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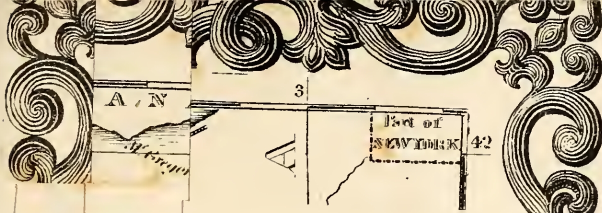
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MAP OF
OHIO
Scale of Miles
Longitude West from Washington
Longitude West from Greenwich
LAKE ERIE
CANADA
MICHIGAN
INDIANA
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
PENNSYLVANIA
Point Pele Island
WILLIAMS
FULTON
LUCAS
OTTOWA
DEFIANCE
HENRY
WOOD
SANDUSKY
ERIE
PAULDING
PUTNAM
HANCOCK
SENECA
HURON
LORAIN
CUYAHOGA
LAKE
GEAUGA
ASHTABULA
TRUMBULL
PORTAGE
MEDINA
SUMMIT
MAHONING
VAN WERT
ALLEN
WYANDOTT
CRAWFORD
RICHLAND
ASHLAND
WAYNE
STARK
COLUMBIANA
MERCER
AUGLAIZE
HARDIN
MARION
MORROW
HOLMES
CARROLL
TUSCARAWAS
JEFFERSON
HARRISON
SHELBY
LOGAN
UNION
DELAWARE
KNOX
COSHOCTON
DARKE
MIAMI
CHAMPAIGN
LICKING
GUERNSEY
BELMONT
MUSKINGUM
CLARK
MADISON
FRANKLIN
PERRY
NOBLE
MONROE
PREBLE
MONTGOMERY
GREENE
FAYETTE
PICKAWAY
FAIRFIELD
MORGAN
WASHINGTON
BUTLER
WARREN
CLINTON
ROSS
HOCKING
ATHENS
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MEIGS
BROWN
PIKE
JACKSON
ADAMS
SCIOTO
GALLIA
LAWRENCE
Toledo
Fort Wayne
Cleveland
Zanesville
Columbus
Springfield
Chillicothe
Portsmouth
Gallipolis
Maysville
Marietta
Parkersburg
Pittsburg
Wheeling
Beaver
Newcastle
Pomeroy
Lancaster
Bainbridge
Wabash R.
Clarksburg

COL. JAMES SMITH'S AQUATIC ADVENTURE.—See Pega 78

RED MEN OF THE OHIO VALLEY:

AN

ABORIGINAL HISTORY

OF THE

PERIOD COMMENCING A. D. 1650, AND ENDING AT THE TREATY OF GREENVILLE, A. D. 1795; EMBRACING NOTABLE FACTS AND THRILLING INCIDENTS IN THE SETTLEMENT BY THE WHITES OF THE STATES OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, INDIANA AND ILLINOIS.

BY J. R. DODGE.

Editor of the American Ruralist.

SPRINGFIELD, O.:

RURALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1860.

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No. 111 Main-street, Cin., O.

PREFACE.

VIRGINIA has her Pocahontas, Rhode Island her King Philip, Massachusetts her Massasoit, New York her representatives of Indian valor and Indian romance. The aboriginal records of the Atlantic States have a witching interest to dwellers in cot or hall, to old or young, to grave or gay. But the Indian history of the West, a mine hitherto almost unwrought, is rich with bolder adventures, more reckless daring, and clearer revelations of the philosophy of Indian life, than have ever before been exhibited in popular history.

In such a belief this work had its inception. It is now thrown before the world in a spirit utterly oblivious of unfriendly criticism, as a preliminary venture, small and incomplete, which, if successful, may be followed by a full and thorough examination of the whole field of Western Indian history. Within the limits of the present volume only the salient points of border life and pioneer conflicts, are given. In its compilation there has been no effort at smoothness of diction or unity of style, obtainable at the expense of graphic and original modes of pioneer narra-

tion. Hence, in the relation of individual adventures, free scope has been allowed to the "scissors;" and in many instances the substance of the narrative has been given in the exact words of the original manuscript. Among other sources of information, acknowledgments should be made to Burnet's "Northwestern Territory," Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," Bradford's "Kentucky," Boone's "Life," Taylor's and Howe's "Ohio," McDonald's "Sketches," etc.

Such as it is, hastily prepared, amid the "herculean labors" incident to the publishing and editing of a new and important periodical enterprise, it is freely and confidently left to the generosity of the Sons of the Pioneers.

J. R. D.

RURALIST OFFICE, *Springfield, O., July,* 1859.

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RED MEN OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

The Red Men of the Ohio Valley—Their Origin—Direction of Migration—Occupants in 1650—The Iroquois—The Wyandots—The Ottowas—The Delawares—The Shawnees—The Miamis—The Illinois—Their hatred of the White Man.

The world's history can scarcely duplicate a scene so wonderful in all its aspects, as that furnished by the precipitation down the western slope of the Alleghanies, during the last half century, of a continuous human avalanche upon the beautiful and fruitful Valley of the Ohio. Yielding to the resistless torrent, the tawny occupants of this fair domain reluctantly receded. Their history, their physical and moral condition, their fierce struggles for the conservation of hunting ground and ancestral burying-place, are themes of unfading interest to the remorseless usurpers of their soil. While very complacently, and perhaps very properly, we regard their fate as a necessary result of advancing civilization, we find in these simple children of nature more to surprise, to instruct, and even to fascinate, than exists in any other race of barbarians belonging to the family of man.

In common with the other North American tribes, the Indians of the Ohio, in their origin, are enveloped

in a mystery too deep to be easily dissipated. Not that it involves at all the necessity of a dual creation, or furnishes a single valid argument against the unity of the race. Neither continent nor island can be named on the whole wide waste of terrestrial waters, so isolated as to escape the advent of savage feet, borne thither by a spirit of barbarian adventure, or driven unwillingly by impelling winds.

The peopling of America may have been the result of many migrations. At the south, either by the prevailing winds from the nearest African coast, or by way of the Polynesian Islands of the Pacific, human beings may have been more than once thrown upon the continent. But the north presents comparatively easy facilities for the approach of wild wanderers. The distance across Behring's Straits is less than forty-four miles, in latitude sixty-five north; in latitude fifty-five, the Aleutian Isles, stretching westwardly from the promontory of Alaska, constitute a series of easy steps, the last of which is but three hundred and sixty miles from Kamschatka in Asia, and even that distance is so divided by the group of Behring and Mednoi Islands, as to reduce the longest line of open sea navigation to less than two hundred miles. Nor is it impossible that northern Europeans may have reached North America by way of Iceland and Greenland. Water has ever been the highway of barbarians.

Indications that the flow of population was eastward are numerous. The movement of civilization has generally been westward, savage men receding into new solitudes, until, in 1492, upon the shores of the

new world, the extremes meet again, and a conflict of extermination ensues. The California Indians looked northward for their ancestry; the Aztecs selected high table-lands in confirmation of a similar origin. Primitive languages are numerous upon the western coast, and few upon the Atlantic. The western slope of the Rocky Mountains, nearly uniform in temperature almost up to the Aleutian Isles, has evidently been the highway of nations. In confirmation of this idea, a very strong resemblance, in physical structure and in language, may be traced between the North American and the Mongolian of Northern Asia. The American traveler, Ledyard, declares that in Siberia and in New England he saw but one race.

Who were the original proprietors of the valley of *La Belle Riviere?* Our positive knowledge, beyond the date of 1650, loses itself in vague conjectures. There was a tradition among the Delawares that the ancient tenants of the Ohio basin were expelled by tribes of the Wyandot and Algonquin families, and that the vanquished descended the Mississippi to light their council fires in more genial climes, secure from the incursions of their more vigorous northern foes. There is abundant evidence in the mounds everywhere abounding, and in the very bones found therein, as well as in articles buried beneath alluvial deposits, to indicate a former occupancy by a people differing socially and physically from the tribes so recently occupying the soil.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the region immediately south of Lake Erie was occupied by the

Eries, or Nation of the Cat. Schoolcraft supposes the archipelago of islands in the western part of Lake Erie to be one of the strongholds of the tribe. Kelley's Island, near Sandusky, abounds in many Indian relics, ancient fortifications, and pictographic characters, evidently symbols of strifes, crimes, negotiations, and treaties. Here is said to be the best preserved inscription of the antiquarian period ever found in America. This tribe is placed in the Iroquois family, which included the famous confederacy of the Five Nations (afterward, by the admission of the Tuscaroras, in 1714, the Six Nations), occupying the territory between the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario on the north, the Green Mountains on the east, and the Pennsylvania Highlands on the south; the Hurons, or Wyandots, consisting of five confederated tribes, located on the western side of the peninsula formed by Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario; the Neutrals, between the Huron and the Iroquois; the Andastes, about the head waters of the Alleghany; and the Eries, or Erigas. The Iroquois proper are an admirable illustration of the truth, "in union there is strength." Surrounded on all sides, by a numerous family, the Algonquin, whose branches held possession of by far the largest portion of the territory from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, they had formed their famous alliance as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, by means of which they had conquered and placed under tribute the tribes of New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Not content with vanquishing their rivals, and therefore enemies, they

turned upon their kinsmen, the Hurons, or Wyandots, and, after harassing them for several years, in 1649, gathered all their forces for a grand attack, drove a portion of the Wyandots down the Ottawa River, pursuing them inexorably as far as Quebec, and finally incorporating fragmentary bands into their own proud confederacy. The remainder were forced to seek an asylum among the Chippewas, beyond Lake Superior, with whose aid, after a severe conflict at Point Iroquois, the conquerors were driven back. The Neutral Nation next felt the force of their power, and soon became extinct.

Flushed with repeated victories, they turned against their brethren of the Erie coast; and, in the year 1655, stormed and took their strongholds, massacred their braves, sparing but a remnant of the nation, which were incorporated with themselves, or with other tribes with which they had sought refuge.

The dispersion of the Andastes, by the Iroquois, was not accomplished till 1672. Assisted by a tribe called, by the French, Chaouanons, who were doubtless a detachment of the Shawnees, they resisted bravely, till overborne by superior numbers.

There is every reason to believe that it was the intention of the Five Nations to subdue, disperse, or assimilate all the tribes of the Ohio Valley. There is no evidence that they were successful in carrying their conquests beyond the lake shore. That occasional incursions toward the country of the Miamis and Illinois were made, is true; and equally true, by French authority, that reprisals were made upon them by the

Miamis and Illinois; that, in 1680, repulsed, on the banks of the Maumee, by the Iroquois, with a loss of thirty killed, and three hundred prisoners, they rallied, intercepted them in their retreat, retook their prisoners, and killed a considerable number; that, in 1770, the Miami nation was very numerous, and the Illinois, within the memory of many of the first white settlers, numbered four thousand warriors; that these tribes have no traditions of subjugation, or reference to its records of negotiations and treaties. In citations of authority, Gen. Harrison, as Governor of Indiana Territory, and Indian Commissioner, living among the Miamis, may safely be placed against Governor Clinton.

Bancroft estimates the Iroquois warriors, in 1660, at two thousand two hundred. The Wyandots, by a partial census of the French missionaries, in 1839, were estimated at two thousand families, and more than ten thousand persons. The Western tribes were more numerous than any one of the confederates, with the exception of the Senecas.

Coming down to the period when white immigration upon the hunting-grounds of the Ohio, began to be formidable, we find the occupants to be principally Wyandots, Ottawas, Delawares, Shawnees, Miamis, and Illinois.

The Wyandots have already been mentioned as a branch of the Iroquois family. They now occupied the country north of the lake, opposite Detroit, as head-quarters, with outposts or colonies along the south shore, the old domain of the Eries, extending their

GEN. W. H. HARRISON

villages up the Sandusky River to the summit level, and occupying the territory which is now Wyandot county. They possessed a mysterious influence over the Algonquins, and were recognized even by the Delawares, who were the acknowledged "grandfathers" of the Algonquin family, as "uncles." More warlike, more intelligent, more advanced in the arts of agriculture and civilized life, than the other tribes, they were ever treated with respectful deference, assigned the place of honor in the council-house, and allowed precedence in the signature of treaties. Gen. Harrison yields the palm of superior bravery, among all the Western Indians, to the Wyandots. Flight is usually regarded by Indians as no disgrace, but rather as a matter of policy, if not of duty, when sorely pressed by superior numbers, or surprised by unwonted obstacles. Not so with the Wyandots. In the battle of the Miami Rapids, fought by "Mad Anthony Wayne," of thirteen chiefs engaged, twelve were killed. The following anecdote is in point:

"When Gen. Wayne assumed the position of Greenville, in 1793, he sent for Captain Wells, who commanded a company of scouts, and told him that he wished him to go to Sandusky, and take a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Wells (who, having been taken from Kentucky when a boy, and brought up among the Indians, was perfectly acquainted with their character), said he could take a prisoner, but not from Sandusky. 'And why not from Sandusky?' said the general. 'Because,' said the captain, 'they are only Wyandots there.' 'Well,

why will not Wyandots do?' 'For the best of reasons,' said Wells; 'because Wyandots will not be taken alive.'"

The Ottowas, fleeing from the basin of the river bearing their name, had taken possession of the derelict country upon the western shore of Lake Huron, the northern portion of the Michigan peninsular. They subsequently settled, in detached bands, near the waters of the Maumee and Sandusky, along the Lake shore, and upon the Cuyahoga. Their settlements were neither very numerous, nor influential—the Ottowas occupying a secondary position among the Ohio Indians at this period. Upon his ancient seat in Canada, the Ottowa held the position of ferryman, presiding over its difficult portages, and exacting a toll which was freely paid by the more powerful tribes around. Proving habit to be a second nature, in savage life as well as civilized, he was still a waterman upon the great Huron, the Bay of Saganaw, the Bay of Sandusky, and the Rapids of Cuyahoga—an amphibious animal, living in the bay and in the bush, part fisher, and part trapper. The name of this tribe, though it might not sink into oblivion, would glow with but a faint luster upon the scroll of Indian fame, were it not immortalized by that of the proud and sagacious chieftain, Pontiac, whose notable conspiracy against the whites of 1763 was a masterpiece of Indian statesmanship and diplomacy, showing him the peer even of a Philip, or a Tecumseh. His mother, it is supposed, was an Ojibway. Other tribes have claimed him, but he was doubtless born and reared among

the Ottowas. The word Ottowa, as defined by Bancroft, signifies "trader." The mythology of this tribe is peculiar. The sun is their Supreme Deity, and the stars held a secondary place as objects of religious veneration. Festivals were statedly observed in honor of the sun, when that heavenly luminary was informed, in a spirit equally reverent and politic, that all this service was in consideration of the good hunting and successful fishing he had procured for them, and in expectation of a continuance of his generous favors. An idol was set up in some of their towns, and public homage paid to it as a divinity.

The Delawares, one of the most interesting of aboriginal tribes, were found, upon the settlement of the Middle States, upon the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, and in the adjacent territory. They now occupied the Valley of the Muskingum, and the country east of the Scioto River—one of their prominent seats being within the present Delaware county, on the Whetstone or Olentangy River. Celebrated in the glowing fiction of Cooper, dignified in the annals of Heckewelder and Loskiel, and the philological labors of Zeisberger, Moravian missionaries, they have held a high rank among the red tribes of the American wilderness. They were peculiarly susceptible to the influences of civilization and religion, if it be allowable to speak thus of human beings of whom Brainerd rather harshly declares, that, "They are unspeakably indolent and slothful; they discover little gratitude; they seem to have no sentiments of benevolence, generosity, or goodness." They were certainly less war-

like than some other tribes. In consequence of their disposition for peace, they became, to a degree, tributary to the Five Nations, in 1650; were borne westward by the surging tide of white emigration; tarried awhile in Pennsylvania; joined a remnant of Shawnee neighbors in fighting in the French war against English colonists; obtaining from their uncles, the Wyandots, the grant of a derelict territory on the Muskingum, they settled upon their Ohio domain, where they became again a powerful tribe.

Their original name was Lenni Lenape, and their tribe embraced three divisions or distinct tribes, designated by the names Turtle, Turkey, and Wolf—or, Unamis, Unalachtgo, and Minsi, the latter being also called Monseys, or Muncies, the most active and warlike division of the tribe. A tradition is preserved of the Lenni Lenapes, to the effect that, many hundred years ago, they lived in the western part of the continent; that, by a slow emigration, in company with the Iroquois, they came to the Alleghany River, so named from a nation of giants, the Allegewi; that, after carrying on successful war against them, they continued eastward to the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, and Potomac, thus establishing themselves upon the choicest portions of the Atlantic coast.

Next come those American Arabs, the Shawnees, Shawanese, or Shawanoes. At the period when Western Virginia began to see the light of dawning civilization, they were possessors of that wilderness garden, the Scioto Valley, occupying the territory as far west

as the Little Miami and Mad Rivers, having been invited thither by the Wyandots, at the instigation of the French. Wanderers as are all savages, this tribe, of all their family or race, bears off the palm for restlessness, as well as undying hostility to the whites. From the waters of the Northern Lakes, to the sandy beach washed by the temperate tide of the Mexican Gulf—from the Valley of the Susquehanna, to the gloomy cotton-wood forests of the Mississippi—in forests grand and gloomy with the stately growth of ages—in the prairie, blossoming in beauty, and fragrant with the breath of a thousand sweets—by mountain torrent, or shaded spring, or wide-spread plain—the Shawnee sought the turkey, the deer, and the bison; and, almost from the landing of the whites at Jamestown, his favorite game was the cunning and avaricious Pale Face.

At the period of the settlement of Virginia, they were doubtless the occupants of what is now the State of Kentucky, from the Ohio River up to the Cumberland basin, to the country of the Cherokees. Driven from this delightful land, probably by the Cherokees and Chickasaws, a portion of them sought refuge with the Susquehannocks, in Pennsylvania; the main body, by invitation of the Andastes and Miamis, crossing the Ohio, to assist in conflicts with the aggressing Five Nations. Upon the extermination of their allies, the Andastes, in 1672, they again scattered in a southerly direction; a remnant making a forcible settlement on the head waters of the Carolina rivers, from which they were expelled by the Catawbas. Hundreds of

them, in straggling bands, hovered about the borders of territory occupied by the Creeks and other southern Indians. In 1698, they began to find their way to their old haunts in Pennsylvania, where the larger portion of the tribe seem to have gathered, and from which they emigrated to the Scioto about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is possible that many of them remained here since the defeat of the Andastes. Col. John Johnson, the Indian agent, long familiar with this tribe, says the southern remnant returned about the year 1755, from the Shawnee River, to the vicinity of Sandusky, under the conduct of a chief named Black Hoof, who afterward frequently alluded to his southern life, and in particular, to having bathed in the salt water of the Mexican Gulf. It is claimed, that during the Black Hoof migration, the father of Tecumseh and the Prophet, a Shawnee, was married to a Creek woman. From this mingling of northern and southern blood, sprang the moving spirits of the Ohio and Kentucky border wars, terminating at the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. Col. John Johnson is firm in the belief that this people are descendants of the "lost tribes of Israel;" at all events, they may fairly claim to be the lineal descendants of "the wandering Jew."

There exists a tradition of the Shawnees, which gives some ground for this opinion. Unlike most other tribes, they claim an origin in a foreign land. Having determined to leave it, they marched to the sea-shore, whose waters parted, and they passed safely over the bottom of the ocean, under the leadership of

one of their twelve tribes. Benjamin Drake, author of the life of Tecumseh, claims for them a residence in Pennsylvania when John Smith first arrived in America. And Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, says they were waging war, at that time, with the Mohicans of Long Island. In the scattered historiographs of amateur historians, their residence, either at the same or different periods, is assigned to Pennsylvania, the St. Lawrence Valley, the south shore of Lake Erie, the Scioto, the mouth of the Wabash, Kentucky, the waters of the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Georgia.

The cause which led to their removal from the Wyoming Valley, proves the universality of one element of humanity. Some Delaware "ladies" (their lords being absent) went out, with their children, to gather wild fruits. On the river's margin, they met some Shawnee mothers, with their children, on the same errand. A Shawnee child caught a fine, large grasshopper, and soon the juvenile Shawnees and Delawares were quarreling over it. Of course, the mothers engaged in the fray, and equally of course, their husbands, on their return, took up the quarrel. The result was war and migration.

