigilant were the besiegers, that he was unable to pass through their lines. For three hours he continued his attempts. Driven back each time, he next turned his attention to the river. The night was very dark. There were no indications of the presence of savages on the opposite bank.

About three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Wallace and a soldier named William Wiseman got into a canoe, and silently paddled across the river. They then made their way on foot through the river bottoms for a couple of miles. An attempt to cross the river on the floating ice proved unsuccessful. At the spot where New Baltimore stands, they at last did get across, and early in the day met the relief party from Cincinnati, of which we have already spoken.

Another battle in which Girty was known to be engaged was that which resulted in St. Clair's defeat, twenty-three miles north of Greenville, Ohio. During the rout of the American army, Girty captured a white woman. A Wyandot squaw at once demanded that the female captive be given to her, in accordance with the Indian custom. Girty refused, and became furious. The decline of his influence, a thing which has been experienced by every renegade, is shown by the fact that the warriors came up and forced Girty to give up the captive.

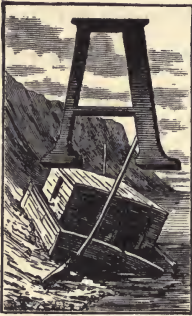
After this we hear of Girty establishing a trading-house on the site of the present town of St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio. Girty was also present at the famous battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, after which he moved to Malden, Canada. He was

perpetually haunted by the fear of falling into the hands of the Americans. In 1796, when Detroit was upon the point of a final surrender by the British, he happened to be in the city. Some boat loads of American troops were coming in sight. Girty would not wait for the ferry-boat, but excitedly plunged his horse into the Detroit River, and made for the Canada shore, pouring out volleys of curses upon the Americans all the way.

In 1813 a Mr. Workman, of Ohio, stopped at a hotel kept by a Frenchman, in Malden. Sitting in the bar-room in a corner by the glowing fire-place was a blind and gray-headed old man. He was about five feet, ten inches in height, broad across the chest, and of powerful and muscular build. He was then nearly seventy years old. The old man was none other than the notorious Simon Girty. He had been blind for four years, and was afflicted with rheumatism and other intolerable diseases, a perfect sot, a complete human wreck. He lingered on through two more years of misery, and, at last, died without a friend and without a hope.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOOM OF CRAWFORD.



AMONG the many unfortunate military enterprises undertaken on the western border during the Revolutionary War, none is more notable than that against Sandusky, under Colonel William Crawford. Cornwallis had surrendered. The war with England was at an end. The patriotic minds of the colonies, inspired by the magnificent destiny dawning upon their country, were already busy with the great problems of self-government. On the western frontiers, however, the murderous forays of the Indians raged with unprecedented violence. The settlers continued to be roused at midnight in their lonely cabins by the blood-curdling war-cry. Children continued to be snatched away into captivity by dark hands thrust out from behind clumps of bushes and fallen logs. The corpses of the near and dear still continued to be found in lonely ravines or open fields.

The center of the Indian power was at Sandusky. In 1782 a permission for the organization of a great volunteer expedition against the Indians of the west was about all the government could do. This, however, was enough. Far and wide through the settlements along the Monongahela, the Youghiogheny, and the Ohio went the thrilling word that the expedition was to start on the 20th of May.

The popular heart, inspired by the successes of the Revolution, was now fired with enthusiasm and zeal for an attack on the deadly enemies of the west. In many an isolated cabin

there was a lively stir of preparation. With troubled forebodings many a mother heard the resolutions of brave sons to join the march to the front. Maidens, parting from their lovers, sat in the shadow of their first sorrow. Children, whose tongues had scarcely learned to lisp the dreaded syllable of war, sobbed in solitude at the absence of the stalwart forms they loved.

The scene at Mingo Bottom, the rendezvous for the expedition, was truly American. For ten days beforehand the borderers came riding in, equipped in homely fashion for the campaign. The pioneer soldier was a curiosity. His buckskin hunting-shirt was belted at the waist. Through the belt was thrust the cruel tomahawk, the glittering scalping-knife, and the string of his ammunition-pouch. His hat of felt or fur was not infrequently decorated with tossing plumes, or the tails of animals. Over his shoulder he carried his rifle. Perhaps in his bosom was thrust some memento, a handkerchief or a scarf from some admiring maiden.

When at last the grim and motley assemblage was complete, its first task was to elect officers. William Crawford received two hundred and thirty-five out of the four hundred and sixty-five votes cast, and was declared colonel in command of the expedition. He had had considerable military experience, and was fitted by nature to be a soldier and a leader. He was ambitious, cool, and brave. Familiar with border warfare, the expedition in hand was adapted to the highest qualities of his genius. Yet he accepted the command with reluctance. Before his tender farewell to his family, the prudent father made his will.

His associate officers were the very flower of the border. Among them was David Williamson, second in command; John McClelland, field major; Dr. John Knight, surgeon; John Slover, Jonathan Zane, of whom we have heard before, guides of the expedition; and an officer of the regular army, who gave his name as John Rose, who volunteered for the purpose of acting as aid-de-camp to the commanding officer.

Concerning this latter gentleman more will be said hereafter. For the present it is sufficient to say that, early in the Revolution, he had applied to the American army for a commission. Though fine looking, of elegant manners, and, as was suspected, of noble birth, speaking the French language, and highly gifted, his request was refused. He had studied medicine, he said, and sympathizing with the colonists, had left the Old World, against the protest of his friends, to join his fortunes with theirs. Upon the details of his history and life, the young stranger preserved the most profound silence. He had, at last, received a commission as surgeon; but, after two or three years of service, discovering a jealousy on the part of some young American officers, he had resigned. In spite of the mystery that surrounded him, he was a great favorite. It was not long before the wild borderers, assembled at Mingo Bottom, absolutely idolized the young officer, who volunteered from lack of other service.

On the 25th of May the expedition set out for Sandusky, one hundred and fifty miles away. Though not an Indian had been seen, the greatest precautions were taken against ambuscades and surprises. Their route led them through the desolate and fire-blasted settlements of the Moravians on the Muskingum.

David Williamson, the officer second in command of the expedition, was familiar with this spot. He it was who had commanded the gang of murderers, by whose bloody hands the innocent Moravian Indians had been put to death. Yet, when he found himself once more near the scene of this appalling massacre, there is no record, no evidence that his heart was moved with one sensation of regret, with a single throb of pity. Such is the brutalizing influence of war upon the warrior.

The march was designed to be hasty. The plan was to surprise the savages. Day after day they advanced, without finding the print of a single moccasin or hearing the crack of a single hostile rifle. It was not the advance of an army with banners, to the music of the fife and drum. It was the insidious

movement, swift and silent, of a mighty serpent, winding stealthily through the sunless forests toward the unsuspecting towns of the Indians. Now and then an incident happened which attracted the attention of the men. Some of the volunteers lost their horses, and were compelled to return to the settlements. This the borderers regarded as a bad sign. "Perhaps the rest of us will not go back at all!" said one of the men.

On another day, a fox got into the lines. The men at once surrounded it on all sides, but in spite of their utmost efforts to capture it, the animal escaped. In every considerable company of men there will be some who are positively and blindly superstitious. In addition to these there will be a larger number of credulous and talkative persons who, when informed that a certain thing is an omen or sign, at once take it up as a matter of fact. So it came to be whispered through the camp that the escape of the fox was a bad omen. "If the whole army," said they, "is unable to kill a fox, under such circumstances, what success can be expected against Indians?"

The army at last emerged from the forests, which they had traversed, into the rolling prairies of Ohio. "To most of the volunteers," says the historian of this expedition, "the sight of the plains was a novel one. The high, coarse grass, the islands of timber, the gradually undulating surface, were all objects of surprise. Birds of strange plumage flew over them, prairie hens rose before them, sailing away and slowly dropping into the grass on either hand. Sand-hill cranes blew their shrill pipes, startled by the sudden apparition. Prairie owls, on cumbersome wings, fluttered away in the distance, and the noisy bittern was heard along the streamlets. Wild geese were frightened from their nests, and, occasionally, in widening circles far above them, soared the imperial eagle."

At length the destination of the expedition, into which the entire western border had concentrated its energy and valor, was almost reached. On the morning of the 4th of June the

men were awake and ready for the march before the brightness of the sunrise had illuminated the landscape. Throughout the whole camp there was a bustle of unusual excitement. Through their long march scarcely an Indian had been seen. The men felt themselves to be approaching a crisis. Their nerves were strung at the highest tension. Guns were examined, and fresh charges put in. Packs were readjusted, and saddle girths carefully tightened. The army were encamped near the site of the present village of Wyandot in the county of that name in the State of Ohio.

The march was begun just as the flaming disk of day appeared above the horizon. The direction taken was nearly north-west. Six miles' travel brought them to the mouth of the Little Sandusky. The spot was a familiar one to Slover. He had been taken captive by the Miami Indians when only eight years of age, spending the next six years of his life with that tribe.

Three Indian trails led from the spot of which we are now speaking. One south-east, through the Plains, to Owl Creek, now the Vernon River, leading thence to Walhomding. This was the route taken by the Moravian missionaries and their converts at the time of their exile from the settlements on the Muskingum to the barren plains of Sandusky. A second trail led to the south, up the east side of the Little Sandusky. The third ran to the south-west, toward the Shawanese town upon Mad River. Besides these, there was also a fourth trace, leading north along the east side of the river, through the woods.

This latter was the one which Crawford took. The army moved cautiously, for Slover assured Crawford that the Wyandot town was near at hand. Following the turn of the river, the army marched rapidly in a westerly direction. There was an opening in the woods, towards which the men pressed on eagerly. Just before them lay the Wyandot town, the goal of the expedition.

Yet, though a hostile army was now within full view of

the place, there was no sign of life in the village. The shrill war-cry, the screams of the squaws, the barking of the dogs, were all wanting. Were the inhabitants of the place asleep, or was the village enchanted? As the invaders drew nearer, they found, to their surprise, that the Wyandot town was without an inhabitant. All was a solitude. The empty huts were silent and deserted. Grass was growing in the doorways. The ashes of the camp-fires seemed to have been beaten by many a rain since the hot coals had glowed in their midst.

The army was astonished. Some mistake had been made. Where, then, was Sandusky, the principal town of the Wyandots, to attack which the volunteers had traveled one hundred and sixty miles? A halt was called. It was one o'clock in the afternoon, the officers of the army were hastily called together for a council of war, to consider the strange aspect of affairs.

Leaving the officers of the volunteer army in anxious consultation, let us briefly sketch the state of affairs among the Indians. The reverses experienced by them early in the year, together with the Gnadenhutzen massacre, had roused the Indians to the highest activity and watchfulness. Every white settlement on the frontier was placed under the surveillance of invisible spies. When the cabins of the pioneers began to be pervaded by an unusual stir in preparation for the expedition against Sandusky, fleet runners, unbeknown to the white men, bore the startling news to the villages of their tribes.

When the assemblage of volunteers took place at Mingo Bottom, every movement was observed by subtle scouts, and the tidings reported to their chiefs. That a great expedition was forming was evident. Its destination, however, was unknown. In every forest through which the army had passed lurked unseen savages, watching their course. Meanwhile, runners were dispatched to every village, bearing the news that the Indians must concentrate all their forces to successfully resist this invasion. Messengers were also dispatched to Detroit, begging the British commandant to send instant and powerful

aid to his Indian allies. The old Wyandot town had been deserted some time before this. Its people had removed to a point on the river eight miles below the old town. Its location was five miles below the present town of Upper Sandusky, just where the Kilbourne road crosses the river.

That the destination of Crawford and his men was to be the Sandusky towns seemed clear to the Indians. In this they were confirmed by Crawford's encampment on the night of the 3d of June. Eighteen miles down the river from that camp was the chief Wyandot town, where the warriors were prepared to march at any instant. Eleven miles in another direction stood the village of Captain Pipe, the war chief of the Delawares. Here, too, the savages stood all night long plumed and ready for battle.

On the morning of the 4th of June the Delaware war-chief moved forward with his two hundred braves to an appointed rendezvous with the Wyandot braves. From the village of the latter the squaws and children were carefully removed and concealed in a deep ravine. The traders in the town hastily packed their goods and started for Detroit.

Besides the Wyandots, whose numbers exceeded those of the Delawares, the combined forces of which already surpassed the volunteer army, there was also moving to the Indian rendezvous, two other re-enforcements. From the Shawanese town, forty miles away, were coming two hundred braves of that tribe. They were not expected to arrive until the next day. From the north was coming powerful succor of a different sort. The commandant of Detroit had dispatched to the scene of action Butler's Mounted Rangers, with three pieces of artillery.

It was impossible for this re-enforcement to reach the rendezvous before the 5th of June. Far in advance of the Rangers, however, mounted on the swiftest horse in the company, rode Matthew Elliott at the top of his speed. He it was who was to have command of all the allied forces. He reached his command about noon of the fourth. Second in command to him was

his fellow-ruffian and Tory, Simon Girty. Such were the preparations made for the destruction of Crawford's army.

The council of war, held on the site of the deserted Wyandot town, resulted in an advance in search of the real Sandusky, which Slover rightly believed to be eight miles farther down the river. The army had proceeded some three or four miles when some of the men expressed an earnest desire to return home, for the reason that there remained only five days' provisions. Crawford again called a halt. His officers were at once summoned for another council. Jonathan Zane urged an immediate retreat. He was of the opinion that the Indians would in the end bring an overwhelming force against them. The failure to discover any Indians as yet convinced him that they were concentrated at some point not far away for a determined resistance. In this view Crawford coincided. It was, however, at last, resolved to continue the advance during the afternoon, and, in case of continued failure to meet the enemy, that a retreat should be commenced during the night.

In front of the army rode a party of scouts. The country was rolling prairie, flecked with island-groves of thickly growing trees. At one of these green oases the scouts reined in their panting horses. One mile to the east of them lay the Sandusky River, its winding course marked out upon the landscape by a fringe of forest trees. Midway between the grove and the river ran the trail leading to the Wyandot town. South-west of the grove, not very far off, was a cranberry marsh, impassable to horsemen. This swamp the scouts had passed without discovering it. After a few moments' pause, this advance guard put spurs to their horses, and galloped on over the prairie. Having left the grove about a mile to the rear, the scouts suddenly discovered a large body of Indians running directly toward them—they were in sight of the Indian rendezvous. One of their number, riding their fleetest horse, at once galloped back to inform Crawford of the enemy's whereabouts. The rest retired slowly as the savages advanced.

Just as the Americans had finished their council of war the breathless scout dashed in, bearing the news of the discovery of the Indians. In a moment the lagging army took fire with enthusiasm, and started forward at the top of their speed. They found that the Indians had already reached the island grove and taken possession of it. Crawford's military eye at once discerned this to be a strategic point. By a rapid charge the Indians were driven, and the Americans, in turn, took possession of the cover.

The firing began at four o'clock in the afternoon. The Indians, led by Elliott and Girty, were concealed by the thick, high grass of the open prairie. They would creep forward, unseen, close to the trees, and fire upon the Americans from their concealment. Some of the borderers climbed the trees, and from their bushy tops took deadly aim at the heads of the enemy moving about in the grass. Great execution was done in this way. One man said afterward, "I do not know how many Indians I killed, but I never saw the same head again above the grass after I shot at it." The battle raged with fury. Every tree and log in the grove blazed with the incessant flashes of the American rifles. Not a foe was visible on either side. Yet every point in the surrounding prairie gave forth continuous explosions, and, over all floated a bank of white smoke.

The afternoon was exceedingly sultry. Not a breath of air was stirring. The river was a mile away. No spring or stream of water was to be found in the grove. The soldiers were attacked by the intolerable torment of thirst. In this emergency one of the men, John Sherrard, distinguished himself. In the excitement of the conflict he had rendered his gun useless by ramming a ball into the barrel without having put in a charge of powder. He said "I will not be idle." He went in search of water. He found a place where a tree had been torn up by the roots. In the cavity left in the ground had collected a pool of stagnant water. Pushing aside the green scum, he

filled his canteen and hat, and ran to carry the water to his thirsty comrades. During the afternoon he made twenty trips of this kind.

For a while the issue of the battle was doubtful. Toward sunset the fire of the savages weakened. Their caution about exposure increased. They had evidently suffered. At dark they had withdrawn beyond the range of the American rifles. The Americans, being left in possession of the field, were the victors. To guard against a night surprise, each party resorted to the same device. They built a line of huge camp-fires, and then fell back from them for some distance. By this means any approaching foe would be revealed. The loss of the American army was five killed and nineteen wounded. The battle-field was three miles north, and half a mile east of the spot now occupied by the court-house in Upper Sandusky.

At sunrise on the beautiful morning of the 5th of June, occasional shots at long range began to be exchanged between the contending forces. As the day advanced the enemy's firing continued to be slack and irregular. As to the cause of this feebleness the Americans were fatally mistaken. They regarded it as an indication of depression occasioned by the defeat of the previous day. In fact, however, the Wyandots and Delawares were abundantly satisfied with simply being able to hold the Americans in check until the arrival of the band of braves from the Shawanese village, and of the redoubtable Butler's Rangers. Every hour brought these re-enforcements, of which the Americans were totally ignorant, nearer to the field of battle.

Crawford would gladly have attacked the foe early in the day, but the volunteers seemed in a poor condition for the undertaking. Many of the men were sick from the fatigues of the march. Others were suffering from the combined effects of the heat and of the poisonous water which they had been compelled to drink. Besides these there were nineteen wounded. Fifteen or twenty more were required to nurse the sick. These subtractions from the little army so weakened its strength for the time being that

it was thought best to withhold the attack until nightfall. The morning was spent in comparative repose. The volunteers were confident of an easy victory. The men lay in the shade, already chatting gayly of the success of the expedition. Some even talked of the welcome they would receive on their return. A change, however, was to come over the spirit of the idlers in the grove.

An hour or two after noon a sentinel stationed in a copse north-east of the grove discovered a small speck at a great distance in the prairie. As his eager eye watched the apparition it grew larger. A few moments later he perceived it to be a body of mounted men. Pausing yet a moment, it became plain that these troops were white men. The sentinel stood no longer, but dashed toward his commander with information of the discovery. The grove at once became the scene of animation and excitement. The loungers sprang from their mossy couches and buckled on their fierce equipment for battle. Horses were saddled, the wounded were carried to the rear. While the volunteers were thus making their active preparations for a battle, the officers were grouped in a hurried council of war. The notion of an attack was at once abandoned, in the presence of the civilized foe. A defensive policy was all that remained. It was no longer a question of the destruction of the Indian towns; it was a question of the destruction of the army.

While deliberating upon the critical situation, another scout came running in with the news of the approach of other reinforcements to the enemy. The officers looked with anxious gaze in the direction indicated; there they beheld, in full career over the open prairie, the painted warriors of the Shawanese, with fluttering plumes and fantastic decorations, coming to the help of their brethren.

Let us take a survey of the situation. Crawford and his men were still encamped in the small grove. To the north of them, in the direction of their town, were encamped the Wyandots, supported by the newly arrived Butler's Rangers. To the

south of the grove, and a little to the west of the trail along which the army had come, were posted the Delawares. This position they had assumed during the battle of the previous day. Posted as they were, in the rear of Crawford, they endangered his retreat. The Shawanese, as if by previous arrangement, encamped to the south-east of the grove. The trail along which the army must pass in case of retreat was thus made to run between the two camps of the Shawanese and the Delawares—a maneuver of great skill.

As the council of war continued, small squads of Indians were discovered pouring in from all quarters as re-enforcements. But one course was open to the Americans. That was retreat. Orders were given for a retrograde movement, to commence at nine o'clock that night. The dead were buried. For the seven dangerously wounded, litters were made. The army was to march in four divisions, keeping the wounded in the center. As soon as it was dark the sentinels were called in, and the body formed for the march, with Crawford at the head.

At the moment of starting, the enemy, having discovered the intentions of the Americans, opened a hot fire. Some of the men became alarmed. The arrangements for a regular retreat were, in the excitement and panic of the moment, forgotten. The men in the foremost ranks started to run, and, the example being contagious, the whole army was soon in full flight. The seven men in the litters were left behind. Of these, five were helped upon comrades' horses. Two unfortunate men were left to the insatiate vengeance of the savages. The first division, under Major McClelland, was soon engaged with the Delawares and Shawanese. McClelland fell from his horse, dangerously wounded, at the first fire. Calling to John Orr, who was on foot, the wounded captain bade the man take his horse, and make his escape, which he did. In the darkness and confusion McClelland was believed by the few who saw him fall, either to have been killed outright, or to have been trampled to death under the hoofs of the

oncoming horses. In fact, he was reserved for a more dreadful fate.

The enemy, on their part, fearful lest Crawford's movements formed some kind of maneuver, and not a flight, hesitated in their pursuit. Meanwhile, the rear divisions, seeing McClelland's party furiously attacked by the Delawares, bore off to the south-west to avoid the Indians, leaving their struggling companions to their left. At an earlier point in the narrative mention has been made of a vast cranberry swamp, lying west of the trail followed by the army in its advance. Into this swamp, owing to the darkness, some of the Americans unfortunately blundered. Many of the men were compelled to leave their horses hopelessly mired in the bog. To add to their danger, the Americans were attacked in the rear by the enemy, suffering considerable loss. The remainder skirted the morass on the west, clear around, to a point nearly opposite that of their entrance to the swamp.

A little before daylight they again found themselves on the trail, having, in their march, described a half circle around the swamp, of which the center was the present town of Upper Sandusky. The men of McClelland's division had fought their way along the diameter of the circle, and, in a badly demoralized condition, reunited with their friends at the deserted Wyandot village. At this point a halt was made. Straggling parties came up with the others, until nearly three hundred of the volunteers were once more together.

An investigation was made, to find who were missing. To the great sorrow of the entire army, Colonel Crawford was nowhere to be found. Nothing was known of him. Whether killed, captured, or escaped was a matter of conjecture. Dr. John Knight and John Slover, together with the brave McClelland, were also missing. The command of the army now devolved upon Williamson, who, seconded by the brilliant military genius of Rose, made the most powerful exertions to rally the broken army for a regular retreat.

Even in the midst of such tragic scenes as these occur incidents calculated to provoke a smile. One of the volunteers discovered a brass kettle, left in a deserted Indian sugar-camp. In spite of his peril, the prize was too great for his prudence. He dismounted from his horse, seized a huge boulder, and pounded the utensil flat for transportation. Through all the exciting scenes of the retreat, this article kept its place on Vance's saddle.

John Sherrard, the man who had carried water to his comrades during the battle, had, in the confusion of the flight from the grove, become separated from his companions. In company with Daniel Harbaugh, he followed the track of the army as best he could. Riding through the forest soon after sunrise on the 6th, Harbaugh, less agile than his companion, was shot by an Indian. Sherrard, sickened at the death of his companion, nevertheless removed the saddle and bridle from the dead man's horse and substituted them for his own, which were inferior. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he recklessly resolved to return for a pack of provisions which he had left tied to his own saddle. Securing this, he resumed his journey, and overtook the retreating army.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of June, the retreating army, by that time somewhat rallied from the demoralization of the night, were attacked from the rear by a large force of the enemy. The volunteers succeeded in beating off the foe, an achievement in which they were aided by a terrible thunder-storm which broke over the combatants. When the rain ceased the foe renewed the attack, and at night the two armies slept within sight of each other. In the morning shots were again exchanged near the spot where the village of Crestline now stands. Thenceforth the retreat of the broken and dispirited army was continued without interruption.

It is not to be supposed that the volunteers all reached home at once. For days they continued to straggle back. Some of the men became completely bewildered. Nicholas Dawson had

become separated from his companions, and was endeavoring to make his way home when he was discovered by two other volunteers. Dawson at that time was *traveling in exactly the wrong direction, going back toward Sandusky*. The men attempted to convince him of his error, but he pertinaciously insisted that he was right. At last the men told him that he would certainly be captured by the savages and tortured to death if he proceeded in his present course, and that as it would be better for him to die from a painless and sudden gun-shot wound than from the merciless barbarities of the savages, they would kill him out of friendship. This argument proved successful. Dawson turned about reluctantly, and, with the others, reached home in safety.

Philip Smith and a young man named Rankin had also become separated from the army, owing to the loss of their horses. They had their guns, but were afraid to use them to procure game for fear of attracting the attention of the Indians. By chance they came across an Indian pony, which Smith undertook to dispatch with his tomahawk. The animal, however, proved to be an expert dodger. Rankin at last blindfolded it, and thus enabled Smith to deal a fatal blow. On the flesh of the pony they subsisted for some time.

On the third night of their retreat two volunteers on horses fell in with them. While proceeding along the banks of a stream they were ambuscaded by four savages. Smith was in the act of stooping to get a drink from the river. The two men on horseback were shot dead. Smith seized a gun and ran up the bank after his companion, Rankin, who had also taken to flight. The latter mistook Smith for an enemy, and three times attempted to shoot him. He succeeded, however, in dodging, until he came near enough to be recognized. Escaping from these Indians, the wanderers came upon a camp, evidently just deserted. A white man, freshly scalped, lay on the ground. As they looked at him, he took his hand and rubbed his bloody head. He had been scalped while alive, but, of course, death was near. Over

the camp fire hung a pot of boiling hominy. This the famished wanderers feared to eat lest it should be poisoned. They, at last, reached home naked, footsore, and famished. To acquaintances they were unrecognizable. The loved ones of their families, however, knew the wanderers at once.

Many were the cabins of the frontier in which were weeping of women and wailing of children for the brave ones which returned not. Sherrard made his home with the widowed mother of James Paull, who had also accompanied the expedition. Concerning her boy nothing could be learned. At the moment of retreat from the grove, Sherrard noticed that the young man was sound asleep. He gave the sleeper a shake, and shouted, "Up, James! let's be off. They're all starting, and we'll be left." He had seen the young man spring to his feet, but at that moment lost sight of him in the darkness, and of his fate could tell nothing. The poor widow bore her mighty sorrow alone, and never ceased to look for the return of her boy.

Sherrard had another distressing scene to go through with. As soon as he had obtained a little rest, he started to return the pack-saddle of Daniel Harbaugh, which he had taken from his dead companion's horse, to his widow. The story of her husband's death was heart-breaking to the sorrowing woman. She, however, *knew* that he was dead. Though stricken with grief she was not doomed to be haunted forever after by a fearful uncertainty.

Among those who could learn nothing definite concerning their loved relatives, was Hannah Crawford, wife of the colonel in command of the expedition. For a long time she suffered from hope deferred until the heart grew sick indeed. When at last she heard the awful truth, which will be hereafter related in these pages, she was of all the sorrowing ones of the stricken frontier the most to be commiserated.

As has been stated, to the genius and exertions of John Rose, aid-de-camp to Colonel Crawford, more than to any thing

else was due the fact that so many of the expedition escaped destruction. Without detailing his further splendid services to the colonies, we here give his own explanation of the mystery which surrounded him. Just before leaving America, he wrote to his friend, General Irvine, his true history. His name, he said, was not *John Rose*, but *Gustavus H. de Rosenthal*, of Lavonia, Russia, a baron of the empire. He had had a duel, brought on by a blow inflicted by his enemy upon an aged uncle. In the encounter, which took place in an apartment in the royal palace at St. Petersburg, he had killed his antagonist. He at once fled to America to draw his sword in behalf of the colonies. At the close of the Revolution he received from the emperor a pardon, as a result of which he returned to his native land.

It yet remains for us to detail the remarkable adventures, or perchance the tragic doom, of those men who, either at the moment of retreat from the grove, or subsequently in the confusion and entanglement in the cranberry marsh, became at once separated from their companions and found themselves alone in the midst of an enemy's country, separated from the nearest white settlement by a wilderness one hundred and sixty miles in width, infested by swarms of hostile Indians, who were certain to scour the woods in every direction in search of stragglers from the retreating and broken army.

Among those who had the misfortune to lose their horses in the mire of the cranberry marsh were John Slover, the guide, and James Paull. These, with five others, being pursued by savages, fled in a northerly direction. After pursuing this course all night they turned, for some unaccountable reason, toward the south-west. About ten o'clock in the forenoon they halted to eat. Each man had a scrap of pork. From this they proposed to make a sumptuous breakfast.

Hardly had the poor fellows seated themselves on the ground when a file of Indian warriors was discovered coming along a neighboring trail which the volunteers had not observed.

The latter ran off, leaving their baggage and provisions, but were not discovered. Their loss of provisions, scanty though the supply was, was a most serious mishap. At last they resolved to return and secure them, which was accomplished successfully. At twelve o'clock they perceived another party of Indians approaching, but by skulking in the grass and bushes of the prairie, they again escaped discovery.

The progress of the party was slow, one of the men having burnt his foot, and the other being attacked with rheumatism, contracted from exposure to the rain storm which has been previously mentioned. When at last they struck woodland, they turned due east in their line of march. On the 7th of June, the man with the rheumatism was left behind in a swamp. "Waiting for him some time," says Slover, in his narrative, "I saw him coming within one hundred yards, as I sat on the body of an old tree mending my moccasins; but taking my eye from him I saw him no more. He had not observed our tracks, but had gone a different way. We whistled on our chargers, and afterwards halloed for him, but in vain." This man afterwards reached his home in safety. The terrible adventures which he escaped by thus missing his way will be hereafter related.

The man with the burned foot was James Paull. On the afternoon of the 5th, in making their hurried preparations for retreat, he, with many others, was engaged in baking bread. In this task some of the men, for want of a better baking-pan, made use of a spade which had been picked up in the desolated settlement of the Moravians. When the last loaf had been turned out, the hot spade was thrown down, and Paull had stepped on it with his bare foot, burning himself badly.

Passing through what is now Wayne county, about nine o'clock on the 8th of June, the party was ambuscaded by a band of Shawanese. With tireless pertinacity, these red detectives of the wilderness had all the while been on the trail of the fugitives. Two of the white men were shot dead. Paull, notwithstanding his burnt foot, ran for his life, and escaped.

Slover and the other two men were taken captives. By a remarkable coincidence, one of the captors had been in the party which had captured Slover in the mountains of Virginia when but a boy. The Indian, however, had nothing but curses for his old acquaintance. Sick at heart, the three prisoners started for the Shawanese towns, on Mad River, in what is now Logan county, Ohio.

On the third day after their capture they came in sight of a small Indian village. Slover had hoped that his old captor might treat him with some clemency. On his entrance to the village this hope was dashed in pieces. The inhabitants of the place, crazy with joy over the great victory at Sandusky, were delighted to find that the fun was not yet over. They at once began the enjoyment of abusing the captives. The three white men were beaten with clubs, chastised with lashes, and buffeted by the vile mob from one side of the village to the other.

This treatment was not the most ominous circumstance. The rabble seized one of Slover's companions, the oldest man in the party, and stripped him naked. Two of them at once began the task of *painting the unfortunate man black*. As the artists progressed with their work a dense throng of hideous squaws and screaming children surrounded them, watching every stroke of the brush with intense interest. The captive, alarmed at the proceeding, began to surmise that it was an indication that he was to be burnt. He broke down in tears, and called to Slover, asking him what it meant. With devilish temper, the Indians warned Slover not to tell the man any thing.

The three men were next told that they were to run the gauntlet to the council-house, which was about a thousand feet away. Foremost in the dreadful race ran the man who had been painted black. Upon him were concentrated the chief efforts of the savages. Many fired powder into his flesh as he passed them. Stunned, bruised, and bleeding from the assaults of his enemies, the poor man was unable to reach the goal as soon as Slover and his companion. When he did so, his body

had been gashed in a dozen places with tomahawks. Here and there large holes had been burnt in the flesh. A gun wad,



SLOVER'S COMPANION RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

fired into his neck, had inflicted a painful wound, from which the blood streamed in large quantities.

Shattered as he was, through exertions nerved by despair

itself, he reached the council-house. Exultant with hope, he stretched out his hand to lay hold of the door. But for him there was no rest, no mercy. While his hand was still extended in the belief that he had secured temporary safety, a dozen slimy hands jerked him back from the door, whose refuge mocked him. Again and again, he fought to tear himself loose from their grasp. But a few steps would he run, till again he was seized and hurled back.

Though growing weaker at every moment, and frantic with despair, the instinct of self-preservation still remained to him, and he sought to wrest from his tormentors a club or tomahawk. Perceiving his purpose, the savages would hold out to him their weapons, and then, as his eager fingers were about to clutch the object, would snatch it away with hideous laughter, and deal the wretch another blow. Sometimes they would allow him to run from them a considerable distance, only to make his recapture the occasion for a pretended punishment and renewed beatings.

There is a limit to human endurance. There is a point, beyond which the will, electric, exalted, sublime, can no longer sustain one. That point was reached. The captive fell to the ground. As the showers of blows were rained upon him, he no longer fought back with the ferocity of a tiger and the courage of a madman. He only feebly tried to screen his face and head with his lacerated arms. At last even this frail defense gave way. The blows of the club and the tomahawk fell upon the body of the prostrate man, and met with neither resistance nor retaliation. Now and then a sob, a gasp, a quiver was to be heard escaping from his lips. Finally, even these last, faint flutterings of life disappeared. The spirit had departed, leaving the shapeless mass, which had been its splendid home, to be tossed by cruel hands to hungry dogs.

That evening Slover, with an anguish in his heart which no pen can describe, looked on not only this scene, but also on three other black and mangled bodies. As they lay in all their

mutilation, the scout could recognize in one the remains of William Harrison, the son-in-law of Colonel Crawford. Removing his eye to the second corpse, he saw in it young William Crawford, the youthful nephew of the commander. The third corpse was that of Major John McClelland. These three brave men had furnished a gorge of infernal revelry for the beastly savages. The heads and limbs were impaled on lofty poles in the center of the town. The trunks became food for dogs.

Harrison was one of the most noted men in the Ohio valley. He was a lawyer of polished education and lofty intellect. He had rendered distinguished services to the colonies.

The surviving companion of Slover was shortly sent away to another town. Of his fate we have no account. There is no reason to suppose that it was different from that of the brave men which we have described. That night a great council was held in the village. Slover was placed in the center of the room, and there subjected to every question which the Indian intellect could invent.

The council lasted fifteen days. In it were represented a dozen different tribes. Here in this assembly all the pride, all the exultation, all the savage joy to which the destruction of Crawford's army had given rise found expression. No rhetoric was bombastic enough for the vanity of the orators; no congratulations were complimentary enough for the pride of the warriors.

In the midst of the council was received a message from the commandant at Detroit. Of this communication the key-note was clear to the dullest ear. It bade the Indians to take no more prisoners. The exhortation was received with a mighty uproar of applause. The council resolved to follow the advice. Henceforth they were to take no more prisoners, but kill outright every unfortunate who fell into their hands. This was not all. In the enthusiasm of the moment they determined that if any tribe not represented at the council took any captives, the others

would go upon the war-path, take away the captives, and put them to death.

During these days Slover suffered more from the villainous white men in the village, who were continually instigating the savage mind to cruelty, than from the Indians themselves. Simon Girty was there. This abominable liar almost drove the inhabitants of the place insane by telling them that he had asked Slover how he liked to live there, and that he had answered that he intended at the first opportunity to take a scalp and escape.

Another white man came to him and told him that his home had been in Virginia; that he had three brothers there, and wanted to get away. Slover was too old a scout to say any thing to the treacherous villain. This prudence, however, did not save him. The fellow went off and reported in the village that Slover had consented to go with him.

There was another white man in the place. He lived two miles from the town, in a house built of squared logs, with a shingle roof. He dressed in a gorgeous uniform of gold-laced clothes. He spoke but little in the council. When he did it had a marked effect. He did not question Slover, but during all the time he seemed to be oblivious of the latter's presence in the town. He never spoke to him. This man was in the employ of the British Government. He was the counterpart of Girty and Elliott. His name was Alexander McKee.

On the morning after the close of the council Slover was sitting before the door of the cabin where he had been kept. A file of forty Indian warriors suddenly came up and surrounded the cabin. Their captain was a white man. It was George Girty, a brother of Simon. These Indians took Slover, and put a rope around his neck. They stripped him naked. His arms were bound behind him, and he was painted black from head to foot. During this operation Girty stood before him, hurling at him a storm of curses. Slover was then taken to a town five miles away. Being a stranger, the inhabitants of the place had

prepared a reception for him. The emblem of their hospitality was the war club; their method of expressing it was falling upon Slover, and beating him half to death.

Two miles away was another town. It was not far from the site of what is now West Liberty, Logan County, Ohio. Only one-half of the council house had a roof. Slover noticed this. In the center of that part of the structure which had no covering was a huge post, sixteen feet in height. About four feet from the post were three large piles of firewood. Slover was taken to the post. One rope was passed around his neck, another about his waist, and a third about his feet. These were tightly bound to the post. This done, a large savage, carrying a torch, stuck it into the dry wood, which quickly leaped into flame.

At this moment a wind began to roar through the forest, swaying the trees in a frightful manner. The dust in the streets of the village was caught up and whirled along in mighty clouds. Terrific thunder-peals seemed to split asunder the sky-dome. The crowd around the stake withdrew their fascinated gaze from the dreadful drama being there enacted, and looked with apprehension at the darkening landscape and the ragged storm-line which was rapidly approaching. Huge drops of rain began to fall. With screams and pushings the crowd scrambled for the sheltered part of the council-house. Here and there an old squaw or an aged warrior stood stolidly where they were, as if to express their contempt for the others, while the floods of water which now descended drenched them to the skin.

The fire was quickly extinguished. The rain lasted about twenty minutes. When it was over, and the sun reappeared in an azure sky from which the clouds were rapidly clearing, the Indians stood still for some minutes, awe-stricken and silent.

At last the spell was broken. The crowd before so still became noisy and turbulent. A dispute arose. Some wanted to proceed with the torture, the prevailing part insisted on saving the prisoner until the next morning. Slover was untied.

Even though the respite was short, his spirits rose. Making him sit down the Indians began a war dance around him.

At eleven o'clock at night Half Moon asked Slover if he was sleepy, The captive answered "Yes." Three Indians were appointed for his guard. Taking him to a block-house, they tied his arms around the wrists and above the elbows so tightly that the cord cut deep into the flesh. To his neck was fastened a rope, the other end of which was tied to a beam in the house. It was long enough to permit him to lie down on a couch, which consisted of a board.

Slover, overcome with anxiety at the fate prepared for him, waited nervously hour after hour for his guards to go to sleep. But they too, though from different motives, were full of excited interest concerning the festivities of the morrow. Not till an hour before daybreak did they weary in their animated conversation. At that hour two of them lay down and went to sleep. The third copper-colored gentleman came over and questioned Slover as to how he would like "eating fire." The prisoner was giving up his last earthly hope for a chance to escape, when to his great joy the third Indian rolled over and began to snore.

The scout instantly set to work. Turning on his right side he managed little by little, with infinite effort and skill, to slip the cords from his left arm. At that moment his heart sank within him. One of the warriors rose and stirred the fire. Slover expected to have his bonds examined, and thought all was over. But the sleepy savage lay down and again became unconscious.

There was no time to be lost. It was within a few minutes of daybreak. The people of the village were likely to rise early in preparation for the sports of the day. Some old squaws might already be stirring in the lodges. Slover made frantic efforts to loosen the rope from his neck. He tried to gnaw it, but might as well have bitten a bar of iron as to chew the cursed buffalo hide. He tugged at it till his fingers bled. But all

in vain. At last, just at daybreak, he discovered, to his joy, that it was a slip-knot. He pulled the noose apart, slipped it over his head, lightly stepped over the sleeping warriors, and left the cabin.

He sped through the town, passing a squaw and five children who were asleep under a tree, and jumped into a cornfield. Here he untied his right arm, which had swollen till it had turned black. Collecting his thoughts, he remembered to have seen some horses on his way to the cornfield. He started back, snatched up an old quilt hanging on a fence, quickly caught one of the horses by the mane, threw the rope, with which he had himself been tied, around the horse's neck for a halter, sprang astride the animal and galloped away.

His course lay to the north-east. On he dashed, without a pause or a backward look. His horse was strong and swift. He had only the quilt for a saddle, and the rope halter for a bridle. *He was entirely naked.* As his horse plunged through the forest, the branches of the trees lacerated his bare body until he was covered with blood from head to foot. Yet of this he was unconscious. He felt not the strokes and bruises. He noticed not the torn flesh, nor the flowing blood. He only knew that he was flying, flying from fiends and flames to liberty and life; flying from torture and the stake to home and friends. Fifty miles away lay the blue Scioto. For his horse he had no mercy, but mindful of the keen and swift pursuers, who were already swarming after him, devising in their hellish hearts new and fearful vengeance, he urged the animal on, hour after hour, at its topmost speed.

At eleven o'clock in the morning he reached the Scioto. At three o'clock in the afternoon he had left the river twenty-five miles behind him. At this point his horse failed. All its splendid powers had been expended in the noble race. Seventy-five miles had been accomplished in eleven hours. It could go no further. Slover instantly sprang from the animal, and started ahead running on foot.

The sun set in the west, but still he ran. Stars came out in the blue canopy of night. It was the hour of repose for all mankind. Yet for the fugitive there was neither rest nor relief. Once he relaxed into a walk. At that moment *he heard hallooing behind him*. It may have been the phantom of his fevered imagination, the offspring of a brain heated with surges of boiling blood. No matter. The fugitive sprang forward as if every tree in the forest was a savage, and every wandering star-beam the glint of a rifle.

Not until daybreak did Slover resume a walk. In his hand he carried a crooked stick. Was it a weapon, a means of defense against his pursuers? No, and yes. No, because it was as worthless as a shadow as a physical weapon. Yes, because by it he carefully replaced the weeds bent by his feet, in order to hide his trail. Once he sat down.

That moment exhausted nature entered a protest. He vomited. Feeling somewhat better, he again proceeded. The high excitement of the previous day was no longer present to sustain him. He became painfully conscious of his wounds. Poisoned nettles irritated his flesh. Thorns and briars stuck in his legs. Swarms of flies hovered about the festering sores. Millions of mosquitoes feasted on him, lingering, hurrying, or pausing with their victim. Sleep was impossible. His only defense was the piece of quilt, and a handful of bushes which he carried.

On the third day about three o'clock he found some raspberries. This was the first food he had eaten since the morning before his escape. He was not hungry, but extremely weak. Yet he had strength enough to swim the Muskingum at a point where it was two hundred yards wide. On the fourth day he found two small crawfish, and ate them. The next night he came within five miles of Wheeling. During the whole time he had not slept one moment. When opposite Wheeling he saw a man on the other side of the river, and called to him. The stranger, however, was not disposed to venture over at the bidding of such a wild and suspicious looking character as Slover.

At length, by earnest persuasion, and by naming various persons in the expedition, known to the stranger, the latter came to Slover's help. The trials of the fugitive were over. In a few days he was able to make his way home. Such were the powers of endurance and recuperation of the iron frames of the pioneers.

Such were Slover's adventures. What had become of James Paull? He, as will be remembered, had made his escape into the woods at the moment of Slover's capture. He was pursued by two Indians. Lamed by his burnt foot, every step gave him intolerable pain. In spite of this he outran his pursuers, seeing which they fired at him. Coming to a steep bank of a creek, he fearlessly leaped over, gun in hand. At this moment the savages lost sight of him, and either abandoned the chase or passed another way. In the descent of the precipice Paull had torn his burnt foot in a horrible manner. To enable him to proceed at all he was forced to tear a strip from his ragged pantaloons, and bind it around the injured member.

Paull was an experienced woodsman. To hide his trail he walked on fallen logs, traveled in circles, and, climbing trees, would crawl out to the extremity of their branches, and let himself drop. At night he slept in a hollow log. In the morning the unhappy man found his foot swollen to the size of a water bucket. He had no provisions, and was afraid to fire his gun. Nevertheless, he gathered enough wild berries to sustain life.

The second night he crawled into a crevice in a rock, making himself a bed of leaves. The next morning he saw a deer. At that moment the pangs of hunger overcame his prudence. He shot the animal. But he had no knife; he had to cut open the skin with his gun-flint, and tear off the flesh with his fingers. This he ate raw, as a fire was not to be thought of. Continuing his journey, he crossed the Muskingum, and came upon an abandoned Indian camp. Some empty kegs were lying around. In one of them he ventured to kindle a little fire and cook some veni-

son. When he lay down to sleep the smoke protected him from the gnats and mosquitoes.

In two days he reached the Ohio River at a point above Wheeling. Building himself a rude raft, bound together with withes of bark, he crossed the Ohio, and for the first time felt himself out of danger. In the river bottom he found a number of horses. He at once set to work, with an ingenuity of which only the most skillful pioneer is capable, to manufacture a rude halter out of the bark of trees.

This done, he attempted to capture a horse—a much more difficult task. The animals were both smart and wild. They would graze quietly, apparently without noticing his approach, until his hand had almost grasped the mane of one of their number. At that moment, with a wild snort and a lofty kick, they would turn and gallop out of his reach.

After great trouble Paull succeeded in capturing an old mare, the worst in the lot. On this animal he continued his journey, finally reaching a fort near Short creek. Here the inhabitants, alarmed by the news of the destruction of Crawford's army, had collected, in anxious expectation of an Indian invasion. Here too, he found some of the volunteers who, like himself, had escaped from the clutches of the savages. Resting for a day, he procured a horse that was a horse, and proceeded to a settlement where he had some relatives.

For some time he was detained here by his foot, of which the terrible inflammation threatened him with the loss of the member. In time, however, he made his way back to the humble home of his widowed mother, who, ignorant of her boy's fate, had nevertheless continued to watch for his return.

In after years Paull became a prominent man in Virginia. He took an active part in the Indian campaigns toward the close of the century. His descendants are numerous and of high standing. Personally he was a man of splendid physique, formed like a king, and bearing the head of a philosopher. He was generous to a fault, and possessed a heart of unflinching

courage. He died on the ninth day of July, 1841, at his home in Fayette County, Virginia, aged nearly eighty-one years.

Of all the men in the army the returned volunteers could tell the least of the fate of Colonel Crawford and Doctor Knight. The explanation of this is to be found in the account which follows. It will be remembered that as the army was formed in line of march in the deep darkness of the grove near Sandusky, at nine o'clock of the evening of June the 5th, waiting for the word of command to commence their perilous retreat, a furious assault was made by the enemy. This precipitated matters. The volunteers, without waiting for command, broke ranks and galloped away in the greatest confusion.

At the moment of flight Colonel Crawford missed his son, John Crawford, his son-in-law, William Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford. Alarmed at their absence, he commenced to search for them in the darkness, and shouted aloud their names. He ran hither and thither among the trees in frantic endeavor to find the missing men. At this moment Doctor Knight came up, and declared that the young men must be ahead of them, as the grove was then nearly deserted. Crawford answered that he was positive they were not in front, and begged Knight not to leave him. The doctor promised him he would not, and joined in the anxious search.

By this time the grove was rapidly filling up with the enemy. Knight and Crawford were now joined by an old man and a lad, both on horseback. The four endeavored to make their escape, in their course overtaking the volunteers who were entangled in the cranberry marsh. They traveled fifteen or twenty yards apart, guiding themselves by the north star. The old man frequently lagged behind, and never failed when he did so to call out for the others to wait. While crossing a stream the old man made his usual halloo from the rear. He was about to be reprimanded for the act, when an Indian yell was heard not far from him. After that the old man was not heard to call again, and no more was seen of him.

At sunrise, Crawford and his companions, whose progress had been slow and circuitous, found themselves only eight miles from the battle-field. The horses of Crawford and the young man already jaded, now gave out, and had to be abandoned. At two o'clock in the afternoon the travelers fell in with Captain Biggs, who had carried Lieutenant Ashley from the field of action dangerously wounded.

On the next morning, journeying through what is now Crawford county, they found a deer which was freshly killed. The meat was joyously cut up, and bound in packs for transportation. A mile farther on they were startled by the smoke of a camp-fire. Leaving the wounded man with the lad, the others cautiously approached the fire. No one was found near it. While roasting their venison one of the volunteers came up. He was the man who had killed the deer. Hearing the others approach, he mistook them for Indians, and ran off. From that time he also was a member of the little company with Crawford.

In their journey, somewhat against the judgment of Knight and Biggs, they followed the trail of the army. Crawford and the doctor, who had loaned his horse to Ashley, proceeded on foot about two hundred yards in advance of the others. Biggs and the wounded officer were placed in the center on horses, and the two young men followed on foot. While advancing along the south bank of the Sandusky, at a point just east of the present town of Leesville, three Indians started up within twenty steps from Knight and Crawford. Knight sprang behind a tree and was about to fire. Crawford shouted to him not to do so.

While hesitating, one of the Indians, a Delaware, who had often seen Knight, ran up and took him by the hand, calling him "doctor." Biggs fired on seeing the Indians, but missed his aim. "They then told us to call these people," says Knight, "and make them come there, else they would go and kill them;" which the colonel did, but the four got off, and escaped for that time.

Crawford and Knight were at once led captive to the camp

of the Delawares. This was on Friday afternoon. On Sunday evening, five Indians came into camp. They carried in their hands two small and bloody objects. It was dusk. This made it difficult to discern what they were. Crawford stooped and looked closely. Turning, deathly sick, to Dr. Knight, he said, "They are the scalps of Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley."

Besides Crawford and Knight, there were other prisoners in the camp. Altogether there were eleven. The Indians soon discovered, to their joy, that Crawford was the commander of the American army—the "Big Captain." This information was immediately carried to Captain Pipe.

The startling and important news at once became the occasion for a grave council of the chiefs of the Delaware nation. All other captives might be easily disposed of by the braves in any village. Not so with the American "chief." For him there must be devised no common fate. Captain Pipe presided over the assembly which discussed the grave question. There was complete unanimity of opinion. From the great and terrible chief, who, in years gone by had been the greatest rival of the noble White Eyes, who, on the latter's death, became the most prominent man of all the Delawares, and who, by his solitary prestige and influence, had won his people from a policy of neutrality, and made them of all the Indian allies of the British the bitterest and the bloodiest, down to the youngest brave, who, by the taking of some scalp in the recent battles, had earned a warrior's privilege of admission to the council-hall—every voice pronounced in favor of DEATH BY FIRE.

The Delawares, however, were subject to the sway of the Wyandots. Among the latter the burning of prisoners was no longer practiced; nor did the Delawares dare to inflict the death penalty in that manner upon so great a captive, without first obtaining permission from the Half King of the Wyandots. How could his consent be obtained? This was the question which agitated the council. At last the oldest and wisest chiefs devised a stratagem. A runner, bearing a belt of wampum, was

despatched to the Half King of the Wyandots, with the following message: "Uncle! We, your nephews, salute you in a spirit of kindness, love, and respect. Uncle! We have a project in view which we ardently wish to accomplish, and *can* accomplish, if our uncle will not overrule us! By returning the wampum, we will have your *pledged word!*"

The Half King was puzzled. He questioned the messenger, but the latter, carefully trained, professed ignorance. At last the Half King, supposing the project to be some secret foray against the white settlements, returned the wampum to the bearer, with the word, "Say to my nephews, they have my pledge." Crawford's doom was fixed.

On Monday morning, the 10th of June, the prisoners were informed that they must go to Sandusky. Crawford, learning that Simon Girty who, as will be remembered, was an old friend, was at Sandusky, urged strongly to be taken to that place at once. While the other prisoners halted for the night at the deserted Wyandot town, Crawford, under two guards, was taken to Sandusky, arriving there in the night. He demanded to be at once taken to Girty's lodge. Here, sitting in the dim light of a smoldering camp-fire, he made his appeal, long and earnest, to the renegade, to save him. He offered Girty one thousand dollars to save his life.

The ruffian moodily stirred the ashes, and said nothing. At last, being urged by Crawford for an answer, he turned, and with a look which, to any other than a despairing man would have told that he was lying, promised, in a cold, indifferent tone, to do what was asked. He also told the colonel that William Harrison and young William Crawford had been captured by the Shawanese, but pardoned. The falsity of this statement we already know from what Slover had witnessed.

Knight and his nine companions, on the morning of the 11th, were met by Captain Pipe at the old Wyandot town. The latter, with his own hands, proceeded to *paint the faces of all the prisoners black*. While thus engaged, he told Knight in very

good English, that he was to be taken to the Shawanese towns to see his friends. The ominous import of these smooth words was at once read by Knight. During the morning Colonel Crawford was also brought to this place. Pipe, who had not seen him the night before, with whom he was well acquainted, received him with pretended kindness, joked about his making a good Indian, but nevertheless *painted him black*.

The whole party now started toward the Wyandot town. Crawford and Knight were kept somewhat in the rear. Presently a savage shouted back some unintelligible words. Their guards hurried them forward. They now understood what the maneuver meant. Lying by the roadside were the corpses, pale and gory, of four of their companions. They had been scalped and tomahawked.

The suspicion of Knight was confirmed as to their real destination, when, instead of proceeding to the Wyandot village, their guards struck into another trail leading to the north-west. Coming to a small creek, Crawford and Knight were removed to a little distance, while the others were seated around the foot of the tree. At the place where they halted they had found a number of squaws and Indian boys. In a moment Crawford and Knight were horrified to see these fall upon the five prisoners and tomahawk them all. A squaw cut off the head of one man and kicked it around in great glee as a football.

Saddened at this awful scene, and wrapped in the blackest gloom concerning their own fate, the two prisoners, now left alone, resumed their march. On their way they met Simon Girty, but he had no word of kindness. Waiting until Knight came up, the latter went toward him reaching out his hand, but the ruffian bade him be gone, calling him a "damned rascal." Three quarters of a mile from the village of Tymochtee another halt was made. The reason of this and the awful occurrences which transpired will appear when we return to the story of the unfortunate Crawford. For the present we proceed to relate the incidents which afterwards befell Knight, "who for over two

hours before leaving the place drank to the dregs, it may be premised, a cup of inexpressible horror."

After nightfall Knight was taken on to Tymochtee, where he lay bound all night. The next morning he was placed in charge of an Indian named Tutelu, who at once started with him for the Shawanese towns, forty miles away. The prisoner was on foot. Behind him strode his savage guard, wielding an enormous lash, with which he urged the prisoner forward. Knight, pretending to think that he was to become an Indian, asked Tutelu if they were not to live together as brothers, in one house, when they reached the town. The Indian, human as he was, was touched by the flattery, and answered "Yes." At night the captive was bound and laid down to rest, but the vigilant guard closed not his eyes. At daybreak he untied his captive.

Tutelu rose and began to replenish the fire. A swarm of mosquitoes was bothering them, and Knight asked the savage if he should make a smoke behind him. He answered "Yes." The doctor stooped and picked up the end of a small stick which had been burnt till it was but eighteen inches long. For the purpose which he contemplated it was altogether too small. Yet it was the best to be had. He then took up another little stick, taking a coal between them, and went behind the Indian. Instantly dropping the coal, he struck the savage on the head with all his force, so that he fell forward with both his hands in the fire. The Indian scrambled to his feet, badly burned, and ran off, howling in the most fearful manner. Knight followed at the top of his speed to shoot him, but in drawing back the hammer of the Indian's gun, he broke the mainspring, and was forced to abandon the chase.

Tutelu never stopped running, it is presumed, till he reached the Shawanese towns. He arrived there, finding Slover, who was then still a captive. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head. He also had another thing in his head. It was a story. With pompous manner and swelling words he

related that his prisoner, the doctor, was a big, strong, tall man, that, being promised by Knight that he would not go away, he had untied him.

According to Tutelu, while he was kindling the fire, the doctor had snatched up the gun behind him and struck him; Tutelu had made a slash at Knight with his knife, cutting off his fingers and inflicting two stabs. As soon as his relation was over, Slover stepped into the group and told the Delawares that Tutelu had lied, that he knew the doctor, and he was a weak, little man. The Indians laughed heartily, and told Tutelu that they believed his whole story was false.

After abandoning his chase, Knight returned to the fire. He equipped himself for a journey home with the blanket, moccasins, gun, and ammunition of the Indian. He was not far from the spot now occupied by Kenton, Hardin county, Ohio. In his journey the only food he could find was green gooseberries. These, however, he was unable to eat on account of a wound in his jaw, which had been inflicted by an Indian out of pure malice. He tried every way possible to fix his gun, but failing, finally threw it away. His medical knowledge proved of some value to him. After his jaw got better, and he began to eat gooseberries, mandrakes, raw black birds, and terrapin, these delicacies gave him dyspepsia. Unlike most of the borderers, he was a delicate man, unused to hardships. To cure the trouble spoken of, he would gather and eat a little wild ginger. On the morning of the 4th of July he reached Fort Pitt.

Sadly let us turn back to the scene where Crawford was halted on the afternoon of the 11th of June, three-quarters of a mile from Tymochtee. When he arrived he found a large fire burning. As it was a hot summer day his suspicions were at once aroused. A hundred Indians were lying about on the ground. The picture, if transferred to canvas, would be one of utter inactivity and laziness.

As the approaching party suddenly appeared in sight, an electric shock would not have more quickly and completely

transformed the scene of idleness to one of intense activity and animation. A dozen warriors ran forward and seized Crawford. They tore his clothes from him with eager hands. He was made to sit down on the ground. Surrounded by a howling mob, he at once became the object of showers of dirt, stones, and sticks. While some were engaged in this sport, others quickly fixed in the ground a large stake, some fifteen feet long, which had been previously prepared. Others still ran quickly to and fro, piling up around the stake great heaps of light, dry hickory wood, which had also been split and prepared for the occasion. The wood was arranged loosely, with large apertures, through which the draft might more quickly carry the sputtering blaze.

Crawford had taken in the entire scene at a glance. He called to Girty, who was in the crowd, and asked if he was to be burnt. The brute, who had not made the least exertion to save his old friend, yelled back, "of course." The wretched man was seized and his hands bound behind him. A rope was fastened to the stake, and the other end passed around his body. It was long enough to permit him to walk around the stake several times.

It was four o'clock. The afternoon sun was already casting somber shades through the forest. Over head patches of the azure sky, as calm and peaceful as eternity, could be seen by the doomed man. From the top of a lofty tree a little bird caroled forth its woodland song, happy, innocent, and free. But in the dark assemblage beneath the trees every malignant countenance was lit up by the wild insanity, the everlasting unrest, of sin, of wickedness, of hell.

Willing hands applied a torch to the heaps of wood. The crackling flames leaped quickly through the open spaces. As the wood began to kindle, Captain Pipe arose, and addressed the crowd briefly, but earnestly, in his own dark language, making all the while the most terrible gestures at the heroic man, who stood calmly at the stake confronting his doom. As the speaker

finished, an unearthly yell burst from the hoarse throats of his auditors. Heedless of the small flames which were already shooting upward through the wood, they leaped within the circle, and fell upon the unfortunate Crawford.

A hundred yards away stood Doctor Knight, an unwilling spectator, filled with an anguish which it is impossible to conceive. The throng about Crawford was so dense for the time being that his friend could not tell what was being done. He could only see uplifted hands rising and falling above the heads of the crowd, and hear its angry roar. In a moment the throng fell back. Knight could then see that they had cut off Crawford's ears, and beaten him black and blue.

Though compelled by the circle of flames which now leaped up and walled in the unfortunate man, to remain at a little distance, the tormentors were by no means through. Warriors shot burning blasts of powder into his quivering flesh. Indian boys snatched blazing hickory poles, and held them against his body. As, wild with pain, he ran around and around the stake, to avoid one party of tormentors, he was confronted at every point by others, with burning fagots and red-hot irons. The squaws threw quantities of burning coals against him, which, falling on the ground at his feet, left him a path of fire to tread.

In the extremity of his agony, a scream from the maddened man rang out through the forest, "Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart! Quick!! For God's sake, do not refuse me!" And it is on record that to this appeal the monster made answer with a laugh. Crawford turned then in his supplications from man to God. Leaning against the stake, enduring all the torments which malice could invent, with manly fortitude and heroic calmness, in low, earnest tones he poured out his supplications to the Almighty.

How long the awful scene continued, we do not know. Dr. Knight says two hours. But this is, probably, much too long. That the time should have seemed to him almost endless, is

not surprising. At last nature seemed to be able to endure no more. Crawford fainted, and fell on his stomach. An old hag, with the countenance of a devil, threw a quantity of coals and ashes on the back of the prostrate man. With a deep groan, he again arose, probably in a delirium, and began to walk slowly around the stake. He was as black as coal from head to foot, save where the burnt flesh had broken off, from which spots ran reddened rivulets.

The end came at last. Tradition says that the spirit of the dying man took its flight just as the western sun threw its setting beams across the landscape.

Such was THE DOOM OF CRAWFORD. Far and wide through the settlements of the white man spread a melancholy gloom as the story passed from lip to lip. Heart-rending was the anguish in a lonely cabin upon the banks of the Youghiogeny, where the widow wept without hope.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TENNESSEANS.



HERE is an egotism about nearly all Indian story-tellers. The events which these chimney-corner oracles relate are local, and closely connected with themselves or their ancestors. In the locality where they lived, the scenes of violence and the feats of heroism were unequalled. This characteristic has passed from the story-teller to the story-writer. Books of border warfare are usually books of neighborhood warfare. So it comes that the reader of two or three of such books imagines that the region whose history they recount was fearfully afflicted by Indians, while other localities were exempt.

Most northern readers of Indian literature have the impression that the long warfare carried on in the Ohio valley and around the lower lakes between the white man and the red man constituted the entire struggle. They think that the savages of the south were peaceful, innocent, and happy; that every time a white man came along, the savages gave him a generous strip of land and supplied him with food, and as the settlers became more numerous and encroached more and more upon the game preserves of the lords of the forest, the latter unresistingly withdrew farther and farther to the west. This notion is false. The frontiers from the lakes to the gulf were for nearly thirty years the scene of the most furious Indian warfare. If any thing, the savages of the south were more hideous, more passionate, more cruel, and more revengeful than their northern

cousins. As an illustration of this, we give in the present chapter a sketch of the border warfare of Tennessee.

In 1756 a British nobleman caused to be erected at the head of navigation on the Tennessee River, thirty miles south-west of the present busy and beautiful city of Knoxville, a stockade fort. It was called Fort Loudon, named after its founder, of course. In that day this post was, perhaps, the most exposed of any on the western frontier. It was deemed to be five hundred miles from Charleston. Even when the Indians were at peace, it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to transport supplies over the lofty Alleghanies to this lonely and isolated outpost of civilization. It was garrisoned by two hundred British soldiery. Sometimes the men talked among themselves of their danger in case of an Indian war. On such occasions the bravest shuddered.

The Indian war came. Brands from the conflagration raging in the north fired the hearts of the fierce Cherokees. In a single day all communication between Fort Loudon and the eastern settlements was cut off. An expedition was organized in North Carolina and Virginia to march against the Cherokees. The rangers attacked Little Keowee, Estatoe, and Sugaw Town, burnt the wigwams, and put every warrior to the sword. In the brief chronicles of the time, however, we find that the expedition was ambuscaded soon after these victories, and utterly routed.

So it came about that the distant garrison of Fort Loudon was left to itself. Animated by a hope of relief, the men subsisted for a month upon the flesh of lean horses and dogs, and a small supply of Indian beans, smuggled into the fort by some kind-hearted Cherokee women. When the last dog in the place was killed and eaten, the garrison, inexperienced in Indian warfare, resolved to surrender to the Cherokees on the best terms that could be had. The terms, indeed, were liberal. The soldiers marched out with their guns and ammunition, under the escort of a band of Indian hunters, who were to provide game

on the homeward march. By the capitulation the white men were to withdraw unmolested.

On the first night the men were startled to learn that every one of their Indian escort had left them. They remained throughout the night in great anxiety. At daybreak one of the sentinels, which had been posted, came running in, his face white with fear, saying that he had seen a vast number of Indians, armed and painted in the most dreadful manner, creeping through the bushes toward the camp. The men, enfeebled by starvation, grasped their arms with unsteady hands. At that moment the surrounding woods burst into flame and roar. Thirty men fell dead. The survivors fled panic-stricken, only to be captured and taken back to Fort Loudon.

Captain Stuart was purchased by a friendly Indian, and taken into the latter's family. A day or two afterwards the Indians discovered ten bags of powder, which had been buried in the fort to prevent their falling into the hands of the Indians, a discovery which almost cost Stuart his life. The Indians now resolved to take the cannon, which they had captured, and march against Fort Prince George. Ignorant of the management of artillery, they informed Stuart that he must go with them, and handle the cannon for them. In case he refused, the prisoners were to be brought forth and burned, one at a time, before his eyes, until his obstinacy gave way. Stuart was alarmed. He determined to escape, an undertaking in which he succeeded through the connivance of his friend, Attakullakulla. Making his way to the white settlements, he at once compelled the government to ransom such of the unhappy prisoners as still survived. A few months afterwards, a second army was sent against the Cherokees, forcing them after a terrible battle to sue for and obtain peace.

By 1776 north-eastern Tennessee was studded with many settlements. There were grist mills, cleared fields, clusters of cabins, and blacksmith's shops at many eligible points. The beauty of the scenery, the delightful climate, and the fertile

soil had attracted many adventurous spirits. On these happy communities burst the news of a Cherokee invasion. Nancy Ward, the wife of a Cherokee chief, sent warnings to the settlers of the intrigues of British agents among her people.

The warning given by the kind-hearted squaw proved true. Such preparations for defense as were possible were hastily made. One band of warriors fell upon the settlements near Long Island. They were met by a force of pioneers, who, instead of waiting in the fort, had determined to attack the Indians and save the settlements. The battle took place at sunset. The white men were victorious. More than forty Indians were killed during the ten minutes which the engagement occupied.

In the midst of the struggle Lieutenant Moore shot a big Cherokee chief in the knee. Moore sprang on him with a drawn knife, which the Indian caught by the blade. A desperate struggle followed. The combatants rolled over and over, each clinging to the knife with one hand, and seeking with the other to inflict some mortal wound on his antagonist. The Indian's hand was cut to the bone by the knife blade. Yet still he held on. Moore finally succeeded in getting his tomahawk loose from his belt, and with a quick circle in the air killed his enemy.

Another division of the Cherokees stole toward the settlements on the Wollichucky River. The settlers at Gillespie Station fled before the invaders to Watauga. The Indians, coming upon the freshly deserted settlement, paused not to destroy the corn, stock, and improvements, but hurried on in hot pursuit of the flying white men. Scarcely were the latter safely sheltered behind the palisade, when the pursuers dashed up and assaulted the fort at Watauga. The assault on the fort was unsuccessful, but some stragglers without fell into the hands of the Indians. A Mrs. Bean was captured, taken back to the Indian towns, and condemned to death. She was tied, taken to the top of a mound, and was about to be burned, when Nancy Ward interfered, and saved her life.

James Cooper and Samuel Moore were out making clapboards, when they were attacked by the Indians. Cooper leaped into the river, hoping to dive and escape. The water was too shallow, and he was killed. Twenty feet further down, the river was deeper. Had he run to that spot, he might have escaped. Moore was carried away by the Indians, and burned to death.

After the withdrawal of the Indians, a corpse was found in a thicket near the fort. The man had been flying for refuge, and in two minutes more would have reached the gate.

The settlers of the south were terrible fighters. One army of two thousand men marched against the southern towns of the Cherokees, burning thirty or forty villages. At the same time, another force of eighteen hundred men fell upon the over-hill towns. This force was confronted by three thousand warriors. At night the white men built enormous camp-fires, and erected lodges, as if to encamp for several days. In the darkness a strong detachment was sent down the river with instructions to cross and fall upon the flank of the enemy. The Indians were assembled on Big Island, in French Broad River. That night they fled. The maneuvering of the whites had been discovered. The invading army advanced into the heart of the Indian country unopposed by a single warrior.

In the center of each of the Indian towns which fell into their hands, the whites were astonished to find a circular tower thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet high, built of cane, and covered with dirt. Within were rude couches, arranged around the wall. This was the council-house, and on these couches the chieftains of the south, more fond of luxury than those of a colder clime, reclined at ease during their deliberations. In one of these structures were arranged the terms of peace.

While these events were happening east of the Cumberland Mountains, there were as yet west of the mountains no permanent settlements. Now and then a few bold explorers from Kentucky pushed their way down into the wilderness, but few

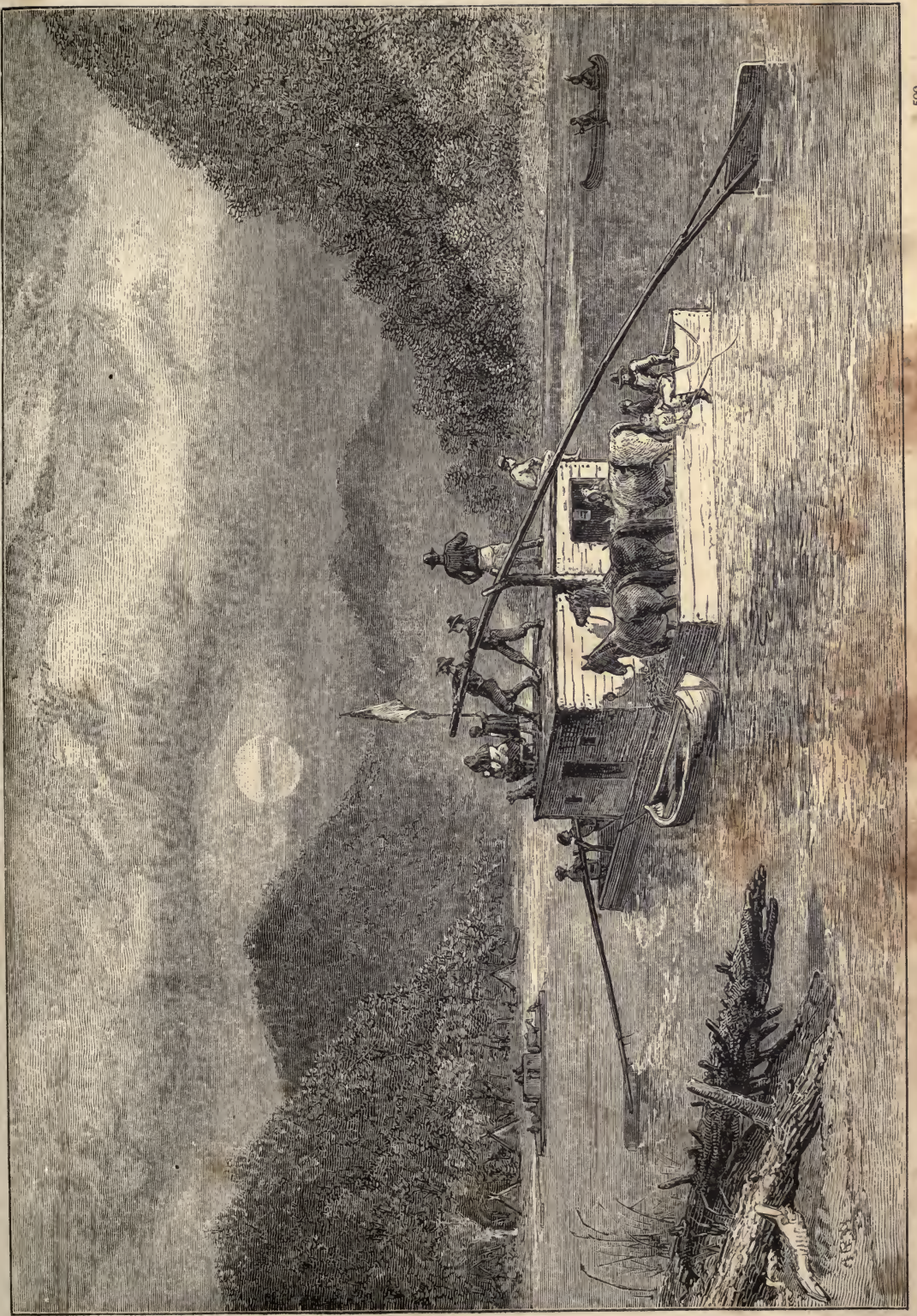
had the courage to remain. One settlement was formed near Bledsoe's Lick, in the very heart of the Chickasaw Nation.

In 1778 two hunters, Spencer and Holliday, came from Kentucky into this region. Spencer found a hollow tree, and announced his intention of living in it. In vain Holliday endeavored to persuade him to return to Kentucky. The man was fascinated with the notion of living in a tree. No argument nor entreaty could move him. With true southern generosity he accompanied his companion a part of the way home. Holliday had lost his knife. Spencer at parting broke the blade of his own in two, and gave his comrade half. Spencer then returned to his hollow tree.

Not a great distance off another white man had erected a temporary cabin. Neither the owner of the cabin nor the occupant of the tree knew of the other's proximity. One morning Spencer happened to pass near by, leaving the print of his enormous foot in the rich soil. Soon afterward the strange hunter discovered these tracks. The alarm of Robinson Crusoe at discovering the footprints of the cannibals on his lonely island was not greater than the hunter's fright at his discovery. He at once concluded that the track, which was very large, had been made by some giant. Leaving every thing behind him but his gun, the man fled through the wilderness, and never stopped until he reached the distant settlements on the Wabash River. Spencer continued his lonely life for more than a year.

The fair region which had so fascinated Spencer was not destined to remain a solitude. From the north and east brave pioneers were making their way amid incomparable hardships, to reclaim this region from the grasp of barbarism. The adventures of one party of emigrants who set out in boats from the fort on Holston River, are well worth mentioning. There must have been of men, women, and children some two hundred in the company. Their departure was made December 22, 1779. Their course lay down the Holston and Tennessee rivers.

One day one of the boats was wrecked against an island and



EMIGRANTS DESCENDING THE TENNESSEE.



much of the cargo lost. While the other crews were attempting to save the precious property, Reuben Harrison went into the wood to look for game. Night came and the man did not return. At intervals guns were fired, but without result. On the following day the emigrants proceeded on their way, leaving the lost man's father and a few others still engaged in frantic search. In two or three days they found the man, almost famished. He had lost his way.

The trials of the emigrants were many. On the 6th of March, one of the party died. That night Mrs. Ephraim Peyton was delivered of a child. On the following day the fleet passed an Indian village. The savages seemed friendly, but on leaving the place the emigrants were alarmed to find a body of Indians keeping up with them along the shore.

Here Mr. Stewart was killed. He had embarked with the company on Holston River, but on account of the fact that his family were afflicted with the small-pox, his boat, with twenty-eight persons, was kept a mile or more to the rear of the others. At night, when the encampment was made by the main party, a horn was sounded as a signal to the infected boat to stop also. The Indians, noticing the isolation of this boat, intercepted it, and killed or captured the entire company. The cries of the unfortunate people were distinctly heard by those in the other boats. Yet, for fear of the savages, and of the more terrible enemy of disease, no rescue was attempted.

Toward evening of the same day, John Cotton's canoe overturned. The company, pitying his distress, landed in order to assist him. As they touched the bank Indians attacked them, and the emigrants were driven off with loss. An hour later the boat of Jonathan Jennings ran on a rock, "where," says the historian of the expedition, "we were compelled to leave Jennings and his family, perhaps to be slaughtered by their merciless enemies."

About four o'clock the next morning cries of "Help poor Jennings," reached the ears of the emigrants. The man had

followed them after a terrible adventure. No sooner had the fleet disappeared than the Indians commenced firing at him. Jennings had ordered his people to throw over the cargo and try to get the boat off the rock. Three men of the company, instead of obeying, had jumped overboard and made their way to land. The women in the boat, left alone with Jennings, who was a brave and clear-headed man, kept at the task with desperate exertions. Mrs. Jennings finally gave the boat a terrific shove, almost precipitating herself into the water, but nevertheless getting it off the rock.

The narrator, at this point, gives us a biography from birth to death of Mrs. Peyton's infant. He says: "It is to be remarked that Mrs. Peyton, who was the night before delivered of an infant, *which was unfortunately killed in the hurry and confusion incident to such a disaster*, assisted Mrs. Jennings considerably." After many other adventures, the party made their way to the Ohio, and thence up the Cumberland River, where they settled at Big Salt Lick. The trials of this party were but specimens of the misfortunes which befell many others, but the selfishness with which they refused to help each other in distress, it is hoped, was not usual.

During one of the intervals of peace with the Cherokees, Colonel James Hubbardt and a companion ventured to one of their towns on a trading expedition. Hubbardt's family had been butchered by Indians in Virginia, and he had become a dangerous foe to every savage. In the Cherokee wars many an Indian's scalp had fallen into his hands. On one occasion he had had a conflict with an Indian named Butler. The savage, terribly punished, escaped alive to brood over the injury and meditate revenge. Learning of Hubbardt's presence in the Indian country, Butler and a friend sought him for the purpose of killing him. They met on a narrow trail leading through the forest.

To the fierce and insulting challenge of his Indian enemy, Hubbardt replied with soft words, leaning his rifle against the

tree, and drawing forth a bottle of whisky, which he offered to the savages. These things the chieftain received with stony indifference. His eye alone indicated emotion. In it blazed the fiercest fires of scorn and hate. Hubbardt wished to avoid a conflict. The troubled pioneers had had little enough of peace. A fight with Butler meant another war. The white man avoided taking up his gun. He simply placed his hand upon the barrel. The Indian commenced to move his horse from side to side, and quick as lightning raised his gun, and fired. The ball cut the hair from Hubbardt's head, but failed to wound. The Indians at once retreated, but Hubbardt shot his enemy, and killed him, before he had proceeded a hundred feet.

The history of the Tennessee settlements during the decade of 1780 to 1790 is a tangled mass of murders, outrages, surprises, captivities, burnings, and avenging expeditions. It was a time which tried men's souls. Hardly a settlement of West Tennessee escaped the hand of the destroyer. On the 2d of April, 1781, a desperate attack was made on the fort at the bluff on the Cumberland River. The garrison observed three warriors approaching. Suddenly the trio halted, fired at the fort, and took to their heels. Nineteen horsemen at once started in pursuit. The latter had proceeded some distance from the fort, when a lot of savages rose up in a thicket, and fired. The whites dismounted for battle. Their horses, frightened by the guns, ran off. Several of the men were killed outright, while the rest fled toward the fort.

Meanwhile a line of Indians rushed forward between the men and the stockade. But for the greed of a few savages not a man would have escaped. As the horses of the whites galloped away, a number of Indians left the line in pursuit of them. Toward the gap thus made the flying white men ran. At this moment a pack of hounds from the fort flew at the Indians, and embarrassed them sufficiently to prevent them from filling up the interval until several of the whites had passed through toward the fort.

In the flight Isaac Lucas fell, wounded by a rifle ball. An Indian ran forward to scalp him, but Lucas, supporting himself on one hand, fired and killed the savage. His comrades in the fort cheered the exploit, and rushing forth, rescued him.

Edward Swanson in his flight was pursued by a powerful Indian. The latter came closer and closer. Swanson could hear his very breath. Suddenly the white man felt the cold muzzle of a rifle on the back of his neck, and heard the click of the trigger. The gun failed to go off. Swanson seized the gun barrel, and with a jerk emptied the priming from the pan. The Indian at once clubbed his gun, and knocked his antagonist down. At this moment John Buchanan fired, wounding the Indian, and enabling Swanson to escape.

The year 1788 was memorable for the adventure of Colonel James Brown, a Revolutionary soldier, who was emigrating to Western Tennessee, to take possession of the lands awarded him for his military services. He had with him his wife, five sons, and four daughters, together with some slaves. Warned by the settlers, who had had a bitter experience of many years of unintermittent warfare with the Indians, of the danger of a passage through the lonely Cumberland Gap, as well as along the Indian-haunted trail through the mountains, he determined to descend the Tennessee River to the Ohio, thence by way of the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers to his destination.

He had a boat built at the settlement on the Holston River. Around its sides were placed bulwarks of heavy oak plank. These were perforated with port-holes. In the stern of the boat was provided the additional defense of a swivel gun. Five young men besides Brown's family joined the party. The start was made on the 4th of May. At an Indian town three or four days' journey down the river, the chief and a few warriors met the voyagers, and appeared friendly enough. Their friendliness, however, was but the mask of treachery.

That night swift runners set out for the lower towns, carrying news of the passage of the vessel down the river, and of

the exact strength of its crew. Two days afterwards, the voyagers were disturbed to see four canoes coming up the river with ten Indians in each. They carried white flags. Colonel Brown ordered them to remain at a distance. To this no attention was paid. Brown at once put his boat about, and prepared to sink the canoes with a shot from his swivel-gun. At that moment the Indians cried out that it was a time of peace, and claimed protection under a treaty, that they only wished to find out where the white men were going, and to trade with them. Brown was inexperienced in Indian fighting. He knew nothing of the treaty, but supposing that there might be some such thing, and fearful of bringing on an Indian war, directed the young men not to fire.

The Indians came alongside the boat. Presently seven or eight more canoes came up. At this re-enforcement, the savages coolly began to transfer the cargo of the boat to their own canoes. Brown begged them not to take his little property, all that remained to him at the close of the Revolutionary War. Their spokesman replied that their chief was away, but would return that night, and make the Indians give up what they had taken, and further, promised to furnish a pilot to take the boat down some dangerous rapids. The voyagers looked on in utter helplessness while the robbery continued. Suddenly a hideous-looking savage caught one of the white boys by the throat, and was about to kill him with a sword. Colonel Brown sprang forward to protect his son. The Indian let go of the child, but struck at the father, cutting his head nearly half off. Another Indian seized the wounded man, and to the inexpressible anguish of his family, threw him overboard.

The Indians then took possession of the boat, and headed it toward the shore. They landed at the town of Nickajack. The Indians got out, taking with them the women and children, and ordered the young men to take the boat to a point a little farther down the shore. As they started to obey, the savages from the shore fired at, and killed, every man on board.

The prisoners met different fates. Little Joseph Brown was taken by an old white man and his wife to their home. The old man looked much like an Indian; there was no external difference. The boy had scarcely reached the house when a very large old squaw came in in a towering rage. She yelled out that the boy ought to be killed, as otherwise he would live to guide an army to the place. The old Irishman stood in the door, and informed the squaw that the boy should not be killed. At this moment the squaw's son came up, and asked if there was a white man in the house. The old man answered, "Only a bit of a boy."

The white man who had thus voluntarily undertaken the protection of young Brown was a British deserter, who had lived among the Cherokees for some years. Young Brown had been captured by a son of the deserter's wife, a French woman, who had been taken by the Indians when a child.

When Cutleotoy insisted on killing young Brown, the old man answered that the boy was his son's prisoner. Incensed at this, the Indian, who was a man in authority, rushed upon the Irishman with uplifted tomahawk. The latter at once cried out that he might have the boy. The savage jerked the child out of the house into the midst of a group of Indians, who were carrying the scalps of the boy's murdered brothers. They took the clothes off of the little fellow, and he knelt down in the act of prayer, expecting each moment to be struck dead. The old French woman begged the Indians not to kill him there, lest his spirit should haunt the road along which she passed on her way to the spring.

A couple of Indians made off with the boy, when Cutleotoy stopped and said, as the child was the prisoner of poor Job (the French woman's son), it was wrong to take him. He, himself, had a negro from the boat, and was afraid that Job would come and kill his prisoner.

That night the chief of the town, named The Breath, came home. He was displeased at what had been done. He sent

for the captive-boy, and told him that his only safety would be for him to be adopted into his family. This was done, and the little gentleman from a northern city was transformed into a young savage, with a scalp-lock and ear-rings. The boy found a friend in a grandson of the French woman.

While young Joseph met with these adventures, his two sisters were carried off by some Creek Indians, who took part in the capture. The Cherokees pursued, recaptured the girls, and brought them back. The children became servants of the Indian families in which they lived. Mrs. Brown was carried off by another band of Creeks, driven on foot more than two hundred miles, and became a slave in one of their villages. After long delay she escaped, and made her way to the residence of McGillevray, the great chief of the Creeks, and told him her misfortunes. The latter at once generously ransomed her from her captor, as also one of the daughters, and the two were restored to their friends. In time, McGillevray performed the same kind office for little Joseph Brown. Of him we will hereafter see how the prophecy of the old squaw, that he would live to guide an army against Nickajack, was fulfilled.

In 1792 and 1793 the Indian outrages came thick and fast. Every settler passing along the road, every planter at work in his cotton-field, every ferryman pushing his boat with heavy oar through the sluggish current of the river, was liable to fall a victim to some shaft of destruction from an unseen hand. If we take the annals of the time for a single fortnight, and itemize the outrages committed by Indians, it would read something like this :

January 22, 1793. John Pates killed and scalped by Indians on Crooked Creek.

January 24th. The Cherokees stole three of William Davidson's horses.

January 27th. A party of Indians assaulted the house of Mr. Nelson, near Knoxville. Two of his sons, James and Thomas, were killed.

February 1st. Fourteen horses stolen from Flat Creek.

February 3d. Two young men named Clements killed.

February 5th. William Massey and Adam Green ambuscaded and killed at the gap of Powell's Mountain.

February 7th. A party of Indians burned the house of Gallaher.

February 9th. Great alarm on the frontier. Two hundred white men, women, and children crowded together in great discomfort at Craig's Stockade.

And so we might go on with the red record, week after week, and month after month.

Andrew Creswell was a settler, living in the neighborhood of McGaughey's station. He had with him his family and two other men. One day William Cunningham, walking along a winding road through the forest, heard a shot, felt a sharp pain in his right arm, and saw behind a neighboring tree the figure of a lurking Indian. Cunningham ran with all haste to Creswell's house. He clutched the door-knob, pushed his way in, and fell breathless on the floor. Every inmate of the cabin knew at once what it meant. Doors and windows were barricaded. They waited, but no foe appeared. An agitated conference was held as to whether they should abandon the cabin and seek refuge at McGaughey's station or not. Mrs. Creswell spoke. She said, "I would rather die than go to live in the filth and confinement of the stockade."

"Then," said Creswell, "I will defend this house until it is burned over my head." Every preparation was made for defense. From the barn-door a long lever reaching into the house underneath the ground, was arranged so that it could not be opened except from inside the house. With this and other arrangements Creswell calmly awaited the foe. Whether they ever came or not we do not know. Such was the courage of the settlers.

Exasperated by these and similar outrages, the settlers took such retaliatory measures as were possible. Volunteer expeditions went out every season to attack the Indians. Toward

the latter part of December 1793, breathless scouts reported that one thousand mounted Indians were marching against Knoxville.

Two or three accidents caused them to abandon their purpose. First, there was a quarrel between some of the leaders as to their rank. Again, there was a bitter schism in the camp growing out of the question of whether all the inhabitants of Knoxville should be massacred or only the men. Besides these things the Indians, passing by a small fort just as the sunrise gun was fired, imagined that their secret advance was discovered. They halted. In sight was a house occupied by Alexander Cavet, his household numbering thirteen women and children, and three men.

