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SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE AND INDIAN ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY

A NATIVE OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY,

BORN 1758, A FEW MILES ABOVE NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

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SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY

SKETCH NO. 1

WHO has not heard of Brady—captain of the spies?—of his perilous adventures by field and flood—of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach—of his chivalrous courage—of his unmatched personal activity—Yet where do we read his history? It is to be learned only from the aged settlers of Western Pennsylvania, or peradventure from a time-worn Ranger;—for a few of Brady's warriors still survive.

Actuated by a desire to preserve from oblivion such portions of his life and actions as may yet be obtained, I have made several attempts to procure from individuals the most interesting events in his military career, but hitherto without success. At length an aged friend has kindly offered to furnish such details as an intimate acquaintance with Captain Brady enables him to give. We trust that the subject will be deemed of such interest that others will contribute their mite, and that an historian will yet be found to place Brady of the Rangers by the side of Wayne, Marion, Lee of the Legion, and other distinguished patriots whose memories are immortal.

He is emphatically the hero of Western Pennsylvania; and future bards of this region, when time shall have mellowed the facts of history, will find his name the personification of all that was fearless and fruitful of resources in the hour of danger. His the step that faltered not—the eye that quailed not, even in the terrific scenes of Indian warfare. Many a mother has quieted the fears and lulled to sleep her infant family, by the assurance that the broad Allegheny, the dividing line between the Indians and whites,

was watched by the gallant captain and his Rangers; and to their apprehensions of death or captivity by the Indians, has replied encouragingly,—“they dare not move on the river, for there lies Brady and the Rangers.”

John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel Brady, was born in the state of Delaware, in 1733. Hugh Brady, the father of John, had emigrated from Ireland, and at a very early period settled within five miles of where Shippensburgh now stands. The country was then a wilderness, thinly settled by Irish emigrants, simple, sincere and religious. Many anecdotes are told, showing this, but they would be out of place here.

During the French and Indian war, that part of the country was much harassed by the Indians. John Brady and several other young men had been active against them, and as a mark and reward of merit he was appointed captain in the Provincial line, which at that time was no small distinction. He married Mary Quigley, and Samuel their first child, was born in the town of Shippensburg, 1758.

After the war, and a purchase had been made from the Indians in 1768, John Brady moved with his family to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Samuel resided with him till June, 1775. Captain John Lowden, a widower, raised a company of volunteer riflemen, seventy in number, and all unmarried, and marched to Boston. Samuel Brady was one of this band, and the captain intended that he should be an officer, but his father objected saying: “Let him first learn the duty of a soldier, and then he will know how to act as an officer.”

While the riflemen lay before Boston, frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion, Lowden was ordered to select some able-bodied men, and wade to an island, when the tide was out, and drive off some cattle belonging to the British. He considered

Brady too young for this service, and left him out of his selection; but to the Captain's astonishment Brady was the second man on the island and behaved most gallantly. On another occasion, he was sitting on a fence, with his captain, viewing the British works, when a cannon-ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, caught the Captain in his arms and raised him saying with great composure, "We are not hurt, captain." Many like instances of his coolness and courage happened while the army lay at Boston.

In 1776, Brady was appointed a first Lieutenant in Captain Thomas Doyle's company, raised in Lancaster county. He continued with the army, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to the west under General Brodhead. On their march he had leave to visit his friends in Northumberland county. His father, in 1776, had accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, was badly wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was then at home. Whilst there, he heard of his brother's death, who had been murdered by the Indians on August 9, 1778. He remained at his father's until the beginning of 1779, when he started for Pittsburgh and joined his regiment.

Shortly after he had arrived at Pittsburgh he heard the news of his father being murdered by the Indians, on the 11th day of April, 1779. He then vowed vengeance against *all Indians*, and he never altered his mind. Here commenced his western exploits, which must be the subject of another paper.

At the battle of Princeton he was under Col. Hand, of Lancaster, and had advanced too far;—they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and made their escape.

At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled round him. The British were

nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge that it tore out. He dashed on,—a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop. Brady wheeled, shot him down and ran on.

He got into a small swamp in a field. He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a Lieutenant. They compared commissions, Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to headquarters.

SKETCH NO. 2.

In 1780 a small fort within the present limits of Pittsburg was the headquarters of Gen. Brodhead,* who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. General Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity foresaw and provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to Brodhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

Gen. Brodhead had no hesitation in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

*Daniel Brodhead (1736-1809) Colonel 8th Pennsylvania, and for many years surveyor-general of Pennsylvania.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprize. But he saw the anxiety of the Father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen, neither road, bridge, nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its brambles by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white man's foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian stratagem and dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky he saw a fire, approached it and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on until he stood beside the town and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partly covered with drift-wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the institutions of his country he courted death and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ. But he was surrounded by his three hundred Spartans, and cheered by the Spartan battle hymn, mingled in concert with the sweet tones of the flute.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands; and when at the bridge of Lodi he snatched the tri-colour from its terrified bearer, and uttering the war cry of his enthusiastic soldiers, "Vive la Republique," he breasted the fire of thirty pieces of Austrian cannon, and planted it in the midst of its enemies, he was seen and followed by the gallant remains of the consular guard, and lauded with the cries and tears of his whole army.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Rangers will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country; an enemy who, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire, adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause over such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features?