The Miamis were a powerful tribe. Their habitat was the country drained by the Rivers Miami and Maumee, or Miami of the North. The Maumee Valley is the natural highway from the Mississippi Valley to the lower lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Atlantic. Thither the confederated Iroquois essayed a

war-path to the West; and here the proud waves of that inundation were stayed. They were divided into three tribes, known as Twigtwees or Miamis, Piankeshaws, and Weas. Their limits are well defined, and are doubtless correctly given by Little Turtle, the orator: "My forefather kindled the first fire at Detroit; from thence he extended his lines to the head waters of the Scioto; from thence to its mouth; from thence, down the Ohio, to the mouth of the Wabash; and from thence to Chicago, over Lake Michigan. These are the boundaries within which the prints of my ancestors' houses are everywhere to be seen."

The Illinois, situated on the Illinois River, were a numerous tribe, consisting of five divisions when discovered by the French. Weakened by feuds and divisions, they dwindled to a handful before their savage neighbors. On such a basis is Mr. Bancroft's estimate formed. His Yankee census, or guess-work, by which he makes but eighteen thousand in the Ohio Valley, Michigan included, is no doubt strangely erroneous.

The Indians of the Ohio were noble specimens of their race. Guardians of a region of unsurpassed natural beauty, a country of fruits and flowers, alive with the deer, the bison, and all manner of edible birds, it is no mystery that they fought long and desperately for its occupancy; and when the white man came, with the ominous and invincible bearing of manifest superiority, that their strong right arms were nerved, and their iron wills roused to deeds of

blood, such as the vindictive fury of savage hate has rarely realized. It is no marvel that the fierce Tecumseh, seeing his Spartan Shawnees crowded by the ever-increasing white settlements—their favorite hunting-ground and ancient seat in "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, occupied by thousands of Pale Faces, should declare that it made the flesh creep upon his bones to see a white man. Such was his hate, and similar was the feeling of many a son of the forest. Sore indeed was the despoiling of the famous game preserves of the Kentucky and Cumberland basins, the seizure of the cornfields, from which their squaws had plucked the golden grain under the genial influence of an Indian-summer sun, and the blocking up of their pathway to the pleasant winter ranges in the distant South. To a people whose pleasures were few and simple, and regarded alike as the perfection of present good, and the greatest glory of the long hereafter, their abridgment was to be resisted with all the energies of death-defying bravery and undegenerate manhood.

"It was we," say the Delawares, as recorded by Heckewelder, "who so kindly received the Europeans on their first arrival into our country. We took them by the hand, and bid them welcome to sit down by our sides, and live with us as brothers. But how did they requite our kindness? They at first asked only for a little land, on which to raise bread for their families and pasture for their cattle, which we freely gave them. They saw the game in our woods, which

the Great Spirit had given us for our subsistence, and wanted it too. They penetrated into the woods, in quest of game; they discovered spots of land they also wanted; and because we were loth to part with it, as we say that they had already more than they had need of, they took it from us by force, and drove us a great distance from our homes."

CHAPTER II.

Their Character and Customs — Marriage — Domestic Relations—Ball Playing — Commercial Integrity — Government—Their Fortitude—Their Religion — Witchcraft — Dreams—Their Ideas of Death—Language—Specimens of the Shawnee and Wyandot Dialects.

THE Red Man is a child of nature. His own imperious will is the only master he acknowledges. With the selfishness common to human nature, he unites the noble qualities of gratitude and generosity, and even magnanimity. Though often charged with treachery, the terrible retribution, often so stealthily dealt, was usually prompted by the remembrance of burning wrongs inflicted upon him by the whites. His patient endurance of suffering is proverbial. As a prisoner, the most excruciating tortures are endured with the most stoical indifference, or a sardonic grin. The Ohio Indians are not singular in these characteristics.

They are a living proof of the poetic declaration, "Man wants but little here below." Like all other Indians, their wants were few and easily supplied. Very naturally, then, they were supremely lazy. Whether their laziness resulted from their rigid simplicity of life, or their paucity of desires was the natural offspring of their laziness, it is difficult to say. Unless when aroused for warlike enterprises, their chief delight was to sit in their wigwams of bark,

with folded arms, to smoke, play games of chance, palaver in council, eat, or sleep. And here was seen their highest shame. The woman was made a drudge and slave, as she ever is in barbarous communities; upon her devolved the heaviest burdens of building and repairing, planting, harvesting, cooking, and all the nameless little labors and cares and drudgeries of life. He cared to employ himself, when not engaged in war or in the chase, only in the semi-scientific requirements of fort building, laying the keel of a canoe, or making the weapons of war.

Improvidence was one of their glaring peculiarities, the result in part, perhaps, of their laziness and hospitality. Impelled by hunger, a supply of wild fowl, fat raccoons, deer and bears, was secured; at the proper season, a quantity of maple sugar made; then, with hominy, which became a luxury with a dressing of bear's oil and sugar, the feast would be prolonged, day after day, till all was gone; and the stranger was heartily welcome to the best of it all, as long as an ounce remained. Often would a lazy fellow fast till sorely pinched by hunger, before he would bestir himself for another supply.

Intuitively they felt the necessity of obeying the law of nature forbidding the marriage of near relatives. Loskiel mentions of the Delawares that they never contract such marriages. The Indian nations, they say, were divided into tribes solely that no one might, through mistake or temptation, marry a near relation; each person desiring marriage being required to take a person of a different totem or divis-

ion of the tribe. The Shawnees were equally strict in the observance of the same rule, and in the preservation in its purity of this distinction of totems or bands. The Iroquois were allowed to select from the same tribe, but not from the same cabin.

Polygamy, the curse of barbarism, was one of the most repulsive features of the marriage relation. To be the husband of several wives was an indication of superiority, an unmistakable mark of Indian aristocracy. Col. John Johnson says of Little Turtle, the distinguished chief and counselor of the Miamis, "He had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one, an old woman, about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house; the other, a young and beautiful creature of sixteen, who was his favorite; yet it never was discovered by any one that the least unkind feeling existed between them." Divorce was a frequent occurrence, attained by a simple separation, where, in case there were children, the law of custom allowed the woman to take them. Abuse was the frequent portion of the wife, and it was generally borne uncomplainingly. The infidelities of the husband sometimes drove the wife to suicide. The most romantic attachments were common, and coquetry was proved to be no exclusive privilege of white girls. It is related of a famous beauty, daughter of Captain Pipe, a noted chief of the Delawares, that she rejected a young chief of noble mien, and afterward had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that he had mortally poisoned himself, in consequence,

with the may-apple. Constancy was not unknown among them; the course of true love ran smoothly with many a couple for a long period of years, undisturbed by the pangs of jealousy, and uncongealed by the frosts of indifference.

The burdens of maternity, to these simple children of the forest, strengthened by toil and inured to hardships, were generally light. According to the quaint record: "In one quarter of an hour, a woman would be merry in the house, and delivered, and merry again; and within two days abroad; and after four or five days, at work." In case of difficult travail, the stern will and resolute fortitude of the Indian character triumphed over nature, and scarcely a complaint was uttered, lest she should be esteemed worthy only to be the mother of cowards.

Unlike many white mothers in the fashionable world, the Indian woman delegates to no hireling the care of her child. In the cabin, the little black-eyed pet is ever under the mother's eye; in her journeyings, swathed to her back, it is borne with the utmost care and tenderness; in the harvest field, swinging from the lower branches of a neighboring tree, as the richest fruit that tree can yield, she labors within the sound of its tiny call. While the mother has life and strength, the child is safe.

The love of the savage for her offspring is a sentiment dearer than life, and stronger than death, defying hardship and refusing to endure separation. All parental duty is but a labor of love, cheerfully rendered. So great is this passion for the presence of

their children, that it is almost impossible, in endeavors to educate them for civilization, to keep them in school. Le Jeune said that no sooner had a missionary succeeded in gathering a little flock around him, than suddenly "my birds flew away."

The child grows up as free as the air he breathes, subject to no restraint, and rarely liable to anything like punishment. Inured to cold and hunger, from irregularity of supplies of food and clothing—emulous of the highest success in athletic sports and games, in the fleet and nimble strife of the foot race, in the twanging of the bowstring, in the trailing of the fishing line—he grows up a lithe and vigorous form, nature's own production. It is no wonder that the war spirit is nursed within him. The war song is his lullaby, the pageantry of a returning expedition his patriotic holiday, and a scalp the highest aim of his ambition. The Spartan Shawnees were especially severe in their physical training of youth. Boone, who once lived with them as an adopted member of the tribe, tells that this training was wont to be commenced at the early age of eight years. The child was left alone, with his face blacked, to fast half a day; as he became older the fast was prolonged. This process of hardening was kept up with the boys till they were eighteen; with the girls—for they must share the fate of the boys—till they were fourteen. At eighteen, his training completed, the young Shawnee was to become a man, his face was to be blacked for the last time. He was led far away from the village to a solitary cabin, his father saying to him,

"My son, the Great Spirit has allowed you to live to see this day. We have all noticed your conduct since I first began to black your face. All people will understand whether you have followed your father's advice, and they will treat you accordingly. You must now remain here until I come after you." The father then left him, pursued his hunting without apparent thought of the son, and after leaving him to endure his hunger and loneliness as long as nature could endure the infliction, took him to his village home, prepared a great feast, and gathered in his friends. The lad was then brought, his face washed, his hair shaved, with the exception of the scalp-lock, and they began to eat. They afterward presented him with a looking-glass and a bag of paint, praising him for his firmness, and telling him he was a man. Very rarely was a boy known to break a fast, when left in this way. It was regarded as an act of great baseness, which the Great Spirit would not be slow to punish.

Boone mentions several curious customs of these Indians. When a young man wished to marry, he called in his friends and named the woman who had captivated his fancy. His relations then received his present and bore it to the parents of the damsel. If pleased with the proposed match, the intended bride was dressed in her gayest attire, and laden with presents, was sent to the relatives of the warrior. She had now seen her lover; if pleased with him, very well; if not, she had the privilege of saying "No." There was no compulsion, not even if her

wooer was rich and a member of one of the first families!

In starting for war, the budget, or medicine-bag is made up. Each man has his totem, regarded as a very sacred thing, usually representing some animal, such as the skin of a snake, the tail of a buffalo, the horns of a buck, or the feathers of a bird—which is placed in the common receptacle, the medicine-bag, which is carried by the leader of the party, the rest following in single file. If a halt is made, the bag is laid down in front, and no one may pass it. To concentrate their thoughts upon their enterprise, no warrior is allowed to talk of home, wife or sweetheart. Encamping at night, the heart of whatever animal had been killed during the day is cut into small pieces and burned. During the burning no man is allowed to step across the fire, but must walk around in the direction of the sun. Coming in sight of the enemy, the war-budget is opened, and each man takes his "totem" and fastens it to his body, to be returned to the leader again after the fight. These are then tied up and given to the man who has taken the first scalp, who leads the party in triumph to their home. Nearing the village, a messenger is sent to herald their success. An order is instantly issued that every cabin shall be swept clean, and the women are at once at work. When finished, the cabins are inspected, to see if all is right.

The party now approaches, painted grotesquely, and ornamented with a head-dress of white feathers. They march in single file, the chief leading the way,

bearing in one hand a branch of cedar, laden with the scalps they had taken, and all chanting their war-song. As they enter the village, the chief leads the way to the war pole, in front of the council-house, where a council-fire is burning. The waiter of the leader fastens two blocks of wood near the war-pole, and fastens on them a kind of ark, which is regarded by them as one of their most sacred things. All sit down. The chief inquires whether his cabin is prepared, and all things ready. Then all rise, commence the war-whoop, and march around the war-pole. The ark is then taken and carried solemnly into the council-house, where the whole party remains three days and three nights. All this time is occupied in the following ceremonies: The warriors wash and sprinkle themselves with a mixture of bitter herbs. While thus engaged, their female relatives wash and deck themselves in their finest clothing, and range themselves in two lines, facing each other, on each side of the door, singing a slow, monotonous song all day and night, singing steadily for a single minute, with an interval of ten minutes of profound silence. Once in three hours the chief marches out at the head of the warriors, raises the war-whoop, passes around the war-pole, bearing a branch of cedar. The purification ends at last, and the cabins are decorated with twigs of cedar and fragments of scalps, to satisfy the ghosts of departed friends. The leader and his waiter require three days and three nights longer for their purification. When he has finished, the budget is hung up before his door for thirty or forty days, and

before it the Indians sing and dance. This ceremony they characterize as "holy."

Their mode of burying the dead differed little from the practice of other American Indians. The dead body was sometimes placed in a sort of pen made of sticks and covered with bark; sometimes laid in a grave and covered first with bark and then with dirt; and occasionally, especially in the burial of a child, it was placed in a rude coffin, and suspended from the top of a tree. The affectionate mother, for many a long day after, might be found under its branches, singing to her sleeping baby "upon the tree top," a gentle lullaby.

The most noticeable of their amusements was the healthful exercise of ball playing. Judge Burnet, in his "Notes," thus describes a scene that he witnessed at Wapakonetta: "Blue Jacket, the war chief, who commanded the Shawnees in the battle of 1794, at Maumee, resided in the village, but was absent. We were, however, received with kindness by the old village chief, Buckingelas. When we went to his lodge, he was giving audience to a deputation of chiefs from some western tribes. We took seats at his request, till the conference was finished, and the strings of wampum disposed of—he gave us no intimation of the subject matter of the conference, and, of course, we could not ask for it. In a little time he called in some young men, and requested them to get up a game of football for our amusement. A purse of trinkets was soon made up, and the whole village, male and female, were on the lawn. At these games

the men played against the women, and it was a rule, that the former were not to touch the ball with their hands on penalty of forfeiting the purse; while the latter had the privilege of picking it up, running with, and throwing it as far as they could. When a squaw had the ball, the men were allowed to catch and shake her, and even throw her on the ground, if necessary, to extricate the ball from her hand, but they were not allowed to touch, or move it, except by their feet. At the opposite extremes of the lawn, which was a beautiful plain, thickly set with blue grass, stakes were erected, about six feet apart—the contending parties arrayed themselves in front of these stakes; the men on the one side, and the women on the other. The party which succeeded in driving the ball through the stakes, at the goal of their opponents, were proclaimed victors, and received the purse. All things being ready, the old chief went to the center of the lawn, and threw up the ball, making an exclamation in the Shawnee language, which we did not understand. He immediately retired, and the contest began. The parties seemed to be fairly matched as to numbers, having about a hundred on a side. The game lasted more than an hour, with great animation, but was finally decided in favor of the *ladies*, by the power of a herculean squaw, who got the ball, and in spite of the men who seized her to shake it from her uplifted hand, held it firmly, dragging them along till she was sufficiently near the goal to throw it through the stakes. The young squaws were the most active of their party, and, of course,

most frequently caught the ball. When they did so, it was amusing to see the strife between them and the young Indians, who immediately seized them, and always succeeded in rescuing the ball, though sometimes they could not effect their object till their female competitors were thrown on the grass. When the contending parties had retired from the field of strife, it was pleasant to see the feelings of exultation depicted in the faces of the victors, whose joy was manifestly enhanced by the fact, that their victory was won in the presence of white men, whom they supposed to be highly distinguished, and of great power in their nation."

Defalcation, breach of trust, swindling, and such practices of civilization, were little known to these sons of the forest. Honesty and punctuality generally characterized their dealings. David Robb, commissioner for the removal of bands of Shawnees and Senecas, in 1832, states that he had often loaned them money, which was in every case returned promptly, with a single exception. A loan to a young man was to be paid when he received his annuity. The time came, and the money was not paid, the delinquent carefully shunning his creditor. The circumstance was mentioned to a chief, who talked with the lad, and finally reprimanded him severely for his conduct. Still failing to obtain the money, he called a council of his fellow chiefs, and the sum was made up from their own purses.

An exceptional case is related of the same Indians, in which the wit might almost atone for the dishon-

esty. Col. M'Pherson, sub-agent, kept goods for sale, and occasionally allowed credit. One of these debtors, very slow in making payments, was sharply urged. Knowing that the trader purchased hides for tanners, the Indian inquired if he would take hides for the debt. Being answered in the affirmative, he retired, and soon found opportunity to shoot a few of M'Pherson's cattle, found roaming in the forest, and with their hides he very punctually fulfilled his promise of liquidating the debt!

They possessed a considerable degree of ingenuity, though the simplicity of their tastes gave little opportunity for its exercise. As their intercourse with the whites increased, it was more highly developed. A chief under Mr. Robb's commission had an assortment of carpenter's tools, which he kept in neat order. He made plows, harrows, wagons, bedsteads, tables, and bureaus. On being asked who taught him the use of tools, he at first replied, "No one;" and then pointing up to the sky, said, "The Great Spirit taught me."

Like all aboriginal tribes of America, their forms of government were very simple, varying slightly among the different tribes. Almost absolute freedom of individual will obtained; like necessity and the briefless pretender to legal mysteries, they "knew no law." Without crown or any of the paraphernalia of royalty, the authority of chiefs depended upon the popularity of the hour, or a savor of reverence for past deeds of daring. With some tribes the office of chief is hereditary; in others, the succession de-

pended upon merit or personal distinction. As in the case of Tecumseh, a daring boy, born to command, by the mere force of iron will and self-conscious dignity, becomes a leader without formal election, unconsciously even to himself. Such chiefs were followed, not from compulsion, but free, hearty volition. Their power, of necessity, waxed and waned with their personal popularity, and was sometimes utterly annihilated, so that none were found so poor as to do them reverence.

There were the village chief and the war chief, the civil and the military arm, and whatever the prestige of the former, the power of the latter was in point of fact the greater, especially with the braves, the bone and sinew of the tribe.

One of their highest pleasures consisted in the conferences of the council-chamber. They were subtle diplomatists, "wise as serpents," if not always "harmless as doves." Seated in rows upon the ground, in a stooping, listening posture, each with a pipe in his mouth, and bedecked with gaudy finery, they give the most absorbed attention, in the most profound silence, except as they grunt an occasional satisfactory "ugh!" in a gutteral tone of the harshest enunciation. The chief is never called upon to ply his gavel, no calls to order are made, no previous questions moved, no lie is given, no fisticuffs indulged in. Order reigns, and the most dignified decorum rules the hour, and commends itself to the consideration of white legislators. Records of treaties were made with strings of wampum; and divisions of speeches

were signalized by gifts of wampum and other valuables. The pipe of peace was a talisman that could charm the wildest fury of revenge, and secure a welcome among deadliest enemies.

Boone noticed among the Shawnees a disposition continually to change names. The same inclination is more or less prevalent among other tribes. Counting the scalps he had taken, on returning from a war expedition, the warrior was entitled to a new name upon obtaining a certain number, in token of his bravery. This stimulated their murderous thirst for blood, and an additional inducement was found in their belief that the courage and virtues of the scalped became at once the possession of his successful adversary.

The courage and fortitude under suffering, so proverbially an element of Indian character, is illustrated by an incident in the captivity of Boone. A noted warrior of one of the Western tribes, taken captive by the Shawnees, was condemned to the terrible fate of roasting alive. After suffering unflinchingly for a long time, he laughed at his tormentors, and told them they knew nothing about making an enemy eat fire. He called for a pipe and tobacco. Interested by his bravery, they gave it to him. He sat down on the burning coals, and commenced smoking with the utmost composure, without the movement of a single muscle. In a burst of admiration, one of his captors sprang forward and declared him a true man, and that he should live if the fire had not wrought fatal injury. It was too late. He could not save

him; and declaring he should suffer no longer, he seized a hatchet and brandished it over his head—still not a muscle moved. The fatal blow was given, and the brave warrior fell lifeless.

Their cruelty in these tortures was fiendish. A common mode of execution was to pinion the arms of the prisoner, and then tie one end of a grapevine around his neck, while the other was fastened to the stake. The fire was then kindled, and the victim doomed to a slow roasting, would walk around the circle of horror at the length of his fatal tether, while the women and children were thus afforded the grim satisfaction of participating in the spectacle. They were useful, too, in gathering bundles of dry sticks to replenish the fire, and in beating the dying wretch with long switches.