Upon this little place the Indians determined to wreak revenge for their disappointment. As a troop of yelling savages ran toward the house its defenders fired, killing two and wounding three of the assailants. After a moment's hesitation a half-breed, who spoke English, called aloud to the garrison for a surrender, and promising that their lives should be spared. The house was at once surrendered. The unhappy and fearful family marched out of the door. They had scarcely looked around when a band of Indians, led by Double Head, fell upon them, and slaughtered all but one boy, who was carried into captivity. It had been better that he should have died with his brothers and sisters than have survived for his ultimate fate. The whole place was then given over to the flames. The firing was heard at Knoxville, and the whole town was thrown into a panic. In fact, however, no attack was made.

This invasion led to a counter invasion on the part of the whites. An expedition of seven hundred mounted men set out against the Indian towns. Estinaula was found deserted. The huts were destroyed, and a camp pitched in the vicinity.

That night the sentinels heard a peculiar rustling of the high sedge grass. At first they thought it was but the autumnal wind. In a few moments the sound became clearer, and

they discovered that it was rythmical. In fact, it was caused by the creeping of hundreds of warriors toward the white men's camp. The assailants fired a volley into the camp, but withdrew, doing little damage. The next night the whites built large camp-fires, and then withdrew to another position. Again the Indians advanced. Again they fired their volley. This time, however, as the smoke cleared away they saw nothing but the flickering of the camp-fires and the darkness of the forest beyond. The army pushed on to Etowah, which occupied a position near that of the present city of Rome, Georgia.

A heavy battle took place at this point. Great numbers of the Indians were killed. The town was burnt, and the object of the expedition was accomplished. This expedition was commanded by Colonel, afterwards Governor, Sevier, the most noted of all the Indian fighters of Tennessee. He was in thirty-five battles, and yet in all his engagements lost only fifty-six men. Such was his strategy. Etowah was his last battle. The Indian wars were drawing to a close.

On the 22d of April, 1794, the cabin of Dr. Cozby, seven miles above Knoxville, was the scene of an adventure. Cozby was an expert Indian-fighter. He was always prepared for an attack, and knew every sign of an approaching enemy. On the evening in question he noticed a disturbance among his animals. A few moments later, he discovered twenty warriors stealthily surrounding his house. The doors were closed and barred. Cozby took his two guns, and, placing himself at a port-hole, issued commands in a loud voice to a lot of imaginary soldiers. The Indians, supposing the house strongly garrisoned, gradually sneaked away.

Two miles further on lived William Casteel and his family. In the morning a neighbor, Anthony Reagan, went to Casteel's cabin to go hunting with him, as had been arranged. He went in. Lying near the fire-place, he was horrified to discover his friend Casteel, half-dressed, and with his brains scattered over

the floor by a blow from a war-club. Near by lay his wife, with a butcher-knife sticking in her side, one hand cut off, and the other arm broken. At her feet lay a bloody ax, with which she had defended herself to the last. In the bed lay one of the daughters. A huge knife had been thrust through the cover into her heart. In the corner lay the mangled body of a babe, and another daughter, ten years old, lay on the floor bleeding from six wounds. As the man's horrified gaze swept around the apartment of death, an awful fear entered into and possessed him. He fled. When he reached the nearest house he had become cooler. He had recovered his senses.

A company of neighbors assembled. Armed with guns and knives, and examining with suspicion every clustering thicket, they made their way to the scene of the tragedy. A grave was dug. The corpses, one by one, were carried out by reverent hands and laid away. When they picked up the body of Elizabeth, the daughter wounded in six places, the girl moaned. Seeing signs of life, the neighbors at once carried her to one of their houses. After two years she recovered, and lived without a scalp to an extreme age.

In September, 1794, a large volunteer army assembled at Knoxville for what was designed, and indeed proved to be, the last great Indian expedition within the borders of what is now the State of Tennessee. Colonel Whitley, of Kentucky, who had gallantly brought a company of men from his own State to the assistance of his distressed neighbors, was chosen commander-in-chief. The guide of the expedition was Joseph Brown, who was about to fulfill the prophecy of the old squaw, that he would live to lead an army against Nickajack. So successfully and so secretly did he perform his task, that the entire town of Nickajack fell into the hands of the whites with scarcely the loss of a man. Fifty-five warriors were killed in the place. Some hastily jumped into their canoes and sought to escape. Others swam the river. But nearly all were killed.

A mile above Nickajack stood the larger village of Running

Water. Thither fled such of the Indians as succeeded in escaping, where they posted themselves behind rocks on the sides of a mountain, to await the attack. This was made with great skill. The men pushed their way undiscovered, toward the village, through a field of standing corn. At the river bank were six canoes. Twenty-five warriors were standing near by, as if about to embark. A volley from the column in the corn-field laid every boasting brave in the lowly dust.

Another line of men approached the Indian position from another direction. On their way the men passed two cabins, which a detachment was at once detailed to attack. A squaw stood outside of the door to watch. When the whites were discovered, the brave warriors within the cabin gallantly shut and barred the door, leaving the poor squaw outside. She attempted to escape by flight, but after a hard chase was captured. She was carried up to the town, and placed with other prisoners in canoes. As the boat in which she was carried was being taken down the river, the squaw loosened her clothes, sprang head foremost into the river, disengaging herself artfully from the encumbrance, leaving the garments floating upon the water. She swam with the grace and swiftness of a fish. A cry went up of "shoot her, shoot her." But the men who were near, admiring her address and agility, were gallant enough to suffer her to escape.

Another detachment, in command of Joseph Brown, was placed at the mouth of a creek, to cut off the escape of any who should be missed by the two main columns. Colonel Whitley mounted a small swivel-gun on his own riding horse, so that he could wheel and fire in any direction. Nearly all the Indians were killed or captured. Brown was recognized by the captives, and whenever they caught sight of him they gnashed their teeth and lifted up their voices in howls of rage.

This battle was fought on the 13th of September, 1794. It broke the spirit of the hostile savages, and virtually ended the Indian troubles of Tennessee.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPTIVITY OF SPENCER.



OLIVER M. SPENCER was a boy. The reader would know this from the following story. His home was in Columbia, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. On the 4th of July, 1791, he was allowed to accompany a party of friends to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, to celebrate the holiday. After the usual sports of a day or two, Spencer, then ten years old, and another boy of eleven, resolved to go home before the rest of the party. Going down to the river, they succeeded in getting a place in another canoe. They had proceeded about a mile when one of the men, who was drunk, was put out of the boat. Spencer becoming frightened at the state of his companions, also demanded to be put on shore. The request was granted. He had proceeded but a little distance when he saw two of the men in the boat fall overboard, and heard two rifle-shots. Turning quickly, he discovered an Indian within ten feet of him, and after a short flight found himself a prisoner.

The Indians at once started across the country with him, but treated him with some kindness. At night they bound him in a gentle manner, and but for the grief of his childish heart, he might have slept soundly. Meanwhile, unknown to Spencer, the news of his capture had been borne to Fort Washington. One of the occupants of the canoe, Mr. Light, though wounded, had escaped. Another, an old woman named Mrs. Colman, had jumped into the river, and, supported by her

clothes, had floated down with the current until she was opposite Cincinnati, where she was rescued.

For several days Spencer was hurried across the country. When his guards wanted to go hunting, they tied him to a tree, and fastened a large piece of bark over his head to shelter him from the sun. One day, secured in this way, he managed to get loose. He at once gathered some provision, mounted a horse which the Indians had stolen, and started in the direction of home. The horse proved to be a slow-footed beast, but the boy urged him on unceasingly. At night he dismounted, bent a twig so that it would point in the direction he was to take on the following morning, and concealed his horse in the bushes. Boy-like, he was attracted by some raspberries growing near by, and ran around from bush to bush picking them, until he lost the way to where he had left his horse. Finally he made his way back to the animal, and lay down to sleep.

His rest was not long. In a few moments he heard his captors' voices. They were after him. With considerable tact he at once rushed out, surrendered himself, and begged for mercy. After a short altercation the Indians decided not to kill him, but contented themselves with giving him a terrible switching. For the night he was bound tightly to a tree.

In the morning the journey was renewed, and Spencer was given further cause to reflect on his sin in running away, by being given no breakfast. Later in the day they came to an immense hollow sycamore tree. At the foot was a large opening, protected by a barricade of logs. From this tree a quantity of blankets and brass kettles were taken and packed on the horse. On the 13th of July the travelers reached an Indian village at the junction of the Auglaize and Maumee rivers. Here Spencer was adopted into an Indian family, and here he saw Simon Girty, who addressed the boy roughly, telling him that he must never hope to see his home again.

As the months went by a well-defined purpose arose in the

boy's heart to make an escape. In order to do this he resolved to labor without ceasing to serve the Indians and gain their confidence. One cold December day he was sent by the old



SPENCER'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE WILD-CAT.

squaw with whom he lived to chop some firewood. He took with him into the forest a sharp ax, and was accompanied by a faithful dog. Having prepared a bundle of small wood, he

was about to swing it over his shoulder, when his dog began to give forth the most lugubrious howls, which were followed by short and furious barks. Seizing his ax, Spencer went toward the dog, and discovered, crouched on the lower limb of a neighboring tree, "a large grayish cat-like animal, ready to spring."

Spencer knew nothing of the character of the animal. With the natural instinct for conflict which belongs to the pioneer, young or old, he threw a club at the animal. At that instant puss seemed to grow larger. A strange yellow light flamed in her eyes, and her tail waved angrily in the air. There was a hiss, a howl, a shower of dried leaves. The wild-cat and the dog were on the ground together, fighting. The dog did well, but his antagonist, getting her teeth in his nose, was rapidly overcoming his pugnacity, and, indeed, was in a situation to demand and extort an apology for his uncivil treatment. At this point Spencer raised his ax and killed the animal. Taking the body home, it was found to measure four feet from tip to tip. It would probably have killed the boy had he encountered it alone.

In time Spencer's friends arranged for his ransom. The ruffian, Elliott, of whom we have spoken in other chapters, came after him. On the way the omnipresent Girty met him, told him that Elliott was not going to take him home, but intended to make him his slave, and that he, for his part, intended to mark Spencer by cutting off his ears, so that he would know him again when he met him. Spencer, seeing his danger, ran out of the house, and the threat was not executed.

On the way north, for Spencer's liberation had to be made through the British commandant at Detroit, he stopped over night in a Wyandot town. A young Indian, much his superior in size and strength, came up and demanded that he should wrestle with him. Spencer reluctantly consented, and succeeded in throwing his antagonist. The young savage, enraged at his want of skill, seized Spencer by the hair, whereupon the latter proceeded to plant his fist violently in his opponent's stomach.

For the moment the trouble was ended and Spencer walked away. Suddenly he was assailed from behind by the cowardly Indian, who gave him a dangerous cut with a knife. An old Indian, however, interfered, drove off the would-be murderer, and bound up the white boy's wounds. After a long and eventful journey, Spencer reached his relatives in Elizabethtown, New Jersey. Thence he made his way back to his parents in the town of Columbia, on the Ohio River.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROMANCE OF RED EAGLE.



EAR to the south, within sound of the restless roar of the Gulf of Mexico, in a country of remarkable fertility, threaded by numberless creeks and rivers, the white man found a great Indian confederacy. This moist region was called, for want of a better name, the Creek Country. In the process of time, the Indians who inhabited it came to be called the Creeks. This nation, thus so unceremoniously christened by the whites, was, in fact, composed of many tribes of Indians. Long before La Salle had paddled his weary way down the Mississippi, the Muscogees, whose original home, according to their traditions, had been in the country of Mexico, had, after long wanderings as far north as the Ohio, finally settled in the region which we know by the names of Alabama and Mississippi. The Muscogees were warriors. They at once began a series of conquests, and, like Rome, adopted the policy of incorporating the conquered tribes with themselves.

When the first bold explorers threaded their way through the tropical forests and the network of lagoons to the towns of this confederacy, they found a people who, in the darkness of their native barbarism, were in a crude way working out for themselves the problem of civilization. They had fixed rules governing marriage and divorce. They lived in houses. They wore clothes. Each town had a separate local government. It had public buildings and pleasure houses. They had fixed



THE LAND OF THE CREEKS.



maxims and methods of government. They had, moreover, a system of social caste. There were certain families who constituted a hereditary nobility. Of these, the family of the Wind ranked first. To it belonged the right of chieftaincy. It was, so to speak, the royal family. Inferior to the family of the Wind was the family of the Bear; and next in rank was that of the Deer. These three castes managed to absorb all the positions of rank and profit.

At the time of the war of which we are about to write, they had, in addition to their unaided achievements, derived great benefit from intercourse with the white men. Many of them had intermarried. The upper classes had learned to read and write. Many half-breed children had been sent to northern schools for education. The system of a community of property, which is the very core of barbarism, was giving way to the system of individual property. They owned in their own right, horses, houses, looms, farms, and farming implements. They had learned, not merely to trade, but even to manufacture cloth and other articles. All this, too, they had achieved in spite of their fertile soil and the genial climate. History shows that nature prodigal of her gifts, enervates, while a sterile country and vigorous climate stimulate and sharpen the intellect and energies of men.

The Creeks were treated by the United States Government with justice and fairness. There was no reasonable cause for complaint on either side.

About 1780 there was born in the Creek nation a child destined to be known among his own people as Red Eagle. To the whites he was known as William Weatherford. His mother was a princess; that is, she belonged to the family of the Wind. He was the nephew of Alexander McGillivray, a man of mixed blood, whose genius, shrewdness, and abilities won for him the leading place in the Creek nation. He styled himself Emperor Alexander. One author speaks of him "as a man of towering intellect and vast information, who ruled the Creek country for

a quarter of a century." Another writer says: "He was a man of the highest intellectual abilities, and of wonderful talents for intrigue and diplomacy. A more wily Talleyrand never trod the red war-paths of the frontiers, or quaffed the deceptive black drink at sham councils."

When Charles Weatherford, a shrewd and wily Scotch trader, married the sister of the Emperor Alexander McGillivray, he attained at once a rank and influence among the Creeks which few men of the purest Muscogee blood possessed. The Scotchman, while serving the nation, managed to accumulate almost boundless wealth. He lived like a king in his splendid mansion on the banks of the Alabama. Here he had every luxury which money could procure. Troops of negro slaves ministered to himself and to his guests. His table abounded in the rarest tropical fruits, choice game from distant forests, and sparkling liquors, cobweby with age.

From the spacious verandas which surrounded his palatial home, one looked out over a tropical landscape of surpassing loveliness. The grounds immediately surrounding the house were filled with noble forest trees, from whose branches hung graceful festoons of southern vines and mosses. Magnolia blossoms showered their fragrance upon the summer air. Wild orange-trees, bearing the emblems of every season of the year, were scattered here and there. Roses and honeysuckles, in wild and negligent profusion, wound their clinging arms in fond embrace about the nearest object of support. Near the house Weatherford kept the finest race-track in America. To indulge his favorite sport, he imported blooded stock from the most famous stables of Europe.

Amid these surroundings was born Red Eagle. The son of the wealthiest man in the nation, and by inheritance a chief of the ruling family, he had the best of tutors, and no pains nor expense were spared in his education. He grew up a spoiled child of fortune. He cared nothing for books. His tastes were the offspring of the wild ancestry of his Indian

mother. He was fond of every athletic sport. He was a splendid swimmer, a tireless walker, and an unequaled hunter with the bow and the rifle. He was a natural master. From no meeting for athletic sports among the Creek towns was Red Eagle ever absent. No young man in all the nation could approach him in a foot-race. In games of ball, a sport conducted with such violence that broken limbs and even death were not infrequent, he was the acknowledged king.

While but a child, he displayed the rarest graces of horsemanship. No colt was too unruly, no stallion too high-mettled for this adventurous youth to mount and dash in mad career across the country. Such was his perfection as a rider that he seemed almost a part of the animal he rode. An old Indian woman, who knew the young chief in his boyhood, telling of his daring, his skill, his grace as a horseman, said: "The squaws would quit hoeing corn and smile and gaze upon him as he rode by the corn-patch."

These things made Red Eagle the idol of his people. In the wars with the Choctaws and Chickasaws, even before he reached manhood, he displayed the most tireless activity and reckless courage. His name was greeted with enthusiasm as that of the coming chief in every house in the nation. Besides this, he possessed great personal beauty. His figure was symmetrical and imposing, and his countenance that of a born king. He possessed intellectual ability of the highest order. His mind, ignoring trifles, grappled with the most important subjects which agitated his country.

To all these gifts was added that of eloquence. Red Eagle was the greatest orator that ever lived among the Creeks. It was his ambition from boyhood to become distinguished in council. Lazy and indifferent about his general education, he gave the most persistent attention to the study of declamation and oratory. As he reached maturity, his eloquent voice soon reigned without a rival in the council-hall. His imagination was rich, bold, and vivid; his manner impressive in the highest

degree. When unimportant questions were being discussed, Red Eagle looked on with indifference. His lips were sealed. But when great themes agitated the council, Red Eagle, with



TECUMSEH ENTERING THE COUNCIL.

his unapproachable power of statement, his wealth of imagery, his burning zeal, took the lead in the debate, and bore down all opposition. His very vices endeared him to the popular heart. Reared in wealth and idleness, the young chief was, it is said, given to many excesses.

Such was the man, longing for some great popular cause in which to employ his wealth of talents and influence, whom Tecumseh found when, in 1811, he had arrived, from the far north, in the Creek country, accompanied by thirty warriors. The great chief who dwelt by the waters of the Miami had journeyed all the way to the mighty confederacy of the south for two purposes. As an agent of the British, he was to incite the southern tribes to join in the approaching war with the Americans. For himself, he came to form a great offensive and

defensive alliance of all the Indians of America against the white man.

On the day when, with great pomp, he entered the council-hall of the Creeks, he called on the red men to abandon the plows and looms and arms of the whites, to burn the garments they had been induced to wear, to trample under foot and forget the lessons and customs which they had been taught by their white foes. He told them that the white men, by teaching them to till the ground, were seeking to weaken and degrade their martial spirit, so that the conquest of their country might be more easy. Then, with impressive gesture and accent, he warned them that, as the whites already held the negroes in bondage, their purpose was, as soon they became strong enough, to reduce the Indians to slavery.

A prophet accompanied Tecumseh, whose business it was to practice upon the superstition of the people. He told them that the Great Spirit commanded the red man to make war upon the white man. To prove that this message was from the Great Spirit, the prophet promised them a miracle. Whoever fought in the war should come out of it unharmed, while the Americans would be destroyed in impassable morasses with which the Great Spirit would surround them. Besides these methods, Tecumseh employed another. He went among the people, and electioneered with the warriors in person.

In this way a large part, perhaps a majority, of the Creeks became ready and impatient for a war with the whites. A strong and influential minority, however, refused to yield to Tecumseh's arguments. Among these was Big Warrior. Although Tecumseh was his honored guest, he obstinately refused to forsake his allegiance. It is said that Tecumseh at last grew so angry with Big Warrior, that he threatened, when he reached Detroit, to stamp his foot on the ground and shake down all the houses in Tookabatcha, and that a few months afterwards an earthquake made the Creeks believe that this threat had been carried out. The wealthier Creeks, who were, of course, a

minority, having accumulated property, which is the greatest of all conservative forces in society, were strongly opposed to the war. They saw in it nothing to gain, and every thing to lose.

Among his converts, Tecumseh readily discovered that of all men in the nation Red Eagle was the man for his purpose. His great talents seemed to be lying idle, waiting for some employment worthy of their owner. He was wealthy, and had nothing to gain by commerce with the whites. He was born to fortune, and consequently held his possessions in light esteem. Of wild and undisciplined passions, and full of a lofty patriotism and love of state affairs, he had nursed in his heart for many years a bitter jealousy and overmastering hostility towards the whites. He hated the restraint of law and civilization. He loved the license and wild liberty of savage life. As his tastes led him to the sports of the forest, he looked with concern on the encroachments of the white men. Moreover, he seemed to fear that an attempt would be made to reduce his people to slavery like that of the negroes.

So, after listening to the wily Tecumseh, Red Eagle, who saw in his plans a gratification for his own fierce love for war and a new field for fame, threw himself heart and soul into the enterprise of the northern chieftain. Re-enforced by Red Eagle, Tecumseh found new methods of working upon the Creeks. He directed his prophet to "inspire" some Creeks with prophetic powers.

A shrewd and unscrupulous half-breed named Francis, was shut up alone in a cabin for ten days, during which time the prophet howled and danced around the building in the most fantastic manner. When the ten days were accomplished, he brought Francis forth, telling the people that he was now blind, but would soon receive his sight back so improved that he could see what was to happen in the future. Francis allowed himself to be led around, pretending to stumble over obstacles like a blind man. Suddenly he affirmed that he had received his sight, with the improved quality of

prophecy. He, with others inspired in a similar manner, worked night and day, practicing all sorts of conjurations in behalf of the war-party. Public feeling among the Creeks was roused to the highest pitch of excitement. The strife of factions became very bitter. The two parties indulged in crimination and recrimination. The Creeks were ready for civil war.

A spark soon fell in the tinder box. Some Creeks, returning with Tecumseh to Canada, assaulted a settlement and murdered seven families. Under the treaty between the Creeks and the United States, the murderers were required to be punished. The chiefs of the peace party at once organized bands of warriors for this purpose. The murderers were pursued to their retreats among the most distant tribes, hounded down by the relentless avengers, shot, stabbed, or tomahawked in open fight or by secret stealth wherever found, until the last criminal paid for his fault with the penalty of death.

This vengeance widened the schism in the Creek nation. The war party retaliated by committing a number of outrages upon the white men. Big Warrior was aroused. He asked for a council with the chiefs of the war party. The request was haughtily refused. Next he sent word to them, saying, that if the miracles which they talked about should also be wrought before the chiefs of the peace party, then the latter would also believe. To this the war Creeks responded by murdering a party of emigrants, by sacking a plantation, and by destroying the property of some of the peaceful Creeks themselves.

About this time a friendly half-breed named McNac was attacked in his home and had his cattle stolen. He saved himself for awhile by hiding in the swamp, but was unluckily captured by High Head Jim. McNac lied. He said he belonged to the war-party. He found out that a plot was laid to kill Big Warrior, Captain Isaacs, Mad Dragon's son, and all the chiefs of the peace party. This done, High Head Jim said war was at once to be waged upon the whites. McNac escaped and warned the intended victims. Meanwhile marauding parties

of increasing size roamed over the country, plundering plantations of whites and peace Indians alike. The settlers resolved on self-defense. An army of two hundred volunteers went out to whip a marauding party of the Creeks. The battle fought is known as the battle of Burnt Corn. The white men were ingloriously whipped.

At this point in the war Red Eagle wavered. He discovered that he had failed to carry with him the entire Creek nation. Among the minority who sternly opposed him were many of his friends and relatives. He had met them face to face in the bloody battle of Burnt Corn. His ambition had led him to seek a war with the whites. In fact, it had involved him in a civil war.

There was yet another motive. He was rich, young, handsome, and a widower. He had a sweetheart, Lucy Cornells, a young girl of mixed blood, the rarest beauty of the Creek nation. Upon her Red Eagle had lavished all the wealth of his passionate affections. In his nature there was much of romance and sentiment. In debate he was the sternest of the stern. In love he was the tenderest of the tender. He now found that among the Creeks against whom he was about to wage cruel and bloody civil war was the family of his sweetheart.

On the discovery by McNac of the plot for the assassination, the peace Indians and half-breeds were struck with consternation. Among throngs of others, Lucy Cornells's father fled with his family to take refuge in Fort Mims. Against this very fort Red Eagle was already plotting a campaign. What were all the affairs of state, the triumphs in debate, the glory of the battle-field to Red Eagle, who was as chivalrous as he was brave, if thereby he must lose the affection of the girl he loved? More than this, how could he imperil her life, which was dearer to him than his own, by a siege and probably massacre, where she had sought refuge from his own arms.

These things perplexed Red Eagle. He kept his own

counsel, and resolved to seek the advice of his relatives, who belonged to the peace party. He secretly made his way to their homes. He told them that he was in love. A man in love has no reason, no judgment. He is like a diver at the bottom of the ocean. All around him is strange, mysterious, and unreal. All his past life is forgotten. All his plans and hopes for the future are driven from his mind. He even forgets his own identity. Those who are most nearly and dearly related to him seem to him but phantoms. With them he has no real, tangible connection. All thought, all memory, all consciousness are absorbed and concentrated into a single notion, one overmastering feeling. It is the fact that he is countless fathoms deep beneath the surface where others float. If any emergency befalls, if for any reason he needs help, all he can do is to make the signal of distress to friends above him. This was what Red Eagle did. From the depths of the ocean he pulled the signal rope.

His friends, like all friends, were ready with advice. They told him to go back, to remove as secretly as possible his family, his negroes, and as much of his live stock as he could, to their plantations, which were in the district of the peace party; that he should follow them there, and remain quietly at home until the troubles of the nation were over. Red Eagle accepted this advice. He was like one who is mesmerized. All that is necessary to make the subject do any particular thing is simply to crook the finger. No matter how ridiculous it may be he will not refuse to obey. He went back to his home.

But it was now too late for him to retreat. His infidelity had been suspected. In his absence his children and negroes had been seized, and were held as hostages for his fidelity. He was told that if he deserted the cause of the war-party, his children should at once be put to death.

Red Eagle was now overwhelmed by the very storm which he had stirred. He had evoked the Genii from their prison, and the spirits would not down at his bidding. For him there remained

but one thing. It was to lead his men to battle. So there was preparation for war. The Creek braves painted themselves in



REGION OF THE CREEK WAR.

gaudy colors, and concentrated in large numbers. The white men, on their part, hastily constructed small forts, or repaired fortifications which were already in existence. Of these, of which there were more than twenty among the settlements, Fort Mims was the largest and strongest. It was located near the Alabama River, and a few miles above its junction with the Tombigbee. Samuel Mims and his neighbors had constructed the fortification, and to that place the people of the surrounding country—men, women, and children, white, black, red, and yellow—fled for safety.

General Claiborne, with a small force of volunteers and regulars, was the military commander of the whites. To Fort Mims he dispatched Major Beasley, with one hundred and seventy-five men. These, with the militia already there, gave the post a garrison of two hundred and forty-five men. Beasley was ordered to construct a second stockade around the first, and two additional block-houses, an order which was but partially carried out.

Altogether there were about five hundred and fifty people in the fort whose lives were committed to the care of Major Beasley. He, however, neglected the proper precautions. He forgot the great responsibility resting on his shoulders. His raw troops, instead of being disciplined by daily drills and military routine, passed their time in playing cards and drinking. The new line of picketing was left unfinished, as were also the new block-houses. He was even deaf to the plainest warnings of danger. A negro, who had been captured by Red Eagle, escaped, and making his way to Fort Mims with infinite peril, told the commandant that an overwhelming force of

Indians were on their way to attack it. Beasley sent out some scouts, but they, as they discovered no Indians in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, returned and told the negro he was a liar. On another day, two negroes, who had been out guarding some cattle, came running to the fort in the greatest terror. They declared that they had seen a large body of Indians. A party of horsemen at once sallied forth to the spot where the negroes averred they had seen the savages. They found the forest silent, and apparently unoccupied. Red Eagle's men had disappeared like phantoms. So the brave horsemen rode back to the fort and denounced the negroes as liars. One of them was at once tied to a whipping-post and flogged, for giving a false alarm. The other was saved for awhile by the interference of his master. It is a historical fact that when the attack, which we are about to describe, was made upon the fort, this negro was standing tied, waiting for his whipping.

When the negro who had been whipped went forth to attend to his cattle, he again saw the Indians, but fearing to return to the fort and give the alarm, lest he should be whipped, he ran away. Such was the work of the commander's folly.

Red Eagle was a soldier—a strategist. Of him, Andrew Jackson afterwards said: "This man is fit to command great armies." The negroes had told the truth. The Indians were hovering near the fort. They had been there for several days, watching their opportunity. Of all this the defenders of the fort were sweetly oblivious. The gates stood open day and night. The wind had blown a heap of sand against the bottom of the gates. This fact, trifling to a careless observer, was really important. The gates could not be closed until the accumulating sand should be shoveled away. This would take time. The gates could not be closed in a hurry. Red Eagle observed the pile of sand, although the commander of the fort did not. The Indian strategist said: "We will wait until the sand is heaped a little higher." The wind was busy while the soldiers slept. The sand heap grew.

On the morning when the runaway negro had a second time seen Indians Red Eagle lay within a few hundred yards of the fort at the head of a thousand warriors. He was like a wild animal watching for its prey, only waiting the proper moment to spring forth. The morning hours passed as usual at the fort. No guards were posted. The men occupied themselves with idle games and disorderly fun. All seemed opportune. Why did not the tiger spring forth from the forest? The dinner-bell rang in the fort. There was a confused uproar of men, women, and children crowding their way with noisy fun toward the tables of the barracks. There was time for all to be quietly seated at the meal.

At that moment Red Eagle rose and gave the signal for advance. A line of Indians started forward with the speed of the wind, yet as silent as cats, toward the open gates. They were within ninety feet of them before any one in the fort discovered the enemy. A few men who happened to be near the gates started to close them. They gave the heavy, wooden portals a sudden pull, but they remained fixed in their place. The sand heaps blown up by the sportive wind were to cost hundreds of lives. In their fright and despair the men tugged furiously and frantically at the gates. They tried to kick the sand away. It was no use. They could not budge the gates. The Indians rushed in with resistless momentum, hurling the little group of white men back from their pathway with the force of an express train.

The alarm-cry was now heard in every quarter of the fort. Women screamed. Men upset the dinner tables in their frantic haste. Every one seized the nearest weapon, gun, tomahawk, or club, and rushed forth to expel the foe. Luckily there was a second line of picketing, partly completed, back of the gate, which prevented the Indians from making their way at once into the body of the fort. The garrison, in wild confusion, at once commenced a hand-to-hand conflict. Among the first to fall, mortally wounded, was Major Beasley, the careless com-

mandant. He refused to be carried to the interior of the fort, preferring to remain where he was, to animate and direct his troops, and by courage to atone for his negligence. He remained in command of his troops until death overtook him.

The battle was terrible. The men fought like demons. Upon their success in driving the Indians from the fort depended, as they knew, not only their own lives, but those of the women and children who had been placed in their care. It was a fight in which the antagonists sought to club, chop, and hack each other to death. They siezed one another's throat with a vise-like gripe, of which the invincible tenacity relaxed only with death itself. For two hours the conflict raged with stubborn violence. The very women of the fort, horrified by the fate which seemed to await them, armed themselves with such weapons as they could procure, and with wild screams and nervous fury, mingled in the bloody fray.

In spite of the utmost endeavors of the white men; in spite of the barricade of corpses behind which they fought; in spite of the wounds and flowing blood, the savages gained ground. Outnumbering the garrison three to one, they beat back their foes, overpowering them at point after point. As the Indians advanced into the interior of the fort they fired the buildings. The whites, driven back farther and farther, were forced for their last refuge to a small inclosure called the bastion. Above the din of the conflict arose in every quarter the warning cry of "To the bastion!" In a moment the inclosure was packed so full of people that no one could move, much less fight. The wails of women mingled with the roar of the flames and the hoarse shouts of the blackened soldiery grew feebler and feebler.

At this point, Red Eagle rose to the height of heroism. He called upon his warriors to desist. Dismounting from his splendid horse, he placed himself in front of the howling murderers, and sought by imperious commands and earnest appeals to stop the carnage. But for the second time in his life he found that

he had let loose a storm which he could not control. As he now labored to save the lives of the remaining whites, his followers, with fierce suspicion, told him that not long before he had attempted to desert from the cause, and if he made further efforts in behalf of their enemies that he himself was the first man who should be put to death. Foiled in his best intentions, Red Eagle mounted and rode away from the scene of the massacre to calm the raging torrent of his thoughts in solitude.

The persons remaining in the fort were put to death, making more than five hundred people who perished in the massacre. About twenty of the occupants of the fort succeeded in chopping a hole through the outer picketing. Their adventures were various. Dr. Thomas G. Holmes wandered five days in swamps and cane-brakes. At last he fired his gun for help. Some white men who were near were so frightened that they themselves took to the swamp and remained for two days. Holmes was finally saved. Lieutenant Chamblies was twice wounded in his flight, but succeeded in concealing himself in a pile of logs. Toward night the lieutenant was horrified to discover a band of Indians surrounding the log-pile and setting fire to it. He remained in his position till he was terribly burned, but was rejoiced to see the Indians leave just as he was forced to crawl from his hiding-place.

Zachariah McGirth had left Fort Mims on the morning of the massacre, leaving behind him his wife and children. Having gone but a few miles he heard the roar of battle at the fort, and started back, filled with anxiety concerning his family. Late at night he made his way into the fort, and began an agonizing search among the bodies of the slain for the corpses of his wife and children. By the help of a torch and the glow from the embers of the block-houses, he sought everywhere, turning over and examining the bloody and mangled remains.

After several hours spent in the sickening task, he was forced to conclude that his family were among those who had been consumed in the buildings. As a matter of fact, a young

Indian, recognizing in McGirth's wife a former friend, had rescued her and her children. He told his fellow-warriors that he wished to make them slaves. McGirth, ignorant of all this, caring no longer for life, became the most reckless scout and Indian fighter in the American army. Several months afterward his family were restored to him; it was as if they had arisen from the dead.

Two days after the massacre of Fort Mims, the prophet Francis, at the head of a band of warriors, assaulted a house and killed twelve persons. A Mrs. Merrill, in the house with an infant in her arms, had been scalped and left for dead. Hours afterward she revived, and attempted to crawl to Fort Sinquefield, two miles away, which she succeeded in doing. At the time, her husband was serving as a volunteer in the army. He heard of the butchery, receiving information of his wife's supposed death. Before the wife had recovered sufficiently to communicate with her husband, he too, was reported as killed in battle. In fact, he was sent by mistake with the wounded volunteers from Tennessee to that State.

Years passed by. Mrs. Merrill married again. Late one evening, an emigrant family on their way to Texas asked for a night's lodging at her house. Scarcely had the guests been comfortably seated, when the husband of the emigrant family and the hostess recognized each other. Each had married, supposing the other dead. In this complication what was to be done? They talked far into the night. Both were happy in their present relations. They at last resolved, not, perhaps, without a shade of regret, to forget the past and live for the future as they were.

Misfortunes come not as single spies, but in battalions. The dead at Fort Mims were brought to Fort Sinquefield for burial. The people in the fort, unarmed and absorbed in their sorrow, went outside the stockade to a little valley fifty yards away to bury the bodies of their friends. At this moment, Francis, who was shadowing the place, attempted to throw his party of war-

riors between the white people and the gates. The men succeeded in reaching the fort, but the women and children were unfortunately cut off.

Their condition seemed hopeless. A thrill of horror shot through the hearts of the men at the fort. But life is full of strange coincidences. A young man named Isaac Haden, a hunter, who kept a large pack of hounds trained to chase and seize any living object upon which their master might set them, appeared at this critical moment returning from a hunt. His

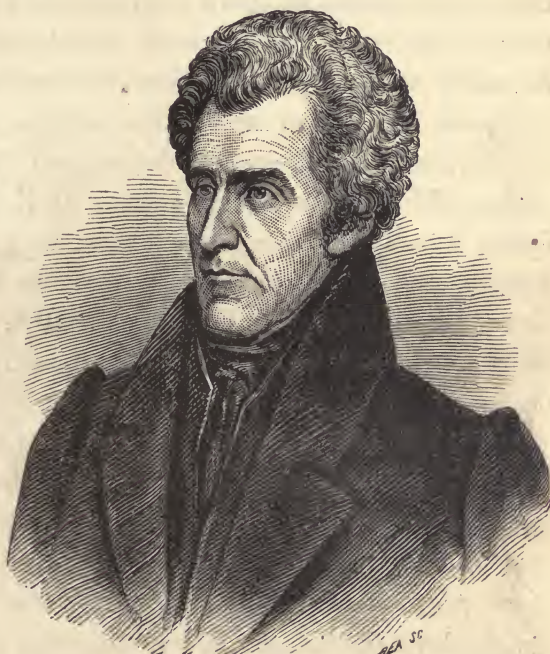


THE DOG CHARGE.

quick eye caught the situation. With a cry to his hounds he dashed forward on his horse against the host of Indians. The watchers at the fort and the helpless women without paused in breathless anxiety to witness the strange maneuver. In a moment every one of the sixty ferocious hounds had his fangs fastened in the throat of a savage. The Indians were overwhelmed by the strange assault. In the few precious moments the imperiled ones were rescued. Young Haden had his noble horse shot from under him, and had five bullet-holes through his clothes. A Mrs. Phillips was the only one who lost her life.

The news of the massacre of Fort Mims spread like wild-fire through the south. The entire white population on the Creek frontiers was in danger of instant destruction. To obtain help from the government at Washington, was impossible. It would take a month to send the news, and another one for the soldiers to reach the field of action. In this crisis the warm-hearted southern States impulsively called for volunteers to save their friends and neighbors.

General Andrew Jackson, lying sick and enfeebled on his bed of pain, announced that he would start to the front as soon as he could be helped into a saddle. He was yet a sick man, pale and emaciated, when, under the inspiration of his lofty will, he



ANDREW JACKSON.

started to meet the army of volunteers which had been raised for him. Arrived there, he found one thousand raw troops, completely without provision for the expedition into the Indian country. Nevertheless, with or without food, he determined to march. In a single day the army constructed a supply post, called Fort Deposit, on Thompson's creek. During the march southward the men seem to have subsisted almost entirely upon the zeal and enthusiasm of Jackson's eloquent addresses, which were issued to the men several times a day.

During the night of the 2d of November Jackson prepared to assault the Indian town of Tallushatchee. The two wings

of the army encircled the town on either side. At sunrise two companies were thrown forward into the circle. This at once brought on the battle. It raged with great fury. That victory belonged to the Americans was very soon evident. But the Indians refused to fly or accept quarter. Again and again, parties of braves, and even single warriors were urged to throw down their arms and submit. But with a heroism which rivaled that of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, every offer of mercy was rejected. Every warrior fought the overwhelming hosts which surrounded him as long as he could stand or sit. Even in the agonies of death the Creek braves would shoot malignant and unforgiving glances at their conquering foe, and feebly attempt to hurl a tomahawk at the nearest white man. They forced the Americans to turn the battle into a butchery. Every brave in the village was killed, the total falling not short of two hundred. History presents no more complete destruction of any fighting force.

Still no provisions reached the army. With unflinching boldness Jackson continued his march to the south. He built another post, Fort Strother, for the reception of provisions. It was literally an empty mockery. There were no provisions. Here word reached Jackson that some friendly Indians were besieged at Talladega. The ingenuity of the messenger who brought the news, in effecting his escape from the beleaguered town, has not been equaled among all the marvelous exploits heretofore recited in these pages. He was a boy. He had covered himself with the skin of a large hog, and had wandered about on all fours, as if hunting for roots. At times, when he came near to hostile Indians, he would lie down comfortably in a mud puddle. In this way he had escaped detection.

Once more Jackson marched his army into the presence of an enemy, without supplies. The battle of Talladega was similar in plan to its predecessor, and about as successful. Two hundred and ninety-nine Indian warriors were counted dead upon the ground.

More extensive operations were absolutely impossible until food could be procured by Jackson for his starving men. While his army lay idle at Fort Strother, Red Eagle's superb genius for war was active in other parts of the field. There was danger of famine among the white settlers, unless the crops could be gathered from the fields. To do this it was necessary, temporarily at least, to rid the country of hostile prowlers. In this way came about the celebrated "Canoe Fight." A force of seventy-two men, under Captain Sam Dale, undertook to rid a particular section of the country of Indians. Dale was marching his command along the south-east bank of the Alabama River, when, dissatisfied at finding no traces of Indians, he determined to cross the river. The job was by no means a small one. Only two little canoes were to be had. The river was a quarter of a mile wide.

At last, however, only twelve men, together with Dale, remained on the east bank of the river. While waiting their turn for transportation, the little company was startled by a volley of bullets from a large force of Indians. Dale's men concealed themselves in the dense undergrowth of the river bank, and behind trees. The situation was dangerous. Should the savages suspect, from the infrequency of the fire, the smallness of their numbers, they would quickly rush down and overpower them.

Escape to the other side was the one thing to be desired. For this purpose, however, they had only one canoe, the other being across the river. This boat would hold but six men, and the movement would involve a separation of the company. The Indians on shore, seeing the canoe crossing the river, would at once suspect the smallness of the force opposed to them, and would quickly overpower those who were left behind.

Dale signaled to his men on the other side for assistance. Eight of them started to cross the river, but discovering the immense strength of the Indian force, hastily put back to shore. A new danger now assailed the little band. A large canoe,

containing eleven warriors, was discovered putting out from the bank and making its way down to a point opposite Dale's position. In a few moments they attempted to land.

Dale's party, attacked from front and rear, fought in both directions. Two of the warriors in the canoe attempted to swim ashore. One was shot through the top of the head. The other reached the shore and was met by Austill. At the moment of the encounter Austill slipped and fell into the water. The savage cast one keen glance at the little force, and then made his escape. Dale at once saw that it was but a matter of a few minutes before the whole Indian force, informed of the weakness of his company, would be upon them.

In this emergency Dale announced a desperate resolution. He called for volunteers to man the little canoe which they had, and attack the Indian canoe party. For this perilous attempt three men, James Smith, Jeremiah Austill, and a large negro named Cæsar, offered their services. With them Dale sprang into the canoe. The negro acted as steersman, while the white men plied the paddles. When half-way toward the hostile canoe with its nine occupants, Dale's men found to their dismay that their powder was wet and their guns useless.

By strange fortune the Indians in the canoe had exhausted their ammunition. There remained nothing but a hand to hand fight between four men on the one hand and nine on the other. The negro threw the little canoe alongside of the larger, and held it firmly there. The Indians sprang to their feet, prepared with knives and clubs to resist the assault. At the moment of contact Dale leaped into the larger canoe. While Austill and Smith beat the Indians with clubbed guns, Dale, with inconceivable quickness, gave the one nearest him a powerful shove, throwing him backwards against his neighbor, he in turn falling upon the third Indian, and so on, until every savage in the boat had lost his balance, and all were floundering together in the bottom. Dale seized the advantage, clubbing out the brains of savage after savage, and throwing their corpses into the river.

The last Indian was an old friend of Dale. The latter hesitated, and was about to lower his weapon, when the savage attempted to grapple with him. Dale was too quick. Stepping back, with a single blow he killed his antagonist. In less than two minutes from the time the boats came alongside of each other every one of the nine Indians was a corpse, floating down with the current toward the vast and lonely gulf. Of the white men, Austill alone was wounded.

With swift strokes of the paddles the two canoes were brought back to the



RED EAGLE'S LEAP.

shore, the remaining men taken on board, and an escape made to the opposite side of the river amid a heavy fire from the Indians.

On the 23d of December, 1813, Red Eagle, with a large force of Indians, awaited at Holy Ground an assault from Gen-

eral Claiborne. The spot was admirably chosen for defense. It was a high bluff, surrounded on the land side by marshes and ravines, on the eastern side of the Alabama River, just below what is now Powell's Ferry, in Lowndes county, Alabama. To the natural strength of the place was added that of heavy log fortifications.

The assault by the Americans was a comparative failure, as the Indians escaped by hundreds. Red Eagle, the last to leave the place, was almost on the point of being captured. Mounted on a gray horse of magnificent speed and endurance, he galloped rapidly toward a point where the bluff was but fifteen feet high. Over this perpendicular precipice wildly dashed the gallant rider and his noble steed. They both disappeared beneath the waves of the river, but in a few moments Red Eagle was seen, far out in the current of the river, to emerge from the depths, still on his horse which bravely bore him to the opposite shore.

During the time of the incidents which we have been relating, General Jackson had a series of troubles with his army, which developed the incomparable metal of the man, and have been admired and laughed at by several generations of men. While detained at Fort Strother, a mutinous spirit developed itself among the men, who, on account of the lack of provisions, threatened to disband. One morning Jackson was informed that the militia regiment intended to march home in a body. Jackson at once placed himself at the head of the volunteers and confronted the militia, telling them that they could march home only by cutting their way through his lines. This was more than the militia-men had counted on. They yielded.

But the volunteers were scarcely less discontented than the militia. That night they themselves resolved to go home. In the morning Jackson reversed the plan of the previous day. He placed the militia in front of the volunteers, and told them that their way home lay through the ranks. The joke was so rich that, for the time being, the trouble blew over.

Great was the distress from want of food. A soldier passed General Jackson and saw that he was eating something. He mutinously demanded that he should have a share of it. "Willingly," replied Jackson, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, offered the man some acorns. For some days they had been his only food.

At last, however, Jackson was left without any supporters. The entire army resolved that, if provisions did not come within two days, they would go home. They, however, promised that if the provision train was met they would return. On the appointed day the men marched away. Jackson went after them, and begged for volunteers to remain with him. To this appeal one hundred and nine men responded.

Twelve miles from the fort the army met the provision train. The men were furnished ample supplies of food. But with mouths and stomachs full of meat they determined, in spite of their promise, to return home. Jackson's rage was terrible. His left arm was still in a sling. He was more emaciated than when he had left his sick-bed. Snatching a musket from a man, he planted himself in front of the column of mutineers and broke forth into a wild storm of vituperation. He told them that they could march home only over his dead body, and that the man who first advanced toward him should be shot dead. Raising his gun to his shoulder, he waited. The troops who would have fought an army were conquered by the will of a single man. The mutineers returned to their camp.

But the troops shortly devised another expedient. Through a pretended flaw in their contract of enlistment, they claimed that their term had expired. On the afternoon of December 9th, they commenced strapping up their knapsacks. Jackson at once called on all good soldiers to assist him. The militia were drawn up behind a line of cannon confronting the mutineers. The artillery-men held lighted matches in their hands. Jackson then addressed his rebellious soldiery, and demanded from them an explicit answer, whether they would remain

peaceably with the army, then, and there. He took out his watch to count the seconds which still remained for the men to answer. If they refused, at a signal the cannon and musketry of the militia-line would leap into flame, and hurl leaden storms of death and destruction into the ranks of the mutineers. The latter made their choice. They decided to remain. A fourth time Jackson had won a battle against his own troops.

At last Jackson received four thousand fresh recruits from Tennessee. Red Eagle and his army were concentrated in a sort of peninsula, called the Horseshoe, formed by a bend of the Tallapoosa River. The bend inclosed a hundred acres of ground, and at its narrowest part was about three hundred yards wide. Across this narrow place Red Eagle had constructed a strong fortification, which was designed to resist even artillery-fire. Within the inclosure the houses were further protected by embankments of earth. At the bank of the river floated one hundred canoes, as a possible means of retreat. The perfection of these preparations have caused certain writers to imagine that some white engineer had planned them. In fact, they were the conceptions of Red Eagle's brain.

On the 27th of March, 1814, Jackson found himself in front of this remarkable redoubt with two thousand soldiers. General Coffee, with seven hundred cavalry and a force of friendly Indians, were thrown across the river to occupy the opposite side of the bend in the rear of the fortification, and cut off retreat. By ten o'clock Coffee occupied this position. Jackson commenced a heavy attack with artillery and musketry upon the front of the breastworks, making but little impression. Coffee, without especial direction from his commander, resolved to throw a part of his men across the river in canoes, and by attacking the Indians in the rear, effect a diversion in favor of Jackson.

After an hour or so of ineffectual fighting, Jackson resolved to storm the works. The men were formed in solid column. This column was a projectile which was expected to force a

breach where the cannon had failed. At the given word the long line of men started forward to hurl themselves against the fortification. In spite of the heavy fire from the enemy, which mowed down their ranks, the Tennesseans hurried forward, reached the breastworks, thrust their rifles into the port-holes, and fired at the yelling savages within, or swarmed up and over the barricade. On the top of the breastworks there was many a fierce hand-to-hand en-



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE HORSESHOE.

counter—the whites fighting to force their way into the fort, the savages struggling to hurl them back.

In a short time the number of Indians upon the parapet was seen to grow fewer and fewer. Every time an Indian fell his place was taken by two white men. Presently Jackson's troops began to leap down into the inclosure. The works were taken. But the defenders of the place were not conquered. To do that there was only one way. That way was BUTCHERY. It was a repetition of Tallushatchee. No savage would surrender. Again and again Jackson offered quarter, but the brave Creeks only riddled the messengers with bullets. At last, Red Eagle's men, beaten at every point, fled to the fleet of canoes to escape by water. Some did escape, but the majority fell beneath the unerring fire from Coffee's command. One old Indian, terribly wounded, jumped into the river, caught hold of a root in the bottom to keep himself down, and by breathing through the long joint of a cane, one end of which was in his mouth and the other above the water, remained hidden until nightfall, when he rose from his watery bed and made his way into the forest.

In the morning sixteen warriors were found concealed in a brush heap. They were surrounded by two hundred men, and called upon to surrender. They not only refused, but made insulting and defiant gestures. Of them, it might be said, that they were killed, but not conquered.

Five hundred and fifty-seven dead warriors were found in the fort. Besides this uncounted numbers had been killed in the river. The power of the Creek nation was crushed.

It was but a little while till the Creek leaders sent their messengers to Jackson, humbly begging for peace. To these overtures there was one reply: "Bring Red Eagle here, bound hand and foot; then we will talk of peace." It was Jackson's purpose to hang the Indian commander as a punishment for the massacre of Fort Mims.

Sad-faced messengers bore the dreadful news to Red Eagle. Peace there could be only on condition of the sacrifice of his life. His friends urged him to leave the country. To all such suggestions Red Eagle made no reply, but simply flashed one look of indignation from his proud and scornful eye. Many hours he sat alone in his wigwam, lost in thought. Sometimes he would walk to the door and look out upon the landscape with a sigh. Then he would return and resume his reverie. He counseled with no one. What was passing in his mind his broken-spirited followers did not suspect. He neither slept nor ate.

At last Red Eagle seemed to have come to some conclusion. Long before dawn one morning, without vouchsafing a single explanation, he mounted his splendid gray horse, and rode away through the forest in solitude and silence. An observer might have seen his lips tightly compressed. From his eye shone a strange light. He alone knew his destination.

He took his course toward the camp of Andrew Jackson. When within a few miles of the camp, a noble deer bounded across his path. Quick as thought Red Eagle fired, bringing down the game. He then reloaded his rifle. That load was for the heart of Big Warrior, in case he should offer any insult

to Red Eagle in the American camp. Laying the deer behind him on his horse, he rode on. He came within sight of an American sentinel, and calmly inquired for General Jackson's head-quarters. He rode up to the door of the tent pointed out to him. Andrew Jackson came forward, and in a spasm of rage demanded of him how he dared to approach him when such a penalty hung over him. To this Red Eagle replied :

"General Jackson, I am afraid of no man. I am a Creek warrior. For myself I ask no favor. I come to beg mercy for the women and children of my people, who are now starving in the woods without an ear of corn. You may kill me if you wish. I am done fighting. Of my warriors but a few live. The rest have been killed. If I could fight you longer I would, but save the women and children. They have never harmed you. As for me, do with me as you please."

These words were delivered with a pathos and eloquence which can not be described. A crowd had gathered around to witness the strange scene. As once before in history, here was a man found willing to die for his people. And as on that other occasion, from which over the centuries there comes floating to our ears the cries of the mob, "Crucify him, crucify him," so here the crowd broke out into loud cries of "Kill him, kill him."

The hero recognizes the hero. There is an affinity between high-born souls. Andrew Jackson rebuked the crowd. He invited his distinguished prisoner into his quarters. After a conversation, Jackson repeated the terms of peace which had been offered, and then said, "You are at liberty to leave if you wish. No opposition shall be made. But if I capture you hereafter, you will be hung." To this Red Eagle replied with burning words. He said that he accepted the terms of peace. That no matter what fate awaited himself, his people would at least be made happier by it.

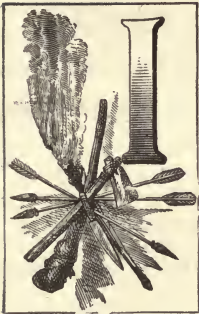
The war was ended, but Red Eagle was not hung. Andrew Jackson, instead of offering him punishment afforded him protection. His life was saved from the conspiracies of the friendly

Indians in Jackson's camp by the very guards with which his captor had surrounded him. In time he was left free to return to his old home and plantation. But there he found himself surrounded by hosts of implacable enemies, who sought his life. He went to Fort Claiborne, and placed himself under the protection of the commanding officer. But here, too, were men in whose breasts rankled the poisoned stings of civil war. He was obliged to leave the fort at night and in secret. He made his way to Jackson's camp, and in time was taken by the American general to his home in Tennessee, where he remained as a guest for nearly a year.

As time rolled on the hostilities of war died away. Red Eagle returned to his plantation. Again he accumulated property, again he was waited on by troops of slaves, and dispensed magnificent hospitality to his friends. His spirit was unbroken by misfortune, and his commanding genius again asserted itself in the councils of the Creeks. He died at his home on the 9th of March, 1824. Through the intermarriage of his children with the whites Red Eagle's descendants show few traces of their Indian blood. The dark eye, the erect form, and perhaps a slight tinge in the cheek are all that remain as badges of their noble lineage.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE PROPHET.



IN 1805, Penagashega, or "The Change of Feathers," the prophet of the Shawanese tribe was gathered to his fathers. As soon as the news of the great prophet's death reached a certain Shawanese Indian by the name of Lau-lewasickaw, the latter rolled his eyes piously towards heaven and fell on his face. How long he remained in this position we know not, but when he arose his actions were singular in the extreme. He shunned his former companions, bearing an important and mysterious air, the very personification of solemnity. He proceeded to engage in long and severe fasts. He resorted to hollow trees and desolate caverns, and there kept up protracted vigils.

At last, tired of this sort of thing or having continued it long enough to suit his purposes, he returned to his village, and with mock humility and a dramatic display of great piety, announced that the spirit of prophecy had entered into him, and that he would no longer be known as Penagashega, but as Tenshacutawan. This startling announcement certainly so overwhelms the reader with astonishment and admiration, that we at once hurry to satisfy the curiosity thus aroused by an explanation of the causes and meaning of this move on the part of our friend, whom we will henceforth know simply as "The Prophet."

According to his own story, the Prophet was descended from

a great Creek warrior, his grandfather. On a certain occasion, this esteemed ancestor, then a young and handsome man, had left the villages of his tribe, and gone with the leading men to the city of Charleston to hold a council with the English governor.

At some of the interviews which took place, the governor's daughter, a young lady of great beauty and spirit, contrived to be present. She had conceived a violent admiration for the Indian character, and had determined to bestow herself upon some lord of the forest. She took occasion one evening to inform her father of this wish, and begged him to select for her a suitable husband from the noble array of chiefs then in Charleston. Ridicule, argument, entreaties, and tears were of no avail to shake the resolute girl in her purpose.

On the following morning, the governor, pale from loss of sleep, inquired of the Indians which of their number was the most expert hunter. Of course the entire company pointed out the modest young warrior who was destined to become the grandfather of the Prophet, and to hand down to his descendant that characteristic modesty which was so conspicuously absent from the latter. After further interviews with his daughter, the governor announced to the council of Creeks that his daughter was disposed to marry one of their number. Significantly pointing toward the illustrious individual of whom we have spoken, he announced that his own consent was already given.

The chiefs were naturally incredulous. Their doubts, however, were dispelled by the earnestness of the governor and the evident anxiety of the young lady. Satisfied on this point, the Creeks at once began to labor with the young chief. Their arguments, re-enforced by his native gallantry, soon won the day, and the young warrior announced his satisfaction with the arrangement, and proceeded to give the young lady a hearty embrace, to which she seemed perfectly agreeable. He was immediately conducted to another apartment, where he was

disrobed of the Indian costume by a train of black servants and clad in a new suit. The marriage ceremony was at once performed.

The Creeks returned to their homes, but the young warrior remained in Charleston with his wife. In time there were born to him two daughters and a son. At the birth of the latter, the old governor caused a round of thirty guns to be fired. At the age of eight years, the boy's father died, and he was taken charge of by the governor. The Creeks frequently visited him, and he in turn from time to time was permitted to make long stays among the people of his father. Gradually, he adopted their dress, customs, and language. There came a time when he refused to return to the whites, and ever afterward lived among the Indians. "This," says the Prophet, "was my father."

However truly our friend the Prophet foretold the future, it is certain that he lied about the past. His father and mother were, in all probability, of the purest Shawanese blood. This tribe was the most restless of all the American Indians. Tradition says that they are the descendants of the famous Eries. At different times we find them living on the Susquehanna River; at the Suwanee River in Florida, giving their name to it; on the Cumberland, in Kentucky; in the Wyoming valley, in Pennsylvania, and on the Wabash in Indiana. The Prophet's family removed from Florida to the north side of the Ohio River about the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Prophet was the youngest of six sons. He passed his boyhood like any other young Indian, in the wigwams and hunting-grounds of his people. He was more distinguished for intrigue and craft than for skill as a hunter or bravery as a warrior. He was a great braggart, telling no end of yarns of his great achievements. Possessing a shrewd insight into character, and never missing an opportunity to impress upon his people his vast importance and ability, he, in spite of his laziness and natural cowardice, managed to maintain a fairly creditable position in his tribe. But for his older brother, or as some

will have it his twin, known everywhere as **TECUMSEH**, or The Shooting Star, he would probably have remained in obscurity.

Tecumseh was born about 1768, after his parents had removed to Ohio. His father's death occurring when he was but six years old, he was placed under the charge of his eldest



TECUMSEH.

brother, Cheeseekau. The latter was a brave man, of noble character. His chief occupation and care was the proper training of the young Tecumseh, who was early recognized as the hope of the family. It was Cheeseekau who taught the fatherless boy to hunt, who led him to battle, who instructed him in all the athletic exercises, and who, by constant and zealous labor, imbued his mind with a love for truth, a ready generosity,

a manly courage in battle, and a dignified fortitude in suffering. It was Cheeseekau who taught him, while but a boy, to use the bow and arrow with a skill which far exceeded that possessed by any other Indian boy of the tribe. It was this same elder brother who drilled him in the art of eloquence, and who wrought into his mind the idea which afterwards became the inspiration of the great chieftain—the idea of the salvation of his people from the white man.

There were other children of this interesting family. Of these we have time to mention only Tecumseh's sister, Tecumapease. She was sensible, kind-hearted, and intelligent. Between her and her brother there existed the warmest affection. She was always his favorite. The first fruits of the chase belonged to Tecumapease. The choicest presents of the white man to Tecumseh became trophies for his sister.

Educated by the care of his elder brother, and cherished by the affection of a noble sister, Tecumseh grew to manhood. His ruling passion, even in his earlier years, is said to have been war. Among his companions he was easily the leader. Mimic combats and sham battles were his favorite sports. While his brother, the Prophet, remained at home engaged in idle and disreputable intrigues, Tecumseh followed the hunters in their chase and the war-parties on their way to battle.

As may be imagined, the Indian warfare which raged during all his earlier years made a profound impression on his mind. In childhood he sat around the camp-fires, and with earnest look and fascinated attention heard the stories of the Indian conflicts of the Revolutionary War. The battle of Point Pleasant, the murder of Cornstalk, the siege of Wheeling, the innumerable combats which took place around the block-houses of Kentucky, and along the course of the Ohio, the genius of Brant, the massacre of the Moravian Indians, the terrible defeat of Crawford—these were the things which formed the subjects of excited discussions around the camp-fires, where were faithfully reported, with vivid description and animated gesture, the details of every combat. These were the things upon which the youthful imagination of Tecumseh was nourished.

In his lonely chase he revolved in his mind the things which he had heard. With clenched fist and determined countenance, he brooded over the wrongs of the white man to his people. There came to him, too, stories of the great Pontiac and his wonderful conspiracy—the plan a ruin, and its creator an outcast before Tecumseh had drawn the breath of life.

The years passed by, and the terrible warfare with the white man raged without abatement. In this, as a matter of course, Tecumseh took a part. He is said to have fled in fright during the first battle at which he was present. The same story is related of Frederick the Great. Certain it is that Tecumseh never again was guilty of any such weakness. At another time he participated in an attack on a boat descending the Ohio River.

After the battle a captive was burned to death. Tecumseh had never seen any thing of the kind before. He broke forth into a storm of denunciation at the fiendish practice. From that time forth no prisoners were burned by any war party of which Tecumseh was a member.

When he was nineteen years of age Tecumseh and Cheeseekau took a long journey to the south. This the elder brother believed would tend to enlarge the understanding of his pupil, and enrich his expanding mind with general ideas. Their travels reached as far as the Creek country. There they found the Cherokees engaged in a war with the whites.

The two brothers from the hunting grounds of the north at once enlisted in the struggle. In an attack on a certain fort Cheeseekau led the charge. Just before the attack he told his followers that in the conflict he would be shot in the forehead and killed. The thing turned out as he had prophesied. He fell, pierced by a bullet midway between the eyes. As he sank, mortally wounded, upon the battle-field, he exclaimed with his expiring breath, "Happy am I to thus fall in battle, and not die in a wigwam like an old squaw." The Indians, panic-stricken at the fall of their leader, as well as at the fulfillment of the prophecy, fled in all directions.

Tecumseh seems to have suddenly become a man. The death of his brother threw him at once on his own resources. The band of warriors who had followed Cheeseekau all the way from the north, chose Tecumseh as their leader. To show himself worthy of this honor Tecumseh took ten men and went to the nearest white settlement, attacked and killed all the men, and took the women and children prisoners. He remained two years in the south, learning many languages, and becoming acquainted with many chiefs. During most of this time he was engaged in the warfare with the white man. No expedition or foray was thought complete without Tecumseh. His military genius won him great renown. One night Tecumseh, with a dozen warriors, was encamped on the Alabama River. All of

the men had lain down for the night except Tecumseh, who was dressing some meat by the fire. At that moment the camp was attacked by thirty white men. With a shrill cry Tecumseh roused every warrior to his feet. Their leader at their head, the Indians rushed furiously toward a certain point in the circle formed by their foes. Two white men were killed outright, and the others, giving way before the impetuous charge, suffered Tecumseh and his band to break through, and make their way to their boats.

At the end of two years the young Tecumseh, now renowned for his martial feats, returned to his own people. He arrived in time to take part in the defeat of General St. Clair. In the war during 1794, when General Wayne led his triumphant expedition into the heart of the Indian country, Tecumseh became quite prominent for a young chief. He joined in an Indian attack on Fort Recovery. Ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, having just escorted a supply train to the fort, were returning to the main army. Upon these the Indians precipitated themselves with great fury. Numbers of the white men were killed, and the rest fled toward the fort, and many succeeded in reaching it. The Indians then attacked the fort, but after two days withdrew without having effected their object.

Tecumseh was also present at the battle of Fallen Timbers, a name which it took from the fact that the battle-field was covered with fallen forest trees, wrecked by some tornado. All the world knows that in this battle Mad Anthony Wayne crushed the Indian powers of the Ohio valley. One incident shows that Tecumseh was still young. In the excitement of the fray he rammed a bullet into his gun without first inserting a charge of powder, thus losing the use of the weapon. Driven to the rear by the advancing enemy, he obtained a fowling-piece, which he used with considerable effect. As the Indians began to fly he exerted all his influence and every effort to rally them, and twice succeeded in making a stand with a handful of Shawanese. At last he, with the others, was compelled to retreat.

Tecumseh did not attend the peace council at Greenville. He remained at home in his wigwam, sullen and angry. In the following year he gathered about him a band of followers, calling himself its chief. This new tribe was migratory, like all the Shawanese. One crop of corn was raised on the shores of the great Miami, another was raised near the Whitewater River. In 1798, the Delawares, residing on White River, in Indiana, invited Tecumseh and his tribe to come and dwell with them. This invitation was accepted, and for several years Tecumseh kept his head-quarters at that place.

Numberless incidents are related of Tecumseh about this time. He was a great hunter, partly as a matter of sport, and partly because it enabled him to give the highly prized venison to the sick and poor of his tribe. One day a crowd of young Shawanese wagered him that each of them could kill as many deer in a three days' hunt as he. Tecumseh quietly accepted the challenge, and the hunters made their preparations that evening for a start before daylight. The three days ran by, and the crowd of boasters once more assembled around the camp-fire of their village. The largest number of deer-skins brought in by any one brave was twelve. Tecumseh brought with him thirty.

In 1803, Captain Herrod, who lived sixteen miles north-west of Chillicothe, while felling a tree in the forest, was shot by an unknown foe. Herrod was greatly beloved, and the whole valley of the Scioto was thrown into a panic. Bands of white men, suspecting the murder to have been the work of an Indian, organized for revenge. Wawillaway, an old Shawanese chief, and a great friend of the whites, was returning from one of the settlements where he had been trading his skins. At a spot in the forest, near the cabin of a hunter named Wolf, Wawillaway, a brave and intelligent Indian, and much respected by the whites, was confronted by Wolf and his hired man. The Indian shook hands with the men cordially, and was greeted in the same manner. The trio smoked the peace pipe, and violence on

THE INDIAN CHIEF WAWILLAWAY CONFRONTED BY WOLF.





either side seemed not to be thought of. After a while Wolf proposed that they trade guns. While examining the Indian's weapon, the white man secretly removed the priming and then handed it back, saying he would not trade. Wolf's manner then changed, and he asked Wawillaway if the Indians had begun war. "No, no," said the chief, "the Indians and white men are now all brothers." The conversation then turned on the murder of Herrod, of which Wawillaway had not heard. Wolf charged that it was the work of the Indians. The chief replied that he might have been killed by some white enemy. He then shook hands, and turned to go, when Wolf fired from behind, inflicting a mortal wound. The brave Shawanese turned upon his assailants, killed one, and wounded the other. Exhausted by his efforts, and mortally wounded, he fell dead.

This occurrence operated to inflame the whole country, and a frontier war seemed imminent. A company of prominent citizens, in the hope of quieting matters, rode to Greenville, Ohio, in the Indian country, where they found Tecumseh with a large body of Indians. A council was held, and the whites candidly related all the circumstances connected with the murder of Wawillaway. After some hesitation, the Indians accepted the explanation, and declared their intention of abiding by the treaty of Greenville. This, however, was not enough. Tecumseh agreed to go to Chillicothe and exert his influence in behalf of peace. In the council held at that place Tecumseh fulfilled his promise in a speech of great power and eloquence, which effectually quieted the disturbance.

One incident connected with the murder of Wawillaway deserves mention. His two sons vowed vengeance upon Wolf. The latter fled to Kentucky, and employed an agent to negotiate with his enemies. After much debate and delay, the two Indians agreed, for the consideration of a horse and a new saddle, bridle, and gun apiece, to bury the hatchet. On an appointed day, the settlers from far and near came together to witness the fulfillment of this contract. In the midst of a

hollow square stood Wolf, with his horses and their trappings. Opposite him stood the two young Indians. The latter lifted their hands toward heaven, calling on the Great Spirit to avenge the wrong which they had suffered, and at the same time to witness the sincerity of their forgiveness of their father's murderer. They took Wolf by the hand, and the three sat down together to smoke the calumet of peace. The two parties to this singular contract were good friends ever afterward.

It is to another class of events, however, that we must look to get glimpses of the motives and ideas of Tecumseh's interior life at this time. The early tendency of his mind to dwell upon the wrongs of the white man against his race expressed itself in a long study of the problem as to how the ruin of the red man and his impending extinction might be averted. Tecumseh did not talk much. He kept himself in the background. While the records of these years abound with the names of Blue Jacket, The Owl, and Turkey Foot, that of Tecumseh is not mentioned. There is evidence to show that his mind was actively employed on the great subject which we have mentioned.

Things were constantly occurring to give him food for thought. The Indian wars were over, but the outrages and wrongs continued. In 1801 William Henry Harrison was appointed governor of that portion of the North-west Territory known as Indiana. At the very first talk which the new governor had with his Indian constituency, the latter had no less than six murders by white men to complain of, the murderers having gone "unwhipt of justice." One of the cases bore heavily upon the minds of the Indians. Two warriors, a squaw, and some children had been hunting on Blue River, when their camp was discovered by three white men, who approached as friends, and were hospitably entertained. At an opportune moment the villainous visitors had murdered the whole party of Indians, made off with their property, and boasted of their feat in the white settlements without fear of punishment.

The able and interesting communications of Governor Harri-

son are full of details as to the irritation between the whites and the Indians. Besides these open outrages, the poor Indians suffered in many ways. Six thousand gallons of whisky were sold each year to the Indians upon the Wabash, who scarcely numbered six hundred warriors. "Every horror is produced," says Governor Harrison, "among these unhappy people by their intercourse with the whites. This is so certain that I can at once tell, upon looking at an Indian whom I chance to meet, whether he belongs to a neighboring or more distant tribe. The latter is generally well clothed, healthy, and vigorous, the former half naked, filthy, and enfeebled by intoxication; and many of them without arms, excepting a knife, which they carry for the most villainous purposes."

Among the many murders committed was one at a tavern, where a white man and an Indian, who were drinking together, got into a quarrel. Another white man took the Indian away to a distant house to keep him till he sobered off. The man with whom he had quarreled procured a cudgel, proceeded to the house, forced open the door of the room where the Indian lay, and beat him to death with a club. The murderer was arrested, tried, made no attempt at defense, and yet the jury of white men, although the facts of the murder were proved without contradiction or question, brought in a verdict in five minutes of "not guilty," simply on the ground that the victim was an Indian.

It is not to be forgotten that agents of the British Government continually circulated among the Indians, promising help from England in case they would make war upon the whites. This was also an important factor in the problem which was being worked out by Tecumseh. From childhood he had been taught to regard the great Pontiac as the foremost of all the Indian leaders of the past, and he did not fail to see that as Pontiac's scheme hinged upon the assistance of France, so his own plans might be confidently formed with regard to help from England:

The assumption of prophetic powers by Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, in 1805, was in some way intimately connected with Tecumseh's plans. The chief, assisted by the smaller cunning of his brother, and thoroughly understanding the Indian character, saw that for the purpose of laying hold of the hearts and minds of the Indians; of uniting scattered and broken tribes in the execution of a single great enterprise; of the revival of the spirit of his people, among whom the effects of Wayne's victory in the battle of Fallen Timbers were still painfully manifest, and of the rallying of a wide and enthusiastic following, the Indians could be approached in no way so successfully as through their superstitions. Speaking strictly, Tecumseh's brother was an Indian Mohammed.

So the Prophet changed his name. He preached that he was the Anointed of the Great Spirit to reform the manners of the red men. All the innovations in dress and habits which they had learned from the white men must be abandoned. Calling together a large assembly in northern Ohio of Indians from many tribes, he, in the presence of this company, made an official announcement of his doctrines. He denounced witchcraft and drunkenness. He said that he had been carried up into the clouds, and had been shown the dwelling-place of the devil. Here he had seen the multitudes of those who had died drunkards in their eternal home. From the mouth of every one of them proceeded flames of fire.

When he was questioned as to whether he was not a drunkard himself, he admitted the truth, but said that the fright from his vision prevented him from drinking any more. He attacked the practice of Indian women marrying white men, and also the growing tendency toward individual property. He proclaimed celestial rewards for all who would become his followers, and boldly laid claim to the power of foretelling future events, curing sickness, preventing death on the battle-field, and working all sorts of miracles.

The Prophet was a first-rate orator, though wanting in the

courage and truthfulness of his brother. President Jefferson wrote of him as follows :

“The Wabash Prophet is more rogue than fool, if to be a rogue is not the greatest of all follies. He rose to notice while I was in the administration, and became of course a proper subject for me. The inquiry was made with diligence. His declared object was the reformation of his red brethren and their return to their pristine manners of living. He pretended to be in constant communication with the Great Spirit; that he was instructed by him to make known to the Indians that they were created by him, distinct from the whites, of different natures, for different purposes, and placed under different circumstances adapted to their nature and destinies; that they must return from all the ways of the whites to the habits and opinions of their forefathers; they must not eat the flesh of hogs, of bullocks, of sheep, etc., the deer and the buffalo having been created for their food. They must not bake bread of wheat, but of Indian corn; they must not wear linen nor woolen, but must dress like their fathers, in the skins and furs of animals; they must not drink ardent spirits, and I do not remember whether he extended his inhibitions to the gun and gunpowder in favor of the bow and arrow.

“I concluded from all this that he was a visionary, enveloped in their antiquities, and vainly endeavoring to lead back his brethren to the fancied beatitudes of their golden age. I thought there was little danger of his making many proselytes from the habits and comforts they had learned from the whites to the hardships and privations of savagism, and no great harm if he did. But his followers increased until the British thought him worth corrupting, and found him corruptible. I suppose his views were then changed, but his proceedings in consequence of them were after I left the administration, and are therefore unknown to me; nor have I ever been informed what were the particular acts on his part which produced an actual commencement of hostilities on ours. I have no doubt, however, that the

subsequent are but a chapter apart, like that of Henry and Lord Liverpool in the book of the kings of England."

At first the following of the Prophet was small, but superstition is always ready to take up with new leaders. The bolder the imposition, the more followers it finds. As the stories of the Prophet passed from mouth to mouth, the wonders ascribed to him grew with lightning rapidity. As the tales were borne to the far off shores of Lake Superior, miracles of the most prodigious proportions were related. Still such reports were not confined to distant tribes. The people in the very next wigwam to the Prophet's would affirm with dogged obstinacy, bold faces, and invincible positiveness the details of wonders which the Prophet had wrought, and which they themselves had witnessed. Perhaps an explanation for this may be found in the fact that, hearing others relate stories of the Prophet's miracles, which their credulous minds believed, they, in turn, not wishing to be behind the rest, thought it necessary to bear testimony to wonders themselves. In fact, the nearer they were to the Prophet, and the closer their relations with him, the keener would be their pique if they had had no stories to tell. So each of the Prophet's followers strove to surpass the rest in the tales which he could tell of supernatural occurrences.

All this sort of thing, it will be observed, has for its foundation a belief that miracles did occur; in short, in their possibility and reality as a general thing, the only question being as to the particular details. If such a belief in the possibility of the miracles, and in the fact that they really were occurring, had been absent from the Prophet's followers, it is evident that the above explanation would be incorrect. Some other reason would have to be found to account for the existence of the testimony to his miracles. Perhaps it would not be necessary to go farther in such a case than to say that the stories were lies. In the present instance, however, there can be no doubt that the followers of the Prophet believed him to be an actual miracle worker, the only question in their minds, if there

was any at all, being as to what particular miracles he had wrought.

It is the invariable course of history for Superstition to go hand in hand with her sisters, Intolerance and Persecution. Such was the case with the Prophet. He instituted a persecution against witchcraft. An old woman was denounced as a witch by him, and she was called upon repeatedly to give up her charm and medicine-bag. She was put to the stake and burned. In her fearful agony, hoping for relief, she screamed out that her grandson had her charm. This accusation, instead of saving her, resulted in the young Indian, who was out hunting, being forthwith pursued and arrested. He confessed that he had borrowed the charm, and by means of it had flown through the air over Kentucky to the banks of the Mississippi, and back again, before bed-time. He insisted, however, that he had returned the charm to his grandmother, and was finally released.

On the following day an old chief named Teteboxti was accused of being a wizard. Knowing that his doom was fixed, the old man arrayed himself in his finest clothes, and confronted the grim circle of inquisitors in the council-house. The trial was speedy. The sentence was passed. The old chief calmly assisted in the construction of his own funeral pile. Touched by his white hairs, the council became merciful. They voted to tomahawk him and burn his body afterwards. This was done. Many others met the same fate.

When Governor Harrison heard of the witchcraft delusion and the far-reaching influence of the Prophet, he was justly alarmed. No one knew better than he the sway of superstition among ignorant minds. He knew that, although the Indians had been quiet for ten years, and could be roused by the call of no ordinary leader, nevertheless deceived by a mask of religion, they might once more plunge the frontiers into bloody war. He wrote them a most earnest letter, urging them to drive out the Prophet, and boldly asserting that the latter was

a fraud. He told the Indians that the pretender could work no miracles. "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."

The Prophet took the governor at his word. He announced that on a certain day he would cause darkness to cover the sun. By some means he had learned that a total eclipse of the sun would occur on a certain day. The reports of the prophecy spread to a thousand villages.

On the appointed day a vast assemblage of Indians from far and near gathered to witness the miracle. They were arranged in a great circle. Painted Ottawas, wild Ojibwas, fierce Dacotahs, ugly Kickapoos, and curious Illinois, as well as numbers from nearer tribes, were there. Over the multitude hung a deathlike silence. The rattling tongues of the squaws were hushed, and the cheeks of the boldest warriors were blanched with unnatural pallor.

An hour before noon the Prophet, dressed with dazzling magnificence, came out of his wigwam, and strode with slow and stately steps toward the center of the circle. A slight buzz of apprehension went through the assembly. A few Indian youths ran from one point to another, carrying messages and perfecting details. At last all was ready. The Prophet rose. Extending his right arm and turning his face toward the heavens, he pronounced an unintelligible incantation. As he proceeded a disc of darkness was observed to be slowly appearing upon the edge of the sun. The eyes of the vast assemblage were turned from the Prophet toward the phenomenon. As the moments progressed the dark spot enlarged. There was a perceptible diminution of light.

An hour went by. The Prophet still continued his diablarie. The landscape, before so sunny, took on somber hues of brown. The air was close and still. It grew darker and darker. The multitude was thrilled with awe. They clung closely to one another. Not a few believed that the end of the world was at

hand. The deep shadows, the darkened air, the increasing obscurity, which at sunset would have attracted no attention, occurring in the middle of the day, with the sun in high heaven, seemed portentous and awful. The Prophet alone remained calm and unmoved. At the moment of total eclipse, he cried out in a loud voice, "Behold! did I not prophesy truly?"

The reports of this miracle gave a wonderful impulse to the cause of the Prophet. Tecumseh now appeared on the scene. He took care to lend the aid of his powerful name and influence to the Prophet by an ostentatious reverence. The latter returned the compliment by pointing out Tecumseh as the leader chosen by the Great Spirit to save the red man. Thus these two brothers acted well their parts. With Tecumseh to do the heavy tragedy, and the Prophet to shift the scenes and throw on the red lights, the drama proceeded well. The Indians were fired with fanaticism and military enthusiasm.

The whites were alarmed. The ever-increasing throng of savages about Tecumseh and his brother seemed ready to break out into violence. At a council in Ohio, Tecumseh made a three hours' speech. He reviewed all the treaties with the white men, and undertook to prove their nullity. Every appeal which could rouse the passions of his followers and stir their hearts with bitterness and hostility was made. The orator hurled a bold defiance against the enemies of his people. The Indians who were present, excited by his fiery eloquence, were unable to keep their seats.

While Tecumseh's influence was rising at home, the fame of the Prophet was spreading abroad. In a village of the Ojibwas, on Lake Superior, was an unfortunate captive named John Tanner. He afterwards escaped, and related that one day a strange Indian arrived in the village. For days he preserved the most mysterious silence. Then he told them that he was a messenger from the great Shawanese Prophet. On a certain day the Indians assembled in their council-house. In the midst of the room stood an object in form and size something like a

prostrate man. Over it was thrown a blanket. The stranger carried four strings of beads, said to be made from the flesh of the Prophet. Each Indian in the assembly took hold of these beads, and by this act adopted the new religion. They also, though with reluctance, gave up their medicine-bags.

The more fanatical of the Indians went to dwell with the Prophet. In this movement we see a new proof that the laws of society, whether civilized or barbarous, are the same. This great religious uprising among the Indians, and the war which followed it, were parallel to such religious wars as those of Mohammed and of many another leader. Religion, the very genius of which is peace, has more often than any thing else been the cloak of the great soldier.

The Indians, followers of Tecumseh and the Prophet, who had taken up their residence on the banks of the Wabash, at a village called "The Prophet's Town," soon began to mingle warlike exercises with their religious devotions. The great plan to which Tecumseh had devoted all his genius and energies was nothing less than a mighty confederation of the Indian tribes of the continent, who were to unite and drive the white men beyond the Alleghanies.

As the great scheme had taken shape in his mind its form became less and less that of a mere temporary alliance, such as the immortal Pontiac had sought; and more and more that of a "great and permanent confederation, an empire of red men, of which Tecumseh should be the leader and emperor." For four years he traveled incessantly in the propagation of his enterprise. Now he visited the farthest extremities of Lake Superior. At another time he traversed the unknown regions beyond the Mississippi. Again he labored with the Creeks, securing Red Eagle as his most illustrious convert.

The United States Government was alarmed. It was reported in the spring of 1810 that Tecumseh controlled more than sixteen hundred warriors. It was evident that the exposed settlements in Indiana were in danger. Shortly, faith-



GENERAL HARRISON AND THE PROPHET.



ful scouts reported that Tecumseh's following numbered three thousand warriors.

Many messages, threatening on the part of Governor Harrison, deceitful or defiant on the part of Tecumseh, passed back and forth. There were frequent councils. The Indian chief, with forty braves, visited Vincennes to have a talk with Governor Harrison. After much singular dancing and conjuring, Tecumseh began the council. He demanded that the "Seventeen Fires," as he called the United States, give up the lands which they claimed by virtue of treaties with separate tribes. He boldly announced that he intended to go to war unless this was done. To these demands Governor Harrison replied with definite refusals. Tecumseh became so angry, that the peace talk came near ending in a free fight. An adjournment to the following day operated to quiet matters somewhat.

This council was held on the 12th of August, 1810. It broke up, leaving the Indians irritated and defiant and the white people of Vincennes alarmed and apprehensive. As the year progressed, evidences of Indian hostility became more frequent. Horses were stolen. Here and there murders were committed. The Indians, in the spring of 1811, captured a boat filled with salt. It had been sent up the Wabash for distribution among all the tribes. In the previous year the Prophet had refused to take any salt, sending an insulting message to Governor Harrison. This year he was wiser. He took all the salt, including not only his own, but that which belonged to a dozen other tribes. At a council held afterward, Tecumseh hissed out to General Harrison that he was hard to please, and that he was angry at one time because the Indians took no salt and another year because they did take it.

The good people at Vincennes lived in the shadow of a constant fear. They knew that Tecumseh might, at any time, launch his fleet of light canoes at the Prophet's town and, gliding down on the swift current of the Wabash, suddenly and silently attack Vincennes before a single word of warning could

reach and rouse their victims. Meanwhile reports continued to come in of Tecumseh's intrigues among distant tribes.

The last council with Tecumseh was held at Vincennes on the 27th of July, 1811. The chieftain, accompanied by a retinue of one hundred and seventy-five well-armed Indians, took his position on one side of an arbor prepared for the council, while Governor Harrison, with seventy soldiers, occupied a position opposite. Tecumseh's speech when called upon to surrender a number of Indians, who had murdered some whites, was artful and ingenious. He preached a regular sermon to the white men, on the duty of the forgiveness of injuries. He also begged that nothing be done with the Indians during his absence, which was about to transpire, on a journey to the South. He assured Harrison that his only object was to prevail on all the tribes to unite in the bonds of peace.

We now know how different was his real mission. Every effort was made by frequent changes of garb, and skillful maneuverings to impress Tecumseh with the military strength of Vincennes. A Pottawatomie, called the Deaf Chief, was present at the council, but unable to hear the proceedings. In the evening he was informed as to what had taken place, and going up to General Harrison, told him that he would have confronted Tecumseh with proofs of his hostility had he understood the latter's pretensions of friendliness.

This incident was related to Tecumseh, who quietly informed his brother that the Deaf Chief must be put out of the way. The latter heard of the threat. He calmly repaired to his tent, arrayed himself in the full costume of the warrior, sprang into his canoe, and paddled his solitary way to Tecumseh's camp. Arriving in the presence of the great chief, the Indian reproached him bitterly for the threat of assassination, and dared him to an open combat. To every taunt and insult Tecumseh returned majestic indifference. With a war-whoop of defiance, the Indian again betook himself to his canoe. A little later a sharp crack from a rifle was heard from the bushes along the shore. The

boatman might have been seen to fall heavily backwards, and the canoe without a helmsman bearing the corpse of its owner drifted on into the night.

In August, the governor again sent a demand for the surrender of some murderers, to which the Indians replied with the usual insulting refusal. Under strict orders to preserve peace if possible, Governor Harrison resolved to confront the Indians with a strong military force before Tecumseh should return. In order to stop the outrages of which reports were brought in every day, and in compliance with loud demands from the citizens of Vincennes and other settlements, the governor resolved to erect a fort on the Wabash, and break up the large and dangerous assemblage of hostile Indians at the Prophet's town.

On the 26th of September, 1811, Governor Harrison marched out of Vincennes at the head of nine hundred troops. Six days afterward the army encamped on the eastern bank of the Wabash, at a point two miles above the present bustling city of Terre Haute.

Here the men were employed in the construction of a log fort, named by the soldiers Fort Harrison.

Evidence accumulated to show that the host of Indians at the Prophet's town, instead of



FORT HARRISON.

submitting on the approach of the army, were preparing to risk a battle. This was expressly contrary to Tecumseh's orders. It seems probable that the Prophet, jealous of his brother's sud-

den fame, was all the more anxious for a battle in the latter's absence. His town, which was the objective point of the invaders, was the center and capital of the new religious fanaticism. Here the Great Spirit was supposed to dwell. Here were performed the strange and mysterious rites with which the new worship was carried on. Hideous dances, midnight orgies, self-inflicted tortures, and the dark ceremonies of Indian magic occupied the frenzied savages.

To the thousands of converts, who had everywhere adopted the religion of the Prophet, this sacred town was as Jerusalem to the Jews, and Mecca to the Mohammedans. Its fortifications were believed to be impregnable, and here a thousand braves, the flower of a hundred warlike tribes, worked into a frantic frenzy, alike by the fervor of fanaticism, the promptings of patriotism, the fever of hatred, and the undying love of warfare, prepared to give battle to the invading army.

Leaving a small garrison at Fort Harrison, the troops advanced along the south-east bank of the Wabash. After passing Big Raccoon Creek it was determined to cross the Wabash, in order to avoid the woody shores on the south-east side. This was effected at a point near the site of the present town of Montezuma, Parke county, Indiana.

On the 6th of November the army came in sight of the Prophet's town. Small bodies of Indians, armed and painted for battle, could be seen scurrying hither and thither across the country. As the army continued to advance every effort was made to communicate with these savages, and assure them of the peaceful intentions of the whites. While this fact is well authenticated, it must be confessed that an army of a thousand men approaching within a mile of their principal town, and which had already constructed and garrisoned two forts, was not calculated to cause the savages to regard the invaders' intentions as purely peaceful. In fact the thing now wears the appearance of a huge joke. However, toward evening three chiefs advanced, representing that the Prophet on his part, also,

contemplated nothing but peace, and that his heart was overflowing with love for his white brethren. Thus the Indian answered one joke with another. He also asked that the white men refrain from hostilities until the following day, when a peace talk could be had.

The army encamped for the night about three quarters of a mile from the Prophet's town, on the now famous Tippecanoe Battle Ground, seven miles north-east of the present city of Lafayette. The place was a beautiful spot of timber-land, about ten feet higher than the marshy prairie in front, which stretched away toward the Prophet's town, and perhaps twice that height above the prairie in the rear. Here the army encamped.