The murmuring river; the Indian village wrapped in sleep; the sylvan landscape; as each was gazed upon by that lonely but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia and Kentucky with some very fine horses. One grey horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing any thing by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by Gen. Brodhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had gone but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan; and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

SKETCH NO. 3.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and gave them a general fire. He sprang to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said, "Why did you shoot your brother?" He caught up the child saying, "Jenny Stupes, I am Captain Brady; follow me and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war whoop and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed in some measure with the whites, at least with Rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of Fort M'Intosh gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found. They were about to quit the place when the yell of a *pet* Indian that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered. The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut bushes and stuck them into the ground; but the bushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep, with all his implements of war about him.

“He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his (powder-horn and pouch) about him.”

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him and the scalp from his head, and then they left him thus stripped alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family unable to bear the fatigues of travelling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold. Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Capt. Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father and a beloved brother had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburgh by water, where they were received with military honors. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburgh and reported that the captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians. When Gen. Brodhead heard this, he said Brady was an aspiring young man and had solicited the command. But on Brady's arrival at Pittsburgh, the General acknowledged that the Captain had accepted the command with much diffidence.

Thus far I have followed the information of one who, I apprehend, had the best means of acquiring it. I now introduce an incident related to me of this same expedition, by a relative of Capt. Brady, who had it from the Captain's own mouth. The

respectability of the person who mentioned it to me, assures me of its correctness.

A few days after Brady left Sandusky with his squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look out in expectation of being pursued, and though taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would occasionally discover in the distance an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. "I will stop" said Brady "and shoot the dog and then we can get along better."

He selected the root of a tall chestnut tree which had fallen westward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the log at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did, she rolled off the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud whoop, sprung into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

SKETCH NO. 4.

Many of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that class.

His success as a partizan had acquired for him its usual results;—approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother officers censured the Commandant for affording him such frequent opportunities for honorable distinction. At length

open complaint was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors of the service abroad from the fort. The General apprised Brady of what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the propriety of the proposed arrangement; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its efficiency.

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickley settlement, committing the most barbarous murders of men, women and children; stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else. The alarm was brought to Pittsburgh, and a party of soldiers under the command of the emulous officers, dispatched for the protection of the settlements and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded; but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

The day after the detachment had marched, he solicited permission from his commander to take a small party for the purpose of "catching the Indians;" but was refused. By dint of importunity, however, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and the command of *five men*; to this he added his *pet* Indian, and made hasty preparation.

Instead of moving toward Sewickley, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Allegheny at Pittsburgh and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement, he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the southeast. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up to the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were now drawn to its upper or northeastern bank.

The country on both sides of Mahoning, at its mouth, is rough and mountainous; and the stream, which was then high, very rapid. Several ineffectual attempts were made to wade it, which they at length succeeded in doing, three or four miles above the canoes. Next a fire was made, their clothing dried, and arms inspected; and the party moved toward the Indian camp, which was pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance, on the lower or first bank.

The Indians had brought from Sewickley a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. An Indian, probably the owner, under the *law of arms*, came frequently down to him, and occasioned the party no little trouble. The horse, too, seemed willing to keep their company, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he had a strong inclination to tomahawk the Indian, but his calmer judgment repudiated the act, as likely to put to hazard a more decisive and important achievement.

At length the Indians seemed quiet; and Brady returned to, and posted his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of day. When it appeared the Indians arose and stood around their fires; exulting, doubtless, in the scalps they had taken, the plunder they had acquired, and the injury they had inflicted on their enemies. Precarious joy; short-lived triumph; the avenger of blood was beside them! At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well known war cry was heard, his party was among them, and their guns (mostly empty) were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly fled and disappeared. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, which he seems to have succeeded in stanching. The *pet* Indian then imitated the cry of a young wolf, which was answered by the wounded man, and the pursuit again renewed. A second time

the wolf cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady found his remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the carcass.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburgh, most of them descending in the Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

SKETCH NO. 5.

The incursions of the Indians had become so frequent and their outrages so alarming, that it was thought advisable to retaliate upon them the injuries of war, and carry into the country occupied by them the same system of destructive warfare with which they had visited the settlements. For this purpose an adequate force was provided, under the immediate command of General Brodhead, the command of the advance guard of which was confided to Captain Brady.

The troops proceeded up the Allegheny river, and had arrived at the flat of land near the mouth of Redbank creek, now known by the name of Brady's Bend, without encountering an enemy. Brady and his rangers were some distance in front of the main body, as their duty required, when they suddenly discovered a war party of Indians approaching them. Relying on the strength of the main body, and its ability to force the Indians to retreat, and anticipating, as Napoleon did in the battle with the Mamelukes, that when driven back they would return upon the same route they had advanced on, Brady permitted them to proceed without hindrance, and hastened to seize a narrow pass, higher up the river,

where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approached the river, and where a few determined men might successfully combat superior numbers.

In a short time the Indians encountered the main body under Brodhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by their daring and relentless foes, Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the winds of heaven,
 The (*Indians*) appear;
 For life! for life! their flight they ply—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle cry
 Are maddening in the rear."