Sacred rites, solemn fasts, and superstitious observances attested the dominion of a universal conscience, and the universality of the spiritual element in man. While they knew nothing of metaphysical deductions, and had no idea of a First Great Cause, living most remarkable exponents and illustrations of a bald materialism, they could not fail to see unknown and superior power manifesting itself in all things, and seeing was believing. There is no skepticism in the American savage. And as they knew nothing of One God, all the manifestations of this wisdom and power were individualized, and became separate gods, good or evil spirits, according to their erring conceptions of the origin and tendency of God's providential allotments to man. In the glowing sun, the mildly

beaming moon, the silvery starlight, the crackling blaze, the rolling thunder, the sweeping tornado, the rushing torrent of the mountain, the gently flowing river—in the woods, the prairies, the flowers, the golden maize, the tiny blade of grass—in the bison, the elk, the eagle, and all beasts, fowl and fish—in everything animate or inanimate—dwelt a God. It was a simple and ignorant recognition of the Deity in all his manifestations. At every step, in each material object, existed an altar for the worship "of the unknown God." When the idea of the Great Spirit was presented to them, it was felt at once to be a want of their natures, and being incorporated into their elementary religious system, developed something like order and harmony out of the scattered and chaotic elements.

There was no hero-worship; homage never was paid to man; their totem, a sort of titular divinity, was the spirit of some animal, and not of man; they must go beyond themselves to hope to realize the unknown. A buffalo, an eagle, a tree, a feather even, had to them an invisible essence, to which they could pay adoration, but not to man. These divinities they were wont to appease by offerings and oblations. Human sacrifices were occasionally offered to propitiate the gods, but they were always enemies, never children or friends. Every abundant harvest, every prosperous journey, as well as every casualty or misfortune, was attributed alike to the influence of spirits, and thanks-offering made for the good, and propitiatory sacrifices offered for the evil. Jogues men-

tions the sacrifice of an Algonquin woman by the Iroquois, and the eating of her flesh, while calling to their war god, "Areskoui, to thee we burn this victim; feast on her flesh, and grant us new victories."

As a matter of course, this element of their nature was seized upon by jugglers and sorcerers, whose pretenses were not inferior to the chiefest impostors. The people of the Ohio Valley, in common with all aboriginal tribes, had their *medicine men*, a character thus truly pictured by Bancroft: "The medicine man boasts of his power over the elements; he can foretell a drought, or bring rain, or guide the lightning; by his spell he can give attraction and good fortune to the arrow or the net; he conjures the fish, that dwell in the lakes or haunt the rivers, to suffer themselves to be caught; he can pronounce spells which will infallibly give success in the chase, which will compel the beaver to rise up from beneath the water, and overcome the shyness and cunning of the moose; he can, by his incantations, draw the heart of woman; he can give to the warrior vigilance like the rising sun, and power to walk over the earth and through the sky victoriously."

His idea of the hereafter must necessarily partake of the grossest materialism. As his mind never reaches toward the illimitable past, or the eternal future, still coming life is held to be a continuation of this. Blue skies surround him, rare hunting-grounds allure, the golden maize shines yellow in the fields, and all things are suited to his present wishes; even

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."

On the eve of removal to the West, weeks were spent by the Shawnees in religious observances. A dance, among other observances, was participated in by the warriors only. They threw off all their clothing but their breech-clouts, painted their faces and bodies fantastically, with representations of disgusting insects and animals, and then armed with war-clubs, commenced dancing, yelling, and frightfully distorting their countenances. This was followed by their war-dance of victory, participated in by both sexes, executed in the night, around a fire. Marching in single file, the leader would commence a chant and sing a few words, when his followers would strike in, each chanting in different words. The movements of the Indian maidens in the dance were extremely modest and graceful.

It cannot be said that the simple children of the forest were more superstitious than other barbarians, or the Europeans, or New England Puritans even, of the seventeenth century. They were firm believers in witchcraft: so was the rest of the world, to a greater or less degree. Suspected persons were frequently murdered; individuals were frequently known to travel hundreds of miles, to put to death suppositious witches.

Laulewasikau, brother of Tecumseh, and noted for his exploits as medicine-man, or Prophet, in the hight of his power, put to death almost whomsoever he pleased on the charge of witchcraft. The most prominent of his supposed victims (for his commands were always fulfilled privately) was a Wyandot chief, called

Leatherlips, in the year 1810. Six Wyandots, headed by the chief, Roundhead, and coming from Tippecanoe to the banks of the Scioto, some twelve miles above Columbus, are reported as the executioners. An unsuccessful effort was made by some white men present, to save the life of the unfortunate old man. A council of two or three hours was held; the accusing party spoke warmly and bitterly; Leatherlips replied calmly and dispassionately. Sentence of death, previously passed, was re-affirmed. Slowly the prisoner retired to his lodge, dined hastily upon jerked venison, arrayed himself in his best apparel, and painted his face. Attired in a rich dress, his gray hair flowing in the breeze, his appearance was eminently graceful and commanding. The last hour came. Turning away from his cabin, he commenced, in a voice of surprising strength and melody, the chanting of his death-song, followed closely by the Wyandots, as were they by the white spectators, until he reached a grave which had been prepared, unknown to the white men, by the Indians. Here the old man devoutly knelt, and in a high but solemn tone, addressed his prayer to the Great Spirit. The old chief ceased, and the captain of his executioners knelt beside him, and engaged in prayer. In a few moments, he sank again upon his knees, and prayed as before, and continued kneeling. The rifles had been left in the wigwam; not a weapon of any kind was to be seen; suddenly a warrior drew from his belt, beneath his robe, a sharp and shining tomahawk, and approaching him from behind, brandished it for a moment over his head, and then, with

a quick and crushing blow, buried it in the head of his victim. As he lay in the agonies of death, with the big drops of sweat standing upon his face, the Wyandots pointed to them exultingly, as evidence of his guilt. Again and again the axe was plied, and as life became extinct, the poor old chief was hastily buried in all his finery, and the assembly quietly dispersed

The late poet, Otway Curry, once gave, in the *Hesperian*, a narration of these circumstances, as witnessed by John Sells, then a resident in that vicinity. Mr. S. asked the captain what the chief had done. "Very bad Indian," he replied; "make good Indian sick; make horse sick; make die: very bad chief." He then offered him a horse, valued at three hundred dollars. This staggered their devotion to principle; and they hesitated sufficiently to demand, "Let me him see;" but they finally rejected his overtures. When the Indians rose from their prayers, Mr. S. suggested, that if they were determined to shed blood, they should at least remove their victim beyond the limits of the white settlements. "No!" said he, very sternly, and with evident displeasure: "no; good Indian 'fraid; he no go with this bad man: mouth give fire in the dark night; good Indian 'fraid; he no go! My friend," he continued, "me tell you: white man, bad man—white man kill him; Indian say nothing."

Dreams were the avenues of their communication with the invisible world. The vague imaginings of a disturbed sleep, were oracles of wisdom, and must be

implicitly obeyed. No matter how wild the vagary, if it presented the aspect of an imperative command, or even conveyed an ominous suggestion, it must not pass unheeded, though the toil or treasure of an individual, a family, or a tribe, should be required. An ancient historian tells of a Chippewa squaw, whose nephew dreamed of a French dog, which the old lady sought in a journey of four hundred leagues, in mid winter, over ice, and through snows. To avert calamities, threatened by a dream, whole nights, and day after day, would be spent in fasting and prayer. The intervention of spirits was sought, and their friendship invoked. They were invariably trained to a stoical indifference to death. They professed to have no fear of it. In fact, they regarded death only as a slight change: a mere change of a certain and known place, to an unknown, rather than a change of condition.

They had no doubts about immortality, and all their funeral observances had reference, in their spirit, more to the life that now is, than that which is to come, as understood through Christianity. The body wrapped in furs; the little limbs of a child clad in beaver skins, with beads and rattle in close proximity, and a cup of bark, filled with milk drawn from its mother's breast; the warrior, in fighting costume, with bows, arrows, and tomahawk by his side; the woman, with paddle and canoe equipments: all told of their ideas of a future life. At the sight of water in a grave, one said: "You have no compassion for my poor brother; the air is pleasant and the sun is cheering, and yet you do not remove the snow from his grave to warm him

a little." The Ohio tribes were accustomed to bore holes in the coffin, over the eyes and mouth, to let the Great Spirit pass in and out. Over the grave, presents were placed, with various and abundant provisions, which the Good Spirit would convey to the dead in the night.

Their language is synthetic in its character. Ideas are expressed by figures as various as the operations of the physical world. To bury the tomahawk is to make peace; to fire the prairie, is to glut one's revenge; prosperity is imaged by a successful hunt, an abundant harvest, a clear sky, or a bright sun. All actions are appropriate symbols. Their nouns implying relation, include the signification of a possessive pronoun. Their verbs also included the idea of a substantive nominative. The idea expressed in a noun was made to take the form of a verb, and phrases or whole sentences were implied in a single word. The transitive verb must express the object as well as the action.

Thus are words heaped up, and a cumbrous mass of useless verbal rubbish constantly accumulated, as new ideas are received. The material world, the world of the senses and the passions, hold powerful dominion over the language of the Red Man.

The difference, radical and entire, existing between the language of the Iroquois and Algonquins, is well illustrated in the language of the Shawnees and Wyandots. It is so great, that an interpreter is just as necessary between them, as between one of them and the English language. A specimen of each, con-

trasted, is well worthy of examination and preserva tion, and is given below

SPECIMET OF THE SHAWNEE LANGUAGE.

One—Negate.
Two—Neshwa.
Three—Nithese.
Four—Newe.
Five—Nialinwe.
Six—Negotewathe.
Seven—Neshwathe.
Eight—Sasheksw a.
Nine—Chakatswa.
Ten—Metathwe.
Eleven—Metathwe Kitenegate.
Twelve—Metathwe Kiteneshwa.
Thirteen—Metathwe Kitenithwa.
Fourteen—Metathwe Kitenewa.
Fifteen—Metathwe Kitenealinwe.
Sixteen—Metathwe Kitenegotewathe.
Seventeen—Metathwe Kiteneshwathe.
Eighteen—Metathwe Kitensasheksw a.
Nineteen—Metathwe Kitenchakatswe.
Twenty—Neeshwatetucke
Thirty—Nithwabetucke.
Forty—Newabetucke.
Fifty—Nialinwabetucke.
Sixty—Negotewashe.
Seventy—Neshwashe.
Eighty—Swashe.
Ninety—Chaka.
One Hundred—Tapewa.

Old man—Pashetotha.
Young man—Meaneleneh.
Chief—Okema.
Dog—Weshe.
Horse—Meshewa.
Cow—Methothe.
Sheep—Meketha.
Hog—Kosko.
Cat—Posetha.
Turkey—Pelewa.
Deer—Peshikthe.
Raccoon—Ethepate.
Bear—Mugwa.
Otter—Kitate.
Mink—Chaquiwashe.
Wildcat—Peshewa.
Panther—Meshepeshe.
Buffalo—Methoto.
Elk—Wabete.
Fox—Wawakotchethe.
Muskrat—Oshasqua.
Beaver—Amaghqua.
Swan—Wabethe.
Goose—Neathe.
Duck—Sheshepuk.
Fish—Amatha.
Tobacco—Siamo.
Canoe—Olagashe.
Big vessel, or ship—Misheologashe.
Paddle—Shumaghtee.
Saddle—Appapewee.

Bridle—Shaketonebetcheka.
Man—Elene.
Woman—Equiwa.
Boy—Skillewaythetha.
Girl—Squithetha.
Child—Apetotha.
My wife—Neewa.
Your wife—Keewa.
My husband—Wysheana.
Your husband—Washetche.
My father—Notha.
Your father—Kotha.
My mother—Neegah.
Grandmother- Cocumtha.
My sister—Neeshematha.
My brother—Neethetha.
My daughter—Neethanetha.
Great chief—Kitchokema.
Soldier—Shemagana.
Great soldier, as Gen. Wayne—Kitcho, great, and shemaga, soldier.
Hired man, or servant—Alolagatha.
Frenchman—Tota.
Americans—Shemanose, or big knives, first applied to the Virginians.
The lake—Kitchecame.
The sun—Kesathwa.
The moon—Tepethkakesathwa.
The stars—Alagwa.
The sky—Menquatwe.
Clouds—Pasquawke.

The rainbow—Quaghcunnega.
Thunder—Unemake.
Lightning—Papapanawe.
Rain—Gimewane.
Snow—Conee.
Wind—Wishekuanwe.
Water—Gippe.
Fire—Scoate.
Cold—Wepe.
Medicine—Chobeka.
Warm—Aquettata.
The earth—Ake.
The trees, or the woods—Meteqneghke.
The hills—Mavneghke.
Bottom ground—Alwamake.
Prairie—Tawaskota
Friend—Necana.
River—Sepe.
Pond—Miskeque.
Wet ground, or swamp—Miskekope.
Good land—Wesheasiske.
Small stream—Thebowithe.
Poor land—Melcheasiske.
House—Wigwa.
Council-house, or great house—Takatchemaka wigwa
The great God, or good spirit—Mishemenetoc.
The bad spirit, or the devil—Watchemenetoc.
Dead—Nepwa.
Alive—Lenawawe.
Sick—Aghqueloge.
Well—Weshelashamama.

Corn—Dame.
Wheat—Cawasque.
Beans—Miscoochethake.
Potatoes—Meashethake.
Turnips—Openeake.
Pumpkins—Wabegs.
Melons—Usketomake.
Onions—Shekagosheke.
Apples—Meshemenake.
Nuts—Pacanee.
Nut—Pacan.
Gun—Metequa.
Axe—Tecaca.
Tomahawk—Cheketecaca.
Knife—Maness.
Powder—Macate.
Flints—Shakeka.
Trap—Naquaga.
Hat—Petacowa.
Shirt—Peleneca.
Blanket—Aquewa.

SPECIMEN OF THE WYANDOT LANGUAGE.

One—Scat.
Two—Tindee.
Three—Shaight.
Four—Andaught.
Five—Weeish.
Six—Washaw.
Seven—Sootare.
Eight—Acetarai.
Nine—Aintru.

Ten—Aughsah.
Twenty—Tendeitawaughsa.
Thirty—Shaighkawaughsa.
Forty—Andaghkawaughsa.
Fifty—Weeishawaughsa.
Sixty—Wawshawwaughsa.
Seventy—Sootarewaughsa.
Eighty—Antaraiwaughsa.
Ninety—Aintruwaughsa.
One hundred—Scutemaingarwe.
The great God, or good spirit—Tamaindezue.
Good—Yewaughste.
Bad—Waughshe.
Devil, or bad spirit—Deghsheerenoh.
Heaven—Yarohnia.
Hell—Deghshunt.
Sun—Yaandeshra.
Moon—Wahsuntyaandeshra.
Stars—Teghshe.
Sky—Caghroniate.
Clouds—Oghtserah.
Wind—Iruquas.
It rains—Inaunduse.
Thunder—Heno.
Lightning—Timmendiquas.
Earth—Umaightsa.
Deer—Oughscanoto.
Bear—Anue.
Raccoon—Hainteroh.
Fox—Thnaintonto.
Beaver—Sootae.

Mink—Sohohmaindai.
Turkey—Daighbtontah.
Squirrel—Oghtaeh.
Otter—Tawendeh.
Dog—Yunyenah.
Cow—Kintonsquaront.
Horse—Ughshutte, or man carrier.
Goose—Yahhounk.
Duck—Yuingeh.
Man—Airgahon.
Woman—Utchke.
Girl—Yaweetsentho.
Boy—Omaintsentehah.
Child—Cheahha.
Old man—Haotong.
Old woman—Utsindagsa.
My wife—Azuttunohoh.
Corn—Nayhah.
Beans—Yahresay.
Potatoes—Daweendah.
Melons, or pumpkins—Onughsa.
Grass—Eruta.
Weeds—Haentan.
Tree—Yearonta.
Wood—Otaghta.
House—Yeanoghsha.
Gun—Whoraminta.
Powder—Teghsta.
Lead—Yeatara.
Flints—Taweghskera.

Knife—Weneashra.
Axe—Ottoyaye.
Blanket—Deenghtatsea.
Kettle—Yayanetith.
Rum—Weatsewe.
River—Yeandawa.
Bread—Datarah.
Dollar—Sohquestut.
Shirt—Catureesh.
Leggins—Yaree.
Bell—Tequestieghtasta.
Saddle—Quaghsheta.
Bridle—Congshuree.
Fire—Seesta.
Flour—Taishrah.
Hog—Quisquesh.
Big house—Yeanogshuwana.
Corn-field—Yayanquaghke.
Muskrat—Seheashiyahah.
Cat—Dushrat.
Wildcat—Skainkquahah.
Mole—Caindiahenughqua.
Snake—Toengensoek.
Frog—Sundaywashuka.
Americans—Sarayumigh, or big knives.
Englishman—Quhanstrono.
My brother—Haenyeha.
My Sister—Aenyaha.
Father—Hayesta.
Mother—Aheheh.

Sick—Shatwura.
Well—Suwereghhe.
Cold—Turea.
Warm—Otereaute.
Snow—Denehta.
Ice—Deshra.
Water—Saundustee, the origin of Sandusky, the bay, river and county of that name.
Friend—Neatarugh.
Enemy—Nematrezue.
War—Trezue.
Peace—Scanonie.
Are you married—Scandaiye.
I am not married yet—Aughsoghasantetesandaige.
Come here—Owahe.
Go away—Sa catiaringa.
You trouble me—Skaingentaghqua.
I am afraid—Iaghkaronsee.
I love you—Yunowmoie.
I hate you—Yungsquahis.
I go to war—Ayaghkee.
I love peace—Enomoighandoghskenonie.
I have conquered my enemy—Oneghekewishenoo.
I do n't like white men—Icartrizueeghhartakenome-enumah.
Indians—Iomwhen.
Negro—Ahonesee.
Prisoner—Yandahsqua.
He is a thief—Runnehsquahoon.
Good man—Roomwactawaghstee.

Fish—Yeentso.
Plums—Atsumeghst.
Chillicothe town—Tatarara, or leaning bank.
Cincinnati—Tuentahahewaghta, a landing place, where the road leaves the river.
Ohio River—Ohezuhyeandawa, or something great.
Mississippi—Yandawezue, or the great river.

CHAPTER III.

Intercourse with the French—Colonial Intercourse.

THE first settlements of the French, out of Canada were in Illinois, in New Orleans, and as early as 1701 at Detroit, possession of which was taken by De la Motte Cadillac, a Jesuit missionary, with one hundred Frenchmen. This fort became very soon the center of an extensive and valuable traffic with the Indians, who swarmed in the vicinity, even the Huron Wyandots coming back from their semi-centennial stay with the Ottowas. Many of the Ottowas came with them, and extended along the bays of that region, soon occupying the lake shore as far as the Sandusky basin.

In 1750, was established a fort and trading post at Sandusky, and probably at the same date, Fort Miamis on the Maumee, or the Miami of the North, the site of Fort Wayne. At this time trading posts were established likewise at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, the head of Green Bay, and the Straits of Michilimackinack.

The English claimed the whole Ohio Valley under treaty with the Iroquois, and by virtue of the treaties of Utrecht and Aix la Rochelle. In point of fact, the Iroquois had no claim to the Western portion of this

territory, while the French had the right of discovery and a hundred years of partial occupation by missionary and trading posts, in establishment of their claims. To render their interests still more secure, the Northwestern Indians were almost universally their fast friends.

The French policy in their Indian Department was much more rational than the English, and far better calculated to propitiate the good will of the natives. They gave frequent presents, and were more frank and cordial in their intercourse. At trading posts French residents frequently intermarried with the Indians, and thus cemented a social union as lasting as life itself. Whatever we may think of their taste, we cannot but admire their policy. Their influence over the Indians became very powerful, and to French cupidity and lust for dominion, more than to the innate cruelty of the Indian character, must be ascribed the terrible ravages of the Indians upon the white settlements of the West, in the subsequent wars of the French and English, after peace was declared, and even during the American Revolution.