Meanwhile the Indians were by no means idle. All night long the chiefs sat in council. A dozen different plans for the attack were proposed. At one time it was decided to meet the whites in council on the next day, agree to their proposals, and withdraw, leaving behind two Winnebagoes, who were to rush forward and assassinate the governor. This was to be the signal for battle. Later in the night, which was dark and rainy, the plan was changed. The Prophet, mixing some mysterious hell-broth, pretended to read in it the fact that one-half of Harrison's army was dead, and the other half crazy. Encouraged by this assurance the whole body of warriors, at four o'clock in the morning, began to creep across the miry prairie toward the American camp.

Early though it was, General Harrison had risen, and was pulling on his boots before a camp-fire. The drummer was just being roused to wake the men. Suddenly a shot was heard, followed by a wild yell from multitudes of savage throats. The men, who had slept in rank with their clothes on and arms in hand, sprang to their feet. A number of Indians made their way into the heart of the camp before they could be arrested. The place was dark except as it was illuminated by the glow of the smoldering camp-fires. The men hurried to put these

out as quickly as possible, to prevent the enemy from having so good a mark. They soon rallied from the surprise, and began to fight with great courage.

In the confusion of the moment the large white horse of Governor Harrison could not be found, and the American commander was forced to mount a borrowed plug of a different color. This circumstance no doubt saved his life. One of his aids, who also rode a white horse, fell, pierced by a dozen balls, in the very beginning of the attack. There can be no doubt that he was mistaken for his chief.

Harrison took a most active part in the battle, riding from point to point, rallying and encouraging his men. Not so with the Prophet. Selecting for himself an elevated position, he chanted a wild war-song. Though invisible in the darkness, his shrill and piercing voice could be distinctly heard above the din of the battle in every part of the field. Here, like an evil genius, he presided over the destinies of the battle until his braves, wounded and dying, were being driven back from the point of attack.

The American troops which were encamped around the edge of the spot of woodland, succeeded in keeping the Indians out of the camp until it became sufficiently light for a general charge, which resulted in the complete rout of the Indians. During the battle many instances of heroism occurred. Captain Warrick was shot through the body. His wound was dressed, and though it was evident he could live but a few hours, his great physical strength was unexhausted. He insisted on going back to head his company. This was but one of many such occurrences.

When the Indians fled, the whites found thirty-seven of their own number killed, and a hundred and fifty-one wounded. Twenty-five of the latter afterwards died from their wounds. During the day the shattered army was employed in strengthening their position. Their only food was broiled horseflesh. On the following day they advanced to the Prophet's town.

No defiant war-whoop greeted them. The place was desolate and deserted. It had been abandoned in a panic. The Indians, more civilized than the wild tribes of the plains which we know to-day, had left behind all their household furniture, many fire-arms, great quantities of corn, numbers of hogs and chickens. The only human being in the village was an old chief, with a broken leg. He had been left behind by his people, and was unable to escape. The whites ministered to his wants and left him. Taking the provisions for their own use, the entire village was destroyed. The Prophet's influence was forever broken.

Tecumseh was already on his way home. His trip had been successful. Red Eagle and the Creeks were preparing for war. The Cherokees, the Osages, the Seminoles, were all ready to take up the hatchet. The great confederacy seemed almost an accomplished fact. Confident and happy, Tecumseh hurried back to the Prophet's town. He was ignorant of what had happened. As he and his party approached they gave the salute-yell. Instead of a wild chorus of replies from the direction of the village, all was wrapped in utter silence.

Anxious and alarmed, he hurried forward. He caught sight of the spot where the village had been. Not a cabin was to be seen. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, to see if it was not a dream, a nightmare. Not so. The village had disappeared. Only heaps of ashes marked its site. All its fortifications, all the stores of food and ammunition, and the collection of arms, the fruit of years of weary toil, were gone. Tecumseh saw at once what had happened. He was overwhelmed with sorrow. Just at the moment of apparent triumph he found the very foundation of the fabric dissolved in thin air. Guided by some stragglers Tecumseh hurried to the camp, twenty miles away, where the disgraced Prophet awaited with fear and trembling his brother's return. Great and terrible was Tecumseh's rage. He seized the unfortunate impostor by the hair, and threatened to kill him. The battle had been fought in direct opposition to his orders.

All had been staked, and all was lost. The Prophet's influence was utterly gone. He was the object of contempt and abuse. The very boys yelled at him as he sneaked through a village. Yet, because he was Tecumseh's brother, he was saved from further punishment. Tecumseh wrote to General Harrison that he desired to go to Washington. The request was granted, but he was required to go alone. This wounded the spirit of the disappointed man. The would-be emperor refused to go without a retinue. Filled with unutterable fury, he joined the English army in Canada. When invited to take part in a peace-council, he said: "No! I have taken sides with the king, and I will suffer my bones to bleach on this shore before I will recross that stream to take part in any council of neutrality."

Tecumseh took an active part in the war, and before long found himself at the head of seven hundred warriors. Nearly all the leading chiefs followed his lead and went over to the British side. Fort Dearborn, then a lonely post on the spot where Chicago, the "Wonder of the West," now handles the commerce of a continent, was evacuated by its occupants. The departing garrison and the families of the fort were assaulted by savages, and nearly all killed. Tecumseh also devised two sieges to be conducted by Indians.

Fort Wayne was a wooden fortification, garrisoned by seventy men. Early in September word reached General Harrison, at Cincinnati, that this post was besieged and in great peril. Five men, headed by Logan, an Indian chief of wide fame, undertook to communicate with the garrison. At the moment of their arrival the besiegers were gathered on two sides of the fort, in an attempt to take the place by stratagem. The messengers reached the very walls of the place without opposition, and came suddenly upon four Indian chiefs, with a flag of truce, who were attempting to lure the officers of the fort into a peace-talk outside the fortification, where they might be assassinated. The alarmed chiefs made off, while the five scouts entered the fort.

The situation was found to be full of distress. As soon as a letter could be written the bold men sallied forth, and dashed through the lines of the astonished besiegers, to carry the news to General Harrison. The defenders of Fort Wayne deposed their commander, and elected Lieutenant Curtis as his successor. Troops failing to arrive, the Indians demanded the surrender of the place, and this being refused, made a heavy attack. They had two cannon, which burst at the first fire, being made of wood and hooped with iron, by some scalawag English traders. The garrison fought well. The Indians were repulsed with heavy loss. General Harrison at last arrived in the vicinity, and failing to ambush him, the Indians withdrew.

Captain Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States, was the commandant of Fort Harrison. His force numbered about thirty-five effective men. On the 3d of September a lot of Indians with their women and children appeared before the fort, and begged for admission, under pretense of holding a council. Failing in this, they continued to linger around, and at midnight the garrison was aroused by an alarm of fire. One of the block-houses at the corner of the fortification, containing the provisions of the garrison, was in flames. Several barrels of whisky took fire, and the whole structure was so quickly ablaze that no efforts to extinguish the flames could avail. A strong force of Indians poured volleys of balls into the fort, and were evidently preparing to force an entrance through the gap left by the destruction of the block-house.

The men prevented the spread of the flames as well as they could, while their captain, sick with bilious fever, tore down a log structure, and braving the bullets of the savages, constructed a hasty barricade opposite the gap. Behind this the men fought bravely, repulsing every assault. So inevitable did the destruction of the garrison seem, that two men attempted to escape through the gap left by the fire. One was killed; the other concealed himself, and was re-admitted to the fort in the morning. The loss of their provisions threatened the handful of

men with starvation. A wagon-train from Vincennes coming to their relief was attacked, and nearly the whole escort killed. In time a stronger force made its way to the little outpost. The Indians, to revenge themselves for their disappointment, attacked a settlement at Pigeon Roost, on a branch of White River, in Clarke county, Indiana, and massacred twenty-one men, women, and children.

In the progress of the war, a Shawanese chief named Logan proved to be a most valuable scout for the Americans. He was, however, suspected of treachery. Deeply hurt, he, with Captain Johnny and Bright Horn, his inseparable companions, started out to prove his fidelity. They were surprised by some hostile Indians, and captured. Logan pretended to be deserting to the British, and succeeded in retaining his arms. One of the guards, noticing something in Captain Johnny's mouth, looked inquiringly toward him. The latter coolly said, "Me chaw heap tobac." The tobacco was a bullet. While some of their captors were searching the woods for black haws, Logan and his companions attacked the remainder. Five Indians were killed. Logan received a mortal wound. He made his way back to the American camp. He lingered two days in the greatest agony. The men, understanding that he had fallen to vindicate his honor, bestowed every attention possible. The faithful chief passed away with a smile of triumph on his face, satisfied that he had answered his accusers, though at the cost of his life. His mother was Tecumapease, the only sister of Tecumseh.

Among the many tragic occurrences of the Indian warfare in 1812, none was more fearful than the battle and massacre of Raisin. Frenchtown was on the river Raisin, only eighteen miles from Malden, Canada, where the British had their entire force. A cry for help came from the place, and in the dead of winter six hundred men marched from the Maumee to this place. A sharp battle resulted in the evacuation of Frenchtown by the British. Two hundred and fifty more Americans were then

sent forward to re-enforce the first army. On the morning of January 22, 1813, two thousand British and Indians attacked the Americans. A bloody battle resulted in the surrender of the entire American force. The English commander left the wounded in the place, taking the rest to Malden. On the following morning two hundred Indians, painted black and red, entered the place, and barbarously massacred the helpless wounded. Many were burnt alive in the buildings in which they lay. Nearly three hundred perished in the battle and the massacre together. The whole town was filled with corpses. Tecumseh was in the Wabash region at the time, raising re-enforcements.

In April Tecumseh appeared before Fort Meigs, on the Maumee River, where General Harrison had his head-quarters. The English erected three batteries. To match this, Harrison constructed an earth embankment, twelve feet high, in which the cannon-balls buried themselves harmlessly. General Clay at last approached to the relief of the fort with eight hundred men. A battle ensued in the attempt to throw themselves into the fort. The activity of Tecumseh's warriors defeated the effort, less than two hundred out of the whole number reaching the fort. The English commander allowed his Indian allies to tomahawk such of the prisoners as they pleased, more than twenty being brutally murdered. Tecumseh had been in another part of the battle-field. Discovering what was going on, he rode at full speed to the spot, dismounted, and with drawn tomahawk beat his men off from the prisoners, and cursed the English commander for his crime. The latter said he could not control the Indians, but Tecumseh answered, "Begone! You are unfit to command; go and put on the dress of a squaw."

Tecumseh was an unruly ally. He despised Proctor, the English commander with whom he operated. One day, provisions being scarce, salt beef was given the English soldiers, while the Indians received only horse-flesh. Angered at the outrage,

Tecumseh strode to Proctor's tent and demanded an explanation. Seeing the English general about to treat the complaint with indifference, Tecumseh significantly struck the hilt of the commander's sword, touching at the same time the handle of his tomahawk, and said, "You are Proctor—I am Tecumseh." This hint at a mode of settling the difficulty, brought Proctor to terms at once.

Tecumseh's last grudge against Proctor was the retreat of the English from Malden after Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie. Tecumseh urged a battle with every argument and taunt. "We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail on its back, but when affrighted, it drops it between its legs and runs off." Tecumseh, disgusted at the retreat, would have deserted the English cause but for the fact that he had induced other tribes to join it. Proctor pretended from time to time that he would halt and give battle. When the retreat commenced, Tecumseh said, "We are now going to follow the British, and I am sure that we shall never return." At last, on the 5th of October, Proctor was forced to halt and oppose the pursuing Americans in the battle of the Thames. Just before the engagement, Tecumseh said to the group of chiefs about him; "Brother warriors, we are now about to enter into an engagement, from which I shall never come out—my body will remain on the field of battle." Unbuckling his sword and handing it to a chief he said, "When my son becomes a noted warrior, and able to wield a sword, give this to him."

As the battle advanced, the victory of the Americans became apparent. The Indians fought well, until they suddenly missed the loud, commanding battle-cry of Tecumseh. There was a pause, a shudder, and then all incontinently fled. The great chieftain had fallen, pierced by a pistol ball. The discussion as to who killed Tecumseh became a singularly heated one in subsequent political campaigns, the chief recommendation for office in that day being skill as an Indian fighter. The preponder-

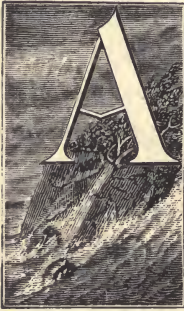
ance of evidence seems to indicate that Colonel Richard M. Johnson was the slayer of the famous chief.

Tecumseh never allowed his portrait to be painted. He is described as a perfect Apollo in form, his face oval, his nose straight and handsome, and his mouth regular and beautiful. His eyes singularly enough, were "hazel, clear, and pleasant in conversation, but like balls of fire when excited by anger or enthusiasm." His bearing was that of a noble and lofty spirit, a true "King of the Woods," as the English called him. He was temperate in his habits, loving truth and honor better than life. His mind was of a high order. He possessed a genius which must have made him eminent in any age or country. Like Powhatan, Pontiac, and Brant, his illustrious predecessors, he had failed; yet like them he was great in defeat. He was the first great chieftain who prohibited the massacre of prisoners. He died at forty-four, in the very prime of life.

The Prophet survived his brother twenty-two years. He, with the remnant of his tribe, removed to the Indian Territory, where, shorn of his power and influence, he still continued in a small way to exercise his "supernatural" gifts for the delusion and mystification of a few ignorant dupes. He had only one eye, and possessed a countenance of which every line revealed craft and deceptiveness. In 1823, Isaac Harvey, a Quaker missionary at Wapakoneta, one day visited a sick Indian, a consumptive. Entering the cabin, he found the sick man lying face downwards, his bared back cut in several places, and faint from loss of blood. Standing over him was the Prophet, with a bloody knife in his hands. He explained that the sick man was bewitched, and that the gashes in his back were to let out the demon. The good Quaker put the fraud out of the room, and dressed the sick man's wounds. Nor did his work stop here. At great personal risk he continued to fight the belief in witchcraft, and to oppose the Prophet's delusions, until the lunacy was banished entirely from the Shawanese tribe. The impostor himself alone continued the pretense of belief in it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SORROWS OF THE SEMINOLES.



AM I a negro, a slave? My skin is dark, but not black. I am an Indian—a Seminole. The white man shall not make me black. I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell of his bones, and the buzzard shall live upon his flesh.” Where, when, and by whom was expression given to this dark sentiment? The speaker was Osceola, a young Seminole warrior. The scene, a trader’s cabin, at a settlement in Florida. Osceola had sought to buy a keg of powder. He had been refused on the ground that the United States forbade the sale of ammunition or fire-arms to the Seminoles. The time of this affront was the early part of the year 1835. Who was Osceola, what his race, and what the occasion for this collision between its members and the white man?

About the middle of the last century a great chief arose among the Creeks, named Secoffee. He had ambition, genius, eloquence, the gift of leadership, and the spirit of rebellion. He revolted from the confederacy of the Creeks, and drawing after him a third part of the tribe, took his way to the heart of Florida. The Creeks attempted, by terrible wars, to conquer the rebels, and force them to return to their old allegiance. Failing in this, they sought revenge by branding the runaways with the name of “The Seminoles,” a name originally a badge of disgrace, signifying simply “The Runaways.” The

insult failed, as well as the armies of the Creeks, to accomplish its purpose. Long since has the humiliating meaning been forgotten among men, who remember only the sad but beautiful name, Seminole.

Fugitives themselves, the Seminoles always afforded refuge and safety to the negroes of Georgia, who likewise fled from the bondage of their masters. This practice brought on a small war between the Georgians and the Seminoles, which eventually resulted in the purchase of Florida from Spain. The United States thus found itself with a red elephant on its hands. The whites along the frontier hated their Indian neighbors. They longed to get their greedy hands upon their property.

Adventurers, speculators, and pioneers kept up an incessant din, demanding that the Indians of Florida be confined to certain limits, and that the rest of the country be thrown open to settlers. The whites wanted the country, so they said. This was sufficient reason in the opinion of the government and of the age to rob the Indians of their lands. Inasmuch as at the present day vast expanses of Florida remain a wilderness, untrodden by the foot of man, undeveloped and unexplored, the folly, the falsehood, and the wickedness of the clamor for the spoliation of the Seminoles is apparent to every candid mind. Nevertheless, the government, by intrigue and stratagem, on the 18th of September, 1824, took the step which was ultimately to desolate the peninsula to which mankind have given the name "The Land of Flowers." A considerable portion of the Seminole chiefs were induced to sign a treaty by which they bound themselves to withdraw with their people to a certain designated reservation. This treaty was to afford a pretext in case of its violation for the destruction of the Seminoles.

It brought nothing but trouble. The Indians, unsettled and driven from the old homes, failed to quiet down in any new ones. Angry and furious, they roamed the peninsula at will, from end to end. Of course, this brought on collisions and outrages. Moreover, the old question of the negroes among

the Seminoles gave increasing difficulty. The whites claimed that the Indians robbed their cornfields, burned their houses, and killed their cattle. The southerners were passionate. No one knew at what moment an Indian war might break out.

So in 1833 the government induced a party of chiefs to visit another unexplored wilderness, now comprising the State of Arkansas, with a view to the removal of the entire Seminole nation to that place. By some manipulation the United States succeeded in inducing a number of the chiefs to sign what is known as the treaty of "Payne's Landing," whereby they agreed to make the removal to Arkansas, provided an investigating band should make a favorable report concerning the country. The latter, under the seductive arts of the Indian agents, signed a treaty whereby they admitted that the country was satisfactory, and binding the Seminoles absolutely to the removal.

When these chiefs returned from Arkansas, and told their people what had been done, a universal dissatisfaction arose. The authority of the commissioners was denied. Indeed, more than half of them deliberately swore they had never signed the treaty, and that their names had been forged. There was widespread agitation. In every wigwam was heard the sound of dispute; in every council-house the roar of argument. The negro slaves belonging to the Seminoles banded together and boldly refused to follow their masters into exile, to a country where subsistence was only to be obtained by hard labor. As if by common impulse the Seminoles began to accumulate ammunition and weapons. The government retaliated by forbidding the sale of these articles to Indians or negroes. In response to a refusal to sell even powder, Osceola, a young warrior, not even a chief, uttered the terrible threat which stands at the opening of this chapter.

As the months went by, this high-spirited brave became one of the leaders of the war-party of the Seminoles. The old chiefs of the nation were timid and conservative. They inclined to a

compliance with the demands of the United States. With the ringing voice of command, Osceola swore that the first Indian who commenced the sale or disposal of his property, preparatory to removal, should be put to death. It was not long before this threat was carried out. Charley Mathlar, an old chief, had driven his cattle to one of the army posts, and there, in conformity with the treaty, received from the government agent the money for them. He was returning home from this trip, carrying in his hands a handkerchief, in which was tied up the gold and silver thus obtained.

Osceola, mindful of his threat, posted himself with a band of braves in the forest beside the path, along which the old chief must come. As the latter approached, his enemies fired. Covering his face with his hands, he fell prostrate, receiving the blows from the braves without a word. With imperious tone Osceola said that the gold and silver was made of the red man's blood. Forbidding his followers to touch the accursed thing, he took it with his own hands and threw it in every direction.

Osceola was not satisfied. He determined to obtain revenge for the murder of Charley Mathlar, to which, as he said, the white man had driven him. With sixty followers he concealed himself in a dense forest, in the neighborhood of Fort King. General Thompson and Lieutenant Smith were taking an afternoon walk. As they approached the ambush they were fired upon and killed.

The fierce appetite for war and blood, which sometimes sleeps, but never is utterly eradicated from the savage heart, had during the long years of comparative peace and of agricultural pursuits slumbered inactive in the breasts of the Seminoles. As the deed of blood was accomplished, this old appetite was roused, like some sleeping animal, to rage and fury in the bosoms of the Indians. With fierce, exultant cries they leaped forth from their concealment, scalped the fallen men, in whose bodies were no less than thirty-seven balls, and to satisfy the craving appetites of all, as well as to prove to their companions

their participation in the murder, cut the scalps into sixty small pieces, and distributed them to every member of the party.

Near by was the sutler's store, from which provisions were supplied to the fort. It was just the hour for the evening meal. Through the windows, open for the fresh sea breeze, which during certain hours in the day makes Florida delightful beyond any climate in the world, the savages discovered four gentlemen and one boy seated at the table. They fired through the open doors and windows, killing every inmate of the house. The scalps of the slain were cut up and distributed as before. With greedy hands the store was rifled. Then the torch was applied, and the band rode away, leaving the buildings in flames.

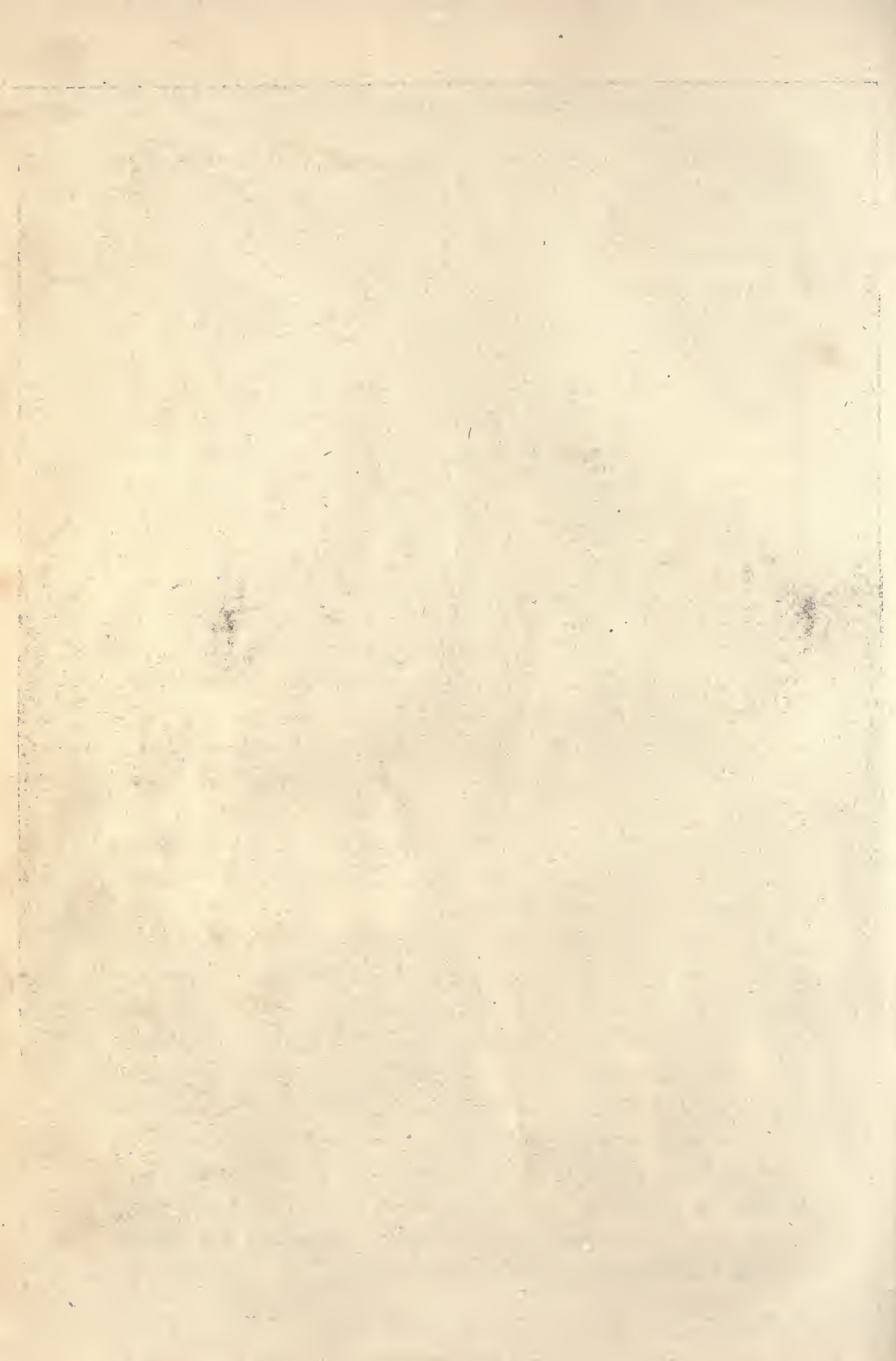
Horrible as was this occurrence, which stands as the opening of the Florida war, a war of which the histories are few and the events but little known, which is passed over lightly by every historian of our country, who is more careful for its fame than for the truth, it must be remembered that the Seminoles were frantic with agitation and insane with grief, both at the sorrows they had suffered and at the exile which confronted them. They had been driven from the villages which they and their fathers had inhabited for three quarters of a century; they had been quarreled with and hated by their neighbors, who for forty years had sought only their destruction or exile, and the robbery of their lands. Houseless and homeless, they had roamed restlessly through the peninsula, angry with themselves and embittered by hatred for their enemies. Their braves had been arrested and placed in irons; their hunting parties had been robbed and murdered.

The territorial legislature, in a petition to congress, had accused them of the violation of a treaty, into which their chiefs had been entrapped, and to which the nation at large had never agreed. Guilty of much, they had, nevertheless, been charged with murders which they did not commit, and slandered for outrages of which they were innocent. Their exile was demanded on the strength of a treaty alleged to



PIONEER WOMEN INCITING INDIANS TO VIOLENCE.

(See page 962.)



have been made with the exploring party sent to Arkansas, which the chiefs themselves repudiated as a forgery. Their most trusted leaders had been corrupted with money, and their hereditary chiefs had been bribed with presents. The suffering Seminoles, unlike the Indians of other portions of the country, could not retreat from the aggressions of the white men farther into the wilderness. Nature had hemmed them in by sea and gulf. For them there were but two alternatives, exile or war.

The Indians were by no means idle. One hundred troops were marching from Fort Brooke to the help of Fort King, where the above outrages were committed. They were discovered passing through an immense swamp. The Indians, two hundred in number, commanded by Jumper and Alligator, posted themselves on the west side of the road. Every warrior was protected or concealed amid the broad leaves of the high palmettos. On the other side of the road was a deep pond. Just as the troops arrived at this point, where they were, so to speak, between the devil and the deep water, the ambushed Indians fired. Alligator says, "The soldiers shouted and whooped, and the officers shook their swords and swore."

They seem to have done no more effective fighting. A cannon was loaded and fired a time or two, but the balls hissed harmlessly through the air, and fell with dull thuds far back in the swamp. Almost every white man was killed on the spot. Six got away, and endeavored to build a log barricade or pen, behind which they would be safe. The negroes, who formed powerful and ferocious allies of the Seminoles, attacked the rude rampart. When they clambered over the logs, only three men were found alive in the pen. Two of these were killed outright. The third snatched a rifle from the hands of his enemies, and with a terrific blow brained his opponent. He swiftly leaped over the logs, and started down the road at full speed. Two Indians on horseback gave chase, and, firing from a distance, killed him. Every man but two in the command was killed. The Indians lost only three warriors.

The whole Seminole country seemed to burst into flames at once. Sixteen plantations in East Florida, upon each of which were employed over a hundred negroes, together with sugar mills, cotton gins, storehouses, and fine residences, were completely destroyed during the month of January, 1836. The wealthiest people fled through the swamps for their lives, destitute of the common necessaries of life. None could tell at what moment or in what manner they would be assailed, and subjected to the most cruel and brutal death. "In some instances the lives of mothers were spared, that they might see their children cut in pieces, and their limbs used as weapons to assail the living."

A Frenchman, traveling in Florida in 1851, heard the story of the destruction of one of these planter's homes, from his guide, and published it in Paris. Though no date was given, the affair doubtless occurred early in the war. The guide had been a member of a company of volunteers, who were encamped on the shores of the St. John's River. One day a negro was observed swimming the river. He directed his course to the camp. As he touched the shore he ran toward the soldiers, all dripping with the water, explaining in agitated tones that the Indians were attacking the house of Mr. Montgomery, his master, and begging for help.

A party of men hastily prepared to accompany the slave to the threatened mansion, which was some little distance above, on the opposite side of the St. John's. The place was found to be well defended, and in no immediate danger, as the Indians had been gone for some hours. Montgomery, however, expressed great fears for the safety of his neighbor, Motte, who lived some miles farther up the river. Leaving a guard at Montgomery's, the men started on to Motte's.

When within a short distance of the house, which was spacious and elegant, the soldiers discovered smoke and flames beginning to issue from the windows. No Indians were in sight. Hurrying forward, the men entered the burning building. The

owner seemed to be absent, yet he could not have been gone long. The rooms, with their elegant furniture, which one after another were being reached by the flames, gave evidence of recent occupation.

Pushing on into the parlor, the soldiers discovered the scene of an awful tragedy. Four mutilated corpses, yet warm with life, were lying on the floor. One was that of an old man, Mr. Motte himself. He was on the floor, partially leaning against the wall. He had been scalped, and the blood still trickled down his pallid features, and reddened all his snow-white beard. Right by him lay the mangled form of his youngest daughter. A few feet off were the two other beautiful daughters lying, scalped and lifeless. There had been a struggle; the old man still grasped his gun, and the oldest daughter still held in her jeweled hand a large pistol. The apartment, with its handsome fittings, was already full of fire. The floor and walls were in a blaze; the garments of the dead were burning.

Swift hands snatched the corpses from the flames, and bore them out for interment. Just as they were about to leave the doomed house, which was now filled with a frightful roar from the flames, the soldiers heard a shriek. The next moment, an old lady, scalped and bloody, but yet living, the mother of the girls, sprung toward them. She was tenderly transported to a place of safety, and survived for a year or so.

In the yard the men found the body of the colored gardener. One man stopped to water his horse. He heard a low cry from the marsh. Advancing cautiously, he found a poor mulatto girl, half-dead with fright. She had been lying in the swamp for hours. From her the story of the tragedy was learned. She had gone to get some water for the house, when Indians were discovered climbing the garden wall. The family were at the time out in the garden gathering flowers. They had time to reach the house and barricade the doors. The colored gardener sought to join them, but was killed on the way. The mulatto girl being too far away to reach the house,

fled to the marsh. Here she endured agony, but it was not the agony of death. She saw the Indians surround the house. She heard their demand for surrender, and the refusal of the inmates. She saw the doors battered down, heard the shots, the shrieks, the moans. Then there had been a silence. For an hour or two the Indians remained in the house, ransacking it. At last they came forth with their plunder, fired the house, and disappeared in the hammock. For many years the ruined mansion bore the name of the House of Blood.

Two months after the massacre of Major Dade's command, General Gaines, who with a considerable force from New Orleans had reached the scene of hostilities, came upon the spot where the awful tragedy had been enacted. Here was a cart amid a lot of broken and scattered boxes. The two oxen were lying dead, their yokes still on them. A little farther on were the offensive remains of some horses. Next the men came upon a little triangular breastwork of logs. A soldier counted the corpses, by that time almost skeletons, lying within the triangle. There were thirty of them. They were lying in a regular row, parallel to each other, behind the barricade, their heads next to the logs over which they had fired, and their bodies stretched out on the ground. They had been shot dead in their ranks, and lay in death as they had fought in life.

A little farther on, other bodies were found lying along the road. Behind every tree, log, or even bush, to which the men had resorted for cover, was one or more corpses. At one spot, two hundred yards down the road, lay a cluster of bodies in regular ranks, like the others. This had been the advance guard. The soldiers were overwhelmed with horror. If such was the beginning, what would be the end of the war?

Their apprehensions were indeed justified. The very first movement in the war was a terrible blunder. General Gaines, finding no supplies at Fort King, resolved to withdraw to Fort Brooke, on Tampa Bay. On the way, while crossing a river, an immense force of warriors attacked him. A rude breastwork



JUDGES, LAWYERS, AND CLIENTS GOING TO COURT. (See page 979)



of logs was hastily thrown up, and a runner dispatched to Fort Drane, ordering General Clinch to hurry forward with all his troops and supplies, and take the Indians, numbering more than fifteen hundred braves, in the rear, while Gaines attacked them in the front.

While the army, pinched with hunger and annoyed by the Indians, remained quiet in their fortified camp awaiting Clinch, an old negro named Cæsar came up to the lines, and shouted "that the Indians were tired of fighting, and wished to come in and shake hands." In pursuance of arrangements made with this ambassador, a large number of warriors without their arms, assembled under a flag of truce about five hundred yards from the camp. Midway between the hostile armies three chiefs met a like number of American officers, and arranged a temporary cessation of hostilities. The Indians were to withdraw to the south side of the Withlacoochie, and remain there until a permanent peace was concluded. At that moment, General Clinch, from Fort Drane came in sight, and supposing the assemblage of Indians to be a hostile one, instantly charged upon them, inflicting great slaughter. So the conference broke up, and the Indians, freshly enraged, fled to their towns, swearing new oaths of vengeance.

On the twenty-second day of February Major-General Scott arrived in Florida, assuming command of the American forces. From the first all his efforts met with embarrassment and failure. His troops almost starved before rations could be had. In attempting a forward movement, large numbers of his provision wagons and horses were swept away in fording a river. Such provision as was rescued was exposed to a tremendous rain of many days, and ruined. The stormy weather delayed the movement of troops, and the exposure caused large numbers of the men, unused to the climate, to be attacked with malignant fevers. The cannon mired in bottomless bogs. Generals Gaines and Clinch refused to co-operate with Scott, and a bitter quarrel broke out between the commanders.

Assailed by these overwhelming difficulties, the army was compelled to straggle back to Fort Drane to escape starvation. They arrived there famished and fever-stricken, only to find that General Gaines, who had not been expected in that part of the country, had deliberately appropriated nineteen thousand rations to his own use. Nevertheless General Scott, misled by dishonest scouts, utterly ignorant of the geography of a country which consisted of dense and impassable jungles, into which the light of day never penetrated, and of endless swamps, interspersed with bottomless bayous and salt lagoons, managed to send out numerous detachments in all directions to search for the enemy, whose whereabouts was utterly unknown. The Indians, thoroughly familiar with the country, led these detachments on wild and fatiguing chases only to disappear from view entirely, and fall upon the worn soldiery as they attempted to make their way back to their commander. Meanwhile the heated season coming on, together with scanty water from poisonous pools, made the condition of the men still more intolerable. In short, the campaign was an utter and ruinous failure.

About the first of June, General Call assumed command of the army. He, however, though having several engagements with the enemy, met with no better success than his predecessor. His principal undertaking was to send a strong detachment against the enemy, which were supposed to be posted in large numbers in the great Wahoo swamp.

After a journey of incomparable difficulty, the men wading much of the time up to their armpits in mire and water, the enemy was met in great strength. In endeavoring to dislodge them from a vast morass, the men themselves became entangled in its deceitful depths. The loss was heavy, although the engagement was accounted a victory. At night, however, it was deemed impossible to remain or to risk another engagement. The horses were dying for want of food. The ammunition was exhausted. The supplies, too, were gone. They had been lost in the difficulties of the advance. There remained

nothing to be done except a disastrous and painful retreat. On the 27th of November, 1836, General Call was succeeded by General Jessup. The latter pushed the campaign with vigor. As the summer approached the Indians themselves, who had been accustomed to subsist on agricultural productions, were compelled to sue for peace. They again agreed to withdraw to Arkansas, and hostilities, for the time being, ceased.

By agreement large numbers of the Seminoles assembled in a camp near Fort Brooke, preparatory to an embarkation on government vessels for transportation to Arkansas. The old chief Micanopy had been largely instrumental in this consent to the exile of his people. He was encamped with hundreds of his followers at Fort Brooke, ready to bid a last farewell to the country he loved, and seek a new home in the barren wilderness west of the Mississippi. On the night of the 4th of June two dark forms made their way through the sleeping Indian camp toward the wigwam of old Micanopy. They were Osceola and Coacooche, the young and ferocious chiefs of the war-party. With noiseless tread they entered the rude apartment, unsheathed their glittering knives and roused the old chief from his slumbers. With whispered words they told him that he was a traitor to his people, that as they had sworn to kill the first Indian who should prepare to remove from Florida, and had fulfilled their oath by the slaughter of Charley Mathlar, so now they had sworn to take the life of Micanopy as that of a traitor, unless he at once consented to arouse the sleeping camp and lead the people before the break of day in a flight to the south, where they would be beyond the reach of the American army, and thus again foil the schemes of the enemies of the Seminoles to drive them into cruel exile.

The old man heard the whispered threats of the dark conspirators. He was timid and irresolute. He doubted himself whether he was not, as they hissed through their teeth in the darkness, a traitor to his people. He still hesitated. Osceola uplifted his right hand, from which the bright blade glistened

in the starlight, to plunge the dagger into the chieftain's heart. Agitated beyond measure, the old man gave his consent to their demand. Dark messengers passed swiftly and noiselessly from tent to tent, rousing the occupants, and conveying the order of their chief to prepare for instant flight. Not a question was asked. In a quarter of an hour, every one of the seven hundred Indians was proceeding through the forest without so much noise as would come from the breaking of a twig or the rustle of a dried palmetto leaf.

At sunrise, General Jessup, proud and pleased at the apparent termination of the war, rose to give orders for the embarkation of the exiles. In a half an hour he repaired to the spot where the Indian camp had been pitched. To his dismay and astonishment, he found only a few bare poles from the wigwams. The whole Indian assemblage had fled, and were many miles away, beyond the reach of successful pursuit. On that day General Jessup, the third commander-in-chief of the Florida army, tendered his resignation. He continued in actual command, however, until the 15th of May, 1838.

To General Hernandez the commander-in-chief intrusted the military operations of a campaign in East Florida, along the Atlantic coast. On the 9th of September, 1837, Hernandez succeeded in capturing King Philip, a noted Seminole chief of intelligence and influence, and the father of Coacoochee. The chieftain, finding himself in the toils of his enemies, sent word to his distinguished son, earnestly requesting him to come and confer with his father. Coacoochee was brave. Moreover, he had a special mission to perform for Osceola. Placing a large white plume in his hat, he boldly visited the camp of Hernandez, accompanied by Blue Snake, another chief.

On being shown into the presence of the American general, Coacoochee presented him with a handsome peace pipe, from the great Osceola, accompanied by a request for a conference. To this proposition Hernandez acceded, and Coacoochee departed with a message to Osceola, to the effect that he might have a

council with the American general. On the appointed day, Coacoochee returned to General Hernandez with information that Osceola, with a hundred warriors, was on his way to St. Augustine, for the appointed peace talk. Hernandez, with a design in his mind which, whether inspired by his commander or originated by himself, bears the ear-marks of a deep and damnable treachery, eager to get the game in his trap, hurried forward to meet Osceola. Seven miles southwest of St. Augustine, he met the distinguished Indian chieftain, and entered into a conference.

He at once commenced to question Osceola closely as to the purposes and plans of the Indians. While the conversation was progressing, the council was quickly and quietly surrounded by an overwhelming force of American soldiers. With quick intuition, Osceola read the sinister purposes of his enemy. As the questions were put to him he looked nervously about him at the surrounding military, gave a few vague and uneasy replies, and then lapsed into silence. Overcome by uncontrollable emotion, he turned to Coa-Hajo, and said, "I feel choked; you must speak for me."

Seeing that his purposes were discovered, Hernandez gave a signal, and in a moment Osceola and his little band of braves were made prisoners without a struggle. The date of this infamy was October 22, 1837. Osceola and his companions were at once placed in irons and thrown into the dungeon of the castle of St. Marco, at St. Augustine.

Notwithstanding the treachery by which he had been betrayed, Osceola communicated with Hernandez, and proposed to send a message to his people and their chiefs, recommending them to come in and consent to an exile to Arkansas. This proposition was agreed to. The messengers were sent. A council was held, and the scheme promised well. It however met with a sudden interruption. Coacoochee and his friend Talmus Hadjo were immured in another of the dark and mysterious dungeons in the castle of St. Marco, at St. Augustine, the most ancient military work in the United States.

While Osceola in one part of the old structure was planning for a submission by his people to exile, Coacoochee and his



OSCEOLA.

friend weary with studying the arms of Spain, which were carved on the walls of their prison cell, and growing more

languid and sickly day by day from the confinement, resolved to escape, or die in the effort. They occupied an apartment about eighteen feet square, with walls of stone, and a lofty ceiling. The only window through which they received light and air, and consequently the only chance for escape, was a small embrasure eighteen feet from the floor. From this aperture to the bottom of the ditch on the outside, was more than fifty feet. The two prisoners examined the hole attentively, and saw that it was exceedingly small, but believed that they might possibly squeeze through it.

All their preparations had to be carried on in complete silence, as a sentinel stood constantly at the door of the cell. With deft fingers the prisoners tore into strips a few forage bags which formed their bed, and wove them into a rude rope. The first thing was to reach the embrasure. Again and again Coacoochee stood on the shoulders of his companion and strained himself to the utmost to reach the sill. All in vain; the window remained two feet above his fingers.

At last the prisoners managed to secrete a knife. Standing on the shoulders of his companion, Coacoochee gradually worked it into a crevice in the rock as high up as he could reach. When the blade and half of the short, heavy handle had been inserted the other part of the handle remained a stout and serviceable peg, by means of which the athletic Indian raised himself to the embrasure. He found it small, but believed that if he and his companion could get rid of their flesh they might get through. They at once feigned sickness, and procured through their guards some roots, of which they knew the effect. For three weeks the prisoners abstained almost entirely from food, taking large quantities of the medicinal root, and at the end of the time were little more than skin and bone.

On a certain night, when there would be no moon, they resolved to attempt their escape. During the evening the keeper came in frequently, annoying the prisoners so much that they almost resolved to seize and gag him. They more

prudently pretended to be asleep, and at last the keeper came no more. Taking one end of the rope in his hand, Coacoochee once more climbed up to the embrasure. Here he made fast the rope, letting one end hang down inside for his friend, who was to follow, and dangling the other end down toward the ditch. With great difficulty the Indian forced his body through the aperture. Great strips of skin were torn from him. But with a capacity for the endurance of physical suffering which only an Indian could have, he resolutely persisted. He lay hold of the rope on the outside with his hands, and descended head foremost till he had dragged his feet through the embrasure, and at last leaped to the ground.

Though terribly wounded he was unconscious of the pain, and turned all his thoughts to the arrival of his comrade. At length he heard the struggle of his companion far above him. There was a low gasp of despair. The man had forced his head and shoulders into the hole and was caught fast, being unable to move either backward or forward. Coacoochee called to him in the lowest possible tone to keep calm and rest for a moment, then to force out all his breath and at the same instant endeavor to move an inch or so. For a few moments Coacoochee could hear his friend following this advice, when suddenly he was alarmed to find him tumbling head foremost down the whole distance. Extricating himself with a sudden jerk, the rope had broken.

As he lay on the ground a confused and bloody mass, Coacoochee thought him dead. Nevertheless, in spite of the danger of discovery, he dragged his companion to a pool of water, which revived him. The poor fellow was so lame that he could not walk a step. It was almost dawn. In a short time their escape would be discovered. Although himself weak from emaciation and wounds, Coacoochee placed his friend on his back, and started to the nearest woods. Before long he caught sight of a mule, which he captured. The two Indians mounted. Forcing the animal to its highest speed, and guiding it solely

by seizing its ears, Coacoochee and his friend hurried across the country with which they were so familiar. After five days they arrived among their people.

Coacoochee's emaciation and wounds spoke eloquently of what he had endured. Nevertheless he rested not until he had told them the story of the treachery by which he and Osceola had been betrayed, and of their confinement in loathsome cells. Alarmed and suspicious, the other chiefs at once abandoned all idea of further conference or communication with the Americans.

Poor Osceola, the master-spirit of the war, who had risen from the ranks of the humblest warriors by dint of his lofty genius, had at least twice confronted not only the Americans, but all of the leading chiefs of his own people, and, overcoming the latter, had resisted the demands of the enemies of the Seminoles for their exile from Florida; who had hurled the united nation against the Americans for two years, foiling all their efforts and defeating all their armies, languished and pined in his lonely cell at St. Augustine. The high independence of feeling, which had never before known restraint, became enfeebled, and sunk as the chances of escape passed away. His proud spirit was broken by defeat and imprisonment. For greater security he was removed from St. Augustine to Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor. This removal plunged him into a melancholy which never left him. Hope was gone, and the conviction that he was forever banished from his native land weighed and wore upon his spirits until nature became exhausted. He declined to see visitors, and, refusing all sustenance, sat alone in his dark dungeon brooding, brooding over the mighty sorrows of his people and the overwhelming disasters which had befallen him.

One morning, when his keeper came to the cell, he called to Osceola, but the young chieftain did not reply. He called again, louder and more sharply, but no answer came save the mocking echo from the stone walls of the dungeon. Suspicious and alarmed, the man procured help and opened the door of the dun-

geon. Groping around by the light of a tallow candle to the spot where lay a heap of mouldy straw, which formed the bed of the prisoner, there they found him cold and unresponsive in death. At the age of thirty-three years the young, the brilliant, the great Osceola, a brave and generous enemy, a proud and manly man, the noblest offspring of his suffering people, died thus of a broken heart.

In December, 1837, Colonel Zachary Taylor, at the head of



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

a thousand men advanced one hundred and fifty miles into the enemy's country, through an unexplored wilderness of jungles and bayous, crossing a dozen streams every day, over which there were no bridges, and traveling without guides in the face of a numerous and powerful foe. Toward the latter part of the month they came up with

a large body of warriors, commanded by Alligator. The Indians were encamped on the hard sandy beach on the north side of the great Lake Okeechobee. Between the whites and the Indians lay a morass three quarters of a mile wide, covered with a thick growth of saw-grass five feet high and three feet deep in mud and water. The swamp extended on either side as far as the eye could reach. It was totally impassable for horses, and nearly so for men.

The soldiers dismounted, and relieving themselves of all unnecessary weight, prepared to cross the morass and give battle to the enemy. In spots where the mire was deep enough for a man to sink out of sight in its treacherous depths, the Indians had cut down the grass, so as to lure the troops into the fatal trap. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the Americans gave battle, and after several hours of hard fighting came out victorious. At nightfall it was necessary to commence the inevitable retreat, which no victory, however complete, could prevent; for in this remarkable war the impossibility of transporting provisions for more than a few days through the aqueous wilderness embarrassed and crippled the American army from first to last. In order to retrace their steps through the swamp in the darkness, and transport one hundred and twelve wounded men, rude litters were constructed, and a small foot-way built across the swamp. Colonel Taylor brought back his command without further loss, and on the 15th of May, 1838, succeeded General Jessup as commander-in-chief.

We may not trace the irregular, laborious, and indecisive warfare of the ensuing year. In May, 1839, the Indians again agreed to a cessation of hostilities, and to confine themselves to a designated part of the peninsula. Many of the settlers, supposing the war was at an end, returned to their homes.

The throngs of unemployed and starving people, who had fled to the crowded villages for safety, again ventured on their plantations. Their hopes, however, were soon scattered to the winds. In July the Indians, irrepressible and invincible, again began their outrages. Colonel Harney, with twenty-six dragoons and three traders, had proceeded to Charlotte's Harbor, to establish a trading post in pursuance of the agreement with the Indians. They were encamped, with a large supply of Indian goods, in a pine barren on the Coloosahatchee river. At dawn on the 22d of July, they were attacked by a band of warriors commanded by Bow Legs. The men were overpowered in their beds, and, embarrassed by their mosquito-bars, were unable

to make any effectual resistance. Twenty-four were killed, and two captured. Colonel Harney and two companions escaped, and, after living for days on crabs and oysters, made their way home.

And so the war was renewed. As before, the Indians were driven from swamp to swamp, from jungle to jungle, and from bayous to lagoons, leading the exhausted, famished, and fever-stricken troops hither and yon in fruitless chases over a region of country embracing more than 45,000 square miles.

The territorial legislature saw, as every one saw, that the Indians, hemmed in by the sea and unable to fly, would fight until the last brave was exterminated. This war would cost the lives of four or five white men to every Indian that was killed. So the legislature resolved upon an expedient. They sent to Havana, and purchased at an enormous expense the most famous kennel of blood-hounds in the world. With these animals, which had been trained to the pursuit of fugitive slaves, it was purposed to hunt out the Indians, and by this means track, overpower, and kill. Five experienced Spaniards accompanied the troop of blood-hounds. They were attached to each column of troops, attended by their keepers. The animals were fed liberally upon bloody meat, to supply which young calves accompanied each detachment, and then, being put upon the Indian trail, started forward in the horrible and fiendish pursuit. Such were the means adopted in the nineteenth century to drive a people from the land which was their own.

The Spanish Indians inhabiting the southern extremity of the peninsula, finding themselves encroached upon more and more by their brethren from the north, who, amid hardships which it is impossible to imagine, much more to describe, were gradually being beaten back by the whites, now began to take a hand in the war. They pillaged certain unfortunate vessels which were wrecked upon their coast, and murdered the seamen. They even attacked the little settlements on the islands along the western coast. Indian Key was a small island about twenty

miles from the main-land. Here, among others, lived Doctor Perrine, a scientific man of high literary attainments, who, inspired by an enthusiasm for scientific research, had, with his family, made this spot his home, in order to carry forward an investigation of the botanical species of Florida.

On the 7th of August, 1840, about two o'clock in the morning, the Perrines, in common with the other people of the island, were awakened from their sleep by Indian yells, and a number of shots fired. At that moment the glass in their windows was crushed by missiles from without. Mrs. Perrine and her three children hurried down stairs to a room from which a trap-door led to the cellar. The cellar was used for bathing, the tide filling it twice a day. Doctor Perrine saw his family safely down into this place, and then returned to the piazza to find out what was the matter. Mrs. Perrine and her daughters passed through the water and crawled into a small place about three feet high and ten feet long, constructed of plank and rocks, through which the tide had access to the cellar. No sooner were they secreted in this hole than they heard the doctor talking with the Indians in Spanish, and telling them that he was a physician. At this the Indians ran off with a shout, joining the others in the work of pillaging, firing other houses on the island, and massacring the inhabitants. Doctor Perrine then shut the trap-door, and placed a heavy chest over it, determined if possible, to conceal the retreat of his family and brave the worst himself.

At daylight the Indians returned. They commenced battering in the doors and windows. The doctor fled to the cupola, which was entered by a heavy trap-door. The Indians swarmed through the rooms in search of the occupants. They turned over beds, broke open closets, and tried every door without success. At last they concentrated their efforts on the heavy door leading to the cupola. For a time it resisted their efforts. At last it gave way beneath their terrific assaults, and with wild yells the Indians rushed up into the cupola and mas-

sacred the unfortunate man who had retreated to that spot. All this the family heard from their concealment in the cellar.

At last the savages were heard to descend the steps and commence smashing the crockery, glass, and doors of the house, taking savage joy in the mere act of destruction. Trunks and chests of clothing were dragged out of the house and loaded into boats. Two Indians came around the house to the place where the plank covered the spot in which Mrs. Perrine and her children were concealed. One of them lifted a board and looked in, but fortunately the family were crouched at the farther end of the hole, and escaped discovery in the darkness.

In a little while the unhappy people detected a smell of smoke. It grew stronger and stronger. They could hear the roar of the flames in the dwelling above. In a half an hour the rafters gave way, and the whole flaming structure fell with a terrific crash into the cellar. The smoke became intolerable. The planks above them took fire. To avoid suffocation they plastered their heads with mud, and threw the water constantly over their faces as well as upon the planks, in a vain attempt to extinguish the flames.

From the spot where the family were concealed, by chance there led a turtle-crawl. Henry Perrine, a lad, in spite of his mother's entreaties, began to scream with the agonies of suffocation. Discovering the turtle-crawl through an opening between the posts, he proceeded to push the posts aside, and declaring that he would rather be killed by the savages than burnt to death, attempted to get out. The aperture, however, was too small. With his fingers and nails he tore away the mud into which the palmetto post was sunk, and by the most strenuous efforts pulled it out of its socket. The boy instantly passed into the turtle-crawl and out into the open air.

Mrs. Perrine and her two daughters, fearful to follow the boy, yet unable to remain where they were, dug away another post and passed under a wharf which was constructed at the spot. On this structure three cords of wood were burn-

ing. The floor over their heads was almost consumed, and the coals dropped through upon them as they passed. As they reached the shore the whole structure fell in. Had they been a moment later they would have been buried in a grave of fire.

Mrs. Perrine at once caught sight of a launch, and beckoning to her son, who was crouching near by, they waded out to it and sprang aboard. The launch was grounded. The boy and the largest girl at once jumped into the water up to their necks, and managed slowly to push the launch off the shoal. With a paddle and two poles they proceeded about a mile, when they were picked up by a schooner, to which a number of the inhabitants of the place had already fled for refuge. The launch in which they had made their escape was one which the Indians had been loading with plunder. In a few days the unhappy family were transported to St. Augustine.

The Seminoles were certainly the most tantalizing of all the American Indians. The entire territory of Florida was divided up among their chiefs, each of whom operated in his own respective section. Sometimes the blow was one of open violence, sometimes of secret stealth, and not infrequently it was an exasperating prank. Of course the whole country was tired of the war. The officers bit eagerly at every hint at submission by the Indians.

In November, 1840, after infinite pains, Halleck-Tustenuggee and Tiger Tail were induced to come to Fort King. They remained three or four days. They pretended the utmost humility, and from their words one would have thought the whole Indian force was about to surrender. They ate very heartily of the provisions of the fort, and several times a day would request the commander to make some one of their band, who appeared to have straggled into the fort by accident, a present of food. These stragglers would at once disappear with the supplies; no doubt carrying them to a hidden camp, where many a chuckle was indulged in at the expense of the Americans.

The officers of the fort innocently believed that peace was

at hand. One morning they found that their artful guests had fled. The whole thing was a trick to secure a few days of high living! The next move of these scamps was more tragic. Fifteen soldiers were escorting Mrs. Montgomery from Micanopy to a point eight miles distant, when they were attacked by Indians. Mrs. Montgomery was killed by a ball in her breast. The handful of men fought hand to hand, but were overpowered and slain. Considerable plunder fell into the hands of the greedy savages. Strange as it may seem, Cosa-Tustenuggee was frightened at this atrocity, for "conscience doth make cowards of us all." He came in soon after and surrendered to the whites, consenting to exile.

All attempts to track these marauding parties seemed futile. The trail was lost in the nearest marsh, and the clue could not be regained. The Indians made their homes in the center of immense hummocks or jungles. Here, unseen and unsuspected, their squaws cultivated considerable patches of land, and to these retreats they fled for concealment after some outrage.

Halleck-Tustenuggee's operations, as we have seen, filled the country north, west, and south of St. Augustine with perpetual alarm. In March, 1841, he appeared in the neighborhood of Fort Brooks, on the Oklawaha River. A soldier came out for a hunt, and was shot. The Indians danced and yelled over his body, hoping to tease the garrison into coming out of the fort for an attack. The garrison, believing that a long expected provision train was being attacked, sallied forth, resolving to die in battle rather than of starvation. The valor of the men availed to beat off the Indians with heavy loss, a circumstance which gave their chief food for thought.

Waxehadjo was a chief, whose face was as ugly as his name, who carried on his bloody warfare near Tampa, on the West Florida coast. One day word was brought to Fort Brooke, at Tampa, of the murder of a mail carrier on the road to Fort Cross. A party of mounted soldiers at once started in pursuit of the murderers. The pursuers came upon them early in the

morning. The chief and two Indians were sitting by a camp-fire, having just breakfasted on the provisions in the poor mail man's pouch. In the midst of the coals on which the meal had been cooked they had placed the gory head of the murdered victim, where the soldiers were horrified to see it. The two common Indians succeeded in escaping. The chief took refuge in a pool. The white men discovered his hiding place by some bubbles coming up through the water. Several rifles were fired, and a soldier wading in found him grasping the grass in the bottom, in the last agonies of death. His body was nailed to a tree, "as a warning to his companions." Had an Indian done as much to the body of a white enemy, it would have been spoken of as "horrid brutality."

All ordinary methods of scouting failing, the Americans organized "canoe bands," which threaded the inland waters of Florida to their innermost recesses to track out the Indians. This plan, which is another illustration of the fact that genius for warfare is really a genius for adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of the war, was, in a measure, successful. The ordinary movement of troops was entirely inadequate to deal with the problem. "Marches of weeks and months, through deep sand and muddy water, burdened with a knapsack and musket, exposed to a vertical sun and drenching rains, brought the troops no nearer the enemy, who, with his rifle and a few companions, watched their weary progress from day to day, intercepting detachments at every point, with a fleetness, unexampled, eluding and misleading by their intimate knowledge of the country. Hardly could the troops reach their destination, before the section of the country which they had just left would be alarmed by the inroads of the Indians."

In January, 1841, four hundred men set out from Tampa toward the Kissimmee River. On the way the men built Fort Carroll, and encamped later at Fort Gardner. The whole country was found to be overflowed. Finding it impossible to proceed with their plan, it was resolved to attempt an interview

with the great Coacoochee, or Wild Cat, who was believed to inhabit an island in Lake Tohopekaliga. Micco, an aged Indian, friendly to the Americans, undertook to hunt up the chief, and try to arrange for a council. As a special reason for believing that this might be secured, the whites had in their camp the daughter of Coacoochee, who had been captured in a skirmish. The chief himself had been committing a new outrage, having killed and robbed a party of strolling actors near St. Augustine, and was concealed with unusual care.

Micco at last returned, saying that Coacoochee was hid in a cypress swamp, four days' journey from the camp, but that he had consented to come in and have a talk. On the appointed day he was seen approaching the camp, accompanied by seven trusty warriors. A curious sight presented itself. From the plunder of the theatrical party the Indians had rigged themselves out in all the gaudy finery of the stage. Coacoochee was dressed in the toga of imperial purple, which cloaked the noble form of Julius Cæsar. Another wore the hideous costume of Richard III. Horatio in modest garb walked swiftly by the side of Falstaff. Scarlet vests and glittering spangles were distributed freely among the singular company.

At the sound of her father's voice Coacoochee's daughter sprang past the guard at the door of her tent, and ran to his open arms. With the instinct of a savage she gave him at once a handful of broken cartridges and bullets, which she had picked up around the camp. The young chief won the confidence of the whites by his noble and open bearing and eloquent tongue. "The white man comes; he grows pale and sick here, while his red brother thrives in the land the Great Spirit has given him. Why may we not live here in peace? The white men are as thick as the leaves in the hummock. They come upon us thicker every day. They may shoot us; they may drive our children night and day; they may chain our hands and feet, but the red man's heart will be always free." Yet he ended by promising to assemble his people at Tampa, and take them into exile.

Coacoochee was perhaps sincere in his professions. For many months he claimed to be working to induce his tribe to emigrate. But the patience of the whites was exhausted. On the 21st of May, 1842, he came to Fort Pierce, as he had been accustomed to do to request supplies of whisky and food. His arrest, previously decided upon, was put into execution. He was at first taken to New Orleans, but was returned in chains to Tampa Bay.

Meanwhile the war proceeded somewhat more favorably for the Americans, but with the usual number of romantic incidents. In June an expedition of forty trained scouts set out to surprise the camp of Halleck-Tustenuggee. The men, after a fatiguing journey, arrived at the edge of a swamp, six miles wide, on the opposite side of which the Indians were supposed to be encamped. It was the hour of midnight. The horses were hastily picketed, and every useless burden left on the margin of the morass. To the dense shades of the cypress swamp was added the darkness of a moonless night. Guided by stalwart negroes, unable to see their hands before them, marching through the water four feet deep, the force of two hundred men started across the swamp.

At daybreak a halt was called. Just forty-six men were present. The rest were struggling through the swamps, or had ceased all struggles forever. The men crawled stealthily toward the cluster of Indian huts, which was in sight. A gun was fired when close to the lodges to rouse the occupants, but the breathless watchers were chagrined to discover not a sign of life. The dull rumble of the explosion died away among the cypress-trees, but no war-whoop met the ears of the white men, and no savages attempted to escape. Not a human being occupied the huts. The men could only express their chagrin and disappointment, after all their fruitless toil, by setting fire to the sheds. The weary march back, through the shades of death, was all that remained for them.

Another band of scouts scoured the Wahoo swamp. Four

large corn-fields with growing crops were found hidden in the recesses of the vast morass. While destroying these, early one morning, an Indian was discovered approaching in a canoe. Perceiving the white men, he instantly put about and using his paddle with wonderful effect, made every effort to escape. Finding himself unable to avoid his pursuers, he sprang from his canoe and disappeared in the swamp. Several shots were fired at him, and he was believed to have fallen. The soldiers jumped from their boats into four feet of water, and searched the swamp in all directions. His canoe floated idly on the stagnant water, and the spot where the Indian had jumped was marked by the break in the heavy green scum, but the savage himself was nowhere to be seen. Months afterward this man was captured. He said that the soldiers on this occasion had passed right by him while he lay concealed in the water, covering his face with a leaf of a pond lily.

Coacoochee reached Tampa Bay early in July, 1841. On the morning of the 4th he and his warriors, loaded with chains, were brought up on the deck of the transport, which was anchored in the harbor, for a council with Colonel Worth, who had become commander-in-chief of the Florida army. The council was a dramatic occasion. The spirit of the Indians was utterly broken by their misfortunes. Colonel Worth spoke firmly but kindly to his great captive, giving him to understand that the war must end, and that unless Coacoochee induced his tribe to emigrate within a certain time to Arkansas, that he and his warriors should be hung. At the close of his speech there was a long silence.

At last a clanking of chains announced that Coacoochee was struggling to his feet to reply. In eloquent words he reviewed his life and the misfortunes of his people, and at last came to the practical question of the moment. "You say I must end the war! Look at these irons! Can I go to my warriors? Coacoochee chained? No; do not ask me to see them. I never wish to tread upon my land unless I am free. If I can go to

them *unchained*, they will follow me in; but I fear they will not obey me when I talk to them in irons. They will say my heart is weak; that I am afraid. Could I go free they will surrender and emigrate."

Of course this was impossible. Once more Colonel Worth assured him that unless his people would come in by an appointed day, the setting sun would witness his execution. The vessel lay two miles from the shore. The prisoners were surrounded day and night by strong guards. Escape was impossible. So Coócoochee accepted the terms.

Five trusty messengers were released to carry his talk to his people. To them he said: "If your hearts are bad, let me see them now; take them in your hands and let me know that they are false; but do not, like dogs, bite me as soon as you turn your backs. Say to my band that my feet are chained, yet I send them my word as true from the heart as if I were with them. The great white chief says when my band comes in, I shall again walk free. He has given you forty days to do this business in. Take these sticks; here are thirty-nine, one for each day; *this*, much larger than the rest, with blood upon it, is the fortieth. When the others are thrown away, and this only remains, say to my people that with the setting sun Coacoochee hangs like a dog, with none but white men to hear his last words."

The voice of the speaker had sunk almost to a whisper. The awed bystanders heard some broken words, by which he sent a remembrance to his wife and child. With this the scene ended. The chains were taken from the five messengers, and they stepped over the side of the vessel into a row-boat. The chief, whose fate they held in their hands, stood immovable, following them with his eyes as far as they could be seen. During the days that followed the lines of anxiety in his face deepened perceptibly. He would sit all day with his eyes turned landward, looking eagerly for the appearance of his people. When the sun set each day far across the lonely gulf, without the

arrival of any Indians, he sighed heavily, and sank into deeper melancholy.

Coacoochee's people were loyal to him. In time they began to gather on the low shores of Tampa Bay. The chief's spirits revived. At last the full number of his band were present. When the news was announced the whole bearing of the man changed. From the humble and gloomy captive, he altered suddenly into the proud and haughty chief. "Take off my irons," he cried, "that I may once more meet my warriors like a man." This, though hazardous, was done, that the promise of Colonel Worth might be fulfilled. Coacoochee dressed himself in his grandest attire. His breast glittered with silver ornaments. A red sash was bound around his waist. Three ostrich plumes ornamented his crimson turban. Impatiently springing into the boat, he started for the shore. As his foot touched the soil, he drew his manly form to its utmost height, waved his arms, and uttered a terrific whoop.

Though Coacoochee's tribe had thus submitted, the work was but begun. His wide influence was yet to be exerted over other bands and chiefs. Eighty miles south of Tampa Bay, the Americans had pitched a camp on Pease Creek, for the purpose of having a basis for an invasion of the Big Cypress Swamp and the Everglades. To this camp Sole-Micco, a friendly Indian, one day came for refuge. Four months previous he had gone to carry a friendly talk to Hospetarke. Just before his arrival among the latter's band, a council had been held which had decreed that the bearer of any message from the whites should be put to death.

Sole-Micco was suspected, but swore that he was hunting for his mother, who was believed to reside somewhere in Big Swamp. The prophet of the tribe announced that he would find out whether the story was true. He built ten fires in a circle, divided his time between praying and dancing, got out his supplies of roots, snake skins, and young alligators, examined the palm of the Indian, and at last announced that the latter had

lied. Had not Sole-Micco had some relatives in the band who prepared to fight in his behalf, he would have been killed.

When Sole-Micco reported to Coacoochee the hostility of this band and the vicious influence of the prophet, the chief feared lest he might render other bands unmanageable. He at once sent his younger brother to the band with a peace-talk. Hospetarke agreed to come into the camp on Pease Creek and hold a council. For a week the old rascal kept sending word to the camp each day that he was coming, but was very old, very sick, and very tired, and required whisky, food, and tobacco to give him strength to make the journey. His statements must have been true, as he could only travel two or three miles a day without sending in for more supplies. While he was advancing at a snail's pace, Coacoochee was also on his way to Pease Creek. The latter arriving, was suffered to go alone to the old Indian's camp and bring him in.

It was evident that the old chief was simply playing a game, and that he must be met with a counter-stratagem. A council was appointed to be held in the cabin of the vessel which had brought Colonel Worth and Coacoochee down the coast. The Indians assembled in the apartment at the appointed hour, and were secretly surrounded by soldiers. At a given signal the doors were closed and every Indian was made a prisoner. Wild and fierce was the storm of abuse which raged when the Indians discovered the treachery. At this moment Coacoochee, in order that he might not be believed to have a share in the conspiracy, came into the cabin with a whisky bottle in his hand, pretending to be drunk. He railed at the white men for betraying his friends, while he was enjoying his bottle, and succeeded in diverting all suspicion from himself. The warriors selected a few messengers to bring in their women and children, and the whole band was then taken to Tampa Bay in chains.

The assemblage of Indians at Tampa Bay became restless. Coacoochee had exhausted his ingenuity in the way of ball-plays, dances and games, to content the Indians and occupy

their minds while the plans for securing the submission of others were being executed. The assemblage was becoming impatient and explosive. Numbers of troops guarded the camp at every point. At night a space of two miles' square was lit up by lines of beacon fires, so that the movements of every person in the camp were distinctly visible. Coacoochee was anxious to bring the long delay to a close. The eleventh day of October was set as the day for sailing.

As soon as the announcement was made, the camp became the scene of strange activities. Young and old, little and big, set to work pounding corn for the journey. The fabulous stories which had so long been current were revived. A dozen times a day Coacoochee, who had been to New Orleans and back, was called upon to reassure his people that when at sea, beyond the sight of land, they were *not* to be cast overboard.

The departure from their native land into exile was a sorrowful experience. Yet the interests and feelings of the multitude, packed into the little vessel, were widely different. First there were the Seminoles, of whom we have heard much. Then there were the negroes. These latter were isolated by a barbarism, a savagery peculiar to themselves. They were mostly runaways, or captives taken by the Indians from their masters in Georgia and Alabama. They had their own sorrows, which it does not fall within the scope of this book to detail. If the records of the time are to be believed, they were far more blood-thirsty, more fiercely brutal, more utterly inhuman, than the Indians themselves. They gloried in the war because peace meant to them simply slavery, while war meant wild and hideous license. "Ten resolute negroes," it is said, "with a knowledge of the country, were sufficient to desolate the frontier from one end to the other."

Besides these two unhappy peoples there were also a small number of Mickasukie Indians. These were the original occupants of Florida. They regarded with equal bitterness and hatred the negroes, the Seminoles, and the whites. To them



SORROWS OF THE SEMINOLES—BANISHED FROM FLORIDA.



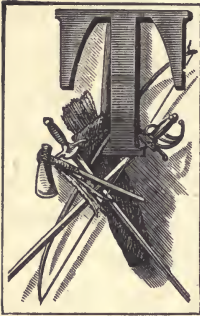
they were all alike, invaders and enemies. Halleck Tustenuggee was their chief. In camp they had obstinately refused rations, when issued with those of the Seminoles or negroes. Even when packed on board the filthy vessel they refused to share the society of the unhappy wretches about them, but shut themselves off in one corner of the ship in the solitude of sorrow.

Thus, loaded with people of such different varieties of wretchedness, the vessel moved slowly down the bay. In the dense throng now and then a convulsive sob escaped from the negroes or the squaws, but in general the crowd preserved a profound silence. Hour after hour they watched the receding shores with fixed and melancholy gaze until twilight hid them from their view. In the morning no land was in sight. With the departure of Coacoochee the most dangerous and the most noble of all the Indian chiefs was removed from Florida.

The war in Florida continued to rage for a year or two longer. Little by little the genius of Colonel Worth availed to detach separate bands of Indians from the rest, obtain their submission, and transport them to Arkansas. The American troops who had become rather scouts than soldiers, threaded their way to the darkest and most inaccessible spots in Florida, hunted the Indians from their hiding places, captured the warriors, and humiliated their chiefs. Of all the Indians in the territory at the beginning of the war only one hundred and twenty, capable of bearing arms, remained at its close. The policy of the United States in this war has always been regarded as a blot on her fame. Such a policy has never been pursued toward any other tribe of Indians. The Sorrows of the Seminoles did not end with their exile to Arkansas. It is safe to say that they will not do so until the last unhappy descendant of the tribe which produced Osceola and Coacoochee shall have passed to the happy hunting grounds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BLACK HAWK'S HUMILIATION.



THE Sac Indians have a curious account of creation. According to their story, the gods in the beginning created the earth and every species of bird, beast, and fish. They next created a man. But this creature, as may easily be believed, was shortly discovered to be both cruel and foolish. To improve him the gods put into him the heart of the best beast they had created. This, however, failed to improve its perverse owner. So the Almighty took a piece of himself, of which he made a heart for the man, who at once became wise and gentle. The earth, meanwhile, brought forth fruits in abundance. Besides man it was inhabited by innumerable giants and gods.

It seems, according to this tale, that another tribe of gods, who had their home under the seas, had a fuss with the gods of the earth. The former pooled their issues with the giants for the purpose of destroying their common enemy. A council was held, at which, after much debate, it was decided that the allies were still too weak to attack Wesukkah, the chief god of the earth. So they conceived a stratagem. A great feast was to be prepared on the earth, to which Wesukkah should be invited. At an opportune moment his enemies would then fall upon him and put him to death. But Wesukkah was wide awake. No sooner had the council decided on this plan than Wesukkah's younger brother appeared in the midst of the assembly. He was at once inquired of, "Where is thy brother

Wesukkah?" to which he replied, "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" The conspirators, seeing their plan was discovered, instantly slew the young god.

Wesukkah was deeply grieved at the fate of his brother. The gods who dwell above the clouds, hearing his noisy lamentations, came down and offered to help him destroy his enemies. Frightened at their danger, the gods from under the sea had run off, leaving their friends, the giants, alone upon earth. The battle-field between Wesukkah and the giants was a flame of fire. The giants fought bravely, but were utterly destroyed, not one of their number being left alive.

The gods under the sea, frightened at the fate of their allies, instantly besought their friends for help. The call was not unheeded. Through the influence of the deities of the thunder and the wind, the god of the cold, with his dreadful armies of frost, snow, hail and ice, came from the north, and smote the whole earth. Every river, lake, and sea was converted into solid ice. For many days enormous hailstones, the size of a man's head, smote the inhabitants of the earth. When the storm ceased, all of them, both men, beasts, and gods, save a few choice ones of each kind, which Wesukkah had covered with the hollow of his hand, were found to have perished.

In the process of time, the gods of the sea ventured to peep out from their hiding-place, and seeing Wesukkah almost entirely alone upon the earth, thought that now their enemy might indeed be conquered. Every attempt failed, and the gods of the sea, finding themselves unable to secure the earth for their own habitation, gnashed their teeth, and resolved to destroy it altogether. They besought the god of thunder for aid, and he, calling together all his clouds, commanded them to pour water upon the earth. This order they obeyed, and the flood continued until the whole surface of the earth, including the highest mountains, was covered with water.

Wesukkah, however, saw the deluge coming, and took some air to make himself a boat. Into this he went, taking with him

a few of every sort of living creature, including man. The air boat floated safely on the top of the flood. After a good while, Wesukkah commanded a fish to go down into the waters, and bring up some earth from the bottom. After great difficulty, the fish returned with a mouthful of dirt, out of which Wesukkah, spreading it forth on the surface of the water, formed this earth. Tired with their long confinement, he and the creatures that were with him in his air boat came forth and inhabited it.

Though the Sacs have such a specific account of creation, they have neglected to preserve their subsequent history with any thing like detail. All we know is, that they and the Foxes once inhabited the shores of the St. Lawrence. Being attacked by the Iroquois, they fled to the western shores of Lake Michigan, and thence to the valley of the Mississippi. Elsewhere we have related the story of the assassination of the great Pontiac in an Illinois village. This murder was the cause of one of the most terrible Indian wars known to history. The Sacs and Foxes from the north, together with a large number of Pontiacian tribes, invaded the fertile plains of the Illinois, overran the country, destroyed the villages, and almost utterly annihilated the great Illinois confederacy, of which the Kaskaskias, the Peorias, the Miamis, and the Meas were but individual tribes.

Having subjugated and massacred the inhabitants of the fair region to which the name of the ruined confederacy is still given, the Sacs and Foxes determined to remain in the delightful country. Their principal village was constructed on the east side of Rock River, near its junction with the Mississippi. Of this region a traveler said, more than a century ago, "It is healthy and amazingly fruitful. The grape, the plum, the gooseberry, and various other native fruits abound. The wild honeysuckle gives its perfume to the air, and a thousand indigenous flowers mingle their diversified hues with the verdure of the plain."

As usual, the difficulties of the United States with these tribes grew out of a treaty. It was made in 1804, and in it it was agreed by the Indians to give up about all their territory east

of the Mississippi, for a small annuity. The origin of this treaty was claimed by the Indians to be as follows: In 1804 some of the Sacs went down to St. Louis to try to secure the release of one of their friends, who was under arrest for murder. The party was absent a long time. When they returned they were dressed in fine clothes, and each man possessed a silver medal. They related to their tribe that after having requested the Americans to release their friend, the governor told them that he wanted some land. Papers were drawn up and eagerly signed by the Indians, thinking that the safety of their friend was secured. They were supplied with a great deal of whisky, and were so drunk during their stay that they could only remember that their friend, instead of being restored to them, was called out before them and shot dead by a file of soldiers. This is the account which the great chieftain of the Sacs afterward gave of the treaty.

When the war of 1812 broke out, Black Hawk, a rising young warrior of the tribe, yielding to the solicitations of Tecumseh and the omnipresent Simon Girty, resolved to join the British army, taking with him five hundred braves. Black Hawk soon wearied of the war and returned home. On his way he visited an old man, the father of a boy which Black Hawk had adopted. The old Indian, lying at the point of death, feebly related the following story:

After Black Hawk's departure to the war, he, with a few others, repaired to a white settlement on Salt River, to pass the winter. He and his boy had pitched their wigwam near a small fort, of which the occupants seemed friendly. One evening the young hunter did not return to the lodge. In the morning the old man and his squaw, with hearts full of apprehension, started on a search for the wanderer. They followed his tracks through the snow till a deer trail was reached. Pursuing this for some distance, they found a dressed deer which he had killed, hanging to a tree. At this point also, were the tracks of white men. The snow was greatly disturbed, as if the spot had been the

scene of a struggle. In one place they discovered a stain of blood on the white surface. The tracks of the men turned toward the fort. Not far distant the boy was found lying dead—shot, stabbed, and scalped. Black Hawk had been much attached to this boy, and was deeply angered at the outrage. Rejoining his warriors, he told them the story, and the whole body resolved to return to the war.

When Tecumseh fell dead in the battle of the Thames, Black Hawk was fighting by his side. We have seen how Brant had fought under the great Pontiac years before he himself came into fame. It is not extravagant to say that the mind and career of Brant were powerfully influenced by the character and fame of the mighty leader whom he thus supported. Tecumseh himself, though born after Pontiac had been buried in his forest grave, was, even more than Brant, a pupil of the great conspirator. The far-reaching influence of Pontiac, which did not die with its author, may therefore be traced in Black Hawk. It may be said that Black Hawk was but an echo of Tecumseh, and thus indirectly of Pontiac himself. "The evil that men do lives after them."

Few incidents are related of Black Hawk from the time of the close of the war of 1812 to the year 1832, when he became famous. About 1820 a young Sac killed an Indian of the Iowa tribe. In imitation of the whites, these tribes had arranged to surrender the murderer, to be dealt with by the friends of the murdered man. A party of Sacs, with Black Hawk at their head, prepared for the diplomatic journey to the Iowas, which the occasion demanded. At the moment of departure they discovered that the young man who had committed the murder was ill. He would nevertheless have accompanied them had not his brother interfered. The latter, with high generosity, insisted that his brother was too sick to travel, and that he would go and die in his place.

After a journey of seven days the party arrived within sight of the Iowa village. The young brave went calmly for-

ward, singing his death-song, and seated himself in the midst of the lodges. A deputation of chiefs came out from the village, with whom Black Hawk held a short talk, explaining that the young warrior, who had surrendered himself to them, had, on account of his brother's sickness, taken his place, and had come to die in his stead. The talk ended. The Iowas, with impassive countenances, returned to the village. Black Hawk and his companions took a last look at their doomed friend, about whom a crowd, armed with sticks and stones, was already gathering, and sadly turned their faces homeward.

That evening, while in camp, the rapid gallop of a horse was heard. The dusky company seized their arms, with every ear-attent and every eye strained to pierce the darkness. The horse came nearer and nearer. Suddenly the rider reined in and leaped from his saddle, right into their midst. It was the young brave who had been left behind. The Iowas had at first threatened him. But when his generosity and self-sacrifice became known there was a sudden revulsion of feeling among these simple children of the forest. Nature taught them to instinctively recognize and worship the hero. It is civilization and life in cities, greed and selfishness, which blunt this fine instinct, and teach men to ignore and sneer at heroism. The Iowas had not only released their prisoner, but sent him back to his people with a present of two fine horses.

A year or two after this touching incident Black Hawk and the band of warriors, who with admiring devotion followed the footsteps of their leader everywhere, were encamped on the Two Rivers on a hunting expedition. One day some white settlers met him in the forest, and accused him of having killed some of their hogs. Black Hawk understood their language but imperfectly. At last, gathering the idea, he indignantly denied the charge. The white ruffians forthwith jumped on him, snatched away his gun and rendered it useless by firing it in the air, and proceeded to beat him most unmercifully with sticks. They then returned the gun, kicked him, and told him

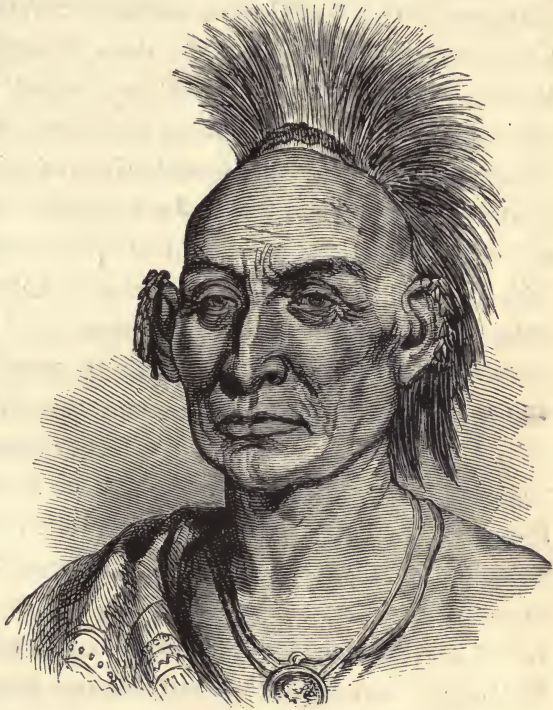
to leave the neighborhood. From this outrage Black Hawk never recovered. The humiliation of his proud spirit was insufferable.

In the summer of 1823 the United States urged upon the Sacs and Foxes the necessity of a removal, in accordance with the treaty of 1804, of which we have spoken, to the west bank of the Mississippi. This caused a division in the tribe. Keokuk, the great peace chief of the Sacs, whose ascendancy and influence was rapidly overshadowing that of Black Hawk, favored the removal, and with a majority of the tribe withdrew to the Iowa River. Black Hawk, of course, took the opposite side to that of his rival, in which position he found not a few supporters.

The site of their village at the mouth of Rock River was, as has been said, one of the most delightful spots in the northwest. Besides its natural advantages and the beauty of the scenery, the place was endeared to every heart by associations. For unnumbered years the dead of every family had been buried under the shadow of the stately forest trees. Every sorrow of the past was a tie which bound their hearts to the place. Every joy which they had experienced was associated in memory with this home. To leave the one seemed to be giving up the other. So Black Hawk entered a violent remonstrance against the proceedings of the whites, and refused to stir. He even went further. When a white man undertook to sell whisky to his people Black Hawk, with two or three companions, went to the house and rolled out the barrels. He then broke in the heads, and spilled the liquor on the ground.

The difficulties increased with time. Black Hawk and his people, returning from their winter hunt, found their lodges occupied by white settlers, who claimed to have bought the land. To this Black Hawk replied, that his reason taught him that land could not be sold. In this remark of an ignorant savage, who spoke purely from instinct, there is food for reflection. If we open the works of the English philosopher, Mill,

we find him, after an elaborate induction, arriving at the same conclusion. The theory of our law says that the owner of land is entitled to the possession of it, and any one who enters thereon without his permission, does so without right, and is a trespasser. If this be true, he inquires, why then might not a small minority, say a million men, of enormous wealth, buy up every foot of land on the globe, and as to them every other man, woman, and child become trespassers, wrong-doers in the eye of the law, legally liable to be driven off the globe? The hand of the philosopher reaches down from the heights and



BLACK HAWK.

grasps that of the savage extended upward from the depths.

But Black Hawk had another argument. He said that even if his land could be sold, it never had been. To these arguments, one or the other of which every fair man will say was true, the United States had but a single reply. That reply consisted of one word—"MOVE!" The squaws had planted their corn, and it was beginning to grow. The white men deliberately plowed it up. Black Hawk told the settlers that they must get off of his land. At this the governor of Illinois pronounced the territory to be in a state of "actual invasion." Seven hundred troops started up the river to "remove the Indians. dead or alive, to the west side of the Mississippi."

A council was held at Fort Armstrong. Black Hawk was present. He heard the demands of the white man. After listening patiently, he rose and made the usual reply, that his lands could not be and never had been sold. At the close of his speech, General Gaines inquired "Who is Black Hawk? Is he a chief? By what right does he appear in council?" To this insult, which meant that the United States refused to recognize any other chief among the Sacs than Keokuk, who was present to witness the humiliation of his rival, no reply was made. With quivering features, Black Hawk arose, gathered his blanket around him, and stalked in silence from the council-hall. On the following morning he was again in his seat. When the council opened he arose, and with biting emphasis said: "My father, you inquired yesterday 'Who is Black Hawk? Why does he sit among the chiefs?' I will tell you who I am. I am a Sac. My father was a Sac. I am a warrior. So was my father. Ask those young men who have followed me to battle, and they will tell you who Black Hawk is. Provoke our people to war, and you will learn who Black Hawk is."

Matters were at a dead lock concerning the removal of the Indians. Seven hundred militia-men were on the ground. On the 25th of June, being in the year 1831, sixteen hundred mounted re-enforcements arrived. This was the key to the lock. That night Black Hawk and his braves, with their women and children, fled from the village which their fathers had built, without the firing of a gun. In the morning they were seen on the west bank of the Mississippi. Above them floated a white flag. This occurrence was heralded through the country as "a great victory over General Black Hawk."

New troubles awaited the exiles. It was too late in the season for them to plant corn and beans a second time. This, however, did not do away with the necessity for them. One night some of the warriors, heartsick at the cries of the women and children for food, crossed the river, as Black Hawk says,

“to steal roasting-ears from their own fields.” They were fired upon by the whites, and foiled in their efforts. This was rubbing salt in fresh wounds.

The condition of the Indians was miserable. The Winnebagoes, occupying what is now the state of Wisconsin, seeing the distresses of their friends, invited Black Hawk, in the Spring of 1832, to bring his people to their country, and raise a crop of beans and corn. The old chief, overwhelmed with trouble, fearful lest his followers would desert to Keokuk, of whose prosperity and fortune he was intensely jealous, found himself looked to by his people to extricate them from their troubles. He had never been a man of great resources, and, besides this, was now overtaken by age and disappointment. Not knowing what better to do, he accepted the invitation, placed his women and children in canoes, and with his warriors armed and mounted, started up the Mississippi.

Having, in the early part of April, reached a point opposite their old home at the mouth of Rock River, they, perhaps rashly, but certainly without any wicked or hostile intent, crossed to the east side of the Mississippi, with the avowed purpose of ascending Rock River to the villages of the Winnebagoes. They had proceeded up Rock River but a short distance when General Atkinson, the commandant at Fort Armstrong, sent a messenger after Black Hawk, ordering him to return. The old chief refused to obey, explaining that he was going to visit the Winnebagoes on their invitation, and raise a crop of corn with them. A second messenger brought a repetition of the order, with a threat that unless they obeyed peaceably they would be pursued and forced to return. At this point Black Hawk also found that the Winnebagoes did not desire his presence in their country if it would involve them in hostilities with the United States. He resolved, therefore, that if pursued he would return peaceably to the western side of the Mississippi. With true Indian dilatoriness, he stopped to compliment some visiting chiefs with a dog feast. He was engaged in the preparation for this, when

he was informed that a large army had approached within eight miles of his camp.

Three young Indians were at once sent out with a flag of truce, to ask for a council and arrange for a peaceable retreat. These messengers were deliberately taken prisoners by the whites. Finding that they did not return, Black Hawk sent out five others to learn what was the matter. These were pursued by twenty horsemen, and two of them killed. At the time of the army's approach, Black Hawk had with him only forty warriors, whom he concealed in ambush. The rest were ten miles away. When the troops approached, the Indians fired, and the soldiers fled in a panic. In the reports of this defeat, the Indian force was gravely asserted to have exceeded fifteen hundred men. All the blankets, provisions, and camp equipage of the Americans fell into Black Hawk's hands.