Indeed I have been told by an officer of the American army who is no stranger to Indian battles, that Scott's description of the battle of "Beal An Dhuine," from which I have ventured to make the above extract, would suit very well for that of any battle with the Indians, by changing a few names, and substituting plumes for bonnets, bayonets for spears, &c.

Be that as it may, the Indians on this occasion were again broken, routed, and forced to jump into the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Our aged friend Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas, then a young man, saved himself by swimming, as did several others of the party.

After they had crossed the river Brady was standing on the bank wiping his rifle,—an Indian, exasperated at the unexpected defeat, and disgraceful retreat of his party, and supposing himself now safe from the well known and abhorred enemy of his race,

commenced a species of conversation with him in broken English, which we call *blackguarding*—calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like;—and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them. When the main army arrived a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen. They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance till the Indian jumped up, struck his breast and said, “I am a man.” It was Brady’s wish to take him prisoner, without doing him further harm. The Indian continuing to repeat, “I am a man,”—“Yes”, said an Irishman who was along, “By — you’re a purty boy”—and before Brady could arrest the blow, sunk his tomahawk into the Indian’s brain.

The army moved onward, and after destroying all the Indians’ corn, and ravaging the Kenjua flats, returned to Pittsburgh.

In No. 1 of these sketches it has been stated that Captain John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel, had been wounded at the battle of Brandywine; that his son John (who was but a lad of sixteen at the time,) was also wounded there, and that in consequence of their wounds, both had permission to return to their home, which was on the west branch of the Susquehanna. It was farther stated that Captain John Brady and one of his sons were killed by the Indians, soon after Samuel had left home for Bedford or Pittsburgh.

Although not immediately connected with the personal adventures of Captain Samuel Brady, I propose giving a sketch of events on the Susquehanna, prior and up to the death of his father and brother.

Those who read these sketches may perceive, from their nature and antiquity, that they are compiled from the statements, oral and written, of persons acquainted with the facts disclosed, either personally or by hearsay. Allowance will be made, there-

fore, for the want of chronological order, observable throughout, seeing that I am dependent on different persons, residing in different parts of the country, for what I have been enabled to put forth. Some of these persons are old and infirm, and have particular facts more deeply registered in the memory than others of more seeming importance; and it requires inquiry and examination to elicit other facts to supply or correct the narrative; and that all these have been hastily thrown together and published without even an examination of the proof sheets.

The transactions on the Susquehanna have, it is true, this connection with the biography of Samuel Brady, that, on hearing of the murder of his youngest brother and that of his father, by the Indians there, he did, it is said, raise his hand on high and vow—"Aided by Him who formed yonder sun and heavens, I will revenge the murder of my father and brother; nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians of any tribe." This exclamation, uttered in a moment of anguished feeling, the recital of his brother's sufferings being fresh in his mind, has been assigned as the principal cause of his daring and unparalleled courage and address in the various conflicts he had with the Indians afterwards.

This representation has rather obscured his character than otherwise. He has been considered a devoted man-killer, reckless of all sympathy, and destitute of all humanity towards the Indian race. This is by no means true. Brady, as I have been informed by one who became acquainted with him on the occasion of his being indicted for the murder of certain Indians in time of peace, was a gentlemanly, fine looking man, possessed of a noble heart, and intellect of a high order. His conduct on that occasion, when investigated, was found to be correct; and that he had used his influence, as far, probably, as was safe with an infuriated band, to protect the Indians with whose murder he was charged. But of this hereafter.

Another cause than blind revenge might be assigned for that heroic devotedness of courage—that eagerness to solicit dangerous commands—that contempt for all that is allied to fear, by which he was distinguished. But it is of little moment now, further than to authorize the assertion that it was honorable in its origin, though unpropitious in its termination.

After having perused our statement of the occurrences at Susquehanna, and retaining in his mind the intimation contained in the above lines, the reader will be satisfied that the excitement which prompted the vow, was not of that *savage* character it has generally been supposed to bear. But that it was the unpremeditated exclamation of one

“Upon whose ear the signal word
Of strife and death was hourly breaking,
Who slept with head upon the sword
His fevered hand must grasp in waking.”

When Captain John Brady left Shippensburg, he located himself at the Standing Stone, a celebrated Indian town at the confluence of the Standing Stone creek and the Juniata river; the present town of Huntingdon, in Huntingdon county, stands in part on the site of the Standing Stone. From thence he moved to the west branch of the Susquehanna, opposite the spot on which Lewisburg or Derrstown, in Union county, stands. If I mistake not, the tract settled on by him now belongs to George Kremer Esq. Derr had a small mill on the run that empties into the river below the town, and a trading house, from whence the Indians were supplied with powder, lead, tobacco and rum. In the commencement of the strife between the colonies and the mother country, Brady discovered that the Indians were likely to be tampered with by the British. The Seneca and Muncy tribes were in considerable force, and Pine and Lycoming creeks were navigable almost to the State line for canoes. Fort Augusta had been built upon the east side of the north branch, immediately where it con-