The colonies of Pennsylvania and Virginia, feeling the necessity of securing the good behavior as well as the trade of the Ohio Indians, were active in carrying out their politic intentions. Pennsylvania sent George Croghan, an English trader, as an envoy extraordinary, charged with the distribution of goods to the value of a thousand pistoles, among the settlements along the Ohio and Miami Rivers. Trade with the Indians was encouraged by colonial enactment; Mary-

land, Virginia and Pennsylvania, as early as 1744, convened a deputation of Iroquois, who very graciously signed a deed recognizing the right of the English king to "all the lands beyond the mountains." Feeling a vague presentiment of danger in the future, notwithstanding their precautions, at the suggestion of the far-seeing Franklin, the militia of Pennsylvania was organized.

The Ohio Land Company was organized in 1748. The association consisted of Thomas Lee, Lawrence and Augustine, brothers of George Washington, and ten other Virginians, with a Mr. Hanbury, of London. Their petition to the king for a grant of land beyond the mountains was heard, and the government of Virginia was ordered to grant the petitioners half a million of acres within the bounds of that colony beyond the Alleghanies, two hundred thousand of which were to be located at once, to be held for ten years, free of quit-rent, provided the company would settle there one hundred families within seven years, and build a fort sufficient for their protection. A ship was at once dispatched to London for a cargo suited to the Indian trade, and preparations were made for immediate settlement. The location of the lands was to be made principally on the south side of the Ohio, and between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers.

In the autumn of 1750, Christopher Gist, a surveyor, was employed by the Ohio Company, for an exploration of the Indian country. He passed down the Ohio to Beaver Creek, thence over to the Mus-

kingum River, then called Elk Eye Creek, at a point about fifty miles above the present town of Coshocton. Thence he crossed over the Elk Eye to a village of the Ottowas in the French interest. Following on, a few miles above the mouth of Whitewoman's Creek, he entered a village of Wyandots, containing about one hundred families, half of them favoring the French, and half attached to the English. Gist says, in his journal, "When we came in sight of it, we perceived English colors hoisted on the king's house, and at George Croghan's. Upon inquiring the reason, I was told that the French had lately taken several English traders, and that Mr. Croghan had ordered all the white men to come into this town, and had sent expresses to the traders of the lower towns, and among the Piquatiners, and that the Indians had sent to their people to come to council about it."

Here he was joined by George Croghan, who seems to have made some progress in his politic and profit-seeking endeavor to secure the trade of the Indians, by Robert Kolender, and by Andrew Montour as interpreter, who was a man of influence among the Delawares and Shawnees, and was the son of Catharine Montour, a famous Canadian half-breed, supposed to be the daughter of Count Frontenac, at one time Governor of Canada. She was taken captive by the Senecas at the age of ten years, grew up with them, and married a chief of that tribe. She was handsome, polite, of genteel address, and was an especial favorite with the ladies of Philadelphia and other places which she was accustomed to visit.

Gist, in his diary, thus refers to the Fort at Sandusky: "Two traders belonging to Mr. Croghan came into town and informed us that two of his people had been taken by forty Frenchmen and twenty Indians, who had carried them, with seven horse loads of skins, *to a new fort the French were building on one of the branches of Lake Erie.*"

Soon after the building of this fort, in 1753, a force of twelve hundred men from Montreal built forts at Presque Isle, La Bœuf and Venango, the present sites of Erie, Waterford and Venango. Du Quesne (Pittsburg) was built in the next year.

The progress of Mr. Gist is best given in a diary kept by himself:

"*Tuesday*, 18*th December*. I acquainted Mr. Croghan and Mr. Montour with my business with the Indians, and talked much of a regulation of trade, with which they were pleased, and treated me well."

"*Tuesday*, 25*th*. This being Christmas Day, I intended to read prayers; but after inviting some of the white men, they informed each other of my intentions, and being of several persuasions, and few of them inclined to hear any good, they refused to come; but one Thomas Barney, a blacksmith, who is settled there, went about and talked to them, and then several of the well-disposed Indians came freely, being invited by Andrew Montour." Mr. Gist delivered a discourse, which was interpreted to the Indians, and read the English church service. He then says: "The Indians seem to be well pleased, and came up

to me and returned me their thanks, and invited me to live among them," etc.

"*Friday, 4th January*, 1751. One Taaf, an Indian trader, came to town from near Lake Erie, and informed us that the Wyandots had advised him to keep clear of the Ottowas (a nation firmly attached to the French, living near the lakes), and told him that the branches of the lakes were claimed by the French, but that all the branches of the Ohio belonged to them and their brothers, the English, and that the French had no business there, and that it was expected that the other part of the Wyandots would desert the French and come over to the English interest, and join their brethren on the Elk Eye Creek, and build a strong fort and town there."

"*Wednesday, 9th.* This day came into town two traders from among the Piquatiners (a tribe of the Tawightees), and brought news that another English trader was taken prisoner by the French, and that three French soldiers had deserted and came over to the English, and surrendered themselves to some of the traders of the Picktown, and that the Indians would have put them to death to revenge the taking of our traders; but as the French had surrendered themselves to the English, they would not let the Indians hurt them, but had ordered them to be sent under the care of three of our traders, and delivered at this town to George Croghan."

"*Saturday, 12th.* Proposed a council—postponed—Indians drunk.

"*Monday, 14th.* This day George Croghan, by

the assistance of Andrew Montour, acquainted the king and council of this nation (presenting them with four strings of wampum) that their Roggony (father) had sent, under care of the governor of Virginia, their brother, a large present of goods, which were now safe landed in Virginia; and that the governor had sent me to invite them to come and see him, and partake of their father's charity to all his children on the branches of the Ohio. In answer to which, one of the chiefs stood up and said that their king and all of them thanked their brother, the governor of Virginia, for his care, and me for bringing them the news; but that they could not give an answer until they had a full and general council of the several nations of Indians, which could not be until next spring. And so the king and council shaking hands with us, we took our leave."

"*Tuesday*, 15*th*. We left Muskingum and went west five miles to the Whitewoman's Creek, on which is a small town. This white woman was taken away from New England, when she was not above ten years old, by the French Indians. She is now upward of fifty—has an Indian husband and several children. Her name is Mary Harris; she still remembers they used to be very religious in New England, and wonders how the white men can be so wicked as she has seen them in the woods."

Arriving at the east bank of the Scioto, he was hospitably received by the Delawares, in their various settlements, numbering, by the most accurate estimate he could make, about five hundred fighting men. At

Shawnee Town, on both sides of the Ohio, just below the mouth of the Scioto, he found about three hundred men, with about forty houses on the south side, and one hundred on the north side, and a mammoth council-house, ninety feet long, covered tightly with bark.

His next point was the Tawightwe, or Miamitown, on the northwest side of the Great Miami, probably at the mouth of Loramie's Creek, containing about four hundred families. Gist met a favorable reception from the king of the Piankeshaws (who was at that time the elected head of the Miami confederacy), notwithstanding the presence of four Ottowas, bearing presents from the French; and received a promise of a conference with the Virginia commissioners at Logstown, a short distance below Pittsburg. The king thus replied to the overtures of the French: "The path to the French is bloody, and was made so by them. We have cleared a road for our brothers, the English, and your fathers have made it foul, and have taken some of our brothers prisoners. This we look upon as done to us." Then turning to the English, he said: "You have taken us by the hand into the great chain of friendship: therefore, we present you with these two bundles of skins, to make shoes for your people, and this pipe to smoke in, to assure you our hearts are good toward you, our brothers."

The great war-chief of the Piqua then addressed the French, through the Ottowas: "Fathers, you have desired we should go home to you; but I tell you it is not our home: for we have made a path to the sun rising, and have been taken by the hand by our bro-

thers, the English, the Six Nations, the Delawares, the Shawnees, and the Wyandots, and we assure you, in that road we will go. And as you threaten us with war in the spring, we tell you, if you are angry, we are ready to receive you; and resolve to die here, before we will go to you. That you may know this to be our mind, we send you this string of black wampum. Brothers, the Ottowas, you hear what I say; tell that to your fathers, the French; for that is our mind, and we speak it from our hearts."

Gist proceeded to the Falls of the Ohio, and returned East, through the Cumberland Mountains, to North Carolina, arriving there in May. The following winter was spent in a thorough survey of the Ohio Company's grant, south of the Ohio and east of the Kanawha. In 1752, a settlement of English traders was commenced at the mouth of Loramie's Creek. A party of French soldiers, upon the refusal of the Miamis to eject the intruders, destroyed the trading-house, killed fourteen natives, and carried the traders into Canada. Pennsylvania made gifts of condolence for those slain in defense of the whites.

The Virginia commissioners, Messrs. Fay, Lomax, and Patton, with Gist as agent for the Ohio commissioners, met the Indians at Logstown on the 9th of June, 1752; and, after a laborious effort at diplomacy, obtained a deed of land, for a settlement southeast of the Ohio. As the English claimed all the land on the south side of the river, and the French all on the north, the Indians became very anxious to know where *their* land lay.

The English had now made a good beginning; but, unfortunately, failed to follow up their advantage wisely. While they were parsimonious of those little gifts and flatteries—those little amenities of social life so grateful to the savage—the pleasant Frenchmen, in the language of Perkins, "were securing the West step by step: settling Vincennes, gallanting with the Delawares, and coquetting with the Iroquois, who still balanced between them and the English. The forests along the Ohio shed their leaves, and the prairies filled the sky with the smoke of their burning; and along the great rivers, and on the lakes, and amid the pathless woods of the West, no European was seen whose tongue spoke other language than that of France."

The colonists failed to continue their donations: they irritated their copper-faced allies by demands of extensive land grants. The Shawnees, grown tired of loyalty, or treacherous from the start, showed signs of disaffection and strife. At this juncture, the sagacious mind of Franklin saw that Indian affairs were approaching a crisis. In a notice of the capture of Captain Trent's party, building a fort where Du Quesne was afterward located, he lamented the divided councils of the colonies, compared with the persistent unity of the French; and, at the close of the article placed a wood-cut, picturing a snake separated into parts, with the motto "Join or die." The following sensible and prophetic view of the difficulty is worthy of the far-seeing philosopher:

"The French are now making open encroachments

on these territories, in defiance of our known rights; and if we longer delay to settle that country, and suffer them to possess it, these *inconveniences and mischiefs* will propably follow:

"1. Our people being confined to the country between the sea and the mountains, cannot much more increase in number: people increasing in proportion to their room and means of subsistence.

"2. The French will increase much more, by that acquired room and plenty of subsistence, and become a great people behind us.

"3. Many of our debtors and loose English people, our German servants, and slaves, will probably desert to them, and increase their numbers and strength, to the lessening and weakening of ours.

"4. They will cut us off from all commerce and alliance with the Western Indians, to the great prejudice of Britain, by preventing the sale and consumption of its manufactures.

"5. They will, both in time of peace and war (as they have always done against New England), set the Indians on to harass our frontiers, kill and scalp our people, and drive in the advanced settlers; and so, in preventing our obtaining more subsistence, by cultivating of new lands, they discourage our marriages, and keep our people from increasing; thus (if the expression may be allowed) killing thousands of our children before they are born.

"If two strong colonies of English were settled be tween the Ohio and Lake Erie, in the places hereafter to be mentioned, these advantages might be expected:

"1. They would be a great security to the frontiers of our other colonies, by preventing the incursions of the French and French Indians of Canada, on the back parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas; and the frontiers of such new colonies would be much more easily defended than those of the colonies last mentioned now can be, as will appear hereafter.

"2. The dreaded junction of the French settlements in Canada, with those of Louisiana, would be prevented.

"3. In case of a war, it would be easy, from those new colonies, to annoy Louisiana, by going down the Ohio and the Mississippi, and the southern part of Canada, by sailing over the Lakes, and thereby confine the French within narrow limits.

"4. We would secure the friendship and trade of the Miamis, or Twightwees (a numerous people, consisting of many tribes, inhabiting the country between the west end of Lake Erie and the south end of Lake Huron [Michigan, rather] and the Ohio), who are, at present, dissatisfied with the French and fond of the English, and would gladly encourage and protect an infant English settlement in or near their country, as some of their chiefs have declared to the writer of this memoir. Further, by means of the lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi, our trade might be extended through a vast country, among many numerous and distant nations, greatly to the benefit of Britain.

"5. The settlement of all the intermediate lands, between the present frontiers of our colonies on one

side, and the lakes and Mississippi on the other, would be facilitated and speedily executed, to the great increase of Englishmen, English trade, and English power.

"The grants to most of the colonies are of long, narrow strips of land, extending west from the Atlantic to the South Sea. They are much too long for their breadth; the extremes are at too great distance, and therefore unfit to be continued under their present dimensions. Several of the old colonies may conveniently be limited westward by the Alleghany or Apalachian Mountains, and new colonies formed west of those mountains."

As Trent's party retreated from the site of Pittsburg, when surprised in building a fort, they met Colonel Washington, who pushed on to the confluence of the Redstone with the Monongahela, with 150 men, and engaged a French party under Jononville, killed the commander and ten men, and took twenty-two prisoners, with a loss of one killed and two or three wounded. Washington now erected a stockade at Great Meadows, and hastened on to Fort Du Quesne. The approach of M. de Villiers, with a much superior force, obliged him to fall back upon Fort Necessity. Here, after a day's hard fighting, with fatigue in the camp, and hunger staring them in the face, he capitulated the fort, and retired with his men, assisting, on his return, in the erection of Fort Cumberland.

Braddock's defeat occurred on the 9th of July, 1755, This was a signal for a general rising of the Western tribes. War between England and France was de-

clared in May following. Fort Du Quesne fell into the hands of the English in 1758.

Thus was inaugurated the era of hostilities that deluged the frontiers in the best blood of the colonies—an era terminating only with the treaty of Greenville, in 1795.

CHAPTER IV.

Narrative of Colonel James Smith.

A VIEW of Indian life in Ohio, at the period which is chronicled in the preceding chapter, is delineated with great accuracy, and in a style of pleasing simplicity, in the narrative of Colonel James Smith, a native of Pennsylvania, who was captured by the Indians in May, 1755, and adopted into one of their tribes. He remained with them till May, 1759. After his return from captivity, in 1763, he was appointed to the command of a company of riflemen. True to his Indian training, adopting the tactics of the wily foe, he directed his men to paint their faces black and red, and adopt the warrior's costume. In after life he was a resident of Kentucky, and was several times elected to the Legislature.

Some four or five miles above Bedford, in Western Pennsylvania, he was captured by three Indians—two Delawares and a Canasataugua, by whom he was led to the banks of the Alleghany River, opposite Fort Du Quesne, and made to run the gauntlet between two lines of Indians, in which the red tormentors were two or three rods apart. When the ordeal was nearly passed, he was felled by a severe blow, and blinded in his attempt to rise by sand thrown in his

eyes, he was beaten to insensibility, and upon his restoration to consciousness found himself in the fort, under the care of a French physician. At this time he was eighteen years of age.

While recovering from his wounds, he witnessed the infernal rejoicings of his captors over the defeat of Braddock, and a few days after he was taken in a canoe about forty miles up the Alleghany, to an Indian town on the north side of the river. From this point, after a stay of three weeks, the party proceeded to the west branch of the Muskingum, about twenty miles above the forks, and rested at a village called Tullihas, inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas and Mohicans—the latter a remnant of the Connecticut Mohicans, emigrating to Ohio in 1762. The Caughnewagas were regarded by Heckewelder as a fragment of the same tribe.

It would rob the story of half its interest to omit the precise words of Smith's journal. He is now to undergo the ceremonial of adoption:

"The day after 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 clean out of my head, except a small spot about three or four inches square, on my crown. This they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks, which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapoed around

with a narrow beaded garter, made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they plaited at full length, and then stuck it full of silver brooches. 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; they then painted my head, face and body, in various colors; they put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm, and so an old chief led me out on the street, and gave the alarm halloo, *coowigh*, several times, repeated quick, and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood around the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. 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 for me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them. I thought the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be my 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 cappo. 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 for six inches. They seated me on a bear skin and gave me a pipe, tomahawk and polecat-skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves which they mix with their tobacco; also punk, 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 one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter, and was as follows: 'My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every

drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewaga nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear; we are now under the same obligations to love, support and defend you that we are to love and defend one another; therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people.' At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech, for from that day I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves, in any respect whatever, until I left them; if they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty—if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.

"After this ceremony was over, I was introduced to my new kin, and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was, they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon, which I carried with me to the place, where there was a number of large brass kettles, full of boiled venison and green corn; every one advanced with his bowl and spoon, and had his share given him. After this, one of the chiefs made a short speech, and then we began to eat.

"The name of one of the chiefs in this town was Tecanyaterighto, *alias* Pluggy, and the other Asalle-

coa, *alias* Mohawk Solomon. As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to war, to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war-dance and their war-songs. At their war-dance they had both vocal and instrumental music; they had a short, hollow gum, closed at one end, with water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum. All those who were going on this expedition, collected together and formed; an old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor; on this, the warriors began to advance, or move forward in concert, as well-disciplined troops would march to the fife and 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; the next was the war-song; in performing this, only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud, *he uh*, *he uh*, which they constantly repeated while the war-song was going on; when the warrior that was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with 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, which began in this manner: '*hoo caughtainte-heegana*.' 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.

"This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance; the young men stood in one rank, and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other; the one that raised the tune, or started the song, held a small gourd or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones, which rattled; when he began to sing, he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing toward each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over for three or four hours, without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their

tunes *ya ne no hoo wa ne*, etc., like our *fa sol la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together, they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music, and the others, or those near, not hear what they said."

Smith's next experience was in an expedition thirty or forty miles to the south, between the Muskingum and Scioto, supposed to be in the vicinity of Licking county, where, at a buffalo lick, several specimens of that animal were killed, and a half-bushel of salt made in their little brass kettles. Returning, he remained at Tullihas until October, when, with Tontileaugo, his adopted brother, who had married a Wyandot woman, he went to Lake Erie, tracing up the west branch of the Muskingum, and crossing over to the head waters of a stream which he called the Canesadooharie, supposed to be Black River, which rises in Ashland, runs through Medina and Lorain counties, and falls into Lake Erie, a few miles north of Elyria.

Having no horse, he carried a pouch, containing his blanket, a little dried venison, and a few books. He had no gun; but a rifle, in the hands of Tontileaugo, procured daily supplies of deer, bears, and raccoons. Most of the meat was left, but the skins were preserved, and at night, when in encampment, they were stretched with elm-bark upon a frame made with poles

stuck in the ground, and dried by the fire. As they journeyed down the river, their packs increased, until they could march only eight or ten miles per day. They came to the lake about six miles west of the mouth of the river. He proceeds:

"Some time in the afternoon, we came to a large camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of the Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. Here we were kindly received. They gave us a kind of rough, brown potato, which grew spontaneously, and was called by the Caughnewagas, *ohenata.* These potatoes, peeled, and dipped in raccoon's fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They also gave us what they called *canaheanta*, which is a kind of hominy made of green corn (dried) and beans, mixed together.

"We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer and a great many raccoons. The raccoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length, we all embarked in a large birch-bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide, and three deep, and about five and thirty feet long; and, though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed, that four men could carry it several miles, or from one landing place to another, or from the waters of the lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles, and went on shore to hunt; but to my great surprise, they carried the vessel that we all came in, up the bank, and inverted it, or turned the bottom up, and converted it into a dwelling house, and kindled a fire before us, to

warm ourselves by, and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house, we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

"We kept moving and hunting up this river till we came to the falls. Here we remained some weeks, and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many raccoons. * * They then buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way they took to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

"As we had at this time no horses, every one got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles, and encamped. The next morning, we proceeded on the same course about ten miles, to a large creek that empties into Lake Erie, between Canesadooharie and Cayhaga. Here they made their winter cabin, in the following form: They cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end, to keep them together; the posts they tied together, at the top, with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high; and in the same manner, they raised another wall, opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; they then drove forks in the ground in the center of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks, and from these walls to the poles, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these they tied small poles in place of laths; and a cover was made of linn-bark, which will run even in the winter season.

"As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find

it will do, they fell the tree, and raise the bark with the tomahawk near the top of the tree, about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

"At the end of these walls, they set up split timber, so that they had timber all around, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place; and for bedding, they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear skins. From end to end of this hut, along the middle, there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs, and at the door, they hung a bear-skin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than I expected."