The old chief, elated by his victory, and encouraged by reinforcements, as well as enraged at the murder of the bearers of his flags of truce, resolved to fight rather than retreat beyond the Mississippi. A bloody border war followed. Farm houses were attacked, horses stolen, and settlers murdered as usual. In the early engagements of the war, the Indians had the advantage. When the whole force of the American army, exceeding twenty-five hundred men, became available for the conflict, the tide began to turn. Black Hawk and his people commenced a retreat toward the Wisconsin River. The army was in full pursuit. The members of Black Hawk's band were reduced to a diet of roots and horseflesh. Many of them died of actual starvation, and their corpses were found by their pursuers strewn along the pathway of their flight. Reaching the Wisconsin River, the women and children were embarked upon hastily constructed rafts, for a descent toward the Mississippi. On the voyage these helpless people were attacked by troops stationed on shore, some killed, some drowned, and some captured. Of those who escaped to the woods, the majority perished from starvation.

Meanwhile Black Hawk and the rest of his band struck out

directly across the country toward the Mississippi. Many, weakened by hunger, succumbed to the hardships of the way. A part of the women and children were embarked in canoes as soon as the river was reached. Some of these vessels upset in the river, and their occupants sank beneath the waves. On the 1st of August, while the remainder of the Indians were waiting for transportation, they were overtaken and attacked by the troops. Black Hawk again sent forward a messenger with a flag of truce, who was fired upon and killed. Not less than one hundred and fifty Indians, nearly half the entire force, were killed in the action. Black Hawk, with the remainder, jumped into the river, attempting to swim to the opposite shore.

During the battle a young squaw with a child in her arms was shot in the breast, and fell covering the child with her body. When the soldiers came up, they heard the cries of the child, and, running to the spot, removed it from beneath the corpse of its mother. One arm of the infant was amputated, and the child afterwards recovered. Among the women who sprang into the river was a squaw with an infant wrapped in a blanket, which she carried in her teeth. The mother seized the tail of a horse which was swimming across, and in this way reached the opposite shore in safety.

Though Black Hawk escaped alive from this battle, he did not long avoid the toils of his enemies. His followers deserted him one by one, and he was at last betrayed and captured, through the treachery of two Winnebagoes. He was at once removed to Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis, and there confined and forced to wear a ball and chain. The winter was gloomy enough to the old chief.

Among those who had been captured with him was a young warrior or chief named Naopope. An artist visited the Indians in prison, and sought to paint the likeness of Naopope. "Paint me as I am," thundered Cromwell, when an artist sought to hide the hideous warts and blemishes, which disfigured the countenance of the Protector of England. "Make me so, and show

me as I am to the great father," cried Naopope to his portrait painter, seizing the ball and chain that were fastened to his leg, and raising them on high. When the artist refused to do this the Indian distorted his face with incessant grimaces, and prevented his picture from being taken. Such was the unconquerable spirit of this poor manacled captive in the dungeon of Jefferson Barracks.

In the following spring Black Hawk was taken to Washington City. When confronted by President Jackson, the old Indian bluntly remarked, "I am a man and you are only another." God and the savage are no respecters of persons. When told that he would be liberated, Black Hawk said: "Brother, I have come on my own part and in behalf of my companions to bid you farewell. Our great father has at length been pleased to permit us to return to our hunting grounds. We have buried the tomahawk, and the sound of the rifle will hereafter only bring death to the deer and the buffalo. Brother, you have treated the red men very kindly. Your squaws have made them presents, and you have given them plenty to eat and drink. The memory of your friendship will remain till the Great Spirit says it is time for Black Hawk to sing his death-song. Brother, your houses are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, and your young warriors like the sands upon the shore of the big lake that rolls before us. The red man has but few houses and few warriors, but the red man has a heart that throbs as warmly as the heart of his white brother. The Great Spirit has given us our hunting grounds, and the skin of the deer which we kill there is his favorite, for its color is white, and this is the emblem of peace. This hunting-dress and these feathers of the eagle are white. Accept them, my brother; I have given one like this to the White Otter. Accept of it as a memorial of Black Hawk. When he is far away this will serve to remind you of him. May the Great Spirit bless you and your children. Farewell."

Black Hawk and his companions were taken to Baltimore,

Philadelphia, New York, and all the eastern cities before their return. Everywhere great multitudes thronged to see the great "General Black Hawk." Extensive military displays were made to impress the savages with the power of the United States. The crowning feature of Black Hawk's humiliation was, however, yet to come. He was to be formally liberated, but was also to be degraded and removed from his office of chief of the Sacs, among whom henceforth his life-long enemy and rival, Keokuk, was to be alone acknowledged as chief. The spot where the ceremony was to be performed was Fort Armstrong, on the site of the old Sac village. "This was the favorite island of the Indians—in former years abundant in fruits and flowers, and from time immemorial the fancied abode of a good spirit, who watched over their village and protected their hunting grounds. No spot could have been selected calculated to awaken so many painful associations in the mind of Black Hawk as Rock Island. For half a century it had been the witness of his power and influence; it was now to become the scene of his disgrace and reluctant submission to a rival."

On arriving at Fort Armstrong, runners were sent out summoning the Indians from far and wide to attend the strange ceremony. They came by scores and hundreds, both from the Sacs and all the neighboring tribes, who remembered the fame of Black Hawk, and were now curious to witness his infamy. Chief of all the arrivals was that of the princely Keokuk. He ascended the Mississippi reclining in two canoes, lashed side by side, and covered with a canopy. Handsome decorations covered the vessels. Near the chief sat his three wives. Following him came a long line of canoes, filled with his people. Each brave was painted in the most elaborate style, and equipped with all the panoply of war. At high noon the great Keokuk, with stately step and lofty bearing, disembarked amid the rattle of scores of Indian drums, and the shouts and songs of his people. It was indeed a triumph.

The afternoon and evening were devoted to games and

dances. From all the gay assembly Black Hawk alone remained apart in solitude. He might have been seen, crouched in the corner of his room in the fort, his face buried in his hands, and his soul given over to grief and gloom.

On the following day the grand council was assembled. Keokuk and a hundred gaudily attired warriors were given the



KEOKUK.

posts of honor. Presently Black Hawk and his son, unattended, entered the room with an air of profound dejection, and timidly took an obscure seat. They had protested strongly against this unnecessary ceremony of disgrace, and came filled with the deepest mortification. For a time profound silence reigned. Then Major Garland arose and made

a lengthy speech. He concluded by saying, that he wished it distinctly understood by all persons, that hereafter their great father, the President, would receive and acknowledge Keokuk alone as the chief of the Sac and Fox nation; that Black Hawk must listen and conform to his counsels, and that the band of Black Hawk must be henceforth merged in that of Keokuk.

There was a moment of silence, in which the features of the

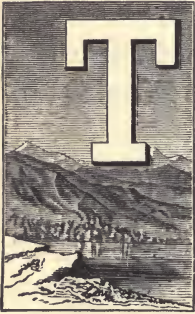
old chief were seen to twitch with uncontrollable emotion. Then, springing to his feet, he exclaimed, in a voice trembling with futile rage: "I am a man—an old man. I will not conform to the counsels of any one. I will act for myself—no one shall govern me. I am old—my hair is gray—I once gave counsels to my young men. Am I now to conform to others? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit, when I shall be at rest. What I said to our great father at Washington, I say again—I will always listen to him. I am done." This speech was the cry of defeat, the lament of the fallen chieftain.

Major Garland attempted to make explanations, to the effect that he had only *requested* him to listen to the counsels of Keokuk. To this he made no reply, but, drawing his blanket around him, sat in moody silence. At last Keokuk rose, came to him, and talked for awhile in a low tone. The words of the wily Keokuk were not without their effect. Before the council ended Black Hawk rose and said that it was his wish, if his speech had been put upon paper, that a line might be drawn through it. He did not mean what he said. This was the last drop of gall in the cup of bitterness.

During the remainder of his life Black Hawk, with a few old braves, who, having followed him in prosperity, did not desert him in adversity, lived at a point on a small stream called Devil Creek, isolated from his tribe. It was the attempt of the fallen chief to hide his disgrace. He never ceased to recall his happy life on Rock River. "I liked my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people," he would say to the white men who visited him. "I fought for it. I did wrong, perhaps; but that is past—let it be forgotten. The country which was mine is now yours. Keep it as we did—it will produce you good crops." He attributed all his misfortunes to Keokuk, and never ceased to regret that he had been led into armed resistance to the United States. He died in 1838, being about seventy-two years old. His old age was given over to sorrowful melancholy. Death was indeed to him a welcome guest.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HISTORY OF KIT CARSON.



THE genius for pioneering is born in a man, just as the genius for debate or for war. It runs in families, and is handed down from father to son. It is that strange spirit of unrest which dissatisfies some men with their civilized surroundings, and impels them toward the wilderness. There they are happy, fighting the savage, shooting the buffalo, and struggling with nature in her fiercest aspect. When the tide of emigration sets in their direction, and society assumes a somewhat settled state, these bold men give a pull at their throat bands as if suffocated, and resolutely set their faces toward the west, to seek out a location where the spice of adventure and danger gives a wild variety to life.

Such was the Carson family, of Kentucky, to whom was born, on December 24, 1809, their son Christopher, or, as he is widely known, "Kit." At this time Kentucky society began to assume a state, wild and rough, we would think, but to the Carsons dull and monotonous. Affrays with Indians happened only once in a year or two. In 1810, none of Mr. Carson's neighbors had been scalped since Kit was born. When he went out for a hunt, he could no longer hope to be treed all night by a bear. All this was a bore; and it bore on his mind so that, when Kit was a year old, the family sold out their scraggy farm, said good-bye to their nearest neighbors, five miles off, and with hearts lighter than for several years, set out for what is now

central Missouri. Here they found no end of exciting adventure. They and a few neighbors lived together in a rough log fort, in order to be safe from the Indians. In laying out and working their farms outside the log inclosure, it was necessary for a part of them to act as guards, posted at the extremities of the fields, to give instant warning of the approach of redskins, and signal a retreat to the fort.

Amid such scenes were passed the boyhood days of Kit Carson. When he reached the age of sixteen, his father, good man, being determined that his son Kit should not lead such a roving life as he himself had led, apprenticed Christopher to a harness-maker. But the master could make no harness strong enough to hitch the soaring spirit of Kit Carson to a trade. The restless love of freedom and appetite for adventure which belonged to the father, were intensified in the son, and in 1826 he broke away from the restraint, by joining a party whose journey took them eight hundred miles across the plains, to Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Though young, and destitute of the necessary equipment, not even owning a gun, nor being able, by the utmost exertions as teamster and guide, to do more than earn the food he ate, his purpose was made up to be a hunter and trapper. In April, 1829, he was selected as a member of a party of forty men, under the leadership of Ewing Young, organized at Taos, New Mexico, for the double purpose of chastising a tribe of Indians, who had been on the war-path and driven a party of Young's trappers out of the country, and also for pursuing the lucrative occupation of trapping beaver. The real purpose of the expedition was carefully concealed from the Mexican authorities, and after a brisk and secret advance, they came suddenly upon the band of Navajoe braves, which had massacred their friends. Preparations for the fight were quickly made on both sides. Part of the whites advanced stealthily, to lie in ambush behind some rock which lay a little to the side and nearly midway between the main combatants. Not seeing this movement, the

Indians charged on the remainder of the party, and, as they came in front of the ambush, were suddenly assailed by a murderous cross-fire. Fifteen braves fell heavily from their horses, killed by the first fire; the remainder, pursued by the trappers, fled in all directions.

After this fight it was decided that the party should divide, only eighteen of them continuing to the valley of the Sacramento in California. Of this detachment Carson was a member. Learning from some friendly Indians that the country through which their path lay, and which had never before been explored by white men, was destitute, alike, of game and water, the meat of three deer was prepared to take with them, and the skins of the animals were converted into water tanks. A week was passed with this meager supply of water for eighteen men and a large number of horses. For food an old mare was killed on the fifth day and devoured with great gusto. About the seventh day they reached the dry bed of one of those singular rivers, which suddenly sink out of sight and reappear at the distance of hundreds of miles after an underground course, probably, through quicksand. The channel is usually defined on the surface, and, though dry, delicious water is easily had by scooping a hole of a few feet in the sand. After this their path lay through a beautiful country, abounding in water and forage, elk, deer, and antelope of the finest varieties. The men were elated with what seemed a good omen of the success which awaited them in their trapping.

When at last the Sacramento River was reached the men began to keep a sharp lookout for "signs" of beaver. The presence of them in great abundance caused a thrill of joy to the trappers. The significance of this word "signs" is very great as the trappers use it. The cunning beaver can seldom be seen on the bank or in the river, for he has no great means of defense when attacked, and relies on his exquisite sight and hearing to warn him of danger in time for retreat. The marks he leaves behind him, however, are to the expert eye as legible

as the words on this page. The beaver's unequalled industry in felling large trees, cutting twigs, peeling off the tender cuticle of the willow bushes, digging away the banks, and carrying the earth on his shovel-shaped tail to his dam, and the innumerable footprints which he leaves, are a part of these "signs." The little twig, half denuded of its bark, floating down stream, unnoticed by any but the keen-eyed trapper, reveals to him by its freshness the proximity of the prize more than the great dam, which to a greenhorn would seem a splendid indication of its builder's presence, because the dam is probably an old and abandoned one.

The beaver's dam, a wonderful structure, is built by him to provide him with food in the winter when every thing above the water is dry and sapless. "He chooses a place favorable for obtaining food, and also where his labors will be assisted by natural formations or accidents in the river's course. Having carefully selected his location, he and his fellows set to work to fell giant trees. While one party is cutting the hard wood on one side of the tree with their sharp teeth, another works on the opposite side, the incision on the side on which they want the tree to fall being made, with the skill of the true forester, much lower than the other, which is made to slant downward to the first. By this sort of craft the largest trees are made to fall into and across the stream. When it has fallen the leaves and small branches are at once woven into a close network, adapted to catching floating *débris*, and to receiving the earth which they throw on by the tail load. Several trees are felled in this way, till as many are down as is desired. Then comes the mud-work, in which Mr. Beaver is an artist. A large gang march to the bank, load each others' tails, and swim, with their cargoes elevated above the water, to the dumping-spot, where they at once mould it to its place."

Their houses they have previously built on the banks. They consist of large and airy subterranean rooms, above the water-mark. In these houses, trappers say, they live in pairs, and

much resemble human beings in the arrangement and management of their household affairs, Madame Beaver having the ruling voice in domestic and internal arrangements, while the outside work of building dams and providing food is the more especial business of Monsieur. To this end he builds his dam, the deep water preserving fresh and tender the leaves and shrubs on which his family must subsist during the winter. Some say he goes so far as to bundle up small branches of trees and willows, which he stows away in the muddy bottom of the river. Trapper yarns have it that beaver society is regularly organized, there being chiefs, some of whom roll in wealth and have troops of slaves ready to do instant service, such as bring a fresh bundle of green twigs for dinner from the river bottom.

The signs having been discovered, the trappers selected a comfortable location for their camp, and part of them started out to set traps, while the remainder kept guard and did the cooking. The trap is much like the ordinary steel trap used for catching foxes or wolves, only somewhat smaller. It is baited with a peculiar animal substance of strong scent, which draws the beaver from his hiding-place, and so excites his appetite as to induce him before long to reach in his paw, when in an instant he is a prisoner. The traps, when visited, are emptied and reset. The game is killed and skinned, the pelts dried and cured in camp, and packed in bales for loading on the mules. The Sacramento region proved to be a splendid field for operations, and great was the success.

While in camp here the party were applied to by the priest of the mission of San Ráfael for help in capturing some Indians belonging to his mission, who had stolen some of his property and deserted to a hostile Indian village, which refused to give them up. Carson and a dozen companions, ready for any fun, offered their services, and attacked the Indian village, killing one-third of its population, capturing the deserters, and with them the stolen property. For this they refused all compensation, but the priest secured them a good purchaser for their furs.

One night, when unsuspecting of danger, the camp lost sixty of their horses, which were driven off by a party of redskins. Carson was ordered to pick a dozen companions, and with the remaining thirteen horses give chase. After a break-neck ride of a hundred miles toward the mountains, they suddenly came upon the savages, who were sitting around their camp-fires feasting on six of the horses, which they had killed for that purpose. Enraged beyond measure at the sight, the trappers charged the camp with a yell, killing eight savages in the twinkling of an eye, while the rest escaped. When Carson returned with all the horses except the six which had been killed, he was voted a hero. Yet he was only twenty years old, and this was his first expedition. Here it was, too, that he laid the foundation of his fame as a hunter, in which regard he afterward acquired a reputation unequaled by any man in the Rocky Mountains. His companions say he was exceedingly modest, and of a refined and gentle nature, which contrasted strangely with his wild profession. He was only five feet and a half high, agile but rather slight in build, possessing a gray eye and light brown hair. He talked little, and was remarkably cautious in exposing himself, always sleeping where the glare of the camp-fire did not fall on him, and carefully loading gun and pistols before retiring.

In September the party, well laden with valuable furs, turned their faces homeward. On their way, passing through a Mexican town, the men, in true trapper style, feeling the object of the trip largely accomplished, succumbed to the seductive influences of the whisky on sale there, as well as to the winsome familiarities of the Mexican maiden. Carson, however, carefully avoided such indulgences, and exerted himself to get the party out of town.

On the day after leaving the place, while the trappers' heads were still heavy and aching from the debauch, Carson discovered a band of five hundred Indians approaching. The men were at the moment in camp. The Indians halted, made friendly

signs, and in a few moments two of their number came into the trappers' camp, eying things with great curiosity. Shortly a few more braves sauntered in, and then still more, until enough were present to overwhelm the little band of whites if a struggle ensued. At this moment Mr. Young discovered that the Indians, instead of being unarmed, had their weapons concealed in their garments. It was evidently their intention to massacre the entire party, and make off with the booty. Young whispered his discovery with blanched lips to Carson.

The moment was critical. But in these trying moments Carson's genius never failed to equal the emergency. Quickly calling his men to his side, he ordered each man to cover a savage with his gun. Taken completely by surprise, the intruders began to retreat from the row of deadly rifles. "Leave the camp!" said Carson, in a clear-cut tone. "If you refuse, each one of us will kill our man, even if we at last are killed ourselves." The effect was electric. Death, with blood-shot eyeballs, stared them out of countenance, and with a bound the red murderers cleared the camp.

A week or two after this, the trappers ran across a band of Indians which had annoyed them on their outbound trip. The "*lex talionis*" of Moses and the Israelites is the only possible law for the wanderers in any wilderness. Stealing quickly upon the group of huts, the whites were upon their foes almost as soon as discovered. A noble warrior sank to rise no more at each crack of the trappers' rifles, and in a few moments the rout became complete. A very nice herd of horses and mules, the only thing of value in the village, was captured by this stroke.

That night the trappers settled down around their camp-fire for a comfortable sleep, after the day's exertion. Some mention was made about the probability of a return of the redskins, and two of the most vigilant were appointed to keep watch, one before midnight, the other after. Shortly after the change of sentry at midnight, the man on watch became aware of a dark body moving in the darkness over the prairie in the direc-



CARSON AND THE TRAPPERS IN CAMP.



tion of the camp. It was but the work of a moment to arouse the men, who, with rifles grasped and pistols cocked, were instantly on the alert. Carson slipped out to reconnoitre, and returning reported a large herd of horses driven by a few Indians, who had probably stolen them. Without any over-nice honesty, a volley of rifle-balls was directed toward the astonished Indians, who fled in great precipitation, leaving their property, the second capture of the day, to the trappers. On the following morning the best of the herd were selected for use; two of the fattest animals were killed for food, and the remainder turned loose on the prairie, to rejoice once more in the wild liberty of their sires.

In April, 1830, just a year after its departure, the expedition found itself once more among the group of huts which was dignified by the name of Taos. The proceeds of the trip were twenty-four thousand dollars, which soon found its way into the pockets of the men, and then found its way out again, for the trapper after his trip is like the sailor home from his voyage. It was the chief care of each man to get on a profound, inglorious, and terrible drunk, which only ended with his money. On this occasion Carson yielded somewhat to the demoralizing atmosphere, but it was his first and last spree. Nature seemed to have made him a gentleman in spite of his rough surroundings. Refinement is a quality of the mind. Wealth and luxury only sharpen the outline of vulgarity. The frontier cabin of the trapper, where a woman was seldom seen, and the softening influence of children was unknown; over which the great and jagged Rockies flung the chilly shadows of an early sunset, and where the brutal savages, instead of turning toward the light of civilization, rather drew the pioneer down into their own gloom and brutality—this frontier cabin only served to throw into bolder relief the character of the GENTLEMAN.

It was in the autumn of 1830 that Kit Carson enlisted for his second trapping expedition. He was greatly sought after for this purpose by the organizers of trapping parties. The party joined by Carson passed the winter in quarters on

Salmon River, and began their real work with the season of 1831, along Snake River, on which are the famous Shoshonee Falls, more than one third higher than Niagara. Meeting another party of trappers, Carson learned that Captain Gaunt, an old mountaineer, with a small company, were ten days' journey to the south. He and four companions resolved, for a change, to join Gaunt, and after a rapid journey were cordially welcomed by him.

The time for going into winter quarters was at hand. This was always looked forward to with interest, as it marked a great change in the trapper's mode of life. No longer did he gallop with free rein over the flower-embroidered prairie; no longer select his spot for the evening camp-fire, and, while the game, brought down by his own expert hand, was steaming over the coals, and flinging its savory odor upon the breeze, busy himself with baiting and setting his traps at the water's edge; and after a dash in the cooling current, feast upon the tempting meal; then with his saddle for a pillow, his blanket for a bed, and the star-fretted sky for a canopy, sink to sleep, as the dying embers threw their fitful flashes more and more dimly into the surrounding forest.

All this was changed. His home, when in winter quarters, was a conical tent of dressed buffalo skins, supported on a framework of light poles, spread out in a circle at the bottom, and crossed near the top, where they were held by being thrust through the opening in the buffalo skins. These were sewed tightly into the shape of a cone, except one straight seam, which was fastened by a lacing to within four or five feet of the ground. The opening thus left was the door, over which a buffalo skin was tightly stretched. The bottom of the tent was securely fastened to the ground by wooden pins. In the center of this tent, which is about eighteen feet in diameter, and fifteen feet high, he had his fire, the smoke from which, in theory, was to escape by the opening above, but, in fact, filled the apartment.

In here the men passed their days and nights, except when

they went out to attend to their horses. Early in the winter the snow fell to the depth of six feet, and removed not till the spring. Water for the shaggy Indian ponies had to be obtained from the river through a hole chopped in the ice. These hardy beasts had no shelter except such as was afforded by an overhanging rock, and some forest trees. To obtain food for them was a serious task. It had to be done by cutting down cottonwood trees, and gathering the bark and branches for fodder. But the ponies stood it as well as the men, who thought themselves comfortable and happy in their warm buffalo tent. Here they slept and smoked, told stories and cooked meals, dressed their skins, or ornamented their saddles.

Not a small part of their time did they spend over that magic annihilator of time and surroundings—a pack of cards! The man who held the ace of trumps never failed to be regarded as a marvelously lucky fellow, and the fellow with two bowers and a queen, as little short of a hero! We may smile at these little details of the trapper's life, but it is more fitting that a tear should fall, for these are the men, some of whom are known to world-wide fame, as the hero of this chapter, but many of whom are unknown to history, and will be nameless for evermore—these are the men, “who,” as reads our title-page, “by their valor and war-craft, beat back the savages from the borders of civilization, and gave the American forests to the plow and the sickle.” All honor, then, to the brave pioneer, the fruit of whose toils and triumphs he beheld from afar off, while we alone have lived to enter into the land of promise!

One cold January night, some Crow Indians succeeded in stealing nine horses from the camp. A dozen men, with Carson, of course, at their head, started in pursuit. At the end of forty miles their horses, weak from insufficient food, made a halt necessary, and they turned into a clump of woods. Here they unexpectedly found their enemies. Making fast their horses, and examining their guns, Carson directed the men to make a détour, so as to approach the savages from the direction in

which they least expected danger—that in which they traveled. To get close enough to reconnoiter, it was necessary to perform a large part of this journey crawling through the deep snow on hands and knees. In this way they were able to discover two rude forts, in which a large force of Indians were performing the war-dance. The nine horses were tied outside.

To insure success the trappers, in spite of the bitter cold, lay concealed till the dance ended, and the last sleepy redskin snored solemnly in the darkness. Carson then slipped forward, cut the halters, and by means of snow-balls drove the horses away without noise. Having secured them, a division of opinion was found as to whether they should make an attack. Carson and two others strongly urged it, as otherwise they would be pursued, and probably have to fight anyhow under less favorable circumstances. The advice of Carson was followed, and they again neared the sleeping foe. A dog in the camp barked, and the warriors, springing to their feet, became marks for the deadly rifles of the pioneers. Those who survived the first fire hurriedly ran to the other fort. A desperate sortie was repulsed with the loss of several more. At daybreak the pioneers withdrew, mounted their horses, and by night rejoined their comrades at quarters on the Arkansas River.

In the spring they *cached* their furs, and broke camp. Three weeks later, while on the South Platte, Carson and one companion were sent by Captain Gaunt in pursuit of two men who had deserted the party. Suspecting their design, Kit made for the furs in *cache* at the old camp. Three hundred pounds, belonging equally to the entire party, were missing, and the deserters, probably killed by the Indians, were never heard of afterward. Failing to recover the furs, Carson and his companion felt that a return to Gaunt's party was unwise and impracticable. They therefore repaired the old log fortification which had surrounded their buffalo tent the winter before, and, without venturing out of it much, managed to keep well supplied with game. Here the two men lived for a month, one of them always

on guard, anxiously looking for relief, which came at last. Gaunt had entirely given them up, fearing that they had attempted to return to him and had been killed by the Indians of the region, who were on the war-path.

The journey to rejoin the main body of Gaunt's party proved exceedingly dangerous, even for the band of twenty-one veteran trappers. On several occasions a stampede occurred, by which they lost a horse or two. The stampede is accomplished by the Indians turning loose some wild horses, which are trained to dash at full speed through the camp of the white men. All the picketed horses, being greatly excited, attempt to follow, more or less succeeding in breaking loose, and rushing with their wild companions into an Indian lair, much as greenies fall a prey to the seductive wiles of the confidence man.

One morning Carson took a trio of companions to cross a range and look for beaver. Their outward path was by a precipitous way directly across the mountain. But in the afternoon as they turned home a longer walk was found more practicable for the descent. As they were leisurely riding back to the camp there suddenly appeared in their path, directly in front of them, four powerful and splendidly mounted Indians, decked out in fantastic plumes and gayly colored paint, indicating unmistakably that they were on the war-path. The emergency demanded an immediate decision as to the best course to pursue. In all likelihood these warriors were only the advance guard of a large war party ambushed behind the rocks. To advance was dangerous, yet to retreat was to be pursued and almost certainly overtaken and killed. The three other men turned to Carson, who without a word dug his spurs deep into the sides of his mustang, and, closely followed by the others, dashed at full speed upon the astonished braves. In a moment sixty splendid warriors were discovered in ambush near the trail. Thick and fast flew their bullets. Kit and his three friends, throwing themselves as much as possible to the other side of their horses, dashed on without returning a shot. They were

running the gauntlet. In three minutes they would either be safe or for ever silent.

At one point the copper-faced devils were within sixty feet of them. But in their surprise at the boldness of the trappers, their aim was unsteady, and in a few moments Carson had reached the camp, alive and unhurt. Two of his companions had received severe wounds, and on the following day, when the march was resumed, it was necessary to take two poles, let the ends rest on two trusty horses, and swing a buffalo robe in the center as a litter for the wounded men.

When they reached Gaunt the hunt for beaver was found to have been unsuccessful, and the ill luck continued. Tired of going empty-handed, Kit Carson resolved to strike out and try it alone. Two companions volunteered to join him, in spite of the greatly increased danger of trapping with such a small party. After several months of great success, attained by the superior skill of Carson, they returned to Taos, and disposed of their furs at advantageous prices.

The humdrum life in the mud huts of Taos was dull enough to poor Kit, with his fierce love of adventure, and thrusting away all notion of settling down after his two years of absence, he soon arranged to join a trading party. They had been out some weeks when they met another party of traders, commanded by Mr. Robidaux. Right gladly did they grasp each other's hands and interchange stories of their luck. The snow began to fall soon after the meeting, and the men took the hint to go into winter quarters. For the purposes of companionship and security the two parties arranged to encamp together.

Again Carson began that wonderful life in the buffalo lodge of which we have spoken. Again, as the storm raged without, the men lay around the fire in their warm but wind-shaken tent, and with many a yarn and jest drowned out the dreary roar of the tempest. On these occasions Carson was much less of a talker than the other fellows. He joined heartily in the laugh, but except when the talk took a practical turn, as to what

would have been the safest way to deal with the redskins on some occasion, or how a trapper who was lost, and without a gun, might manage, he rarely spoke. It was rather his forte to furnish the theme of conversation by some daring exploit of his own.

Among Mr. Robidaux's company was a keen and shrewd California Indian, who was valued for his skill rather than esteemed for his trustworthiness. One morning six of the finest horses, worth two hundred dollars apiece, were missing, and this fellow as well. Illy able to thus lose the entire profits of his expedition, Robidaux asked Carson to attempt a reprisal. Kit, though prudent when only his own interests were at stake, shrank from no danger to help a friend. To help him on his perilous mission Carson determined to select a first class brave from a village of friendly Utahs near by. His choice was soon made, and the Utah seemed proud of the honor. Both were splendidly mounted, and quickly striking the trail of the flying thief, they dashed on their errand of vengeance. No man could follow a trail or read its characteristics more rapidly than Kit Carson, although still the youngest man of his party, being yet only twenty-three years old—"the boy," as the old trappers affectionately called him.

Hardly for a moment was the rein drawn for the first hundred miles, and Kit felt confident of overtaking the treacherous rascal within two or three days. After a few hours' halt the first night, they were preparing to start again, when Carson's Indian companion affirmed that his horse had broken down and he could go no farther. That the noble animal was sick was evident, but Kit strongly suspected that it had been purposely made so. Should he turn back? The savage he pursued was an experienced and dangerous fighter, armed to the teeth, and no doubt desperate. Thinking only of his friend, the heroic fellow left his companion, and flew along the trail alone. Alone in the wilderness! Around him stretched the illimitable plains, bounded, to the eye, only by the gloomy Rockies, which from

afar could be seen lying in eternal and majestic repose. Not a sound broke the stillness of the morning but the rapid thud, thud of his horse's hoofs as they rose and fell in the snowy trail, with the regularity of a machine. Sometimes a thought



CARSON KILLING THE HORSE-THIEF.

of the brave mother whom he had left years before in the little Missouri clearing would force itself upward as his gallant steed bore him on to what might be death.

He had left his companion about thirty miles to the rear when he discovered the chase. The pace of pursuer and pur-

sued became terrific. A spectator seeing those two figures, and wondering at the singular sight, would have seen the one behind gradually gaining on the other. Seeing this, the Indian began to make for some rocks behind which he could fire at his pursuer as he approached, and reload without exposure. The plan was good. It had almost succeeded. But behind him was the Hero of the Rockies. Without pausing an instant in his tremendous career, Carson unslung his rifle, and with the aim that never missed, shot his enemy through the heart, just as he turned behind the cover. At the same instant the other's gun went off, but in a wild direction. When Carson returned to the winter camp with the stolen horses he was greeted with a cheer. Not alone in that camp was the exploit talked over on many an evening; but borne in some mysterious manner through the wilderness, the story of the deed was the favorite theme around a hundred camp fires.

Carson seemed to bear a charmed life. As on a previous occasion, he had left the main party and with three picked companions had undertaken a separate expedition. One night the little party had made their evening halt. They had been without meat for some days. Kit picked up his rifle and started out to look around. About a mile from the camp he was elated with the sight of some magnificent elk. Gaining the cover of some low, scraggy pine trees, he succeeded, by great care, in getting within gunshot of the prize. Without dwelling on his aim, he sped a bullet after the largest and fattest buck in the herd, and with one bound the noble creature fell dead with a fearful wound through his heart and lungs.

Scarcely had the echoing ring of the shot died away, when Carson heard a terrific roar coming directly from the woods behind him. Turning instantly to discover its source, Carson saw two immense grizzly bears bounding towards him, their eyes blazing with anger, their white teeth glistening with rage and hunger, their forearms hung with huge bony claws with which to tear and mangle his flesh. Flinging down his empty

rifle, for which he would have given worlds, if the little leaden bullet in the heart of the elk had never left its barrel, he fairly flew over the ground in his race for the nearest tree. It was a goal for which life was the stake. He had just grasped a limb



CARSON ATTACKED BY GRIZZLIES.

and swung upward as the infuriated beasts brushed its trunk. It would be but a moment, however, till they would commence to climb the tree, an art in which they would succeed quite as well as Kit. Providentially a bear has a tender nose. With his glittering hunting knife Carson hacked off a serviceable little

club. When Messrs. Bruin began to ascend the trunk, in order to secure the evening meal; into which their imaginations had already transformed poor Kit, they received the compliment of smart raps on their lovely noses. With a mingled roar of rage and pain they quickly descended, only, as the agony wore off, to renew their ambitious toil.

This drama of the gentlemen Bruin ascending, getting their snouts tickled, and letting go in their dreadful anguish, held the boards for several hours. They felt greatly injured. First, Carson had beaten them in the race, and they were conscience-smitten over a life of previous indulgence in the pleasures of the table, which had impaired their condition as racers. Then he had beaten them at their own pet game of climbing trees, and finally his undue familiarity with their noses was offensive. Again and again they tried to tear him out of the tree; again and again he drew the claret with his club. At last, in their disappointment and grief they sat down and had a regular cry, after which they gloomily slunk off into the forest, at a little time after which our hero felt safe in descending from his roost. It was well into the night when he reached his alarmed companions. The story had to take the place of a supper. Long before morning the body of the noble elk had become the prey of the ignoble wolves.

In July Carson, for the first time, attended the summer rendezvous on Green River, at which all the traders and trappers out in the mountains met for purposes of trade and barter. It was a characteristic scene in the pioneer's life. Not a trader's pack was opened until all the parties known to be in the mountains had arrived. The lodges were struck in convenient spots, and around the roaring camp-fires the lonely trapper passed the happiest part of the year. The rendezvous was a sort of a fair. There were annually gathered together two or three hundred white men, and not a few Indians. It was the time for the exchange of yarns and experiences, for gambling and horse racing, for quarrels and fights, as well as for barter.

Among the crowd was a swaggering, bullying Frenchman, named Shunan, who had whipped two men under his size in one day, and boasted that he "could lick all the Americans in the mountains." He had rather cowed the men, and as no one else seemed disposed to stop his insults, Carson quietly determined



ENCOUNTER BETWEEN CARSON AND SHUNAN.

to make it his own affair. Stepping up to the bully, who was twice his size, he said, in the presence of a crowd: "Shunan, there are a dozen men here who can whip you. Keep your mouth shut, or I will be under the necessity of killing you." According to the trapper code, both men went hurriedly to their

lodges, and, mounting their horses, prepared to fight. The crowd embraced every one on the ground. Shunan had his rifle; Carson, in the hurry, had picked up only a single-barreled horse pistol. The two men rode rapidly toward each other, until their horses' heads almost touched. Suddenly reining up, Carson said, "Are you looking for me?" "No," was the lying answer of the man, as he lifted his rifle to shoot. But, before he could fire, Carson had lodged a ball in Shunan's right forearm, disabling his antagonist and saving himself.

Such is the code of the frontier. Where men have no law they become legislators themselves; where they have no judge, or jury, or executioner, they quickly fill all these functions themselves. Such is the demand of the mind for law and judgment, and such are its resources when thrown upon itself. These things are right. They are the beginnings of the mighty struggle for law, a struggle which, in proportion to its success, means the crushing out of barbarism, cruelty, violence, and injustice, and the uplifting of civilization and order, humanity and righteousness.

Two months after the breaking up of the rendezvous, Carson's party suffered the usual theft of their horses by Indians, and as inevitably Kit and a dozen men started out in pursuit. On overtaking them the redskins made signs of friendship, and protested their innocent intentions. Each party laid down their arms, and marched to a point midway between, for a conference. The trappers stated promptly that "peace talk" must be preceded by the surrender of their horses. With much evasion, the Indians' chief offered to return five of the poorest horses, as all he could do. On hearing this, the trappers broke and ran for their guns. Kit and a man named Markhead, being in the lead, on the return, selected the two advance Indians for adversaries. Carson was about to fire at his man, when he suddenly saw Markhead examining the lock of his gun, while his foe had a rifle leveled at him. True to his nature, Kit fired at Markhead's adversary, killing him, thus saving Markhead,

but at imminent risk to himself. His own adversary took advantage of his opportunity to fire, but inflicted only a dangerous wound on Carson's shoulder. As their leader fell, several of the trappers sprang forward to bear him bleeding from the field.

As darkness came on, the fighting ceased, and the men gathered in their camp. The cold was intense, but no fire could be lighted, as it would reveal their whereabouts to the savages. Disheartened by the misfortune of Carson, whose life-blood ebbed in crimson tide upon the spotless snow, they determined to retreat, and for the first time in his life Carson returned to his command without the horses of which he had gone in search.

The fall hunt, this year, was unsuccessful, and Carson's party divided on Big Snake River, Kit's company of five men starting to Fort Hall. The country through which they traveled was barren, and their provisions were soon exhausted. For days they subsisted on a root which they found in small quantities. At last this disappeared. Then they bled their mules and drank the blood. This weakened the animals till it could be carried no further. The horrors of starvation confronted them. When they went supperless to sleep, the famished men in their dreams beheld the greatest abundance of game and food, but could not quite partake of it. Now the sleeper would behold a herd of elk; just as he had almost come within gunshot, the animals would mockingly bound away. Now, hungered from a long hunt, he sat by the fire watching the steaming mess in the camp kettle, when, just as it was ready for his watering mouth, the kettle turned over, and its savory contents were lost. Now he was putting to his mouth a rare bit of buffalo liver, when the cry of "Indians" made him jump for his gun, and snatched him away from the untasted morsel.

In their extremity, a band of impoverished but friendly Indians were met, who, without any hope of recompense, divided their own too meager supplies with the famished whites, and by this kind help from the poorest of the poor, Carson was enabled to conduct his party to the hospitable fort. Here the

exhausted men recuperated rapidly, and in two weeks were eager to ascertain the truth of the stories of wonderful buffalo herds two hundred miles to the northeast, which were heard by them in their enforced inactivity.

Every thing being in readiness, Carson and his men started out from their haven of safety, and two days brought them in sight of what the novice would at first view have thought a distant forest, but from which, at a great distance, could be heard a dull and thunderous roar. A nearer approach revealed a bellowing multitude of buffalo, so great that no man could number them. In every part of the vast herd were going on deadly combats between rival beasts. Over the combatants rose a dense cloud of dust, through which could be caught glimpses of the bloody conflict. Without delaying to watch the wonderful sight, the trappers rapidly skirted the herds, and directed their course toward a narrow valley or ravine, in which were to be had timber for the poles on which to dry the meat, and water for the horses. Long before day they were up, and a part of them had commenced driving one of the detached herds toward this valley. The stupid but timid buffalo headed for the fatal trap at a full gallop.

Meanwhile the other men had carefully posted themselves at the other outlets of the valley. In a little while the "surround" was complete. Then with a yell each man dashed in and closed on the game. Desperately did the powerful creatures dash from side to side in frantic effort to escape. Some, in fact, broke through the *corral*, but in spite of this the slaughter was immense. Many of the buffalo, bewildered by the attacks on every side, almost stood still in the agony of their terror, and waited for their executioner. In less than ten minutes fifty of them had fallen to rise no more. Poles were then planted in the ground and strung with ropes of hide, on which the strips of meat were hung for curing in the sun. When sufficiently dried it was packed in bales. When all their horses were loaded, the slow march back to the fort was begun.

Unknown to the trappers, their train had a constant escort from their sworn enemies, the Blackfeet Indians. No attack was made, however. At the fort the horses were placed in a fenced inclosure for protection, and a sentry placed on watch. One night the fellow on guard, perhaps a little the worse for liquor, saw two men approach the bars, let them down, and deliberately commence driving every horse out into the prairie. It never occurred to Mr. Guard that the Indians would come except in force, and his intelligent mind never doubted that the two men were his comrades, who had orders to take the horses outside for better pasturage. Thanking his lucky stars for the relief, he said nothing to his industrious friends, but curled down in a fence corner and went to sleep. In the morning it was found that the Blackfeet had, without firing a gun or losing a brave, run off every horse and mule belonging to the fort, and left the enraged trappers without an animal on which to make pursuit. It came near terminating even more seriously for poor Simmonds, the sentry. Several of the trappers in their rage threatened to kill him, and, by way of emphasis, put a few rifle shots through his fur hat as it rested on his own precious head.

This little trick of their Blackfeet friends was not forgotten, when, in the following spring, a strong body of the trappers found themselves in proximity to the chief village of the nation. Kit Carson and a friend or two, after a careful reconnoiter, reported that there were signs of a hurried removal to be seen. Every heart in the company beat high with the excitement of approaching revenge, the darkest passion of human nature. Forty-three picked men, under the command of Carson, were detailed for the fight; the remaining fifty-five were to guard the valuable stores of the party, and advance slowly as a reserve. With a wild yell the trappers charged the village, killing a dozen braves in an instant. But the Indians were the children of a noble tribe, brave, strong, skillful, and well equipped. They quickly rallied, and commenced a bloody struggle, which lasted over three hours, an unusual time for Indian warfare. Every

man was concealed behind trees, rocks, or whatever could afford protection. Sometimes the same rock would afford cover for an Indian and a trapper. Neither could leave the place without being killed. For an hour the two men would seek to kill each other. At last, in a moment of negligence or unskillfulness, one of them would bite the dust.

The trappers retained the advantage gained at the outset until the prolonged combat began to exhaust their ammunition. The sagacious redskins at once divined the cause of the slackened fire, and charged on their foes. The hand to hand engagement is the one in which individual skill and heroism develops its noblest examples. The trappers, by the use of their red-dened knives and smoking pistols, again and again drove back their assailants, but at last were driven to a stubborn retreat. In executing this movement, the horse of a mountaineer named Cotton, who was at the extreme right of the field of battle, stumbled and fell, pinning his rider to the earth. Carson's keen eye, which incessantly swept the entire field, perceived the accident at the same time that a half dozen dusky warriors bounded forward to scalp the unfortunate man. Springing from his horse, with a rallying cry to his now scattered men, Carson ran toward his friend, and, taking aim as he ran, shot the foremost savage down. The trappers now came running from all directions at their commander's call, and the remaining five braves started for cover. Only two of them ever reached it. Cotton, with a little help, extricated himself from the painful situation in which his accident left him.

Seeing that Cotton was all right, Carson turned to look for his horse, and found that he had run away. It was no time or place to remain on foot. The savages might overtake him at any moment. Ready for any emergency, Kit mounted behind one of his comrades, and in this position waited till his runaway horse could be recaptured. When the reserve came up with its precious supplies of ammunition, the trappers prepared to make a final and crushing attack on the Indians. This last struggle

resulted in the disastrous defeat of the tribe, and so broke its power and spirit that for years the trappers and hunters pursued their occupation without molestation from the humbled Blackfeet.

At the summer rendezvous Kit arranged to join a couple of traders who had planned an expedition into the Navajoe country. This tribe had attained a sort of red man's civilization, a thing which is perfectly possible. All civilizations are not alike. The Chinese civilization is the oldest on the globe, yet among the lower classes a rat is a great dainty at the dinner table; from twelve to twenty persons of all ages and either sex sleep huddled together in a single small room; a few cents constitute a day's wages. India has her cities and commerce; her religions older far than Christianity; her temples of marble, ivory, and gold, the architecture of which is unequaled on the globe; but in India are found fanatics who have held their right arms upward for twenty years, until the joints have become solid bone, covered with shriveled parchment, and the extended members can not be lowered. There is, too, a civilization in Russia, a civilization of fashion, aristocracy, and wealth, of colleges, of railroads, of libraries, and palaces. In Russia it was that her ruler employed the idle laborers in constructing, at untold cost, a magnificent winter palace made entirely of ice, and destined to melt away as the summer sun flung his radiance across its crystal towers; and it was the czar of all the Russias who by the stroke of his pen peacefully emancipated twenty million serfs. Yet in this same country, where the body is free, the mind is in chains. Torture and the executioner's ax paralyze not merely the tongue but the intellect as well. Worse than these penalties are those by which wise and good men, valuable members of society, are sent to the terrible mines of Siberia. There in the darkness alike of day and night they spend the remainder of their lives. College professors, scientists, and editors, treated worse than the blackest felons, toil on in these fearful abodes of torture, losing eyesight, hair, teeth, strength,

intelligence, until at last they drop their fetters and leap into the skeleton arms of Death. Yet Russia is civilized.

So we say that though an Indian civilization might possess many elements strange and grotesque in our eyes, still it was a



THE RESCUE OF COTTON.

[See page 765.]

possibility. The Navajoes had something approaching it. They were wealthy, and fond of their possessions. Their customs were somewhat settled. They knew the art of weaving beautiful blankets, and manufacturing many other articles which commanded high prices. Carson and his fellow traders found a

ready market among them for their merchandise, and returned from their trip with large herds of splendid horses and mules, loaded down with valuable blankets and furs.

For the next year or two Carson went ahead with his life of hunting and trapping. His character is in marked contrast with those of his companions. Carson was a kind-hearted, even-tempered, and intensely practical man. Though a sparing talker, he was one of those geniuses who perform every thing they undertake with skill, rapidity, and success. He had a remarkably smooth, well-balanced, and symmetrical nature, which was rare for a trapper, who was generally a dare-devil, crack-brained fellow, utterly reckless, erratic, and without stability of purpose. So far from making trapping and hunting his life-work, he had ordinarily followed a dozen different callings—now making Sunday-school speeches in the Eastern cities; now selling patent medicine in the malarial districts of the Middle States; now preaching to the Indians; and now a New Mexican desperado and cut-throat.

This was just about the career of Williams, an old fellow who was with Carson at this time. He had translated the Bible into two Indian dialects. His irregular genius showed itself in an incident in a Mexican town. He was at the time a trader or shopkeeper there. One day some of his customers complained of his prices, and undertook to jew him down. Williams flew into a terrible rage. He blasphemed and abused them in the most horrible manner. Finally, springing on them like a tiger, he kicked them all out of his little booth or lodge; and, as if disgusted with the whole community, commenced throwing his goods and merchandise, helter-skelter, into the street, nor did he stop till his booth was entirely dismantled. Then with horrid curses, and his eyes ablaze with insane fury, he seized his rifle, and shaking the dust of the place from his feet, he angrily took himself off to the mountains.

Another one of these eccentric characters, one who stood high in the trapper profession, was a fellow named Mitchell.

He had at one time acquired the notion of some wonderful gold mines being hidden away in the mountains of northern Texas. With the purpose of discovering them, he joined the Comanche nation, became one of their braves, married a pretty Indian squaw, and for some years was one of their leaders in battle, and a terror to their foes. Becoming convinced that the gold mines were myths, he made to his Comanche friends some plausible excuse for a temporary absence, and left them forever.

Some years after that period of Carson's life of which we are now speaking, Mitchell made a trading trip into Kansas. It was the first time in many years that he had been in the States. Kansas was just in the convulsion of political passion which preceded the civil war. The free-soilers and pro-slavery men were carrying on a guerrilla warfare, each trying to drive the other out of the state. Farm-houses were burned; men were fired upon from thickets as they passed along the road; corpses were found in the forest with knives sticking in their hearts. All this seemed natural enough to Mitchell, with his frontier notions, but his trip was a business one. In his lonely life in the mountains, Mitchell had remained ignorant of all political issues. With the instinctive caution of the frontiersman, as well as from the natural reserve which he felt when among civilized (!) men, he avoided all conversation on political questions. Patriotism and suspicion at once spotted him as a dangerous man, and caused him to be avoided or treated with indifference and marked reserve. Once he was seen reading a newspaper with great interest. It was a fragment of an old New Orleans paper, bitterly pro-slavery. He was observed to put it carefully in his pocket. That night a masked company of free-soilers told him to leave town in six hours, or he would be killed. He left. The article he had been reading related to a new way of making hats, in which silk was substituted for beaver fur, and prophesying that the latter would be entirely supplanted!

On another occasion he went into a store to buy a lot of powder and ball to take back with him. The storekeeper looked

suspiciously at him, and asked him where he came from. "None of yer business," said Mitchell. "What do you want with ammunition?" "To load my gun. What d'y'e s'pose; did you think I wanted ter make bread of it?" This was enough for the storekeeper. With a triumphant glance at the bystanders he said, "I understand what you free-soilers want with ammunition, you dogs; you want to kill us. We want all we have ourselves." All this to the poor mountaineer, who considered every white man his "brother," was insupportable. Hastily finishing his business, he gave up a long contemplated trip to the eastern cities, and started back to New Mexico. A friend fell in with him on his return trip, and asked where he had been.

"After being away for twenty years, I thought I would like to see the whites once more. But what I saw in Kansas disgusted me so I could go no further. They do nothing but get up war-parties against each other. I would rather be in an Indian country than in civilized Kansas."

We have already hinted at a fact which, though its origin was thousands of miles away, in Europe, reached in its effect the lonely mountains of New Mexico, and robbed Kit Carson and his friends of their occupation. The increasing scarcity and high prices of the beaver fur had induced the hat manufacturers of Europe to look for a substitute. It was found in silk, which, though not so durable, presented an equally beautiful appearance in the "plug" hat. Thus the market for beaver fur was seriously affected. The prices fell with the demand, and the lonely mountaineer, like Othello, found "his occupation gone."

This fact, sad enough for the poor trappers, is repeated at every step in the progress of civilization. Human invention is constantly destroying old trades and occupations. It makes a reaping machine, and both the men who use and the men who manufacture the "cradle" are thrown out of employment. It builds a railroad, and all the innkeepers, who had their clean little hostelries distributed along the roads, so that, after each day's

journey, the tired traveler might find lodging and refreshment for "man and beast," find their inns deserted and their business gone. It invents a loom, by which, with one boy to fill the shuttles, the work of twenty hand-weavers is done, and better done. It constructs an automatic air brake for the express train, and the brakemen are discharged; the engineer does their work, and does it better. All this presents a great problem. In order to live, men must have work. Every year an increasing multitude complain, and not without reason, that there is less labor to do than formerly, and that their hands, though willing, can find no task. Idle classes are dangerous. They are brought into the world without asking their consent, and being here they demand, and rightly, too, that they shall have an opportunity to earn money and procure food. All this, we say, presents a great and serious question. So it was, when their trade was taken away, the trappers were grieved and angry. They felt like striking back, but whom should they hit? Deep in their sullen hearts they cursed the inventor of the silk hat. He was a dog, a devil, a brute!

Kit to some extent shared these feelings, but he cheerfully sought another occupation. There was a trading-post called Bent's Fort. Here he was offered the position of hunter to the fort. It was the duty of the hunter to provide the daily supply of game, summer and winter, for the table of the fort. If he had bad luck in his hunting, the fellows at the fort were sure to be cross. If his provision lacked variety, they were likely to speak of it. Carson's great skill with his gun caused him to be sought after for this position. He accepted it, and held it for eight consecutive years. It is said that, during all these years, "not a single word of disagreement passed between him and his employers." This fact is a monument to Kit's expertness as a hunter.

If any thing in the world will bring on a fuss, it is an insufficient meal. Kit's boarders were unfailingly provided for. He never returned empty handed. On these expeditions Kit

was mounted on his magnificent horse, "Apache." They knew and loved each other. Neither horse nor rider had an equal, as hunters, in the Rocky Mountains. During these years Kit's fame spread over the entire West. He was called the "Monarch



CARSON AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE, "APACHE,"

of the Prairies, the "Nestor of New Mexico;" but the name he was most pleased with was, the "Hero of the Rockies." Among the lodges of the Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, and Comanches, Kit was an honored guest on many occasions. One reason for his remaining so quiet for eight years is found in his marriage with



CARSON CONDUCTING EMIGRANTS ACROSS THE SIERRA NEVADA



an Indian girl, of whom he was passionately fond. It was his misfortune to lose his dusky bride by death, when they had only been married two years. To an infant daughter, however, were transferred the entire wealth of his affections. When of suitable age, he sent her to St. Louis, to receive every advantage which education could bestow. During this time Carson guided many emigrants across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, patiently helping their toiling ox-teams along the rocky roads.

In 1842, Carson made a trip to the States. For the first time in sixteen years, he looked upon the home of his childhood. But Time had swept his unsparing hand over the place. The old log cabin, in the door of which Kit's mother had stood sixteen years before, waving her hand to her boy as he rode proudly away that sunny morning, was now a crumbling ruin. No light gleamed from its cheerless window. No loving arms were clasped convulsively around the wanderer's neck.

The father and mother slept the sleep that knows no waking, beneath the foot of a lonely forest tree, and within hearing of the ceaseless murmur of the Missouri River. Brothers and sisters, too, were gone; some dead; some, impelled by the same restless spirit which made its home in the heart of Carson, were scattered abroad in the wildernesses of the West. None left! Staggered at this desolation, Carson sat down in the shadows of a double darkness—the darkness of the night without, and of the night within. And as the night-bird, wandering from its mate, uttered its lonely cry in the gloom of the forest, the strong man, sensible of his utter loneliness, gave way to the melancholy of the hour, and wept in the solitude as only men can weep.

Shaking off these sad memories, Kit went to St. Louis, where he spent ten days. It was his first visit to a great city. The roar of the streets and bustle of excited throngs contrasted strangely with his life in the mountains. But he was no "greeny," ready to bite at the traps of the city sharpers. He visited the places of interest, investigated the methods of doing

business, and availed himself of his opportunities for acquiring information.

But this trip had one momentous result. Carson became acquainted with Lieutenant John C. Fremont, who was just proceeding on his first journey of exploration. Fremont was greatly in need of an experienced pioneer to guide his party through the mountains, as well as give them the benefit of his experience as to means of subsistence and defense against Indians. Opportunely meeting Carson, he employed him, and thus Kit was introduced into a work which has made his name a household word throughout the republic. The object of the expedition was to survey the South Pass, in what we know as Wyoming Territory, and obtain the altitude of the highest peaks. Up to this time, America was profoundly ignorant of the West.

The success of the expedition was complete. Carson had proven invaluable, for his hunting and trapping career had made him familiar with the entire West, from Mexico on the south to British America on the north. In the following year, Fremont made his second exploring expedition, on behalf of the United States Government. As before, he made Carson his right-hand man. His object this time was to push his investigations westward from the Rockies to the Sierra Nevadas, there connect his work with the Pacific coast surveys, which had already been made, and thus lay a foundation for a survey and map of the entire West.

This party had many thrilling adventures. After leaving the Rockies, and traveling many days across the barren plains, their provisions began to give out. The journey was longer, and game scarcer, than they expected. Before them lay the snowy Sierras; to attempt to cross them in the enfeebled condition of the party was perilous in the extreme. Behind, lay the plains they had just traversed; to retrace their steps was to starve long before they reached a point where supplies could be had. So it was that the only record of Fremont's second expe-

dition came near being the horrible hieroglyphics of bleaching skeletons, which are so often left by explorers, the fearful meaning of which is so readily understood.

To attempt a crossing of the mountains was urged by Carson as the only alternative. It was resolved upon. Snow-shoes for the entire party were indispensable to traversing the whitened expanse, into the depths of which a man unshod would sink out of sight forever. Kit swiftly instructed the men how to make them, and then, with an advance party, pushed on to explore the route, and see if it was practicable to break a path for the animals. The distance was three leagues. Carson said if they could make that, the green valley of the Sacramento, with its splendid game and abounding forage, would open before the weary wanderers. It was a labor of fifteen days to beat and pack the snow with mallets for the passage of the mules. But in this time, most of the animals had died. In the extremity of the situation, the famished beasts ate each other's tails and tore the leather from the pack saddles to devour it. At last, Sutter's Fort was reached, with its hospitable welcome and its abundant table. Carson cautioned the men to eat sparingly, but they could not be restrained. Partly from the terrible strain which they had endured, partly from too sudden indulgence, two of the party lost their reason and became raving maniacs.

On the return trip, just at they were going to camp one evening, a man and boy ran up. The strangers hastily related that they belonged to a Mexican trading party. They, with four others, had been left in charge of the horses, and in the absence of the main party, these six, two of whom were women, were attacked by Indians. The two speakers, Fuentes and the boy, Pablo, had managed to get away. Anguish riven, the one by the unknown fate of his wife, the other by that of his father and mother, they implored the help of the explorers. Only two men volunteered their assistance, Kit Carson and his fellow mountaineer, Godey. The lips of sorrow never appealed in vain to the brave but unselfish Carson.

There were thirty Indians in the attacking party. Carson and Godey, accompanied by Fuentes, determined to attempt a rescue of the unfortunate captives. Quickly striking the trail of the marauders, they commenced their pursuit. At the end of twenty miles the horse Fuentes rode broke down. To procure another was impossible. Leaving the unfortunate man behind, Carson and his companion dashed on their errand of kindness. It was two men against thirty. But fear was a stranger to the bold hearts. All day they rode. Night came on. Still they rested not. Much of the time they led their horses, and followed the trail in the darkness by feeling. The tracks grew fresher. A few hours only separated them from the chase. To be fresh for the fray they dismounted, and wrapped in their blankets, wet with heavy dew, they tried to sleep. But the cold, wet atmosphere rendered sleep impossible. No fire could be lighted. At early dawn they perceived a neighboring ravine. There they thought safe to build a small fire and warm themselves. The horses were again mounted.

The sun was still on his upward journey when they discovered their enemies, thirty in all, engaged in their usual feast of horse-flesh. The stolen animals, which were yet alive, were picketed at a short distance. The two mountaineers determined to crawl in among the horses, and then be guided by events. The strange figures of the crawling men frightened a colt, and stirred up a commotion in the herd. The Indians, ever quick to read the signal of danger in the conduct of their animals, sprang for their weapons. As the savages came in range the trappers fired. Two braves bit the dust. The remainder, astonished at the conduct of Carson and Godey, suddenly seemed to believe that the two were a decoy, supported by a large party, which sought by stratagem to lure them into giving battle.

As Kit had foreseen, the Indians at once fled, leaving their camp to the victors. Here the terrible scene presented itself of the mangled bodies of the two men, pierced with a hundred arrows. The women were found a little further off. Their



FREMONT ON THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. (See Page 776.)



naked bodies each had a sharpened stake driven through it into the ground. With sad hearts at the comparative failure of their errand, the trappers interred the bodies, collected the horses, and took themselves back to their more selfish companions. The property was restored to the strangers; the sad story of the victims told to the wifeless husband and the lonely boy. Bowed down with grief, yet overflowing with gratitude, they offered all their horses as a gift to Carson and Godey. Hastily wiping away a tear with his shaggy sleeve, Kit refused to accept any thing, and instead, thrust a small sum of money into the boy's hand. Camp was broken. The men mounted, and with a farewell to the strangers, the party rode away, leaving them alone in the forest in the shadow of their mighty grief.

In the spring of 1845 Kit, being out of employment, resolved to be a farmer. He determined to settle down, fell trees, grub stumps, plow the glebe, sow seed, and gather crops; to become acquainted with corn husking, potato hoeing, and butter making; to learn the mystery of weaning calves, killing hogs, and stringing dried pumpkin. It was a strange calling, that of the patient farmer, for the impetuous Kit to select. But as men approach middle life they become more and more conservative. Carson and a mountaineer named Owens purchased an eligible tract of land on which to make a farm. Kit furnished the money, and laid in a stock of wooden plows, Mexican axes, farm carts, and other utensils. With a company of hired hands he built temporary huts, and chopped away at the trees in fine style. True, they were a little green at the business. The fences were rather clumsy, the fields rather stumpy. The farm-house, which Kit insisted on having built, was very large and barny, while the barn was small and badly located. Still things moved on fairly, and Kit might some day have made a farmer. He tried to persuade himself he was contented. But when Fremont sent him word of a third expedition Carson just took twenty-four hours to sell out the whole place for a third of what it had cost, get out his rifle, saddle his horse, and start to join Fremont.

The third expedition thus joined by Carson had many adventures. One night, through carelessness in keeping watch, some treacherous Klamath Indians stole in the camp and cleft the skulls of three of the sleepers before they were discovered. In retaliation Carson, at the head of a war party, burned their village and killed twenty braves. The war with Mexico, which was declared at that time, served to complicate the fortunes of the explorers. Carson was detailed to take dispatches to Washington City. On his way overland he met General Kearney, who was under orders to proceed with his command to the scene of hostilities in California. Kearney at once determined to forward the dispatches by another messenger, and have Carson return with him as a guide.

Kit gave up his important trip to the capital with great secret reluctance, but it was smothered in his own breast. He saw how much he was needed. To serve others was always his first impulse; to consider himself, his last. Without a murmur he turned back to the wilderness. It was not long before Kearney's command came in conflict with the Mexican forces. His men, being nearly all on foot, suffered severely. In the first regular battle Carson and a squad of twenty-five of the mounted men headed a charge on the enemy. Just before reaching the foe Kit's horse stumbled and fell, throwing its rider under the feet of the advancing column, which dashed on right over him. This accident, though fraught with great danger, in all probability saved his life. Every man in the front squad of twenty-five was killed except Kit.

The Mexicans continued to harass Kearney, at last managing to surround him on a small hill, on which Kearney and his command were virtually besieged. At the close of the day's engagement, which found them in this perilous situation, a council of war was held. Three messengers had been previously dispatched to San Diego with a call for re-enforcements. Each of them had been made captive by the Mexicans before reaching their destination. To attempt to break through the besieging

lines meant, in view of their own shattered condition and the superior numbers of the enemy, certain destruction of the command. To remain where they were for more than a short time was impossible. The situation was gloomy in the extreme. After all had expressed their opinions and no plan had been suggested, Carson rose and said: "General, I will volunteer to undertake to creep through the Mexican lines, push on to San Diego, and bring you succor."

The effect of the simple words was electric. Lieutenant Beale, a brave young naval officer, offered to join Carson. Kearney gratefully accepted the generous offer. Making farewells, which not improbably might be their last, Carson and Beale slipped out under cover of the darkness, determined to render up their lives rather than abandon the attempt. Crawling stealthily on hands and knees, over rocks and through thorny underbrush, stopping every few moments to listen, the brave men slowly made their way into the hostile camp. In spite of great care, their heavy shoes would sometimes strike a rock, and it was found necessary to remove them and thrust them into their belts.

The Mexican pickets were found to be arranged in three rows, the sentinels in the second row being opposite the spaces in the first, and the third opposite the spaces in the second. Carson at once decided to take a diagonal course through the lines. Even this path took them within a short distance of the watchful sentinels. The gleam of the bayonet in the starlight shot through the overhanging branches; yet, with Carson's marvelous skill, the fruit of a lifetime of Indian warfare, they reached the third line of pickets. In five minutes they would have been safe. Though neither spoke, each *felt* the increased confidence of the other. But, hush! Kit, who was in the lead, with his quick ear caught the sound of crunching twigs, and a heavy foot-fall approaching. Pushing Beale with his foot, as a signal to follow his example, Carson threw himself perfectly flat on the ground, and awaited developments. The sounds grew louder.

Presently, the dim figure of a sentinel on horseback revealed itself to the piercing eye of the pioneer.

On came the Mexican. The two Americans lay right in his path. Beale said afterwards: "I looked on myself as a corpse." When, within six feet of Carson, the Mexican dismounted leisurely, drew out a cigarette and a bit of paper, which, by the help of flint and steel, he proceeded to ignite. The blaze of the paper distinctly revealed the two prostrate forms. In relating the story, Carson, who never exaggerated, said: "I heard every heart-beat of Beale, as we lay there, and they sounded to me like the strokes of a maul." But the Mexican, when the paper blazed, was intent on lighting his cigarette. He did not raise his eyes. The yellow flame lit up his sinister countenance. He leisurely drew three or four puffs, then, with a quick motion, flung the little torch on the ground, where it flickered for a moment and went out. With a grunt of satisfaction, he re-adjusted his accouterments, mounted his horse, which, with finer instinct than his master, was already snorting slightly at the figures in the grass, and shortly disappeared among the trees.

Not till the Mexican was well out of the way, did Carson stir. Then he commenced his onward progress. Feeling that danger was now behind and not before them, they hurried forward. The Mexican camp was left far to the rear, and the disfigured heroes rose and warmly clasped each other's hands in the moment of thankfulness for their escape. To put on their shoes was their first thought. But, misery of miseries, these had not been thought of in the perilous journey of two miles on hands and knees, and both pairs were missing. To push on barefooted was the only alternative. Carson had no guide but the stars, no map but his knowledge of the country. Yet, to avoid all beaten trails, along which the enemy swarmed, and to select a circuitous route to San Diego, over rocks and through thickets, was easy work. The loss of their shoes was a terrible misfortune. The country was covered with a thick growth of the prickly pear, which, at every step, lacerated their bleeding feet with

poison-tipped needles. All night and all the next day, without food or rest, sustained only by mental excitement and the thought of the little body of suffering troops which was folded in the fatal coils of the Mexican serpent, they proceeded. Another night closed in around them; yet they seemed insensible to fatigue and pain. Toward midnight, the outlines of San Diego were marked upon the horizon. Hurrying on, the poor fellows made their way at once to the bed-room of Commodore Stockton, and told him the situation of their comrades. Their condition was pitiable—clothing in rags, feet bleeding terribly and swollen to twice their natural size, mind and body exhausted to the last extremity. Their noble mission accomplished, poor Beale fainted away, only to wake a gibbering maniac. It was two years before reason fully re-asserted her sway. Carson, however, would neither eat nor sleep until the relief column was on its way. Then he, too, hardened, though he was, by exposure and frontier life, broke down, and for a month was prostrated by his fearful exertion. Kearney and his command were saved.

Carson subsequently made two trips to Washington City, bearing dispatches to the government. At this time, he was appointed Indian agent for New Mexico, as a reward for his services in the war. Not being identified with any political party, he lacked the backing, which, far more than merit or service to his country, was required to obtain an office. The United States Senate refused to confirm the appointment of the honest and heroic pioneer.

For the second time in his life Kit resolved to settle down as a farmer. This time he bought a place at Rayado. The location was beautiful; the valley rich in soil and teeming with noble game. Kit's second wife, whom he had married some years before, was a highly connected Mexican lady. He was attached to his children beyond any thing else on earth. He built himself a comfortable mansion; his farm was managed by experienced hands. In spite of all the terrible experiences, which lay like packs of wolves in the thicket of his memory, Carson was

a happy man. The claims upon his skill as an Indian fighter and his kindness to every suffering heart continued to reach him in his happy valley. Thence he was frequently called to guide United States troops, or attempt a rescue of some unfortunate captive. Perhaps he felt a more tender regret at leaving home than formerly; perhaps the effect which his death might have on the happiness of his little family circle sometimes occurred to him, but he was as quick to respond as ever.

The Apaches at this time almost rendered life a burden in Northern Mexico. They are small in stature, but a marvel of symmetry in proportion, perfect in health, unequalled in athletic skill and performance. The Apache's limbs are straight, his muscles hard as iron, and his frame as elastic as rubber. Treachery glistens in his coal-black eye, and the instinct of the murderer is hidden in his heart. On one occasion word was brought of the killing of a Mr. White, and the capture of his wife and child. A detachment of troops undertook the rescue. Carson was riding some distance in advance when he sighted the redskins and their weeping captive on the opposite bank of a stream. Carson yelled for the men to advance at double quick, for he saw no time was to be lost. But for some reason the officer in command was jealous of Kit, and coolly halted his men. During that short halt Carson saw the tomahawk sink into the skull of Mrs. White and her little girl.

Carson's adventurous disposition, instead of courting physical danger, began to manifest itself in bold speculations, in which he had great success. Nor was it remarkable. The same disposition of genius, placed in different surroundings, will manifest itself in a way externally different, but really the same. It is said that Jay Gould, with his vast organizing power, would equal Napoleon if placed in Napoleon's situation.

Kit's fame was a great burden to him. When in San Francisco, he was lionized, passed free to theaters, on railroads, invited to countless entertainments. This was embarrassing to the quiet mountaineer. Once at Fort Laramie a fellow, who was but a

specimen from a large class, came in, eagerly seeking to have the great Kit Carson pointed out to him. The bystanders directed him to Kit. For a moment the stranger looked at the small, mild-eyed, soft-mannered man before him in dumb astonishment. He had looked for a large, fierce desperado to correspond with the great feats of Kit he had heard of. In a moment astonishment gave way to a knowing look, as he said, "See here, feller, what's this yer givin' me? Yer not Kit Carson. Mind, I'm no greenhorn. Howsumever, I'll let yer off this wunst, ef yer'll pint out the genooine Kit."

Carson, with a face as grave as a parson, and an air of mock timidity, pointed to an enormous trader, with a tremendous mustache, dressed in a hunting shirt, buckskin leggins, and an enormous slouch hat. This personage satisfied the stranger's notion. Offering a "chaw of terbac" to Kit, who quietly declined it, he watched the big trader for an hour with the greatest interest, and then took himself off, well satisfied that he had seen the "genooine Kit." He, like the majority of people, looked to a large man for great deeds, one of the greatest delusions in the world, and one which is utterly refuted by history.

The popular reverence for large men and expansive stomachs, is shown by the United States Senate, of which it is said only a half dozen men fall below six feet, one inch, in height, and two hundred and twenty pounds in weight. The Chinese, we once heard a lecturer say, believe that the brains are in the abdomen, and estimate a man's ability by his waist band. When they wish to call a man an idiot they say, "Your stomach is no larger than my little finger," while their rarest compliment is, "Your stomach is three miles around!" It is possible the lecturer was only satirizing the popular worship of stomachs, which prevails in American politics.

One evening, as Kit returned to his comfortable farm at Rayado, leading his noble horse, which was laden with a black-tailed deer and some wild turkeys, a man informed him of a plot for robbery and murder, to prevent which Carson's assist-

ance was wanted. A ruffian named Fox had been engaged at Taos in raising a band of desperadoes, who were ostensibly to serve as an escort through the Indian country of two Englishmen, Brevoort and Weatherhead, who were supposed to carry a large amount of money for investment in stock. The real object of the villains was to murder the strangers and capture the money. By some means a hint of the plot was dropped and brought to Carson, who followed up the clue, satisfied himself of its truth, and became convinced that the crime was to be consummated in a lonely cañon near Cimaron River. One hour's preparation sufficed to place him at the head of thirty finely mounted dragoons. Selecting a short route, known only to himself, Carson required of his men the highest possible speed. It was the only hope, and was successful. The chase was overtaken. Fox was arrested before he could strike a blow. The astonished Englishmen were informed of their danger. The gang of desperadoes were ordered to leave camp. Messrs. Brevoort and Weatherhead afterward presented Kit with a superb pair of silver-mounted revolvers as a token of their gratitude.

The following summer Kit went to St. Louis on a trading trip. On his return he brought with him a large stock of goods. One day, as the train wended its way over the green prairies, a village of Cheyennes was discovered by the party. One of their braves had been flogged for some misdemeanor by a party of whites a few days before, and the tribe was ablaze with wrath. Carson knew nothing of the grievance, but quickly perceived that an attack was contemplated. Orders were given for each man to be on the alert, and the village was left twenty miles to the rear, when small parties of warriors of twos and threes began to come in sight. These had on their war-paint and feathers. As they approached Carson spoke to them in a friendly way, and to show he was not afraid, went into camp, and invited the Indians to come in and have a smoke.

No sooner had the pipe gone round than the Indians began to talk vigorously among themselves. It must not be forgotten

that several years before, while hunter at Bent's fort, Carson had been a great friend of the Cheyennes. His appearance had greatly changed, and he was not recognized. Every word of the visitors was understood by him. Supposing they were not understood, they were coolly perfecting a plot to massacre the whites. Suddenly Kit stepped forward, told them his name, how he had once been a friend, and had to his knowledge never wronged their tribe. Now they rewarded him with a plan to kill him. He closed by ordering them to leave the camp or they would be shot. Nonplused at the turn affairs had taken, with a threat of return, they hastily left.

The train moved on. Each man walked beside his mule, a whip in one hand and a rifle in the other. Carson plainly told the men they were in great peril, but inspired them with his own courage. He scanned the horizon incessantly, but saw nothing more dangerous than a hungry wolf or a wandering antelope. Evening came. The wagons were arranged in a circle, inside of which the mules were tethered. Grass was cut and fed to them. The men gathered some driftwood, and built their camp fire also in the guarded ring. Carson felt that the responsibility of saving his men rested with him. In the party was one of those Mexican runners, a young man who, with a message in his head, can run with little fatigue seventy miles in a day. Calling the boy outside the wagons, when the supper was over, Carson pointed out the direction of Rayado, and told him he must leave many miles behind him by sunrise. The lad bent his dark intelligent face upon his master, and resolved to make every exertion to fulfill his command. Obtaining a few rations of provisions, which he bound about his waist, he received from Kit full instructions as to the dangerous places in the journey. He was to proceed with the utmost speed to Rayado, and start out a relief party. Making his bow, he started swiftly on his errand. Kit watched the agile figure, as it sped over the prairie in the dim moonlight, until it was but a speck on the horizon.

The camp was not disturbed that night. The following morning five Indians appeared. Carson called to them, told them he had the night before dispatched a fleet messenger to Rayado, and that if his party was massacred, his friends, the soldiers, would surely inflict swift and terrible vengeance on the Cheyennes. The Indians said they would look for his moccasin tracks and see if the story was true. Carson saw that this was a turning point in his favor. An hour later the whole village of Cheyennes passed in sight, evidently making for safety as fast as possible. They had found the moccasin tracks, and saw the chase had been gone too long to be overtaken. The train proceeded without interruption, until they met a body of troops, who had started at once on the arrival of the Mexican runner. Under this strong escort the remainder of the trip was happily completed.

In 1853, Kit was again appointed and this time confirmed as Indian agent, a position he graced and honored as no other living American would have done. His great knowledge of Indian character was a splendid equipment. Sometimes around their council fires he distributed the bounty of the government, and instructed them in the primary lessons of civilization. Sometimes it was at his own home that he received them as friends, and earnestly advised them to let whisky alone. Again at the head of a column of United States troops he filled the faithless hearts of the Apaches with a fear of justice if not a love of kindness. In one hand he offered the olive branch; in the other, he held his loaded rifle.

Kit at last permanently quieted the Utahs and Apaches. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the works of peace among his Indian *protégés*. The fierce passion for war was supplanted in their breasts by a love of comfort and domestic life; the tomahawk and the scalping knife grew rusty and forgotten, while the sinewy hand which had wielded them learned to grasp the plow and the sickle. Kit, too, felt that in the remainder of his life war and adventure would have no place. He was mistaken.

The flames of the civil war were already filling the heavens with the red light of doom. Carson was destined to serve his country as a soldier. A lover of the Union, he was made Colonel of the First New Mexico Volunteers. The Indians, always ready to seize a pretext for making war on the government, cast in their lot with the Confederacy. Far away on the plains and in the mountains of New Mexico, where the roar of Gettysburg was silent, and the story of bloody Chickamauga was unknown, there took place terrible struggles between combatants who knew not the ideas for which they fought. The red man fought to be fighting the whites. The brave New Mexican fought the Indian much as he had fought him all his life. The shock of the civil war hurled these ancient foes upon the frontier of civilization against each other. But while the ideas were not present with them as they were among the ranks on many a historic field of conflict, the battle was none the less bloody and the suffering none the less severe.

The campaigns conducted by Carson were splendidly managed. On the sixth day of January, 1864, he started out with a force of four hundred men, only twenty of whom were mounted, upon the famous expedition which forever crushed the power of the Navajoës. By maneuvering with a skill of which Carson alone was capable in an Indian war, he succeeded in entrapping the bulk of the Navajoe Nation in the Cañon de Chelly, one of the largest on the globe. It is forty miles long, with perpendicular walls of rock, fifteen hundred feet high. Carson quickly divided his command, sending one detachment to enter at the east end, while he planted himself at the mouth. Far down in the gloomy depths, the narrow bit of sky looking like a blue ribbon above them, the column cautiously picked its way. Scattering bands of Indians, who saw the doom of their companions, posted themselves along the rocks and crags to annoy the troops, but their efforts were ineffectual. Sometimes a volley was fired from below, at the pigmy warriors on the dizzy height, but generally they reserved themselves for the larger game

which was in the trap. On the second day, Carson attacked the whole force of Indians as they attempted in vain to break out of the deadly chasm. They were terribly punished, and were at last forced to surrender.

By this splendid strategy, between five and ten thousand Indians surrendered to Carson, the largest capture ever made in Indian warfare; and this was achieved by four hundred soldiers, with scarcely the loss of a man. The entire war presents no finer piece of generalship. The majority of the captives were placed on a reservation in Arkansas, but were subsequently permitted to return to their old hunting-grounds, where they are living in happiness and peace.

In the official report to the War Department, is the following:

“You have, doubtless, seen the last of the Navajoe war, a war that has continued, with but few intermissions, for the last one hundred and eighty years, and which during that time has been marked by every shade of atrocity, brutality, and ferocity which can be imagined. I beg to congratulate you on the prospect that this formidable band of robbers and murderers has been at last made to succumb. To Colonel Kit Carson, in command of the expedition, whose courage and perseverance excited all to great energy and inspired great resolution, the credit is mainly due.”

For his gallant services, “Colonel Kit Carson” was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

After the close of the war, Kit, as we will continue to call him, found himself in failing health, the result of an accident in 1860. He was descending a steep mountain, leading his horse, when the animal slipped and fell on him, inflicting internal injury. In spite of sickness, he labored unceasingly to promote the welfare of the Indians. On the 27th of April, 1868, his wife died suddenly, leaving seven children. This threw him into the deepest dejection. In a few days, he found himself too weak to ride horseback, his lifelong pleasure. Then he took short walks around his yard. Then it was noticed that even

this was too much for him; he no longer left his room. Silent and thoughtful, the hero would sit in his arm-chair all day long. Sometimes, a smile would break over his face; again, the look would be one of intense concentration. Perhaps he was, in fancy, living over his life as a trapper, as hunter to Bent's Fort, or as guide for Fremont and rescuer of Kearney's command.

One morning, Kit Carson was too weak to leave his bed. The next, the 23d of May, 1868, he refused all nourishment. Towards evening, a film coated the kindly eye, and the hand responded more and more feebly to the will. It was evening. The great sun had thrown its latest radiance upon the lowly couch, and was sinking behind the lonely Rockies, over which he had so often wandered. Suddenly he called out in a clear voice, "Doctor, Compadre, adios!" It was the end.

One of Nature's noblemen had passed away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRAGEDY OF MINNESOTA.



NDYING hatred of the pale-face was the leading trait in the character of many of the Indian tribes of the West. From time to time, in the preceding pages of this book, we have caught glimpses of the great and terrible Dakota, or Sioux Indians, as they are now called. We have seen them sending bands of fierce warriors from their distant home beyond the Mississippi, being the territory now covered by Minnesota, northern Iowa, and Dakota, to take part in the great wars of the East. These bands of braves traveled thousands of miles to become participants in the Old French War, in the conspiracy of Pontiac, and all the other border struggles. Such was their appetite for war, that no obstacles of distance or danger could keep the Dakotas from taking part.

As the line of border settlements moved westward, they at last reached the home of these people. Various treaties were made between them and the United States. By the terms of these treaties, the tribes or bands occupying what is now Minnesota and northern Iowa relinquished all their territory, in consideration of heavy annuities, which the United States agreed to pay, with the exception of a reserved strip of territory extending along either side of the Minnesota River for the distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The tribes whose homes were on this reservation were four in number. Two of these had their

head-quarters in the western end of the reservation, and were known as the Upper Sioux. The others, being on the east and center of the reservation, were known as the Lower Sioux. Of these latter, the principal chief was Little Crow.

The government established two posts or agencies on the reservation. The upper agency, where the Indian agent resided, was at Yellow Medicine. The lower post was located at a point ten miles below the mouth of the Red Wood River. At these places were located the government warehouses, the dwellings of the agent and employés of the government, of which latter the number was about two hundred at the time of the tragedy hereinafter related, as well as various machine shops and traders' cabins. At these points, the Indians assembled annually to receive their money from the government, the most important event of the year. Twelve miles from the lower agency, on the north side of the Minnesota, the government erected a military post known as Fort Ridgley.

In 1858, the simple provisions of the former treaties were modified by an elaborate scheme for the civilization of the Indians. They surrendered all their land on the north side of the Minnesota, retaining only the strip some ten miles wide on the south side of the river. The "civilization scheme" was, in brief, the reservation of a portion of the annuity each year, to constitute a civilization fund. This money was to be expended in behalf of such of the Indians as would give up their tribal relations and adopt the habits and modes of the white man. To every head of a family who was willing to do this was to be set off a farm of eighty acres, on which the government was to erect the necessary buildings, and to furnish the usual supply of farming implements and live stock. In addition to this, they were to be paid by the day for their labor on their own farms, and, at the same time, to retain the crop which they raised. In 1862, one hundred and sixty farms of this description had been opened and occupied. The dwellings were neat and comfortable, many of them being built of brick. The large majority of

these Indian farmers belonged to the lower bands, and Little Crow himself was one of the number.

This move on the part of the government opened a wide schism in the tribes. The "blanket Indians," of whom there were over five thousand on the reservation, felt deeply injured at the detention of a part of their annuity fund, and lost no opportunity to worry the life out of the handful of "farmer Indians." These savages, whenever the chase failed them, would resort to the homes of the farmer Indians, pitch their tepees around the house of some relative, and at once proceed to eat him out of house and home. When provision was exhausted, the farmer would be compelled to resort to the chase. In his absence the blanket Indians would destroy whatever displeased their fancy, and then move on to some other spot. The territory around the reservation and bordering upon it, in the various counties of Renville, Brown, Blue Earth, Kandiyohi, Meeker, McLeod, Sibley, Cottonwood, and Watonwan, was populated at the time of the tragedy by forty thousand people.

On the 15th of August, 1862, Little Crow seemed to be pleased and happy. He was at work digging a cellar for the new brick house, which the government had agreed to build for him. On that day Major Galbraith went down to see him. The teamsters were busily engaged in hauling brick, and the government carpenters were making the window and door frames. Major Galbraith talked at length with Little Crow, and the latter appeared to be at peace with all the world and gratified beyond measure at his new house. The agent had gone down there with some trifling apprehension. In the first place there had for several years been some dissatisfaction among the Indians at the non-payment of a considerable part of the money which the government had promised them. There had perhaps been some embezzlements. Besides this, large sums of money had been paid to the traders for goods which they claimed the Indians had bought, instead of to the "chiefs in open council," as the treaty required.

Another ancient source of irritation among the Sioux grew out of a massacre in 1857, at Spirit Lake. For some years prior to that time a desperate Indian named Inkpaduta had resided on the reservation. Although he was not a chief he drew money on behalf of several persons who were afraid to disown him lest in his anger he would kill them. A handful of desperadoes always accompanied him. One day some settlers, who had suffered from the depredations of this band of ruffians, took away their guns. By some means Inkpaduta and his followers, who numbered about fifteen, procured other weapons, and went to a house on Spirit Lake with a demand for food. Those who came in first with this request were supplied. A second lot of applicants were informed by the people of the house that they could spare nothing more. The Indians instantly murdered every member of the family; they then passed from house to house along the lake massacring the people until no less than forty-seven persons had been killed, before the settlers rallied and drove them out of the country.

The government at once demanded that the Sioux give up the murderers. Accordingly Little Crow took a band of one hundred warriors, and started out to hunt the rascals. Three were found and killed, but at the end of thirteen days Little Crow returned and told the agent that he had done enough, and would not hunt the murderers any longer. Unfortunately the government submitted, and the Indians never forgot the fact. Little Crow reasoned that if the United States was too weak to insist on the punishment of a few Indians, who had murdered three times their own number of white people, it would be too weak to punish the whole tribe of Sioux should it revolt. The innate hostility of the Indians toward the aggressions of the white man and the bad feeling about the payment of annuities was re-enforced by the feud between the "Scalp Locks" and "Blanket Indians" on the one hand, and the "Cut-hair" and "Pantaloons Indians" on the other. The former party was intensely jealous of the favor with which the government

regarded the other. Little Crow, though living in a house, was the leader of the "Blanket Indians." The promise of a new house had been made in order to fasten his rather doubtful alliance with the farmer Indians.

In addition to these general causes for apprehension, there were other and more local ones. The civil war, it will be remembered, was in the second year of its course. The resources of the government were drained to the utmost to raise and equip armies. As a consequence, the annuity money had not been sent. The crops of the previous year had failed. The Indians asked every day at the agency for their money, and when told it had not come, went away with angry words and threatening gestures, alleging that they, with their women and children, were starving.

On the 14th of July, 1862, five thousand angry Sioux gathered around the agency at Yellow Medicine, demanding food. The government employés temporized with them as well as possible, but the provision of the post was itself almost exhausted. On the 4th of August five hundred and fifty warriors broke into the parade ground of the post in a boisterous manner, surrounded the warehouse, chopped down the door, and commenced carrying out the provision. The troops of the fort had by this time rallied, and drove the Indians out of the warehouse. The trouble was patched up, but the Indians should have been punished. This was impossible, because there was no power to punish them. The military posts of the frontier had been almost emptied of their soldiers, who were needed to take part in the great war which was then absorbing the thought and energy of the whole American people.

On the same day a hundred armed warriors appeared in front of Fort Ridgley, which was garrisoned by only thirty men, and asked permission to have a dance in the parade ground. This request was refused, and the Indians contented themselves with a pow-wow outside of the fort. No one apprehended any danger except a sergeant named Jones, who insisted on taking his

stand beside a loaded howitzer pointed toward the Indians. He not only stood there during the afternoon, but remained all night by the gun, ready to fire at the first alarm. Two weeks later it was ascertained that the Indians had intended to massacre the garrison, seize the arms, break open the magazine, and supply themselves and their friends with ammunition. This accomplished, the whole body of Sioux were to inaugurate a war to drive the white men out of the Minnesota valley. They were foiled in the attempt, which could easily have succeeded, as the gates of the fort were always open, by Sergeant Jones pointing a loaded cannon at them. For the time being this roused no particular suspicion.

On the morning of the 15th of August, a drunken Indian was heard to boast that the Sioux were going to kill off all the white men. All these things had so disturbed Major Galbraith that he had resolved, as we have seen, to interview Little Crow. He was relieved to find the sage Indian busy with the innocent work of digging, and apparently in perfect good humor. The agent rode away with all suspicion driven from his mind. On Sunday, August 17th, Little Crow attended church, and gave the sermon the most devout attention. That evening he held a council up in the country. The proceedings of the council are not known, except by inference from the terrible events which happened on the morrow.