nects with the west, about a mile above the present town of Sunbury. It was garrisoned by a "fearless few," and commanded by Captain, afterwards Major Hunter, a meritorious officer. He had under his command about fifty men. In the season for tillage some attention was paid to farming, but the women and children mostly resided in the fort, or were taken there on the slightest alarm. It was known that the Wyoming Flats were full of Indians, of the Delaware and Shamokin tribes. The latter, since extinct, was then a feeble people, and under the protection of the Delawares. In this state of affairs John Brady suggested to his neighbors and comrades, under arms at Fort Augusta, the propriety of making a treaty with the Seneca and Muncy tribes; knowing them to be at variance with the Delawares. This course was approved of, and petitions sent on to the proper authorities praying the appointment of commissioners for the purpose of holding a treaty. Commissioners were appointed, and Fort Augusta was designated as a place of conference; and notice of that, and of the time fixed for the arrival of the commissioners, was directed to be given to the two tribes. John Brady and two others were selected by the people in the fort to seek the Senecas and Muncies and communicate to them the proposal.

The Indians met the "ambassadors" of the settlers, to wit, Captain John Brady and his companions, in a very friendly manner: the chiefs listened with apparent pleasure to the proposal for a treaty, and after smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, led our men out of their camp, and, shaking hands with them cordially, parted in seeming friendship.

Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning with his company from that they had gone, and arrived safe at home.

On the day appointed for holding the treaty the Indians appeared, with their wives and children. There were about one hundred men, all warriors, and dressed in war costume. Care had been taken that the little fort should look as fierce as possible, and every man was on the alert.

In former treaties the Indians had received large presents, and were expecting them here: but finding the fort too poor to give any thing of value (and an Indian never trusts,) all efforts to form a treaty with them proved abortive. They left the fort, however, apparently in good humor, and well satisfied with their treatment, and taking to their canoes proceeded homeward. The remainder of the day was chiefly spent by the officers and people of the fort in devising means of protection against the anticipated attacks of the Indians. Late in the day, Brady thought of Derr's trading house, and foreboding evil from that point, mounted a small mare he had at the fort, and crossing the north branch he rode with all possible speed. On his way home he saw the canoes of the Indians on the bank of the river near Derr's. When near enough to observe the river, he saw the squaws exerting themselves to the utmost, at their paddles, to work canoes over to his side of the river; and that when they landed, they made for thickets of sumach, which grew in abundance on his land to the height of a man's head, and very thick upon the ground. He was not slow in conjecturing the cause. He rode on to where the squaws were landing and saw that they were conveying rifles, tomahawks and knives into the sumach thickets, and hiding them. He immediately jumped into a canoe and crossed to Derr's trading house, where he found the Indians brutally drunk. He saw a barrel of rum standing on end before Derr's door, with the head out. He instantly overset it, and spilled the rum, saying to Derr, "My God, Frederick, what have you done?" Derr replied, "Dey dells me you gif um no dreet down on de fort, so I dinks as I gif um one here, he als go home in bease."

One of the Indians, who saw the rum spilled, but was unable to prevent it, told Brady he would one day rue the spilling of that barrel. Being well acquainted with the Indian character, he knew death was the penalty of his offence, and was constantly on his guard for several years.

Next day the Indians started off. They did not soon attack the settlements, but carried arms for their allies, the English, in other parts. Meanwhile emigration to the west branch continued; the settlement extended, and Freelyng's or Freelan's Fort was built, near the mouth of Warrior Run, about eight miles above Derr's trading house.

Contrary to expectation, the tomahawk remained at rest for several years on the Susquehanna. Fort Freelyng was the rallying point in cases of alarm. Spies were out in the wilderness and margin of the settlements, and even ventured a great distance into the Indian country without discovering signs of hostility. The cloud that for awhile had threatened and then rolled away, was about to return, however, darker than before, and charged with destructive fury.

One evening a scouting party came in who had seen signs of Indians making their way toward the Susquehanna. The neighborhood was alarmed, and all fled for safety to the fort. A council of war was held, and a decision made that all the women and children should be sent down the river to Fort Augusta, immediately, and spies sent out to observe the approaching force. The spies soon returned with intelligence that the enemy were near two hundred strong, and that there were *white men* among them.

Fort Freelyng was commanded by Captain Dougherty, (than whom no braver man ever lived,) who had under his command about sixty men. After hearing the force of the enemy, the officers agreed upon evacuating that fort, and retiring to Fort Augus-

ta, where, on uniting the whole force of the country, it was their determination to make a last and desperate defence. The Indians had been seen skulking around the fort, and the men were preparing for a march, when an old Tory, who was in the fort, exclaimed—"Captain Dougherty, I always knew the Continental troops would not fight." Dougherty was a man of impetuous feeling; he instantly replied—"You d—d old rascal, we will show you that we *can* fight; and if the fort is betrayed, and I survive, I will sacrifice you."