This Wyandot encampment consisted of eight hunters, and thirteen squaws, boys, and children. Soon after, four of the hunters started upon an expedition against the whites, leaving Smith and three others to supply the camp with provisions. In February, they commenced sugar making. First, the squaws, finding an elm that would strip at this season, cut it down, and with a crooked stick, broad and sharp at the end, took the bark from the tree, and of this bark curiously wrought vessels holding about two gallons each, making more than a hundred in number. In the sugar-tree, they cut a sloping notch, at the lower extremity

of which they struck a tomahawk, and, in the cut, drove a long chip to convey the sap to the vessels. They notched only the trees of two feet or more in diameter, so plenty and large were they. They had bark vessels of four gallons each, two brass kettles of fifteen gallons each, and, as they could not boil the sap as fast as collected, they had large vessels of bark, holding about one hundred gallons each.

Their mode of using sugar was by putting it on bears' fat, until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself, and in this was dipped the roasted venison—by no means and unpalatable morsel.

It will interest the boys, and possibly children of a larger growth, to learn how Smith and the Indian lads managed their trapping. To catch raccoons, a trap was made by placing one sappling upon another, driving in posts to keep them from rolling, raising one end, so that the raccoon's touching a spring, or piece of bark, would cause the sappling to fall, and crush his coonship. The fox traps were made in the same way, placed near a fox hole, or the end of a hollow log, and baited with venison, the trap springing at the touch at the bait. While the squaws made the sugar, the boys and men were engaged in trapping and hunting.

Before moving into town to plant corn, the squaws made vessels to contain their store of bear's oil, in this wise: deer skins, that were pulled off the neck without ripping, the hair taken off, were gathered in small plaits about the neck, which was drawn together with a string, like a purse. While wet, they blew it up

like a bladder, and let it remain till dry. One of these vessels would hold four or five gallons.

Smith was now quite at home with his captors, being always treated as one of themselves. His Indian name was Scóouwa. Sharing with his adopted brother, Tontileaugo, various wanderings and vicissitudes, they took a journey westward to Sandusky Lake. An incident of this journey, is illustrative of Indian hospitality:

"While we were here, Tontileaugo went out to hunt, and when he was gone, a Wyandot came to our camp. I gave him a shoulder of venison, which I had by the fire, well roasted, and he received it gladly, told me he was hungry, and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home, I told him that a Wyandot had been at camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of venison. He told me, 'That was very well: and I suppose you gave him also sugar and bear's oil, to eat with his venison.' I told him I did not; as the sugar and bear's oil was down in the canoe, I did not go for it. He replied, '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?' I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he could excuse this, as I was but young: but I must learn to behave like a warrior, and do great things, and never be found in any such little actions."

Smith next proceeded to Sunyendeand, a little Wyandot town, on a small creek that empties into the little lake below the mouth of the Sandusky. It

was located on the south side of a large plain, covered with grass and timber, interspersed with flats, thickly covered with nettles and rank grass three feet high. Here the soil was rich and loose, and here were the corn-fields of the Indians. With new clothes, procured from some French traders here, and his head done up in the style of a red-headed woodpecker, he went out with some young Indians to see the squaws at work in the corn-fields. Bantered by the dusky feminines to show his dexterity with the hoe, he succeeded so well as to win their applause, and the censure of the old men, who remarked, as they heard of it, that he was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw. Not being particularly fond of work, Smith was able, without any burdensome amount of self-denial, to comply with their wishes.

Now the camp was fat with bear's oil, sugar, and dried venison, and the business of eating and giving away was regularly commenced, to be continued till all is gone. Dinner, breakfast, and supper were convertible terms; no regular hours for eating were known; stuffing was in order at all hours, and especially when a stranger visited the lodge. Not to eat was a token of displeasure and enmity, whatever the state of the stranger's appetite. Hominy, with bear's oil and sugar, was the standing treat. When the oil and sugar were eaten, hominy and salt were freely offered. It was a disgrace not to ask a stranger to eat as long as anything eatable remained.

The warriors now spent their time in painting, vis-

iting, eating, smoking, and playing bustle-cap, a sort of game of dice, with other frivolous amusements. A kind of flute, made of hollow cane, and the jews-harp were their musical instruments.

The Indians imagined they could drive the Virginians back across the Great Lake again. Two old warriors asked Smith if he did not think they could subdue all America, except New England. They had already, they said, driven the whites from the best lands of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia; that the Pale Faces seemed to them to be fools—they could neither guard against surprise, run, nor fight. On further discussion, he ascertained that their talk was mostly for buncombe, to encourage the young men to go to war.

At length, left by the warriors with a lame old Indian, to provide for the women and children, they soon found themselves in a starving condition, with but one gun in town, and little ammunition. With the old Indian, and a boy to hold the light, they started up the Sandusky in a canoe, concealed from the deer by a device of bark and bushes, and thus obtained three, which were distributed among the famishing party. On a return from a second hunt, they met a party of warriors coming in with supplies, a little plunder, a few prisoners, and some scalps. Among the prisoners, was one Arthur Campbell, a youth of sixteen.

"About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use, so that we had either green corn or venison, and sometimes both,

which was comparatively high living. When we could have plenty of green corn, or roasting ears, the hunters became lazy, and spent their time as already mentioned, in singing and dancing, etc. They appeared to be fulfilling the Scriptures beyond those who profess to believe them, in that of taking no thought of to-morrow; and also in love, peace, and friendship together, without dispute. In this respect, they shame those who profess Christianity.

"In this manner we lived until October. Then the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, etc., came from the north, and alighted on this little lake without number, or innumerable. Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the spring, and fowl both in the fall and spring.

"As our hunters were now tired with indolence, and fond of their own kind of exercise, they all turned out to fowling, and in this could scarce miss of success; so that we had now plenty of hominy and the best of fowls; and sometimes, as a rarity, we had a little bread made of Indian corn-meal, pounded in a hominy block, mixed with boiled beans, and baked into cakes under the ashes.

"This with us was called good living, though not equal to our fat roasted and boiled venison, when we went to the woods in the fall; or bear's meat and beaver in the winter; or sugar, bear's oil, and dry venison in the spring."

In the following October, he went with the chief, Tecaughretanego, a brother of Tontileaugo, for a hunt on the Cuyahoga.

"I then went with Tecaughretanego to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottowas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister, and others I had never before seen. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced *Maully*. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name. He said he did not know that it was an English name, but it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, and which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself, he said that the priest and him could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the Book of God taught them these foolish absurdities. But he could not believe that the great and good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense; and, therefore, he concluded that the Indians' old religion was better than this new way of worshiping God.

"The Ottowas have a very useful kind of tents, which they carry with them, made of flags, plaited and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn the rain and wind well; each mat is made fifteen feet long, and about five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent, they cut a number of long, straight poles, which they drive in the ground, in the form of a circle, leaning inward; then they spread the mats on these poles, beginning at the bottom and extending

up, leaving only a hole at the top uncovered, and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry split wood, in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture all around the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of stretching themselves. In the place of a door, they lift up one end of a mat, and creep in, and let the mat fall down behind them. These tents are warm and dry, and tolerably clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch-bark canoes, which they carry out, and turn up for a shelter, where they keep everything from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

"This company had four birch canoes and four tents. We were kindly received, and they gave us plenty of hominy and wild fowl, boiled and roasted. As the geese, ducks, swans, etc., here are well grain-fed, they were remarkably fat, especially the green-necked ducks. The wild fowl here feed upon a kind of wild rice, that grows spontaneously in the shallow water, or wet places along the sides or in the corners of the lakes."

On the lake they experienced very boisterous weather; yet their frail canoes out-rode the tempest, and made, in a single day, a distance of sixty miles. On the Cuyahoga, and the last branch of the Muskingum, and on Beaver Creek, abundance of deer, bears, and beavers were found. An incident of this journey is worthy of relation:

"I remember that Tecaughretanego, when some-

thing displeased him, said, 'God damn it.' I asked him if he knew what he then said. He said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning, or something like the meaning, of what he had said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he said was calling upon the Great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said, 'If this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites! When the traders were among us, these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse.' He told me to reconsider what I had said; for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition: if I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words, not only wickedly, but oftentimes very foolishly, and contrary to sense and reason. He said he remembered once of a trader's accidentally breaking his gun-lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud, 'God damn it.' 'Surely,' said he, 'the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owananeeyo, or the Great Spirit.' He also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor, and not displeased with anything. I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often in a most irrational, inconsistent, and impious manner; yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied, 'If so, the traders are as bad as Oonasharoona, or the underground inhabitants,' which is the name they give to

devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth."

In a journey from Detroit, by way of the lake, occurs the following description of the isles known as the East, Middle, and West Sisters:

"Some of the Wyandots or Ottowas frequently make their winter hunt on these islands; though, excepting wild fowl and fish, there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty, and exceedingly large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter, in one winter, will catch one thousand raccoons.

"It is a received opinion among the Indians that the snakes and raccoons are transmigratory, and that a great many of the snakes turn raccoons every fall, and the raccoons snakes every spring. This notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and raccoons in this island.

"As the raccoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps in the winter season, they commonly find them filled with raccoons: but in the spring, or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes, and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so plenty in the winter, is that every fall the snakes turn raccoons again."

At the mouth of the Miami of the Lake, or Maumee, some fifty hunters, with women and boys, engaged in

a grand driving hunt. Scattered from the river to the lake, though not in sight of each other, they commenced a march in order, in the direction of the river, guided by a yell raised along the line, until they came in sight of each other. "Before we came to the point, both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake, to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point, the guns began to crack slowly, and after some time, the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water, and we shooting them down on the land. We killed, in all, about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

"We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of hominy, venison, and wild fowl. The geese, at this time, appeared to be preparing to move southward. It might be asked, what is meant by the geese preparing to move. The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time, concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day that they may all, at or near one time, leave the northern lakes, and wing their way to the southern bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion, and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then, they say, a great number of expresses are sent off, in order to let the different tribes know the result of this grand council, that they may all be in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there was a commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear from their actions that such a council had been held. Cer-

tain it is that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders."

As cold weather approached, they began to feel the effects of their prodigality. Scarcely one had a shirt to his back—nothing but an old blanket, which served as dress by day and bedding by night, with an addition of a bear-skin in place of a feather bed.

On the prairies, at the head waters of the Sandusky and Scioto, a novel hunting expedition was participated in:

"When we came to this place, we met with some Ottowa hunters, and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was near falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie. At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass in the day, and moved about in the night; but as the fire burned in toward the center of the circle, the deer fled before the fire. The Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire, and shot them down at every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer, there were about ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night, to put out the outside circle of the fire, and, as the wind arose, it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length, and in some places nearly twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring-hunting this season, and was, in other respects, an injury to us in the hunting

business; so that, upon the whole, we received more harm than benefit from our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades, and encamped at the carrying-place."

After various hunting adventures on the prairies and along the Olentangy, at the coming of spring, he returned with his sable friends to Sunyendeand, which signifies rock-fish, named from the great abundance of that fish found there. Here the party diverted themselves with fishing with gigs or spears in the night.

"The rock-fish there, when they first begin to run up the creek to spawn, are exceedingly fat, sufficient to fry themselves. The first night, we scarcely caught fish enough for present use for all that were in the town.

"The next morning, I met with a prisoner at this place by the name of Thompson, who had been taken from Virginia. He told me, if the Indians would only omit disturbing the fish for one night, he could catch more fish than the whole town could make use of. I told Mr. Thompson that if he knew he could do this, I would use my influence with the Indians to let the fish alone for one night. I applied to the chiefs, who agreed to my proposal, and said they were anxious to see what the Great Knife (as they called the Virginian) could do. Mr. Thompson, with the assistance of some other prisoners, set to work, and made a hoop net of elm-bark; then cut down a tree across the creek, and stuck in stakes at the lower side of it,

to prevent the fish from passing up, leaving only a gap at one side of the creek. Here he sat with his net, and when he felt the fish touch the net, he drew it up, and frequently would haul out two or three rock-fish that would weigh about five or six pounds each. He continued at this until he had hauled out about a wagon load, and then left the gap open, in order to let them pass up, for they could not go far, on account of the shallow water. Before day, Mr. Thompson shut it up, to prevent them from passing down, in order to let the Indians have some diversion in killing them in daylight.

"When the news of the fish came to town, the Indians all collected, and with surprise beheld the large heap of fish, and applauded the ingenuity of the Virginian. When they saw the number of them that were confined in the water above the tree, the young Indians ran back to the town, and, in a short time, returned with their spears, gigs, bows and arrows, etc., and were the chief part of that day engaged in killing rock-fish, insomuch as we had more than we could use or preserve. As we had no salt, or any way to keep them, they lay upon the banks, and, after some time, great numbers of turkey-buzzards and eagles collected together and devoured them."

Smith remained among the Indians till 1759, in an Indian town, nine miles above Montreal, and was imprisoned four months in Montreal, when he was restored to his friends.

If this captivity exhibits fewer sanguinary traits

than the Indian adventure of later times, it is rich in glimpses of Indian character and customs, in daguerreotypes of primitive Ohio scenery, and intimations of the abundance of game, and former modes of taking it.

CHAPTER V.

The West surrendered by the French — Expedition of Major Rogers — Pontiac's Conspiracy.

The fall of Fort Du Quesne in 1758, at the approach of General Forbes through Pennsylvania, terminated all open contest between the French and English or American settlers. The success of that expedition may have been attributable largely to the efforts of a Moravian missionary, Charles Frederic Post. He is first mentioned in Moravian annals as laboring at Shekomeko, in 1743, a location near the present site of Poughkeepsie, New York, where he married an Indian convert, and after imprisonment upon a false accusation of instigating the French against the English, a brief resumption of his missionary duties among the Connecticut Indians, and a subsequent residence with the Delawares in Pennsylvania, he was induced to make two journeys into the Ohio Valley, in the summer and autumn of 1758, with overtures of peace for the Indians. He conferred with eight nations, and was successful in preventing an attack upon Forbes' expedition. He first visited "Kushkushkee," a town on the Big Beaver Creek, containing ninety houses and two hundred warriors; and then traversed the Indian country, under a guaranty of protection, in which they assured him "they would carry him in

their bosom, and he need fear nothing." At a final conference opposite Fort Du Quesne, their allegiance to English rule was secured, notwithstanding their protest against the greedy cupidity of the whites in seizing upon their lands. They said:

"Why did you not fight your battles at home, or on the sea, instead of coming into our country to fight them?" they asked again and again, and were mournful when they thought of the future. "*Your* heart is good," they said to Post; "*you* speak sincerely; but we know there is always a great number who wish to get rich; they never have enough; look! we do not want to be rich, and take away what others have." "The white people think we have no brains in our head; that they are big, and we a little handful; but remember, when you hunt for a rattlesnake you cannot find it, and perhaps it will bite you before you see it."

Sandusky was afterward evacuated, and on the 8th of September, 1760, the French Governor Vaudrueil surrendered Canada to the English.

Major Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, was directed to take possession of the Western forts. He left Montreal on the 13th of September, 1760, with two hundred rangers, true woodsmen, trained in the strategy of the Indians, and equipped with hatchet, gun and knife. He was athletic and unpolished, an unhewn block of granite, sagacious, prompt, resolute and cautious.

On the 4th of November, Rogers left Presque Isle in a little fleet of fifteen whale-boats, and after en-

countering severe weather, put in on the 7th at the mouth of the Chogage (Geauga?) River, where he met an embassy from Pontiac, who was at this time the head of a powerful and large confederacy. Rogers writes:

"At first salutation, when we met, he demanded my business into his country, and how it happened that I dared to enter it without his leave. When I informed him that it was not with any design against the Indians that I came, but to remove the French out of his country, who had been an obstacle in our way to mutual peace and commerce, and acquainted him with my instructions for that purpose; I at the same time delivered him several friendly messages, or belts of wampum, which he received, but gave me no other answer than that he stood in the path I traveled in till next morning, giving me a small string of wampum, as much as to say I must not march further without his leave. When he departed for the night, he inquired whether I wanted anything that his country afforded, and he would send his warriors to fetch it. I answered him that any provisions they brought should be paid for; and the next day we were supplied by them with several bags of parched corn, and some other necessaries. At our second meeting he gave me the pipe of peace, and both of us by turns smoked with it, and he assured me that he had made peace with me and my detachment; that I might pass through the country unmolested, and relieve the French garrison; and that he would protect me and my party from any insults that might be offered or

intended by the Indians; and as an earnest of his friendship, he sent one hundred warriors to protect and assist us in driving one hundred fat cattle, which we had brought for the use of the detachment, from Pittsburg, by way of Presque Isle. He likewise sent to the several Indian towns on the south side and west end of Lake Erie, to inform them that I had his consent to come into the country. He attended me constantly after this interview till I arrived at Detroit, and while I remained in the country, and was the means of preserving the detachment from the fury of the Indians, who had assembled at the mouth of the strait with an intent to cut us off.

"I had several conferences with him, in which he discovered great strength of judgment, and a thirst after knowledge. He endeavored to inform himself of our military order and discipline. He often intimated to me that he should be content to reign in his country in subordination to the king of Great Britain, and was willing to pay him such annual acknowledgment as he was able, in furs, and to call him his uncle. He was curious to know our methods of manufacturing cloth, iron, etc., and expressed a great desire to see England, and offered me a part of his country if I would conduct him there. He assured me that he was inclined to live peaceably with the English while they used him as he deserved, and to encourage their settling in his country; but intimated that if they treated him with neglect, he should shut up the way, and exclude them from it. In short, his whole conversation sufficiently indicated that he was far from

considering himself a conquered prince, and that he expected to be treated with the respect and honor due to a king or emperor, by all who came into his country, or treated with him."

Proceeding west, he visited Sandusky Lake, and at the mouth of Portage River, in what is now Ottowa county, was told by some Huron chiefs that four hundred Indian warriors were collected to obstruct his passage. The rumor proved baseless, and Rogers, after securing the post of Detroit, returned by land *via* the Sandusky and Tuscarawas trail, to Fort Pitt.

He characterizes the country as level, filled with the best and tallest timber, "and for game, both for plenty and variety, perhaps exceeded by no part of the world. We found wild apples along the west end of Lake Erie; some rich savannahs, several miles in extent, without a tree, but clothed in jointed grass near six feet high, which rotting there every year, adds to the fertility of the soil." Of the famous Castalia Spring, near Sandusky, which he passed, he says: "There is a remarkably fine spring at this place, rising out of the side of a small hill with such force that it boils above the ground in a column three feet high. I imagine it discharges ten hogsheads of water in a minute."

On the lake fork of the Mohican, in what is now Ashland county, he came upon a small Mingo town. Next he visited the Beaver Town of the Delawares, where the chiefs, King Beaver and Shingess resided, a community of one hundred and eighty warriors, with three thousand acres of cleared land.

Major Rogers arrived at Philadelphia, February 14, 1761. His subsequent career proved him a restless and unprincipled man. Six years after he is tried by a court martial for a treasonable design of surrendering Fort Michilimackinack to the Spaniards; afterward claims to have been in the service of the Dey of Algiers in the Barbary States; seeks a place in the American service during the war of the Revolution, is distrusted, and finally joins the British under a colonel's commission. He died in obscurity.

French dominion had been superseded by English supremacy. The Indians acquiesced sullenly in the change. The French were complaisant and companionable, mindful of their national suavity even in intercourse with savages; the English were stately and dignified, prone to negotiate, lavish of promises, and slow in fulfilling them. The change in their white protectorate seemed productive of little advantage. On the revival of the Ohio Company enterprise, and the more frequent location of land grants, they saw new cause for alarm. It was evident that the whites were seeking only land, and that with a purpose so persistent as to leave little doubt of their fixed determination ultimately to seize upon the soil sacred to the manes of departed Red Men, and drive the tawny occupants into the far-off western wilderness.

Now a mighty spirit rises to direct the gathering storm of Indian indignation—Pontiac, a man of giant proportions and towering intellect, an Ottowa, or rather the son of an Ottowa father and an Ojibway mother. Some have claimed that he was a Catawba

prisoner, adopted into the Ottowa tribe. Endowed with almost prophetic forecast, fertile in resources and expedients, sagacious and discriminating, he was the Washington of his race, in all but success, to which the intellectual and moral disparity of the conflicting races was a sufficient barrier. He is chronicled by Bancroft as a colossal chief, whose name "still hovers over the Northwest as the hero who devised and conducted a great but unavailing struggle with destiny for the independence of his race."