Meanwhile a preliminary tragedy was taking place at the town of Acton, thirty-five miles from the lower agency, at the mouth of the Red Wood. Mr. Robinson Jones kept a country inn at this place. At one o'clock in the afternoon, a half dozen Indians appeared at the door, demanding food. As the kitchen of the little inn was entirely under the charge of Mrs. Jones, who was at the house of her son-in-law, Howard Baker, three-quarters of a mile away, Jones told them he could not get them any thing to eat. Seeing that they were angry, Jones took his son and daughter, and went over to Baker's himself, being followed by the Indians. A Mr. Webster and Mr. Baker were at

the house. The Indians proposed target-shooting, to which the three men acceded. The Indians fired first, and commenced reloading their guns. When the guns of the white men were emptied, the savages suddenly shot them down. Two or three other members of the family were killed, when the savages, seizing a span of horses, drove hastily away.

The council presided over by Little Crow on Sunday evening, August 17, 1862, acted with swiftness and secrecy. During the night the entire force of warriors of the lower tribes armed and painted for battle, and distributed themselves among the white settlements, sprinkled through a region forty miles in extent. Two hundred and fifty Indians were silently posted at the lower agency. At early dawn, Monday morning, Mr. Prescott, an interpreter, coming out of the door of his dwelling to get some fire-wood, was surprised to see the street swarming with painted savages. At this moment, Little Crow passed the house. Prescott, asking the trouble, was answered, "Go in your house and stay there." John Lamb, a government teamster, was just coming out of his stable, when he was fired upon and killed. This was the first shot. The Indians at once seized the horses, and were appropriating them when Mr. Wagner came running out to stop it. Little Crow ordered him to be shot, which was instantly done.

The tide of death at once overflowed through the settlement in all directions. Hearing the shots, the people came running out to ascertain the trouble, only to fall victims to the ruthless murderers. Six men were in the store of William Forbes. They started out of the door, and were instantly fired upon. Four were killed outright. Mr. Spencer ran back into the store, and started upstairs. Concealing himself under a bed, he could hear the rioters breaking open the cases of goods and carrying them out. Presently the Indians commenced to talk of burning the house. Spencer quickly took the bed-cord, fastened one end to a post, and carried the other to a window, which he raised. At this moment, the Indians burst into his

room, seized him, and took him down stairs. His captors happened to be friends, and whispered that they would save him. They took Spencer out through the yelling mob, and carried him to their lodge, four miles away, where he remained in safety.

Similar attacks were made on the other stores and houses, and numbers of people killed. Meanwhile, the alarm had spread through the entire settlement, and the panic-stricken people were flying in all directions. Mr. Hinman and his family succeeded in reaching the ferry, and crossed the Minnesota River in that way. Mr. J. C. Dickinson hurriedly harnessed his horses to a wagon, placed his family in it, and galloped toward a deep ford, which he made in safety. Dr. Humphrey, with a sick wife and four children, also crossed the river on their way to Fort Ridgley. After proceeding four miles, Mrs. Humphrey became too ill to proceed further. Near by stood the house of a settler whose family had fled to the fort, leaving doors and windows wide. Here the refugees stopped. The sick woman was laid upon a bed. The son hurried to a spring in a neighboring ravine to get some water for his mother, leaving his father to keep guard at the house. While at the spring, the terrified boy heard a war-whoop, followed by a series of shots, at the house. The boy fled to the fort. An hour later, some soldiers passing by found the corpse of the boy's father lying in the front yard, with the brains beat out between two rocks. The house itself was a heap of smoking embers, in the midst of which were discovered the blackened remains of Mrs. Humphrey and her two little children.

At the time of the first alarm, John Nairn, the head carpenter, had seized his wife and children, and hurried through the prairie in the direction of the fort. He was joined in his flight by Mr. Hunter and his young wife, to whom he had been married only a month. Nairn and his wife reached the fort in safety, but Hunter, who was lame, walked with great difficulty. Meeting an Indian friend, the latter offered to procure him a

conveyance if he and his wife would come to a neighboring Indian village. The fugitives accepted his invitation, but failing to procure the vehicle, and fearing to remain, they took to the woods, where they passed the night. In the morning they continued their painful journey toward the fort, when they were met by an Indian, who shot Hunter dead, and carried his horror-stricken young wife into captivity. Without lingering over the fearful details, it is sufficient to say that the day which began with massacre proceeded with destruction and plunder. The stores, dwellings, and government warehouses were, toward evening, fired, and the blackened stone walls alone remained to mark the spot of the lower agency.

The storm broke over the whole country at once. Ten miles above the lower agency, on Red Wood River, resided J. B. Reynolds, a teacher. At half past six in the morning he was aroused by a messenger, urging him to fly for his life. The whole household was at once alarmed. A Mr. Davis, stopping with them, and three girls got into the wagon of a trader, which happened to be passing at that moment. In the direction of the agency they saw a dense cloud of smoke. Convinced now that the town was in flames and that they themselves were in great danger, they only drove the faster. Suddenly they came upon fifty Indians with wagons full of provisions, goods, and furniture from the village. The savages were all perfectly naked, painted in the most hideous manner, and, worse yet, drunk. Davis and the trader were killed outright. Mary Anderson was also shot. The other two girls were placed in separate wagons, the one containing Mary Schwandt driving toward an Indian village. The captive was brutally treated and subjected to nameless outrages. The other two captive girls, one of them wounded, were brought in during the night. Two days later the wounded girl died. The others remained in captivity until rescued by the United States troops.

At the same time that the party had left in the trader's wagon, Mr. Reynolds and his wife threw some things into a

buggy and drove toward the agency. So quickly did the outbreak follow the alarm that a dozen squaws were swarming through the house, putting dishes, clothes, and provisions into sacks which they brought with them before Mr. Reynolds and his wife had driven out of the yard. Still ignorant of the trouble, they drove to a hill overlooking the lower agency, where they saw the work of ruin going on. Hurrying on toward the fort, they saw several parties of squaws and Indians, who were at a distance, and found that they were followed. To help on matters, the horse gave out, and the party had to take across the country. Their course lay along the shore of the Minnesota River. Mr. Reynolds swam the river to procure help from the fort. His wife, with two children, whom they had picked up on the way, walked along the sandy shore, "covering," as Mrs. Reynolds says, "the children's tracks with my own, and turning my toes in as much like a squaw as possible." Assistance reached the ingenious woman and her husband, and they reached the fort, having lost all the property they had in the world, but nevertheless thankful to have escaped with their lives.

Little Crow's conspiracy was widely extended. Early on the morning of the 18th of August the settlers on the north side of the Minnesota River were angry and frightened to discover large bodies of Indians on that side of the river, engaged in capturing horses. Half an hour later four naked Indians came to the house of Jonathan Earl and demanded his gun. This demand was refused and the savages went away, taking with them several horses. The alarm had spread to other houses, and in a short time twenty-eight of the neighbors assembled at Earl's house. Provisions were hastily gotten together, and the company, some of them but half dressed, hurried away toward Fort Ridgley.

They had proceeded but a little distance when they were overtaken by Indians, who deliberately unhitched the horses from the wagons, and then began to fire upon the party. Sev-

eral men were killed, and about ten women and girls taken captive. Earl himself, after seeing his wife and two daughters carried off and his son killed, started across the country to escape by running. Little by little he removed all his clothing but his shirt, and finally distanced his pursuers. During the flight he had been fired at thirty times, but was as yet unhurt. After a flight of forty-eight hours, in which the prairie-grass had cut off nearly all the flesh from his feet, Earl reached Cedar City. Colonel Sibley's expedition subsequently rescued Mrs. Earl and her daughters, who were captives in the wigwam of Little Crow himself.

Three of the party to which Earl had belonged were killed by the Indians, by being burnt to death under a blazing mattress. Mrs. Carruthers was among the captives who, together with Mrs. Earl, were taken to Little Crow's village. In the story of her sufferings, she says that Little Crow's house was a two-story frame one, plastered and furnished with common furniture, cooking stove, chairs, and table. There were dishes, with knives and forks. All of these things had been furnished by the government. The house was stuffed full with provision and plunder from the government warehouses.

After a few days of captivity, Mrs. Carruthers and her children managed to escape. They traveled through the country until they reached a farm-house, from which the people had fled. Crawling into the cellar, they remained there two days, living on a few raw potatoes. During this time, the house was frequently visited by Indians. Mrs. Carruthers made her way to the river, where she found a crazy boat, in which she made the attempt to cross. The feat was accomplished, though not without danger. Near her landing-place, she was sickened at the sight of the corpses of no less than six settlers. She struggled on through the country, carrying a child in either arm, and tortured almost to death by swarms of mosquitoes on her face, from which she was unable to protect herself. She found some little food in nearly every deserted house which she passed.

By the time she reached the fort, the little clothing which the Indians had left her was almost entirely gone. Although famished and in danger, the poor woman, ashamed of her plight, hid herself in some bushes until a man passed that way, from whom she procured a blanket for a covering.

Two miles above Mr. Earl's house, forty persons, frightened by the unusual occurrences, assembled at the house of John Meyer, soon after sunrise on the morning of the 18th. While the company was discussing the situation in an agitated manner, fifty Indians were discovered approaching. All but Meyer's family fled from the house, taking to the grass and bushes. Peter Bjorkman passed out at the back door, and plunging into a slough, concealed himself in the mire. He remained here in the morass, with nothing but his head above the water, and concealing that member by some weeds, until dark, when he made his escape. The Indians instantly attacked Meyer's family, butchering the women and children. With a facility which seems peculiar to the men of that region, and speaks poorly for their chivalry, Meyer managed to escape to Fort Ridgley. While the savages occupied themselves with plundering the deserted houses, thirty terrified people sought refuge in the dwelling of Mr. Sitzton, near Bjorkman's. In an hour or two, Bjorkman, who was out in the swamp, witnessed the massacre of nearly the entire company. One woman and her child alone escaped, to be taken into captivity.

After night, Bjorkman ventured out of his hiding-place, made his way to his house, bound up a bundle of food and clothing, and commenced his flight toward Fort Ridgley. He passed the houses of Meyer and Sitzton. By the starlight, he could see that the doors and windows were open. Two forms seemed to be lying on the doorstep of the Sitzton house. The man gave a terrified glance toward the place; he felt, rather than saw, that the structure, a few hours before a happy home, had become a charnel-house, filled with from twenty to thirty corpses. Hurrying past the place of death, he shortly overtook

a woman and two children. It was Mrs. Lateau. Her husband had been killed. Misery loves company. Bjorkman took one of the children in his arms. The wretched people then hurried across the country as fast as possible. The woman was nearly naked. The rough grass of the prairie cut her feet and limbs like so many swords. The man took off his shirt, and Mrs. Lateau, tearing it into strips, bound it about her bleeding feet and limbs. After nameless sufferings, the poor people reached the fort.

A mile and a half from the Earl house, lived Patrick Hayden. On the morning of this, the day of doom, he had started across the river to the house of J. B. Reynolds, whose fate has already been mentioned. On his way, Hayden met a man who shouted to him, "For God's sake, get your family and fly. The Indians are going to kill us all." Hayden, alarmed but mystified, hurried back to his house, got his family, and took them off to a neighbor's by the name of Eune. The latter was also making preparations for flight.

Sending his family on with the Eunes, Hayden, ignorant of the meaning of the fearful panic, started back to his house to protect his property. He was never seen again. Eune's party hurried on. Here and there they found the corpse of some settler who had been overtaken in his flight. From time to time they could see men on horseback, hurrying across the country like themselves. On the following day Mrs. Hayden and the rest reached the fort, only to learn that all their neighbors, less fortunate than they, had been killed before they got away.

The terror was later in reaching those who lived at points more distant from the fort. Twenty-seven miles from Fort Ridgley, in Renville county, a Mr. Kreiger had, only a few weeks before, settled on a homestead claim. On the 18th of August he and his cousin were away fishing. At sunset two men came running toward the house, and told Mrs. Kreiger that, six miles below, they had discovered the corpses of a woman and two children. Scattered near the bodies were pieces

of broken furniture, and fragments of a feather bed. Horror stricken, they had hurried to a settlement about a mile away, to report what they had seen.

The first house they entered without knocking, their excitement over the murder being so great. On the floor of the room the men saw the dead bodies of five people. Almost paralyzed with horror, the men ran on to the next house. A man was lying dead on the doorstep, and the whole place had been plundered. Still hoping for an explanation of the appalling mystery, which grew blacker and more terrible at every step, the men passed on from house to house, in search of some living being.

Every dwelling was the scene of desolation and death. One woman was found dead with her hands still in the flour, where she had been making bread. Two men had been killed at a grindstone, where they had been sharpening a scythe. Another was lying in his barn, with some hay in his arms, which he had been carrying to his horses when the murderers overtook him. An old lady, seventy years of age, was found weltering in her blood in the chimney-corner, where she was accustomed to sit. She still held in her hands the needles and half-finished sock which she had been knitting. Two boys who had been playing marbles were found lying on the ground, with their heads split open. The marbles still stood in the ring where the little fellows had been at play. The entire settlement had been given over to butchery.

Such was the report which the men, hoarse with excitement, and breathless with running, brought to Mrs. Kreiger in her lonely house. While the men ran on to alarm other settlers, Mrs. Kreiger hurried up the creek to where her husband was fishing, and told him what had happened. Within an hour thirteen families were gathered at the house. It was now dark. Suddenly some one remembered that no word had been sent to Mr. Schwandt, who lived on a small stream called Sacred Heart, in Renville county. Messengers at once started away on a gal-

lop to alarm him of his danger. Arriving within sight of the house, they discovered chairs and broken furniture scattered through the yard. John Waltz, a son-in-law of Mr. Schwandt, was lying dead in the door, pierced by three bullets. Mr. Schwandt himself was found on the ground, with a hammer and nails in his hand. He seemed to have been shingling the roof of the house, and, being shot, had rolled off to the ground, dead. Two oxen were in the house, eating flour out of the barrel. The messengers did not, at the time, wait to see any more. It was afterward learned that they had seen but a small part of the work of blood. The Indians had attacked the house in the forenoon. After killing Waltz and Schwandt, they had taken the latter's daughter, who was *enciente*, cut open the body, removed the child, and nailed it to a tree. Mrs. Schwandt had been dragged a few yards, and her head chopped off. Mr. Fross, a farm-hand, was also killed.

Of the whole family August, a boy of thirteen, alone escaped. After seeing his sister's child nailed to the tree, he was beaten and left for dead. When the Indians went off he revived and started to a house of Mr. Suche, four miles distant. This house was in the midst of a small settlement. Here, instead of finding help, the boy discovered every house to be tenanted only by the dead. More than thirty corpses lay in the place. The only living being was a child three years old. The boy carried the child three or four miles, but was so exhausted that he left it in a deserted house, and hurried on by himself to Fort Ridgley, which he reached at the end of four days. The child was afterward found in the hands of the Indians. It was brought to Fort Ridgley, but shortly died.

The messengers returned to the party at Kreiger's and related what they had seen. The thirteen families with eleven teams at once set out toward the fort and traveled all night. In the morning eight Indians came up with the party and pretended to be friendly. They said that the murders had been committed by the Ojibwas, and that the Sioux were going to



ALICE THOMPSON'S APPEAL FOR MERCY.

punish the murderers. They earnestly advised the settlers to return home as the road to the fort was filled with Ojibwas.

The settlers unfortunately believed the Indians to be friendly and took their advice. This was the first explanation of the mysterious massacre. Nothing seemed to them so improbable as that their neighbors, the Sioux, were the murderers. The teams were turned homeward, accompanied by the Indians, who offered to act as a guard. Suspicious circumstances roused the apprehensions of some of the party, but as the settlers had placed their guns in the wagons they dared not take them out lest the Indians should fire. When nearly to their homes the manner of the Indians suddenly changed. They were reinforced by other savages, and the whole party demanded that the settlers give up their money. No sooner was this done than the Indians fired upon the party, killing all but three of the eleven white men. The savages shot the three remaining men, and then, with their clubbed guns commenced beating out the brains of the women and children. Two of Mrs. Kreiger's boys, aged seven and eight years, managed to escape through the prairie grass. On their journey to the fort the little fellows discovered a team driving in the direction they were going. They were about to run out and ask for help, when a party of Indians sprang out toward the wagon and killed all its occupants right before the children's eyes. The little fellows journeyed on, passing many dead, and at last reached the fort.

When the Indians left the scene of slaughter one of their number, a young brave, took with him a little girl as a captive. His heart may have been kinder than the rest. The child's name was Alice Thompson. Her plea for mercy saved her life. Of the children left on the ground, apparently dead, many were not so. Three girls, the oldest being thirteen years old, hid themselves in the grass until the Indians went off. They then came out from their hiding-place, and found one woman and about ten children yet living. The oldest girl, Mrs. Kreiger's daughter, being thirteen years old, developed remarkable nerve

and self-possession. She succeeded in removing these children and the woman to her house, a mile away, and there ministered to the wants of the wounded as best she could.

The night was passed amid crying and moaning from all the occupants of the house. In the morning the girl of thirteen years decided that it was unsafe to remain, and taking such of the little company as were able to walk, took to the woods. The girl at once returned to the scene of the massacre to hunt for her mother, but was frightened away by the sight of Indians. A little later she saw the house which she with her five companions, of whom the woman, Mrs. Zable, was one, had recently left, surrounded by Indians and in flames. The seven little children which had been left there were burned alive in the house. The little party of fugitives hid in the woods until dark, and then started toward Fort Ridgley. They obtained some food on the way in the deserted houses which they passed. It consisted almost wholly of corn eaten raw. The oldest girl, with remarkable tenacity, had insisted on carrying her baby brother. At the end of three days her strength was so exhausted that the little fellow had to be left behind. His fate was never known.

The party journeyed on for eleven days. One of the children fell down from exhaustion and hunger. The others refused to leave her. Some one found the rind of a watermelon, which was given to the child. She revived, and, by the help of the others, proceeded until they came within sight of Fort Ridgley. The children were terribly frightened at the sight of the fort, thinking it to be an Indian camp. When some soldiers approached they turned to fly, but the poor little flutterers were soon caught. When they arrived at the fort, the children presented a pitiable sight. Some were wounded by hatchet cuts; others had been beaten by the butts of guns; others still bore bleeding gunshot wounds. Their little bodies were almost destitute of clothing, and were cut and bleeding from head to foot from the prairie grass through which they had passed.

Returning once more in our story to the scene of the attack on the wagon party, Mrs. Kreiger remained on the ground almost unconscious until midnight of Tuesday, August 19th. At that time two Indians came up, and she felt a sharp pointed knife passed swiftly from her throat downward, laying open her intestines. Her clothing was then removed, and she was seized by the hair and dragged some distance. Still conscious, she saw the savages mutilating the dead bodies of her friends in a manner too horrible to be reproduced on this page. Finally, Mrs. Kreiger succeeded in crawling from the scene of the massacre to a creek. Refreshed by the water, she managed to drag herself two or three miles further. Unable to proceed, she remained on the ground for three days, drinking water from a slough and eating grass. Again she recovered sufficient strength to crawl. Not infrequently she passed corpses of the settlers, and was frightened, in a dull weary way, by the sight of Indians.

Space forbids the details of her terrible journey. She had given up all hope of life, when a party of troops sent out to bury the murdered settlers passed her way, and put her into a wagon. Two hours later the troops were attacked by Indians, and the poor woman again trembled between life and death. All of the wagons were turned upside down as a rude barricade, except the one in which she lay. The battle raged all day and all night. The wagon in which was Mrs. Kreiger was the best mark afforded the savages. The wagon was literally shot to pieces. The cover was riddled with bullets, and the spokes were shot out of the wheels. The cup in which she attempted to take her medicine was dashed from her mouth by a rifle-ball. She received five wounds during the battle.

On the following morning re-enforcements arrived. The Indians were driven off by shells, or "*rotten cannon-balls*," as they called them. The battle being ended, the soldiers went up to the wagon, and were perfectly astounded to find Mrs. Kreiger yet alive. The wagon itself was a mass of splinters, and by actual count the blanket which covered the poor woman con-

tained over two hundred bullet holes. This statement was sworn to by Mrs. Kreiger before the United States commissioners. When she reached the fort she was gladdened to find that six of her eight children, inheriting their mother's pluck, had managed to escape.

Three months before the massacre, John Boelter and his wife Justina, with their little family, settled on a homestead claim on Beaver Creek, in Renville county. They went to make a home from the ground up. While the husband and hired hands felled the trees with ringing ax, and built the rude cabin, the brave young wife prepared the meals over a camp-fire. When the house was done, and the little family ensconced in their new home, their simple hearts were thrilled with joy and thankfulness.

The morning of the 18th of August, 1862, found the family situated in a comfortable log cabin. The yard was surrounded by a fence and filled with a garden, both of vegetables and flowers. The family were at breakfast. The delightful morning air which belongs to Minnesota even in the hottest months, poured in through the open door and windows. The sun was just high enough to have driven away the chilliness left by the shadows of the night. Suddenly the little family at the breakfast table were startled by the entrance of a squaw with an ax in her hand. She looked around hurriedly, and ran back to the road, rejoining some other squaws. Surprised at the circumstance, Mrs. Boelter stepped to the door to watch their movements, and was alarmed to hear a succession of shots in the direction of Mr. Reef's house. Informing her husband of the fact, he at once went out to look after his cattle, which he suspected were in danger. As soon as he was gone, three squaws and four Indians entered the house, remained a few moments, and left. A moment later Mrs. Boelter's brother-in-law came running in, and exclaimed, "The report is that the Indians are killing the whites." He then ran on to a field where his father had been at work, to warn him, but, failing to find him, started



FRONTIER SETTLERS IN MINNESOTA—THE BOELTER HOMESTEAD.



back. It was afterward ascertained that the old man had already been killed.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Boelter, in her fright, took a pan of bread from the stove, and, carefully wrapping the pan up in a cloth, laid it away in the cupboard, and placing the loaves of bread in the dish-pan proceeded to wash them. Without observing her blunder she hung the bread up on a nail and seizing her three children, started down the road. She shortly met her brother-in-law, and begged him to go call her husband. At that moment a scream reached their ears. Looking toward Reef's house, they discovered Indians in the act of killing Mrs. Reef and her children, who were out in the yard. The piercing screams continued for a moment and then all was still. Her brother-in-law snatched up the baby, and started off on a run. Such was his haste that Mrs. Boelter and her two children were unable to keep up, and soon lost sight of him. At this point in her story Mrs. Boelter makes the following touching note: "I never saw nor heard of my husband after he left on the morning of the 18th of August to look after the cattle."

The mother and her two children sought refuge in the woods. For several days they lingered in the locality, subsisting on some raw potatoes, which she found in the cellar of a house which had been plundered. On Friday Mrs. Boelter ventured to the house of her brother-in-law. She was shocked to discover his mother lying on the floor, her head severed from her body, the house plundered, and the furniture and bedding strewn around the yard in wild confusion. In one corner of the yard lay the corpses of five children. Without losing her presence of mind, Mrs. Boelter ran into the garden, hastily dug up some potatoes with her fingers, gathered some cucumbers, and hurried back to her children in the woods.

The unhappy woman remained in the wilderness week after week completely bewildered. Heavy rains set in, and in the fifth week the eldest child died from exposure and starvation. Cold, wet, and starving, the mother sat in the rain, watching

the body of her dead child for four days. She and the living child subsisted on grape leaves. The corpse now became offensive and was covered with multitudes of flies. The mother attempted to remove but found herself too weak to crawl a foot. After many trials she succeeded in crawling away about fifty yards. At this time a heavy frost came and killed the grape leaves. The mother, somewhat stronger, crawled through the woods to find some sheltered vine, which the frost had not reached. In this she succeeded and gathered some leaves; but having left her child behind, and her intellect being affected, she could not find it. Though the light of reason flickered feebly in its socket, the instinct of motherhood remained strong. After groping around for a day and a half, the wretched woman was overjoyed to find her child.

Further subsistence upon foliage being impossible, the mother again attempted to crawl to the garden of her brother-in-law's house. She was six hours in traversing the quarter of a mile. She found a few potatoes and a small pumpkin. Unable to carry both at once, she carried the pumpkin some distance and then returned for the potatoes. By alternate stages she finally reached the spot where she had left her child. The trip to the garden, one quarter of a mile away, had taken a day and a half.

A new horror awaited her return. Multitudes of snakes, large and small, had surrounded and covered her child. When she herself came up they crawled over her and covered her. She says in her story, "I found that they did me no harm, and they soon ceased to be an annoyance; indeed, their company became agreeable in my lonely condition after I became accustomed to their presence."

Mrs. Boelter remained where she was another week. It was now the middle of October. The cold became severe. Giving up all hope of being rescued, a dull purpose came into her head to return to her own home. By alternately pushing and dragging her child, she made her way back with infinite trouble to the desolated abode. Shortly afterward a relief party of

soldiers pushed open the door of the house, and discovered lying on some rags in the corner what seemed to be a skeleton covered with a yellow parchment. On the breast of this form lay another, much smaller and possessing rather more flesh. The soldiers went up gently to the rude pallet, and found that the two emaciated forms were human beings, almost but not quite dead. The woman raised her eyes, and something like a whisper came from her mouth. A weak broth was hastily prepared. After being nursed for two days the mother and her child gained sufficient strength to be taken to the camp of the soldiers. This was on October 27th, just eight weeks after the massacre. Mrs. Boelter was subsequently removed to Fort Ridgley, and in some degree recovered her health and strength.

During all of the fatal 18th of August the people at the Upper Agency were completely ignorant of any thing unusual going on. Just at sunset the inhabitants were surprised to see a large body of Indians gathered on a hill west of the settlement. In a little while John Otherday, a farmer Indian, came in with news of the terrible massacre which had been raging thirty miles away. The people of the settlement were hastily gathered into the government warehouse, and resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. Sixty-two men, women, and children remained awake and distressed through the night.

About two o'clock in the morning, a trader named Garvie knocked for admittance. He had been guarding his store and was shot in the bowels, but managed to escape through his garden to the warehouse. Two men, Kennedy and Boardman, were asleep in another store. A man ran and told them to run for their lives. One took to the warehouse, the other started to Fort Ridgley. In a short time the Indians had killed or driven off all the storekeepers of the place, and instantly began the work of plunder. Peter Patoile was shot through the breast, and left for dead. He crawled to some bushes on the river bank, and remained there all the following day. At nightfall he dragged himself to the shores of the Minnesota River, and

forded the stream. Finding a deserted settler's house, he passed the night there, but in the morning, discovering Indians about, seized a blanket and hid in a neighboring ravine. He wandered about through an uninhabited country, and finally struck a settlement far up the Sauk Valley, where his wound was dressed for the first time.

At the warehouse at Yellow Medicine, John Otherday, the faithful Indian, remained on watch all night. The shouts of the Indians could be heard in the darkness as they proceeded in their work of plunder and destruction at the trading post, half a mile away. It was evident that to remain where they were meant certain death. The seriousness of the situation was appalling. Slender as were the chances of escape, the resolve was taken to attempt it. Teams were hastily harnessed to such wagons as could be had, and into them climbed the women and children. A small supply of provisions was thrown together, and just at dawn the terrified procession, of which the male members were on foot, crossed the Minnesota River, and, guided by John Otherday, struck across the prairie in the direction of the settlements of the Kandiyohi Lakes. A hard storm overtook the party, during which poor Garvie died.

By the unflinching devotion of John Otherday, a pure full-blooded Indian, who only three years before had been of the wildest of the savages, the lives of sixty-two persons were rescued from the massacre. Yielding to his advice to not attempt flight in the direction of Fort Ridgley, where they would be certainly destroyed, the party placed their lives in his hands, and struck into a trackless wilderness, with which he alone was acquainted. On Friday, the 22d, he guided them safely into Shakopee, Scott county.

The settlers around Yellow Medicine heard the news of the massacre during Monday night. They met with various fortunes. One party started in the direction of Fort Ridgley, and found the place surrounded with savages. Andrew Hunter managed to crawl through the underbrush and make his way

into the fort. The garrison told him that it was certain death for his company of more than forty people to attempt to make their way through the lines of the Indians into the fort. He returned to his companions with the sad news that they must look elsewhere for safety. Heart-sick, the fugitives resumed their weary march. All around the horizon they could see the red light from burning dwellings.

Four Germans who had joined their party left them on the following morning, going in the direction of New Ulm. They had scarcely proceeded a mile before the main body heard a volley of shots. Later it was ascertained that the men had been killed. The party pressed on in the direction of Henderson. As they journeyed, the sounds of the conflict at New Ulm were borne faintly to their ears upon the breeze. They eventually reached their destination. Three miles below Yellow Medicine lived Leopold Wohler. Joining a party of eighteen persons, on their way to Fort Ridgley, he traveled till overtaken by Indians at Beaver Creek. The whole company was captured, with a single exception. Blair was released on account of his wife's mixed blood. After five days Blair reached the fort, and was at once arrested and imprisoned as a spy. He protested without effect. He was a man of delicate health, and quickly succumbed to his misfortunes, to find quiet in the grave.

Leavenworth was the name of a settlement on Cottonwood River, in Brown county. The alarm reached here on the afternoon of Monday, the 18th. One party of six, on their way to New Ulm, were attacked and killed. Near this settlement lived a Mr. Covill. At four o'clock in the afternoon he hurried from a field, where he had been stacking grain, to his house, and told his wife to get ready for flight, while he roused the neighbors and got a team. Mrs. Covill packed a trunk with clothing, and hid it and herself in the grass, as she was afraid to stay in the house. The party was quickly made up. One of its members was a poor woman from Tennessee. Her child had died that day, and the mother carried the corpse in her arms. The party

passed the night at the house of a Mr. Van Guilder. Nearly all of the people had already gone to New Ulm.

In the morning the party started out again, but, discovering some Indians, they hurried back to the house amid a shower of balls. One old lady had her arm broken by a bullet. The horses were left unhitched in the haste to get to the house, and they ran away. The Indians followed the team, and the party, now consisting of fifteen people, started once more. Their only conveyance was an ox-team. The Tennessee mother sadly left the body of her child behind. This party remained in the woods till Friday, subsisting on raw flour. One of the number died. On the day named a rescuing party from New Ulm reached them.

In the same locality with these people lived Elijah Whiton. On Monday evening a settler stopped and told him that the Indians had murdered a family on the Minnesota River. The Whitons paid no particular attention to the news, and, isolated by the flight of the people from that region, a fact of which they were ignorant, heard nothing further until Thursday afternoon. About four o'clock Mr. Whiton, at work in his field, saw a neighbor running down the road, pursued by Indians. The man's family had been murdered, but he himself escaped. Whiton ran to his house, and told his wife and two children to go to New Ulm through the woods, while he went to warn his brother Luther.

Mr. Whiton was never seen alive by his family again. His wife and children had proceeded but a little way when they saw a band of Indians surround the house, load the wagon with every thing valuable, hitch up the horses, and drive off. As the woman and her children fled through the night, they were terror-stricken to find in the road six corpses, being the entire family of their neighbor Blum. They succeeded in reaching New Ulm on Friday evening. Mr. Whiton, after hunting for his brother, returned to his home only to find it already plundered. Falling in with a man named Daly, who had escaped

from Lake Shetek, they traveled together till they came to a deserted farm-house. The men had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours. They entered and found the table spread for a meal. It had been standing nearly two days, the family having left without touching it. While eating, two Indians entered the house unobserved and shot Whiton dead. His companion escaped.

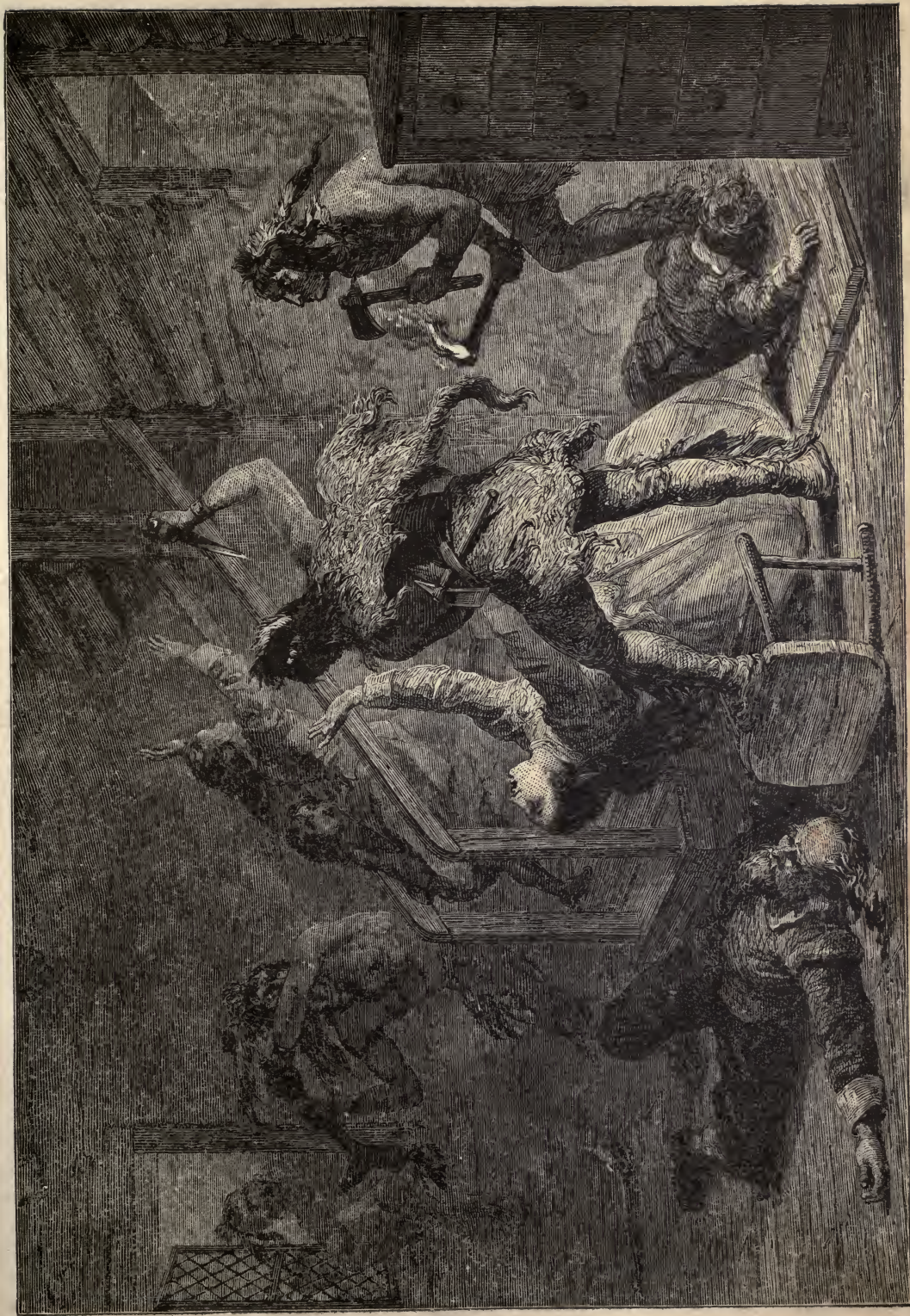
The extent of the massacre is shown by the fact that at Big Stone Lake, in the county of that name, one hundred and fifty miles from New Ulm, the outbreak was almost simultaneous with that at the places heretofore named. All the people of the settlement were massacred except a half-breed named Gubeau and Anton Manderfeld, who escaped. Gubeau was bound with raw hide, but he was cool and thoroughly acquainted with the Indian character. He was seated on the ground and a ring of yelling savages danced about him. Watching his opportunity, he collected all his strength, and with a single leap, bound though he was with his hands behind his back, sprang over the heads of the dancers, and sped over the prairie with the fleetness of a deer. He headed straight for the lake. His pursuers followed close, firing at him incessantly; but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

Reaching the marsh at the border of the lake, with its tall growth of grass and weeds, Gubeau plunged in and had buried himself in the water up to his chin. The water soon rendered the rawhide soft and slippery, so that he could release his hands. Coming out of his hiding-place, he traveled for days till he reached St. Cloud. Completely worn out, he thought he had reached a place of safety. Not so. The people of the place, lashed into the wildest excitement by the appalling massacre, of which reports had reached them, instantly detected the presence of Indian blood in the veins of poor Gubeau, arrested him as a spy, and prepared to hang him. All his protestations were in vain. Just as he was about to be executed, a gentleman pressed his way through the crowd, recognized and rescued him.

A mile from the store on Big Stone Lake Anton Manderfeld was at work. A man came by on Thursday and told him that there was not a white man left alive on the whole reservation. Just at that moment a hundred Indians came toward the camp. Two of the men were fired upon and killed, but Manderfeld and his cousin took to the prairie and hid in the grass. A little later the cousin insisted on going down to the lake shore. Manderfeld shortly heard three shots. His cousin was dead. It now remained for Manderfeld to escape if possible. He traveled through the country, directing his course toward the Minnesota River.

About nine o'clock one evening he came upon a farm-house. No light shone from the window. Overcome with hunger, he went toward the door, which was open. He was met by a terrible stench. He retraced his steps for a short distance, and again resolved to hunt for some food. Stepping into the door, he stumbled over something in the dark. He stooped down and felt the object. His hand came in contact with some cold and sticky substance. Holding his hand in the moonlight he observed that it was bloody. Another look at the object disclosed that it was the body of an elderly man. Manderfeld shuddered. The stench was intolerable. He passed on into the next room. The moonlight, which came in through the open window, revealed the white face of a woman with staring eyeballs lying on the floor. A great gash had almost severed the head from the body.

Thrilled with horror, Manderfeld turned his face away. There he beheld three other forms. They were those of the children. The heads had been beaten off; only the trunks remained. Afterward it was known that the savages had attacked the place in the evening a day or two before. All the household had been slain. The man fled from the house, preferring not to take anything to eat. As he ran, some cattle and dogs and hogs, which were still alive on the place, but almost famished, delighted to see a human being, took after him, mak-



THE SIOUX MASSACRE AT BIG STONE LAKE, MINNESOTA.



ing a great noise. Manderfeld was frightened. The barking of the dogs, the lowing of the cattle, their jingling bells, and the squealing of the hogs, had a strange, unearthly sound. The man ran on and on, but the dumb brutes only followed faster. A troop of hobgoblins could not have frightened Manderfeld more.

Shattered by exposure and hunger, not yet recovered from the awful scene which he had just witnessed in that lonely farm-house in the dead hours of night, the poor man was almost crazy. The noise was certain to attract the attention of any savages within the range of several miles. He stopped and shouted at the animals. He waved his hands at them. He gathered clubs and stones to beat them off. All was useless. The creatures, as if aware of the terrible things which had happened, were resolved not to be left alone. Not till he crossed a river did he shake off the pursuit, and even then the watchdog stood upon the bank and howled mournful reproaches after him. Manderfeld at last succeeded in reaching Fort Ridgley.

Lake Shetek is in Murray county, Minnesota, seventy miles west of New Ulm. Here a dozen families had located, far in advance of the line of regular settlements. About five o'clock on Wednesday morning, August 20, 1862, Mrs. Hurd was milking her cows. Her children were in the house asleep. At that moment twenty Indians rode up and dismounted. A man named Voight came to the door with the youngest child in his arms just in time to receive a bullet, which passed through the body of the child and fatally wounded the man. The Indians commenced an indiscriminate destruction of every thing in the house. Mr. Hurd, it should have been said, was away from home. The Indians told Mrs. Hurd that she might take her two children, the oldest a boy of four years and go wherever she pleased. Running on through the prairie, she heard the crack of guns behind her and knew that death had overtaken her neighbors.

The journey before her was one of seventy miles through

an uninhabited country. The unhappy woman lost her way, and at the end of two days found herself only four miles from her home. Nevertheless she pushed on as well as she could. Unable to carry both of her children at the same time, she would take one for half a mile, lay it down in the grass, and go back for the other. In this way she traveled twelve miles to the nearest house. She was heart-broken to find the place deserted; but a few raw onions and a spoiled ham afforded some relief. Before long, Mrs. Hurd fell in with some of her neighbors, and eventually reached New Ulm, where they found temporary relief. On her way Mrs. Hurd had learned that her husband had been killed.

The Indians passed from Hurd's house to those of the neighbors. The latter catching the alarm, gathered in Mr. Wright's house. The mud was knocked out from between the logs. The women were put up-stairs, while the men prepared below to fight. Shortly the Indians came in sight. The people, unused to savage warfare, were panic-stricken, and seizing their horses, took to flight. Several of the party were wounded. The Indians quickly overtook and surrounded them. From time to time the savages fired, killing the men. Mrs. Eastlick and the other women and children were taken captives. In a few moments the first named woman was shot and left for dead. When the Indians left she crawled back to the scene of the murder, and found the bodies of her friends. She wandered around several days, and finally fell in with the same party which Mrs. Hurd had met. The sufferings of the whole party were fearful. On their way they passed the house of Mr. Brown, in which the whole family had been killed. Mrs. Eastlick reached New Ulm with the rest of the party.

We have been tracing the flight of various fugitives to New Ulm. This place was on the Minnesota River, thirty miles from the Lower Agency. On the morning of the 18th of August a party of volunteers set out from this place to join the Union army at the call of President Lincoln. They had traveled

about eight miles, marching to the grand, wild music of war, full of anxious thoughts for those left behind. Suddenly the column halted. The men discovered a number of dead bodies lying in the road, and were, at the same moment, fired upon by Indians. They also heard shots in various directions, and saw people running across the prairie. The volunteers turned back to New Ulm, destined to take part in a war somewhat nearer home than they had anticipated. The people from the surrounding country soon began to pour into the place, bringing vague and terrible reports of an awful massacre which was taking place up the valley.

The people were wild with panic. For many years there had been no trouble with the Indians in that part of the country. The great part of the settlers had no weapons, and for Indian fighting they were utterly unprepared. At night, the throngs of wretched fugitives, which packed the houses and streets of New Ulm or poured through the place, seeking refuge at points lower down the river, could see the sky lit up by hundreds of burning farm-houses, barns, and hay-stacks. Within a day or two companies of volunteer troops began to arrive at New Ulm from adjoining places, until there were about five hundred to defend the town.

A large force of Indians surrounded the place, which had been supplied with hasty barricades. On Saturday morning a long column of Indians were seen in full career across the prairie, headed for the place. When tolerably near, the column was seen to open like a fan into a line long enough to surround the entire village. A desperate battle was fought. The Indians broke over the barricades, and the place was defended from the houses. The enemy, capturing the lower part of the town, fired the buildings, and the roar and smoke of the flames added horror to the battle. At night the savages withdrew, having burned more than two hundred houses and filled the town with the wounded, dead, and dying. This was the place which hundreds of fugitives had traveled great distances and undergone

infinite hardships to reach as one of refuge. On Monday morning it was decided to abandon the place into which two thousand people were huddled together like cattle. One hundred and fifty-three wagon loads of wounded, sick, and helpless filed down the road on the retreat to St. Peter.

Fort Ridgley was, as we have seen, the point toward which great numbers of the people directed their flight. The first news of the massacre reached there about nine o'clock on the morning of the bloody Monday. There were then in the fort about eighty soldiers. One-half of the number at once started for the Lower Agency. The little company reached the ferry at the latter place, and were attacked by five hundred Indians. More than half their number were killed here. Thirteen of the men escaped by swimming the river, and a few more reached the fort at night.

Fort Ridgley was situated on the edge of a prairie, with two wooded ravines on either side of it, and timber land on a third side. On the afternoon of Wednesday the Indians concentrated their forces upon the fort. From the cover of the ravines they poured in a terrific fire. Although the place was called a fort, it was really a cluster of barracks, stores, and barns around a parade ground. The magazine, strange to say, was located out in the prairie, twenty rods from the main fort, in which was very little ammunition. The first task of the garrison was to carry in ammunition from the magazine. The men ran back and forth in the midst of a heavy fire. It was perilous work. Three howitzers were used with great effect in shelling the woods. The Indians never left their cover, and towards night withdrew. On the following day, the men were busily employed in erecting temporary barricades with sacks of oats and piles of cord wood. The wooden roofs of the buildings were covered with earth as a protection against fire.

On Friday the Indians again appeared in great force. They secured possession of some out-buildings, and set them on

fire, aiming to leave one side of the place exposed. In the struggle which ensued at this point, the soldiers captured a wounded Indian, and, in their rage, flung him headlong into the burning building, where he perished. The Indians did not withdraw from the fort until it received re-enforcements on August 27th.

Within a day or two the news of the great massacre spread through Minnesota, and volunteer companies of citizens were organized at different points in the State and hurried to the scene of hostilities. Some of these companies met with thrilling experiences. They found the counties bordering on the reservation completely depopulated. In many of the settlements the entire body of inhabitants had been massacred. Here and there, in exceptional cases, small bodies of determined men had barricaded themselves for a desperate resistance. All through the month of September mounted companies ranged the country in search of helpless fugitives, and intent on relieving such of the people as still held out.

While the troops under Colonel Sibley were hurrying to the front with the real military strength which was to crush the great revolt, let us glance for a moment at the condition of the country. It is to be remembered that eighteen counties, populated by forty thousand people, were laid desolate. In all this vast extent of country not a village, not a settlement, had escaped the red hand of the murderer. The blow had fallen simultaneously and without a single note of warning to the victims. Such as had escaped from the first work of death, fled like deer across the country. A stream of fugitives, composed of thirty thousand wretched, homeless people poured down the Minnesota valley. This tide of helpless humanity, on foot, on horse, and in wagons, rolled on and on, spreading panic in their course, until they reached the Mississippi River, and great numbers of them fled from the state, leaving all their property, and never returned.

In our story we have related briefly the experiences of a

few of the unhappy people, selected at random, here and there, from this awful procession of refugees. They are but meager and insufficient examples of the sufferings of thousands upon thousands of persons. The whole country, thus depopulated, was given over to the fire and sword.

A glimpse at the town of St. Peter, as it appeared on the morning of Wednesday, August 20, 1862, gives some idea of the distress of the flying people. The natural population of the town was about one thousand. It was a quiet western village, in which the chime of the church bells, the rumbling of the flour-mill, and the musical strokes of the blacksmith on his anvil were the only disturbing sounds. On sunny Saturdays a score of farm wagons would be seen in the streets, but a greater assemblage was, indeed, rare.

On Monday evening rumors of the massacre had reached the place, and the startled citizens were in the streets, discussing the situation. By midnight the tide of fugitives began to surge into the place. Hour after hour passed, and the stream of arrivals thickened constantly. All day Tuesday and Tuesday night the procession of unfortunates rushed and crowded pell-mell into the place. By Wednesday morning the population had increased to many thousands. "Every private house, every public house, every church, school-house, warehouse, shed, or saloon, and every vacant structure, was full. The crowd thronged the public highways; a line of cooking-stoves smoked along the streets, and vacant lots were packed with people, for there was no longer room in the houses. All was clatter, rattle, and din. Wagons, ponies, mules, oxen, cows, and calves were promiscuously distributed among the multitude of haggard men, forlorn women, and weeping children.

"The live stock from thousands of deserted farms surrounded the outskirts of the town. The lowing of strange cattle, the neighing of restless horses, the crying of lost and hungry children, the tales of horror, the tomahawk wounds undressed, the bleeding feet, the cries for food, and the loud wailing for miss-

ing friends—all combined to burn into the soul the dreadful reality that some terrible calamity was upon the country.”

Persons who were in the place at the time, say that every hour or two some wild rumor of the approach of Indians, occasioned by the arrival of a new wagon load of wounded and dying people, would sweep through the multitude and drive them wild with panic. Every breeze seemed to bear the echo of war whoops, faint with distance. When, on Friday, Colonel Sibley with fifteen hundred men marched through the place, the joy of the people was thrilling. The vast multitude joined in a mighty shout. The soldiers passed on.

The danger of massacre abated, only to be succeeded by the horrors of starvation. Seven thousand people besides the citizens of the place were already packed into the village, and the train of two thousand unfortunates from New Ulm was already on the way to enlarge the multitude. The citizens worked day and night, animated by heroic and lofty impulses. A bakery was established, turning out two thousand loaves of bread per day; yet so inadequate was this for the throng of nine thousand people, that every cooking stove in the place was red hot day and night, for the purposes of baking. A soup house was established, where twelve hundred people could be fed daily. Of meat there was less scarcity, as the live stock of the fugitives afforded a fair supply. But the task of feeding the living did not stop with the human beings. Vast and unruly herds of horses and cattle, furious from fright and crazy with hunger, charged back and forth through the town, breaking down and leaping fences, devouring every green thing, until the place and the country surrounding it was as barren as a desert.

This view of St. Peter is true also for numbers of other places, on which the army of refugees advanced with crushing weight. Meanwhile the expedition under Colonel Sibley gradually drove the Indians from the country. Many severe battles were fought. Throngs of whites were rescued. Large numbers of captives were taken. Of these more than three hundred

were condemned to death. Little Crow, and the remainder of the Sioux fled to the mountain fastnesses of the west, far beyond the boundaries of Minnesota. Winter found the war still in progress. On the 24th of December, thirty-eight Indians, the remainder of the three hundred having had their sentences commuted, were led to the gallows. As they marched out, the rattling of their chains, which at first alone broke the solemn silence, was drowned in the wild and plaintive music of their death songs. Even after the white caps were drawn over their faces, the song still continued, though muffled and broken. Some one who understood the language said that their singing and shouting was only to sustain each other. Each one shouted his own name and called on the name of his friend, saying in substance, "I'm here! I'm here!"

The war continued during a portion of the year 1863. On the evening of July 3d of that year, while the thunder of cannon at the battle of Gettysburg was shaking the whole earth, and while ranks of the brave and true were falling on all sides, in this, the greatest conflict of the civil war, a gentleman traveling along a road six miles north of Hutchinson, Minnesota, heard a rustle in the bushes near by. Quick as thought he threw his gun to his shoulder and fired. A savage dropped dead. In his hands were found some wild berries, which he had been gathering and eating. Some settlers hurried to the spot, and one of them recognized the dead Indian. It was none other than Little Crow himself. His young son was caught not far off.

Thus at an unexpected moment the arch-conspirator of the Sioux was overtaken by a punishment which he had long deserved. The Sioux themselves were deprived of their lovely home along the Minnesota River, and were given a reservation in south-western Dakota. In this territory lie the famous Black Hills. They were destined, however, to involve the United States in many a subsequent Indian war.

The great Sioux massacre, of which the story has been

briefly and inadequately told, stands completely without a parallel in all the bloody history of the conflicts between the red and white men on the American continent. In its suddenness and extent, in its monstrous atrocity, and its Satanic perfection of details, it must take rank with the greatest massacres of all time. Occurring as it did at a period when the people had no more apprehension of an Indian war than do the inhabitants of any farming region of the middle states, it found its victims utterly unprepared for resistance or defense. There are no means of accurately knowing the number of persons who were slain on the terrible 18th of August and the succeeding days. If the estimates of the best authorities are to be received the number ranged between one and two thousand people who were massacred in cold blood. Besides the actual bloodshed, the massacre resulted, as we have seen, in the total depopulation of a territory larger than the state of Vermont.

Strange to say, when the tragedy was enacted it attracted but little attention from the people of the United States. Such reports as found their way into the newspapers were absolutely unread. The great civil war, which was then at its height, so preoccupied the minds of men that the bloody event, which at other times would have thrilled the country with horror, passed unnoticed. When every newspaper and "extra" brought reports of battles in which a hundred thousand men were engaged on either side, and the number of the killed and wounded amounted to almost one third of the combatants, the lesser tragedy was lost sight of in the presence of the greater. Now that the smoke has cleared away from the battle-fields of the war between the States, we may form a juster estimate of the appalling dimensions of the Tragedy of Minnesota.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.



GREAT are the United States of America! Infinitely diversified are the problems which confront us. Turn back to *Harper's Weekly* for the summer and fall of 1877. On one page you will find a romantic picture of an Indian agency in the heart of the Rocky Mountains; in the corners are portraits of painted Indians and of square-shouldered army officers. There is also a picture of a column of soldiery, with baggage-train and a few pieces of artillery, winding through the mountains; of groups of fierce savages posted behind rocks and engaged in a battle with a little band of United States troops, so far away down the valley that the men look like specks, and, but for the white smoke of their guns, would hardly be recognized as human beings, much less as men in the very heat of a battle; of a train of overloaded mules, picking their way along the narrow trail upon the rocky sides of a mountain range, and one poor animal is just losing his footing and is tumbling down over the precipice to the rocks, hundreds of feet below. At the bottom of the page will be read the legend, "The Nez Percé Campaign—General Howard in pursuit of Chief Joseph." These pictures represent one problem, the problem of the frontiers, of the undeveloped West; a problem, of which the solution is to be wrought out amid the sublime solitudes of the wilderness, and in the gloomy shadows of unmeasured mountain ranges.

Turning the page of the pictorial newspaper, we pass from

the foaming rivers, the lonely valleys, the craggy precipices of the wilderness to scenes laid in the hearts of great cities. The pictures are full of intense excitement. There are tall buildings, wrapped in flames, surrounded by crowds of riotous men, preventing by force all efforts to quench the flames which have been kindled by incendiary torches. Long lines of locomotive engines, blowing off steam through their escape valves, stand on tracks, ready and impatient to move the commerce of the world, but no engineer is in the cab and no fireman on the tender. In the foreground surge excited masses of strikers, ready to kill the first man who ventures to step on the foot-boards of the waiting engines.

We see also pictures of magnificent depots, of splendid railroad bridges, and of miles of loaded freight cars being destroyed by all-consuming flames. On another page is a street scene, a riot. Dense throngs of angry men, black with soot from the furnace and the forge, bearing on their persons the world-wide badge of toil, are engaged in a conflict in the streets of a great city with soldiers, who load and fire into the raging multitude. Here and there lie on the cobble-stones forms which are cold in death. Some of these are the sons of labor, brave and honest men, who all their lives have been hard working but respected citizens. They are fresh from the factory, the shops, and the engine-room. At the bottom of these pages we may read the legend, "The Great Strike—The Riots in Pittsburg and other Cities—The Military driving the Mob—The Great Incendiary Conflagrations." These pictures present another problem; a problem of cities and of civilization, of labor and capital.

These opposite problems confronted us at the same time, and equally required solution. Each, for the time being, was confronted, worked out, and ended. For neither of them, however, was there obtained any permanent solution. The old troubles will reappear in new guise. In this chapter we tell the story of General Howard's treatment of the Nez Percés problem.

The Nez Percés are a tribe of Indians who formerly roamed

at will through the valleys of northern Idaho. Why they are called the Nez Percés, or "pierced noses," we do not know, for the nasal appendages of these Indians have no unusual deformity. In 1863 the United States Government made a treaty, which was agreed to by about nine-tenths of this tribe. This immense majority went peaceably on a reservation. But there were some of the tribe who would not, and never did, agree to any thing. Of these the principal chiefs at the time at which we write were Joseph, Whitebird, Looking Glass, and Hush-hush-cute. While these malcontents continued to wander up and down along the valleys of the Clearwater, the Salmon, and the Snake rivers, the government surveyors, with chain and compass, had pushed on resolutely, laying off the region into an endless checker-board of sections, townships, and ranges. Close behind the surveyors came the tide of immigration. Hardy settlers built cabins, fenced in fields, planted grain, and herded stock, right in the country which Joseph and his brethren had claimed as their own.

For a year or two there had been signs of trouble. The Indians grew sullen. They talked loudly of their rights. Still no real outbreak was expected. In the spring of 1877 General Howard was directed by the War Department to have a talk with Joseph, and tell him that the time had come when he and his people must move on to the reservation, and that if he would not go through persuasion, he would be driven by force. The council was appointed to be held at Fort Lapwai, the station of the Indian agency for the Nez Percé reservation.

At the time of the war, the pictorial newspapers gave a view of Lapwai. But they utterly failed to give a notion of the loveliness of the valley. On either hand are magnificent ranges of mountains. At places the range dips or bends aside, and through the openings one sees in the distance other ranges of every shade of purple. The valleys, which open their smiling recesses toward the sky, seem all the fairer, all the gentler, all the more peaceful from contrast with

the rugged mountains. Lapwai is not really a fort. There is a hollow square on the west of the crystalline river which winds through the valley. On one side of the square are the officer's quarters; on another, the barracks; on another, the guard-house. In front of each of these buildings marches solemnly back and forth a uniformed sentinel. The square is, in fact, a parade ground.

Here, on the appointed day, was General Howard, an interpreter, and a few other officers. As a preparation for the council, a hospital tent was pitched on one side of the parade-ground. The sides of the tent were looped up, and the flies at either end were stretched out on a temporary frame-work. This primitive pavilion had several advantages. It protected its occupants from the sun; it afforded plenty of fresh air, a thing much needed at an Indian council; and (we say it in a whisper) it made the council easy of access by the soldiers in case treachery was attempted.

Here in this tent the handsome officers lounged about, impatiently waiting for the Indians. The balmy May morning, with its floods of sunshine and cloudless sky arching the valley from range to range with its azure canopy, was well advanced before Joseph and his companions appeared in sight, some distance away. There were about fifty of them in the company, all mounted on Indian ponies, and proceeding slowly down the valley in single file. First, came a long line of warriors, wrapped in red and yellow blankets, wearing buckskin leggings and immense slouch hats. Behind them came the women and children, their faces painted a bright red and their clothing consisting of the most fantastic garments and showy decorations.

The picturesque procession moved slowly toward the hollow square. As they came nearer, it could be seen that they were unarmed, except with tomahawk pipes, which could be used at will to smoke the peaceful tobacco or to crush the skull of an enemy. Just as they reached the square the leader turned

sharply to the right, followed by the others, to march around the outside of the inclosure.

This proceeding was accompanied by a wild Indian song, sung with thrilling cadence and mournful harmony in high, shrill, and quavering voices. The weird sound of the song, echoed back and forth among the mountains, caused an involuntary shudder among the occupants of the fort. Men may be able to stifle every thrill of fear, but there lives not the soul which will not sometimes quiver as if pained, responsive to the vibrations of some subtle and soul-searching melody. The few ladies, wives of the officers, huddled together in closer groups inquiring, "Do you think Joseph means to fight?" The officers clenched their hands and breathed more rapidly. The common sentinels and soldiers looked from one to another with a startled, sickish look in their eyes. Higher and higher rose the song, swelling from the first plaintive murmurs, till it seemed like a piercing and agonizing wail. Suddenly the burden of the song changed. It consisted no longer of a wail, a cry, but of short, sharp, unmistakable notes of defiance.

The circuit of the hollow square was completed, Joseph and his principal men marched under the canvas canopy. But after all this preparation it seemed that the "talk" could not be had that day. White Bird was on his way, said Joseph, and he would not talk until his friend arrived. So the meeting adjourned until the next day.

On the following morning there was the same gaudy procession down the valley, the same march around the square, and the same weird song ending with notes of defiance. As the sound died away, one of the ladies said to another, "I think their song is more warlike and bolder than that of yesterday." It was probably imagination.

Once assembled under the canvas, the Indian agent through an interpreter, explained patiently that the government demanded that Joseph, White Bird, and Hush-hush-cute, who were present this time with their people, must go on the reservation.

To this the various chiefs made rather insolent replies, repeating much about the earth's being their mother, and about the Great Spirit's having given it to the Indians for a home. The most dangerous speaker, however, was an old Dreamer. He was a sort of prophet, who taught that the earth, having been created by God in its completeness, should not be interfered with, disturbed, or improved by man, and that if the Indians continued steadfast in that belief a great leader would be raised up in the east, at a single blast of whose trumpet all the dead warriors would start suddenly into life, and that the millions of braves thus collected would expel the white man from the continent of America, and repossess it for their own dusky race. The Dreamer was a person of high importance, and his influence among his people was unbounded.

As the council proceeded the chiefs became excited. "There are always two parties to a dispute. The one that is right will come out ahead. We have heard about a bargain, a trade between some of these Indians (referring to the treaty Nez Percés) and the white men concerning their land; but we belong to the land out of which we came. Who gave Washington rule over us? You have no right to compare us, grown men, with children. Grown men think for themselves. The government at Washington shall not think for us."

Such was their temper that General Howard felt that it would be well to have the company of cavalry from Walowa, and one from Walla-walla nearer at hand. The two skeleton companies of troops at Lapwai were outnumbered five to one by the hordes of well-armed Indians, who kept pouring in. So by agreement there was a further postponement of the council till the following Monday. On that day, the old Dreamer was more saucy than ever, whereupon General Howard boldly arrested him.

This incident and the reports of approaching troops softened the fierce temper of the Indians. "What makes me feel like laughing this morning, General Howard?" asked Joseph in a

pleasant voice. "There are," said the general, "three kinds of laughter—one from fun, another from deceit, and another from real joy." "Mine," said the liar, "is from real joy." So the council broke up with an understanding that Joseph and his brethren were to go on the reservation within a month. General Howard and his officers packed their baggage, well pleased at the peaceful prospect, and returned to Portland, Oregon.

Still, after thoughtful consultations, it was decided that Joseph, securing allies from other roaming tribes along the Columbia River, might change his mind. It was important to check any such movement. So on the 30th of May the general again started for the Indian country. He arrived at Fort Lapwai, and found the little post as peaceful as the valley in which it was located. Towards evening the officers were sitting out in front of their quarters, when a man was seen galloping down the valley in hot haste. He shortly reached the post, sprang from his foaming steed, and delivered a letter to Colonel Perry, the commandant. It came from Mount Idaho, sixty miles south-east of Lapwai, and contained information from an intelligent settler that the Indians under Joseph were evidently preparing for hostilities.

At early dawn a small detachment started from Mount Idaho to collect information. At noon two friendly Indians came in with excited stories of the murder of some settlers. Later still, another messenger arrived, confirming the previous reports. The idle little post was transformed into a scene of bustling activity. Arms were examined, ammunition prepared, horses brought in, and pack-saddles adjusted. Every face wore a serious look, and the busy hum of earnest conversation was heard on every side. In the morning the officers, the ladies of the post, and a number of friendly Indians assembled in an excited group on Colonel Perry's front porch. Messenger after messenger continued to arrive with reports of Indian outrages. Here is one of the letters received, all a-quiver with the excitement of the occasion:

“MOUNT IDAHO, 8 A. M., June 15, 1877.

“COMMANDING OFFICER, FORT LAPWAI,—

“I have just sent a dispatch by Mr. West, half-breed. Since that was written the wounded have come in,—Mr. Day, mortally; Mrs. Norton, with both legs broken; Moore, shot through the hips; Norton, killed and left in the road six miles from here. Teams were attacked on the road and abandoned. The Indians have possession of the prairie and threaten Mount Idaho. All the people are here, and we will do the best we can. Lose no time in getting up with a force. Stop the stage and all “through travelers.” Give us relief and arms and ammunition. Chapman has got this Indian (the messenger, Looking-glass’s brother), hoping he may get through. I fear the people on Salmon have all been killed, as a party was seen going that way last night. We had a report last night that seven whites had been killed on Salmon. Notify the people of Lewiston. Hurry up; hurry! Rely on this Indian’s statement; I have known him for a long time. He is with us.

“L. P. BROWN.”

“P. S.—Send a dispatch to town for the express not to start up unless heavily escorted. Give the bearer a fresh horse, and send him back.

CHAPMAN.”

What was to be done? There were about fifty men at Lapwai. It was unsafe to weaken the garrison by a single man. Besides, a force of twenty-five men would be merely victims to the Indian warriors. Meanwhile the outrages were going on. “Hurry up; hurry!” Other troops were hundreds of miles away. Fortunately the news had also reached Walla-Walla, and sixty cavalry-men arrived at Lapwai. These, with thirty men from the garrison, all mounted, and commanded by Colonel Perry, started off into the darkness along the muddy mountain road. General Howard remained at Lapwai to hurry forward re-enforcements.

The men who went to the front, sustained by the high excitement of the hour, went forward to their fate with steady

march and unflinching hearts. But those who were left behind had no such exhilaration. For them there was restlessness, impatience, and fever. "To remain at home and wait amid the pulsations of extreme anxiety—who but woman is equal to the task?" writes General Howard. There was one lady still at the fort, the newly married wife of Lieutenant Theller. Hard, indeed, was it for her to see the fond form, so stalwart, so confident, ride away, leaving her, only one thought burning in her heart—that of his return.

As the little command toiled forward along the eighty miles of mountain trail, let us see what had really been happening. Joseph's band had appeared near Mount Idaho, and on the afternoon of June 13th a party of Indians stealthily advanced to a small cabin on Salmon River. This humble structure was the home of Richard Divine, an old man who, for some reason unknown, had forsaken the busy haunts of men and built for himself this lodge in the wilderness, which he occupied alone. Old Divine was quickly killed. It was at sunset, and the ruthless savages made off, leaving his unburied body on the doorstep of his cabin.

From this place the Indians proceeded to the cabin of Henry Elfers, Robert Bland, and Henry Becknoge. These, too, were killed, and their horses taken by the murderers. Samuel Benedict was out looking for his cattle. A bullet was planted in his side. He managed to remount his horse, and the faithful animal bore him at the top of its speed to the cabin where he lived. He had lain there wounded and helpless for an hour or two, when a rude hand burst open his door, and a terrible tomahawk was struck into his skull.

Besides these outrages others, many others, of the settlers, pioneers of civilization, fell victims to their own courage. Mrs. Norton, Hill Norton, Miss Bowers, Joseph Moore, John Chamberlain, with his wife and two children, proprietors of the Cottonwood House, a small frontier inn, learning of the danger from a passing messenger who had started to Lapwai, but had

been attacked by Indians and driven back, hastily prepared for flight to Mount Idaho, eighteen miles away. It was ten o'clock at night, and they were all in bed when the alarm reached them. Two of the party rode horseback and the rest were packed into a farm wagon. In this order they took up their journey without delay. Ten miles, more than half the distance, had been made when they heard behind them, clattering down the stony trail, the hoofs of hurrying horses.

On they pressed in their lumbering coach, but the pursuers gained rapidly. They began to fire on the little party of refugees. Norton and Moore, who were on horses, were each terribly wounded, and had to be taken into the wagon. In a few moments the balls, which whistled over the party lying flat in the wagon, without injury, struck and killed the horses composing the wagon team. Further progress was impossible. The party sprang out of the wagon in an attempt to escape on foot. Miss Bowers and little Hill Norton got away in the darkness. The Chamberlain family fled in another direction, but were discovered and pursued. The husband and father was shot dead. The boy was murdered, according to the mother's statement, by having his head placed beneath the knees of a powerful Indian and crushed. The other child was torn from its mother, a piece of its tongue cut out, and a knife run quite through its neck, and left sticking there. Mrs. Chamberlain was repeatedly outraged by the Indians, and received severe injuries. The remainder of the party, despairing of escape by flight, had undertaken to conceal themselves behind and beneath the dead horses. Here Norton was killed. Moore was shot through the hips, Day through the shoulder and leg, and Mrs. Norton through both legs. Day and Moore subsequently died.

The Indians were frantic with delight. "See this fine horse, this rifle, saddle, and these good clothes! Why remain here talking forever? The war has begun! I am mad! I have killed our enemies! There is blood! Come on; there is plenty

of every thing, if you only work!" Such was the speech of a chief to his braves.

The Salmon is a torrent with mountain shores. White Bird is a creek flowing into the Salmon through a cañon which it has channeled out for itself transversely through the mountain. A narrow trail leads down the side of this cañon, commencing at its head where the cut first begins, and winding down by a long descent to the rolling country which forms the bottom of the cañon.

Here, at the head of this trail, Colonel Perry's command halted an hour before dawn on the morning of the 17th of June. As the sweet mountain air was transfused with a mellow radiance from the coming day, and the dark abysses of the cañon stood forth in the sunlight stripped of their blacker shadows, there could be seen, four miles away, on the bottom of the vast ravine, the Indian camp. As the officers scrutinized the scene with their field-glasses, now and then some sleepy warrior would come out of his lodge wrapped in his blanket and, rubbing his sleepy eyes, would begin to search for his horse.

The sunlight, which at first had tinged the highest peaks with ruddy glow, until they seemed like pyramids of fire against the morning sky, gradually painted the broad edges and sloping surfaces of the west side of the cañon with warmth and beauty. At that moment Joseph himself came out of the principal lodge. His quick eye instantly discovered the group of horsemen standing far up at the head of the cañon outlined against the sky like figures carved in ebony. "Get the white man's glass! Tell White Bird. Horses! The soldiers are here," he shouted in the sharp accents of command.

Shortly busy hands were at work pulling down the lodges and loading the mules. The women and children were hurriedly conveyed across the Salmon River. The warriors quickly hid themselves behind rocks and knolls. White Bird, with his band took a position behind a ridge somewhat in advance of the

others and on the right of the trail. On came the column of devoted troops down the side of the cañon toward the fatal spot. Every rider held his glittering carbine ready for instant use. Not an Indian was to be seen.

Suddenly, as they were about to reach the ground lately occupied by the Indian camp, dark and hideous faces popped out everywhere, from behind stones and out of gulches and ravines. At the same moment White Bird's flanking party appeared two hundred yards to their left.

The troops quickly formed in line, each man seeking some cover behind which to hide. The Indians greatly outnumbering the whites, continually overlapped the latter's flanks. The troops extended their line, making it thinner and thinner. For ten minutes they held their ground. Then a band of Indian flankers on the left suddenly forced the men to fall back. The soldiers, catching the alarm, instantly deserted their hiding places in the rocky cañon, and ran backward toward higher ground in the rear. But they could not stop here. The men were falling on every hand, while swarms of savages were already surrounding the spot and pouring in deadly volleys. The air was full of noise and smoke, and everywhere was heard the sharp commands of officers and the excited cries of the men.

Back they fled, faster and faster, stopping every minute or so in a vain attempt to rally behind some knoll, only to be driven to seek other refuge. White Bird's flanking party dashed out of a little transverse ravine, heading off the men just as they reached the foot of the narrow trail. Here there was a desperate conflict. Such as could do so dashed through the midst of the Indians at the top of their horses' speed, and made their way up the trail toward the head of the cañon. The rest were left dead or dying in the lonely White Bird Cañon. Among those who fell was Lieutenant Theller. It became General Howard's duty, when the remnant of the men made their way back to Lapwai, to inform the young wife of her husband's fate. "I endeavored to control myself and break the tidings gently.

But Mrs. Theller read it in my face before I could speak, and words had no place. 'Oh my husband!'

Such was the fate of the first expedition, and the worst apprehensions of danger to the settlers from the victorious savages were indulged in. The work had now to be begun anew. Meanwhile every possible effort had been making to secure troops. One messenger had been dispatched to Fort Wallowa, with orders for two cavalry companies to march to Lapwai, stopping neither day nor night. Similar orders were sent to the infantry at Walla-walla one hundred and ten miles distant. From this point also, being the nearest line of telegraph, dispatches were sent to San Francisco for twenty-five scouts, and to Portland for three months' supplies.

This done, the only thing was to wait. Slow indeed seemed the advance of the expected succor. Slow, although the messengers had ridden day and night at a break-neck rate, killing two horses on the way; slow, although not a moment was lost in getting the troops under way, and not an hour's rest was had as they hurried forward. Yet this took days and days. Rumors of the terrible defeat reached Lapwai, and yet no re-enforcements were in sight. The broken fragments of the little army, which had gone forth, fell back bleeding and stricken, and yet there were no others to take their place. Four days after the news of the disaster amid the shadows of White Bird Cañon, there were but two hundred soldiers at Lapwai. Besides these there were twenty volunteers.

Further delay for re-enforcements was desirable, yet impossible. The little band of men, cavalry and infantry, together with an old mountain howitzer and two Gatling guns, are drawn up in marching order. The train of pack-mules, with their immense loads of ammunition and provision, move restlessly back and forward in the parade-ground. The trained white mare, with the tinkling bell attached to her neck, stands thoughtful and attentive, ready to lead her restless followers along the stony trail. "The moment of starting is solemn. The air is

full of rumors. The few daring messengers, bearing news of the defeat, had skulked through by night to Lapwai. The road wound through ravines and over mountains. It passed the mouths of black and awful cañons and lay for a long distance over a range covered with rugged forests. The whole route is full of traps, pitfalls, and natural ambuscades."

The last farewells are said. The last mule-pack is adjusted. The last red-shirted artillery-man takes his stand by his gun. There is a moment of quiet. Suddenly the commanding officer shouts "Attention!" and then, a moment later, "Column, march!" Every man steps off with the right foot. The cavalry are in front. The proud bell-mare, with her cavalcade of mules, stubborn to all else, but to her yielding the most perfect obedience, follow, and behind them, in column of fours, come the infantry.

At half past one o'clock the troops reached the deserted Cottonwood House. Doors and windows were open wide. Immediately after the departure of the ill-fated Norton family and their companions, the Indians had ransacked the entire house. Everywhere were found broken chairs, open drawers, and ruined furniture. In their senseless destruction the Indians had taken the very flour, sugar, and salt, and thrown it around on the floors. Inside was this scene of desolation and tragedy; outside, a country as well watered as Eden and richer than any garden in the world. Thus does nature, great, calm, and peaceful, offer her balm to heart-sick and suffering humanity.

In time the troops reached the head of the blood-stained White Bird Cañon. The Indians were no longer there. Slowly and cautiously the soldiers made their way down the narrow trail toward the trap into which Perry's command had fallen. There they found the bodies of the brave boys, stripped of their clothing, and lying unburied beneath the summer's sun. Reverent hands wrapped the dead in soldiers' blankets, and buried them on the spot where they had fallen.

Meanwhile from the top of a lofty mountain scouts had discovered Joseph and his people on the opposite side of the swift

running Salmon River, behind some curious hills. "The leadership of Joseph," says General Howard, "was indeed remarkable." The whites must cross the rapid river in front of him. He could either oppose this crossing, or retreat to the rear, or turn south up the Salmon, or north, and down that river. In case he chose the latter course, he would be marching toward Mount Idaho on a line east of the Salmon River, parallel with that along which the soldiers in their march had come. This would bring him between the soldiers and the settlements.

The soldiers made ready to cross the Salmon River, an undertaking of great danger, both by reason of the furious flow of the torrent and of the red enemies on the further side. During the night Joseph fled, taking the course down the Salmon River and toward the settlements. The troops were ordered to cross the river and commence pursuit. At the first attempt the raft was swept away. It was determined to retrace their steps along the course they had come and head off Joseph should he attempt to cross the river toward the settlements.

Leaving the main force for a moment, let us turn to the little detachment which had been sent back under Captain Whipple to look after Looking Glass, who had not yet joined the malcontents. Somewhere near Mount Idaho Whipple discovered the enemy. He sent forward Lieutenant Rains, with ten picked men and a scout, to ascertain the strength of the Indian forces. Following this advance-guard at a distance of a mile with his main force the sound of firing was heard at the front. Hurrying forward Whipple and his command were horrified to find that Rains and EVERY MAN in his detachment had been killed.

All this took place in the neighborhood of the desolate Cottonwood House, where, on the 5th of July, the men were encamped. Toward noon two mounted men were seen approaching the camp at full speed. "Some citizens," said they, "a couple of miles away on the Mount Idaho road, are sur-

rounded by Indians and being cut to pieces." The little company of troops at once set forward in double quick toward the scene of conflict. The victims were a company of seventeen volunteers. Several had already fallen, but on the approach of Whipple's soldiers the Indians galloped off and were lost to sight behind the hills.

It was the 11th of July before Howard with his main force again caught sight of Joseph. The troops were on a high bluff overlooking the Clearwater River. The hostiles were discovered below on either side of the stream, a position from which they were quickly driven by showers of balls from the Gatling guns. For some distance down the stream, on the side occupied by the soldiers, there was a rough, rocky plateau terminating in a bluff overlooking a large ravine or cañon, leading up from the river. The Indians' attempt was to escape from between the high, perpendicular walls along either side of the river through the opening made by this cañon. They were, in fact, just hurrying up the ravine when the whites discovered the movement and sought to prevent it. A fierce battle followed. The Indian sharpshooters, planted behind lofty rocks, picked off the soldiers, while the latter fired into the ravine from the bluff or made charges down the slopes of smaller ravines leading into the main one. At nightfall the position of the two forces was unchanged.

On the following day the battle was renewed. About half-past two a furious charge was made into the ravine. For a few minutes the Indians fought desperately from behind their rocky covers, but at length gave way and fled in all directions, bounding from rock to rock through the ravines or plunging into the river out of sight only to reappear when its rapid current had borne them out of gunshot. The Indian camp, with all its blankets, buffalo robes, cooking utensils, and provisions, fell into the hands of the victors.

Joseph and his band fled toward the east. Nothing remained but pursuit. Without pausing for a rest, General Howard and

his troops, now four hundred in number, plunged into the mountains and wilderness, only to be heard of by the outside world at occasional intervals. Now they hurried on by steep and slippery paths toward the crest of a mountain range. Now, along crooked and narrow trails, deep with slimy mud, they slipped and floundered for hours at a time. Sometimes the trail led them into vast masses of fallen timber, inextricably interlaced so that no passage could be had until a way had been chopped with axes. In crossing from range to range, the descent and ascent were often so precipitous that no human being could make the journey. In such cases they kept to the "Hog Back," a narrow, crooked ridge connecting the two ranges.

Along these almost impassable paths the Indians had fled. They had jammed their ponies between rocks and over trees, leaving many a splotch of blood and dead animal to mark their way. Meanwhile a tall messenger reached the camp of the pursuers. General Gibbon, from Helena, Montana, had started west with two hundred men, and sent an urgent call for reinforcements. Joseph was now between the two forces, one from the east, the other pursuing him from the west. A sergeant named Sutherland with an Indian guide was at once dispatched on the strongest horse in the command to inform Gibbon of the progress of the pursuers. His journey was solitary and dangerous; he was to rest neither by night nor day. Once he came to a perpendicular mountain blocking his way. The trail led along a narrow shelf in the side of the precipice, covered with loose rocks, and scarcely eighteen inches wide. Below him yawned an awful abyss, hundreds of feet in depth. Dismounting, the white man and his guide slowly and cautiously led their sure-footed animals around this narrow pathway, without slipping off the shelving rock, till, at last, they reached the other side. It had taken half the night to make the passage. The Indian guide soon deserted Sutherland, but the latter pressed on his way, lame and sore, bearing the news to General Gibbon.

Meanwhile the two hundred cavalry, pressing forward to co-

operate with General Gibbon, had left the infantry far behind. As the days progressed it became evident that even this would not suffice. Twenty men, on the strongest horses in the company, were detached to hurry forward in advance of the others. Soon they met messengers carrying news of a battle, which had been fought between Joseph and General Gibbon's troops. On the 11th of August the squad of picked cavalry-men, with General Howard at their head, galloped into the fortified camp of General Gibbon. On the previous day they had had a severe engagement with the enemy, losing a howitzer and about thirty officers and men. Again the wily Joseph had escaped from the grasp of his pursuers. It remained only to again begin the chase. Almost every hour some panic-stricken settlers met the troops with wild reports of outrages and alarms. The cry was, "Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

On the night of the 19th of August, 1877, General Howard's command encamped in a large grassy meadow. The night was starlight. Nothing could be heard in the camp but the regular footfall of a sentinel, or a noise among the animals. Suddenly a terrific roar of musketry, mingled with terrible yells, burst upon the startled camp. The men were instantly upon their feet, adjusting accouterments, and searching in the darkness for their guns.

How had the Indians approached so near without discovery? The shrewd Joseph had drilled a band of them to march by fours, keeping steady step. In the darkness this company advanced to the very lines of the camp, being mistaken by the sentinels for a returning detachment of their own troops, which had been out on special duty. In the confusion of the moment the mules broke loose and fled.

The Indians did not press their attack. The pursuit was therefore not ended. Within two or three days more, it became impossible to proceed. The stout army shoes with which the men had started out were now shapeless masses of worn leather. Most of the men were barefooted. Their uniforms torn and

ruined by the rough journey through the mountains, had become rags and were held together by strings. The blankets were falling to pieces, while the nights were becoming exceedingly cold. What could be done? A halt was ordered. General Howard and a companion had a team hitched to a rough lumber wagon, and started on a gallop, over a country literally covered with bowlders of every size and shape, toward Virginia City, seventy miles away. When the rough, mining town was reached the traders were made supremely happy. All the shoes, clothing, blankets, and provisions in the place were bought up.

On his return to the camp with welcome supplies, General Howard says, "We found telegrams from the war department like the following: 'Where Indians can subsist, the army can live; continue the pursuit. If you are tired, general, put in a younger man and return to Oregon, but the troops must go on!'" The army did go on, on toward the south, on until the wonderful Geyser landscape, "with its vast seas of almost barren sulphur crust, was reached." Looking out over the waste expanse, the men discovered a black object, a speck. An hour's march enabled them to discover that the object moved. Another hour, and they discovered that it had the semblance of a human being, a man. He was breathless, hatless, almost naked, and nearly starved. His feet were wrapped in rags. His face had the wild aspect of a maniac. His hair and beard, long and disheveled, made him look like a wild man. His talk was almost unintelligible.—"Indians, O God! I got away. O Heaven, the rest are killed, all killed." Continually repeating these words, he varied them only by vague and incoherent mutterings.

Farther on, the troops picked up another man. He was shot through both cheeks. The summer sun had scorched the wound, and inflammation had so swollen and discolored the surrounding flesh that the poor man's face had lost every aspect of a human countenance. His head, bloody and misshapen, looked like that of a monster. Swarms of flies gathered upon

the wounded parts. The man could not speak a word, but could communicate with his rescuers only by means of a few agonized signs.

Not far away was found a third unfortunate. He was twice-wounded, but still was able to talk intelligently. He was a lawyer. His name was Cowan. He with his wife, sister-in-law, and children, together with four or five gentlemen, including one or two trusty guides, had been on a pleasure trip through this wonderful region. The novelty of travel in covered wagons had been delightful. One morning, little dreaming of danger, they were suddenly attacked. The travelers fought as well as they could. In vain. Besides the three men which had been found, the rest of the party had been killed, with the exception of two ladies, who were taken prisoner.

On the 9th of September, messengers brought word that General Sturgis with a strong force of cavalry was coming from the south. Joseph was now between the two forces. Could the Indian chieftain again escape? Yes, this man or savage, with a genius for war which would have made him eminent among the military leaders of the age, made a feint toward the west, fooling Sturgis, and sending the latter off on a wild goose chase, while he and his people, under cover of a dense forest, made their way into a narrow and slippery cañon. This was immensely deep. The high, narrow walls were but twenty feet apart. Down into this dark cañon at a practicable point slipped and floundered the cavalry and infantry. It was a strange sight, as the column wound along the bottom of the defile, men, horses, pack mules, and artillery, with only a narrow ribbon of sky just above them. All in vain. Joseph escaped again.

A junction was soon formed with Sturgis, and the latter's fresh cavalry at once hurried forward in the unending pursuit. On the evening of the 13th of September, word reached General Howard that a battle was being fought. Taking fifty cavalrymen he at once hurried forward in the bitter cold and darkness of the swamps. "At sunrise," says he, "we crossed the Yellow-

stone, and by half past ten reached the battle-field. It was the most horrible of places, sage brush and dirt, and only alkaline water, and very little of that! Dead horses were strewn about and other relics of the battle-field. A few wounded men and the dead were there. To all this admixture of disagreeable things was added a cold, raw wind that unobstructed swept over the country."

Joseph again got away. Sturgis was already twenty miles beyond the battle-field, but every hour the pursuers were losing ground. The Indians were running night and day. They were now moving directly north, through the heart of Montana, having traveled more than two hundred and fifty miles due east of the region where the pursuit had begun, while the journey actually accomplished had been more than six times the distance. The British frontier was but a hundred miles away. To reach that line of safety Joseph was straining every nerve. It was evident that the pursuers could never overtake him.

There was yet one hope. Days before, a messenger had embarked in a canoe and started down the Yellowstone River to Fort Keough, sixty miles from the Dakota boundary, to apprise General Miles, who was in command at that point, of the situation. The hope was that Miles would at once set out in a diagonal line to the north-west and head off Joseph before he reached the British frontier. Meanwhile, General Howard kept on after the fugitives. He says, "I in my heart, earnestly petitioned for God's help, expressing a sentiment that I hope was sincere: 'If thou wilt grant my request, do so, I beseech thee, even at the expense of another's receiving the credit of the expedition.'"

At last two messengers were seen approaching in hot haste. They brought word that Joseph had crossed the Missouri at Cow Island, while Miles had crossed it twenty miles below, and was still pressing forward to intercept the enemy. Of his movement Joseph was yet in ignorance. Another messenger came, a curious and solitary frontiersman, known as Slippery Dick.



ATTACKED BY THE NEZ PERCÉ INDIANS.



He reported that just inside the British dominions, not fifty miles away, was the great chieftain, Sitting Bull, with twelve hundred warriors. Joseph was making his way toward that refuge. On the 4th of October, General Howard, with a small detachment, suddenly came within sight of General Miles's camp.

The most remarkable series of events had taken place. Joseph, ignorant of Miles's proximity, had encamped near the mouth of a ravine. The American commander, hurling his men upon the enemy with terrific force, drove the Indians into the ravine. In a short time all escape from the ravine was cut off. Yet, penned up in this death-trap, encumbered by women and children, his braves sick, wounded, lamed, and dying from the hardships of the awful chase, Joseph bravely proceeded to erect intrenchments and prepare for a siege. In a few days, however, he surrendered.

By his performances he became entitled to be recognized as one of the remarkable men of the age. One more day's march would have placed him inside the British dominions. For four months he had eluded his pursuers, having traveled more than fifteen hundred miles through the wildest, rockiest, and most mountainous region in America. He had crossed ranges, leaped cañons, and swam mountain torrents; all this while carrying with him, on this remarkable flight, the women, children, and property of his tribe. He had been pursued altogether by four armies, any one of which far outnumbered his force. He had fought five battles against an enemy supplied with all the resources of modern warfare, and each time he had been practically victorious. Had he had the least suspicion of Miles's approach, it is evident that his fertile genius would have eluded his enemies once more, and have been able to laugh at all their toil.

While General Miles stepped in at the last moment and carried off the fruit of all the labors of the pursuers by a brilliant military victory, it is but fair that history should accord

to General Howard the chief laurels of the triumph. In all our Indian warfare we have no record of any achievement at all comparable with the pursuit of Nez Percé Joseph.

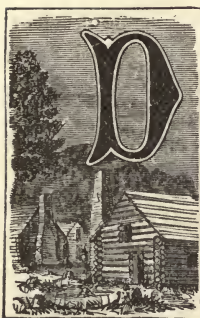
The great Indian leader, with the broken remnant of his people, has been transported by the United States Government hundreds of miles away from the beautiful country which was their own, to the Indian Territory. There, let us hope that, under other skies and happier auspices, the invincible bravery, the strategic genius, the fertile intellect, with its inexhaustible resources, the proud spirit, with its unconquerable determination, of Chief Joseph, may be transmitted by him to other generations, and there find employment in the busy tasks of civilized society.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEROES OF THE LONE STAR STATE.