The Indians attacked the fort early in the morning, on the upper side. On the lower was a kind of glade, covered over thickly with large bushes, from six to seven feet high, having a small path through to the river. The fire of the Indians was of no great account, as they chose to keep at a safe distance. The fire from the fort was well directed, by the best marksmen, and proved very galling. A British officer was seen busily engaged directing the Indians; but a lad in the fort, taking deliberate aim at him, fired, and he was seen to fall—supposed to be killed or badly wounded. The attack was suspended from a little before sunset till the next morning. The Indians during the night had hid themselves in the bushes in order to draw the men out of the fort, but finding the little band too circumspect for the snare, came again to the attack with a most tremendous yell. They finally succeeded in getting into the fort, when a dreadful massacre ensued. Captain Dougherty kept his eye upon the old Tory, and finding all was over, sent a bullet through him, with the imprecation—"Damn the traitor!"

Every man sold his life as dearly as possible; none escaped but Captain Dougherty and Samuel Brady, brother to Captain John Brady and uncle to Captain Samuel. They left the fort together, pursued by a host of Indians. The hazel bushes being so thick on the side of the fort at which they came out, it was impossible for the enemy to follow them. Captain Dougherty, who was an uncommonly active man, could load his rifle whilst under cover

of the brush, and when he heard the noise of an Indian he could leap high enough to see and fire upon him. Samuel Brady (known in his day as Uncle Sam), had made his way through the large thicket and came upon a plain below. He thought it best, as he was heard to say afterwards, to "*make his eternal escape.*"

He had already run a considerable distance, when on looking back he beheld two Indians in pursuit, one of them a large, dangerous-looking fellow, the other of small stature. He renewed his speed, and was getting along pretty well, when his foot slipped into a hole and he fell down. The large Indian was foremost and armed. But Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle in his hand, with which he shot the savage, who gave a wild yell and fell dead. The little warrior thinking, perhaps, there were more rifles about, wheeled and made for the fort. At the edge of the thicket it was his fortune to meet Dougherty, who split his skull with the butt of his rifle, and ran on. These two only, Dougherty and Brady, survived that day's massacre, and brought the news to Fort Augusta. It may be supposed that that night was one of gloom and sorrow in the little fortress. The reader can sketch the picture according to his own fancy.

SKETCH NO. 6

The massacre at Fort Freelyng cast a damper on the settlement at the West Branch, but the hardy settlers prepared for the worst, by such measures of precaution as their means afforded. The Indians, after committing some further depredations, and murdering some families in Buffalo Valley, retreated. The settlement progressed and had reached the Muncy Hills. A fort was built at the mouth of Muncy Creek, near where Pennsboro' now stands, the command of which was given to Captain John Brady.

Frequent skirmishes took place between the whites and Indians, who resumed their old practice of harassing the settlers by dividing themselves into small squads; taking some prisoners,

scalping others, and carrying away or destroying the cattle and movable property of their victims. Brady, it appears, left the fort for the regular service prior to the battle of Brandywine.

Shortly after the return from camp of Captain Brady and his son, a company of men formed for the purpose of aiding a friend to cut his oats, near the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek. James Brady, son of Captain John, and a younger brother of Captain Samuel of the Rangers, went along. According to a custom in those days, which was, that if no commissioned officer were present the company selected a leader, whom they styled "Captain," and readily obeyed as such, James was selected leader or Captain of this little band, of about twenty men. After arriving on the ground, they placed two sentinels at opposite sides of the field; the other sides having clear land all around, were not thought to require any. The guns were all placed together at one side of the field, and the order was, that, in case of alarm, all were to run to the rifles.

The first day, which was spent in cradling the oats, nothing remarkable happened; during the night a strict watch was kept. The next day, in the evening, one of the sentinels fired, and cried "Indians," The young Captain, without looking around for his men, ran for his rifle. When near the guns he was fired upon by a *white man*, with a pistol. Happening to stumble over a sheaf of oats, he fell, and the ball missed him. The Indians, supposing him dead, ran to secure his scalp. He fell within reach of the guns, and seizing one, he shot the first Indian who approached him. He now discovered that his men had fled and left him to contend with the savages alone. Despair rendered him but the more determined to die gallantly. He caught another gun, and brought down the second Indian. They then rushed in upon him in numbers; he was a stout, active man, and struggled with them for some time. At length one of them struck his tomahawk into his

head. He was stunned with the blow, and for a time remained altogether powerless, yet, strange as it may seem, he retained his senses. They tore the scalp from his head as he lay in apparent death, and it was quite a trophy to them; for he had long red hair.

After they had scalped him, as he related afterwards, a little Indian was called and made to strike the tomahawk into his head in four separate places; then leaving him for dead, they took the guns and fled to the woods.

After coming to himself he attempted, between walking and creeping, to reach a little cabin, where was an old man who had been employed to cook for the working party. On hearing the report of the guns the old man had hid himself, but when he saw Brady return, he came to him. James begged the old man to fly to the fort, saying, "The Indians will soon be back and will kill you." The old man refused to leave him. Brady then requested to be taken down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He still begged the old man to leave him, and save himself, but he would not. He next directed his old friend to load the gun that was in the cabin, which was done, and put into his hands; he then lay down and appeared to sleep. A noise was suddenly heard on the bank above them; he jumped to his feet and cocked the gun. It was soon discovered that the noise was made by some troops who had come from the fort on horseback in pursuit of the Indians. They carried the brave young "Captain" to the fort, where he lived for five days. The first four days he was delirious; on the fifth his reason returned, and he described the whole scene he had passed through, with great minuteness. He said the Indians were of the Seneca tribe, and amongst them were two chiefs: that one of those two chiefs was a very large man, and by the description he was supposed to be "Cornplanter;" the other he personally knew to be the celebrated chief "Bald Eagle," from whom certain creeks, and the Ridge so called, in Centre and Huntingdon counties, have

their name. "The Bald Eagle's Nest" as his camp was called, was for part of the year at the mouth of the creek called "Bald Eagle," which empties into the Susquehanna near the Great Island, and about thirty miles by water from the scene of action.