From 1747 to 1763 his influence was all-pervading and all-powerful with the tribes scattered through the Ohio basin, and away west of the Mississippi and Lake Superior. At the date first mentioned he commanded the Indian forces as allies of the French. His services were equally conspicuous in the defense of Fort Du Quesne, and in the defeat of Braddock.

Added to the magnetism of his own presence, he availed himself of the constitutional superstition of his race, and professed to speak by inspiration of the Great Spirit, and with such utterances as these thrilled with awe and defiant patriotism all hearts that roamed from the Great Lakes to the pines of the South: "Why, says the Great Spirit, do you suffer these dogs in the red clothing to enter your country and take the land I have given you? Drive them from it! Drive them! When you are in distress I will help you."

In 1761, when an English trader, Alexander Henry, entered his country in the disguise of a Canadian and was discovered, the magnanimity and savage determi-

nation so conspicuous in his character were evinced in his address to the new comer:

"Englishman! although you have conquered the French, you have not yet conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods, these mountains, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread, pork and beef. But you ought to know that the Great Spirit and Master of Life has provided food for us in these broad lakes and in these mountains."

He complained that no treaty had been made with them, no presents sent, and declared that the Red Men were still at war with his king.

In 1762 the land grants of Virginia were still more numerous, and yet more rapidly the current of emigration tended to Western Virginia. The Shawnees and Delawares were irritated to madness by these proceedings upon their borders, and the Ottowas and Wyandots on the lake shore, excited by French jealousies, were rife for a war of extermination. Silently and cautiously, during the winter of 1762–3, a league was formed, far-reaching and strong in the unity of a terrible revenge, by which the various forts and trading stations and frontier settlements of the whites were to be indiscriminately massacred.

The storm burst early in May of 1763. The historical papers of J. B. Perkins paint a graphic picture of the scene:

"The unsuspecting traders journeyed from village

to village; the soldiers in the forts shrank from the sun of the early summer, and dozed away the day; the frontier settler, singing in fancied security, sowed his crop, or watching the sunset through the gilded trees, mused upon one more peaceful harvest, and told his children of the horrors of the ten years' war, now, thank God! over. From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi the trees had leaved, and all was calm life and joy. But through that great country even then bands of sullen Red Men were journeying from the central valleys to the lakes of the eastern hills. Bands of Chippewas gathered about Michilimackinack. Ottowas filled the woods near Detroit. The Maumee post, Presque Isle, Niagara, Pitt, Lingonier, and every English fort, were hemmed in by mingled tribes, who felt that the great battle drew nigh which was to determine their fate and the possession of their noble lands. At last the day came. The traders everywhere were seized, their goods taken from them, and more than one hundred put to death. Nine British forts yielded instantly, and the savages drank,

'Scooped up in the hollow of joined hands,'

the blood of many a Briton. The border streams of Pennsylvania run red again. 'We hear,' says a letter from Fort Pitt, 'of scalping every hour.' In Western Virginia, more than twenty thousand people were driven from their homes. Detroit was besieged by Pontiac himself, after a vain attempt to take it by stratagem; and for many months that siege was continued in a manner and with a perseverance unex-

ampled among the Indians. It was the 8th of May when Detroit was first attacked, and upon the 3d of the following December it was still in danger. As late as March of the next year the inhabitants were 'sleeping in their clothes,' expecting an alarm every night."

Sandusky was the first of the forts to fall, May 16th. Ensign Paully, thrown off his guard by some Wyandots and Hurons, was seized, carried to Detroit, adopted, and married to a squaw who had lost her husband; the remainder of the garrison were massacred. On the 25th, St. Josephs, on the eastern shore of Michigan, fell; Schlosser, the commander, was seized, and all of the garrison massacred but three. Ensign Holmes, the commandant at Fort Miami, on the present site of Fort Wayne, on the Maumee River, on the 27th of May, was besought to bleed a sick squaw in a cabin near the fort, and shot down on approaching the place, and the remaining ten of the garrison taken prisoners. Fort Onatanon, on the Wabash, below the site of Lafayette, in Indiana, was taken on the first of June. Fort Michilimackinack was surprised on the 2d of June, by a stratagem of the Indians, who, on pretense of exhibiting themselves in a game of ball before Captain Etherington and his men, rushed into the fort, sounded the war-whoop, killed an officer, trader and fifteen men, and carried away captive the rest of the garrison of forty. Presque Isle, now Erie, with twenty-four men, was surrendered on the 22d of June. Le Boeuf, a little south of Erie, was burned on the night of July 18th,

the garrison escaping. Venango fort and garrison were burned at the same time.

At the forks of the Ohio and the Straits of Detroit, the prestige of the conquering Indians was lost. After vainly endeavoring, in repeated instances, to induce the garrison to abandon the fort under a promised safe conduct, they were staggered by the rumor that Colonel Bouquet was nearing the fort with five hundred men—two regiments of Highlanders, recently from the West Indies—whom they attacked at Bushy Run, fighting with the desperate fury of savages flushed with success. The Indians were finally defeated, with a loss to the whites of fifty killed and sixty wounded.

Pontiac headed the siege of Detroit. Failing to seize the fort by stratagem, on the 7th of May, as Lieutenant Cuyler was approaching with ninety-six men and twenty-three batteaux loaded with stores, he fell upon him and captured all but thirty men, who escaped along the lake shore to Niagara.

With reinforcements amounting to three hundred and twenty men, a night sally against the Indians was attempted, which resulted in the loss of Captain Dalzell and twenty of his men. The force of Pontiac, now numbering one thousand men, was in the highest state of encouragement. The garrison still held out, and, as winter approached, the siege was reluctantly raised.

On the 7th of October, a royal proclamation was issued which prohibited "for the present," the granting by the colonial government "of warrants of sur-

vey or pass patents for any lands beyond the heads or sources of any of the rivers which fall into the ocean from the West or Northwest."

This was only regarded by the whites as a temporary expedient to quiet the Indians, and by no means as a settled policy. It had its effect; and thus terminated the most dangerous Indian conspiracy of those troublous times.

CHAPTER VI.

Bradstreet's Expedition — Bouquet's Muskingum Expedition — Pontiac Subdued — Dissatisfaction Increasing — Washington's Tour.

The savages still continued their depredations upon the border. It was resolved by General Thomas Gage, successor to Sir Jeffry Amherst in the command of the North American forces, that two expeditions should march into the Indian country, and conquer a peace. The Northern division, under Colonel John Bradstreet, was directed to proceed along the lake shore. This division embodied eleven hundred men, from New Jersey and New York, with a battalion from Connecticut, led by Colonel Israel Putnam. Arriving at Buffalo in July, a conference of upward of twenty tribes was held with Bradstreet and Sir William Johnson, who dictated terms of submission, and received the prisoners that were brought in.

On their advance, when within two days' march of Presque Isle, they were met by ten savages, supposed to be representatives of the Mingoes and other New York tribes, settled in that vicinity, who assumed to act in behalf of the Hurons, Shawnees, and Delawares. By a treaty with these self-constituted ambassadors, it was agreed that all prisoners should be delivered at Sandusky within twenty-five days; that six of the deputation should be retained as hostages, and the re-

maining four, in company with an English officer and a friendly Indian, should act as messengers of the council to the several chiefs; that no opposition should be made to the fortification of all necessary trading-posts, and the possession of as much land around each as a cannon could throw a shot over; and that any Indian charged with the murder of a white man, should be delivered at Fort Pitt, to be tried by a jury half white men and half Indians; and that, if one tribe violated the peace, the others should unite in punishing them.

It is probable that these Indians were chiefs, or men of influence in their tribes, as one of them is supposed to be the Senaca chief, Kuyashuta, the most influential abettor of the conspiracy of Pontiac, the year previous; but it is very doubtful whether they had authority to speak for the Western tribes.

Arriving at Sandusky, Bradstreet spared the Wyandot villages, the Indians agreeing to make their submission at Detroit, which place was entered by the army on the 26th of August. A council was held here on the 7th of September, very successfully, for the pacification of the Northwestern tribes. The only indication of persistent hostility was found at the head waters of the Maumee, among the warmest adherents of Pontiac. From these Indians, Captain Morris, sent by Bradstreet to treat with them, made a very narrow escape. Returning to Sandusky Lake, the expedition tarried till the near approach of stormy weather and dangerous navigation, and then turned toward Niagara. The homeward journey was beset with difficul-

ties. A furious tempest raged for three days on the lake; some of the boats were lost, and the remainder were inadequate to the service required. They, therefore, debarked, and attempted to thread the forests of the lake shore. After incredible hardships, toilsome marches, swimming of rivers, wading swamps, cold and hunger, by means of which many perished by the way, the remainder reached winter quarters in safety, and were soon disbanded.

Some historians are inclined to blame Bradstreet for his clemency and neglect to effect a junction with Bouquet, whose expedition was designed to co-operate with that of Bradstreet. Hutchins says he was expected to remain at Sandusky, to prevent the sending of assistance to the Shawnees and Delawares by the Wyandots. On the contrary, Bradstreet declared that it was impossible longer to remain there.

Colonel Bouquet, flushed with the victory at Bushy Run, with an army of five hundred regulars, and one thousand of the Pennsylvania and Virginia militia, started on his expedition to the Delaware and Shawnee country in October. Before taking up his line of march, he seized three Indian spies, and sent one of them to the enemy, with a demand for two guides for an express to Colonel Bradstreet. Two runners were immediately dispatched at the bidding of the gallant colonel. He first encamped at Yellow Creek, thence crossed to the eastern branches of the Muskingum, and encamped, after a march of twelve days, one hundred and ten miles from Fort Pitt, in the Valley of the Muskingum. Here letters were re-

ceived from Colonel Bradstreet, through the express sent with the Indian guides, which had been detained a few days at a Delaware village, sixteen miles distant, but set at liberty on the near approach of Colonel Bouquet, with a civil message, and a disposition to treat with him.

At a distance of two miles further down the river, where the stream widens to one hundred yards, and a high bank, crowned with majestic timber, overlooked a broad green interval, a bower was built for a conference with the neighboring chiefs. On the 17th, in answer to a notification, the chiefs and braves appeared, and were conducted through the long line of soldiers (stationed with reference to the most imposing effect) to the bower. The ceremony of smoking the calumet being over, their pouches of wampum were opened, and the conference commenced. There were present from the Senecas, Kuyashuta, chief, with fifteen warriors; Delawares, Custaloga, chief of the Wolf tribe, and Beaver, of the Turkey tribe, with twenty warriors; Shawnees, Keissinautchtha, chief, and six warriors. Their submission was abject and humiliating. They were required, within twelve days, to deliver, at Wautamike, a village just below the mouth of the Mohican River, in Coshocton county, all prisoners, of whatever nation or color, without exception, adopted or otherwise, furnished with clothing, provisions, and horses for their journey to Fort Pitt.

With Kuyashuta as guide, a march of three days and twenty-one miles, brought the army to the Coshocton fork of the Muskingum, which was fixed upon,

instead of Wautamike, to receive the prisoners, it being in the vicinity of Indian towns, a position from which they could easily awe the Indians into submission.

A ready compliance was secured from all except the Shawnees, the most intractable and contumacious of the tribes, who gave hostages for the surrender of one hundred prisoners in their possession. Two hundred and six prisoners were received, of whom thirty-two males and forty-eight females and children were from Virginia, and forty-nine males and sixty-seven females and children were from Pennsylvania.

On the 9th of November, the ceremonies of the reception commenced, the Senecas and Wolf tribe of Delawares first bringing forward their prisoners. Kuyashuta spoke as follows: "We gather together, and bury with this belt, all the bones of the people that have been killed during this unhappy war, which the evil spirit occasioned among us. We cover the bones that have been buried, that they may never more be remembered. We again cover their place with leaves, that it may no more be seen. As we have been long astray, and the path between you and us stopped, we extend this belt, that it may be again cleared, and we may travel in peace to see our brethren as our ancestors formerly did. While you hold it fast by one end, and we by the other, we shall always be able to discover anything that may disturb our friendship."

Colonel Bouquet replied kindly, and promised that

Sir William Johnson should conclude a formal peace with them.

King Beaver appeared for the Turtle Delawares. The principal chief, Nettowhatways, not appearing, he was declared deposed by the Colonel, and his tribe meekly named his successor.

On the 12th, the restless Shawnees came in, under the lead of Keissinautchtha, Nimwha, Red Hawk, Lavissimo, Bensivasica, Eweecunwee, Keigleighque, with forty warriors. The Caughnawaga, Seneca, and Delaware chiefs were present, with sixty warriors.

Red Hawk spoke: "Brother, when we saw you coming this road, you advanced toward us with a tomahawk in your hand; but we, your younger brothers, take it out of your hand, and throw it up to God, to dispose of as he pleases, by which means we hope never to see it more. And now, brother, we beg leave that you, who are a warrior, will take hold of this chain [giving a string] of friendship, and receive it from us, who are also warriors, and let us think no more of war, in pity to our old men, women, and children,"—intimating that it was compassion for them, not weakness of the nation, that closed the war.

The English commander rebuked with severity the Shawnees, for neglecting to bring in their prisoners, and enjoined good treatment, and delivery in the following spring. Hutchins, the historian of the expedition, thus alludes to the scene presented by the returned prisoners:

"Language, indeed, can but weakly describe the

scene—one to which the poet or painter might have repaired, to enrich the highest colorings of the variety of human passions; the philosopher, to find ample subject for the most serious reflection; and the man, to exercise all the tender and sympathetic feelings of the soul. There were to be seen fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their once-lost babes; husbands hanging round the necks of their newly-recovered wives; sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together, after a long separation, scarcely able to speak the same language, or, for some time, to be sure that they were children of the same parents. In all these interviews, joy and rapture inexpressible were seen, while feelings of a very different nature were painted in the looks of others, flying from place to place in eager inquiries after relatives not found; trembling to receive an answer to questions; distracted with doubts, hopes, and fears, on obtaining an account of those they sought for, or stiffened into living monuments of horror and woe on learning their unhappy fate.

"The Indians, too, as if wholly forgetting their usual savageness, bore a capital part in hightening this most affecting scene. They delivered up their beloved captives with the utmost reluctance; shed torrents of tears over them, recommending them to the care and protection of the commanding officer. Their regard to them continued all the while they remained in camp. They visited them from day to day, brought them wheat, corn, skins, horses, and other matters, that were bestowed upon them while in their families, accompanied with other presents,

and all the marks of the most sincere and tender affection. Nor did they stop here; but when the army marched, some of the Indians solicited and obtained permission to accompany their former captives to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting, and bringing provisions for them on the way. A young Mingo carried this still further, and gave an instance of love which would make a figure even in romance. A young woman of Virginia was among the captives, to whom he had formed so strong an attachment as to call her his wife. Against all the remonstrances of the imminent danger to which he exposed himself by approaching the frontier, he persisted in following her at the risk of being killed by the surviving relatives of many unfortunate persons who had been captured or scalped by those of his nation.

"Among the captives, a woman was brought into camp at Muskingum, with a babe about three months old at the breast. One of the Virginia volunteers soon knew her to be his wife. She had been taken by the Indians about six months before. He flew with her to his tent, and clothed her and his child with proper apparel. But their joy, after the first transports, was soon dampened by the reflection that another dear child, about two years old, taken with the mother, had been separated from her, and was still missing, although many children had been brought in. A few days afterward, a number of other persons were brought in; among them were several children The woman was sent for, and one supposed to be hers

was produced to her. At first sight, she was not certain, but viewing the child with great earnestness, she soon recollected its features, and was so overcome with joy, that, forgetting her sucking child, she dropped it from her arms, and catching up the new-found child, in ecstasy pressed it to her breast, and bursting into tears, carried it off, unable to speak for joy. The father, rising up with the child she had let fall, followed her with no less transport and affection.

"But it must not be deemed that there were not some, even grown persons, who showed an unwillingness to return. The Shawnees were obliged to bind some of their prisoners, and force them along to the camp; and some women that had been delivered up, afterward found means to escape, and went back to the Indian tribes. Some who could not make their escape, clung to their savage acquaintances at parting, and continued many days in bitter lamentations, even refusing sustenance."

The army decamped on the 18th, and reached Fort Pitt on the 28th of November, with but the loss of a single man in the whole expedition. The militia were discharged, the regulars went into garrison, and Colonel Bouquet arrived in Philadelphia in January. He was complimented by the Legislature of Pennsylvania and house of Burgesses of Virginia, and, by the king, promoted to the rank of brigadier general.

Sir William Johnson sat in council at German Flats, in New York, in April of 1765, to consummate what had been so gallantly commenced by Bradstreet

and Bouquet. The Indians had been intimidated by a magnificent show of force, but by no means pacified, and the farthest possible from being permanently subdued. Here were the representatives of the several Indian tribes; and to them two propositions were proposed: one, to establish some western boundary to white settlement; the other, to grant lands to traders, in compensation for losses sustained in the late bloody struggle. They named the Ohio and Susquehanna as the line, and agreed to make the desired grants. No action was definitely taken upon these points.

Pontiac, in the indulgence of the sullen temper of the irate savage, as yet kept aloof from negotiation; and as the mountain must go to Mahomet, if the prophet will not come to the mountain, so George Croghan was sent as sub-commissioner, by Sir William, to conclude a treaty with Pontiac, who was secure among the Ottowas and Miamis, in the fastnesses of the Maumee, and to visit the Wabash and Illinois, and secure the allegiance of the French in those localities. He passed down the river in two batteaux, passed a deserted village below Big Beaver Creek, and encamped at the mouth of the Little Kanawha. In five days from Pittsburg, he reached the Hockhocking, from which point an Indian runner was dispatched to the French traders living among the Shawnees, on the Plains of Scioto, to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown, receive a trading license, and accompany him to the Wabash and Illinois. Arriving at the Scioto, Croghan was enraptured with the extraordinary beauty and fertility of the country, and tho

abundance and variety of the game. At this time the Lower Town of the Shawnees was flooded with nine feet of water, from an extraordinary rise in the Ohio. Here he was met by the traders, and on the 28th of May, the party debarked; on the 30th, they passed the Great Miami; and forty miles below, they reached "the place where the elephant's bones are found." "Early in the morning, we went to the Great Lick, where these bones are only found, about four miles from the river, on the south-east side. In our way, we passed through a fine-timbered, clear wood; we came into a large road, which the buffaloes have beaten, spacious enough for two wagons to go abreast, and leading straight into the Lick. It appears that there are vast quantities of these bones lying five or six feet under ground, which we discovered in the bank at the edge of the Lick. We found here two tusks above six feet long; we carried one, with some other bones, to our boats, and set off."

At the mouth of the Wabash, remains of Indian fortifications were discovered, and six miles below, the party encamped at the site of the old Shawnee village. Letters were at once dispatched to Lord Frazer, an English officer on the Illinois, and to St. Ange, the French commandant at Fort Chartres, indicating to them the object of his mission. On the following day, June 8th, the budding hopes of a peaceful negotiation were ruthlessly nipped by an attack from a party of eighty Kickapoos and Musquattimes, who killed two whites and three Indians, and wounded Croghan and every one of his men, with the exception of two whites

and one Indian. The survivors were made prisoners and plundered. Upon remonstrance by a wounded Shawnee deputy, they professed to have acted at the instigation of the French, who told them the Southern Indians were coming in large numbers to take their lands away from them.

The captives were led, by a seven days' journey, through prairies that seemed "prodigious rich bottoms" and "large meadows," to Port Vincent (Vincennes), a village of eighty or ninety French families, on the east side of the Wabash. The villagers were briefly described as a parcel of lazy renegades, from Canada, who fell at once to cheating the Indians in the barter of their plunder, taking ten of Croghan's half johannes, for a pound of vermillion. They proceeded two hundred and ten miles further, to Ouicatanon (Lafayette), and having amicably adjusted their differences with the natives, who probably feared longer to hold the king's ambassadors, started for the Miamis, by whom he was received with the distinction due his mission, on the 1st of August, at a village situated on both sides of the St. Joseph's, near its junction with the Maumee. Allegiance was very promptly sworn to the English government, and their prisoners given up.