NELSON LEE, THE TEXAN RANGER.



DURING the revolutionary struggles of the Lone Star republic, Texas was a great magnet, toward which were irresistibly attracted, from every portion of the Union, men of physical courage and restless appetite for adventure. This race of men, collected from all parts of the country, had much in common. By a principle of natural selection, they were all kindred spirits. War, adventure, scouting, Indian fighting were their pleasures. What to other men was tragedy, was to them comedy. When taken prisoners by the Mexicans, they drew the black beans, which doomed them to military execution within ten minutes, with the same light, airy demeanor with which they would have thrown dice for drinks or flirted with a Mexican maid. Strange, wild fellows they were, often of gigantic stature, shaggy as lions, and not less brave. Such were the men who, in the wars between Texas and Mexico, and later, between the United States and Mexico, formed those historic bands of scouts known as "Texan Rangers."

Among the restless fellows who were drawn to Texas by the very troubles which drove other people from the State was Nelson Lee, a young man born and raised near Watertown, New York. He had volunteered for the Black Hawk war, but his company was scourged by small-pox while on their

way to the front, and before the men recovered, poor old Black Hawk had been captured and deposed from his chieftaincy. Disappointed in this, young Lee took up a seafaring life. Tiring of this, he, in 1839, resolved to abandon the sea, and cast his fortunes among the fierce Texans. The state at that time, as will be remembered, was an independent republic, but a bloody border warfare raged incessantly with Mexico. Perhaps less with the notion of reconquering Texas than with annoying her people and gathering plunder, Mexican bandits were continually crossing the border and falling upon some remote and unsuspecting settlement like destroying devils, and then retreating as rapidly as they advanced. Of course, the Texans retaliated in the bloodiest manner.

For the purpose of protecting the settlers from these raids, as well as punishing the Mexicans, there came into existence bands of scouts, or bushwhackers, employed by the Texas government at a dollar a day, and known as the "Texan Rangers." Lee, finding no other employment so congenial or so profitable, soon enlisted in one of these companies, under Captain Cameron. The Ranger was usually dressed in buckskin, with a cap made from the fur of a wild-cat. Three or four revolvers and as many bowie knives were thrust through his belt, and a short rifle was thrown across his arm. The most important part of his equipment was a horse of great speed and endurance, on which a journey of eighty miles could be readily made between sunrise and sunset.

Lee's first taste of Ranger warfare was a fight with a band of Comanche Indians, who worried the settlements quite as much as the Mexicans. He was green at the business, but won the respect of his companions by his boldness, even if he did little execution. When, after a two hours' fight, the Indians took to flight, they left behind a deep impression on the mind of the young Ranger. A month or two afterward Lee and fifteen companions, under command of Ben McCullough, were sent out on a scout. Falling in with the trail of seven hundred Comanches,

the little party of spies remained a respectful distance and shadowed their movements. The Rangers were compelled to behold from afar the sack and burning of the village of Lindville. Meanwhile a call had been sent for re-enforcements, and the scouts, who never let the enemy get out of their sight, were joined by recruits, the fighting force numbering three hundred



THE RANGERS PURSUING THE COMANCHES.

men. The object of an attack was not merely to punish the Indians, but to rescue seven white women, who had been taken captive. These latter were rightly conjectured to be in the rear of the camp with the old men. One detachment was to move around to the rear and release the women if possible, while the men fought from the front.

The first company arrived within view of their victims. The Indians observed them at the same instant. In a moment the

red devils could be seen running toward the foot of a tree where sat the seven captive women. The Rangers heard despairing shrieks and saw the waving of white arms in the air, in the frenzy of supplication. Above the heads of the crowd could be seen tomahawks rising and falling. Horrified at the sight, the men rode at full speed into the Indian camp. The murderers had fled, leaving behind the corpses of five of their prisoners. In their hurry they failed to dispatch the two remaining women. These were rescued by the Rangers with tender gallantry.

While this was taking place Lee, fighting with the other detachment, received a bullet in his left arm, causing him to drop his bridle rein. His spirited horse sprang forward, directly in the midst of the Indians. Perceiving their comrade's danger, the Rangers threw themselves upon the Indians, and in a hand to hand conflict almost exterminated their foes. A little later Lee joined a company of Rangers, under the famous Jack Hays, at San Antonio.

In the intervals between scouting expeditions against the Mexicans, the Rangers occupied themselves with hunting and watching for Indian trails. One morning, while eating breakfast in their camp, on a short point of land at the intersection of Walker's Creek and the Guadalupe River, the men discovered two Indians on the top of a high hill, near where they were encamped. It was evident that the men were in a trap. Hays called them together, and in a few ringing words explained the peril, then ordered them to follow him. He took his way directly up the hill toward the Indians, who were still watching the Rangers' movements with eager scrutiny. When half-way up the ascent, the savages suddenly disappeared. The same instant Hays wheeled his horse sharply to the right, and, followed by his men, swept around the side of the mountain at the top of his speed.

The Indian camp, containing two hundred warriors, was taken completely by surprise. They fought boldly, but at a

disadvantage. At the first charge of the Rangers one of them, known as Big Sam Taylor, received an arrow through his cheek and neck. Failing to withdraw it he broke it off, and fought through the entire engagement with the cruel shaft thrust through his flesh. Later in the fight, when the dead Indians were heaped thickly upon the ground, Hays discovered a wounded chief, and resolved to take him captive. As the white man approached, he perceived a quick movement on the part of the Indian, and jumped aside. At the same instant an arrow sped from the bow of a fallen red man, and, missing Hays, buried itself in the throbbing heart of a Ranger named Mott. Even when assailed by several of his enemies, the stern old warrior, in spite of his broken leg, fought like a lion, beating off his foes again and again, until a pistol ball ended his struggles. When the battle was over, the Rangers found three of their men dead and four wounded. Of the Indians ninety corpses lay on the ground in the majesty of death.

On the way back to San Antonio after this fight, Lee dismounted with the rest one evening on the bank of a small stream. As his feet struck the ground, he heard a loud rattle in the grass, and instantly felt a fearful pain in his right leg. He was bitten by a rattlesnake. A Spaniard in the party sprang forward, killed the monster snake, and quickly cutting pieces of flesh from its wriggling body, applied them to the wound. Lee says he could feel them draw. The prompt treatment saved his life.

Arriving near San Antonio, the Rangers were enraged to find the town in the possession of a band of Mexican guerrillas. Entering the place at night, the Rangers surrounded a house where large numbers of the enemy were enjoying themselves in a grand fandango. A horrible fight ensued, which freed the town from the band of ruffians.

On one occasion, Lee left his magnificent horse, the Black Prince, at the town of Seguin. After an absence of some days he returned, to find that Indians had taken nearly every horse

in the village, including the noble animal which he loved better than his life. Lee and a party of friends, mounted on mules, set out to make a reprisal. They traveled nearly all day, without success, when a black speck was discovered far away on the prairie. It attracted attention, and every eye was strained to watch the object. It grew larger. It came nearer. In time it could be seen to move. A little later, it assumed the outline of an animal. Two men declared that it was a horse. This conjecture proved correct. The animal, without rein or rider, was coming toward them at the top of its speed. In a little while the Black Prince, with mane and tail flying, eyes ablaze, nostrils distended, his black coat covered with flecks of white foam, dashed into the camp and, panting for breath, stopped by his owner's side. He had broken from his captors and traveled more than a hundred miles to rejoin his master.

One day Lee met Hays in San Antonio, and learned that Christophe Rublo, in boyhood a vicious vagabond, in manhood a desperate villain, had been in the town as a spy for the Mexicans. He was suspected to have gone to the mission of San Juan, nine miles down the river. A band of twenty Rangers galloped to the place. The great gates swung open, and Lee and the rest entered. Rublo concealed himself behind the gates and attempted to escape, but fell into a ditch and was captured. He was taken to San Antonio, the people of which demanded the execution of the ruffian.

Jack Hays, however, declared that Lee and his fellow Rangers should conduct the prisoner to the town of Seguin, which was entitled to deal with him as its citizens wished, on account of Rublo's outrages upon them. The dispute over this question well-nigh involved the fiery Texans in a fight.

In the afternoon, Rublo and his fellow-villain, called the *Ranchero*, were brought out, placed upon horses, and marched from the town between files of shaggy Rangers. The arguments of the San Antonio people, that they would be in great danger if the Rangers left them to take the two prisoners to

Seguin, contained great truth. In this emergency the fertile mind of Hays devised a stratagem.

After leaving San Antonio and following the road toward Seguin till after nightfall, Lee and a companion named Escue, in whose special charge the two prisoners were, gradually fell to the rear of the Rangers, and then, under cover of darkness, turned sharply to the right, abandoning all roads and trails, and, with their two captives, struck out into the open plain. Meanwhile, the main body of Rangers wheeled about and marched back to San Antonio. Lee and his companion wrapped themselves and their prisoners in dark buffalo skins to avoid observation by the Mexican horsemen who were scouring the country, and hurried across the plain through a blinding rain.

Sometime after midnight a halt was called. Lee took Rublo from his pony, bound him hand and foot, and, with cocked pistol in hand, sat down by his side. The desperado knew that, unless he escaped, the outraged citizens of Seguin would, on the next day, take his life. Lee says that, for his part, he was perfectly well aware that, if Rublo should escape from him, the same citizens of Seguin would take his own life for permitting the escape. With this understanding, let us proceed.

Escue, who had charge of the Ranchero, selected a spot for passing the night some rods distant from Lee. His prisoner covered himself up with buffalo skins, and apparently fell into a deep sleep. Escue tied the halter of his horse to his ankle, believing this would keep him awake. In spite of this he went to sleep. The cunning Ranchero slipped out of his bonds, carefully arranged his hat among the buffalo skins, so that to the casual eye he was seen to be still lying there, took the halter off of Escue's horse and tied it to the limb of a tree, mounted and rode away.

In the morning Lee discovered a band of Mexicans approaching. The moment was critical. Escue's own horse was gone. The one left by the Ranchero was a broken down animal, useless for escape. The pony on which Rublo was mounted was a

good one. Lee instantly made up his mind. He drew his revolver, shot his prisoner through the heart, yelled to Escue to mount the pony from which the lifeless desperado had fallen, and the two men began their flight, in which they were successful.

Lee and Escue brought word to San Antonio of the approach of the Mexicans. The Rangers fought a hard battle on the banks of Salado Creek. This invasion of the Mexicans, under General Woll, raised a popular clamor for a counter expedition against Mexico.

In the fall of 1842 the government of Texas gave a reluctant consent for the expedition. Twelve or fifteen hundred men, "renegades, refugees from justice, adventurers of all sorts, ready for any enterprise that afforded a reasonable prospect of excitement and plunder, dare-devils, afraid of nothing under the sun," assembled at San Antonio. General Somerville, who was placed in command, proved to be incompetent. He delayed marching for two months. Great numbers of the recruits deserted. When, finally, the Rio Grande was reached, various reasons induced Somerville to order a retreat of the expedition. Three hundred men, of which Lee was one, refused to obey. Somerville and the rest returned to their homes, but these bold fellows determined to push on into the enemy's country.

On the 23d of December, 1842, about two o'clock in the morning, the three hundred Rangers entered the town of Mier, and commenced a street fight in the darkness with the Mexican troops. Some of the Rangers, with crowbars and picks, were busily engaged in breaking openings through the stone walls of the buildings, and thus making their way toward the square, where the Mexicans were posted. The fight lasted many hours. In this battle Big Foot Wallace, whose adventures we detail hereafter, had a narrow escape. In one of the charges he followed a party of retreating Mexicans too far. They suddenly turned upon him, and in a flash surrounded him, rendering escape apparently impossible. He made a lunge at an opening

in the circle of enemies, threw one man down, and, receiving a bayonet-thrust through his left arm, succeeded in escaping.

At two o'clock in the afternoon there was a cessation of hostilities. The Mexicans sent out a flag of truce. For reasons never fully understood a surrender was made by the Texans. Both Lee and Wallace agree that this was a mistake.

At the moment of the surrender, Lee, with ten companions, occupied a house at some distance from the main body. Noticing that the firing had ceased, Lee slipped out into the street to a point where he commanded a view of the Square, and discovered the Texans marching up and laying down their arms. Hurrying back to his comrades, he explained the situation in a few short words, announced his determination to die rather than be taken to a Mexican prison, and suiting the act to the word, leaped through a back window. He found himself in a large garden, and discovering a clump of high weeds, he crawled into their midst, remaining there till nightfall.

As soon as he felt safe in so doing, he left his hiding-place, stealthily made his way out of the town, and in half an hour found himself alone in the darkness on the banks of the rushing Rio Grande. Arranging his clothes in a bundle, and carrying his rifle, he plunged into the river. For a long time he swam. It seemed impossible to reach the opposite shore. Just as his strength was about to give way completely, Lee discovered the outline of the land. Putting forth all remaining strength, he managed to reach it only to find a perpendicular bluff, affording him not the slightest point of support. After a few faint and ineffectual struggles to clamber out of the water, he fell back into the waves, and floated hopelessly and helplessly down the tide.

At last he came within reach of a tree, which had been blown down and extended over the water. By means of this he clambered on to the shore, only to find himself in the midst of the prickly pear, of which the needle-like thorns lacerated his bleeding feet and limbs at every step. Exercising all the

time in order to resist the cold of a stiff norther, he passed a miserable night.

In the morning, the unhappy man discovered a column of smoke apparently rising from a camp fire about a mile away. He at once made his way to the spot, crawling through the grass, and discovered two Mexican herdsmen, one a youth, the other a man of forty years.

Lee had pluck, and knew the Mexican character thoroughly. The two herdsmen were eating their breakfast. Near by stood their guns and ammunition. With an unloaded revolver in one hand, and a bowie knife in the other, the Ranger sprang out of the bushes and shouted for the Mexicans to surrender. The terrified herdsmen at once fell on their knees with a prayer for mercy.

Having compelled the youth to bind the man hand and foot, and having secured their guns and ammunition, Lee calmly proceeded to devour the breakfast which the herdsmen had prepared for themselves. Refreshed by the food, he proceeded to talk the situation over with his friends, and told them, that if they would guide him to a certain trail, he would set them free. The bargain was struck. After a three days' journey, during which time he did not suffer himself to sleep a moment, Lee found himself in a region where he no longer needed a guide. He took one of the Mexicans' guns, placed it at the foot of a tree with a lot of ammunition, called their attention particularly to the spot, and then ordered them to proceed as before. When the party had marched five miles from the spot where the gun had been left, Lee turned his prisoners loose, telling them that the gun and ammunition were to enable them to kill game on their way back. Lee made his way home without trouble.

Lee took an active part in the war of the United States with Mexico. His adventures during this war we will not here relate. He subsequently engaged in the cattle business, and in 1855 joined with a company of men in an enterprise, the object

of which was to purchase a large drove of mules and drive them overland to the San Francisco market.

Among the articles which Lee purchased as an equipment for this trip was an enormous silver watch. It contained an alarm of remarkable noise and duration, which could be regulated to go off at any moment, and while ringing the alarm, the watch would actually move across a table.

The company was made up and commenced its march, large purchases of mules being made from time to time, and the easy journeys day by day gradually carrying them far beyond the boundaries of the settlements. On the evening of the 2d of April they were encamped in a beautiful valley. The hunters brought in some capital game, and a neighboring stream furnished lovely trout. After an abundant meal the men one by one went to sleep. Lee was on watch till midnight, when he was relieved. At that hour there were no indications of danger. The only sound which disturbed the profound silence of nature, was the irregular tinkle of the horses' bells.

Lee had been asleep but a short time when he was roused by a fearful shriek. He sprang to his feet, only to discover that the camp was full of painted Indians, who were killing the white men one after another. Lee had taken but a swift glance at the scene of horror, lit up by the dull glow of the dying camp-fire, when a lasso was thrown over his head, and he was jerked violently to the ground. A moment later several Indians sprang upon him and bound him. Three others besides Lee, named Thomas Martin, Stewart, and Aikens, escaped the massacre, and were bound similarly to Lee.

In removing Lee's clothing, one of the Indians discovered the silver watch which we have mentioned. The savage was delighted at the bright toy. While regarding it with the greatest curiosity, the minute-hand reached half-past three. At that instant the alarm went off. The savage was dumfounded as the thing roared and rattled for two minutes. Frightened beyond measure, he held the thing at arm's length, seemingly

too much paralyzed by fear to let it drop, and looked away from it with an expression of sickly horror on his face. The other Indians quickly gathered about him. When the alarm ceased they began an unintelligible jabber. The first Indian pointed repeatedly to Lee, and finally the crowd of savages came toward him, and offered him the watch, with various gestures indicating that they wanted to hear it go off again.

The Ranger saw his advantage. His hands were unbound. He took the watch and, with many ceremonies and great solemnity, regulated it, so that in a few moments it went off again. After this the Indians had a long consultation. From their frequent gestures toward the sky, Lee divined that they regarded it as something supernatural and himself as some sort of a prophet.

When morning broke, the chief put the watch carefully away, and the Indians gave their attention once more to the white men's camp. The corpses of the poor fellows who had been murdered in their sleep were horribly mutilated. Some had arms and hands chopped off; some were disemboweled; some had their tongues drawn out and sharp sticks thrust through them. Toward the four men who were yet alive, the Indians behaved frightfully, flourishing tomahawks about their heads and pressing the blades of glittering knives against their throats as if unable to resist the fierce passion for murder.

At last the four prisoners were blindfolded and bound on the backs of mules. These animals were unbridled, and were left to follow the bell-mare at their own sweet will. At times the mules would knock their blindfolded riders against trees, inflicting fearful wounds. Each accident of this sort made the whole party of Indians yell with delight.

As evening approached, the hideous Comanches selected a camping-ground. A supper was made from horse-flesh. When the Indians had satisfied their own hunger, they tossed chunks of frying meat at the prisoners. These fiery bits, on which the fat was often ablaze, instead of being caught in their mouths,

fell on the naked legs of the white men, burning them severely. The prisoners were put to bed in a peculiar fashion. They were laid on their backs on the ground, their hands and feet extended as widely as possible, and fastened stiffly with buffalo thongs to four stakes conveniently driven in the ground. To say that they were unable to move hand or foot is to speak the literal truth. For several days they continued on their journey, butted against trees by the rascally mules, burnt with hot horse-flesh, and staked out at night in the fashion indicated.

Lee kept his thoughts busy, reflecting how he might take advantage of the incident of the watch. By the time he reached the Indian village he had matured in his own mind a unique system of theology, which he determined to teach the Indians if possible. The sun, as the Indians already believed, was God. The watch, in Lee's new theology, was the brother of the sun, and on most intimate terms with him. The revolution of the hands each day, Lee determined to make the Indians believe had a mysterious and sympathetic connection with the movement of the sun. Finally, it remained to convince the savages that Lee himself was the Great Spirit of the watch, and that if any thing happened either to him or to it, it would also destroy the sun.

Lee was taken to the house of the chief. Ordinarily a prisoner was the chief object of attention in the village. But on this occasion the watch was the favorite by heavy odds. A council was called. The watch was brought forth. After long and vociferous speeches the Indian sages pointed significantly to Lee and to the watch, desiring him to make it sound the alarm. Lee, pious fraud as he was, kneeled down, put up his hands toward the sun, as if in the attitude of prayer, then worked with the watch, pretending to persuade it to go, and finally rose to his feet, shook his head solemnly, and pointed to the sun as if to indicate that the celestial being prevented the watch from going off.

Later in the day Lee, who was rapidly rising in importance in popular opinion, was taken by a strong guard to a spot outside of the village, where a large crowd had already assembled. Here he found his friends Martin, Stewart, and Aikens, each drawn up and tied to pairs of posts, planted three feet apart. Some terrible ceremony was taking place. The Indians formed in a circle about the wretched men and deliberately scalped Stewart and Martin. Then they took sharp arrow-heads and made gashes in the bodies of the two men. This "they continued until every inch of the bodies of the unhappy men was haggled and hacked and scarified and covered with clotted blood." The two men screamed out in their agony, begging that they might be put to death. Lee and Aikens, sickened beyond measure, shut their eyes to keep out the horrid sight. The Indians did not neglect to pull their hair and flourish knives and hatchets about their heads as if to impress them that the fate of Stewart and Martin would shortly be theirs.

After two hours of torture the ring of warriors stopped dancing, formed closely about Stewart and Martin, and, at an appointed signal, a score of tomahawks were buried in the brain of each prisoner. When the scene of slaughter was ended, Lee and Aikens were separated.

From this time on he longed only for death. One day his bonds were removed. Hoping only to exasperate his captors into killing him outright, he picked up a club and tried to kill the nearest Indian. Instead of attaining the desired result, he found the savages only laughed at him. Not a day passed that the Indians did not beseech Lee to make the watch go off. Through all these requests he maintained a sullen and obstinate refusal.

One day Aikens was unexpectedly brought into the tent where Lee was kept, and the two men had a talk. Aikens, who was thoroughly familiar with Indian character and customs, told Lee that he himself was shortly to be put to death, but that he believed that Lee might yet escape through the instru-

mentality of the watch, if, instead of being sullen and stubborn, he would comply with the Indians' wishes, and exert himself to win their favor.

Lee took the advice. In time he was adopted into the tribe. He had long since lost sight of Aikens, and indeed never learned his fate. Little by little, Lee won their confidence, and acquired more and more liberty. He was allowed no weapons, but was permitted to walk about the village.

One day, Lee was suddenly ordered to mount a big mule, and follow Big Wolf, the chief. A band of warriors accompanied them. They traveled all day. At evening, Lee hastened to cook Big Wolf's supper. He had, indeed, for a long time, been his servant. During this whole period, the chief never took a mouthful of food until after Lee had tasted it, a precaution against poison.

At the close of the second day, they reached the village of the great chief, Spotted Leopard. Lee took an instinctive dislike to this chief and his people. Among the latter, however, was one who was his friend. She was Kianceta, the Weasel. Of her Lee speaks with enthusiasm. She was of slender and beautiful figure, graceful and dignified. Her weird costume, with its gay embroidery and bead work, was partly obscured by her coal black hair, which fell in luxuriant profusion half-way to the ground.

But Kianceta's spirit was even fairer than her form. "She sympathized with the poor captive, when others laughed at him. She sat down by his side and looked up sorrowfully into his face, when the young savages of the village beat him with stones and sticks. A hundred times she stood between him and those who threatened harm; gave him corn when others had it not; attended him when sick, casting red-hot stones into a trough of water to make him a steam bath, and wrapping him with thick buffalo skins, until his cold was broken up and his health restored."

In spite of the charms of Kianceta, Lee furtively watched

his chances for escape. A half mile from the village was a dark, wooded ravine, which if he could reach Lee believed escape to be possible. After many nights passed in planning, he resolved on the attempt. With the knife which he was at



SPOTTED LEOPARD, THE COMANCHE CHIEF.

this time permitted to carry he cut up some strips of venison to serve him as food in his flight, and concealed the bundle of them in a log. One midnight, when the village was asleep, and Spotted Leopard snored loudly, on his royal couch, Lee slipped quietly from the tent, made his way quietly to the log where

his venison was hidden, secured the precious pack and started to leave the village. He had reached the outer row of wigwams, when he was startled by the growl of a big dog, which confronted him, showing his white teeth.

In a moment the bark was caught up and answered by another cur at the farther end of the village. Others still disturbed the midnight air with fierce barks and lugubrious howls. On they came, one after another, with growls and snarls, to the spot where poor Lee stood, half dead with fright. It was but a moment from the time when the first dog discovered him until he found himself surrounded on all sides by barking curs.

Another danger also appeared. The village was roused by the unusual disturbance among the dogs, and sleepy warriors could be heard, one after another, from their wigwams, cursing the dogs, and telling them to lie down. Lee no longer thought of flight, but only of avoiding discovery. He crawled back to his tent and lay down, bitterly disappointed at his failure.

Still he did not give up. Days and weeks rolled by before he matured another plan. Although he was ordered not to go beyond the boundaries of the village, he disregarded the command, and ventured out from day to day, each time going a little farther. At first he was often told to go back. Then his disobedience was less and less noticed. Finally no one interfered with him at all.

One evening, just at dark, he started off in a slow, careless walk toward the ravine. He had gone a considerable distance when three warriors suddenly confronted him. He pretended to be cutting a stick from some bushes on which to cook his master's meat. The trick was too thin. The suspicions of the Indians were aroused. They seized him roughly by the arm and marched him back to the village. They reported the occurrence to Spotted Leopard. A long and earnest consultation was had, at the close of which the chief came out, seized Lee, and jerked him forcibly into the wigwam. After binding the runaway, hand and foot, the Indian rolled up

his leggins and deliberately slashed a sharp knife across the muscle on the front of his leg just below the knee. This surgical operation was designed to cripple Lee, so escape would be impossible. The white man was kept tied for two weeks. Every day Spotted Leopard would seize his leg and work it back and forth, breaking open the wound anew. Eventually the limb healed, but was permanently stiff.

From time to time, Lee accompanied Spotted Leopard and his people on long hunts around the head-waters of the Guadalupe. Once they had a fierce battle with the Apaches. Lee prayed that the Comanches might be whipped, but in this he was disappointed. On another occasion, they were visited by a friendly tribe, with a chief named Rolling Thunder. This Indian was naturally reverent. He was more fond of worshipping the sun on his knees than of dancing the war-dance. Such a character is unusual among the Indians. Lee was called out to give an exhibition with his watch, which he did, with marked effect, the pious Rolling Thunder ascribing every thing wonderful to some supernatural power.

Another party of Indians, on another occasion, encamped near them. In the afternoon Lee noticed an unusual stir among Spotted Leopard's people, which ended in the whole party's moving down toward the neighboring camp of the strangers. Lee felt something unusual was going to happen. Breathless with suspense, he listened. Presently a human voice rang out through the air in one awful scream of agony. At intervals it was repeated, growing feebler and feebler. An hour or two later, some Indians came after Lee, and took him through the strangers' camp. Scattered around he saw torn fragments of the uniform of a United States soldier. A few steps farther on, Lee saw the remains of the soldier. A stick had been thrust under his heel cords, and he had been hung up head downward, until at last, bleeding from many wounds, he gave up the ghost. No doubt he had been captured near some army post.

One day Lee discovered three white women captives of another band of the same tribe. It was months before he could speak to them. At last, on the occasion of a great feast and dance he was enabled to do so. They were English by birth. A Mormon missionary had induced them to leave their home, and, with a party of two hundred others, come to America. After a long voyage from England, they had landed at Indianola, on Matagorda Bay. From that point, their way lay overland to the Great Salt Lake. On the journey through the mountains many of the teams gave out. The party became separated. The Indians became troublesome, and finally captured large numbers, among whom were these three women. Lee felt a burning interest in this story of the misfortunes of these poor creatures, compared to which his own, inasmuch as he was at best an adventurer, were trifling.

After their capture the men were massacred. Mrs. Haskin's infant child was seized by an Indian, a hole cut under its chin, and then hung on the sharp limb of a tree, and left until death should relieve it. The three women were the common drudges of the camp. The elder, the mother of the others, becoming too feeble to work, was, soon after Lee met her, put to death by torture.

The pious Rolling Thunder made visits of increasing frequency to Spotted Leopard, which resulted at last in a change of masters for Lee. The chief use which Rolling Thunder made of his new captive was to make him describe the wonders of the world and of civilization.

Before long he invited Lee to choose a wife. To this the white man assented, and, after a careful inspection of the entire tribe, chose a young and slender squaw, rather dirty but good-looking, known as the Sleek Otter. The marriage resulted happily, and Lee received increased privileges.

During Lee's residence with this tribe two young warriors, who had a fierce quarrel of long standing, which the council had again and again attempted to settle, determined to fight

the matter to the death. Both men were athletic and powerful. They met in the center of a ring, and their left arms, as far up as the elbow, were lashed together with buffalo hide so firmly that there was no possibility of the men breaking away from each other. In the right hand of each was placed a hunting knife with a sharp blade nine inches long. The brothers of the combatants stood at a little distance, similarly armed.

At a given signal the two men raised their bright blades in air, then brought them down suddenly. In an instant they were again uplifted, no longer bright, but crimsoned with blood. For a minute the knives rose and fell incessantly, the men struggling with fury. "At length a mortal thrust by one was followed by a fierce blow from the other, gashing through the side of the neck, from which the purple tide of life spouted up in a wide, high arch, when both fell lifeless to the ground." Had either survived, the brother of the other would have at once put him to death.

Lee took many trips with Rolling Thunder, but on no occasion did the chief sleep alone with him in the tent. At last they took a three days' journey together without a companion toward a village, three days' journey to the north. While at this place the chief got drunk, and on the way home was exceedingly thirsty. After a long search a little pool of water was discovered. He ordered Lee to get him a drink in his hunting horn. The latter being unable to do this without scooping up considerable mud, the thirsty Indian sprang from his horse, threw down his rifle, and lying flat on the ground, drank eagerly from the pool. On the spur of the moment, as Lee's eye caught sight of a hatchet hanging on the Indian's saddle, a fearful thought burst upon him. In a moment the idea was put into execution. Snatching the hatchet, he bent over, and deliberately buried it in the Indian's head.

It was the work of a moment to seize the dead chief's gun and knife, mount his horse, and, leading the mule which he had himself ridden, dash away across the country. It was a lonely

journey through a lonely wilderness, across rocky ridges, and along dark ravines. Late at night he paused for the first time. His only resource in the way of food was to kill the mule. Building a small fire he prepared himself a meal from the meat. Though refreshed by eating, a new horror presented itself. The blood and smell of the animal was scented by wild beasts, which crashed through the forest with horrid cries throughout the night.

At the end of fifty-six days' travel, Lee fell in with some Mexican traders, and, more dead than alive, was kindly cared for. When he had sufficiently recovered he left Texas, having had enough of life as a Ranger.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HEROES OF THE LONE STAR STATE, CONTINUED.

BIG FOOT WALLACE.—BOWIE'S FIGHT.



WILLIAM A. WALLACE, who now resides on a ranche, near San Antonio, must be nearly seventy years old. He is six feet two inches tall, a thorough Texan. The name by which he is best known and which we have placed at the head of this sketch, was given him on account of his enormous feet. The fact that he is yet alive, having survived the stormy and turbulent period of the history of Texas, and lives to see it rapidly advancing to the front rank among the states of the Union, must be attributed to fortune. All, or nearly all his old companion Rangers who were with him in terrible expeditions, in cruel captivity, in fierce adventures, are gone. Many fell in battle long years ago. Of the few who chanced to escape a death by violence, many have breathed their last in lonely ranches where their closing days were spent.

The day of the Texan Ranger has long since departed. The troubles with Mexico ceased to exist many years ago. Since the time when the shaggy Rangers dashed across the country on their bold expeditions, fighting, killing, capturing, retreating, many changes have come to pass in Texas. While, no doubt, her vast and lonely expanses of territory yet contain many bold and desperate men, the Ranger, as such, is a character which lives only in history.

Big Foot Wallace was born in Virginia. When he was twenty years of age, about the year 1836, he turned up in Texas, attracted to that point, like Lee, and many another bold young spirit of the eastern states, who had in his veins the blood of the old pioneers and Indian fighters.

Soon after Wallace's arrival in Texas he fell in with a surveyor who was preparing for an expedition to locate lands on the frontier. The surveyor offered Wallace employment, telling him that as the rest of the party were all old frontiersmen, it was well enough to have one greenhorn along for the fun of the thing.

The party consisted of sixteen men, including a hunter and a cook. On the first day out, Wallace killed a deer. He says, "I thought I had performed a wonderful feat, for I had never killed any thing before larger than a squirrel or a 'possum, and I proudly returned to the camp with the deer on my shoulders, trying all the time though, to look as if the killing of a deer was no unusual thing with me. But the boys suspected me, and when I owned up that it was the first deer I had ever shot, they seized me and smeared my face with the blood of the animal." This bit of camp fun was a sort of an initiation of Wallace into the brotherhood of hunters.

When the expedition reached the last white settlement which the men were to see for many a day, Wallace had another taste of the fun which is made of a greenhorn. The "settlement" consisted of a cabin of a family named Benson. Wallace's own account of the incident is as follows: "I went up to this house to see if any thing in the way of vegetables could be had. Benson was out hunting, but his wife, a tall, raw-boned, hard-favored woman, as soon as she saw me coming, stepped to the door with a gun in her hand, and told me to 'stand'—and I stood! A half-dozen little cotton-headed children, who were playing in the yard, discovered me at this moment, and they 'squandered' and squatted in the bushes like a gang of partridges.

“Who are you?” asked Mrs. Benson, pointing her gun right at me, ‘and what do you want here?’

“I am from the settlements below, ma’am,’ said I, as polite as possible, but keeping a tree between the good lady and myself all the time, for women, you know, are very awkward about handling fire-arms, ‘and,’ I continued, ‘I want to buy some vegetables, if you have any to sell.’

“Well,’ she answered, ‘come in. We hain’t no vegetables left now,’ as I walked into the cabin and took a seat on a bench, ‘except cowcubbers and mushmillions, and maybe so, a few “collards,” the dratted “varmint” are so uncommon bad on ’em; but, if you want any of them, you can go into the truck patch and help yourself.’

“You seem,’ I ventured to remark, ‘a little suspicious of strangers in these parts, from the way you handled your gun.’

“Yes,’ she said, ‘I am, and a good reason to be so, too! Only last Saturday was a week, some Lonk Ingens, dressed up like white folks, walked into ’Squire Henry’s house, not more than two miles from here, and killed and sculped the whole family; but as luck would have it, there was nobody at home, except the baby and an old nigger woman that nussed it. And which way are you traveling to?’ she asked.

“I told her we were going up on the head-waters of the Brazos to survey lands. ‘Well,’ says she, ‘you’ll be luckier than most every body else that has gone up there if you need more than six feet apiece before you get back. If I was your mammy, young man, you should n’t go one step on such a wild goose chase.’ After some further questioning, she showed me the way to the ‘truck patch,’ and, after filling my wallet with ‘mushmillions’ and ‘cowcubbers,’ I thanked her, as she would take no pay. ‘Good-bye, young man. I feel mighty sorry for your mammy, for you’ll never see her again.’”

A day or two later some of the men found a “bee tree,” which they cut down, getting five gallons of honey. Bear’s meat and honey is the frontiersman’s choicest dish. As the

days advanced the little mountain streams, which they came across, supplied the men with delicious trout. Besides this they found artichokes in abundance, roasting the root in the ashes like a potato.

There were numerous signs of both Indian and buffalo to be seen by this time, but neither animal had yet been actually perceived. One evening, after camp was struck, Big Foot, as people now call him, went out to look around for game. He was sitting on a log in a little ravine with his gun across his lap, when, hearing a noise in some bushes, he turned around, and discovered a large bear coming toward him. When the animal was within twenty feet the hunter fired, and killed him. This event, which supplied the camp with its favorite food, greatly increased the reputation of the youngest member of the company. On October 21st the party struck the Leon River, opposite the mouth of Armstrong's Creek. Here they found a splendid pecan grove. The nuts were very large and the hulls so thin that the men easily crushed them in their fingers.

Following the course of Armstrong's Creek, the men pitched camp one evening near a lovely spring. Toward midnight the sleeping company was awakened by the report of a gun right in their midst. Every man sprang to his feet, supposing Indians were at hand. It transpired, however, that the man on guard had fired his gun accidentally. So excited was Wallace by the incident that it was a long time before he could go to sleep.

On the 23d of October, 1837, the explorers reached the south branch of the Palo Rinto Creek, where the surveying was to begin. A pleasant situation being chosen, all hands fell to work to build a permanent camp, with walls, roof and floor. This done, the men resolved to rest on the following day. Some went fishing, others gathered pecans, others still busied themselves fitting up little comforts about the camp.

Big Foot soon got tired of this, and taking his gun, resolved to explore a little of the country around them. He strolled off in the direction of a pass which seemed to penetrate the encir-

cling range of hills. In a little while he reached the pass. Right by it was a single hill, shaped like a sugar loaf, to the top of which Big Foot climbed. This gave him a good view of the valley in which they had encamped. A mile and a half away he saw the snug little house which they had built for their shelter, the smoke rising from the camp fire, the animals grazing about contentedly, and even three or four of the men sitting around smoking their pipes. As he looked upon the scene, Big Foot felt a thrill of satisfaction to think they were so comfortably quartered. Little did he think that it was the last time he would ever look upon that camp.

He descended the hill and took his way up the pass, and, after following it half a mile, found himself in a narrow valley filled with a grove of the finest pecan trees. He was sitting at the foot of one of the trees, leisurely cracking and eating the nuts, when, looking down in the direction he had come, he saw a party of twelve or fifteen Indians riding through the pass at full speed. There was no chance for concealment where he was, and the perpendicular sides of the valley prevented escape from it. His only hope lay in hurrying up the valley until he could reach some cañon or ravine into which he might dodge.

He at once started up the pass or valley as fast as he could go. When he had passed the pecan grove the Indians caught sight of him, and with yells and whoops began pursuit. The ground was broken and intersected with gullies, so that for a half an hour the Indians on their ponies gained but little upon Big Foot.

The young man hurried on, looking eagerly for some opening in the hills on either side, but the solid walls of rock were unbroken. When he reached a place where the floor of the valley was smooth the Indians gained rapidly. Just in time to save himself he discovered an opening in the wall of the pass on the left, and made for it. He found himself in a ravine, impassable for horses, and so rough that he himself could hardly get along on foot.

Aware that the Indians would dismount from their ponies and continue the chase on foot, he continued his race up the ravine, bounding from rock to rock and leaping chasms, until he had traversed several miles, winding in and out along the dark and crooked cañon.

Feeling his strength somewhat abated, Big Foot paused for the first time to take a rest. For this purpose he chose a spot which commanded a view for several hundred yards along the way which he had come. He had sat still but a little while, when an Indian came in sight, making rapid time up the ravine. Big Foot concealed himself behind a large rock, and, placing his gun in position, resolved to shoot the savage if possible.

The Indian hurried along, unconscious of Wallace's whereabouts. When within twenty steps of Big Foot, the latter gave a low whistle. The Indian instantly stopped, and gave a swift and searching glance about him. He was just on the brink of a fearful precipice. At that moment Big Foot fired. The savage, mortally wounded, with a cry of despair, threw one hand to the wound in his side, and holding aloft his rifle in the other, leaped over the fearful precipice. Before the echoes of his wild scream had died away among the mountains, a terrific thud was heard by Wallace, as the body of his enemy was dashed into atoms upon the rocks far below.

Big Foot reloaded his rifle, and, fearful lest others might be about, hurried on up the ravine. Half a mile farther he discovered another cañon intersecting the one he was traversing. He entered the latter and, though long since out of sight and sound of the Indians, continued on his way, until it became so dark that he was in danger of breaking his neck stumbling over the rocks. Crawling into a little crevice, he lay down supperless, and passed the night. On the following morning, he found himself in a locality to which he was, of course, a total stranger.

To return by the way he had come was not to be thought of. He determined to strike across the country in the direction in which he thought the camp lay. His way lay over ridges of

rocky hills, separated by cañons and almost impassable even for a man on foot. About noon, almost worn out, he reached



WALLACE KILLS HIS INDIAN PURSUER.

a little creek. He threw himself on the ground. In a few moments he was thrilled with delight to discover a large buck approaching the water to drink. Raising his rifle cautiously, for

he felt that his life depended on his success in killing the game, Wallace fired. The animal bounded away as if unhurt. After a few leaps he stopped short, began to reel from side to side, and in a moment fell over dead. Wallace ran out and instantly began to dress the buck, which was one of the fattest he ever saw. After roasting a good lot of the meat and eating a hearty dinner, he built a low scaffold of little poles, cut up a quantity of the meat into thin slices, laid them across the poles, built a fire underneath, and by dark had enough venison "jerked" to last him several days.

Looking about for a place to pass the night, he found a small cave. Into this he carried a quantity of grass for a bed, and here, also, he carefully stored his dried venison. He blocked up the door of the cave with rocks, after going in himself, and prepared to pass a comfortable night. In less than an hour a heavy rain came up, accompanied by a cold wind. But Big Foot slept snug in his cave, undisturbed alike by the storm and by the howling of the wolves who were holding a celebration over the remains of the deer which he had killed. When morning came Wallace found the rain had ceased, but the sun was obscured by heavy clouds. Being then an inexperienced woodsman, he had no way to tell the points of the compass. Later in life, Big Foot says, he could tell the points of the compass as well without as with the sun, by the bark on the trees, which is thicker on the north side, or by sticking a pin into a piece of white cloth or paper. In the cloudiest day the dim light will cast a faint shadow opposite the sun, and thus point out its position.

However, our wanderer ate his breakfast and started in what he supposed to be the right direction. His course as before lay through a wilderness of rock. He continually found impassable ravines and gulches in his way, forcing him to make long detours. About noon he came to a pleasant spring, where he ate his dinner. Near by, he picked up some round stones, which proved to be garnets. A still greater curiosity was a

petrified forest. "The trees were all lying on the ground, as if they had been blown down by a heavy wind, but in some instances they were nearly whole, even the small twigs and branches being petrified."

Continuing on his course through the day, Big Foot suffered greatly from want of water. He was forced to go to sleep that night without having found any. In the morning when he awoke the first sound which his ear caught was that of the falling of water. He ran in the direction of the sound, and discovered that he had passed the night, almost crazy with thirst, not fifty yards from the finest spring he had ever seen. It broke out of the side of a cliff in a stream as large as his body, and fell in a beautiful cascade to the bottom of the ravine, twenty feet below.

Near the spring were the remains of two Indian camps. Here Big Foot picked up a gourd, which the occupants of the camp had left. As it would hold about two quarts, he regarded it as a treasure of priceless value, enabling him to carry water along with him. Taking some broad bands of bear-grass, he made a bail with which to carry it.

While eating his breakfast, Wallace discovered some sort of an animal poking its head out of a crevice in the rock and looking at him intently. At first it looked like a wolf. Then he saw it was a dog. Pleased with the idea of companionship, Wallace whistled and called to the dog. To these signs, it paid no further heed than to continue to look wistfully from its hiding place. Finally in response to the offer of a bit of meat, the dog stole cautiously forward, and eagerly snatched the venison. "He was" said Wallace, "the most wretched specimen of a dog I had ever seen. Both of his ears were cut off close to his head, and he had been starved to such a degree that he looked for all the world like a pile of bones loosely packed in a sack of hair and hide. He was too weak to hold his tail up, which dragged on the ground like a wolf's."

The two wanderers soon made friends. Wallace named the dog "Comanche;" what the dog named Wallace does not appear.

Henceforth they were inseparable. After traveling for a week, the sun shone out for the first time since the night passed in the cave. To his dismay, Wallace discovered that he had been traveling *in exactly the wrong direction*. He had been going north instead of south.

At the end of the first day's journey southward, Wallace, standing on the top of a high ridge, found himself overlooking a beautiful little valley. He and Comanche at once made their way thither. A cool spring of water was found, and near by, in a ledge of rock, Wallace found a small cave, about twelve feet square. The front had been walled up evidently by a human hand, with a small entrance way left open. The floor was smooth, dry rock, and no better protection from the weather could be desired. A bed of dried grass made both the man and dog comfortable.

Proceeding down the valley the next day, Wallace saw plenty of deer and wild turkeys, but as he still had some venison he refrained from using his ammunition. In climbing a hill, Wallace met with an unhappy accident. His foot slipped on a loose stone, and he gave his ankle a terrible sprain. It was impossible to bear the slightest weight upon it. It was evident that he must remain where he was until the injured member got well.

With great pain and difficulty Wallace crawled back to where he had passed the night. He bathed his swollen limb in the spring, and, suffering greatly, crawled into the cave. While the prospect was not so bad as it might have been, inasmuch as the accident might have occurred at a point where no shelter was obtainable, nevertheless, Wallace felt that his inability to hunt game and procure food rendered the emergency one of great danger.

He slept somewhat through the night and was awakened in the morning by the flapping of wild turkeys' wings. Crawling to the door of the cave, he discovered several of the birds in a clump of neighboring pecan trees. Selecting the largest gobbler,

Big Foot fired, bringing him down. Comanche understood the situation perfectly. He bounded to the spot, seized the turkey by the neck, and dragged it to the door of the cave. Wallace dressed the bird nicely, spitted him on the ramrod of his gun, and in two hours had him beautifully roasted. The remainder of the day Wallace devoted to the manufacture of a rude crutch out of the forked limb of a pecan tree. He had to whittle the whole tree down in order to reach the branch.

Wallace was forced to remain where he was three weeks, during which time he had an abundance of food, suffering only from want of salt. On the 20th of November Big Foot felt well enough to travel. Comanche, too, seemed ready. The dog could not be recognized as the same wretched cur we have described. He was fat, sleek, and his tail had a defiant curl. Ten miles was all the distance Wallace was able to travel that day. He killed a fat doe and found some artichokes, which he relished exceedingly. He observed with some uneasiness the presence of Indian signs. That night, too, Comanche woke him several times with his growling. On these occasions his master, supposing the wolves to be unusually bold, would simply say, "Lie still, sir!"

Just at sunrise the dog again set up a furious barking, waking his master. Wallace looked up to discover a dozen Indians fifty yards away coming toward him on a dead run. He seized his gun and jumped behind a tree, only to perceive that he was completely surrounded. Just as he was on the point of firing at the nearest Indian, the chief shouted to his braves, who halted. He then stepped forward, and asked Wallace in the Mexican tongue who he was. Big Foot explained as well as he could by signs and a few phrases which he knew, that he was an American and was lost. The chief motioned energetically for him to put down his gun. Seeing that escape was impossible Big Foot, in hopes that his life might be spared, obeyed. The Indians at once sprang forward and bound Wallace. Comanche, however, had no notion of surrendering, and

at once went for the Indians who were tying his master. Nor would he give up the fight until kicked and severely beaten.

The savages at once started with their prisoner down the valley. After traveling five miles they reached their village, a crowd of old men, women, and boys coming out to assault Big Foot. He was placed in a lodge under guard. The next morning a hideous, old squaw, with a face as wrinkled as a walnut, brought him his breakfast. Ugly as she was, Big Foot understood from her face and manner that she desired to be friendly.

After she left the lodge Big Foot heard a tremendous row outside, and two warriors came in and painted him black. At this point Big Foot gave up all hope of his life. When painted from head to foot the savages led him out doors, where the whole village was assembled, and proceeded to bind him firmly to a post in the ground. Near by was a great heap of dry wood. Twenty naked warriors, blacked from head to foot, armed with tomahawks and scalping-knives, stood by in grim silence, waiting to commence the death ceremony.

The chief now arose, and from a little platform he made a speech to his people. Wallace says, "I could understand but little of what he said, but it seemed to me, he was telling them how the white people had encroached upon them, and stolen from them their hunting grounds, and that it was a good deed to burn every one of the hated race that fell into their hands."

The speech ended, the twenty black warriors commenced piling up the wood about Wallace, while the rest executed a wild death dance about him. Just at this moment the old squaw, who had been so friendly to him in the lodge, broke through the crowd and began to throw the wood from around him, talking and gesticulating in the wildest manner. When they seized her and threw her outside of the ring, she commenced a shrill and voluble harangue to the crowd, in the midst of which she frequently pointed to the prisoner, and boldly shook her fist, with horrid jabbering, at his would-be executioners.

As the old woman proceeded with her harangue she gained

more and more attention from the crowd, seeing which, her violence and energy redoubled itself. Her voice broke with the fury of her passion, but still she kept on with ear-piercing screams and howls, which rose higher and higher, until they formed a mighty wail, sounding far down the valley. By this time the whole assemblage became perfectly silent. As the old woman's strength was about to fail her, a great jabbering set up in the crowd, in the midst of which a number of squaws ran to the stake, and scolding the warriors all the while, quickly unbound Wallace and handed him over to the old woman.

The singular scene grew out of the fact that the old squaw, having lost a son in battle, claimed Big Foot as a substitute in accordance with the custom of the tribe, but the warriors wanted to have the fun of putting their prisoner to death.

Big Foot's adopted mother took him to her lodge with every sign of gratified affection. In a little while the squaws brought him his gun, knife, and gourd. Even Comanche was hunted up and brought to him. The dog looked half starved and as if he had been kicked by every boy in the village. Big Foot, with cool adaptation to circumstances which no man ever had but a genuine Texan Ranger, proceeded to ransack the wigwam for cold victuals, and gave the dog every thing he found.

Besides the old squaw, Big Foot found a firm friend in her remaining son, his adopted brother, Black Wolf. As time went on, the chief wanted Big Foot to marry his sister, but the white man told him that he preferred to live in the lodge with his mother and brother. Black Wolf was an Indian of intelligence and kindness. He never wearied of asking Big Foot about the white race. All the information which Wallace gave him of their numbers, their cities, their weapons, and their great "steam canoes," strengthened him in his opinion, he said, that the white man would gradually overrun the entire continent, and that a few stone arrow-heads, thrown up here and there by the farmer's plow, would be all that remained of the red man's race. In this connection Black Wolf related to Big Foot

the following legend, which, he said, had been told him by his father.

“A great many years ago,” said Black Wolf, “a young chief, belonging to one of the most powerful tribes of Arkansas, concluded that he would visit one of the nearest white settlements, and see some of the people of whom he had heard so much. So he took his gun and dog, and crossed the ‘father of waters’ in his canoe, and traveled many days toward the rising of the sun, through a dense forest that had never echoed to the sound of the white man’s ax. One day, just as the sun was setting, he came to the top of a high hill, and four or five miles away in the valley below, he saw the smoke curling up from the chimneys of the most western settlement, at that time, east of the Mississippi River.

“As it was too late to reach the settlement before dark, the chief sought out the thickest part of the woods, where he spread his blanket upon the ground, and laid himself down upon it, with the intention of passing the night there. He had scarcely settled himself there when he heard a halloo a long way off among the hills. Supposing that some one had got lost in the woods, he raised himself up, and shouted as loud as he could. Again he heard the halloo, apparently a little nearer, but it sounded so mournful and so wild, and so unlike the voice of any living being, that he became alarmed, and did not shout in return.

“After a while, however, the long, mournful ‘halloo-o-o’ was repeated, and this time much nearer than before. The chief’s heart beat loudly in his bosom, and a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, for he knew that the unearthly sounds that met his ears never came from mortal lips. His very dog, too, seemed to understand this, for he whined and cowered down at his feet, seemingly in the greatest dread. Again the mournful and prolonged “halloo-o-o” was heard, and this time close at hand, and in a few moments an Indian warrior stalked up and took a seat near the chief, and gazed mournfully at him out of his hollow eyes without uttering a word.

“He was dressed in a different garb from any thing the chief had ever seen worn by the Indians, and he held a bow in his withered hand and a quiver filled with arrows was slung across his shoulders. As the chief looked more closely at him, he saw that this unearthly visitor was, in fact, a grinning skeleton, for his white ribs showed plainly through the rents in his robe, and though seemingly he looked at the chief, there were no eyes in the empty sockets he turned toward him.

“Presently the figure rose up, and, in a hollow voice, spoke to the chief, and told him to return from whence he came, for their race was doomed; that they would disappear before the white people like dew before the morning sun; that he was the spirit of one of his forefathers, and that he came to warn him of the fate that awaited him and his people; that he could remember when the Indians were as numerous as the leaves on the trees, and the white people were few and weak, and shut up in their towns upon the seashore—now they are strong, and their number can not be counted, and before many years they will drive the last remnant of the red race into the waters of the great western ocean. ‘Go back,’ said the figure, advancing toward the chief and waving his withered hand, ‘and tell your people to prepare themselves for their doom, and to meet me in the “happy hunting grounds,” where the white man shall trouble them no more.’

“As he said this, he came up close to the chief, and placed his skeleton fingers on his head, and glared at him out of the empty sockets in his fleshless skull. ‘Son of a fading race, the last hour of your unfortunate people is fast approaching, and soon not a vestige of them will be left on all this wide continent. They and their forests, their hunting grounds, their villages and wigwams, will disappear forever, and the white man’s cities and towns will rise up in places where once they chased the buffalo, the elk, and the deer.’

“The chief was as fearless a warrior as ever went to battle, but when he felt the cold touch of that skeleton hand, a horrible

dread took possession of him, and he remembered nothing of what happened afterward. In the morning, when he woke up, the sun was shining brightly overhead, and the birds were whistling and chirping in the trees above him. He looked around for his gun, and was surprised beyond measure when he picked it up that the barrel was all eaten up with rust, and the stock so decayed and rotten that it all fell to pieces in his hand. His dog was nowhere to be seen, and he whistled and called to him in vain, but at his feet he saw a heap of white bones, among which there was a skeleton of a neck with the collar his dog had worn still around it! He then noticed that his buckskin hunting-shirt was decayed and mildewed, and hung in tatters upon him, and that his hair had grown so long that it reached down nearly to his waist.

“Bewildered by all these sudden and curious changes, he took his way toward the top of the hill, from which, the evening before, he had seen the smoke rising up from the cabins of the frontier settlement, and what was his astonishment, when he saw, spread out in the valley below him, a great city, with its spires and steeples rising up, as far as his eye could extend, and, in place of the dense, unbroken forests, that covered the earth when he came, a wide, open country presented itself to his view, fenced up into fields and pastures, and dotted over with the white man’s stately houses and buildings.

“As he gazed at all this, in surprise and wonder, he could distinctly hear, from where he stood, the distant hum of the vast multitude, who were laboring and trafficking and moving about in the great city below him. Sad and dispirited, he turned his course homeward, and, after traveling many days, through farms and villages and towns, he at length reached once more the banks of the mighty Mississippi. But the white people had got there before him, and, in place of a silent and lonely forest, he found a large town built up where it had once stood, and saw a huge steamboat puffing and paddling along right where he had crossed the ‘father of waters’ in his little canoe.

“When he had crossed the river, he found that the white settlements had gone on a long ways beyond it, but at length he came to the wilderness again, and after wandering about for many moons, he at last came up with the remnant of his people, but now no longer a powerful tribe such as he had left them, for they had dwindled down to a mere handful. His father and mother were dead, his brothers and sisters were all dead, and no one knew the poor old warrior that had appeared so suddenly among them. For awhile he stayed with them and talked in the strangest way, about things that had happened long before the oldest people in the tribe were born; but one day after telling the story I have told you, he took his way toward the setting sun, and was never seen more.”

After Big Foot had been in the Indian village three months he became exceedingly weary of his surroundings and longed only to be able to return to the settlements. Black Wolf and his mother noticed his moodiness and discontent.

One day when they were alone in the lodge, Black Wolf asked Wallace why he seemed so unhappy. When told that it was because he pined to see his own people, the Indian did not seem surprised, but sadly said: “Sorry as I am, I will do all that I can to help you to get back to your people.” The preparations for flight must, he said, be made in secrecy, as if Big Foot should be recaptured nothing could save his life, and Black Wolf himself would be put to death for having aided him.

The old squaw received the news of Big Foot’s intended departure with much less composure than her son. However, in time she became more resigned, and at parting gave him a dried terrapin’s tail, which, she said, would protect him from all danger in battle.

When their preparations were completed, Black Wolf gave out that he and his white brother were going out on a bear hunt, to be gone several days. Taking the faithful Comanche, Big Foot bade adieu to his adopted mother, and left the Indian

village forever. He and Black Wolf traveled together for thirty miles. The Indian was overcome by deep melancholy, yet he would from time to time try to throw it off by cheerful conversation. After camping together for the last time, the two men ate their breakfast, and then Black Wolf marked out upon the ground a rough map of the country through which Wallace was to pass on his way home. After giving full and careful directions, the Indian shouldered his gun, bade his white brother farewell, and sorrowfully taking his way back toward the village, was soon lost to sight among the hills. Big Foot, accompanied by Comanche, made his way home to the settlements, reaching them early in March 1838.

Some months after Wallace's return from captivity, late one winter afternoon, he picked up his gun and started for some neighboring hills to bring in some venison. No game seemed to be stirring, and after keeping on till it had grown too dark to shoot, he reluctantly returned homeward without the venison. The sun had set, and he hurried along to get out of the chaparral thickets into the open prairie before night came on. The wolves had been howling unusually, but Wallace paid no attention to the matter. He had gone about a half a mile on his homeward way, when a large gray wolf trotted out into the path before him, and commenced howling in the most mournful manner. In an instant he was answered by a dozen other wolves in the hills around him.

Feeling somewhat nervous, Wallace shot the wolf, and started on again, this time in a run. The rest of the story we give from Big Foot's own published account. "The faster I went, the faster the wolves followed me, and, looking back after a little while, I saw twenty-five or thirty 'lobos' (a large, fierce kind of wolf, found only in Mexico and Texas), trotting along after me at a rate I knew would soon bring them into close quarters, and in the bushes and chaparral that bordered the trail I was traveling I could see the gleaming eyes and pointed ears of at least a dozen others coming rapidly toward me. One big fellow,

more daring and hungry than the rest, made a rush at me, and I barely had time to level my gun and fire, for he was touching the muzzle of it when I pulled the trigger. He fell dead at my feet, but, as if this had been the signal for a general attack, in an instant the whole pack were around me, snarling and snapping, and showing their white teeth in a way that was any thing but pleasant.

“I fought them off with the breach of my gun, for they did not give me a chance to load it, retreating all the while as rapidly as I could. Once so many of them rushed in upon me at the same time that, in spite of all my efforts, I failed to keep them at bay, and they dragged me to the ground. I thought for an instant that it was all up with me, but despair gave me the strength of half a dozen men, and I used ‘old butch’ (his knife) to such a good purpose that I killed three outright and wounded several others, which appeared somewhat to daunt the balance, for they drew off a short distance and began to howl for re-enforcements.

“The re-enforcements were on their way, for I could hear them howling in every direction, and I knew that I had no time to lose. So I put off at the top of my speed, and in those days it took a pretty fast Spanish pony to beat me a quarter when I ‘let out the kinks.’ And I let ‘em out this time with a will, I tell you, and fairly beat the wolves for a half a mile or so, but my breath then began to fail me, and I could tell by their close, angry yelps that the devils were again closing in upon me.

“By this time I was so much exhausted that I knew I should make a poor fight of it, more especially as I could perceive from the number of dark forms behind me, and the gleaming eyes and shining teeth that glistened out of every bush on the wayside, that the wolves had had considerable addition to their number. It may be thought strange that I did n’t take to a tree, but there were no trees there to take to—nothing but stunted chaparral bushes, not much higher than a man’s head.

“I thought my time had come at last, and I was almost

ready to give up in despair, when, all at once, I remembered seeing, as I came out, a large lone oak-tree, with a hollow in it about large enough for a man to crawl into, which grew on the banks of a small cañon, not more than three or four hundred yards from where I then was. I resolved to make one more effort, and, if possible, to reach this tree before the wolves came up with me again; and if ever there was good, honest running done, without any throw-off about it, I did it then. The fact is, I believe a man can't tell how fast he can run until he gets a pack of wolves after him in this way. A fellow will naturally do his best when he knows that if he does n't, in twenty minutes he will be 'parceled out' among as many ravenous wolves, a head to one, a leg to another, an arm to a third, and so on. At least that was the effect of it, and I split the air so fast with my nose that it took the skin off of it, and for a week afterward it looked like a peeled onion.

"However, I beat the wolves once more fairly and squarely, not much time to spare either, for just as I crawled into the hollow of the tree, which was about as high as my head from the ground, the ravenous creatures were howling all around me. At the bottom of the tree I found a 'skunk' snugly stowed away, but I soon routed him out, and the wolves gobbled him up in an instant. He left a smell behind him that was any thing but agreeable in such close quarters. However, I was safe there at any rate from the attacks of the wolves, and all the smells in the city of New Orleans could n't have driven me from my hole just at that time.

"The wolves could only get at me one at a time, and with 'old butch' in my hand I knew I could manage a hundred in that way. They bit and gnawed and scratched, and every now and then a fellow would jump up and poke his nose into the hollow of the tree, but just as sure as he did it, he caught a wipe across it with 'old butch' that generally satisfied his curiosity for awhile. All night long they kept up their serenade, and, as you may well suppose, I did n't get much sleep. How-

ever, the noise did n't matter, for I had got several severe bites on my arms and legs, and the pain I suffered from them would have kept me awake anyhow.

“Just at daylight the next morning the wolves began to sneak off, and when the sun rose not one was to be seen, except three dead ones at the root of the tree, that had come in contact with ‘old butch.’ I waited awhile longer to be certain they had all left, when I crawled out of my den, gave myself a shake, and found I was all right, except a pound or so of flesh taken out of one of my legs, and a few scratches on my arms. I hobbled back home, and for a long time afterward when I heard the howling of wolves I always felt uneasy. I found out the next day why the wolves acted as they did. I had a bottle of assafoetida that was broken and run over my clothes. I had often heard that assafoetida would attract wolves, but I had always thought it an old woman’s yarn. But it is a fact, and if you don’t believe it, go some dark night into a thick chaparral where wolves are numerous, and pour about a gill over your clothes, and then wait a little, and see what will turn up; and if you don’t hear howling and snapping and snarling, I’ll agree to be stung to death by bumble-bees.”

In the fall of 1842 the Indians troubled the frontiers of Texas more than at any previous time. A party of forty men, of which Big Foot was a member, set out to punish the red skins. When they camped, on the evening of the third day, Wallace noticed a smoke a few miles to the north-east, and was directed by the captain to make a scout before daylight, and find out what the thing meant. He rose about three o’clock in the morning, and stumbled across the rough country until he came to a cañon leading in the direction he was going.

Lying by until daylight, Wallace then started up the cañon, which was very crooked and at times not more than four feet wide. Making a sudden turn at one place, Wallace, who was stooping over, ran violently into an Indian, who was descending the cañon, knocking him down. Both men scrambled to their

feet, and being too close to shoot, dropped their guns and grappled with each other. Big Foot was the heavier, but the Indian, over six feet tall and of powerful build, was furthermore perfectly naked, and greased from head to foot with bear's oil. The struggle up and down and across the cañon was an equal one. As fast as Big Foot threw his opponent, the latter would instantly slip out of his grasp, before the white man could draw his knife.

At last Wallace threw the savage with great violence, his head striking a rock. Momentarily stunned, he gave the white man time to draw his knife and bury it in the Indian's body. The moment the savage felt the cold steel, he threw Wallace off, seized him by the throat with one hand, and whipped out his knife. In an instant the weapon descended, and was buried to its hilt in the hard ground at Wallace's side. The blood from the wound in his head running into his eyes blinded him so that he missed his aim.

It must have been about this time that Wallace, with a party of eight men who had been out exploring the Nueces River, had the misfortune to lose all their horses by Indians one night while in camp: The men at once started on foot to the Zumwalt settlement, ten miles away, to procure horses, and follow the Indians. After obtaining some animals they struck out on the trail of the flying savages. On the way they were joined by a tall stranger, on an ugly but powerful horse. The man's eyes had a wild, insane look, and he explained that his business was way-laying and shooting Indians. He and his family had some ten years before emigrated from Kentucky to Texas, and settled in a pretty spot near the Gaudaloupe River. One day, when a mile away from his house, he heard several guns discharged. Hurrying back, he found his wife and three children lying dead on the floor. He had at once fallen upon the Indians, and killed four of them before he fell senseless from his wounds. Since that time he had devoted himself to revenge.

The stranger at once became the guide of the expedition,

and, a half an hour before sundown, brought the men within fifty yards of the Indian camp. A bloody fight followed, in which the Indian fighter killed four savages. The incident seemed to make him for the moment quite happy, and after the Indians were driven off he was observed to laugh. The ultimate fate of the man is unknown.

At a later period in his life, Wallace settled in a ranch on the Medina River. His principal neighbors were the Lipan Indians. One day Big Foot gave a grand dinner of bear meat and honey to the chiefs of the tribe, and made a treaty with them to the effect that henceforth he was to be considered the same as a Lipan, and that they would not steal from him. For many miles the white men lost all their live stock by the depredations of these Indians, but, as the years rolled by, Wallace was not troubled.

In time, the Lipans determined to move to the Guadalupe River. A morning or so after their departure, Wallace found his horses stolen. He had no idea that they had been taken by his allies, but, on following the trail, he picked up an arrow which he knew belonged to the Lipan tribe. Repairing to San Antonio, he raised a company of thirty men for the recovery of the stolen property. Just as the company of rough but brave fellows were about to leave the town, a stranger, wearing a stove-pipe hat, light cloth clothes, and patent leather gaiters, stepped up to Wallace, and explained that he was writing a novel of frontier life, and desired to accompany the expedition in order to acquire some practical experience.

The big Ranger looked down at the little dandy, and, with a wink at his men, told him, "All right, you're welcome, Mr. Author." The stranger hustled away, and the next day joined the party armed with a little, double-barreled gun and an umbrella. He carried also a tiny pistol, of which the men made all manner of fun. The first night was passed at Wallace's ranch. The author went to sleep on a big buffalo robe where a dog had been lying.

In the morning he had a crick in his neck, from sleeping with a block of wood for a pillow. Next he hinted to Big Foot that he felt as if he had been bitten by insects. The man asked him where he had gotten his buckskin suit, intimating that, no doubt, it contained vermin. This made the literary stranger perfectly wretched.

The journey after the Indians was soon begun, the men dividing their time between fun with the author and a lookout for redskins. Late in the afternoon a storm came up. The stranger proudly raised his umbrella amid the jeers of the men, but the first gust of wind turned it inside out and whirled it from his hand. He slept that night in a puddle of water. Evidently his notions of the romantic side of frontier life were undergoing a change. In the morning the wrecked umbrella was found lodged in a neighboring bush. Each of the men fired at it with their big revolvers. When the firing ceased, the stranger sadly gathered the remains of the umbrella, and strapped them on his saddle.

In the afternoon an early halt was made. The stranger, hearing the men say they would look around for game, took his little bird gun and strolled away himself. In a little while Big Foot heard both barrels of the gun go off, and he at once seized his rifle and ran in the direction of the sound. He found the stranger. He was running round and round a tree, dodging an immense buck, which was after him. He screamed to Wallace to shoot the animal, but the Texan, almost splitting with laughter, pretended to think that the author was really chasing the buck instead of the buck chasing him, and trying to lay hold of the animal to cut his throat. The frightened man, breathless with incessant exertions to avoid the vicious lunges which the animal made with its horns, one of which carried away the tail of his buckskin shirt, screamed louder and louder, earnestly protesting that this was not the case. Big Foot seemed not to believe, said it was a joke, praised his pluck, told him he would soon tire out the buck, and finally, when the man was about

worn out fired, and killed the buck. The literary stranger was furiously mad. He abused Wallace like a pickpocket, and swore at him like a trooper for his delay in killing the beast. However, he was so much relieved to find that he was still alive and safe, that his wrath gave way.

The next day, Wallace says, the men suffered terribly from want of water. Just when the torment became intolerable, the stranger was observed to be making notes in a blank book. These notes related to the appearance of men suffering from intense thirst. When the men found out what he was doing, they wanted to kill him, and decided that he was a maniac.

The next adventure of the stranger was more serious. While hunting for geological specimens, he was attacked by Mexican hedgehogs, which often tear men to pieces with their tusks. Scrambling up into some chaparral bushes, he began to yell, until he made himself heard at the camp. Big Foot, as usual, came to the rescue, but also resolved to have a little fun. Climbing up into a tree, he advised the stranger to drive the hogs away, as they were dangerous. We quote Big Foot's own published account of the incident :

"Said I, 'Mr. Author,' fixing myself comfortably on a limb, 'this reminds me of a scrape I once got into, and as we are comfortably fixed out here all by ourselves, I could not have a better chance of telling it to you.'

"'Comfortable!' he exclaimed; 'you have strange ideas of it if you think a man can be comfortable sitting on the top of your abominable Texas chaparral, with his knees drawn up to his chin, a thorn in each leg as long as my finger, and a dozen wild hogs making lunges at them whenever he stretches them down for a moment's ease. For heaven's sake, shoot them,' he implored, 'and let me out of this nest of thorns.'

"'I can't,' I replied; 'I have only the bullet that is in my gun, and if I shoot one of them it will make the other ten times worse.'

“‘You do n’t tell me so, captain. Then what in the world shall we do?’

“‘Why,’ said I, ‘the only thing we can do now is to be patient, and wait until the moon rises to-night, and I think then the “havinilas” will leave us.’

“‘O, do n’t talk to me about the moon’s rising. It won’t be up till twelve o’clock, at least, and I can’t stand this fifteen minutes longer, no how. Crackey! that fellow gave me a grazer! He has taken off the heel of my boot on his tusks!’

“‘You see, Mr. Author,’ I continued, pretending not to hear what he said, ‘it was about six years ago, that Bill Hankins and I were out bear hunting on the head waters of the Leon, when ——’

“‘Plague take that fellow, he brought blood that time, certain!’ said our author. ‘Their teeth are as sharp as razors.’

“‘As I was saying,’ I went on, ‘it was about six years ago that Bill Hankins and I were out bear hunting on the head-waters of the Leon, when we fell in with a large drove of these “havinilas.”’

“‘They are gnawing my bush down,’ said our author in a pitiable tone; ‘they will have it down in less than ten minutes.’

“‘As I was saying,’ I continued, ‘it was about six years ago that Bill Hankins and I were out hunting on the head-waters of the Leon, when we fell in with a large drove of “havinilas” and before we were aware of our danger’——

“‘Shuh! you devils,’ said our author, flinging his last missile, his memorandum book, at the hogs, as they made a general rush on his bush.

“‘Mr. Author,’ I said, in an offended tone, ‘you are not paying the slightest attention to what I am telling you. You might learn something, even from the Indians, in this respect, for, according to Mr. Cooper, they never interrupt a man when he is talking.

“‘As I was saying,’ I continued, ‘it was about six years

ago that Bill Hankins and I were out bear hunting on the head-waters of the Leon"—

“‘Oh! bother Mr. Cooper and Bill Hankins and the head-waters of the Leon,’ said our author, losing his temper at my persistence in relating the anecdote. ‘Cooper’s a fool. Oh my! there’s a thorn clean through my back into the hollow!’

“‘But my friend,’ said I, changing my tactics, ‘you ought to bear your troubles with patience, for you should remember what a thrilling chapter you will be able to make out of this adventure.’

“‘Oh yes,’ said he, ‘but who will there be to write it when I am chewed up by these infuriated pigs like a handful of acorns? Oh, dear! they’ll have me directly. I can feel the bush give way now. Captain,’ said he, ‘you will find the manuscript of the novel in my saddle-bags. Take it, and publish it for the benefit of the world, and tell them of the melancholy fate of the poor author. But tell them, for mercy’s sake, that I was devoured by a lion, a panther, or a catamount, or some decent sort of a beast, and not by a gang of squealing pigs. It won’t sound romantic, you know.’

“‘I’ll do it, Mr. Author,’ said I, ‘but I hope you will live long enough yet to tell them all about it yourself. You have a first-rate chance to study the habits and appearance of these “havininas,” and can write a chapter on them that will be very interesting and true to nature. How will you describe them?’ I asked.

“‘They look to me,’ he answered, ‘like a couple of butcher knives, about as long as my arm, stuck into a handle covered with hair and bristles!’

“‘And can you tell me,’ I said, ‘what particular tribe of animals they belong to?’

“‘Captain, I do n’t feel inclined to discuss the subject now, particularly as the subject is so eager to discuss me; and besides, to tell you the truth, I think you have selected a most unsuitable time for propounding your questions in natural history.

Oh, my! there goes the leg of my pants and a strip of the hide with it!

“‘Mr. Author,’ I said, pretending not to hear his remarks, ‘I recollect once reading a chapter in one of Mr. Cooper’s novels, in which he gives a very interesting account of the immense droves of wild pigeons that were migrating from one part of the country to another, and —’

“‘Oh, bother Cooper, I say!’ said our author, becoming perfectly frantic as a thorn touched him up in the rear and a pig made a dash at his legs in front. ‘Cooper is an unmitigated humbug, and I begin to think you are not much better. Oh, I can stand this no longer,’ said he, ‘and I’ll make a finish of it at once;’ and I verily believe he would have jumped down right among the hogs in another moment, but just then I saw several of my men coming toward us from camp, and said to him:

“‘Hold on a minute, Mr. Author; there come some men to help us and will soon rout the beasts now.’

“Seeing that we were both treed by some sort of ‘varmint,’ the men hurried up, shot several of the hogs, and the balance, finding we mustered too strong for them, quickly retreated into the chaparral.”

One day, riding along, Big Foot, with a twinkle in his eye, told the stranger several snake stories, and advised him, if he ever felt a rattlesnake, even in the bed with him, to lie perfectly still, as the only way to avoid being bitten. Duvall relates the ensuing incident admirably.

“I saw that my ‘snake story’ had produced the desired effect upon him, and for the time I dropped the subject. The next night we encamped in a very snaky-looking locality, and I cut off a piece of grapevine about as thick as an ordinary rattlesnake, which I slyly slipped under the edge of our blanket just before I ‘turned in.’ About a half an hour after we had lain down I drew out the grapevine and drew it slowly along the author’s back, at the same time gently shaking my rattles, which I held in my other hand. He was just on the eve of dropping

off to sleep, but the crawling motion and the rattling aroused him in an instant.

“‘Oh! murder! captain! there’s a rattlesnake crawling along my back! What in the world am I to do?’

“‘I know it,’ I answered, ‘I hear him rattling now (and I gently shook the rattles I held in my hand). Lie still, and don’t move a muscle until he coils up.’

“‘Oh, yes,’ said the poor fellow, and his teeth fairly chattered from fright, ‘it’s easy enough for you to say “lie still,” when I am between you and the snake; but it is not so easy for me, for I can feel him squirming along my back now.’

“‘I know that,’ said I, ‘but you must lie still, for the first motion you make, he will have his fangs into you, sure.’

“‘Oh!’ said the poor fellow, as I gave the vine another serpentine twist along his back, ‘this is more than human nature can bear—ugh! ugh! Captain, can’t you do any thing for me?’

“‘There’s no danger at all,’ I said, ‘if you will only keep still; he will soon settle himself, and then you can jump up without the least risk of being bitten. When he quits rattling altogether,’ said I, shaking the rattles in my hand, ‘you will know that he is asleep.’

“‘Captain,’ he replied in a faint and husky voice, as I gave the vine another twist and shook the rattles, ‘this is past endurance. I *must* get out of this at all hazards.’

“‘Unless you want to die,’ said I, ‘do n’t do it, but lie as still as a mouse when puss is about. By the way, Mr. Author,’ said I, ‘can you tell me whether the rattlesnake is confined to the American continent, or if he is to be found also in other countries? I have heard a great many opposite opinions on the subject, and some pretend to think,’ I continued, giving the vine another twist, ‘that they are a species of the cobra de capello, the most poisonous serpent in the world.’

“‘Ugh!’ said the poor fellow, ‘this is past all endurance. Captain, remember me to all inquiring friends, and do n’t forget

that the manuscript is in my saddle-bags. Give it to the world with all its imperfections!

“‘Hold on just one minute longer,’ giving the rattles a vicious shake, ‘and you will be all right.’

“‘Not another second,’ he cried, ‘it’s no use talking. I may as well die one way as another,’ and he made a desperate bound from under the blanket, and pitched head foremost on the ground, ten to twelve paces off.

“I seized a bottle of ‘Chili peppersauce,’ and ran to where he was lying. ‘Here, Mr. Author,’ I said, ‘drink this quick!’ He took it, and in the hurry and excitement of the moment hastily swallowed about a pint of the contents.

“‘Gracious!’ said I, ‘you have made a wonderful escape.’

“‘I don’t know so well about that,’ said he, sputtering and gasping for breath. ‘I’m afraid I’m bit.’

“‘Do you feel,’ I asked, ‘as if you were up to your waist in melted lead?’

“‘Not exactly,’ he replied, drawing his breath through his teeth; ‘but I feel as if I had swallowed a quart or so of it.’

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘you are all safe, and you have made the most wonderful escape on record. No one before has ever missed being bit who sprang off, as you did, before the snake had coiled himself up. A most extraordinary escape truly.’”

Notwithstanding these pranks, when the real fight with the Indians came on the author quite won the respect of the men by his bravery, even if he did little execution.

Big Foot Wallace was a member of the Mier expedition, being taken prisoner at the same time that Nelson Lee escaped from Mier. His sufferings in prison were great. He participated in a bold escape, but after several days of wandering in the wilderness, during which time he and his companions nearly died from thirst and starvation, they were recaptured by the Mexicans. He took part in drawing lots to determine which of their number should be executed, but luckily drew a white bean,

and his life was preserved. After an imprisonment of two years he was released.

He took part in the Mexican war, and had many fights with Indians while driving the mail coach, which he subsequently did for many years, between San Antonio and El Paso. He has made his home in his old age on a ranch, about thirty miles from San Antonio.

BOWIE'S FIGHT.

On the second day of November, 1831, a company of eleven men, of whom Rezin P. Bowie and his brother James were the leaders, set out from San Antonio to hunt for the abandoned silver mines of the San Saba mission, which tradition said were of wonderful richness. Their location had been forgotten and lost sight of by men. For three weeks the party traveled steadily, making in the day-time careful explorations of the country, and grouped about their camp fire in the evenings, talking until far into the night, of the treasure of which they were in quest.

One morning two Comanche Indians having with them an unhappy Mexican, whom they had taken captive, came up with the party. They appeared friendly, presents were exchanged, and the white men went on their way without suspicion. On the following morning the Mexican captive suddenly appeared in the camp, exhausted by a long ride, and stated that he had been sent by his chief, Isaonie, to warn the white men, that they were followed by a party of one hundred and sixty-four Indians of the Waco and Caddo tribes, who were bent upon massacring them. The Mexican further stated that his chief had on a previous evening endeavored to dissuade the war party from their bloody purpose, but without success. He himself had only sixteen braves, badly armed and without ammunition, but said that if the white men thought best to return and join him he would do his best to protect them. The treasure hunters, how-

ever, determined to push on toward the old fort on the San Saba River, thirty miles away. The Mexican having discharged his duty left them. Though making all possible haste along the rocky roads, the white men were unable to reach the fort that night. They were compelled to encamp in a small clump of live oak trees, surrounded by an open rocky country.

Special safeguards were taken for the night, but the hours passed without alarm. In the morning preparations were made for an early start toward the old fort, which was only six miles away. Camp had been broken, and the men were in the act of leaving the cover, when they were dismayed to discover the Indians not two hundred yards away. In front of them was a savage on foot, hunting the trail. The whites instantly dismounted, made fast their horses, and prepared for such defense as they could make. There were, on the one hand, eleven white men; on the other, over one hundred and sixty Indians.

The odds were so fearful that the elder Bowie and a man named Buchanan determined to go out and attempt to parley. When within forty yards of the spot where the Indians had halted, Bowie called to them, to which the response was several shots, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie discharged his gun and pistol, seized Buchanan, threw him on his shoulder, and started to the live oaks under a heavy fire. Buchanan was wounded in two additional places, but Bowie was unhurt. Seeing that their shots had failed to take effect on Bowie, eight Indians, with drawn tomahawks, started after him. Burdened as he was with the weight of Buchanan, Bowie was quickly overtaken, but, just as the Indians were about to lay hold on him, the men from the cover fired, killing four savages and driving off the others.

At this moment, when the white men's rifles were nearly all empty, a large part of the Indians, who had circled around to another side of the clump of live oaks, opened a heavy fire. Their chief alone was on horseback, advancing at their head

toward the trees. One shot broke his leg and killed his horse. Hopping on one leg, and protecting himself with his shield of buffalo hide, he attempted to get out of range, but was killed in the effort. A handful of Indians sprang forward to seize his body, an attempt which was successful, but which cost the lives of several braves.

The whole company of Indians then retired, only to return with another chief at their head, who met the same fate as his predecessor. By this time some twenty Indians had gotten to the rear of the white men, and, concealing themselves behind the bank of a creek, poured in a dangerous fire. Two men were shot through the body at its very beginning, and a third had his gun cut in two by a rifle ball.

Practically surrounded by Indians, so that the trees no longer afforded cover, the whites determined to shift their position to a dense thicket, which was near by. To accomplish this move, it was necessary to dislodge the Indians from the bank of the creek. They succeeded in shooting so many of the latter through the head, that they were enabled to run to the thicket without loss. Once fairly located here, the whites had a material advantage. Every time they fired, the men would quickly change their positions, moving several feet away. While they had a fair view of the Indians in the prairie, the latter had no target except the smoke of the guns above the thicket. In the course of a two hours' fight, only one white man was injured.

Suffering heavily from the unerring aim of the treasure-hunters, the Indians fired the prairie grass, with the view of smoking out the white men. The latter barricaded themselves as well as they could with rock, and, owing to the direction of the wind, were, for a considerable time, in but little danger. At last the wind changed, and the fire started directly toward the position of the white men. On it came in a wall of flame fully ten feet high. The Indians kept up an incessant fire upon the thicket, as well as a hideous din of shouts and yells.

Under cover of the smoke the whites held an anxious consultation. In the case the Indians charged under cover of the smoke it was evident that the white men could only deliver one volley from their guns, as the air was so thick with sparks of fire that no man could open his powder horn without being almost certainly blown up. Full of desperate courage the men resolved that if the savages charged they would deliver their fire, place their backs together, draw their knives and fight to the death. Meanwhile the flames approached nearer and nearer. The men gathered in a little group about their baggage, and when the fire was almost on them, fought the flames by smothering them by their buffalo robes and blankets.

By this means they avoided being burnt to death, but the thicket was so much scorched and charred that it no longer afforded protection. To remedy this the men built a low breastwork of rock about them. At sundown, the Indians, having failed to dislodge them, withdrew to a little distance. The whites labored incessantly at their fortification, and by ten o'clock in the evening had built it breast high. In this little inclosure the men remained for eight days, parties of Indians hovering within sight nearly all the time, but making no formidable attack. At last, under cover of night, taking the wounded with them, they set out across the country toward San Antonio. Intent no longer on discovering mythical silver mines, but only anxious to reach their homes, this wish was finally gratified.

CHAPTER XXX.

HEROES OF THE LONE STAR STATE, CONTINUED.

DAVID CROCKETT.



HE man whose name stands at the head of this chapter deserves a place in any sketch, however brief, of the heroes of the Lone Star State. This is not on account of his life, but of his death. Although nearly his entire career was passed elsewhere, he did for Texas all that a man could do—he gave his life for her. He was the most original character produced upon the American frontiers, as well as by all odds the most famous one.

David Crockett was born in a wretched cabin in East Tennessee, in the year 1786. His father was one of the worst specimens of frontier life. He kept a tavern, which consisted of nothing more than a tumbling cabin, with one room and an earthen floor. Its only accommodations consisted of a great jug of vile whisky. The old man, furthermore, was mean. When the boy was only twelve years old, the father hired him to a Dutchman to go on foot with him for four hundred miles and drive a herd of cattle. The trip was hard even for a man. Many a night the wretched boy, weary, supperless, spattered with mud, and drenched with rain, would lie on the ground without shelter or covering. The journey terminated in Virginia, where the Dutchman lived.

As for the boy, it remained to make his way back home

through the wilderness, four hundred miles in extent. He obtained permission to follow an emigrant's wagon, but quickly tiring of their slow progress, struck out alone into the wilderness, and soon left the emigrants far behind. We neither know how he obtained food, how he crossed the rivers, nor how he defended himself from wild beasts. We only know that it was winter when he started and spring when he reached his journey's end.

The home to which he returned was miserable enough. The father was an intemperate old dog, and frequently would take a stout hickory stick and chase David for a mile or two, threatening each moment to kill him. The boy had a marvelous knack for avoiding his pursuer, and simply shouted and laughed at his father's drunken failures. Crockett naturally drifted away from such a home and engaged in many wild trips over the country to the eastern cities, once even arranging to go to London. This he failed to carry out.

He married an Irish girl in his neighborhood when quite young, and, after the birth of two children, he packed his little belongings on one shaky old horse, placed his wife and children on its mate, and struck across the country to penetrate two hundred and fifty miles further into the western wilderness. This was not his only move. Apparently from innate vagrancy, he would no sooner gather a crop than he would abandon his crumbling shanty, and remove to some other location.

When the Creek war broke out in 1811, such a restless woodsman as Crockett was eager to engage in the conflict. He had many thrilling adventures during the war which we may not here recount. The sufferings of the army for want of food, which were shared by Crockett, have been briefly related elsewhere. During the war his wife died, but, with ready adaptation to circumstances, he quickly married a widow whom he met. A few months after his marriage, intent on another change of location, he and three neighbors set out on an exploring tour in central Alabama.

One morning when the explorers awoke, they discovered that their horses were gone. Crockett at once set out on foot, through forest, bog, and ravine, across creeks and over hills, to follow them. It is almost impossible to believe, yet true, that before nightfall he had traversed fifty miles. He stopped that night at a settler's cabin, but awoke in the morning to find himself so lame from his great walk that he could scarcely move. Though suffering greatly, he left the cabin and hobbled along a few miles, hoping that exercise would improve him.

While proceeding in this way, consumed with fever and tottering with weakness, he fell, overcome by deathly sickness. A happy fortune prevented him from being left here to die or be devoured by wild beasts. Some Indians, coming through the forest, saw the prostrate form of the poor, sick, white man, and quickly attempted to minister to his wants. One of them had a watermelon, from which he cut a slice for the refreshment of the sufferer. Then, taking him in their arms, they carried him to the cabin of a white man, two miles distant. With true frontier kindness, the people of the place received him, put him to bed, and prepared such herbs and other primitive medicines as their resources afforded.

The next day, as the delirium was beginning to settle down in dense clouds upon the mind of the patient, two white men, having been informed by the Indians that one of their countrymen was lying sick at the place, came to the cabin. They proved to be acquaintances of Crockett. The latter was able to recognize them, and in his delirium begged and besought them to take him to his three companions whom he had left at the camp. He was placed upon a sort of litter, and they carried him all the way, fifty miles, to the spot where his companions were waiting.

At the end of the journey his fever had risen to a fearful height. It was evident that a long spell of sickness was before him. All that could be done was to find the cabin of some

kind pioneer woman, and there leave Crockett, unaided by medical skill, to fight, single-handed, the battle of life and death. He received the kindest attention. His pallet occupied the corner on the earthen floor of the cabin. After weeks of suffering he began to recover. Although emaciated and tottering with weakness, he employed a wagoner to carry him home. He arrived there to find that his family had given him up for dead.