On the evening of the fifth day the young captain died, deeply regretted by all within the fort. Vengeance, "not loud but deep," was breathed against the Bald Eagle; but he laughed it to scorn till the fatal day at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny.

War with the Indians again broke out all along the frontiers, and men of activity and courage were sent to the forts on the West Branch, and every precaution taken for the security of the settlements. It became necessary to go up the river some distance to procure supplies for the fort, and Captain John Brady, taking with him a wagon team and guard, went himself and procured what could be had; on his return, in the afternoon, riding a fine mare, and within a short distance of the fort, where the road forked, and being some distance behind the team and guard, and in conversation with a man named Peter Smith, he recommended Smith not to take the road the wagon had done, but the other, as it was shorter. They travelled on together till they came near a run where the same road joined. Brady observed "this would be a good place for Indians to secrete themselves."—Smith said, "Yes." That instant three rifles cracked and Brady fell; the mare ran past Smith, who threw himself on her, and was carried in a few seconds to the fort. The people in the fort had heard the rifles, and seeing Smith on the mare coming at full speed, all ran to ask for Captain Brady, his wife along, or rather before the rest. To their question, where is Captain Brady? Smith replied, "In Heaven or Hell, or on his way to Tioga,"—meaning, he was either dead or a prisoner to the Indians.

The men in the fort ran to the spot; the wagon and guard had also been attracted by the firing. They found the Captain lying

on the road, his scalp taken off, his rifle gone, but the Indians were in such haste they had not taken either his watch or his shot-pouch.

Samuel Brady, Captain of the Rangers, or Spies, for the people called him by both names, was in Pittsburgh when he heard of his father's death, as mentioned above.

It chanced that the party of Indians, one hundred strong, he encountered at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny,—mentioned in No. 5,—several years after the death of his father and his brother James, was a war party of Senecas, under the command of Cornplanter, on their march to the Bald Eagle's Nest; and that the Bald Eagle himself was in company with them.

Captain Samuel Brady recognized the Bald Eagle on that day in the pass, and fired at him, but with what effect he knew not till afterwards. When the battle was over he searched for the Eagle's body and found it: a ball had pierced his heart; and the blood of the young "Captain" at Loyalsock was found to have been fatally avenged by the hand of his brother, on the bank of the Allegheny.

SKETCH NO. 7.

Captain Brady had returned from Sandusky perhaps a week, when he was observed one evening by a man of the name of Phouts, sitting in a solitary part of the fort, apparently absorbed in thought. Phouts approached him unregarded, and was pained to the bottom of his honest heart to perceive that the countenance of this honored Captain bore traces of deep care, and even melancholy. He accosted him, however, in the best English he had, and soothingly said: "Gabtain, was ails you." Brady looked at him for a short time without speaking; then resuming his usual equanimity, replied, "I have been thinking about the redskins, and it is my opinion there are some above us on the river. I have a mind to

pay them a visit. Now if I get permission from the General to do so, will you go along?" Phouts was a stout thick Dutchman of uncommon strength and activity. He was also well acquainted with the woods. When Brady had ceased speaking, Phouts raised himself on tiptoe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, his eyes full of fire, said, "By dunder und lightnin, I would rader go mit you, Gabtain, as to any of te finest weddins in dis guntry." Brady told him to keep quiet and say nothing about it, as no man in the fort must know anything of the expedition except General Brodhead—bidding Phouts call at his tent in an hour. He then went to the General's quarters, whom he found reading. After the usual topics were discussed, Brady proposed for consideration, his project of ascending the Allegheny, with but one man in company; stating his reasons for apprehending a descent from that quarter by the Indians. The General gave his consent, at parting took him by the hand in a friendly manner, advising him how to proceed, and charging him particularly to be careful of his own life, and that of the men or man whom he might select to accompany him; so affectionate were the General's admonitions, and so great the emotion he displayed, that Brady left him with tears in his eyes, and repaired to his tent, where he found Phouts in deep conversation with one of his *pet* Indians.

He told Phouts of his success with the General, and that, as it was early in the light of the moon, they must get ready and be off betimes.

They immediately set about cleaning their guns and preparing their ammunition, and having secured a small quantity of salt, they lay down together and slept soundly until about two hours before day-break. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts, each took down the deadly rifle, and whilst all but the sentinels were wrapt in sleep they left the little fort, and in a short time found

themselves deep buried in the forest. That day they marched through woods never traversed by either of them before; following the general course of the river they reached a small creek* that put in from the Pittsburgh side; it was near night when they got there, and having no provision, they concluded to remain there all night.