Pontiac, now in a submissive mood, was among the Miamis. He was closely scrutized by Croghan, who regarded him as a shrewd and sensible Indian, taciturn, and commanding a higher respect from his nation than any Indian he had ever seen.

The distinguished chief and the English commis-

sioner smoked the peace-pipe together, and exchanged belts. He would "no longer stand in the path of the English: yet they must not imagine that, in taking possession of the French forts, they gained any right to the country; for the French had never bought the land, and lived upon it by sufferance only."

Croghan, accompanied by Pontiac, set out for Detroit, passing a settlement of Ottowas near the Auglaize, a famous locality for game, which had tempted a band of this tribe from the vicinity of Detroit. This stronghold, which Croghan reached on the 17th of August, was a stockade inclosing eighty houses, and standing on a bank commanding a view eighteen miles in extent. The vicinity was thickly settled by a thriftless French population of three or four hundred families. On the 27th a gathering of the tribes about Sandusky and Detroit was effected, and Croghan introduced himself and his mission with a fair imitation of aboriginal eloquence and rhetoric:

"Children, we are glad to see so many of you here present at your ancient council-fire, which has been neglected for some time past, since the high winds have blown and raised heavy clouds over your country. I now, by this belt, rekindle your ancient fire, and throw dry wood upon it, that the blaze may ascend to heaven, so that all nations may see it, and know that you live in peace and tranquillity with your fathers, the English.

"By this belt I disperse all the black clouds from over your heads, that the sun may shine clear on your women and children, that those unborn may enjoy the

blessings of the general peace, now so happily settled between your fathers, the English, and you, and all your younger brethren to the sun setting.

"Children, by this belt I gather up all the bones of your deceased friends, and bury them deep in the ground, that the buds and sweet flowers of the earth may grow over them, that we may not see them any more.

"Children, with this belt I take the hatchet out of your hands, and pluck up a large tree and bury it deep, so that it may never be found any more; and I plant the tree of peace, which all our children may sit under and smoke in peace with their fathers.

"Children, we have made a road from the sunrising to the sunsetting. I desire that you will preserve the road good and pleasant to travel upon, that we may all share the blessings of this happy union."

On the following day Pontiac spoke in behalf of the several nations assembled at the council:

"Father we have all smoked out of this pipe of peace. It is your children's pipe, and as the war is all over, and the Great Spirit and Giver of Light, who has made the earth and everything therein, has brought us all together this day for our mutual good, to promote the good works of peace, I declare to all nations that I have made my peace with you before I came here, and now deliver my pipe to be sent to Sir William Johnson, that he may know I have made peace, and taken the king of England for my father in the presence of all the nations now assembled, and whenever any of those nations go to visit him, they may

smoke out of it with him in peace. Father, we are obliged to you for lighting up our old council-fire for us, and desiring us to return to it; but we are now settled on the Miami River (Miami of the Lakes, or Maumee), not far from hence; whenever you want us you will find us there ready to wait on you. The reason why I choose to stay where we are now settled, is that we love liquor, and to be so near this as we formerly lived, our people would be always drunk, which might occasion some quarrels between the soldiers and our people. This, father, is all the reason I have for not returning to our old settlements; and where we live is so nigh this place, that when we want to drink we can easily come for it. [Gave a large belt with wampum tied to it.]

"Father, be strong and take pity on us, your children, as our former father did. It is just the hunting season of your children. Our father, the French, formerly used to credit his children for powder and lead to hunt with. I request, in behalf of all the nations present, that you will speak to the traders now here to do the same. My father, once more I request that you tell your traders to give your children credit for a little powder and lead, as the support of our families depends upon it. We have told you where we live, not far from here, that whenever you want us, and let us know, we will come directly to you. [A belt.]

"Father, you have stopped up the rum barrel when we came here, until the business of this meeting was over. As it is now finished, we request you may

open the barrel, that your children may drink and be merry."

In the following year Pontiac attended a similar conference at Oswego, in the presence of Sir William Johnson. About four years after he met his death at an Indian carousal at Cahokia, opposite St. Louis, at the hands of a Kaskaskia assassin, who had been bribed with a barrel of rum to do the deed. An English trader, named Williamson, is said to have instigated the murder. He was stealthily approached from behind, and cut down with a tomahawk. An avenging war followed, which nearly exterminated the Illinois tribes. His reply, when warned of his danger by St. Ange, was characteristic of the man: "Captain, I am a man. I know how to fight. I have always fought openly. They will not murder me; and if any man attacks me as a brave man, I am his match."

Year after year, as settlements here and there were made in Western Virginia, and along the Alleghany and Monongahela, the Red Man saw the shadow of his approaching destiny, as the sun of eastern civilization rose higher on its western course. The curling smoke from every new cabin of the white man witnessed a new vow of vengeance from savage lips. Every new treaty seemed to them a pretext for seizing more land. They failed to be satisfied with the result of a series of conferences, from that of the Six Nations in 1684, in 1701, in 1726, at Lancaster in 1744; to that with the Western Indians at Logstown, seventeen miles below Pittsburg, June 9, 1752, in which

they refused to acknowledge the right of the Six Nations at Lancaster to give away their lands, and were afterward wheedled into a grant for a settlement southeast of the Ohio. By the recent treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768, the Indians claimed all lands north of the line running from the mouth of the Tennessee River, up the Ohio and the Alleghany as high as Kittaning, and thence to the Susquehanna. Separate deeds were given to portions of the lands south of this line: one to the traders whose goods had been destroyed in the war of Pontiac, one to the king, one to the Proprietaries of the Colony of Pennsylvania, and one to George Croghan. This treaty was made by the New York Indians—the Delawares and Shawnees refusing to sign the deeds of cession. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the Ohio Indians should be in the highest degree incensed. The hunting-grounds of Kentucky, the scene of many a sanguinary conflict with the Cherokees, and of many a pleasant chase of the deer and buffalo, were not tamely to be given up. They might not find, among the magnolias of the South, or the perennial verdure of the Mexican table-lands, a more delightful home for the sensuous and material Indian.

Regardless of the royal proclamation of October 7, 1763, forbidding the private settlement or purchase of lands west of the Alleghanies, upon the return of peace settlers flocked in droves to the forbidden territory. It mattered not that proclamations were issued by the authorities, warning intruders away; the remonstrances of the Indians were equally unavail-

ing. General Gage, the commandant at Fort Pitt, received orders to dislodge the settlers on the Redstone. The settlers were as much enamored with the wilderness as the Red Men themselves, and nothing less than superior force could avail to drive them away.

At a conference with the Ohio tribes, held by George Croghan, at Pittsburg, in May, 1768, Nymwha, a Shawnee, hits effectively the mania of the whites for emigration westward:

"We desired you not to go down this river in the way of the warriors belonging to the foolish nations to the westward, and told you that the waters of this river, a great way below this place, were colored with blood; you did not pay any regard to this, but asked us to accompany you in going down, which we did, and we felt the smart of rashness, and with difficulty returned to our friends. (Alluding adroitly to Croghan's unlucky capture at the mouth of the Wabash in 1765.) We see you now about making batteaux, and we make no doubt you intend going down the river again, which we now tell you is disagreeable to all nations of Indians, and now again desire you to sit still at this place.

"They are also uneasy to see that you think yourselves masters of this country because you have taken it from the French, who, you know, had no right to it, as it is the property of us Indians. We often hear that you intend to fight with the French again; if you do, we desire you will remove your quarrel out of the country, and carry it over the great waters, where you

used to fight, and where we shall neither see or know anything of it."

So bold an expression of feeling was somewhat modified as the conference proceeded, and Croghan was asked to forget what they had said, and help them to some council wampum, as they were very poor.

As emigration advanced, the Delawares, inclined to be peaceful, retired into the forests, and gathered their various bands within a narrowing circle, until the murder of Logan's family aroused them to take up the bloody tomahawk, and join the savage Shawnees in their wild cry for bloed.

Previous to the obtaining of the sanction of the king, in 1774, to the re-organization of the old Ohio Land Company, George Washington had obtained patents of land on the Ohio River, between the Great and Little Kanawha, upon the Great Kanawha River, and near Wheeling, to the amount of thirty-two thousand three hundred and seventy-three acres. He had conceived a very favorable idea of the country, and determined to see for himself the beauties of the Ohio. In 1770, in company with Captain William Crawford, who afterward suffered the infernal tortures of the stake at the hands of the Ohio Indians, Washington descended the river to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, ascended that stream some fourteen miles, and then visited the Mingo town at which Logan resided. He said: "The Indians who reside upon the Ohio—the upper parts of it, at least—are composed of Shawnees, Delawares, and some of the Mingoes, who, getting but little part of the consideration that was

given for the lands of the Ohio, view the settlements of the people upon this river with an uneasy and jealous eye, and do not scruple to say that they must be compensated for their right, if the people settle thereon, notwithstanding the cession of the Six Nations. On the other hand, the people of Virginia and elsewhere are exploring and marking all the lands that are valuable, not only on the Redstone and other waters on the Monongahela, but along the Ohio, as low as the Little Kanawha; and by the next summer I suppose they will get to the Great Kanawha at least." And in verification of this prediction he proceeded to survey, for his own use, huge tracts of fertile bottoms.

These encroachments of the whites, so persistent and so rapidly increasing in number, particularly at this period, when that tide began to flow which swelled and swept the whole surface of Kentucky with an inundation of emigration, excited the savages to a last, long, desperate attempt to retain their hold upon those broad green prairies, perennial fountains, forests alive with the echoes of departed centuries, and the venerated graves of their fathers.

By a furious and determined onslaught of the combined strength of the various tribes, in continuous attacks and surprises, at all inhabited points, they hoped to drive back the white intruders over the mountains; or, failing to stem the human torrent, they determined to perish in the attempt to save their beautiful land from the desecrating touch of the foot of the hated white man.

CHAPTER VII.

Logan—The Murder of his Family—His Revenge—"Logan's Speech."

LOGAN, whose name has been rendered immortal by his touchingly eloquent speech to Lord Dunmore, was a son of Skikellimus, a head chief of the Iroquois living on the Susquehanna, a disciple of the Moravian missionaries of Count Zinzendorf, whom the old chief had entertained on his visit to Shamokin, Pennsylvania, in 1742. When he appeared as a candidate for baptism, the missionaries hesitated on account of his having been baptized previously by a Catholic priest in Canada—upon which he destroyed a small idol which he always wore about his neck. He was a man of influence and integrity. Skikellimus had a high regard for James Logan, Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania, and named his son for him. The early life of Logan was spent in Pennsylvania, where he acquired an enviable character for kindness and amiability. His personal appearance was commanding. David Zeisberger, the Moravian friend of his father, speaks of him as a man of quick comprehension and good judgment.

Hon. R. P. Maclay gives an anecdote in illustration, which has its scene in Mifflin county, at the Big

Spring, four miles west of Logan's Spring, where Judge Brown, the first settler of the Kishacoquillas Valley, was surprised by the Indian Logan.

"The first time I saw the spring," said the old gentleman to a brother of the narrator of this anecdote, "my brother, James Reed and myself, had wandered out of the valley in search of land, and finding it good, were looking about for springs. About a mile from this we started a bear, and separated to get a shot at him. I was traveling along, looking about on the rising ground for the bear, when I came suddenly upon the spring, and being dry, and more rejoiced to find so fine a spring than to have killed a dozen bears, I set my rifle against a bush and rushed down the bank, and laid down to drink. Upon putting my head down, I saw reflected in the water, on the opposite side, the shadow of a tall Indian. I sprang to my rifle, when the Indian gave a yell, whether for peace or war I was not just then sufficiently master of my faculties to determine; but upon my seizing my rifle and facing him, he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming, and extended his open palm to me in token of friendship. After putting down our guns, we again met at the spring, and shook hands. This was Logan—the best specimen of humanity I ever met with, either *white* or *red*. He could speak a little English, and told me there was another white hunter a little way down the stream, and offered to guide me to his camp. There I first met your father. We remained together in the valley a week, looking for springs and selecting lands

and laid the foundation of a friendship which never had the slightest interruption.

"We visited the camp at Logan's Spring, and your father and he shot at a mark for a dollar a shot Logan lost four or five rounds, and acknowledged himself beaten. When we were about to leave him he went into his hut and brought out as many deerskins as he had lost dollars, and handed them to Mr. Maclay, who refused to take them, alleging that we had been his guests, and did not come to rob him; that the shooting had been only a trial of skill, and the bet merely nominal. Logan drew himself up with great dignity, and said, 'Me bet to make you shoot your best—me gentlemen, and me take your dollar if me beat.' So he was obliged to take the skins, or affront our friend, whose nice sense of honor would not permit him to receive even a horn of powder in return."

Mrs. Norris, a daughter of the old judge, living near the spring, is authority for further incidents in the life of this aboriginal celebrity.

Logan supported his family by killing deer, dressing the skins, and selling them to the whites. He had sold quite a parcel to one De Yong, a tailor, who lived in Ferguson's Valley, below the gap. Tailors in those days dealt extensively in buckskin breeches. Logan received his pay, according to stipulation, in wheat. The wheat, on being taken to the mill, was found so worthless that the miller refused to grind it. Logan was much chagrined, and attempted in vain to obtain redress from the tailor. He then took the matter before his friend Brown, then a magistrate;

and on the judge's questioning him as to the character of the wheat and what was in it, Logan sought in vain to find words to express the precise nature of the article with which the wheat was adulterated, but said that it resembled in appearance the wheat itself. "It must have been *cheat*," said the judge. "Yoh," said Logan, "that very good name for him." A decision was awarded in Logan's favor, and a writ given to Logan to hand to the constable, which, he was told, would bring him the money for his skins. But the untutored Indian—too uncivilized to be dishonest—could not understand by what magic this little paper would force the tailor against his will to pay for the skins. The judge took down his own commission, with the arms of the king upon it, and explained to him the first principles and operations of civil law. "Law good," said Logan, "make rogues pay." But how much more simple and effective was the law which the Great Spirit had impressed upon his heart—*to do as he would be done by!*

When a sister of Mrs. Norris (afterward Mrs. General Potter) was just beginning to learn to walk, her mother happened to express her regret that she could not get her a pair of shoes to give more firmness to her step. Logan stood by, but said nothing. He soon after asked Mrs. Brown to let the little girl go up and spend the day at his cabin. The cautious heart of the mother was alarmed at such a proposition; but she knew the delicacy of an Indian's feelings—and she knew Logan, too—and with a secret reluctance, but apparent cheerfulness, she complied

with his request. The hours of the day wore slowly away, and it was nearly night, when her little one had not returned. But just as the sun was going down, the trusty chief was seen coming down the path with his charge; and in a moment more the little one trotted into its mother's arms, proudly exhibiting a beautiful pair of moccasins on her little feet, the product of Logan's skill.

During the old French war, Logan lived in Pennsylvania, a firm friend of the whites. After his removal to the Indian town which bore his name, situated on the west side of the Ohio River, a little above Cross Creeks, seventy-five miles below Pittsburg, his revenge was aroused by the murder of his family, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, in what is now Jefferson county.

Injustice seems to have been done to the memory of Colonel Cresap, in the popular mind, by attributing to him this cruel and impolitic transaction. Logan, in his famous speech, alludes to him as the murderer of his family. As good authority as that of George Rogers Clark entirely exonerates him from all connection with the affair. It seems that Dr. John Conolly, a nephew of George Croghan, a resident of Virginia, sought to establish the exclusive authority of that State over Fort Pitt and vicinity. He issued a proclamation for a gathering for military organization at Redstone, now Brownsville, on the 24th and 25th of January, 1774, but was arrested before the time appointed by Arthur St. Clair, who represented the Pennsylvania proprietors. On his release, he

came to Pittsburg, in March, and in the name and under authority of Lord Dunmore, he commenced building the fort, which he called Fort Dunmore. His course tended palpably to precipitate a war with the Indians, and seemed to be shaped purposely to accomplish that end. He wrote inflammatory letters to Virginians, accusing the Indians of stealing horses from the settlements, and committing other depredations.

An alarm spread through the border, occasioned by the killing of a white man near Wheeling by a band of Cherokees. A party of Virginia surveyors and explorers, under the lead of Captain Cresap, repaired at once to Wheeling. Clark was one of this party. At this time a letter was received from Conolly, requesting them to remain in position a few days; and soon after, another, informing him that war was inevitable; that the country should be covered with scouts, and the inhabitants should fortify themselves. In this exigency, a council of settlers and Indian traders was called, and war was formally declared. During the same evening two scalps were brought in, probably those of friendly Indians, who had been sent by the trader, William Butler, to look after the cargo of the canoe attacked by the Cherokees. Ebenezer Zane opposed the killing of these Indians without avail. The party accused, upon being questioned about them, coolly replied that they had fallen overboard from the boat into the river.

The day following this war declaration, canoes of Indians were seen on the river, screening themselves

from view under cover of an island. They were chased fifteen miles, engaged in battle, in which a few were wounded on both sides, and one Indian taken prisoner. Ammunition and other warlike stores were found in their canoes. It was agreed that the party should march the next day to the attack of Logan's camp, some thirty miles up the river. The expedition was entered upon; and when within five miles of the camp, the impropriety of executing the enterprise was urged by Cresap himself, on the ground of its injustice, as it was generally agreed that these Indians were friendly. The party willingly returned, disgusted with the undertaking—starting the same evening in the direction of the Redstone.

A few days after this, occurred the Yellow Creek tragedy. On the Virginia side, at a settlement of a man named Baker, a party of thirty-two whites was gathered under the lead of Captain Daniel Greathouse. From an Indian encampment upon the other side, came a party of five men, bringing with them one woman and her infant child. Three of the men were plied with rum till they were drunk; the other two and the woman, refusing to drink, were shot down, while the drunken Indians were tomahawked. The little pappoose was saved, at the intercession of the mother, who reminded them that the little half-breed was akin to themselves. The Indians, hearing the firing over the river, sent two men to make inquiries about it, who were shot down as they leaped from their canoes upon the beach. A larger deputation was received in the same way, many of them being

killed, and the remainder compelled to retire. The murdered Indians were scalped. Shots were exchanged across the river without effect. None of the whites were even wounded. The survivors fled down the river. Thus resulted this treacherous, cowardly and disgraceful affair, in which three of the nearest relatives of Logan, probably his brother and a sister, were inhumanly butchered.

This aroused the tiger in that amiable chieftain, and he swore that the tomahawk should drink the blood of the white man, till its vengeance should be appeased with a tenfold expiation. His oath was kept, and more than thirty are said to have fallen during that summer of 1774, by the hand of Logan.

Logan had been a persistent friend of the whites, and had just persuaded to peace an Indian council, declaring that the "Long Knives," or Virginians, would come like trees in the woods, and drive them from their lands, unless the hatchet was laid down. His counsel prevailed, and he was rewarded for his fidelity by the murder of his family in cold blood.

Some time was yet spent in negotiations with the Ohio Indians. The Delawares were inclined to peace; the Senecas and Shawnees urged them to take up the hatchet, taunted them, calling them *Shwonnoks*, or whites, greatly to the exasperation of the young Delawares. Dr. Conolly still sought to stir up war, and it is said intercepted their Shawnee guides on a return from an escort of whites, wounding one, even after they had once been saved from his clutches by his uncle, George Croghan. War was inevitable; and

before the month of August, the Shawnees, and Senecas or Mingoes, recruited by a few Delawares and Cherokees, were in the field.

Logan, with a band of eight chosen warriors, boldly penetrated the white settlements at the head waters of the Monongahela, took many scalps, captured several prisoners, and led them off in safety, eluding all pursuit, and defying all attempts at capture.

An incident occurred in this expedition which shows the native kindness of Logan. One of the prisoners, William Robinson, being tried by the council, Logan employed all his eloquence for nearly an hour, to save him; but all to no purpose. It was decided that he should be tortured at the stake. While bound to the stake, Logan appeared, cut the thongs that bound him, threw a belt of wampum around him, led him in safety to his wigwam, and adopted him in place of a brother who had been killed at Yellow Creek. Afterward, at the dictation of Logan, with some ink made with gunpowder, the following letter was written, and afterward found tied to a war-club in a house, on the north fork of Helston Creek, of a family that had been cut off by the Indians:

"CAPTAIN CRESAP:—What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again, on Yellow Creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too, and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry—only myself. CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN."