In spite of this misadventure, Crockett, instead of settling down, removed with his family to a spot called Shoal Creek, in what is now Giles county, Tennessee. In a new country, cattle stealing is regarded as the worst of crimes, and is punished with instant death. This grows out of the fact that it is the crime to which society in such a region is most liable, and against which it has the least protection. Crockett, whose great force of character always asserted itself in every situation, became a self-appointed justice of the peace. Subsequently, he was legally appointed to the position.

Before the appointment, whenever Crockett made up his mind that a fellow ought to be punished, he had simply ordered the young men who were his self-appointed constables to catch the culprit. When he was brought before him there was a short, sharp trial, lasting not more than three minutes, and then the judge passed sentence, saying: "Take the thief, strip off his shirt, tie him to a tree, and give him a good flogging. Then burn down his cabin and drive him out of the country." From this judgment no appeal would lie. When Crockett was legally appointed justice, he was greatly troubled in mind to learn that they required written warrants. In spite of this difficulty, he got along pretty well, and as he says, "My judgments stuck like wax."

David Crockett would probably never have been known to fame had he not entered politics. He was a famous hunter, and popular; on this account, some of the rough settlers suggested that he become a candidate for the legislature. He was

ambitious, and took fire at the suggestion. In, June, 1821, he began his campaign. He says: "It was a brand-fire new business to me. It now became necessary that I should tell the people something about the government and an eternal sight of other things, that I know 'd nothing more about than I did about Latin and law, and such things as that. I know 'd so little about it, that if any one had told me that General Jackson was the government I should have believed it, for I had never read even a newspaper in my life."

About this time there was a great squirrel hunt on Duck River, which Crockett resolved to attend. The people were to divide into two parties, and hunt for two days. Then they were to assemble, count the scalps, and the party which had killed the less number of squirrels was to pay for a big dinner and country frolic. Owing to Crockett's marvelous skill, his party killed the most squirrels.

As the dinner proceeded and whisky began to flow like water, Crockett was called out to make a speech as a candidate, to be followed by his opponent. Crockett was, he says, "As ignorant of the business as an outlandish negro. I got up and told the people I reckoned they knowed what I had come for, but if not I could tell them. I had come for their votes, and if they did n't watch mighty close I would get them too. But the worst of all was that I could not tell them any thing about the government. I choked up as bad as if my mouth had been jamm'd and cramm'd chock full of dry mush." However, he managed to tell a story or two, and then seeing the people in a good humor took care to remark that he was "as dry as a powder horn, and that it was time for us all to wet our whistles a little." He then went off to a liquor stand, taking nearly the whole crowd with him, and leaving his competitor to speak to about six men.

Crockett was elected to the legislature, as a matter of course. When he went to the State Capital he felt that the most important thing for him to do was to learn the meaning of the words

government and *judiciary*. Having learned these points by a great deal of adroit questioning, he felt quite well equipped. He became the fun maker of the legislature. While he liked to raise a laugh at others, he would not stand a laugh at himself. One day a legislator referred to him as "the gentleman from the cane." That evening Crockett invited the man pleasantly to take a walk with him, and when they reached a lonely spot announced that he brought his companion there for the purpose of whipping him within an inch of his life. The man pleaded so hard, however, that Crockett let him off.

After the adjournment of the legislature, Crockett again determined to move further west. He and a companion struck out into a new region on the Obion River. Here he killed deer and elk almost without number. He built a cabin and planted a crop of corn. During the summer he killed no less than ten bears. In the fall he returned for his family and brought them to his new quarters.

His physical endurance was wonderful. In the winter, about Christmas, he was trying to cross a slough by getting on a log and poling across. Somehow he fell into the water, which was ten feet deep. The weather was extremely cold. Getting out on the bank, which was covered with a deep snow, he removed his clothes and hung them on a tree to dry. He then attempted to warm himself by running, but found his legs taken with the cramp, so that he could not make a step six inches long. It was late in the evening before he dragged himself back to his cabin, a feat accomplished with infinite suffering. Yet he relates that he wrapped himself in bear skin, and lying down upon the floor with his feet to the fire, passed the night with comfort and awoke in the morning without feeling any ill effects whatever from his exposure.

During the continuation of the same storm which was raging at the time of the above incident the meat gave out in the cabin, and the men set out in the blinding sleet to hunt game. Crockett, with three dogs, one of which was pretty old, started

in a direction where he thought he might find a bear. Every hour the storm grew more furious. The bushes, with which the forest was filled, became so thick with ice that he could no longer force his way through. He had seated himself on a log to rest, when he heard his dogs set up a terrible barking. He followed them as best he could, but no game was in sight, and he concluded the dogs were only making mischief. "Just at that moment," says he, "looking on before my dogs, I saw the biggest bear that ever was seen in America. At that distance he looked like a big, black bull." He hurried forward to find his dogs engaged in a life and death conflict with the bear. It required three bullets to kill him.

The storm had not abated at all. Crockett hurried back through the icy forest to his cabin, twelve miles away. He and the other two men, who had returned unsuccessful from their hunt, taking four pack horses, set out at once, in spite of fatigue and tempest, to secure the game, an enterprise in which they succeeded. In this way the cabin was furnished with an abundant supply of splendid meat.

It soon occurred to Crockett to again offer himself for the legislature. On a certain day he appeared at a great political gathering, and began his own peculiar method of electioneering. Having mounted a stump, he began to banter his opponent, Dr. Butler. He took care to assure his audience that though he was very poor, he proposed to furnish his supporters all the whisky they could drink. "When I goes electioneering, I goes fixed for the purpose. I've got a suit of deer leather clothes with two big pockets. I puts a bottle of whisky in one, and a twist of tobacco in t'other, and starts out. Then if I meets a friend, why I pulls out my bottle and gives him a drink. He'll be mighty apt, before he drinks, to throw away his tobacco. So, when he is done, I pulls my twist out of t'other pocket, and gives him a chaw. I never likes to leave a man worse off than I found him."

Dr. Butler, Crockett's opponent, lived in a frame house. In

the front room the middle of the floor was covered with a piece of carpet. One day the doctor called to some men, passing, to come in and take a drink. The whisky sat on a table in the center of the room. The men came in and, of course, had never seen a carpet before. They walked cautiously around on the bare part of the floor without daring to put their feet upon the carpet.

Soon afterward, they were heard inquiring of Crockett's friends how he lived. On learning that he lived in a log cabin of one room, without any glass for the window, and with earth alone for the floor, they declared that he was the fellow for them. "Why," said one of them, "when Butler called us into his house to take a drink, he spread down one of his best bed quilts for us to walk on. He's too proud for us." Crockett was elected to the legislature, and served two years.

The bear hunter soon found himself a famous man. Without changing his mode of life, he announced himself as a candidate for Congress, and though unable to read, and barely able to sign his name, was elected by nearly three thousand majority. On his way to Washington City, he reached Raleigh, North Carolina on a cold, wet evening. Entering the tavern and elbowing his way through the crowd toward the fire, some fellow gave him a shove, and said with an oath, "Who are you?" Crockett roared out, "I am that same David Crockett, fresh from the back woods, half horse, half alligator, a little touched with the snapping turtle. I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride upon a streak of lightning, and slip without a scratch down a honey locust. I can whip my weight in wild cats, and if any gentleman pleases for a ten-dollar bill he can throw in a panther. I can hug a bear too close for comfort, and eat any man opposed to General Jackson." They made room for Crockett around the fire!

When the bear hunter got to Washington, he was invited to dine with President Adams, at a state dinner. The newspapers of the time gave what purported to be Crockett's own

account of that dinner. "I went to dinner, and I walked all around the long table looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much of it as I wanted. I had n't took three bites when I saw a man away up the table talking French to a woman on t' other side. He dodged his head and she dodged hers, and then they got to drinking wine across the table. When I looked back again, my plate was gone, goose and all. I seed a white man walking off with it. I says, Hello mister, bring back my plate. He fetched it back in a hurry, but when he set it down before me, how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it was n't I wish I may be shot. Says he, What will you have, sir? And says I, you may well say that after stealing my goose. I then filled my plate with bacon and greens, and whenever I looked up or down the table I held on to my plate with my left hand.

"When we were all done eating, I saw a man coming along carrying a great glass thing, with a glass handle below, something like a candlestick. It was stuck full of little glass cups with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, Mister, bring that thing here—thinks I, let's taste 'em. I found they were mighty sweet and good, so I took six of them."

Crockett found that his constituency were so much annoyed by this story that he obtained certificates of his good behavior at the table from three New York congressmen. This done, he felt better. Crockett passed two terms in Congress. The third time he stood for election he was beaten. But after two years of retirement was elected for another term. During this last term he made a tour of the eastern cities, attracting great attention.

In Boston he made a speech full of force and rude eloquence, surprising in the knowledge which it displayed, when one considers the man, explaining why he had become opposed to the policy of President Jackson. The fifth time Crockett was a candidate for Congress, he made tremendous efforts. He appeared

at the political meetings in his old costume as a bear hunter, with his rifle on his shoulder, and accompanied by his three famous bear dogs. He made funny speeches and gave away whisky like water. But all in vain. His constituency could



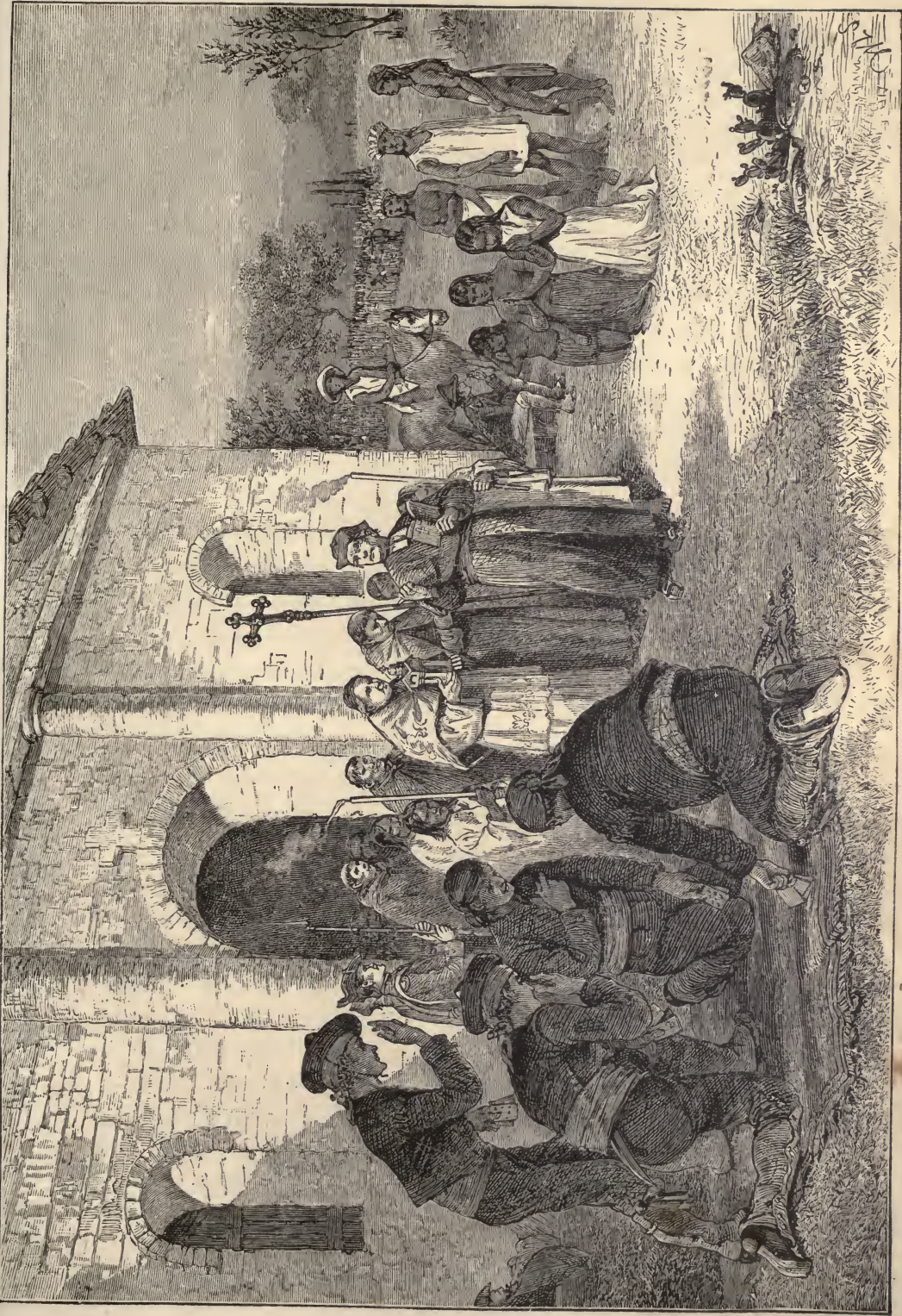
COLONEL DAVID CROCKETT.

not forgive him for going back on Andrew Jackson. He was beaten. He was terribly crushed by the defeat. Bear hunting and pioneer life had lost their charm. To drown his sorrow, he determined to join the adventurers who were thronging to the state of Texas.

His head-quarters were at San Antonio. Early in the month of February, 1836, Santa Anna, at the head of a large Mexican army, appeared before the town. The defenders of the place, seeing that they were being surrounded, withdrew to the fortress of Alamo, just outside the town of San Antonio. Crockett and a few followers constituted a most important part of the garrison, which consisted of only one hundred and fifty bold and desperate men. Over the battlements they unfurled an immense flag of thirteen stripes, and with a large, white star of five points surrounded by the letters of the word "TEXAS."

The Alamo, at that time, consisted of a chapel, seventy-five feet long, sixty-two feet wide, and twenty-two and a half feet high, surrounded by walls of solid masonry four feet thick. The upper part of the walls were arranged for fourteen mounted cannon. Besides this building were two long and narrow barracks of similar construction, the walls being of solid rock. The singular structure was built by Roman Catholic missionaries from Spain, about the middle of the last century, and was occupied by them for many years. Here, long years before, the tireless priests had sought, by processions, chants, mystical emblems, and beautiful ceremonies, to win the hearts of the Indians, and induce them to adopt the true religion. These efforts were not unsuccessful. The good fathers found the savages far more disposed to virtue and more susceptible to religious impressions than the Spanish soldiers, their own countrymen, attached to the mission, who were gamblers and roustabouts of the worst sort.

For several days the enemy devoted themselves to ravaging the surrounding country and picking off the defenders of the fortress by their sharpshooters. On the morning of the 6th of March, just at dawn, the garrison, already weakened and shattered by a bombardment which had lasted for two days, were roused by the single blast of a bugle in the enemy's camp. At that moment, Santa Anna's entire army of three thousand men, divided into three columns, a certain number of men in each of



SPANISH MISSION OF THE ALAMO.



which carried axes and scaling ladders, moved forward at a double-quick to storm the fortress simultaneously at different points. The cannon from the fortress rendered but little service. The gates were battered down and the enemy swarmed over the walls. The outer wall was abandoned, and the garrison took refuge in the heavy buildings already described. All this passed within a few minutes after the bugle sounded.

“The early loss of the outer wall, so thinly manned, was inevitable; and it was not until the garrison became more concentrated, that the main struggle began. They were more compact as to space, but not as to unity, for there was no communication between the buildings, nor often between rooms. There was now no retreat from point to point; each group of defenders had to fight and die in the den in which it was brought to bay. The struggle was made up of a series of separate and desperate combats, often hand to hand, between squads of the garrison and bodies of the invaders. From without, the Mexicans concentrated the fire of all their cannon upon the openings in the walls. Within was the roar of the musketry, the cries and curses of the maddened men, the deadly stabs given and received, the floors flowing with blood and encumbered with heaps of corpses.

The contest was too unequal. Little by little the separate squads of Texans were butchered in the rooms in which they had taken refuge. Only six men of the entire garrison remained alive. Of these David Crockett was one. He stood in the corner of the room like a lion at bay. Twenty Mexicans lay dead at his feet. His few comrades, too, had fallen, and lay in death, their hands still clenching the hair and throats of their enemies. As the Mexicans poured in upon him, the brave man still fought, his eyes flashing fire, his shattered rifle in his right hand, and in his left a gleaming bowie-knife dripping with blood. His face was covered with blood from a gash in his forehead.

He was seized, disarmed, and, with five other prisoners, also

captured alive in different portions of the fortress, taken to the spot where Santa Anna was standing. The Mexican commander cried out, "Kill them! kill them on the spot!" Instantly a dozen swords were uplifted. Crockett, at that moment, sprang like a tiger at the throat of Santa Anna, but, before he could reach him, a fatal thrust pierced his heart, and he fell without a word. There still remained, however, upon his brow the frown of indignation, and his lip was curled with a smile of defiance and scorn.

THE FIGHTING PARSON.

Andrew Jackson Potter was born in Chariton county, Missouri, April 3, 1830. His parents were from Kentucky, and settled finally in what is now called Gentry county, where he spent his childhood days. His father died in 1840. The boy was nimble, fearless, self-reliant, and at an early age earned a distinction as rider at horse races. "Andy's horse always won."

At the beginning of the Mexican war he entered the army, but was rejected because he was under size. In a few days he was employed as teamster in a wagon train of army supplies destined for Santa Fe. About the fifth night after leaving Fort Leavenworth the caravan was attacked by the Indians. One man was killed by a ball which passed through Potter's clothes.

A day or two afterward two Indians traveled with the teams all afternoon. In the evening three others of friendly bearing appeared. The next day, two or three small groups fell in with the train. Suddenly a band of Cheyenne warriors with drawn bows surrounded the train. The drivers, terror-stricken, huddled together behind the wagons. Potter stole toward a pony grazing at the road-side intending to mount the animal and fly when the killing commenced. The capture ended, however, by the savages loading themselves with merchandise from

the wagons, and leaving the train to proceed without other damage.

A month afterward a more serious attack was made on them. While the teamsters were eating supper, the war whoop and a shower of arrows signaled them to arms. The train-master had drilled his men, fifty in number, armed with flint-locks, to form for the defensive in two divisions, the first to deliver their fire when ordered, and while they reloaded, the other company to fire. By this method the savages were given a hot reception, and in an hour or so, withdrew across the river, leaving a number of ponies and pools of blood as evidence of their loss. At the first volley fired Potter dropped, as his comrades thought dead. But the old blunderbuss of a gun had merely kicked him over. The sight and danger of savages soon lost their terror, and hunting excursions were indulged in by the less cautious of the company.

On one occasion Potter found himself alone. While leisurely letting his mule graze he discovered a number of Indians stealing along to cut him off from the teams. Quick as thought, leaping from a prostrate position, he was on the mule and slashing his spurs into its sides. He thrashed the frightened brute wildly with his fists. In his insane haste to mount, he failed to catch the reins, which had been lengthened to let the mule graze. It happened that the animal was headed toward the wagons, and the rider had nothing to do but to kick and pound, and the mule nothing to do but run. And they were at it, each to the last extent of strength. The rider had been trained to race, and had always won. The mule was being trained at a fearful rate. They sped through brush and rocks and logs. Every leap seemed unto death. Potter, yet daring danger at every step, swept on and on. Arrows grazed him every moment. The savages, yelling, were at his very heels. They had been leveling their lances for a mile, preparing to hurl them at him. He was barely beyond their reach. A few yards to his right, they were abreast of him! A moment more, dead or safe! A

gully momentarily hindered those who were in the act of striking him down. A turn in the trail, and he was in the camp.

Potter abandoned ox-driving in April, 1851, and took the position of interpreter, guide, property man, and generalissimo of a company of Mormons. His outfit was a musket, knife, revolver, and mule. The first night the Mexicans stole the mule. The Mormons turned pale at the rage of their guide. Mounted on a borrowed horse, he galloped away at early dawn to recover his property. He made an exhaustive search through the region before he found four greasers surrounding the animal and trying to "rope it." He dashed into their midst with his "pepper-box" revolver and shot one dead. The other three made at him with their knives. For ten minutes he was the busiest man alive, but kept their blades out of his body, if not his clothes. Well-nigh dead with exhaustion from the terrible struggle, he at length wounded two and the other fled. His Mormon employés saw the fight from a distance, and greeted the victor with a triumphant reception.

As a Mormon escort, Potter was not happy, so he took a number of men and made his way to the mines of Arizona, where they gathered a quantity of precious metal. But game was scarce, and the Apaches were harassing. With seven picked men Potter made a journey of a thousand miles, to San Antonio, Texas. He was now of age, with an iron constitution, and a frame of the finest and most powerful build. His splendid muscles, compacted by a hardy frontier life, were perfect. His courage was superb; yet under this cover of brawn and in this gnarled and knotty creature, throbbed a heart of womanly tenderness. Frank, peaceable, kind-hearted, generous, brave, he was universally popular.

At a Methodist camp-meeting he became a Christian. It was from midnight to noon with him in an instant. His Christianity was of the "Andrew Jackson" type, through and through, and well adapted to the purposes of the locality. A religious old gentleman had a tract of timber land which was being taken

by a saw-mill man in spite of all the remonstrances, threats, and persuasions that could be made. One day the injured neighbor came out and related his grievance to Potter. The job suited him. He was a peace-maker. The two called on the trespassing bully. Potter stated the case in his quiet way, and said, "Pay for what you have taken and stop." It was done.

This little incident is a hint at a marvelous faculty which he possessed when aroused or enraged. He spoke in a low tone, which gave each word the emphasis of a sledge-hammer. His look, manner, and tone at such a time would instantly assuage the fury of the fiercest ruffian. In Texas, they said, "Potter's man always whips." The Church people, especially, gave him a liberal share of the various burdens.

On a stormy evening he was called to see a pugnacious old Dutchman who had come home drunk, beaten his wife horribly, and driven his family out in the storm. This was in Potter's line. He went, pleased that so much of his border experience was available in religious work. The old Dutchwoman was found sitting by a fodder stack in the rain, bruised and crying. The cabin door was barred. With one kick, Potter smashed it in. He dealt the old man a terrific blow, which sent him headlong into the fire, then jerked him out, jumped astride him, and commenced to pound and exhort the old sinner with amazing vigor. The response from the prostrate congregation was so faint and slow, that he was tempted to close the exercises. With a minute's respite and a sup of water, the congregation called for its gun. A quiet "No," from the parson satisfied the audience that prayer could not be answered. Another intermission, a little more bathing and camphor, enabled the congregation to yell for its knife. A gesture with the fist at the congregation stopped this. When Potter left the house the Dutchman was subdued enough.

In 1861 Potter visited the scenes of his childhood in Missouri. In the family where he visited was a man who abused his wife most cruelly. Guiltily suspecting that Potter might

interfere, he swore that he would knife the parson if he came in his way. This was a case after Potter's own heart. He told the fellow that he must never repeat this work. The man whipped out his knife, seized his gun, and was about to fire, when Potter quietly approached, took the weapon out of his hands, and pounded him in the stomach with the muzzle. The ruffian stood pitiable and unresisting, saying, "You have my arms, I can not fight." "Take your gun," said Potter, thrusting it at him, "and ask that woman's forgiveness, or you will never need a gun or knife again." It was done.

When the war broke out, Potter enlisted in a cavalry regiment. He was a favorite among the soldiers. Long before his commission was issued he was, by common consent, made chaplain. Among the cavalymen was a six-foot Texan, of powerful build, overbearing, and quarrelsome. He was a desperate character. No one cared to resist any bearable imposition from him. He became the terror of the camp.

Texan justice is swift. The Fighting Parson resolved to take the matter in hand. A crowd gathered around as he walked toward the bully and shouted, "You are a liar. Now resent it." The stalwart Texan rushed at his antagonist to stamp him in the dust. A hundred soldiers who knew little of the parson, drew their knives to protect him. He pushed the ruffian in the breast, saying, "Coward, stop!" The Texan was cowed into a wilted puppy.

A slanderous statement was made in a Brownsville paper about Wood's regiment, while they were in camp at that place. The chaplain sought out the editor who had thus defied the troops. The sermon was short, but the congregation grew pale and trembling as it proceeded. The announcement at the close, that the exercises would be resumed in half an hour, when the preacher and a squad of soldiers would pitch the press and audience into the Rio Grande, to be washed of their vileness, completed the conversion of the congregation, and it started through a back window pell-mell for a new field of usefulness.

Colonel Debray's regiment, of which Potter was chaplain, was ordered to Navasota, in 1864, to join in the campaign against General Banks. On reaching their destination, the commissary refused to honor the colonel's order for supplies. After two or three failures the parson went. "Who are you?" growled the officer. "A white man," said a quiet, deep voice. There was unburnt powder in the tone. The commissary glanced at his customer. "What do you want?" said the officer. "Corn," said Potter, "and we'll have it or arrest you." "Do n't try that," said the commissary; "we will settle this with six shooters." "I am ready," said Potter. The corn was instantly furnished.

In 1872 the Fighting Parson was returned by the West Texas Conference of the Methodist Church to the Uvalde Circuit, in a wild and mountainous region of the State. It was a country where the settlers' cabins were crowded into little valleys, peculiarly open to Indian attack. The circuit rider was concluding his first year of service when the Indians became very troublesome. He was on his way back to his home in the mountains, after having attended an appointment, at the time of the incident about to be related. He traveled in an ambulance drawn by a pair of small mules.

The road led from Frio to Sabbinal cañon, through narrow defiles and along lonely mountain trails. The preacher was armed with his Winchester rifle, toward which he cast, from time to time, a satisfied glance as the road became more wild and lonely. Driving along the bottom of a deep ravine, he saw far below four Indians hurrying toward him. His experienced eye at once taught him that the situation was full of danger. He drove the ambulance into a sort of thicket, so that when the fight took place the mules should not be frightened, and cautiously advanced toward the spot where he had seen the Indians. He discovered them crouching near the road, expecting his coming. He instantly attempted to fire, but the weapon, being rusty, did not go off.

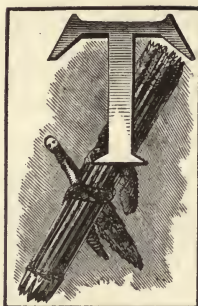
At the click of a trigger the Indians turned around, and two of them fired, the bullets just missing Potter's right arm. The latter again attempted to fire—this time with success, the ball breaking the arm of one of the Indians. The other two savages were unarmed. They at once seized their wounded companion and hurried away. The white man might have killed them all, but his gun was rusty and he was afraid to fire.

Returning to the ambulance, he got in, and drove rapidly across the country. Reaching a dense thicket, he halted, cleaned his gun, and was reloading it when, looking upward at the top of a neighboring mountain, his quick eye detected two Indians taking aim at him. He jumped aside just in time to save himself, and returned the fire. The Indians, however, dodged behind a rock, and were seen no more. Potter lost no time in getting out of the region, and reached his little cabin in the mountains in safety.

With this incident our incomplete sketch of the Fighting Parson must terminate. He is, no doubt, the greatest living representative of a class of men who have been found ever on our frontiers; brave in beating back the savages; dauntless in rebuking the border ruffians; zealous and successful in planting the seeds of law and order, of civilization and religion, in the wild soil of the pioneer heart. The greater part of this man's career, his encounters with ruffians at revival meetings, his sermons in desperate neighborhoods, with a pair of huge revolvers lying before him on his pulpit, his eloquent addresses, his pure religious zeal, lie outside of the scope of this work. He is still living in Boerne, Western Texas, ardently engaged in his sacred calling. The days of fights are long since over. At the age of fifty-three, he is enabled to devote all his energies to the gospel of peace.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAYNE'S SCOUTS.



THE treaty with the Iroquois, or Six Nations, at Fort Stanwix (October 22, 1784), by which these Indian tribes ceded to the United States all their claims to the lands west of Pennsylvania, opened up the question of settling these lands by the sturdy pioneers. But as other Indian tribes claimed the right of domain, a conference was held the next year at Fort McIntosh, near the mouth of Big Beaver River, with the Chippewas, Delawares, Ottawas, and Wyandots, and a treaty concluded for the purchase of their claims. These treaties created a great commotion among certain Western Indians, who claimed that neither the Six Nations nor the tribes here mentioned had a right to cede to the United States the land in question. Accordingly, a large Indian council, composed of chiefs and delegations of the different Western tribes, was held in the month of August, 1785 at Ouatenon, on the Wabash. At this council it was reported that several Indians were killed at the hands of the whites whereupon they demanded the removal even of their old friends, the French inhabitants of Post Vincennes, declaring that the Indians were determined to make war on the American settlers, and that the French remaining would have to share their fate.

In view of these proceedings, in the autumn of 1785, Major Doughty was ordered to the mouth of the Muskingum, where he erected Fort Harmar. Enraged at this inroad made upon

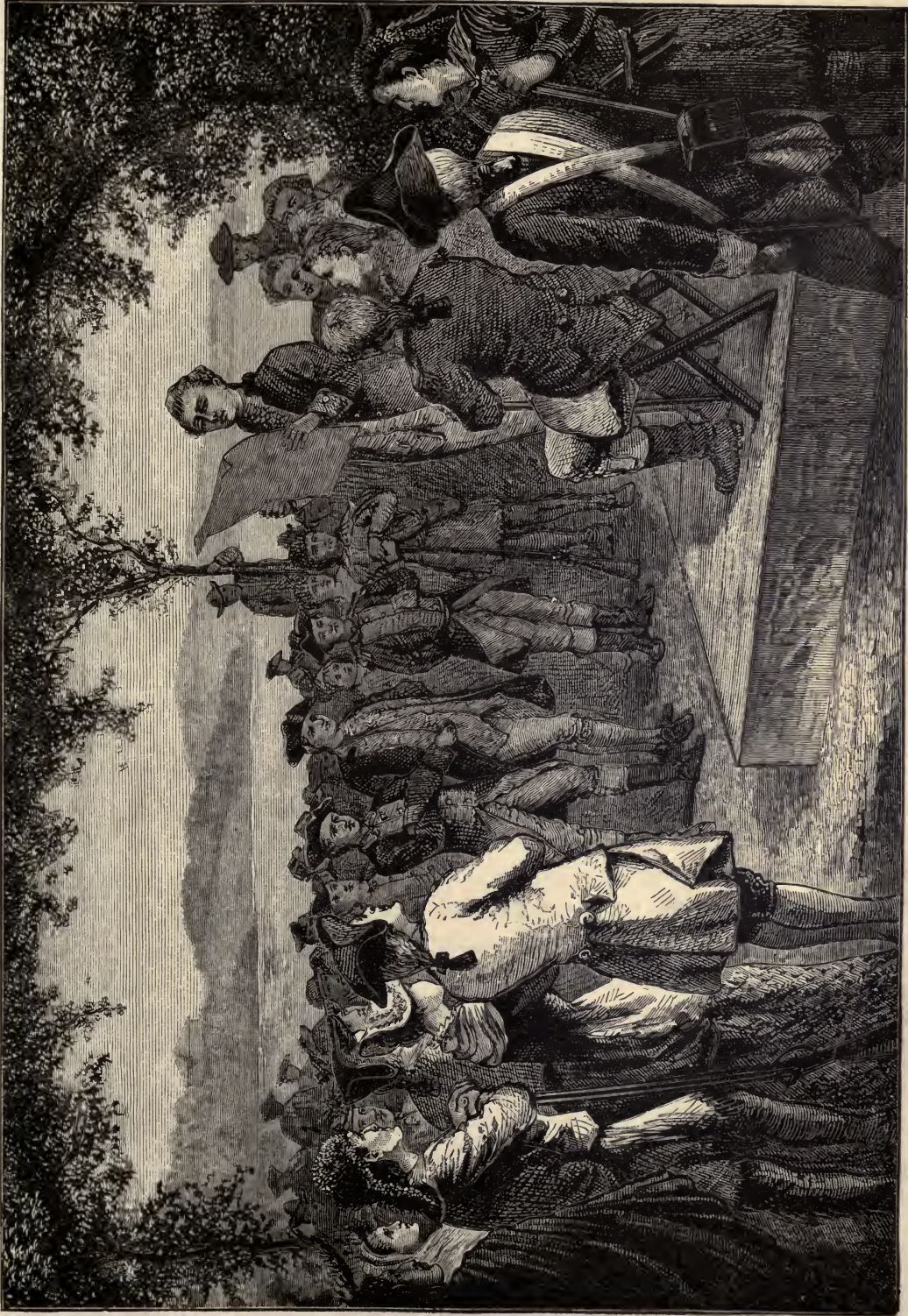
their territory, as they claimed, the Indians made sallies into Kentucky, killing the settlers, burning their cabins, and driving away their cattle.

As these incursions were mostly undertaken by the Wabash Indians, notably the Piankashaws, a commission was sent to Post Vincennes, to treat separately with these tribes. Various circumstances caused the change of time and place of this conference, whereupon a treaty was made by Gen. Geo. Rogers Clark, Richard Butler, and Samuel H. Parsons, the commissioners at Fort Finney, at the mouth of the Great Miami (January 31, 1786)—not, however, with the Piankashaws, and others named in the original resolution, but with the Delawares, Wyandots, and Shawanese—whereby a tract of land was assigned these tribes at the head-waters of the two Miamis and the Wabash, west of the Chippewas.

Meanwhile the States of Connecticut and Virginia, which, by their colonial charters, possessed a claim to all the lands lying north-west of the Ohio River, ceded their title to the general government, excepting a sufficient portion to satisfy the military land-warrants issued to the officers and soldiers of the regular line in the Revolutionary war. These exceptions are known as the Connecticut or Western Reserve, and the Virginia Military District—the former in northern Ohio and the latter between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers.

During the summer of 1786 Congress began to deliberate upon a plan for the government of this Territory, and on July 13, 1787, the "Ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States north-west of the river Ohio," was adopted. Shortly thereafter (October 3d) Congress ordered seven hundred troops for the defense of the settlers, and two days later Arthur St. Clair, a general of the Revolution, was appointed governor of the newly organized territory.

As the way now seemed open for settlements, the "Ohio Company," organized by officers of the army and others, in Boston, the year before, held a meeting and adopted a plan for



INAUGURATION OF THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT AT MARIETTA, OHIO.



a proposed colony on lands purchased by them on the Muskingum River. Early in the spring of the year 1788, the settlers left New England, and on April 7th the first settlement of whites in Ohio was begun, under the auspices of this company, at the mouth of the said river, where, on that day, the foundation was laid of the city of Marietta. The town was so named in honor of the French queen, Marie Antoinette. The leaders of the enterprise were Rufus Putnam, James H. Varnum, Manasseh Cutler, and Benjamin Tupper, and the purchase made by them comprised 1,500,000 acres. The most remarkable building which the settlers erected was a large fort, to be used as a place of safety in case of attack by the savages. The streets were surveyed, lots laid out, and a public square, named *Campus Martius*, surrounding the fort, was reserved.

On July 9, 1788, the new governor arrived, and "the colony began to assume form." Along with the governor, Samuel Holden Parsons, John Armstrong, and James H. Varnum were appointed judges, and Winthrop Sargent, secretary. A meeting of these territorial officers was held on the 25th of the same month, when the first law was enacted—"for regulating and establishing the militia," and the next day the official inauguration of the territorial government was promulgated by the reading of the governor's proclamation, erecting all the country ceded by the Indians east of the Scioto River into the county of Washington, and formally declaring the operations of the laws of the United States, provided for the territory by the ordinance of 1787, in force. On the 2d of September the first court was held, and opened with becoming ceremonies, which are described in the "American Pioneer," as follows:

"The procession was formed at the Point (where most of the settlers resided), in the following order: 1st, the high sheriff with his drawn sword; 2d, the citizens; 3d, the officers of the garrison at Fort Harmar; 4th, the members of the bar; 5th, the supreme judges; 6th, the governor and clergymen; 7th, the newly appointed judges of the Common Pleas, Generals Rufus

Putnam and Benjamin Tupper. They marched up a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest to Campus Martius Hall (stockade), where the whole counter-marched, and the judges (Putnam and Tupper) took their seats. The clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cutler, then invoked the divine blessing. The sheriff, Colonel Ebenezer Sproat (one of nature's nobles), proclaimed with his solemn 'Oyez, that a court is opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect to persons; none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case.'"

The instructions received by Governor St. Clair were of this import: That, whereas no conclusive treaty had as yet been made with all the Indian tribes in regard to the boundary, he should endeavor to hold a general council with all those tribes inhabiting the country north-west of the Ohio River and about the lakes, at such times and places as he should appoint, for the purpose of ascertaining the causes of uneasiness among them, hearing their complaints, regulating the trade with them, and amicably settling all affairs concerning the lands and boundaries between them and the United States. After corresponding by runners with the Indians, it was agreed, in deference to their wishes, that a conference should be held at the falls of the Muskingum, better known as "Duncan's Falls," in what they termed their own country, beyond the guns of any fort. Early in June 1788, General Harmar received instructions from Pittsburgh, where St. Clair, on his way to Fort Harmar, stayed a few weeks, to send a detachment to "Duncan's Falls," and prepare there a council-house and buildings for storing the goods to be distributed among the Indians.

Unfortunately the detachment was treacherously attacked by some renegade Chippewa and Ottawa Indians, and two soldiers were killed and two others wounded, whereupon Governor St. Clair ordered the provisions back to Fort Harmar, and changed the place for the conference to the fort. He immedi-

ately sent messengers with a speech to the various nations and tribes, setting forth his reasons for the change, urging their coming, and guaranteeing them an unmolested attendance and a safe departure, whether a treaty should be concluded or not.

The Indians, who acted for the most part under the council and advice of the celebrated Mohawk war-chief, JOSEPH BRANT (*Thayendanagea*), held it, however, improper to change the location of the conference once determined, and prepared themselves for peace or war. They urged that the marauding Indians at "Duncan's Falls," who committed the attack on the sentries at the store-house, were none of the parties to the treaty, but were mere straggling renegades; and furthermore, that they had delivered into the hands of the whites all of the marauders, who were then prisoners at Fort Harmar. They furthermore assured them that the whites should have nothing to fear at the falls, but on the contrary, that they themselves could not feel easy, and consequently were hostile to holding a council to adjust peace measures under the guns of Harmar and Campus Martius.

Young John Brant, son of *Thayendanagea*, came down the Tuscarawas and Muskingum trail with two hundred warriors, camping at "Duncan's Falls," from where they informed Governor St. Clair by runners that they desired the treaty preliminaries to be fixed there. The governor suspected a plot to get him to the falls and abduct him; yet nothing had transpired that would warrant any suspicion of that import. He sent Brant's runners back with word that he would soon answer by a ranger.

The governor then selected for this important mission an expert and trustworthy person, Hamilton Kerr, a comrade of the celebrated Lewis Wetzel, the Indian hunter of the Ohio valley. He was perfectly reliable, comparatively shrewd, and possessed of a quick eye for observation of all such matters as might be useful information for the governor. Kerr accordingly left Fort Harmar on the road to "Duncan's Falls," to reconnoiter and to deliver St. Clair's letter.

But there was a third party that had overheard the arrangements made between the governor and the hunter. This was St. Clair's eldest daughter, Louisa. She at once resolved to become the messenger of her father's letter to John Brant, with whom she had become acquainted in Philadelphia. Without communicating her intention to any one, she set out from the fort immediately after Kerr, whom she passed on the way, she keeping the trail, while Kerr cautiously crept through the woods. A short distance above Waterford, Kerr perceived fresh tracks, and keeping the river in sight, crept on a bluff. Then rising upon his feet to espy who caused the tracks, he heard the laugh of a woman. Coming down to the trail he saw Louisa St. Clair on a pony, dressed Indian style, with a short rifle over her shoulder.

Stupefied with amazement, the ranger lost his speech, well knowing Louisa, who was the bravest and boldest girl of all at the fort. She had left, as has already been said, without the knowledge of any one; and calling "Ham" (as he was familiarly known) to his senses, told him she was going to "Duncan's Falls" to see Brant. Expostulations on his part only made her laugh the louder, and she twitted him on his comical dress—head turbaned with a red handkerchief, hunting-shirt, but no trousers, the breech-clout taking their place.

Taking her pony by the head, he led it up to the trail, and at night they supped on dried deer meat from Kerr's pouch. The pony was tied, and Louisa sat against a tree and slept, rifle in hand, while Kerr watched her. Next morning they pursued their way, and finally came in sight of the Indian camp. She then took her father's letter from the ranger, and telling him to hide and await her return, dashed off on her pony directly into the Indian camp, where she soon became a prisoner. She asked for Brant, who appeared in war panoply, but was abashed at her gaze. She handed him the letter, remarking that they had met before, he as a student on a visit from college to Philadelphia, and she as the daughter of St. Clair at

school. He bowed, being educated, read the letter, and became excited. Louisa, perceiving this, said she had risked her life to see him, and asked for a guard back to Marietta. Brant told her he guarded the brave, and would accompany her home. In the evening of the third day they arrived with Hamilton Kerr at the fort, where she introduced Brant to her father, relating the incident. After some hours Brant was escorted out of the lines, returned to the falls, and went up the valley with his warriors.

The treaty concluded at Fort Harmar February 9, 1789, was followed with naught but evil for the settlers in the territory, though two additional tribes, the Sacs and the Pottawatamies, had joined in the confirmation of the treaty of Fort McIntosh, the only result realized at this treaty. A period of Indian murders and wars now set in, which lasted with alternately increasing and diminishing waves until the year 1795. Yet even at that time, when destruction threatened all the whites. at the hands of the enraged savages, the emigration westward was very great. The commandant at Fort Harmar reported that four thousand and five hundred persons passed that post between February and June in the year 1788.

In the year 1787 Captain Abraham Covalt came to Ohio from Redstone in Pennsylvania, and effected a settlement on the Little Miami, near where Milford now stands. The same year Judge John Cleves Symmes, of New Jersey, crossed the Alleghanies with a small party for the purposes of exploration and purchasing land in the new territory, and, while in the Miami country, fell in with Major Benjamin Stites, of Redstone, who had been pursuing some Indian horse-thieves. The latter, learning the intentions of Symmes and his party, at once set about securing an interest in the new purchase. When the explorers returned east, Symmes obtained from Congress a grant of all the lands lying between the two Miami Rivers, and running north to the treaty line, the entire tract being supposed to contain one million acres. Upon actual survey it was found to con-

tain only about 750,000 acres, and of this Symmes eventually paid for less than 250,000. As soon as he had obtained from Congress the patent to his lands, he published (November 26, 1787) a pamphlet, setting forth in most glowing terms the beauties and value of the "Miami Lands," together with the advantages offered to the first settlers.

Encouraged by the reports of the fertility of the soil, the prospects of larger gains, and the advantages to be secured for themselves and their families, a small party, composed mostly of land surveyors and agents, immediately left New Jersey to visit the "Miami Purchase." Among this party was Matthias Denman, who bought from Symmes the eighteenth section and the fractional section seventeen bordering on the Ohio River, of the first fractional range of Symmes's lands, between seven and eight hundred acres, at a price of five shillings per acre, continental currency, then worth but five shillings per pound. Upon this land, for which Denman paid, in real value, only about \$125, is now situated the principal portion of the city of Cincinnati, with its thousands of elegant palaces and business blocks, valued at upwards of a hundred million dollars.

When Denman arrived at Limestone (now Maysville, Ky.), he associated himself with Colonel Robert Patterson and a person named Jean Filson, a Frenchman from Kentucky, who acted as a school-master in Lexington, and likewise as a land-surveyor. Filson was a man of some prominence in the western backwoods, having written a "History of Kentucky," which was published in Philadelphia, and of which a French and German edition had likewise appeared, the first in Paris, the latter in Frankfort-on-the-Main. These three men resolved to found a town upon the Denman purchase, of which Filson, who knew the place, prepared a plan, calling it Losantiville. This name which was a curious combination of Greek, Latin, and French, was to designate at once the locality of the town: "L," standing for Licking; "os," the mouth; "anti," opposite; and "ville," the village—The village opposite the mouth of the Licking River.

In December, a party, among them Patterson, Filson, Judge Symmes, and others, made an expedition to the Miami valley, from which Filson never returned, having been probably murdered by the Indians.

The first actual settlers of the town arrived December 28, 1788, and in the spring thereafter the first log-cabin was erected on the spot where now the great metropolis of the Ohio valley stands. Already, however, two other settlements had been begun on the lands of Symmes. In November, 1788, Major Stites (Heckewelder says his name, properly spelled, was Steitz, which, pronounced in German, is identical with the English Stites), Colonel Spencer, Major Gano, Judge Goforth, and others, settled themselves a short distance below the mouth of the Little Miami river, calling the place "Columbia," and on January 29, 1789, Judge Symmes left Limestone with another party, settling at the North Bend, where he had designated that the future great city of the Miami country should be located, and which he named in honor of his mother, "Cleves." When the latter party arrived at the Bend, they immediately proceeded to erect from the planks of the flat-boats, with which they had descended the river, a number of temporary huts to shelter them against the cold, rain, and snow. At the earnest solicitations of the judge, General Harmar had in December, 1788, dispatched a company under command of Captain Kearsy, numbering forty-eight rank and file, to protect the improvements just begun or in contemplation of beginning, in the Miami country, and a party was also sent from Limestone to guard the settlement at Columbia, where they soon after arrived. When Captain Kearsy left Fort Harmar, it was his intention to occupy with his men "Fort Finney," at the mouth of the Great Miami, which had shortly before been erected there by Captain Ziegler, and which was located somewhat in close proximity of Symmes's intended settlement at the Bend. This intention was, however, not consummated, on account of the flood in the river, which spread over the lowlands, rendered it difficult to reach the fort, where-

upon Captain Kearsy descended with his men to "Fort Steuben," at the falls of the Ohio (now Louisville), leaving the settlers of Cleves entirely unprotected.

Symmes complained to Major Willis, the commander at the falls, of the conduct of Captain Kearsy, and urging the necessity of protection of the settlers, asked that a fort might be built at the Bend. As Captain Kearsy reported that "Fort Finney" was unavailable for the guarding of the settlement there, Major Willis dispatched Ensign Lutz, with a squad of seventeen or eighteen men, to Cleves, which, for the time, removed the apprehensions of the pioneers at that place. It was not long, however, before the Indians made an attack on them, in which one soldier was killed, and one soldier and four or five other persons were wounded.

Although the three settlements in the Miami purchase had but one object in view and shared the common danger, yet there existed a strong spirit of rivalry among them, each feeling a peculiar pride in the prosperity of the particular colony to which he belonged. That spirit produced a strong influence of the feelings on the pioneers of the different villages, and an *esprit de corps*, scarcely to be expected under circumstances so critical and dangerous as those which threatened them. For some time it was a matter of doubt which of the rivals, Columbia, Cincinnati, or North Bend (Cleves) would eventually become the chief seat of business. In the beginning Columbia, the eldest of the three, took the lead, both in number of its inhabitants, and the convenience and appearance of its dwellings. It was a flourishing village, and many believed it would become the great business town of the Miami country. That delusion, however, lasted but a short time. Next, the North Bend settlement gained a decided advantage over it, especially since the landing of the troops to protect the settlers, which induced many of the first adventurers to plant themselves there, believing that the place would thus afford them greater security than the other localities.

It appears, however, that Ensign Lutz, the commander of the little party posted there for the protection of the settlers, did not feel himself positively bound to erect the fort at any particular place, but that he had the liberty to select the best spot calculated to afford the most extensive protection to the settlers at large. Viewing his duty in that light, he put up a small temporary work, sufficiently strong to give security to his men, however much Judge Symmes entreated him to erect at once a substantial and spacious block-house sufficient for the protection of the inhabitants of the village. In fact, Ensign Lutz shortly thereafter left the Bend and went to Losantiville with his command, where he immediately began the construction of a strong military work, which was completed during the course of the summer of 1789, when Major Doughty arrived here with troops from Fort Harmar. There is a romantic story connected with this change of base on the part of Ensign Lutz, which is told by Judge Burnet in his "Notes on the Early Settlement of the North-western Territory," as follows:

"While the officer in command at North Bend was looking out very leisurely for a suitable site on which to build the block-house, he formed an acquaintance with a beautiful black-eyed female, who called forth his most assiduous and tender attentions. She was the wife of one of the settlers at the Bend. Her husband saw the danger to which he would be exposed if he remained where he was. He therefore resolved at once to remove to Losantiville, and very promptly executed his resolution. As soon as the gallant commandant discovered that the object of his admiration had changed her residence he began to think that the Bend was not an advantageous situation for a military work, and communicated that opinion to Judge Symmes, who strenuously opposed it. His reasoning, however, was not as persuasive as the sparkling eyes of the fair Dulcinea, then at Losantiville. The result was a determination to visit Losantiville and examine its advantages for a military post, which he communicated to the judge, with an assurance

that if, on examination, it did not prove to be the most eligible place, he would return and erect the fort at the Bend. The visit was quickly made and resulted in a conviction that the Bend could not be compared with Losantiville as a military position. The troops were accordingly removed to that place, and the building of a block-house commenced. That movement, produced by a cause whimsical and apparently trivial in itself, was attended with results of incalculable importance. It settled the question, whether North Bend or Cincinnati was to be the great commercial town of the Miami country. Thus we see what unexpected results are sometimes produced by circumstances apparently trivial. The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame produced a ten years' war, which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio from the place where it had been commenced to the place where it now is. If this captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend, the garrison would have been erected there, population, capital, and business would have centered there, and there would have been the Queen City of the West."

Hardly was the "Fort Washington," as it was called, at Losantiville completed when General Harmar, in December, 1789, removed his head-quarters from Marietta thither, taking possession of the fort with three companies, leaving Major Denny in command of Fort Harmar. On the second day of January thereafter Governor St. Clair arrived at Fort Washington, on his way to Fort Steuben, stopping over for a few days. He was much pleased with the fort and the settlement adjoining it, so he at once resolved to remove the seat of government from Marietta to Cincinnati. He issued on January 5th a proclamation, dividing the entire territory into four counties, as follows: All that portion lying east of the Scioto River and south of the treaty line was called Washington county; that part lying between the Scioto and the Big Miami rivers was called Hamilton county; the territory between the Big Miami and

Wabash rivers was called Knox county, and the part west of the Wabash to the Mississippi was called St. Clair county. At the same time he changed the name "Losantiville," into "Cincinnati,"—which name appears for the first time in St. Clair's proclamation of January 5, 1790.

The continued influx of whites into the territory annoyed the Indians greatly. They resolved, at all hazards, to repress these inroads upon their hunting-grounds. Councils were held in the villages on the Muskingum and the upper Miamis, as well as at Detroit; and the most threatening and highly inflammatory speeches were uttered against the settlers, whom they agreed to drive again across the Ohio River. During the winter 1789-1790 all the settlements began to swarm with Indians around them, lurking about the woods and fields, killing those that dared to venture without the reach of the guns of the forts and block-houses.

The whites were by no means at ease during this state of affairs. Scouts were engaged, bold and daring men, to watch every movement of the savages, and to report their preparations. As early as the year 1789, General Harmar engaged quite a number of them, of which the brothers Robert and William McClellan, John White, and the brothers Miller were the most noted and skillful adventurers. Of Robert McClellan and White the following thrilling incident is related by the venerable General John Sanderson, of Lancaster, as communicated by Rev. J. B. Finley in his autobiography.

In the beginning of the year 1790 the block-house and stockade above the mouth of the Hockhocking River was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the North-western Territory. In its vicinity nature was as yet undisturbed in its pristine condition. The ax of the woodsman had not been heard here, nor had the bosom of the earth been ripped open by the furrowing plow of the busy husbandman. A primeval forest stretched itself in every direction for miles and miles, only interrupted here and there by small spots of green and flowing

prairies, waving their golden bloom in the silent beauty of nature. One of the most luxuriant of these prairies of the Hockhocking valley was where the town of Lancaster now stands. Its beauty, fertility of the soil, and picturesqueness of scenery attracted even the savages, who built here one of their principal villages. Its location in the south-eastern center of what is now the State of Ohio, well advanced both towards the settlements at Marietta and Cincinnati, made it a suitable place for the concentration of the Indian warriors in an attempt upon either of these colonies. The tribes north and west would meet here to consult, and from here the war-paths led forth in different directions.

It was but natural, during the exciting period of 1789-90, when the aggressions upon their soil were advancing onward slowly, but firmly, from the mouths of the Muskingum and the Miamis, threatening the eventual complete inundation of all the territory south of the Lake Erie, that this place, lying almost equi-distant from both threatening localities, should be selected as the place of rendezvous of the Indians, whose war-spirit was up and whose tomahawks had been unburied for active hostility. Information was soon received at the garrison of Fort Harmar that the Indians were gathering for the purpose of striking a blow at some one of the frontier settlements; and to meet this crisis, the commandant dispatched two of the most trustworthy and best skilled spies to watch their movements, and report the same. These two men were Robert McClellan and John White, "two spirits that never quailed at danger, and as unconquerable as the Libyan lion." In the early autumn of 1790 they left their comrades at Marietta and moved on through the thick plum and hazel bushes with the noiseless tread of the panther, armed with their unerring and trusty rifles. Having arrived in the vicinity of the Indian village, they climbed the prominence now known as Mount Pleasant, whose western termination is a perpendicular cliff of rocks, several hundred feet in height, and from which a beautiful view is had

of the entire plain. Here our spies took up a position from which they could observe all the movements of the Indians in the valley below. Every day added new accessions of warriors to the company. They witnessed their exercises of horse-racing, running foot-races, ball-playing, jumping, throwing the tomahawk, and dancing—the old sachems looking on with their Indian indifference, the squaws engaged in their usual drudgery, and the children in their playful gambols. The arrival of each new war party was greeted with terrible shouts, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, re-echoed from the various indentations of the surrounding hills in a thousand reverberations, as if a million fiends were gathered at a universal revelry. Terrific as these yells would sound in the ear of those unaccustomed to Indian war-festivities, they were but martial music to our spies; strains, which awakened their watchfulness, and newly strung their courage and bravery. From their early youth they had been accustomed to it, having been bred in the frontiers. They were well practiced in all the subtilty, craft, and cunning of the Indian warfare, as well as the ferocity and blood-thirsty nature of the savage warriors, and consequently not at all excited at the scenes seen in and heard from the valley at their feet.

The place of observation selected by them was well chosen; nor did they neglect to efface carefully and completely all traces of their presence. On several occasions small parties of Indians would ascend Mount Pleasant from the eastern side for the purpose of scouting the country in the vicinity of their camping-ground, in order to satisfy themselves that they were not watched or surprised by their enemy. Then the spies would seclude themselves in the deep fissures of the rocks on the west, again leaving their hiding-places when their uninvited and unwelcome visitors had disappeared. Besides this, their place was well-secured, having but one narrow entrance over a ridge, which could be passed by only one person at a time, and which was in complete command of their rifles. They were, therefore,

not likely to be ensnared by the cunning of their foes, nor to fall victims to their scalping-knives and tomahawks, without a desperate, and on their part, advantageous struggle.

For food they depended on jerked venison and corn bread, with which their knapsacks were well filled. They dared not kindle a fire, and the report of a shot from one of their rifles would at once have divulged their presence, and brought upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended upon some rain-water which still stood in the hollows of some of the rocks; but, after a short period, this store was exhausted, and they were thrown upon the alternative of either finding a new supply or abandoning their position. There was, however, the river flowing at the foot of the rock, and from it they resolved to procure their drink. But it was a dangerous undertaking, for the river was open to the view of the village, and the party being discovered would unquestionably bring upon him the savages, with the unerring shots from their rifles or the fatal arrow. To accomplish this most hazardous enterprise, McClellan, being the oldest, resolved to make the attempt; and, with his trustworthy rifle in his hand, and their two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended by a circuitous route to the prairie, skirting the hills on the north, and, under cover of the hazel thickets, he reached the river, and, turning a bold point of the hill, he found a beautiful and fresh spring within a few feet of the river bank. He filled his canteens, and returned in safety to his companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was performed alternately. But "the jug," says the proverb, "goes to the well until it breaks;" and the procuring of their water-supply was destined one day to end their observations. This episode is described by General Sanderson, as follows:

"On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few minutes watching the limpid element as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth, when the light

sound of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and upon turning around he saw two squaws within a few feet of him. Upon turning the jut of the hill, the eldest squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation. If the alarm should reach the camps or town, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation compelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner as, if possible, to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of the lion, and, grasping the throat of each, sprang into the river. He thrust the head of the eldest under the water. While making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted him, and during the short struggle with this young athlete, to his astonishment, she addressed him in his own language, though in almost inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him that she had been a prisoner for ten years, and was taken from below Wheeling, and that the Indians had killed all the family, and that her brother and herself were taken prisoners, but he succeeded on the second night in making his escape. During this narrative White had drowned the elder squaw, and had let her float off with the current, where it would not, probably, be found out soon. He now directed the girl to follow him, and, with his usual speed and energy, pushed for the mount. They had scarcely gone half-way when they heard the alarm-cry some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed some party of Indians, returning from hunting, had struck the river just as the body of the squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where McClellan had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians. The prairie party of warriors were seen immediately to strike off in every direction, and White and the girl had scarcely arrived before a party of some twenty warriors reached the eastern acclivity of the mount and were cautiously and carefully keeping under

cover. Soon the spies saw their swarthy foes as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, till their position was surrounded, except on the western perpendicular side, and all hope of escape was cut off. In this perilous condition, nothing was left but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been taken prisoner. She said, 'No! death to me, in the presence of my own people, is a thousand times sweeter than captivity and slavery. Furnish me with a gun, and I will show you I can fight as well as die. This place I leave not. Here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours, and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my few relations.' Remonstrance proved fruitless. The two spies matured their plan of defense, and vigorously commenced the attack from the front, where, from the narrow backbone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file and without any covert. Beyond this neck the warriors availed themselves of the rocks and trees in advancing, but in passing from one to the other they must be exposed for a short time, and a moment's exposure of their swarthy forms was enough for the unerring rifles of the spies. The Indians being entirely ignorant of how many were in ambuscade, made them the more cautious how they advanced.

"After bravely maintaining the fight in front and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The arch foe now made evident preparations to attack them on the flank, which could be most successfully done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill-side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the spies under point-blank shot of the rifle without the possibility of escape. Our brave spies saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but a brave companion and an unerring shot. These they had not; but the brave never despair. With this impending fate resting upon them they continued calm and calculating, and as unwearied as

the strongest desire of life and the resistance of a numerous foe could produce. Soon McClellan saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a covert so near to the fatal rock that a bound or two would reach it and all hope of life then was gone. He felt that all depended on one single advantageous shot; and, although but an inch or two of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards, he resolved to risk all, coolly raised his rifle to his face, and shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure that he felt conscious it would do the deed. He touched the trigger with his finger; the hammer came down, but, in place of striking fire, it broke his flint into many pieces; and, although he felt that the Indian must reach the rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure. Casting his eye to the fearful point suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap; and with the agility of the panther he made the spring, but instead of reaching the rock, he gave a most hideous yell, and his dark body fell and rolled down the steep into the valley below. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices re-echoed from below the terrible shout. It was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior as well as being disappointed, for a time, of the most important movement. A very few minutes proved that the advantage gained would be of short duration; for already the spies caught a glimpse of a tall, swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing to the covert so recently occupied by his fellow-companion. Now, too, the attack in front was renewed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both spies to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence; and in a short time McClellan saw a warrior making preparations to leap on the fatal rock. The leap was made, and the Indian turning a somersault, his corpse rolled down the hill toward his former companion. Again an unknown agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants, and just as the sun was

disappearing behind the western hills the foe withdrew for a short distance to devise some new mode of attack. This respite came most seasonably to our spies, who had kept their ground and bravely maintained the unequal fight from nearly the middle of the day.

“Now, for the first time, was the girl missing; and the spies thought that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight; but they were not long left to conjecture. The girl was seen emerging from behind a rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some distance before the rest, and, while some of them changed their position, she resolved at once, live or die, to possess herself of his gun and ammunition; and crouching down beneath the underbrush, she crawled to the place and succeeded in her enterprise. Her keen and watchful eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors fell; the last being the most intrepid and blood-thirsty of the Shawnee tribe, and the leader of the company which killed her mother and sister, and took her and her brother prisoners.

“Now in the west arose dark clouds, which soon overspread the whole heavens, and the elements were rent with the peals of thunder. Darkness, deep and gloomy, shrouded the whole heavens; this darkness greatly embarrassed the spies in their contemplated night escape, supposing that they might readily lose their way, and accidentally fall on their enemy; but a short consultation decided the plan. It was agreed that the girl should go foremost, from her intimate knowledge of the localities, and another advantage might be gained in case they should fall in with any of the parties or outposts—from her knowledge of their language she might deceive the sentinels, as the sequel proved; for scarcely had they descended a hundred yards, when a low whist from the girl warned them of their danger. The spies sunk silently to the ground, where, by pre-

vious engagement, they were to remain till the signal was given by the girl to move on. Her absence for the space of a quarter of an hour began to excite the most serious apprehensions. Again she appeared, and told them she had succeeded in removing two sentinels to a short distance, who were directly in their route.

“The descent was noiselessly resumed, and the spies followed their intrepid leader for a half mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a dog at a short distance apprised them of new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the spies’ rifles was heard by the girl, who stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian camps, and their lives now depended on the most profound silence and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterward the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in her wigwam; she replied in the Indian language, and without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped, and assured the spies that the village was now cleared, and that they had passed the greatest danger. She knew that every leading path was guarded safely by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the center of the village as the least hazardous, and the sequel proved the correctness of her judgment. They now steered a course for the Ohio River, and, after three days’ travel, arrived safely at the block-house. Their escape and adventure prevented the Indians from their contemplated attack. The rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Corneal Washburn, celebrated in the history of Indian warfare and as the renowned spy of Captain Simon Kenton’s bloody Kentuckians.”

After their failure on the part of the savages in their attempted surprise of Fort Harmar, the western tribes again withdrew to their villages on the Maumee and Auglaize rivers. General Harmar now resolved to punish them in their own country. He advanced cautiously from Fort Washington in October, 1790, to destroy their villages on the Maumee. Upon reaching

the Indian towns which lay around the forks of this river (now Fort Wayne, Indiana), he began to destroy the Indian fields and huts in the outskirts of their camp, whereby his troops became so much divided, that they were separately attacked and routed by the savages under their war-chief Little Turtle. General Harmar, after this disaster, thought it prudent to retire again to Fort Washington. He had instructions for the erection of a fort on the Maumee, but his troops after the defeat became unreliable, and, as the supplies were short, and the season being too far advanced to bring forward others, the enterprise was dropped. General Harmar, the next year, was dismissed from the service.

The savages, intoxicated with joy over the defeat of their adversaries, now swarmed all over the country and around the settlements, striking terror into the hearts of even the hardiest of the pioneers. A cry went up to the general government, demanding energetic measures in the premises, Harmar's disastrous defeat having demonstrated the necessity of imposing some strong check upon the aggressions of the northern Indians; and new measures were devised for the attainment of that end. Governor St. Clair was at once appointed a major-general in the service of Congress, and vested with the power of a commander-in-chief of the United States forces. Orders were given for the recruiting of a large and effective army, and besides, the militia of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky were called into action.

While this powerful army was organizing and concentrating at Fort Washington, Colonels Scott and Wilkinson were sent in the summer of 1791 on an expedition into the lower Wabash country, where they succeeded in destroying several Indian towns and fields, which, coupled with the same policy pursued by Harmar, led the Indians, stimulated by the British, to the belief that the government policy was to exterminate the race and seize their lands. In this belief they were confirmed when they witnessed the extensive preparations making by St. Clair

for his expedition. Still, flushed with their success achieved over General Harmar, they continued to devastate the settlements on the borders of the territory from one end to the other, carrying murder and pillage everywhere, even to the very walls of the strongly garrisoned Fort Washington. St. Clair used every endeavor to entreat them to a peaceful disposition. He urged them to take part in a council at Cincinnati, so that the troubles daily augmenting more and more might be adjusted in a peaceable manner.

The settlers, however, believing that the meek and timid policy of the government was the very cause of the threatening situation, became highly indignant at these treaties and parleys. "While the governor is holding peace conferences," they said, "the savages are destroying our homes and our fields, stealing or killing our animals, and murdering our wives and children." These complaints on the part of the whites were not far from the truth. "On the evening of the 2d [January, 1791]," writes Rufus Putnam to the President, "between sunset and daylight, the Indians surprised a new settlement of our people at a place on the Muskingum called the Big Bottom, nearly forty miles up the river, in which disaster eleven men, one woman, and two children were killed; three men are missing, and four others made their escape. Thus, sir, the war, which was partially waged before the campaign of last year, is, in all probability, become general."

Nor were the hardy pioneer women any less severe in their criticism of the fatal policy pursued by the authorities. It was chiefly they that threatened to storm Fort Washington when the celebrated ranger Lewis Wetzel was a prisoner therein. And when Wetzel was released upon a *habeas corpus*, they escorted him in procession to Columbia, where the ladies arranged a banquet and ball in honor of the liberation of the great hunter, "who had killed more Indians than any other man." Thus, at the time when these peace councils were held, the white settlers used all their influence to compel the authorities to a strong policy and to a war of extermination. Women

would rush into the council meetings and complain of the murder of their husbands and relatives, crying aloud for revenge, and uttering sometimes threats of masculine terseness, inciting thereby the Indians to violence. Inflamed by these utterances, and urged on by jealousy and hatred, what else could be expected but that the Indians would not only continue, but increase, their depredations upon the frontier settlements?

Yet some of the Indian chiefs actually desired peace. Even Joseph Brant, the great war-chief of the Five Nations, advised a general peace, "by all means, if it could be effected upon honorable and liberal terms." On the other hand, the western tribes, doubtless instigated by the British agents and under their control, urged on the quarrel about to burst forth.

At last the numerous appeals reached the ear of the general government, as we have seen, and preparations were made for a powerful assault upon the war-thirsty tribes of the west. Governor St. Clair, at the head of an army of upwards of three thousand strong, marched against them. Early on the morning of the 4th of November, 1791, the advance of this expedition, about fourteen hundred strong, was surprised in its camp on the banks of the Wabash, in the south-west part of Mercer county, Ohio, and entirely dispersed, with a loss of more than six hundred men.

This aroused Congress to a different policy. The commanding officers of the hitherto fatal expeditions might have been good generals, and undoubtedly were, in a combat with civilized armies, but they were entirely unaccustomed to an Indian warfare. How General Washington, who was reared to this class of fighting from his youth, could have committed the fatal blunder of selecting generals devoid of training in the peculiar duties demanded of them, is quite inexplicable. The lessons received were, however, not in vain. A new commander was selected, and this time a man, who had fought both whites and Indians, who possessed not only unquestioned courage, but likewise a keen conception and quick resolve in his actions, the

intrepid hero of Stony Point, General Anthony Wayne. This selection was made despite the opposition of, or as Governor Lee of Virginia puts it, "to the extreme disgust among, all orders in the Old Dominion." But the President had selected Wayne not hastily, nor through partiality or influence, and no idle words affected him.

In June, 1792, Wayne moved westward to Pittsburgh, and proceeded to organize the army, which was to be the ultimate arbitrator between the Americans and the Indian confederation. Through the summer of 1792 the preparations of the soldiers were steadily attended to. "Train and discipline them for the service they are meant for," said Washington, "and do not spare powder and lead, so the men be made marksmen." In December, 1792, the forces, now recruited and trained, were gathered at a point about twenty-two miles below Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, in a camp which was called Legionville, the army itself having been denominated the Legion of the United States.

While Wayne's army was gathering and practicing target-shooting, the peace measures of the United States were pressed with equal perseverance. In the first place, an expedition was sent to examine the field of the late disastrous conflict. This body reached the place of their destination in February, 1792, and from the letter of Captain Buntin to St. Clair, relative to what was found there, we take the following passage: "In my opinion, those unfortunate men who fell into the enemy's hands with life were used with the greatest torture—having their limbs torn off; and the women have been treated with the most indecent cruelty, having stakes as thick as a person's arm drove through their bodies." Next there were peace commissioners sent to the various tribes. In the spring of that year Colonel Trueman repaired to the Miami villages with friendly messages, offering reasonable terms. Other peace messengers were sent to the Indians on the lower Wabash, accompanied by the Moravian missionary, John Heckewelder, to effect a friendly adjudication of the difficulties with the tribes.

On the part of the Indians these peace-offerings were received with a diversity of opinions. While some of their chiefs, among them the Wyandot war-chief Little Turtle, were urging the acceptance of the terms offered, others, as yet intoxicated with their easy victories obtained over largely superior armies, were unwilling to listen to any argument offered. In vain did Little Turtle say to them: "Brothers, we heretofore had opposed to us chiefs that were sleeping, but I say to you, the 'Great Wind' [the name given by the Indians to General Wayne] is a chief who never sleeps." They, urged on by the British, who secretly promised them succor, would hear of no terms whatsoever.

General Wayne's "Legion" had passed the winter 1792-3 at Legionville until the last of April, 1793, when it was taken down the river to Cincinnati. There it encamped in the vicinity of Fort Washington, on a high plateau, selected for that purpose by Wayne's quartermaster-general, Colonel Hobson, from whom the camp received the name of "Hobson's Choice." It had been urged by some on General Wayne, that the camping-ground was too far distant from Fort Washington and the town, it being located, on account of the high water in the river, in what is now the western part of Cincinnati. Wayne, upon inquiry as to who had chosen the place, learning that it was Colonel Hobson, said: "Then it is Hobson's choice, and we must take it."

After encountering many obstacles General Wayne, during the summer of 1793, was perfecting the discipline of his army at Hobson's Choice. Profiting by the errors of his predecessors, he at the same time tried to acquaint himself with every thing pertaining to the disposition of the Indians, their location, number, chiefs, and all other matters of interest to a commander of an invading army in a hostile country. He knew that he had a bold, vigilant, and dexterous enemy to contend with. It became, therefore, indispensable to him to use the utmost caution in his movements to guard against surprise. To secure his army against the possibility of being ambuscaded, he organized

a body of spies or rangers, selecting for it the best woodsmen the camp afforded. This corps was placed under the command of Captain Ephraim Kibby, one of the first settlers at Columbia, who had distinguished himself as a bold and intrepid soldier in defending that infant settlement. The corps was divided into two companies, one commanded by Kibby in person, the other by Captain William Wells, who had been taken a prisoner by the Indians when quite a boy, as narrated in a previous chapter, and had grown up to manhood with them, and consequently was well acquainted with all their wiles and stratagems.

Of Captain Wells's birth and family nothing is known. He was captured at the age of twelve years, when he was an inmate of the family of Nathaniel Pope (the grandfather of General Pope), in Kentucky. The Miamis, who had taken him, finally adopted Wells into the tribe, and he lived to manhood among them. His Indian name was "Black Snake." He became quite an influential man among them, and married a sister of the celebrated chief "Little Turtle." He fought by the side of this chief in the contests with Generals Harmar and St. Clair. "Afterwards," writes Hon. J. L. Williams, in his Historical Sketch of the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Wayne, "in time of calm reflection, with dim memories still of his childhood home, of brothers and playmates, he seems to have been harassed with the thought that among the slain by his own hand may have been his kindred. The approach of Wayne's army in 1794, stirred anew these conflicting emotions based upon indistinct recollections of early ties, of country and kindred on the one hand, and existing attachments of wife and children on the other. He resolved to make his history known. With true Indian characteristics, the secret purpose of leaving his adopted nation was, according to reliable tradition, made known in this manner: Taking with him the war-chief 'Little Turtle' to a favorite spot on the banks of the Maumee, Wells said: 'I now leave your nation for my own people. We have been friends. We are friends yet, until the sun reaches a certain height,'

which he indicated. 'From that time we are enemies. Then if you wish to kill me, you may. If I want to kill you, I may.' At the appointed hour, crossing the river, Captain Wells disappeared in the forest, taking an easterly direction to strike the trail of Wayne's army. Obtaining an interview with General Wayne, he became ever afterward the faithful friend of the Americans."

Next to Wells in importance was Robert McClellan, whose name has been immortalized by Washington Irving in his graphic picture of "Astoria." He was one of three brothers, William, Robert, and John McClellan, the sons of one of the pioneer farmers of Pennsylvania, who lived at the time of the Revolutionary war in that part of Cumberland County which now belongs to Franklin County, where the boys were schooled in all the arts of woodcraft and inured to the hardships of frontier life. As soon as the boys had obtained a sufficient age, they began their turbulent careers as pack-horse boys, conveying salt over the mountains. At the opening of the Indian conflict in the west, about the year 1790, Robert and William engaged as scouts or rangers, first in the service of General Harmar, and next in that of Generals St. Clair and Wayne. "Robert was one of the most athletic and active men on foot," writes McDonald, "that appeared on the globe. On the parade ground at Fort Greenville, where the ground was very little inclined, to show his activity, he leaped over a road wagon with the cover stretched over; the wagon and bows were eight and a half feet high."

Henry Miller and a younger brother named Christopher (brothers of Joseph and John Miller, in Kibby's company), had been made captives by the Indians when quite young, and were adopted into an Indian family. Henry lived with them until he attained the age of about twenty-four years. Although he had become quite Indianized and had adopted all their manners and customs, he now began thinking of returning home to his family and relatives among the whites. His thoughts finally

grew into resolution. He communicated his intention to his brother Christopher, and tried with all endeavor to get him to join in the flight, but in vain. Christopher was quite a child when made a captive. He was now a good hunter, an expert woodsman, and in the full sense of the word, the true type of an Indian warrior. Failing to induce his brother to join him, Henry set off alone through the woods, and arrived safe among his friends in Kentucky. Captain Wells was well acquainted with the Millers during their captivity, and knew the intrepidity of Henry, which would render him a valuable companion in time of need ; so, meeting him among Kibby's scouts, he asked and received Miller's transfer into his company. How Henry Miller found his brother Christopher, and had him join the company of Wayne's scouts commanded by Wells, is related by McDonald, as follows :

“The head-quarters of the army being at Fort Greenville, in the month of June, 1794, General Wayne dispatched Captain Wells and his company with orders to bring into camp an Indian as a prisoner, in order that he might interrogate him as to the future intentions of the enemy. Captain Wells proceeded with cautious steps toward the Indian country. He crossed the river St. Mary, and thence to the river Auglaize, without meeting any straggling party of Indians. In passing up the Auglaize they discovered a smoke; they then dismounted, tied their horses, and proceeded cautiously to reconnoiter the enemy. They found three Indians camped on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brush and underwood. As it was open woods, they found it would be difficult to approach the camp without being discovered. Whilst they were reconnoitering they saw not very distant from the camp a tree which had lately fallen. They returned and went round the camp so as to get the top of the fallen tree between them and the Indians. The tree-top being full of leaves, would serve as a shelter to screen them from observation. They went forward upon their hands and knees, with the noiseless movement of the cat, until they

reached the tree-top. They were now within seventy or eighty yards of the camp. The Indians were sitting or standing about the fire, roasting their venison, laughing and making other merry antics, little dreaming that death was about stealing a march upon them.

“Arrived at the fallen tree, their purpose of attack was soon settled; they determined to kill two of the enemy and make the third prisoner. McClellan, who, it will be remembered, was almost as swift as a deer of the forest, was to catch the Indian, whilst to Wells and Miller was confided the duty of shooting the other two. One of them was to shoot the one on the right, the other the one on the left. Their rifles were in prime order, the muzzles of their guns were placed on the log of the fallen tree, the sights were aimed for the Indians’ hearts—whizz went the balls, and both Indians fell. Before the smoke of the burnt powder had risen six feet, McClellan was running at full stretch, with tomahawk in hand, for the Indian. The Indian bounded off at the top of his speed, and made down the river; but by continuing in that direction he discovered that McClellan would head him. He turned his course and made for the river. The river here had a bluff bank about twenty feet high. When he came to the bank he sprang down into the river, the bottom of which was a soft mud, into which he sunk to the middle. While he was endeavoring to extricate himself out of the mud, McClellan came to the top of the high bank, and, without hesitation, sprang upon him as he was wallowing in the mire. The Indian drew his knife—McClellan raised his tomahawk—told him to throw down his knife, or he would kill him instantly. He threw down his knife and surrendered without any further effort at resistance.

“By the time the scuffle had ceased in the mire, Wells and his companions came to the bank and discovered McClellan and the Indian quietly sticking in the mire. As their prisoner was now secure, they did not think it prudent to take the fearful leap the others had done. They selected a place where the

bank was less precipitous, went down and dragged the captive out of the mud and tied him. He was very sulky, and refused to speak either Indian or English. Some one of the party went back for their horses, whilst the others washed the mud and paint from the prisoner. When washed, he turned out to be a white man, but still refused to speak or give any account of himself. The party scalped the two Indians whom they had shot, and then set off with their prisoner for head-quarters. Whilst on their return to Fort Greenville, Henry Miller began to admit the idea that it was possible their prisoner was his brother Christopher, whom he had left with the Indians some years previous. Under this impression he rode alongside of him, and called him by his Indian name. At the sound of his name he started and stared around, and eagerly inquired how he came to know his name. The mystery was soon explained—their prisoner was indeed Christopher Miller.

“Captain Wells arrived safely with their prisoner at Fort Greenville. He was placed in the guard-house, where General Wayne frequently interrogated him as to what he knew of the future intentions of the Indians. Captain Wells and Henry Miller were almost constantly with Christopher in the guard-house, urging him to leave off the thought of living longer with Indians, and to join his relatives among the whites. Christopher for some time was reserved and sulky, but at length became more cheerful, and agreed, if they would release him from confinement, that he would remain with the whites. Captain Wells and Henry Miller solicited General Wayne for Christopher's liberty. General Wayne could scarcely deny such pleaders any request they could make, and, without hesitation, ordered Christopher Miller to be set at liberty, remarking that should he deceive them and return to the enemy they would be but one the stronger. Christopher was set at liberty, and appeared pleased with his change of situation. He joined the company of Captain Wells, and with his brothers fought bravely against the Indians during the continuance of the war.”

On the 7th of October, 1793, Wayne's army left their camping-ground at Hobson's Choice, and removed to Fort Greenville, which, under Wayne's direction, was strongly fortified. Here they went into winter-quarters, having been sufficiently provisioned to that end. Nothing particular occurred here, excepting a skirmish had with a party of Indians, who made an attack upon some soldiers conveying a train of supplies. The Indians were, however, easily repulsed, with some loss on both sides.

During the next Spring negotiations were again opened, with no perceptible change in the situation. General Wayne then pushed his advance further into the Indian country to the place of St. Clair's defeat, where he erected a work of defense, which was called Fort Recovery, signifying that they now had again recovered the heretofore lost ground. The place was at once strongly fortified and well provisioned, and made the basis of future operations. Wayne was now steadily engaged in preparing every thing for a sure blow when the time came, and, by means of his several spies, kept himself well informed of the plans and movements of the savages. All his information showed that the Indians relied upon British assistance, which faith still animated the doomed race. Early in July Captain Wells and his scouts were ordered to bring in new prisoners. They pushed through the country, always dressed and painted in Indian style, crossing the River St. Mary, and then passed into the country near to the Auglaize River, where they met a single Indian, and called him to surrender. The man, notwithstanding the whites were six to one, refused to surrender, and leveled his rifle as the whites neared him on horseback, fired, but missed his mark, whereupon he took to his heels to effect his escape. He gained upon his pursuers, on account of the thick underbrush of the country, when McClellan and Christopher Miller dismounted. McClellan soon overhauled him. The Indian, finding himself overtaken by his pursuers, turned around and made a blow at McClellan with his rifle, which was

parried. As the intention was to take the Indian alive, McClellan kept him at bay until Christopher Miller came up, when they closed in upon him and made him a prisoner without receiving an injury. Their prisoner was reputed to be a Pottawattomie chief, whose courage and prowess were scarcely equaled. As Christopher Miller had performed his part on this occasion to the entire satisfaction of the brave spirits with whom he acted, he had, as he merited, their entire confidence. This confidence was soon extended to head-quarters, and on August 13, 1794, General Wayne selected him as a special messenger to the Indians, once more offering terms of friendship. Miller returned with evasive and dilatory answers.

Unwilling to waste time, the troops moved forward to within about forty miles of the Grand Glaize, and, being now near the long-looked-for foe, began to throw up some light works, which they called Fort Deposit, wherein to place the heavy baggage during the expected battle. General Wayne, again wishing to be informed of the intentions of the enemy, sent out Captain Wells, with four men, to bring in some prisoners. The party consisted of Wells, Henry Miller, McClellan, May, and Mahaffy. The distance from Fort Defiance to the British fort at the mouth of the Maumee River was only forty-five miles, and they would not have to travel far before they would find Indians. As their object was to bring a prisoner, it became necessary for them to keep out of the way of large parties, and endeavor to fall in with some stragglers, who might be easily subdued and captured.

Wells and his party went down the Maumee River until they were only about two miles above the British fort, then called Fort Campbell. On the left bank of the river was an Indian village. Wells and his party rode into the village as if they had just come from the British fort. Being dressed and painted completely in Indian style, they rode through the village, stopping now and then to talk to some Indians in their own language. They created no suspicion whatever, under the

belief that they were Indians from the distance, that had come to take part in the battle which all knew was imminent. As auxiliary warriors, they were welcomed to them. After they had passed the village some distance, they fell in with an Indian man and woman on horseback, who were returning to the town from a hunting party. These were both made captives without resistance, and then the party set off for Fort Defiance with their prisoners.

As they were rapidly proceeding up the Maumee River, a little after dark, they came near a large encampment of Indians, who were merrily amusing themselves around their camp-fires. While they passed around the camp with their prisoners, they ordered them to be silent, under pain of instant death. After they got about half a mile above the camp, they halted for a consultation, when it was proposed to have some fun with the savages, and give them a volley, in which each should kill his Indian. They deliberately got down, gagged and fastened their prisoners to trees, rode boldly into the Indian encampment, and halted, with their rifles lying across the pummels of their saddles. The Indians were surprised at their nightly visitors, who asked of them when last they had heard of General Wayne and the movements of his army, how soon and where it was expected the battle would be fought. The Indians who gathered around Wells and his daring comrades were very communicative, answering all their interrogatories, without suspecting any deceptive movements on the part of their strange visitors, who, as they thought, belonged to some of the numerous tribes that had gathered to take part in the conflict with the whites. Their appearance at length aroused the suspicion of an Indian, who was sitting some distance from them, and who remarked, in an undertone, that he had his doubts about the strangers, and that he believed their visit to mean mischief. Wells, however, overheard these remarks, and at once gave the preconcerted signal, when each one fired his rifle into the body of an Indian, and then set spurs to their horses, dashing off into the

darkness. The Indian who had uttered his suspicion about them and several others, at once arose, grasping their rifles, and levelling them at Wells and his party, who just then galloped away, and for greater security laid their breasts upon the horses' necks, so as to lessen the mark for the savages to fire at. They, however, were not yet out of the light of the camp-fire when the Indians fired a volley after them, wounding McClellan and Captain Wells, hitting the first under the shoulder-blade, so that the ball came out at the top of the arm, and the latter was shot through the arm on which he carried his rifle, the arm being broken, so that his trusty weapon fell to the ground. On their retreat they were immediately followed by some of the savages, who had at once mounted their horses for pursuit. While the scouts were crossing the river, May's horse slipped on a smooth rock and fell, and before May could recover himself, the Indians came upon him and took him prisoner. They knew him well, as he had before been among them, when he was sent by General Wayne to inquire after Colonel Trueman. At that time he had pretended to desert to the Indians, riding into their camp, where he remained some time, and was held as a prisoner, but finally had effected his escape. This time, however, his career was irretrievably destined to end. The Indians took him to the British fort, and the next day tied him to a tree, made his breast a target, and riddled his body with bullets, thus ending the life of one of the bravest rangers of the west.

The others, after having performed this act of wanton super-erogation, rode at full speed to the place where they had left their captives, untied them, mounted them on the front of their horses, and set off for Fort Defiance. Captain Wells and McClellan were severely wounded, and the distance to Fort Defiance being about thirty miles, it was indeed a road of suffering before they could rest or receive the aid of a surgeon. As their march would be slow and painful, Mahaffy was dispatched at full speed to the fort for a guard and a surgeon. As soon as the messenger arrived with tidings of the wounds and the perilous

situation of the heroic spies, general sympathy was manifested by all. General Wayne's feeling for the suffering soldiers was, at all times, quick and sensitive; and his solicitude became intense when he learned the sufferings and perils of his confidential band. Without a moment's delay a company of dragoons was dispatched with a surgeon, to meet, assist, and guard these brave fellows to head-quarters, where they safely arrived and were healed of their wounds.

The next day the army moved from Fort Defiance down the Maumee, and, at a place known as "the Fallen Timbers"—a tornado having broken down a streak of the forest—General Wayne inflicted one of the most severe punishments upon the Indians they had ever received, and which broke their power in the Northwestern Territory forever. It was, indeed, a brilliant victory won, and to the spies of Wayne's army belongs a large portion of the credit due to the heroic body that achieved it. This little band of rangers performed more real service during the campaign than any other corps of equal numbers. "I have no doubt," writes McDonald, "that Captain Wells and the few men he commanded, brought in not less than twenty prisoners and killed as many more."

After the treaty of Greenville (1795) and the establishment of peace, Captain Wells was joined by his Indian wife and family, and, as Brice in his "History of Fort Wayne" writes, "settled at the 'Old Orchard,' a short distance from the confluence of the St. Mary and St. Joseph, on the banks of a small stream there, afterward called 'Spy Run,' and which still bears that name. The government subsequently granted him a pre-emption of some three hundred and twenty acres of land, including his improvement, the Old Orchard, etc. Wells afterward also became, by appointment of the government, Indian agent at Fort Wayne, in which capacity he served several years."

The following account is given of his tragic end: "In the War of 1812 Captain Wells was in command at Fort Wayne. When he heard of General Hull's orders for the evacuation of

Fort Dearborn (now Chicago), he made a rapid march to re-enforce Captain Heald, and to assist in defending the fort, or prevent his exposure to certain destruction by an attempt to reach the head of the Maumee. But he was too late. All means for maintaining a siege had been destroyed a few hours before, and every preparation had been made to leave the post next day. On the morning of the 15th of August the little company of Captain Wells and his Miamis evacuated the fort and moved along the shore till they came to Sand Hills, when they were attacked by five hundred cowardly and treacherous Pottawattomies. That conflict was short, desperate, and bloody. Two-thirds of the whites were slain or wounded, and all the horses, provisions, and baggage lost. Only twenty-eight strong men remained to brave the fury of about five hundred Indians, who had lost but fifteen in the conflict. Captain Wells displayed the greatest coolness and gallantry. He was by the side of his niece (Mrs. Captain Heald), when the conflict began. 'We have not the slightest chance for life,' he said, 'and we must part to meet no more in this world—God bless you.' With these words he dashed forward with the rest. In the midst of the fight he saw a young warrior, painted like a demon, climb into a wagon in which were twelve children of the white people, and tomahawk them all. Forgetting his own immediate danger, Wells exclaimed, 'If that is their game, butchering women and children, I'll kill too.' He instantly dashed toward the Indian camp, where they had left their squaws and little ones, hotly pursued by swift-footed young warriors, who sent many a rifle-ball after him. He lay close to his horse's neck, and turned and fired occasionally upon his pursuers. When he had got almost beyond the range of their rifles, a ball killed his horse and wounded himself severely in the leg. The young savages rushed forward with a demoniac yell to make him a prisoner and reserve him for torture, for he was to them an arch-offender. His friends, Win-ne-meg and Wau-bau-see, vainly attempted to save him from his fate. He knew the

temper and the practices of the savages well and resolved not to be made a captive. He blackened his face with wetted powder, and taunted them with the most insulting epithets to provoke them to kill him instantly. At length he called one of the fiery young warriors Per-so-tum (*a squaw*), which so enraged him that he killed Wells instantly with his tomahawk, jumped upon his body, cut out his heart, and ate a portion of the warm and half-palpitating morsel with savage delight."