Phouts struck fire, and after having kindled a little, they covered it up with leaves and brush, to keep it in. They then proceeded up the creek to look for game. About a mile from the mouth of the creek a run comes into it, upon this run was a lick apparently much frequented by deer. They placed themselves in readiness, and in a short time two deer came in; Phouts shot one, which they skinned and carried over to the fire, and during the night *jerked* a great part of it. In the morning they took what they could carry of *jerk*, and hung the remainder on a small tree, in the skin, intending, if they were spared to return, to call for it on their way homeward.

Next morning they started early and travelled hard all day; near evening they espied a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees, near the bank of the river. Brady told Phouts that there were Indians in the neighborhood, or else the men who were expected from Susquehanna at Pittsburgh were there encamped, or had been some time before.

Phouts was anxious to go down and see, but Brady forbade him; telling him at the same time, "We must secrete ourselves till after night, when fires will be made by them, be they whom they may." Accordingly they hid themselves amongst fallen timber, and remained so till about ten o'clock at night. But even then they could still see no fire. Brady concluded there must be a hill or thick woods between him and where the crows were seen, and decided on leaving his hiding place to ascertain the fact; Phouts

*Probably Puckety Creek, which empties into the Allegheny at Logan's Ferry.

accompanied him. They walked with the utmost caution down towards the river bank, and had went about two hundred yards, when they observed the twinkling of a fire, at some distance on their right. They at first thought the river made a very short bend, but on proceeding further they discovered that it was a fork or branch of the river, probably the Kiskeminetas. Brady desired Phouts to stay where he was, intending to go himself to the fire, and see who was there; but Phouts refused, saying, "no, by George, I vill see too." They approached the fire together, but with the utmost care; and from appearances judged it to be an Indian encampment, much too large to be attacked by them.

Having resolved to ascertain the number of the enemy, the Captain of the Spies and his brave comrade went close up to the fire, and discovered an old Indian sitting beside a tree near the fire, either mending or making a pair of moccasins.

SKETCH NO. 8.

Phouts, who never thought of danger, was for shooting the Indian immediately; but Brady prevented him. After examining carefully around the camp, he was of opinion that the number by which it was made had been large, but that they were principally absent. He determined on knowing more in the morning; and forcing Phouts away with him, who was bent on killing the old Indian, he retired a short distance into the woods to await the approach of day. As soon as it appeared they returned to the camp again, but saw no living thing, except the old Indian, a dog and a horse.

Brady wished to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better; for this purpose he kept at some distance from it, and examined about, till he got on the river above it. Here he found a large *trail* of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny; to his judgment it appeared to have been made one or two

days before. Upon seeing this he concluded on going back to the camp, and taking the old Indian prisoner.

Supposing the old savage to have arms about him, and not wishing to run the risk of the alarm the report of a rifle might create if Indians were in the neighborhood, Brady determined to seize the old fellow single-handed, without doing him further injury, and carry him off to Pittsburgh. With this view both crept toward the camp again very cautiously. When they came so near as to perceive him, the Indian was lying on his back, with his head towards them.

Brady ordered Phouts to remain where he was, and not to fire at all unless the dog should attempt to assist his master. In that case he was to shoot the dog, but by no means to hurt the Indian. The plan being arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, silently crept towards the old man till within a few feet, then raising himself up, he made a spring like a panther, and with a yell that awakened the echoes round, seized the Indian hard and fast by the throat. The old man struggled a little at first, but Brady's was the grip of a lion; holding his tomahawk over the head of his prisoner he bade him surrender, as he valued his life. The dog behaved very civilly; he merely growled a little. Phouts came up and they tied their prisoner. On examining the camp they found nothing of value except some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian learned that he was to be taken to Pittsburgh and would be kindly treated, he showed them a canoe, which they stepped into with their prisoner and his dog, and were soon afloat on the smooth bosom of the Allegheny.

They paddled swiftly along for the purpose of reaching the mouth of the run on which they had encamped coming up; for Brady had left his wiping rod there. It was late when they got to the creek's mouth. They landed, made a fire, and all laid down to sleep.

As soon as day light appeared, the Captain started to where their *jerk* was hanging, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and his canoe. He had not left the camp long before the Indian complained to Phouts that the cords upon his wrist hurt him. He had probably discovered that in Phouts' composition there was a much larger proportion of *kindness* than of *fear*. The Dutchman at once took off the cords, and the Indian was, or pretended to be, very grateful.

Phouts was busied with something else in a minute, and had left his gun standing by a tree. The moment the Indian saw that the eye of the other was not upon him, he sprung to the tree, seized the gun, and the first Phouts knew was that it was cocked and at his breast, whereupon he let out a most magnificent *roar* and jumped at the Indian. But the trigger was pulled, and the bullet whistled past him, taking with it a part of his shot-pouch belt. One stroke of the Dutchman's tomahawk settled the Indian forever, and nearly severed the head from his body.

Brady heard the report of the rifle and the yell of Phouts; and knowing all was not right, ran instantly to the spot, where he found the latter sitting on the body of the Indian, examining the rent in his shot-pouch belt. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done!"—"Yust look, Gabtain," said the fearless Dutchman, "vas dis d——d black ——vas apout;"—holding up to view the hole in his belt. He then related what has been stated with respect to his untying the Indian, and the attempt of the latter to kill him. They then took off the scalp of the Indian, got their canoe, took in the Indian's dog, and returned to Pittsburgh, the fourth day after their departure.

The Captain related to the General what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion, that the Indians whose camp he had discovered, were about making an attack upon the Susquehanna settlement.—The General was of the same opinion, and was much

affected by the information; for he had just made a requisition upon that country for men, and had been expecting them on every day. He now feared that the Indians would either draw them into an ambuscade and cut them off, or fall upon their families, rendered defenseless by their absence.

The injuries inflicted on the Indians by the troops under General Brodhead quieted the country for some time; he kept spies out, however, for the purpose of watching their motions, and guarding against sudden attacks on the settlements. One of these parties, under the command of Captain Brady, had the French Creek country assigned as their field of duty.

The Captain had reached the waters of Slippery Rock, a branch of Beaver, without seeing any signs of Indians; here, however, he came on an Indian trail in the evening, which he followed till dark without overtaking the Indians. The next morning he renewed the pursuit and overtook them while they were engaged at their morning meal.

Unfortunately for him, another party of Indians were in his rear; they had fallen upon his trail, and pursued him doubtless with as much ardour as characterized his pursuit, and at the moment he fired upon the Indians in his front, he was, in turn, fired upon by those in his rear. He was now between two fires, and vastly outnumbered. Two of his men fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the battle yell was given by the party in his rear, and loudly returned and repeated by those in his front.

There was no time for hesitation, no safety in delay, no chance of successful defence in their present position; the brave Captain and his Rangers had to flee before their enemies, who pressed on their flying footsteps with no lagging speed.

Brady ran towards the creek. He was known by many, if not all of them, and many and deep were the scores to be settled

between him and them. They knew the country well; he did not; and from his running towards the creek they were certain of taking him prisoner. The creek was, for a long distance above and below the point he was approaching, washed in its channel to a great depth. In the certain expectation of catching him there, the private soldiers of his party were disregarded, and throwing down their guns, and drawing their tomahawks, all pressed forward to seize their victim.

Quick of eye, fearless of heart, and determined never to be a captive to the Indians, Brady comprehended their object and his only chance of escape the moment he saw the creek; and by one mighty effort of courage and activity defeated the one and effected the other. He sprang across the abyss of waters, and stood rifle in hand, on the opposite bank, in safety. "As quick as lightning," says my informant, "his rifle was primed, for it was his invariable practice to prime first; the next minute the powder-horn was at the gun's muzzle, when, as he was in this act, a large Indian who had been foremost in pursuit, came to the opposite bank, and with the manliness of a generous foe, who scorns to undervalue the qualities of an enemy, said in a loud voice and tolerable English, 'Blady make good jump.'"

It may indeed be doubted whether the compliment was uttered in derision, for the moment he had said so he took to his heels, and as if fearful of the return it might merit, ran as crooked as a worm fence: sometimes leaping high, at others suddenly squatting down, he appeared no way certain that Brady would not answer from the mouth of his rifle, but the rifle was not yet loaded.

The Captain was at the place afterwards, and ascertained that his leap was about twenty-three feet, and that the water was twenty feet deep.

Brady's next effort was to gather up his men; they had a place designated at which to meet in case they should happen to

be separated; and thither he went and found the other three. They immediately commenced their homeward march, and returned to Pittsburgh about half defeated. Three Indians had been seen to fall from the fire they gave them at breakfast.

SKETCH NO. 10.

The Indians did not return that season to do any injury to the whites, and early that fall moved off to their friends the British, who had to keep them all winter, their corn having been destroyed by Brodhead.

When the General found the Indians were gone, at the suggestion of Brady three companies were ordered out, with a sufficient number of pack-horses, to kill game for the supply of the garrison. These companies were respectively commanded by Captains Harrison, Springer and Brady. Game was very plenty, for neither whites nor Indians ventured to hunt and great quantities were put up.

In putting up his tent, Captain Brady's tomahawk had slipped and cut his knee, by which he was lamed for some time. This occasioned him to remain at the tents until he got well, which afforded him the opportunity of witnessing some of the peculiar superstitions of his Indian allies, for he had his Indians and their families along.

One of these Indians had assumed the name of Wilson. The Captain was lying in his tent one afternoon, and observed his man Wilson coming home in a great hurry, and that as he met his squaw he gave her a kick, without saying a word, and began to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after, with some roots which she had gathered; which, after washing them clean, she put into a kettle to boil. While boiling, Wilson corked

up the muzzle of his gun and stuck the breech into the kettle, and continued it there until the plug flew out of the muzzle. He then took it out and put it into the stock. Brady knowing the Indians were very superstitious as we call it, did not speak to him until he saw him wiping his gun. He then called to him, and asked what was the matter. Wilson came up to the Captain and said in reply, that his gun had been very sick, that she could not shoot; he had been just giving her a "vomit," and she was now well. Whether the "vomit" helped the gun or only strengthened Wilson's nerves, the Captain could not tell, but he averred that Wilson killed ten deer the next day.

FINIS