Robert McClellan, after the peace of Greenville, settled on the Ohio River, near its mouth, where he erected quite a number of log-houses and acted as a trader until the year 1806. After that he associated with Ramsay Cook, an adventurous young Scotchman, in a trading business with the Indians on the Missouri River, which partnership lasted until the year 1810, when McClellan continued the trading upon his own account. In 1811 he joined the celebrated Wilson P. Hunt, the commander of Astor's American Fur Company, at the mouth of the Nodowa River, and finding his old friend Crook there, he joined the company upon its expedition to the far-distant Northwest. He died after an adventurous life in the summer of 1814 at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where he lies buried. His brother William, after manifold pursuits, settled in Butler County, Ohio, where he died in the autumn of 1827. The brothers Miller (Henry and Christopher), were likewise in the employ of the "Astor American Fur Company," and some of their after-adventures, like those of Robert McClellan, are related by Washington Irving in his romantic "Astoria."

The battle of the "Fallen Timbers," that had so recklessly been fought and lost by the Indians, urged on by their haughty chief "Blue Jacket," against the serious advice of "Little Turtle," ended the power of the savages in what is now the State of Ohio, and the southern part of the rest of the Territory; and the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, left them politically in a scattered condition. While the Six Nations made their principal home in Canada, retaining but few small reservations in the

dominions of the United States, the most warlike tribes of the west moved toward what is now the northern part of the States of Indiana and Illinois and into the later Territories of Michigan and Wisconsin, where they established new hunting-grounds. Some tribes, it is true, remained in the southern portion of the Northwestern Territory, but these, for the most part, were peaceably disposed.

Another result of the victory of General Wayne was the evacuation by the British of the forts still occupied by them within the boundaries of the United States, such as Detroit, the Maumee Fort, and others. Thereby the entire territory ceded in the treaty of 1783 came, for the first time, into the full possession of the American government. And now, relying on themselves, and relieved from British intrigues, the American people earnestly began the occupation of the lands of their own as rapidly as the influx of the hardy pioneers would permit.

As the population of the Territory increased new settlements were formed, and the governor proceeded, from time to time, as the convenience of the inhabitants required, to lay out and organize other counties, under the power delegated by the ordinance of 1787; in each of which courts of common pleas and general quarter-sessions of the peace, vested with civil and criminal jurisdiction, were established. The general court consisted of three judges, appointed by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate. It was the highest judicial tribunal in the Territory, and was vested with original and appellate jurisdiction in all civil and criminal, and of capital cases; and on questions of divorce and alimony its jurisdiction was exclusive.

Up to the year 1797 there were but five counties in the Territory: Washington, with its seat of justice at Marietta; Hamilton, with Cincinnati as its capital city; Knox, with Vincennes on the Wabash; St. Clair (now Illinois), with Kaskaskia near the Mississippi; and the new county of Wayne (organized 1796), with Detroit as the county seat. A glance on the

map will at once convey an idea of the relative positions of the seats of justice of the different counties, as they were at that time, separated from each other by extensive tracts of uninhabited wilderness, stretching from each other a hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, without roads, bridges, or ferries. According to our present views of communication, it would be reasonable to suppose that the legal business of each county was done exclusively by those professional men residing at its seat of justice. That, however, was not the case. The judges, as well as the lawyers, and frequently their clients and witnesses, had to travel from the most extreme settlements of the Territory to where the court trying their cases was held.

The journeys of the court and bar to those remote places, through a country in its primitive state, were unavoidably attended with fatigue and exposure. They generally traveled in larger or smaller companies, and with pack-horses to transport such necessaries as their own horses could not conveniently carry, because no dependence could be placed on obtaining supplies on the route; although they frequently passed through Indian camps and villages, it was not safe to rely on them for assistance. Occasionally small quantities of corn could be purchased for horse-feed, but even that relief was precarious and could not be relied on. The routes were necessarily circuitous, and their progress slow. They were often, from one county to the other, from six to ten days in the wilderness, and at all seasons of the year were compelled to swim every water-course in their way which was too deep to be forded. That fact made it common, when purchasing a horse, to ask if he was a good swimmer, which was considered the most valuable quality of a saddle-horse.

Other fatigues and troubles were connected with these excursions during the early days of the settlement of the country. Although they were connected with privations and exposure, and often with great personal danger, yet they were not destitute of interest or amusement. The exploration of the rich,

luxuriant forest and prairie, through which they passed, could not fail to produce the most pleasurable sensation. To enliven the monotony of a tour through the boundless forest the parties would ride in groups together, telling adventures of their lives, and yarns, to their mutual entertainment. Now and then, during good weather, the one or the other, who had a taste and some knowledge of music, would unpack a flute or a fiddle from his saddle-bag, and strike up the melody of some popular air, or a song of the time, in which the company would often join in with a hearty chorus. Their nightly encampments or rests in some lonesome cabin, which would furnish them a meager shelter, were not unfrequently enlivened with this sort of amusement, which all readily enjoyed.



FORT WASHINGTON.

In the year 1803 Ohio was admitted as a State and the other part of the Northwestern Territory was divided into four Territories, which now compose the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Gradually civilization entered and dispersed the romances and tragedies connected with the pioneer life in the country northwest of the Ohio River.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE RED MAN OF TO-DAY.



THE earlier Indian writers, like the earlier historians, confined themselves to the exterior of their subject. They preferred events, dramatic narratives, thrilling recountals to the simple facts which make up the every-day life of the Indian. His childhood, education, dress, beliefs, religion, and sports were briefly and inadequately described. But the murder of a white man or a bloody massacre was related with horrible detail and particularity. In the last few years this astonishing defect has been supplied by faithful and accurate observers of Indian life as it is. It is by the help of such observers that we are enabled in our closing chapter to give a glimpse of the Red Man of To-day.

There are wide differences among the Indians of the present. There are, first, the so-called civilized Indians. These are found in fragments scattered through the older states. Such are the Oneidas, of New York, and the Miamis, of Indiana. To these, too, belong the solemn, copper-faced individuals whom the summer tourist finds selling beads at Niagara Falls, or dwelling in shanties at Petoskey, Michigan, and along the shores of the lovely Mackinaw Island. Among all the civilized Indians, however, those of Indian Territory are pre-eminent. There the Creeks, Cherokees, and other tribes have dwelt for half a century under the direct protection of the government, from which they draw abundant pensions. Many of them are men of wealth and intel-

ligence. They live in a style superior to that of the white settlers by whom they are surrounded. They are dressed in fashionable clothing, and understand not merely the comforts but the luxuries of civilized life. Their sons are sent east to be educated in the leading colleges, and their daughters sometimes reveal the work of the young ladies' finishing school. A lady from Fort Scott, Kansas, told the writer of a public banquet and ball tendered by the citizens of the place to an excursion of leading Creeks from the territory. The visitors wore full dress, and danced with an ease and elegance which the young men of Fort Scott hardly rivaled. They were courteous and accomplished, polished in manners and easy in conversation. Their dark skin and black hair and eyes gave them the appearance of distinguished foreigners, an illusion materially assisted by their accent.

Next to these civilized Indians come the semi-civilized. Unlike the former, these have not arrived at their present condition through intercourse with the whites. The Pueblos of New Mexico have considerable knowledge of the mechanic arts. They built houses, constructed irrigating canals, dug cisterns, planted trees, raised crops of grain, vegetables, and fruits, made pottery, wove cloth and blankets, long before the white invaders began to trouble them. Next to the Pueblos rank the Navajoes, followed at a still greater distance by certain bands of the Apaches, whose home is in the mountains. Indeed, we have already passed the line of semi-civilization, and find ourselves among the genuine "wild Indians," to whom belong four-fifths of all living red men. Some of these we have already met. There are the Ojibwas in the north, around Lake Superior, the Sioux, Arrapahoes, and Cheyennes, known generally as the "Plains Indians," the Comanches and Kiowas of Texas, and the Digger Indians of California and the western coast. The latter are the lowest of all the tribes. The name is given promiscuously to the Utes, Shoshones, and others, who live on snakes, lizards, grasshoppers, and such roots as they can "dig,"

for which purpose the poor wretches carry sharpened sticks. One singular fact is the infinite diversity of languages. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect or jargon, perfectly unintelligible to all who do not belong to the band. In all times the Indians have disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for three quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together, and making war upon the same enemies at the same times. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other.

Unable to speak one another's language, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language, by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to every one. Among the Plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development. So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variations in which mark wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters, nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for summer, and so on infinitely. Yet an expert sign talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and, while holding the reins with the left hands, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience, without a single misunderstanding.

While remembering that there must be great differences in the customs of a thousand restless bands, which maintain such

differences in language, we may take the so-called "Plains Indians" as a fair type of all the tribes of the West. They inhabit the great plains east of the Rocky Mountains, from Canada to the Gulf. They are cut up into sixty distinct tribes, comprising one-half the Indians of the United States.

Among the Plains Indians the baby, as soon as born, is placed in an upright nest, made of buffalo hide, coming up to its neck. This nest is fastened to a board. Straps are attached, which the mother throws over her shoulders while at work. Sometimes she hangs it to a tree, or leans it against a stump. Here the child passes the first year of its life, being removed once or twice a day to be washed or dressed. If it attempts to cry, Mrs. Squaw slaps her hand over its mouth, seizes the nose between thumb and finger, and holds on till the child is nearly suffocated. The youngster soon learns the lesson. As the child approaches the age of crawling, it gets out of its prison.

Girls remain somewhat under the mother's control until twelve or fifteen years old, at which time they are apt to marry. Their principal resource is playing with dolls. At sixteen their beauty, such as it is, is generally gone, a result of their hard life and constant exposure.

The boy grows up without restraint. His mother is not permitted to strike him or control him. At the age of six, he and his fellows, armed with bows and arrows, roam around, killing birds, or shooting at small animals. A little later his father places him in charge of the ponies. He goes out each morning, armed with a lariat, and passes the day lassoing the animals and riding them, bareback and without bridle, at break-neck speed across the country, becoming by this practice a miracle of horsemanship. If tired of riding, he and his companions practice with bow and arrows on such ground squirrels, sparrows, or larks, as come in their way, or run races on foot. All the while they bet with each other such articles as a boy is likely to have about him with the true spirit of the hardened gambler.

At the age of twelve, the young Indian is relieved from duty on the herd by his younger brothers, and is given arrows with iron heads. This marks an epoch in his life. He is a mere animal. He has no conception of right or wrong. Instead of the lessons of gentleness and peace, which the white mother impresses on her boy, his ambition is constantly goaded toward feats of bloodshed and violence. He listens to the talk of the warriors, and early discovers that such things alone are worthy of a warrior's ambition. With a band of fellows, some one of which has a natural pre-eminence which makes him its leader, he roams over the country in search of victims. Some of the most cold-blooded atrocities of the frontier have been the work of these young devils in quest of fame. From each of these expeditions one or more youths return with erect carriage and pompous airs, announcing that they are candidates for the distinction of warriors. The chiefs assemble in council. Each youth in turn recites the basis of his claim, screaming, jumping, yelling, gesticulating to illustrate his exploit. Other witnesses are heard, and then the council goes into secret session. After some time the chief announces from the door of the council lodge the names of the successful ones. These separately retire to some lonely spot, where they fast for a time in solitude, and decide upon their "medicine," which will be described hereafter. This done, the youth is a full-fledged warrior.

No sooner has the boy been proclaimed a warrior than he begins to look for a wife. His manner of making love is peculiar. Wrapped in his buffalo robe, or in summer in his cotton mantle, and decorated in the gaudiest fashion, he stands for hours, in perfect silence, about the lodge of the girl he seeks to woo. Though uttering not a word, his conduct is as well understood as the clucking of an old hen that wants to set. After a few visits, the girl's family and friends hold a consultation. If the result is favorable to the aspirant, the girl indicates it by coquettish glances. That night the lover hides near her door. Though the whole village knows what he is

about, he is supposed to be unseen by any one. Presently the girl, having "roped" herself, issues from the lodge and is pounced upon by her lover. If she resists, he must immediately leave her. If not, he carries her to some neighboring spot and begins his courtship in earnest. At first, the pair simply stand and look at each other. On subsequent evenings, they remain standing, but if the affair progresses well, they are locked in each other's arms. Sometimes a girl who has several lovers will keep them in suspense this way for a year, spending her evenings with different ones.

At last the young brave gets his mother to interview the girl's people. Her father names the number of ponies and buffalo robes which he demands. A wrangle ensues. If the price is thought too high the affair is off. If not, the lover ties his ponies at the door of the lodge. On the following morning, if the ponies are still there, he knows that his suit is rejected. If not, he takes the girl without ceremony to his own or his father's lodge. Henceforth, she is his property. As the warrior may have as many wives as he can afford to buy, his new wife is sometimes number three or four.

Every body knows that the life of the Indian woman is one of incessant toil for her lord and master. She does all domestic work, butchers the game, dresses the skins, brings wood and water, and when her husband returns from the hunt always unsaddles his horse, and feeds and waters it. She is simply the property of her husband. He may beat her, sell her, or kill her, as he pleases. One resource is left to the woman. She has a right at any time "to go off with a handsomer man." If her husband mistreats her, she negotiates for another husband through some old woman friend. If she falls in love with another warrior, the result is the same. Her husband wakes up some morning, to find her at work cooking and drudging in another man's lodge, as if she had been there always. Her former husband simply reports the matter to the chief. He and his advisers fix the price which the new husband must pay the

old one for his wife. If this is done the affair is ended. Otherwise, the man has a right to kill his unfaithful squaw.

On one occasion, the young warrior with whom the wife of an old Indian had eloped was unable to pay for her. Her former master took her back, made her sit down with one foot on the other, and deliberately fired a rifle ball through both feet. This done, he grimly presented her to her lover, saying: "You may be sure she will not run off with another man."

Custom makes it perfectly proper for an Indian to make love to another man's wife, even in the presence of her husband. Whatever may be the latter's feelings, he is bound to listen to the love making, even to the most passionate vows, without paying any attention to it. The women of the different tribes vary greatly in chastity, but the customs above described, make the husbands generally, good and kind. The only notice usually taken of a wife's infidelity is to send her back to her father's lodge and levy a fine of so many ponies on her lover, he in turn, having the same right as against any subsequent brave with whom she may take up. The unmarried women of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes have a singular custom of tying a rope about their lower limbs, so as not to interfere with walking, whenever they are outside of their father's lodge. In the absence of their husbands, married women do the same thing. But for this, which custom has made their protection, no woman would be safe from the assaults which every man has the right to make. Even with it, no woman ventures far from her lodge without a companion.

The "teepee" or buffalo tent, which constitutes the permanent lodge of the Plains Indians, has already been described in our chapter on Kit Carson. Another kind of a lodge, used for temporary camps, is made of small, fresh-cut poles, the ends of which are stuck in the ground and the tops bent over and fastened together. Over this frame blankets are spread, even if the occupants have to sleep shivering on the ground without cover.

Every tribe has its peculiar style of lodge. The Omaha Indians build a rectangular frame-work, on which they spread their skins and blankets. The Osages build a lodge shaped like the top of an emigrant wagon. The far-famed Pueblos live in elaborate and complicated structures of poles and mud. A Plains Indian out by himself will build a lodge no larger than a dog kennel; so small, indeed, that it seems impossible that a man could get into it. Yet he will build a fire in the center of this tiny structure, curl himself around it, and sleep contentedly.

The largest teepe is hardly eighteen feet in diameter. This apartment serves for cooking, eating, living, and sleeping, and for the lounging-place of dogs. The beds, consisting of buffalo robes and blankets, with pillows made of rolled buffalo robes, or of the skins of smaller animals stuffed with grass, lie around the fire, serving at night for sleeping purposes and used by day for seats and lounges. From one to four families occupy the lodge. Besides the beds, its only furniture is an iron pot and kettle, a water bucket, some tin cups, extra clothing, weapons, and the inevitable "par fleche" trunks, containing dried meat, of which we will speak more particularly hereafter.

Each wife has a bed which she occupies with her children. Of course, the crowd of dirty warriors, squaws, children, and dogs, crowded into the teepe render it a place of inconceivable filth. This, however, never affects the appetites of the inmates. In camp, the duty of cooking devolves upon the oldest squaw. There is only one article on the bill of fare. A huge, iron pot is filled with meat and water, and placed over the fire to boil, but there is no such thing as a point when the food is "done." Neither is there any regular time for meals, of which there is usually only one a day. If any Indian is hungry, he dips into the stew as soon as it is warm. One by one the crowd pitches in, helping themselves from the common pot with fingers, knives, or sticks. No fault is found with the cooking, provided the supply is abundant. This mode of cooking the meat is pre-

ferred by the squaws as being easier than broiling on the coals. The warriors, of course, prefer the latter, but, like their white brothers, submit to the women.

When on the hunt or war-path, no squaws are along, and each warrior cooks his own meal, always broiling his game over the glowing coals in appetizing style. He knows the choicest parts of every animal, and is a first-class cook. His nights are largely spent in feasting on these occasions. "This is the time for marrow guts, for 'hump ribs,' and for 'marrow bones.' The first can, to the Indian, scarcely be improved by cooking, but the greatest epicures will wrap eight or ten feet around a stick, sprinkle it plentifully with salt, and hold it in a bright blaze until the melted fat runs down. The whole mass is swallowed almost red-hot, and is the choicest *bonne bouche* with which an Indian palate can be tickled."

Sometimes our epicure of the plains bakes the ribs of a buffalo before his fire; again, he takes the large bones of its hind legs, roasts them in the coals, then cracks them open with a stone, and sucks enormous quantities of fiery, hot marrow. During the feast he continually wipes his greasy hands on his long, black hair. In the course of a night of feasting and story-telling, an average Indian will devour fifteen pounds of meat. This remarkable statement is based on unquestionable authority. All Indians use salt, it being easily obtained. Tea, coffee, and sugar are very rare. In late years some squaws have learned how to make bread.

The influence of the white man is observable in the custom introduced in some bands of having an old squaw pass the pot around and help the circle of savages, old and young, with a great, wooden ladle. This is unpopular, however, and the old squaw is suspected of partiality. If any part of the mighty stew remains over, it is set away cold, and such as wish, go to it during the rest of the day. Besides such wild meat, which is to-day the rarest dish on any white man's table, different tribes of Plains Indians have other favorite dishes;

among some of them skunk is very popular; others adore horse-flesh, while the Cheyennes worship fat puppy. Since 1872, as most of the Indians have been confined on reservations, and white men have virtually killed off the game, the food question has become one of paramount importance to the Indian. The government supplies are totally inadequate, and 'dogs, wolves, reptiles, half decomposed horse-flesh, even carrion birds, all go to appease the gnawings of his famished stomach. Every military post in the Indian country is besieged by these starving people. The slop-barrels and dump-piles are carefully scrutinized, and stuff that a cur would disdain is carried off in triumph. The offal about the butcher-shop is quarreled over and devoured raw on the spot."

This condition of the Indians results from the destruction of the buffalo. As late as 1871 the buffalo herds moved northward each year in a column fifty miles wide and of unknown length. Early in October, when the animals were at their fattest, the Indians made preparations for the great fall hunt. The spot for the hunting-camp was chosen with great care, and to it the whole band repaired. The "surround," as it is called, described elsewhere in this book, was the plan adopted for killing a large number of animals, the slaughter sometimes reaching three or four hundred at a single "surround."

As soon as the charge was over, and the noble game lay panting on the ground, the women fell to work to skin the animals, cut off the meat from the bones, and carry it to the camp on the backs of ponies. No time was to be lost. The skins were spread on level ground, flesh side up, and tightly stretched by pegs driven into the ground. The meat was cut into thin strips and hung on poles, already arranged, to dry in the sun. The squaws worked day and night, as the skin becomes useless if it dries unstretched, and the meat spoils in a few hours if not "jerked." As soon as this lot of game was out of the way, another "surround" took place, and so on through the season. When the killing was over, the squaws began other work.

The thickest skins were soaked in water containing wood ashes, which removed the hair. They were then cut in the desired sizes, stretched on forms of various shapes, and allowed to dry. They became as hard as iron, and ready for use as trunks, or "par fleches," as they were called. The dried meat was then pounded to powder between stones, and a layer of the powder, two inches thick, placed in the bottom of the trunk. Over this was poured a layer of melted tallow, and so on, alternately, till the trunk was full. The whole was kept hot until the melted tallow had saturated the powder. The mass thus prepared, kept for many years, constituting the principal food of the Indians. It took the place of bread to them. In late years, they pack the beef issued to them by the government in the same way.

When the Indians used arrows, each hunter could identify his own game. With the introduction of firearms this became impossible, and the fruit of the "surround" became common property. After the preparation of the meat, the skins next received attention, the squaws preparing them for different uses, as for saddles, shields, lariats, robes, and tent covers. The preparation of the robe was the crowning work of the squaw. With a small implement, shaped like an adze, she chipped away at the hardened hide to thin it, chopping off a piece each time from the surface, yet never cutting through. To render the hide soft, buffalo brains were rubbed in with a stone. Even after all this work, the squaw would, if the robe was to be worn by her husband, spend many months in ornamenting it with colored quills and grasses.

But the buffalo is practically extinct. In 1872 there was apparently no limit to their number. In 1873, where there had been myriads of buffalo there were myriads of rotting carcasses. How did this come about? Three great railroads had penetrated the West. It became known that a buffalo hide was worth four or five dollars. From all parts of the country hunters came in hundreds and thousands, by rail, in wagons,

on horseback. By 1874 five million buffaloes had been slaughtered for their hides. The resource of the Indians for food and shelter was practically destroyed. It was done in violation of law, and the Indians, before virtually independent, are now starving paupers. Frenzied with hunger they are dangerous.

From the topics of shelter and food we pass naturally to that of clothing. The Indian dresses for ornament, not for decency. The broadest demands of the latter are supposed to be met by the breech cloth, which consists of a cloth five to eight feet long, passed over a string around the waist, under the legs, and up over the string on the opposite side. In addition to this the Indian for home costume frequently wraps himself in a cotton mantle. To this simple dress is now added many strange bits of white men's clothing. A plug hat, a green veil, a pair of hoopskirts, a parasol, a peacock feather, a soldier's coat, a Chinese fan, are all seized upon, and used without regard to congruity or sense. The funniest sight in the world is a party of Indians decked out to receive white men.

Boots and pantaloons are despised by the red man most bitterly. If they are issued to him by the government he trades them off to the first chance comer for the veriest trifle. The Indians of the west, unlike those of the east, allow their hair to grow long. The scalp lock is never seen on the plains. The warrior has also a state dress made of buckskin, and ornamented by the toil-worn fingers of his wife, which constitutes his most precious possession.

The women are rapidly abandoning the buckskin skirts coming to their knees and the scanty jackets for short calico dresses, shawls, and leather belts. Both sexes have an overwhelming passion for finery. Cheap jewelry, a bit of tinsel, a red feather, are prized above all things. The poorest Indian, dressed in his simple breech cloth, will be sure to have a bit of brass wire and a feather or two, with which he will proudly decorate himself on special occasions. Some tribes, when first discovered, wore no clothing whatever. The poor Digger imagines himself

most elaborately costumed, when his naked body is smeared with yellow clay. All Indians, except the most enlightened chiefs, use paint more or less on their persons. Ear-rings often consist of at least a half pound of beads, stones, and shells, pulling the ear of the wearer out of all shape.

Except in the summer, a band of Indians leads a nomadic life. Every few days the camp is broken up, its belongings packed on the ponies by the squaws, and the whole motley crowd moves off to some new hunting-ground. These frequent removals cause great labor. The squaws are worked to death, putting up and taking down lodges. As a result, every thing which is unnecessary is thrown away.

An expert can tell at once from the location of a summer camp to which particular tribe it belongs. The Sioux, who have a mortal dread of ambuscade, pitch their lodges away from all timber; the Cheyennes camp in the open prairie, but near timber; the Comanches select pretty situations in open woodland, while the Osages and the Omahas pitch their lodges in the heart of an impenetrable thicket. Formerly in these camps the tepees of the chiefs were pitched in a circle, an inclosure which served as a public square, in which all assemblies, trading, gambling, and dancing took place. Here on warm summer evenings the whole band would gather for social occupations. At present each petty chief selects the ground for his lodge, and his followers pitch theirs around it.

A more material change than the arrangement of the lodges has also come over the summer life of the Indians. In the last six years the scarcity of game and the utter inadequacy of government supplies has forced the Indians, much against their will, to till the ground. A spot is selected by a band early in the spring. When the season opens men, women, and children fall to work making fences, breaking ground, and planting seed. "All summer long many of the noble red men, with wives and children, may be found working in the fields, nearly naked, sweaty, dirty, and unromantic."

The winter camp, which is regarded by the Indian as his true home, is but little changed. When the great fall hunt is over, a hot discussion takes place among the men. Skillful warriors have made various journeys to ascertain a proper location for the winter camp. When these return they are carefully interrogated by the council as to shelter, wood, water, and food for the ponies. For days the debate proceeds, each locality having valorous champions. At last the place is selected, invariably on the shore of some stream. This done, a general rush takes place to get there first and pick the choicest spots on which to pitch the teepees.

When all are snugly fixed the enjoyments of the winter begin. The excitements, the toil of the summer give place to a long season of idleness and pleasure. The old warriors pass the winter days and the long cold evenings in gambling and smoking. The old women, relieved of the hard labor of taking down and putting up the teepee and packing the ponies, now find comparative rest. The young of both sexes find time to indulge in an unending round of fun. Visits, feasts, dances, frolics, and above all, love-making, make the merry hours glide swift away. Although there is much talk among the solemn, old braves, sitting hour after hour around the campfire, there is little thought. They will spend a half a day discussing where one killed a deer, or another saw a buffalo track. The women work much of the time dressing hides, making lariats, and ornamenting robes for their husbands.

The great occupation of the men during the winter is that of gambling. A blanket is spread on the ground, around which the Indians sit, crowding the lodge with an excited throng. Three or four leaders face each other next to the blanket. The first thing is to make up the bets. Almost every man and woman in the crowd bet with each other, backing one side of the game, and lay their stakes in a pile on one end of the blanket. The collection is curious, containing silver-mounted saddles, fine bows and arrows, old moccasins, necklaces,

money, iron pots, every thing which the Indian has in the way of property.

When the betting is done the leader commences the game by holding up in his fingers a bit of bone, two inches long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter. After a moment's pause, he brings his hands together and passes the bone back and forth from one hand to the other, with marvelous dexterity and swiftness. His opponents watch him carefully, and one of them at length guesses which hand the bone is in. The leader instantly opens his palm, and if the guess was correct, the side of the guesser wins a point; if not, the other side scores one. Twenty-one points is a game, the leaders on the opposite sides taking turn about with the bone. When the game is ended, each winner takes back his stake and that of his adversary as well. The game is accompanied by loud shouts, much wrangling and bantering.

This game, though always popular because it admits any number of players, is not the first choice of ardent gamblers. All games of cards are thoroughly understood. Cheating is considered perfectly legitimate, if not caught at it. The Indians are genuine gamblers, and will sometimes lose their blankets, furs, weapons, ponies, wives, and even children. Whenever a game is about to be begun in a lodge, the tom-tom is beaten as an invitation for all to come in. The squaws are more conservative than the men, and when they find their husbands losing heavily, generally manage to break up the game.

The most exciting of all Indian games is one in vogue among the Comanches. Two leaders choose sides, which are seated in parallel lines opposite each other. Every body makes his or her bet, depositing the stakes between the two companies. All being ready, the leader of one side rises to his knees, with the gambling bone in his fingers. Closing his hand over it, he begins a swift gesticulation, and presently thrusts his hands into those of one of his neighbors. He may either give the latter the bone or keep it himself, but in either case, both himself and

his neighbor keep up the movement of the hands as if each one had it. The neighbor repeats the trick with the player next to him, either passing or keeping the bone, and so on down the line until every player on that side is waving his arms and hands in the wildest excitement, apparently passing the bone every moment. Meanwhile, the other side watches with eager eyes to discover the whereabouts of the article. At last some one thinks he detects it, and points at a hand, which is instantly opened. The scoring on the guess is the same as in the other game, twenty-one points being the limit.

The Cheyenne women have a game of their own, of which they are passionately fond. A string of beads, twelve inches long, has at one end six loops, each an inch in diameter, of small beads. On the main string are strung four small bones from the foot of a bear, in each of which are four rows of four holes each. At each end of the bone are two or three tiny loops of small red beads. At the opposite end of the string is fastened a long, sharp needle of wire, six inches in length. A player takes the needle between his thumb and finger, and the game is to throw the bones forward and upward, and to thrust the needle into some of the loops or perforations in the bones. Each particular loop and perforation has a different value, and when caught on the needle counts so much, it being possible to make six hundred at a single throw, which is of course a very rare occurrence. The game is two thousand. If nothing is caught, nothing counts.

Naturally enough, gambling is accompanied by drunkenness. Many Indians fall back on the white men for common whisky, but others make drinks of their own which are as efficacious as any thing in the world for producing intoxication. One tribe makes a drink from the Maguey plant, called "mescal." Others make "tizwin," a drink manufactured from fermented corn. A most subtle intoxicant is said to be made from mare's milk. The Indian way of getting drunk is simply to drink off enough of the intoxicant to paralyze him at once, and then sneak

away to some spot, where he can sleep for many hours without disturbance.

Gambling and drinking are by no means the only amusements of the winter camp. Story telling is a gift which always makes its owner a favorite person among the lodges. Bucks, squaws, and children crowd the teepe in which he may be, listening hour after hour during the long winter evenings to the marvelous yarns which he makes up as he goes along. His story is both filthy and pointless, a confused jumble of men, animals, and mythical monsters.

On fine winter days the men and boys often indulge in horse races. The Indian rider is awkward in the extreme. His stirrups are short, his back humped, his head thrust forward in a ridiculous position. Yet this laughable equestrian will pick up a small coin from the ground when his horse is at full speed. Various methods of racing are in vogue. Sometimes it simply consists in rushing a pony at full speed toward a tree, the one first touching it being winner. The same method is sometimes employed with a different goal. A heavy pole is set up horizontally about six feet from the ground. The racers dash forward, regardless of life or limb. If one stops his horse too soon, he fails to touch the pole, and is beaten; if too late, his horse passes under the pole, while he himself is caught and thrown heavily backward on the ground, under the hoofs of the ponies behind him.

In a third kind of race two strips of buffalo hide are fastened to stakes in the ground about eight feet apart. The racers start from a point two hundred yards away, jump their ponies over the first strip, stop short of the second, and get back to the starting place as quickly as possible. The Indians give great attention to racing. In contests with American horses the small, wiry pony wins in a race of a few hundred yards, but for a mile or two the long stride of the horse makes him winner. In races of more than three miles the endurance of the pony again turns the scale in his favor.

Colonel Dodge tells a good story in his recent work on "Our Wild Indians." A band of Comanches encamped near Fort Chadbourne, Texas. Some of the officers in the fort owned fast horses, the speed of which was well known, and bantered the Indians for a race. After two or three days of chaffering, the Indians agreed to match one of their ponies against the third best horse in the garrison, distance four hundred yards.

"The Indians bet robes and plunder of various kinds to the value of sixty or seventy dollars against money, flour, sugar, etc., to a like amount. At the appointed time all the Indians and most of the garrison were assembled at the track. The Indians "showed" a miserable sheep of a pony with legs like churns. A three-inch coat of rough hair stuck out all over the body, and a general expression of neglect, helplessness, and patient suffering struck pity into the hearts of all beholders. The rider was a stalwart buck of one hundred and seventy pounds, looking big and strong enough to carry the poor beast on his shoulders. He was armed with a huge club, with which, after the word was given, he belabored the miserable animal from start to finish. To the astonishment of all the whites, the Indian won by a neck.

"Another race was proposed by the officers, and, after much 'dickering,' accepted by the Indians against the next best horse of the garrison. The bets were doubled; and in less than an hour the second race was run by the same pony, with the same apparent exertion and with exactly the same result. The officers, thoroughly disgusted, proposed a third race, and brought to the ground a magnificent Kentucky mare, of the true Lexington blood, and known to beat the best of the others at least forty yards in four hundred. The Indians accepted the race, and not only doubled bets as before, but piled up every thing they could raise, seemingly almost crazed with the excitement of their previous success. The riders mounted; the word was given. Throwing away his club, the Indian rider gave a whoop at which the sheep-like pony pricked up his ears and went away

like the wind, almost two feet to the mare's one. The last fifty yards of the course was run by the pony with the rider sitting face to his tail, making hideous grimaces and beckoning to the rider of the mare to come on.

"It afterwards transpired that the old sheep was a trick and straight race pony, celebrated among all the tribes of the south, and that the Indians had only just returned from a visit to the Kickapoos in the Indian nation, whom he had easily cleaned out of six hundred ponies."

The Indian carries a short, stout loop of raw-hide at the pommel of his saddle, which forms an important part of his outfit. When he desires to throw himself on the side of his pony opposite an enemy, he passes this loop over his head and under the arm, and, with one leg still thrown over the saddle, is as completely at home as in his lodge, having both hands left free with which to use his bow and arrow. The women ride astride the ponies like the men.

Before coming to the greatest indoor amusement of the winter camp, the dance, it is proper to speak briefly of the musical instrument of the Indians. The drum or tom-tom serves them alike as fiddle, brass band, pipe organ, and jew's-harp. Formerly it consisted of a piece of skin stretched over a section cut from the trunk of a hollow tree, but, since the approach of civilization, the empty cheese box, with the skin over it, has driven out all other rivals. When the head of this drum gets loose it is tightened by being wet and held over the fire, which is always kept burning at a dance for this special purpose.

The songs of the Indians, which accompany all their ceremonies and celebrations, are highly characteristic. The tunes are few and monotonous, but the words constantly vary. Every occasion gives rise to a new set of them. A band of warriors, returning from the war-path, regards the matter of embalming their exploits in an appropriate song as one of the highest importance. Many evenings on the way home are spent in the work of its composition, each man proposing a line and the whole

testing it by singing in chorus. If it strikes their fastidious fancy, it is adopted; otherwise, another line is tried, and so on, until one is found which suits.

In making a song, a great number of sounds without meaning are used to fill out the measure. An illustration of this is the love-song given below, sung by a young Cheyenne warrior to a married woman, whom he courted :

“ I am your lover, ha ya, ha a yah, ha yah,
 I am not afraid to court you, ha a yah, ha yah,
 Though you have a brave husband, ha yah ha,
 Will you elope with me? ha yah, ha yah ha.”

Her answer is as follows :

“ I will leave my husband, hah ha ha ha ha yoo,
 But attend to what I say to you, ha ha ha ha yo,
 You must be good to me, ha ha, yo e,
 And not make love to other womn, ha yo, ha o.”

The dance among civilized communities now figures simply as an amusement, a recreation. Among the Indians dances are of three varieties. First, the religious dances, the incongruity of which is not so great when we remember that the Israelites observed the same rites. Besides this, there are the ceremonial dances; and last, but not least, the social dance. In all of these, the only music is the monotonous thrum, thrum of the tom-tom. The step is always the same. It consists merely of a little spring on the balls of both feet, so timed that one jump is made to each beat of the drum. It is extremely tiresome on the muscles of the calves of the legs, but an Indian will dance until daybreak, six nights out of the week, and never feel it.

All Indian tribes have a great religious dance. Among the Cheyennes this is known as the “Hôch-é-a-yum,” or “Medicine Dance;” among the Dakotahs it is called the “Sun Dance.” The Sioux and the Seminoles, of Florida, celebrated this dance at the season when the tasseled roasting-ears hung amid the

rustling blades of the Indian corn; hence, it was known as the "green-corn dance." These ceremonies, among many tribes, are begun with processions and feasts not unlike those of the ancient Romans or of the Jews themselves. Each tribe has at least one of these great medicine dances each year. If they can afford it, sometimes two are held. The medicine man of the tribe fixes upon the time and place where the great dance is to be held, and all the roving bands of the tribe are notified. The scene among the Cheyennes is by no means unlike that of our great modern camp-meetings. *Hôch-é-a-yum* means "the lodge made of cottonwood poles," while the word applied to the dancers signifies "the people who make the medicine in the lodge of cottonwood poles."

When the Indians come together at the appointed time and place, they find a great lodge, capable of holding several hundred people, of which the sides are an open frame-work of cottonwood poles, while the top is partly or wholly covered with skins or the green branches of trees. In the center of the lodge is roped off a circular space, some twenty-five feet in diameter, for the dancers. Around and outside of this is another space of a few feet for the guard, and the remainder of the lodge is for the spectators. When all is ready and the place is packed with a breathless throng, the medicine chief advances to the center with great solemnity and announces the names of the warriors whom he has chosen for the dance. The number of these is usually one to every one hundred persons of the tribe. When the names are pronounced, there may be heard the suppressed sobs of some of the squaws; but the persons most concerned show no change in their demeanor. The head chief also selects an equal number of guards for the dancers. The latter are notified of the hour when the dance will commence, and are warned that disgrace and death will be lot of any who fail to appear.

At the appointed time the guard takes its position in the space roped off for it, and a moment later the medicine chief appears at the head of the file of warriors who are to take part in

the dance, and conducts them to the inner circle before described. As each individual in the scrambling, struggling crowd, ablaze with curiosity and eagerness, strives to push aside or see over the shoulder of his neighbor, he discovers the dancers either stripped to their buckskin leggings, or to the breech cloth itself. Each holds in his mouth a small bone whistle, in the end of which is placed a single feather from the chaparral cock.

Every dancer has his eyes fixed on a curious little image, black on one side to represent the Bad God, and white on the other to represent the Good God, which is suspended from the roof just over the center of the circle. The group of dancers are as motionless as statues. At a given signal each begins to sound his whistle and commences the monotonous Indian dance, moving slowly around the circle. Inexperienced dancers, carried away with religious fervor, make great exertions, but the wiser ones husband their strength, for the dance is to go on without a pause for sleep, food, or drink; without the removal of the eyes from the image, or the cessation even momentarily of the sound of their whistles, not merely for hours, but for days.

For the first ten or twelve hours, the scene is monotonous. But in time it begins to wear a different aspect. The dancers show signs of fatigue. The eyeballs, still turned toward the image, grow bloodshot and sunken. The head dizzies from the rotary motion and the constant expenditure of breath in the whistling. Dense throngs of excited spectators pack the lodge. The friends and relations of the dancers shout encouragement. The place is filled with frightful clamor.

As the dance continues hour after hour, some of the younger dancers fail perceptibly. Their steps no longer keep time with the tom-tom. Their dancing is but a stagger. Suddenly one of them falls to the ground. The air is rent with the screams of squaws. The friends of the prostrate dancer make a rush toward him, but are thrust back by the guards. They drag the body out of the inner circle, and the medicine chief proceeds to cover it with various holy paints. This is expected to restore

the unfortunate to consciousness, but frequently the open air and buckets of water are required. When he revives, it lies with the stern medicine chief to say whether he shall continue the dance until he falls again. To the entreaties and tears of the squaws, and the offers of ponies and buffalo robes by the men, he returns a solemn and mysterious shake of the head. The women raise their screams, and the men their bribes until the medicine chief usually yields.

While this dancer is carried to his lodge by his women, the spectacle in the great lodge continues. One by one, other dancers fall and are dragged out, either to be excused from further toil or sent back into the ring, at the whim of the priest. It proceeds for three or four days, some of the poor, deluded wretches enduring to the last. If there are no deaths, this is "good medicine," and the camp becomes the scene of festivity and jollification. If on the other hand, some of the dancers fail to revive from the swoon, the assembly becomes a pandemonium of lamentation. Amid the howls of their companions, the wives of the deceased inflict terrible wounds upon themselves. The dead are hastily buried. Near their graves are left the corpses of several horses killed for their use in the happy hunting grounds. The ponies are quickly loaded, the lodges torn down, and each band hurries to hide itself in the wilderness, away from the wrath of the Bad God, which the events of the dance are supposed to have revealed.

Though the above description is written in the present tense, it is in fact historically true only up to a time now some years gone by. Since that day the medicine dance has undergone important changes. The medicine chief is no longer the arbiter of life and death. He neither selects the dancers, nor names the time when the dance shall be held. The great religious ceremony is now left either under the control of the council or to private enterprise. The day is fixed and the bands assemble as heretofore, but it is now entirely voluntary with a warrior whether he enters the dance at all. He quits when he

pleases, and some do not enter the ring until the second or third day. Fashion, vanity, religious zeal, and other motives now induce nearly all the warriors to enter the dance, and, as those who endure the longest are counted the best men, there is little change in the horrible features of the affair. Many endure for seventy-five hours without sleep, food, drink, or obedience to any demand of nature, maintaining all the time a constant whistle, and pausing not a moment in the dance. There are other ceremonies connected with the medicine dance, which we will describe when we come to discuss the religion of the Indians.

The most widely known of the Indian dances is the scalp-dance, performed by the warriors who took scalps, on their return from a foray. The scalps are cleaned and stretched on little wooden hoops, the hair carefully dressed, and then each warrior attaches his scalps to a willow stick. These sticks, ten feet long, are planted in the ground, and the warriors of the party surround them. At first the dance and accompanying song is slow and monotonous, but gradually the dancers work themselves up into a terrific frenzy. Each one in turn, with many contortions and leaps, gives an exaggerated account of his exploits and re-enacts the scenes in which he has figured. These are followed by those warriors who took no scalps, explaining why they failed, describing their former exploits, and relating what they intend to do in the future. By the time the dancers have shown what valiant warriors they are, both they and the whole village are frantic with excitement. When new scalps are wanting old ones are brought out and made to do duty again and again.

The dances heretofore described are performed almost without clothing. Far different are others in which each warrior loads himself down with his finery. These latter are slow and stately affairs, but are immensely popular with the women, who in loud voices praise or criticise the costumes of the dancers.

There yet remains for us to mention the social dance of the

Indians, which constitutes the most popular amusement, and affords the keenest delight of the winter camp. On at least five evenings in the week the squaws listen expectantly at nightfall for the beat of the tom-tom from some neighboring



INDIAN SCALP DANCE.

teepe. No other invitation is given and none needed. The whole town, men, women, and children, come together very quickly. If the occasion is a special one two teepes are pitched side by side, and the flaps lifted, making one large room. The beds and furniture, such as it is, are hastily gotten rid of, and

the guests seat themselves on the ground. At one end of the tent a half dozen Indians are seated around a big tom-tom, pounding away at it.

There is much chatter and frolic as the crowd arrives. Every body squeezes as close to the sides of the tent as possible to leave room for the dancing. The latter, horrified, as may be the readers, consists simply of what is known in American society as the "German," except that the leader is a woman. She advances to some man, seizes him, and the two, with arms encircling one another, dance around the room a time or two, each selecting a partner of the opposite sex. This being continued by each couple until the floor is crowded, when the music ceases and all return to their seats. The figures are innumerable, one of the most popular being known as the "kissing dance," in which each couple deliberately kiss. Another is the eating dance, each dancer offering something to eat to the chosen partner. The tricks, the fun, the screams of laughter, the uproarious jokes, are beyond description.

The Indian is intensely religious. His faith and his sacrifices are rarely equaled by any Christian. As far as their beliefs can be ascertained, the more intelligent red men of the Plains believe in two gods. The Good God is for some unknown reason the friend of the Indian. He brings to him every thing good and pleasant, and assists him in his undertakings without being asked to do so, because he does the best he can, and without being thanked for it, because he likes to do these things. For an equally mysterious reason the Bad God is the enemy of the Indian. All disease, pain, misfortune, and suffering come from him. The prayers of the Indians are always addressed to the latter deity, urging him not to hurt them. These two gods, who are constantly at war with each other, control this world, but not the next.

All Indians, good or bad, go to the happy hunting-grounds, unless they either die from strangulation, by which the soul is prevented from passing out through the mouth, or by scalping,

which means annihilation. Hence the Indian's eagerness to scalp his enemy. If this is not done, it is because he expects his victim to be his slave in the next world. The most mysterious part of the Indian's religion is what is called "medicine." This singular word means every thing and nothing. When the young Indian becomes a warrior, he prepares in solitude a mixture of earths, ashes, and other ingredients, one of which is a secret with himself, and the others selected by his father's instruction. From the color of the mixture, the novice firmly believes that he can tell which God is in the ascendant over him at the time. If the medicine be good, tiny sacks of it are tied around the necks of the warrior and his family, and in the tail of his horse. The secret ingredient used by each Indian in his "medicine" is chosen after great agonies of mind and body, and is always carried in a little pouch on his person.

The priest of the Indian's religion is the "medicine chief." He has acquired the position by laying claim to the discovery of a medicine which counteracts the power of the Bad God. If in battle or elsewhere he has special good luck, this is regarded as a demonstration of the truth of his claim. He holds himself aloof from the common Indians, and has charge of all the religious ceremonies of the tribe. His duty it is to drive off bad spirits and to propitiate the Bad God. The religious belief of the Indian, that disease is but the Bad God's influence, naturally results in the medicine chief's being also the physician of his tribe, combining in himself the duties of healer both of soul and body.

The secret ceremonies over which he presides are but little understood. It is said, however, that there are burnt offerings of meat and rice, rude pictures in charcoal of horses and buffalo, or whatever may be desired, and some sort of incense. At these religious ceremonies no squaw or other person not a warrior is ever permitted to be present. Dodge asserts that the Plains Indians carry with them a small thing, which is the object of constant religious veneration. It is hung in the tent of the

head chief, and no profane eye has ever looked upon it. The thing, which may be nothing more than a bundle of arrows or of herbs wrapped in skin, and deposited in a small trunk, made for the purpose, while moving about over the country, he says, is believed to be the visible presence of the Good God, corresponding to the Ark of the Covenant. He relates that once when the Pawnees captured the Holy Bundle from the Cheyennes the latter redeemed it with three hundred ponies.

On the occasions of the great "Medicine Dance," elsewhere described, take place also the terrible self-tortures of the Indians. Formerly every candidate for the rank of warrior had this to undergo; now it is voluntary. This, however, has not lessened the number of participants. A lodge is prepared with a large pole in the center. The volunteers come in one by one, are examined by the medicine chief and other head men, who discuss his powers of endurance. After various performances, the chief takes a keen knife and makes two deep incisions, three inches long and two inches apart, in the muscles of each breast of the victim. The flesh between these slits is then lifted, a large horse-hair rope inserted and tied to a block of wood, which prevents it from slipping out. The other end of the rope is then tied to the top of the pole in the center of the lodge.

The task of the victim is to remain without food or drink until he has torn himself loose. Sometimes the incisions are made in the back, and the rope attached to heavy, movable objects, usually buffalo skulls, instead of to the pole; at other times the victim is hauled six or eight feet from the ground, and left to hang until his own weight or his struggles tears him loose. The time required to free themselves varies greatly, some tearing themselves loose very soon, while others hang three or four days in torment until the decay of the tissues comes to their relief. When the agony is ended, his wounds are skillfully dressed. Should he at any time in the ordeal give any expression of weakness, he is at once released and driven off, everlastingly disgraced.

The various tribes have different methods for the burial of the dead. Many select picturesque spots, and place the burial case in the branches of some trees. Others build a platform, on which the corpse is laid. The Utes hide it in graves dug in a hill-side, and carefully concealed. For a certain number of days supplies of food and water are left at the burial-place for the use of the dead on his journey to the happy hunting-grounds. The mourning of the relatives of the deceased is deep and terrible. When a son dies, the father, stripped naked, his hair, usually dressed with such care, cut off and disheveled, the locks scattered about the lodge, lies prostrate on the ground of his teepe for days and weeks, refusing nourishment, and giving himself over to the most sorrowful lamentations. Even worse is the mourning of the women over the death of their husbands. To the other distresses are added terrible cuts and wounds, which they inflict recklessly upon their persons.

The Indian's notion of a future life is crude. He believes it to be a continuation of the present existence, only somewhat intensified. He expects to need there all the articles which he needs here, and such things as he can not make must be taken with him. Hence it is that he is buried in his best clothes and finery, and the tree in which his corpse is left is filled with knives, gun, ammunition, pistol, and other articles. If an Indian died poor, lacking such things, the band at once supply his grave with every thing lacking, which they imagine he will need. They do not suppose that he actually takes with him the real gun, knife, and pistol, but they believe that if these things are left by his grave, he will have their "ghosts" in the other world. These articles at the grave of a deceased Indian are never disturbed, it being preferred to die of starvation for want of means to kill game rather than touch the gun and ammunition thus consecrated. The Indian expects to meet enemies in the other world, and his notion is to make the number as small as possible by taking as many scalps as he can here. One superstition is, that a brave killed in the darkness

will dwell in the darkness through all eternity, a belief which has saved many a white man's camp from the horrors of a night attack.

The influence of the whites shows itself in a gradual decay of belief among the Indians. The more startling superstitions inevitably relax their hold upon their minds. Much more marked, however, are the changes brought about in the government of the Indians. Originally the office of head chief of the tribe was hereditary, as were also those of the sub-chiefs. As the chief grew old, he took into his counsels more and more his most promising son, who inherited his father's rank. If the head chief was not the foremost warrior of his tribe, the council elected a war-chief. This individual, chosen for his ferocity, was often much hated in times of peace, but on the war-path he was all powerful.

Little by little the influence of the whites has broken down the old system. The tribes have broken up into petty bands, each recognizing no chief but its leader. Where the hereditary chiefs have been friendly to the United States, they have often lost their influence over their people. On the other hand, the United States has frequently deposed one chief and elevated another. Red Cloud, the leader of a certain hostile branch of Sioux, derived his fame from his hostility to the whites, many bands rallying around this leader. Spotted Tail, a warrior from the common ranks, was, in 1876, raised to the position of head chief of the Sioux. He is intelligent, and a firm friend of the whites. It is only a few years since he went to Washington City, and, returning to his people, found that Big Mouth, an important rival, had been undermining his influence with the warriors, and was the head of a growing faction, distinguished alike by hostility toward the whites and toward Spotted Tail. The latter, on his return, put himself in possession of the facts, took counsel of no one, but summoning two confidential friends, repaired to the lodge of Big Mouth. His face wore a look of singular resolve and determination. Calling Big Mouth out of

his lodge, Spotted Tail suddenly presented a revolver, and shot his rival through the heart.

The decline of the office of hereditary chief, of course, led to the disintegration of each tribe into separate bands. Formerly it was almost worth an Indian's life, as well as those of his family, to desert from one sub-chief to another. If caught in the act the penalty was spoliation and death. If, however, he succeeded in consummating the change, he was safe. When the tribes were placed together on reservations, these opportunities for desertion became so great that the various sub-chiefs laid aside the character of tyrants and assumed that of the cross-roads politician, using every art and policy to retain their followers.

Formerly, in the days of the despotism of the chiefs and sub-chiefs, there existed among the Indians some restraints against crime and disorder. Petty infractions of tribal discipline were promptly complained of to the chief and as promptly punished by a fine, payable to the injured person; a penalty which the men never failed to enforce. More serious offenses had to be atoned for by religious sacrifices and self-torture. The great law of retaliation was, however, the principle preventive of grave crimes. A murder was always avenged by the relatives of the dead man, the family having the right and always exercising it, of killing the murderer. One death often led to others; and the dark, unwritten history of family feuds among the Indians is a vista of violence and bloodshed.

As may be supposed, contact with the whites, leading to the decline of religion, and of the system of tribal government through despotic chiefs and sub-chiefs, weakened, and to a great extent destroyed, the restraint upon crime. The Indian agent, who lives with each tribe on its reservation, thinks it his duty to imprison any Indian who may be rash enough to avenge his own injuries under the natural law of retaliation. The chiefs no longer venture, as before, to levy fines, lest their followers desert them; and religious expiation has decayed with the religion itself.

While the United States have thus undermined and destroyed the Indians' own laws and government, it has afforded no substitute. By the "treaty system" each tribe has been negotiated with as an independent nation. Its members are not regarded as citizens, nor subject to the laws of the United States. Dodge gives an illustration of the evils of this state of affairs. One day in November, 1880, Stone Calf, a prominent and intelligent Cheyenne chief, came to him with a complaint. His favorite child, a little girl of thirteen years, had been sent to a camp seven miles away, with a message from her father. She was accompanied by another girl. On their return home, a stalwart ruffian, of Stone Calf's tribe, sprang out of a ravine, seized the horse of Stone Calf's daughter, and, pointing a revolver at the other girl, told her to leave, which she did. The ruffian then took the maiden to his lodge, subjected her to frightful outrages; and then, becoming fearful of Stone Calf's revenge, hid himself and the girl in a thicket. At night he took the girl with him to the neighborhood of the military post, and leaving her at a certain point, went to look for Stone Calf. In his absence the girl escaped to her father.

On the following morning the heart-broken chief repaired to Colonel Dodge, in command of the military post, and begged for help. He said that if he killed the scoundrel according to the law of his own people, the agent would imprison him in the guard-house, and when he got out not only his one daughter, but his wives and family would be outraged or stolen. The commandant told the father that there was no law of the white men for the government of the Indians or the punishment of the criminal. When the old man had the matter fully explained to him, he turned his face, quivering with anguish, toward the commandant, and in a trembling and sorrowful voice, said: "I am sick of the Indian road; it is not good." There was a moment's pause, then he added pitifully, "I hope the Good God will give us the white man's road before we are all destroyed."

When Major Rogers, the captain of the famous Rangers,

whose exploits are related in an early chapter of this book, returned to England after the close of the Old French War, he laid aside the sword for the pen, and wrote and published a drama, illustrative of the dealings of Dutch and British traders with the Indians of America. It was entitled "Ponteach, or the Savages of America. A Tragedy." In the first scene, McDole, an old trader, instructs a novice :

"Our fundamental maxim, then, is this,
That it is no crime to cheat and gull an Indian.
* * * *
By this old Ogden built his stately house,
Purchased estates and grew a little king.
He, like an honest man, bought all by weight,
And made the ignorant savages believe,
That his Right Foot exactly weighed a Pound."

The poet's description of the Indian trader is as true now as it was a century and a quarter ago.

The Indian intellect can never grasp the idea of money as a measure of value. The trader says, "I will give you ten cents a pound for your deer-skins." The Indian accepts, sells his skins, and asks how much they come to. This learned, he asks the price of some calico, and is told "twenty-five cents a yard." He buys the calico and never once suspects during the transaction that each yard of calico has cost him two and a half pounds of dressed deer-skin.

One day a Sioux Indian came into a military post, wearing a splendid buffalo robe, beautifully ornamented by the handiwork of a loving squaw. The officers of the post made many attempts to buy the robe, which was of rare value, offering as much as twenty dollars; but every negotiation failed. The Indian said he did not want to sell it. A shrewd old sergeant, familiar with Indian character, was one of the lookers-on at the transaction. A thought struck him, and he quietly slipped away from the group and in a few moments re-appeared, carrying in his hand a two-pound package of loaf sugar, cut into small cubes, which are so convenient for dropping into our coffee

cups. He gave the Indian a few lumps and passed on carelessly. In a moment the poor savage came running after him, took off the robe, and offered it for the paper of sugar. The sergeant was not slow in making the trade. The Indian seized the package of sugar eagerly, sat right down on the ground and slowly ate up every lump.

A similar story is told of another Indian, whom, if he had not belonged to the Lipans, a Texas tribe, we would think was a brother of the above savage. The incident took place at Fort Martin Scott. An officer took from his pocket a small box; opened it, removed what seemed to be one of a number of little sticks, scratched one end of it on a stone, making it blaze, and attempted to light his pipe. Failing in this attempt, he lighted another and another until successful. The Indian looked on with wide-eyed astonishment, and when he saw the smoke issuing from the pipe, hastily ran off, and in a few moments returned with a half dozen fine skins, which he offered for the wonderful box. The exchange was made, and the Indian seated himself on a stone, and with the solemnity of a judge, struck match after match, holding each until the flame burnt his fingers, when he would utter a strong "Ouch!" only to repeat the process until the matches were all gone and his fingers covered with blisters.

It is not wonderful that the traders fleece such victims. The whole mighty department of Indian trade is said to be in the control of a ring. Whether this be true or not, the Indian is literally robbed. Each tribe is only allowed to sell their stuff, and to buy goods of some single trader, licensed by the government. "The Indian brings the trader a lot of peltries, and is offered in trade five or ten per cent of their value. He need not sell, of course. If he does not choose to accept the trader's price, he can take his peltries back with him to his camp. There is no force, no persuasion about it. But if he does not sell to this trader he is not allowed to sell at all. The poor devil, hemmed in on all sides, accepts the situation exactly as he

would an unavoidable death at the stake, and whatever he may think on the subject, makes no protest, but accepts any price offered or gives any asked, without murmur or question."

The military posts of the frontier are supplied with fuel and hay by contractors, who employ Indian labor. "A short time ago," writes an officer at one of these posts, "I was told by an Indian that he had cut twenty cords of wood for a contractor, for which he was to receive one dollar and twenty-five cents per cord. The wood was delivered, and he received an order on an Indian trader, some sixty miles away, for payment of the amount. In due time he presented the order and was paid one pint cup of brown sugar for each cord of wood cut.

"Paul's Valley in the Chickasaw Nation is one of the garden spots of earth. Thousands of bushels of corn are raised by the Indians in and near this valley. They can sell only to the Indian trader. I have been informed that the average price paid the Indians is fifteen cents per bushel in goods (three to five cents in cash). This corn is really worth there over one dollar a bushel in cash."

Among the other misfortunes from which the Indians suffer, as a result of their treatment by the United States, is that of homesickness. No citizen of the United States suffers exile on account of crime, but the government has always claimed and exercised the right to remove and banish peoples with whom they have treated as if they were independent nations from their own country in perpetual exile. The Indians, banished from warm regions to cold reservations in the north, or from the bracing mountain air of Oregon and Montana to the sultry, sandy plains of Indian Territory, suffer in body and in spirit from the change. The older members of the tribe, heart-broken, grow weary of life, and become willing victims to every chance disease. The Indians understand the treatment of wounds perfectly; but sickness is to them only the work of the Bad God. Consequently almost the only treatment is a religious pow-wow by the medicine men, who howl, sing, dance, and beat the tom-

tom around their victim, hour after hour, and day after day, to frighten away the Evil Spirit.

The only other treatment for a patient is the use of what is called the "sweat house." On the bank of a stream is built a low structure of stones and mud six feet long, four or five feet wide, and two feet high. A fire is built within, and when the whole is thoroughly heated the fire and ashes are raked out; the sick warrior, stripped naked, crawls in, and the opening is closed after him. Here he remains as long as he can endure it, and then he is taken out, reeking with sweat, and plunged instantly into the stream. This treatment is said to be remarkably beneficial in cases of rheumatism and fever. It is, however, fatal to the small-pox patient; yet the Indians persist in it just the same as if it met with an equally uniform success.

Small-pox is the most dreaded foe of the red man. It breaks out without discoverable cause in isolated bands, separated from every human being by hundreds of miles of wilderness. When it thus attacks a camp, those who are yet free from the disease are seized with the wildest terror, and, leaving the unfortunate sick behind, fly in all directions. Husbands abandon wives and parents children, seeking to hide themselves in the unexplored wilderness from the eye of the Wicked God. Their superstition is not unreasonable, for the fearful scourge too often tracks and follows the flying savage to his most secret hiding-place, and there having cornered its victim, never abandons him until it leaves him a white and loathsome corpse.

When on his death-bed from some ordinary wound or disease, the Indian, it is said, will cause himself to be dressed in his best clothing, call his friends and relatives about him, distribute his little property, and await the end with the calmness of a philosopher. Sometimes, with his latest breath, he will chant his death-song. At other times he will drag himself away to some thicket, whence his friends shortly carry in his lifeless body.

Among the many changes which must be noted in a careful comparison of the red man of to-day with the Indian warrior

who figures in the books of border warfare none are more striking than those which have taken place in his weapons. The bow and arrow is the natural arm of the Indian. In the use of it he attains remarkable skill. In spite of this skill, as well as of the fact that a warrior, grasping five to ten arrows in his left hand, will shoot them with such rapidity that the last will be on its flight before the first touches the ground, we are apt, when we remember that a fatal wound can not be inflicted at a distance of more than thirty yards, and compare this with the wonderful repeating rifles of the present day, to regard the Indian of former times, with his bow and arrow, as scarcely dangerous. In fact, however, he was not much less so than the man armed with an old-fashioned blunderbuss or flint and steel musket. When guns were first procured by some of the Indians, they were prized chiefly on account of the noise they made. Until an Indian is twenty-five years old, he has even yet, except rarely, no other weapon than the bow. The finest of these are made of pieces of elk horn, glued together, and wrapped with sinew. In damp weather it is almost useless, and wooden bows have entirely supplanted it. The arrows are made with stone or iron heads. The war arrow has its head very slightly attached, so that on withdrawing the shaft, it may remain in the wound.

The war club is a thing of the past, and the tomahawk, though used for chopping wood, or sometimes as an ornament, is no longer regarded as a weapon. The scalping-knife consists merely of a good-sized butcher-knife. The lance, peculiar to western Indians, is also being laid aside since the introduction of fire-arms.

The head-dress of a warrior is often relied upon by him, not only to elevate him among his own people, but to inspire his enemy with terror. It consists largely of a greater or less number of eagle feathers, according to the wealth of its wearer. The article in which the Indian of the plains takes the greatest pride is his shield. Its ornamentation is made the sub-

ject of years of anxious thought and study. It is his "medicine," if any one knows what that means. It is cared for far more delicately than an Indian child, and is almost worshiped by its owner. It is usually a double thickness of the neck of a buffalo hide, and is so hard as to turn almost any rifle-ball.

At the present day the majority of the warriors are the owners of good rifles. The difference in caliber occasions them great trouble, but they have a way of reloading empty cartridge shells by forcing percussion caps through a hole in the bottom, and filling the shell with powder and ball, which works well.

The breech-loading rifle and the metallic cartridges, have transformed the Indian from a foe, dangerous only on account of his stealth, into the finest natural soldier in the world. He retains many of his old resources in warfare. His night attacks, his ambushes are just as dangerous as in the days of Braddock. He still uses the signal smoke for communicating with his distant brethren. A single column of smoke ascending from a fire, on which is thrown some damp grass, indicates danger to all Indians within the range of vision. Two columns of smoke ascending at the same time indicate something else, and so on. The signals are further varied by holding a blanket above the fire till the smoke collects under it; then slipping the blanket off edgewise, and in a moment replacing it. This manipulation causes the smoke to ascend in round puffs, which have various meanings, dependent upon their number and frequency.

The Indian scout of to-day has lost none of the qualities which made him dangerous to the settlers of the Ohio valley. His endurance is just as great, his sagacity just as keen as ever. What to the officer at his side appears a mere speck far away on the crest of a range of hills, he recognizes as a scout, and he will receive and interpret a communication from the speck. The brave has lost none of his skill as a trailer. He will follow a flying foe for a hundred and fifty miles through the wildest, rocky country, over ground on which, to the inexperienced eye, not a mark appears, pressing forward at a full gallop and rarely

dismounting. In the night-time he will follow the trail by feeling the ground with his fingers.

In battle the Indians have a peculiar cavalry drill which they have carefully practiced. At first view this drill lacks uniformity; but presently the observer will discover that the wild rushing from side to side, the sudden collecting into a small knot, and the equally rapid scattering in all directions over the plains, are not aimless movements, but are all maneuvers performed in obedience to signals from the chief. These signals consist of signs imperceptible to any white man, and not understood even by the oldest Indian fighters.

The soldiers of the regular army, whose slender line has for fifteen years been extended along the ragged boundaries of our frontiers, deserve great credit for what they have accomplished. Sixteen dollars a month, with rations and uniform, is not much of an inducement for men to go to live in a wilderness and be shot at by Indians. During the winter he is little more than a laborer. His horse must be saved all exertion and cared for so as to be in proper condition for the following summer. There is little opportunity for cavalry drill, and when the recruit from eastern cities finds himself attacked by a band of wild Indians, who have devoted all their lives to the practice of the arts of warfare, the soldier is at considerable disadvantage. The change, which the introduction of the breech-loading rifle has made in the warfare of the frontier, an innovation which reached the soldiers before it did the Indians, but has since spread to the latter also, is illustrated by the famous engagement known as "Powell's Fight." To this day the engagement which, was but one of scores which have been fought during the last fifteen years, is known among the Sioux and Cheyennes as the "Medicine Fight."

The massacre of Fort Phil Kearney, from which no white man returned to tell the tale, gave the Indians great encouragement. Red Cloud and his Sioux continued for months to harass the little garrison which remained in the fort. Encouraged

by his success in cutting off the main command outside of the fort, and in preventing a single stick of wood or load of hay from going into the place, he resolved to attack the fortification itself. By the end of July, 1867, Red Cloud advanced on the unhappy post at the head of three thousand warriors. Since the massacre the fort had been supplied by the government with a new weapon, never before seen by the soldiers, and utterly unknown to the Indians. It was the breech-loading rifle, combining long range and deadly accuracy with unprecedented rapidity in firing.

On the 31st of July, 1867, Major James Powell left Fort Phil Kearney with fifty-two men to re-enforce some laborers who were at work gathering fuel at Piney Island, five miles away. Arrived at the place, Major Powell detailed twelve men to protect the wood-choppers, and thirteen more to escort the wagons on their way to the fort. In addition to this, fourteen wagon beds, made of boiler iron, sufficiently heavy to turn a bullet, were lifted off the wheels and arranged in a small circle in the middle of a plateau. Between every alternate wagon-bed a short interval was left to enlarge the circle. These spaces were filled with chains, logs, grain sacks, and sticks of wood. On the most exposed side of this fortified corral, two other wagons on wheels were placed at a little distance. The workmen in the forest were instructed in case of an attack to fly at once to this stronghold, where the soldiers maintained a vigilant watch.

About nine o'clock, on the morning of August 2d, 1867, seven hundred Indians attacked a wagon-train loaded with wood, and advanced with such suddenness that the wood-choppers were cut off from retreat to the corral and were forced to fly across the mountain to the fort. The Indians at once turned their attention toward the curious little redoubt out on the level plateau. Powell ordered his men to lie down in the wagon-beds, the sides of which were only two feet high. Over the men were then spread blankets and bedding, completely concealing

every one in the redoubt. These consisted of twenty-six soldiers, two officers, and four citizens. In the sides of the wagon-beds were holes large enough to fire through.

In a few moments eight hundred Indians on horseback dashed across the plateau, approaching the corral from all sides. A thousand yards away rose a circular range of low hills, on which were several thousand Indians, men, women, and children, under Red Cloud. As the eight hundred horsemen swept toward the corral, the dark hosts on the hills were spectators. Suddenly the low, black circle on the plateau blazed with fire. Numbers of the Indians fell. As the warriors continued to approach, their ranks were thinned by the continuous firing from the corral, which possessed a continuity, a rapidity, an accuracy never before witnessed by the Sioux. Frightened and broken, the warriors quickly checked their horses and fell back, leaving the plain dotted with the corpses of their friends. Red Cloud held a hurried consultation with his chiefs, and the entire host of warriors were ordered to the attack.

Meanwhile, Powell was quickly readjusting his defenses. The gun-barrels had become overheated from the rapid firing. To remedy this, spare guns were placed in each wagon. Some of the men were poor shots. These were detailed to load the guns and pass them forward to the best marksmen, who were to do the firing. Scarcely had these arrangements been made, when twenty-five hundred Indians swarmed down from the hillsides and approached the little, black circle in which not a single human being was to be seen, and yet from which, ten minutes before, they had received such a fire as they had never before witnessed. When within five hundred yards of the wagon-beds, the host of warriors gave a mighty shout and started forward at full speed. At the same moment a terrible fire from the corral burst forth.

Heedless of their slain, the Indians rushed on. It seemed that the survivors swarming forward must, in a moment more, leap over the tiny barricade. But the guns of the white men

poured forth such a continuous storm of rifle balls that there seemed to be no reloading. The singular corral wore the appearance to the excited Indians of an infernal machine. To them the spot seemed to be inhabited by the Bad God himself. Again and again they charged upon the redoubt, only to be each time broken, discomfited, and driven back. At the end of three hours Red Cloud decided that "the white man had made some medicine guns which would fire all the time without any human agency."

The little band of heroes, looking out through their port-holes, saw the retreat of the host of savages to the hills. Not less than three or four hundred of their number were dead upon the field. Presently isolated warriors could be seen crawling along the ground till they came within range of the corral. Each one carried in his hand the end of a long rope. Covering himself with a thick shield of buffalo hide, which protected him much as a turtle-shell does its occupant, he would crawl to the nearest corpse, fasten the rope around the ankles, and then retreat in the same way he had advanced. His companions would drag the body back into cover. A little later, a re-enforcement of a hundred men arrived from the fort. The men in the wagons, of whom only three had been killed and two wounded, at once prepared to retreat. The loss of the Indians we have stated to have been three or four hundred. This was the estimate of the white men. A month or two afterward, a Sioux chief told Colonel Dodge that their actual loss was *eleven hundred and thirty-seven killed and wounded*. No other such Indian fight ever took place on the continent.

The enormous advantage which the breech-loading rifle gave the white men in this memorable fight now no longer exists. The Indians have these weapons themselves. Hence it is that the Indian wars of the last ten years have been far bloodier than any preceding ones.

The Indians of the west never take prisoners, except to reserve them for torture and death. They rarely, if ever, burn

a prisoner at the stake, a custom as we have seen common among the tribes east of the Mississippi. The Plains Indians have a devilish substitute for this ceremony. A war party will lay a captive on his back on the ground. His outstretched arms and legs are tied with ropes to stout pins driven down. The fiends then build a little fire near one of his feet. After a time, when this foot is burnt to a coal, they build a fire at the other foot. From time to time others are built near the legs, arms, and body. The victim, stupid with agony, nevertheless still lives. Last of all, a fire is built on his breast, and kept up until the coals have burnt their way into his vitals and life becomes extinct.

Some years since, a little drummer boy twelve years old was captured by some Indians in Texas. The squaws tormented him for several hours. At last they took pine splinters and stuck them into the flesh all over his body. The splinters were then fired, and the crowd yelled with joy at his sufferings. His blackened body was afterwards found by the soldiers.

The warrior is fond of capturing a woman. If she is at all good looking she will command three or four times as many ponies as the best looking Indian girl in the tribe. Yet in comparison with the fate for which she is reserved the torture fires which terminate the life of a man are infinitely preferable. For the first few days she becomes the common property of the camp. At the end of that time her captor takes her to his lodge, and cares for her as his most valuable piece of property. She is a favorite stake at the gambling table, and may change masters half a dozen times a day. Once in a while these poor shattered creatures are redeemed by the government at an enormous price. When redeemed all trace of their former beauty and cleanliness is gone from the naked, filthy, and emaciated creatures.

The Indian pony, his master's most faithful and valuable servant, and for which a warrior will often give his favorite wife, deserves an honorable mention. He is less than fourteen hands

high, of slight build and scrubby appearance. He receives no attention whatever, is neither stabled, curried, shod, nor fed. After a hard day's work under the saddle, which in all probability wears great sores in his back, he is simply turned out to grass. In winter he becomes almost a skeleton. He is exposed to the terrible storms of the plains, he stands much of the time up to his middle in snow; his food consists largely of sticks and bark, and altogether he is as forlorn and miserable an object as was ever looked upon. When summer comes, he fares much better, and is able to bear his rider over a rough country, without roads, fifty miles a day, for six months, without losing his fire and edge.

Among many better citizens, the wild life of the frontiers also attracts some of the worst elements of civilized society. The noble and hardy race of trappers is about gone. In their stead have come, thieves, cut-throats, escaped criminals, refugees from justice, thugs, and whisky sellers. Some of these have gone to dwell among the Indians. They are called "squaw men." Lazy, filthy, and vicious, they are supported by the labors of their squaws, and draw rations from the government like other savages. Their influence over the Indians is most baleful. They prostitute the women, and abandon them and their children whenever they please.

Not less pernicious is the influence of the traders, who, with a keg of vile whisky on the back of a pony, thread their way among the Indians on their reservations, debauching the poor savages, and cheating them out of their furs and skins by pandering to their basest appetites. Yet another class of borderers are those who raise cattle, become wealthy, and return to the States. The desperado, too, flourishes on the frontiers. With him, assassination gets to be a mania. He carries a whole arsenal of arms about him, shoots without provocation, not at Indians merely, but for mere sport, at his best friends. A gentleman recently in the west, rode in a passenger car in which the day before a party of rougls had had a little "argument."

Forty-nine bullets were buried in the walls and roof of the coach. One of this class had been east and returned wearing a plug hat. When he left the train his friends in the town caught sight of the offensive hat, drew their revolvers, and in less than a minute thirty-one shots had been fired through its crown, while it still rested on the head of its smiling wearer. Without doubt, though, many of these fierce-mannered fellows are at heart noble and true men.

There are west of the Mississippi one hundred and two different Indian reservations, with a population of about two hundred and twenty-five thousand. These are under the charge of the Indian agents of the government. A small number of Indians in Arizona and elsewhere are not in charge of these agents. The plundering and pilfering to which the Indians are subjected has not been more than hinted at. The United States in its treaties always guarantees that white men shall be kept out of the reservations. This provision is continually and shamelessly violated. Another monstrous iniquity is the fact that the Indians on the reservations are being continually moved about from one place to another. They have no property in the soil which the law respects. The great cry is that the Indians should settle down and go to farming. What white man is there who would make a farm in a wilderness, when he knows he may be ejected before he gathers his first crop? Yet the only condition on which an Indian can get land for himself is to break the ties of kindred and friendship, leave his tribe, and take land under the pre-emption and homestead laws. This is but a joke, for very few Indians could raise money to pay the fees necessary for the purpose.

An elaborate discussion of the "Indian question" would be out of place in this book. Yet it would be wrong to dismiss the subject forever without a word on the practical problem presented. Questions of race are the most difficult ones which ever confront the statesman. Such was the Negro question. Such is the Chinese question. Such, also, is the Indian question.

It is clear that one of two destinies awaits the Indian—extermination or civilization. The frontiersman cries aloud for the former. The writer has before him a letter from an old friend, a minister of the Gospel, just received from Globe, Arizona, where he lives. For a year and a half a terrible Indian war has been raging in the locality. Nine of his neighbors have just been butchered in cold blood. The letter trembles with rage. It is dripping, as it were, with blood. This minister of the Gospel of Peace calls aloud for the extermination of the murderous Apache race. He declares them to be incapable of civilization. This is a cry from the frontier. It has some justice in it. On the other hand, the press is flooded with publications from sentimentalists, who, far away from the scene of slaughter, weep over the wrongs of the red man, over violated treaties, over natural rights, and bitter exile. They talk of patriotism. They quote the speeches of Indian chieftains. They recount the robbery, the murder, the outrage, to which the Indians have been constantly subjected since the advent of the white man on this continent. There is also some justice in all this.

So both of these parties have some truth on their side. It must be admitted that the Indians, with here and there a few noble exceptions, are by nature cruel, deceitful, ferocious, and blood-thirsty. Yet so were our own ancestors. The ancient Gaul, the Celt, the Dane, the Saxon, was just as much of a beast, just as blood-thirsty, just as cruel as the Indians. Whoever reads history knows this to be a fact. The farther back we go, the worse our ancestors become. If some of the races seem, at their worst, to have been better than the Indian, it is because the history we have of them does not go back far enough.

The pages of this book contain accounts of no "medicine man" whose cruelty equals that of the Druids, who worshiped long ago with dark and bloody rites in the forest temples of early France. The wild savages who peopled ancient Britain were a race far inferior to the Indian. The huge warriors of

northern Europe have no advantage in a comparison with the nobler tribes of the Red Man. The bloody feuds of the inhabitants of early England, which the historian denominates wars between rival kingdoms, are not so much better than the wars of the Indians, after all. They had few historians and no border chroniclers to hand down vivid pictures of the black and bloody struggles, as we have had in America, but the student of history will read between the lines. It is to be remembered, also, that the Indians have neither literature nor historians of their own. Their history has been written by their enemies. When accounts of Indian outrages flash over the wires, it is to be remembered that the red men have no access to the telegraph to tell their side of the story. The historians of border warfare were themselves combatants; they wrote while the rage and frenzy of the conflict was upon them. The warriors of King Philip, who were painted by the New England imagination as infernal fiends, fled to the far West and joined La Salle, who found them kind, faithful, intelligent, his most trusty followers. Actual experiment shows, too, that Indians are capable of civilization.

That the policy of the United States toward the red man has been a huge failure, so far as accomplishing their civilization is concerned, must be admitted. This policy has been founded on a colossal blunder—the treating with Indian tribes as if they were independent nations. Nearly every Indian war in the history of this country can be traced to these treaties which were never meant to be kept by the white men, or if they were, the impossibility of keeping was demonstrated a hundred years ago. It is the commonest principle of law, that the violation of an agreement by one party is a release of the other. Yet the government, in spite of its own flagrant violations of treaty faith, has uniformly made these treaties excuses for the exile of the tribes. The very organization of Indian tribes itself precluded honest treaties. There was no legitimate treaty-making power. A few chiefs, dazzled with presents and

drunk with liquor, signed agreements which the savage bands, by the customs of their people, were not bound to recognize.

Yet one blunder led to others. What is the legal status of the Indians on the reservations? Are they prisoners of war? It looks much that way. But even prisoners of war are entitled to protection under the laws of their captors. Within the reservations there is no law except the savage law of the tribes themselves. Are they, then, independent nations? What a huge fiction! What a monstrous contradiction! Startling is the contrast between the Indian tribes of the United States and of the British Dominion. We have spent millions of money and sacrificed thousands of brave men in a warfare of extermination. Great Britain has done neither.

With us the Indian problem is still unsettled. The conscience of the country cries out against the outrages perpetrated on the unhappy savages in the name of civilization. The "Indian problem" never arose in Great Britain. She has simply called the Indians subjects of the queen, and amenable to ordinary civil laws and criminal courts for bad behavior. We call the Indian tribes independent nations, and place them outside of the pale of our own laws while destroying their own. An Indian commits an outrage, a crime. There is no law to punish him, except under the crude and irregular penalties which the military inflict in time of war on such captives as fall into their hands.

The problem is complicated enough at best. The Indians refuse to learn the English language. This forever isolates them from the influences of civilization. Their own institutions and education, handed down by the law of inheritance from an antiquity of unknown duration, teach that manual labor is disgraceful. "Extremes meet" is a maxim illustrated by the fact that the higher our civilization the more widely this same sentiment of the disgrace attaching to physical labor prevails.

So long as the tribal relation continues among the Indians, communism in property, including wives, will also continue.

How immensely important, therefore, that the government, instead of driving the red men from one reservation to another in response to the greed of white emigrants, should allot them ample territories which they should own absolutely, and carefully encourage each Indian to feel that in taking a tract to himself in severalty and making a farm he is making, not only a permanent home for himself, but an inheritance for his children. It is right, too, that the Indians should be taught to feel that they have a share in our government. "At this moment, the Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, the remnants of the Six Nations in New York, the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, are as fit for citizenship as the average white immigrant or negro voter."

Of our prisoners of war on the reservations are expected the most unreasonable things. In localities so dry that no crop can ever be raised, they are expected to become all at once good farmers. The enormous appropriations of Congress for their support are largely squandered or misapplied by corrupt officials through manipulation of the "trade" with the Indians. One tribe was promised in a treaty so many pounds of beef a year. Congress appropriates the same amount of money each year for this purpose. But the price of beef rises. The appropriation falls far short of buying the requisite number of *pounds*. The Indians, who are left to starve, look on this as intentional robbery.

The problem of supplying the Indians with food excites much difference. The late Secretary of the Treasury thought that it was pernicious; that lazy Indians were made still lazier by feeling that the government owed them a living, and idleness is the great source of Indian mischief. He thought that it would spoil white men to care for them in this way; hence, he reasoned, how far short would this policy fall of civilizing the Indians and teaching habits of industry, virtue, and self-support.

Theoretically this is right. But like many another proposi-

tion, logical in theory, the illogical reverse works better in practice. The natural food of the Indians, the buffalo and wild game generally, has been destroyed by the white men. The red men themselves have been violently transplanted to reservations where they are virtually prisoners of war. Humanity cries out against starving a prisoner. Even experienced farmers would find it difficult to subsist in a wilderness, without food and tools for farming obtained from other sources, until they got the farm started. How much more difficult for the proud and lazy warrior, whose fathers for countless generations never put their hands to a plow-handle, but spent their lives amid the excitements of the chase or the war-path. Besides, hungry Indians are dangerous. Starvation transforms the most peaceable man into a devil, mad with the wild insanity of hunger. So the government, it seems, ought to feed the Indians for the present, carefully keeping in view the end of their ultimate self-support.

It is a mere question of time until the white men overrun Indian Territory and the other reservations, as they have done all previous ones. Not less than a dozen railroads apply to the Interior Department and obtain rights of way through these reservations every year. First comes the army of track-builders, then stations spring up, with depot and telegraph agents, postmaster, express agent, and switchmen. These men have families. A store is opened. A blacksmith shop is built. From every passenger-train disembark explorers, sight-seers, speculators, emigrants. Almost in a night the line of the railway is strung with beads of thriving villages. All this is in violation of the treaty, which provided for railroad rights of way, but also provided that all white men should be excluded from the reservation.

If, without further discussion, we sum up what seem to us the most important changes to be made, we would say:

1. Avoid alike the extremist who cries aloud from the frontiers for the extermination of the Indian, and the extremist who lifts up his tearful voice in the quiet villages of the

east, and pleads that all soldiers be withdrawn, and the Indians left to the care of the pious missionaries.

2. Abolish the treaty system and all existing treaties, burying with them the infamous fiction of the national independence of the tribes.

3. Bring the Indians into legal relations with the government, under the control and protection of civil and criminal law, to be dealt with by the courts.

4. As the execution of law always comes at last to an actual exertion of physical force, let the courts be re-enforced by ample means and resources to carry out the law. In other words, let them be supplemented by a powerful police, under whose supervision the Indians will be placed, like any other citizens. As the worst quarters of a city have the strongest police force stationed in their midst, let the same rule apply with the Indians. Let this police force consist of the Regular Army of the United States. If this is a violation of military traditions, let the army be reorganized.

5. Abolish the Indian Bureau, and sweep out of existence the whole class of Indian agents and traders. Let the Indians have free trade with the whole world, selling their corn and furs to the person who will pay the highest price, and buying their goods of the person from whom they can be bought the cheapest. From this freedom of trade, two exceptions should be made. It should be a criminal offense with heavy penalties to sell, barter, give away, have in possession, or bring into the reservation any fire-arm, or intoxicating drink. The only persons authorized to carry weapons should be the police.

6. The title to the reservations should at once be made absolute and indefensible in the Indian tribes, as tenants in common, and each Indian should have his tract set off to him in severalty as soon as he will consent to try farming. The Indian is as much entitled to the protection of vested rights in property as the white man. While it may be impossible to keep the whites out of the reservations, as it is, the world-

wide law of trespass, enforced by the courts, will protect an Indian's farm from intrusion as well as any one else's.

7. Every Indian who is willing to farm should be helped to build a house, and procure stock and farming implements. If he misappropriates these things he should be punished like any other embezzler. Meanwhile he should be honestly supplied with constantly decreasing amounts of money to buy food.

8. Open to the Indian community the usual methods of organization, into counties, and ultimately into States, teaching all the time lessons of self-government.

9. *Establish Government schools for the instruction of Indian youth. Herein lies the hope of the future.* The young are easy to teach; the old are difficult. Experiments show that after all this is the true and ultimate solution for the Indian problem. A few schools have already been established. These are of three classes. First are the day schools. These are temporary, and are intended to disarm prejudice. Even where they have been started, not one in ten of the children can be admitted for lack of room. The main work of these schools is to teach a little of the English language, and the first notions of cleanliness and the white man's way of living. What is accomplished during school hours is largely undone when the children are out of school, they returning at once to Indian speech and manners.

Far more valuable is the boarding-school at the agency, where the children are taken to live all the time, except during vacation. This school is watched closely by the parents of the children. Their dull and sluggish minds are stirred with surprise. The kitchen, the sewing-room, the bedrooms, the school, the dinner table, the farm, are each the source of profound astonishment. These ideas carried back to the lodges will in time bear fruit, no doubt, though the process is a slow one. In the first two years at the boarding-school the child learns a good deal of the English language, and many of the modes of civilized life. This is all. But the vacations prove deleterious. When the pupils return to school in the fall the teacher finds

them apparently as much savages as ever. They are again using the hideous Indian jargon, again eating with their fingers, and again shoot at the chickens with bow and arrow. The crust of barbarism gathered during the summer soon wears away, but there have been established three schools—at Hampton, Carlisle, and Forest Grove—where, far away from savage influences, selected pupils are sent to learn trades. Thus by degrees the leaven of a better civilization is diffused through the dull mass of savage life lying beyond the Mississippi.

The rise of the Red barbarian from his old level is—even under the fierce stimulus of contact with an aggressive race—exceedingly slow, sometimes scarcely perceptible, not infrequently reversed. In an age of rapid progress, when immediate results are expected by impatient philanthropy, the metamorphosis of the Indian into the citizen, the savage hunter into the resident civilian, is doubted by some, despaired of by many. The gradual relaxation of the old barbaric habit and the substitution of the garb and manners of society are processes requiring generations for their fulfillment. Meanwhile, the surging tides of advancement beat against the feeble barriers which a sense of justice or expediency has interposed between the Red Man and his doom. While the slower movement of reason is going on silently and surely, the rapid and inexorable work of force is pressing the remnant of our Aborigines to the borders of their destiny.

Nor may the author, in taking leave, not unregretfully, of the subject which has occupied so much of his attention and interest, assume the office of a prophet, and lift the veil from the future of this strange and problematical people. The task proposed in the beginning finds here an end, but the theme still lingers as if but half completed.

Farewell to thee, O rugged Pioneer!
And e'en to thee, dark Specter of the West!
The one completes his hazardous career,
The other sinks on distant plains—to rest.

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