The Long Knives, as the Virginians were called, now made a foray upon the Ohio territory, led by Colonel McDonald, who descended the great river to the mouth of Captina Creek, and thence pushed his way to the village of Wapatomica, on the Muskingum, destroying several villages on the way, and returning safely with three chiefs as prisoners. In August, the governor of Virginia raised three entire regiments west of the Blue Ridge, and placed General Andrew Lewis in command; at the same time an equal force, under command of Lord Dunmore, marched to form a junction with Lewis at the mouth of the Great Kanawha. At the site of Lewisburg, Va., Lewis was joined by an independent regiment of Virginia volunteers, under command of Colonel John Fields, a brave and able officer. With forces now augmented to eleven hundred men, the commander awaited the coming of Col. Christian, with another regiment. After waiting a few days, without hearing any tidings from him, the order was given to march to the place of rendezvous. Dunmore had not yet arrived. At length a dispatch was received, telling Lewis that he had changed his plan, and designed to march at once upon the Scioto villages, whither Lewis was directed to repair. Disappointed at this change of route, he yet prepared to obey his superior, and promptly commenced preparations for crossing the Ohio. On the morning of October 10th, two men were fired upon while scouting a mile or more from the camp. One was killed; the other gained the camp, and gave notice of the presence of a body of Indians. Colonel

Charles Lewis, with one hundred and fifty Augusta troops, was posted to the right, and Colonel Fleming, with one hundred and fifty Botetourt, Bedford and Fincastle troops, was ordered to the bank of the Ohio on the left. Colonel Lewis had marched scarcely a half mile, when, about sunrise, he received the attack of a large body of hostile Indians, and at the same time Fleming was engaged on the left. The attack was made with savage impetuosity, and repelled with heroic bravery. Soon both commandants fell mortally wounded, and the right wing was forced to yield, until reinforced by eight companies under command of Col. Fields. The Indians were now compelled to give away. Thus the battle raged till noon, and was continued, at intervals during the day. Under cover of the night the Indians retired, having made excellent use of the advantages enjoyed by their slow retreat, the close underwood and steep banks, in carrying off their wounded and throwing their dead into the Ohio. The loss of the whites was severe—fifty-two men killed, half the commissioned officers, and nearly two hundred wounded; the Indians' loss is unknown—thirty-three were found upon the field, and many of the dead were thrown into the river. The probabilities are that the loss was pretty nearly equal. The Indian force engaged was about eleven hundred. Thus closed the ghastly scenes of the battle of Point Pleasant, one of the most sanguinary of Indian conflicts in the Valley of the Ohio. Logan, Cornstalk, Ellinipsico, Red Hawk, and other chiefs of note, are said to have been present. Cornstalk's voice rung

high above the din of battle—"Be strong! Be strong!" When a warrior manifested symptoms of fright, he is said to have buried his hatchet in his brain as coolly as if he had been a pale face.

Lord Dunmore, with his division, numbering as many as that of General Lewis, passed the mountains at the Potomac Gap, and crossed the Ohio above Wheeling. A talk was had with the Senecas and Delawares on the 6th of October. Passing down the river to the mouth of the Hockhocking, a halt was made and Fort Gower was erected. At this point—twenty-eight miles above Point Pleasant—during the fight, the roar of the musketry was distinctly heard by placing the ear upon the ground. Dunmore proceeded to the present site of Logan, Hocking county, and thence west to the left bank of Sippo Creek, seven miles southeast of Circleville. This encampment was named Camp Charlotte.

A messenger was sent hence to intercept General Lewis. Fired with zeal for signal victory over the Red Men, and smarting under the loss of his brother, he felt little inclination to heed the command of Dunmore, but pressed to Congo Creek, within striking distance of the Indian towns of Pickaway, and near to Old Chillicothe, the site of the present village of Westfall. The infuriated Virginians could scarcely be restrained; they ventured to charge the royal governor with attempting to form an alliance with the Indian tribes for the benefit of Great Britian in the approaching revolutionary struggle. Dunmore went to enforce his orders in person, and drew his sword on

General Lewis, threatening him with instant death if he persisted in his obstinacy.

The Indians were for peace; they had suffered sufficiently. Cornstalk upbraided his people because they had not listened to his suggestions of peace before the battle. "What," said he, "will you do now? The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall all be killed. Now you must fight, or we are undone." He paused for a reply. "Then let us kill all our women and children, and go and fight till we die." Still there was no answer. Rising, he struck his tomahawk sharply into a post of the council-house, exclaiming, "I'll go and make peace." The only response was a satisfactory "Ough! ough!" from the warriors.

Colonel Wilson, of Dunmore's staff, says of his oratory in the council:

"When he arose, he was no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice, without stammering or repetition, and with peculiar emphasis. His looks, while addressing Dunmore, were truly grand and majestic, yet graceful and attractive. I have heard many celebrated orators, but never one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk on this occasion."

John Gibson, the interpreter to Lord Dunmore, stated in "Jefferson's Notes," "that on his arrival at the towns, Logan, the Indian, came to where the deponent was sitting with Cornstalk and the other chiefs of the Shawnees, and asked him to walk out with him; that they went into a copse of wood, where they

sat down, when Logan, after shedding abundance of tears, delivered to him the speech, nearly as related by Mr. Jefferson in his notes on the State of Virginia; that he, the deponent, told him that it was not Colonel Cresap who had murdered his relations, and that although his son, Captain Michael Cresap, was with the party that killed a Shawnese chief and other Indians, yet he was not present when his relations were killed at Baker's, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio; that this deponent, on his return to camp, delivered the speech to Lord Dunmore; and that the murders perpetrated as above were considered as ultimately the cause of the war of 1774, commonly called Cresap's war."

There are several versions of this remarkable speech, as reported by different authors. The following is the Jefferson version:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have

sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

LOGAN'S MONUMENT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Daniel Boone—His Boyhood—Hears of the West—His Pioneer Adventures—Captain Bullit at Old Chillicothe.

The name of Daniel Boone is more widely known than that of any other western pioneer. He may be taken as a type of the class. Plain, unassuming, rough and homely, yet resòlute, wary, sagacious, sincere and true. He was a man that would be laughed out of a circle of fashionable exquisites, were it not a moral impossibility that he could be induced to enter it.

His birth place has been claimed by Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, but a recent biography concedes the honor to Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and makes the date 1746. At three years of age he went with his parents to the head waters of the Schuylkill, where his earliest exploits of babyhood were the killing of squirrels and raccoons. In one of his boyish excursions, as he was wending his way homeward in the twilight, his companions screamed "a panther!" and scampered. Boone stood still, and shot between the glaring eye-balls of something that fell at his feet. It *was* a panther.

An occasional hunt did not suffice; one day, with rifle and dog, he wandered off, and was several days after found by his anxious parents, in a cabin three

Daniel Boone

miles away, surrounded by skins of animals, and roasting a piece of meat for his supper.

Young Boone was a poor scholar. He once enjoyed the varied scholastic ministrations of a whisky-loving Irish school master, whose educational machinery was kept in thorough lucubration by the oil of birch, applied at all hours, but with greater frequency and unction after a walk in a certain direction at recess. One morning, asking permission to "go out," he was seduced into the chase of a squirrel that imprudently appeared before him, and found, in a bower of vines into which the nimble fellow had disappeared, a—bottle of whisky! The mystery was disclosed. And a notable plan, with the advice and consent of the larger boys in council assembled, was formed. A bottle of whisky, flavored with tartar emetic, was placed in the bower. The master took his walk, came in cross as usual, and commenced his manual exercise of flagellation. Our hero was called up to display his skill in arithmetic.

"If you substract six from nine, what remains?"

"Three, sir."

"If you take three-quarters from a whole number, what remains?"

"The whole, sir."

"You blockhead!" (beating him,) "you stupid little fool, how can you show that?"

"If I take one bottle of whisky, and put in its place another in which I have mixed an emetic, the whole will remain, if nobody drinks it!"

The Irishman, before pale and sick, was now des-

perately sick and terribly enraged. They fought, young Boone and the Irishman, the children shouted and roared, the master was knocked down, the house was emptied, the school prematurely dismissed—and thus was Daniel Boone graduated at the People's Seminary.

While yet a youth, scarcely in his teens, his father moved to the head waters of the Yadkin, in North Carolina. Here was a paradise of deer and turkeys; and while the father and brothers wrought upon the farm, Daniel supplied the table munificently with the treasures of the streams and the forest, and their home became proverbial for a cordial welcome to every stranger, and good, hospitable fare.

A little distance away curled the smoke of another cabin, in a little clearing, inhabited by a worthy woodsman named Bryan, who had hewn from a native forest a farm of a hundred acres, and built a snug domicil in a romantic nook almost encircled by a silvery mountain stream.

Daniel had a strange hunt one night. Starting out with a friend, with a blazing torch of pitch pine, and a trusty rifle, for a fire-hunt, he reached a portion of the forest skirting the farm of Bryan. Soon his companion reined up his horse, seeing two eyes shining in the distance, and Boone raised his rifle, took aim, and —it seemed very like a deer—and still he hesitated. The game fled. The young hunter leaped from his horse, and gave chase in the darkness, and gained upon its track, till an opposing fence was surmounted at a bound, while he clambered over with his rifle.

The game was lost, but as he emerged before Mr. Bryan's house, he went in to tell his adventure, where he was introduced as "a son of neighbor Boone," just as a lad of seven came rushing in, followed by a girl of sixteen, and crying out,

"O father! father! sister is frightened to death! She went down to the river, and was chased by a panther!"

Daniel Boone, flushed and heated, leaning on his rifle, stood confronted by Rebecca Bryan, trembling, panting for breath, her heart in her mouth. As for his heart, it was gone at once, and utterly. She had "shined his eyes," and beaten him in his own profession, taking her game alive! They were married; and away in the unsettled region of the sources of the Yadkin, the couple found a home—a little farm, plenty to eat, and in the course of years a number of mouths to eat it. And again he was happy, till settlers came in to disturb his game and his cheerful solitude.

In 1754, Kentucky was visited by a white man, named James McBride, who returned with glowing descriptions of the "best tract of land in North America, and probably in the world." Some years afterward, Dr. Walker, of Virginia, made a western exploration, and gave a good account of the country. In 1767, John Finley, a backwoodsman of North Carolina, with several companions, lived and hunted in those far off wilds, which he found uninhabited by Indians, but the common hunting ground and scene of many a savage conflict between the tribes. He

filled the mind of Boone with visions of trees and flowers, high mountains, grassy valleys, clear streams, strange caves, singular salt springs, the foot-prints of men in solid rocks, and the strange figures of animals upon the high cliffs. Attracted by the sympathy of a kindred nature, he remained with Boone during the winter.

On the first of May, 1769, in company with Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool, Boone set out for the "dark and bloody ground." Equipped with rifle, shot-bag, powder-horn, and knapsack, he parted from wife and children, to return he knew not when, if ever. Crossing the summit of the Cumberland Mountains, they descended into a valley clothed with luxurious verdure, and swarming with buffaloes.

With as much of the choicest buffalo meat as they could carry, they resumed their march, and reached Red River a month after the date of their outset. Here a long delay was made at a trading post, once occupied by Finley, and the party were surfeited with the delights of the chase, and the delicacies which it procured. "Ah!" said Boone, "who would live among the barren pine hills of North Carolina, to hear the screaming of the jay, and now and then shoot a deer too lean to be eaten? This is the land of hunters. Here man and beast may grow to their full size."

On the 22d of December, Boone and Stewart, of these pilgrims of emigration, started off upon an expedition across the beautiful plains. It was near dark

one evening, as they reached the Kentucky River. To get a view of it they climbed a hill, and, while descending, their ears were saluted with the unwelcome whoop of a band of Indians, by whom they had been discovered. They were surprised, overpowered by numbers—resistance was useless—they were seized, relieved of arms and ammunition, bound, and marched off to the camp of the party. What was to be their fate, they had no means of determining; as they advanced, it became evident that the Indians themselves had not, as yet, decided their fate.

They could gather nothing from the language, and but little from signs. They had sufficient appreciation of the Indian character, to feel the necessity of preserving an appearance of fearlessness. As they journeyed, it became apparent that some were for sparing, and others for killing the prisoners. The captors were deceived by the apparent unconcern of their captives, and relaxed something of their proverbial vigilance. On the seventh night of their march, as all the savages were asleep in camp, about midnight Boone touched Stewart and waked him. It was their last opportunity. They rose cautiously, groped their way to their rifles, and made their escape in silence and in darkness. At the close of the following day they were fortunate enough to reach their own camp. What was their surprise and sorrow to find it plundered and deserted. Whether their friends had been made prisoners, been murdered, or had returned to North Carolina, they were unable to tell. They were weary and dispirited, and sought repose. They heard

a sound. Instantly their hands grasped their faithful rifles. Peering out into the darkness, Boone saw two figures approaching, and asked, "Who comes here?" "White men and friends," was the reply. It was his brother, Squire Boone, and another adventurer, from North Carolina. They had been days searching for the camp, and had just found it. The husband and father welled ominously forth from the eyes of Boone, as he heard that his wife and children were well.

Soon after, while the four were engaged in the excitement of a buffalo hunt, Boone and Stewart pressed on, unmindful of distance and danger. Just as they were returning, exhausted with fatigue, a band of Indians rushed from their ambush in a cane brake, and let fly their arrows. Poor Stewart fell dead, and Boone, feeling that resistance would be useless, and flight his only hope, by almost superhuman exertions made good his escape, and reached the camp completely exhausted. Reduced to three, and soon after to two, by the return home of Squire Boone's associate, the little party, now consisting of the two brothers, began to feel the loneliness of their condition. They were certain that the Indians knew their present location, and they determined to seek another, which was finished in season for the approaching winter. Thus they lived, spending their time in hunting, undisturbed by an Indian, during the whole winter.

Their ammunition began to run low, and a new supply must be obtained. It was settled that Squire Boone should return to North Carolina, there obtain

powder and shot, and a couple of horses, while Daniel should remain by the camp. Squire took his leave, and their only dog following him, left Daniel Boone to the companionship of nature only. Like another Alexander Selkirk, he was monarch of all he surveyed. Even he could not fail to feel something of the solitude of his lone condition.

He now changed his camp nightly, for greater security against an Indian surprise, sometimes resting among the caves of the rocks, sometimes reposing by the side of a stream, and sometimes seeking the gloomy recess of a canebrake. Day followed day, and night succeeded night, and Boone was ever the companion of wood and stream, of bear and buffalo, the eagle and the mocking-bird, the butterflies with wings of gauze, and flowers of richest perfume, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." Nature was to him the temple in which he worshiped. The ravine, the forest, the bubbling spring, were aisle, and column and font. He wandered through Kentucky as one "who treads alone some banquet hall deserted."

At one time he espied a roving party as he stopped to rest in the shade of a tree. He commenced winding a cautious course through the forest, hoping to elude discovery, if they had not already seen him. He soon became satisfied that they had either seen him, or had noticed his tracks, and were upon his trail. Even this prince of woodmen was for a time puzzled to know what to do. A happy thought struck him. He had passed the brow of a small hill, and

saw grapevines depending from the trees all around him. Seizing one, with a desperate effort at primitive gymnastics, he threw himself as far as strength and agility would permit. This broke the trail. He then started off at the top of his speed, in a different direction.

Time rolled on; he was nearly out of ammunition; his brother had not returned, and might have fallen a prey to the dangers of the way. Sadness came over him, as he thought of his wife and children; the brave man was sick at heart under the depressing influence of this long-continued solitude. He had been three months alone, when, on one lonely evening, July 27th, the tread of horses was heard, and Squire Boone appeared, with abundance of ammunition and other stores. It was an era long to be remembered—a golden link in the chain of life's vicissitudes.

Boone now proposed to his brother that they should together make a thorough survey of the country, select a point for settlement, and return for their families and neighbors. It was agreed. The fall and winter passed away in this search for a future home. After traversing the Valley of the Cumberland and other sections, a delightful location on the banks of the Kentucky was selected; and they now bade adieu for a time to the wild country of their choice, and turned their faces homeward, in March, 1771. Soon Boone was in the bosom of his family, on the banks of the Yadkin, where he remained two years settling his business for a final move, and beating up recruits for the adventurous enterprise. All his accounts of Ken-

tucky were colored with a tint of rose. He had yet much opposition to encounter from his neighbors, who declared that the country was wild, the climate conducive to various terrible diseases, the whole land overrun with wild beasts and hostile Indians, and to such a degree that it had ever been known as "the dark and bloody ground."

At length five families were ready for the journey; it was commenced September 25, 1773, with their little ones, their flocks and their herds, and all portable conveniences for the mode of life upon which they had entered. At Powell's Valley, not far from the Yadkin, they received an accession of forty men. They now pushed on in high spirits—a company of seventy to eighty souls. In less than two weeks they had passed Powell's Range, and were quietly descending the second ridge of the Alleghanies, known as Walden's Range, when their ears were pierced with the wild whoop of Indians. A shower of arrows greeted them, and six of the party fell dead, and a seventh wounded; panic seized them; their cattle had fled in affright, and the party, sorrow-stricken for the dead, wished to turn back forty miles to a settlement on the Clinch River. The Boones—and Daniel had lost one of his children—were for advancing; they finally gave way, the dead were decently buried, and the company fell back upon the Clinch settlement.

After remaining here with his family for eight months, he acceded to a request of Governor Dunmore, and acted as guide to a party of surveyors, who were destined to the site of Louisville, at the Falls of

the Ohio. Having reached this point, he was at liberty to return; he made this journey on foot in the short period of sixty-two days. Next, with the rank of captain, he was commissioned for service among the Shawnees northwest of the Ohio, which duty was performed with skill and alacrity.

As agent for a North Carolina company, he superintended a treaty and purchase of lands south of the Kentucky River, of the Cherokees, at Wataga. This service was so well performed that he was deputed to mark out a road from their settlement to the Kentucky River. On the way he was twice attacked by Indians, and had fourteen killed and five wounded. To guard against the savages, on their arrival at the river, in April, 1775, they commenced building a fort at a salt lick about sixty yards from the south bank of the stream. On the 14th of June, the fort was finished, with the loss of one man killed by the Indians, and Boone returned to Clinch River for his family. Thus was commenced the settlement of Boonesborough, where he was proud to stand as the first settler, and point to his wife and daughter as the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River.

As a fitting close to this chapter, among the details of the initiatory step toward the settlement of Kentucky, we append a record, so characteristic of those daring times, of the interview between Captain Thomas Bullit and the Shawnees of Old Chillicothe, a famous stronghold three miles north of the present site of Xenia, in Green county. It was in the year 1773.

and the gallant captain was proceeding down the Ohio with a party, for the purpose of making surveys and a settlement. He entered the town alone with a flag of truce, before he was discovered. The Indians, astonished at his boldness, flocked round him, and the following dialogue ensued:

Indian Chief.—What news do you bring? Are you from the Long Knife? If you are an ambassador, why did you not send a runner?

Bullit.—I have no bad news. The Long Knife and the Red Men are at peace, and I have come among my brothers to have a friendly talk with them about settling on this side of the Ohio.

Indian Chief.—Why did you not send a runner?

Bullit.—I had no runner swifter than myself, and as I was in haste I could not await the return of a runner. If you were hungry and had killed a deer, would you send your squaw to town to tell the news, and await her return before you would eat?

This reply of Bullit put the bystanders in high humor; they relaxed from their native gravity and laughed heartily. The Indians conducted Bullit into the principal wigwam of the town, and regaled him with venison, after which he addressed the chief as follows:

"Brothers, I am sent with my people, whom I left on the Ohio, to settle the country on the other side of the river as far down as the Falls; we come from Virginia; I only want the ground to settle and cultivate the soil. There will be no objection to your

hunting and trapping in it as heretofore. I hope you will live with us in friendship."

To this address the principal chief made the following reply:

"Brother, you have come a hard journey through the woods and the grass. We are pleased to find that your people, in settling our country, are not to disturb us in our hunting; for we must hunt to kill meat for our women and children, and to have something to buy powder and lead, and procure blankets and other necessaries. We desire you will be strong in discharging your promises toward us, as we are determined to be strong in advising our young men to be kind, friendly and peaceable toward you."

Having finished his mission, Captain Bullit returned to his men, and with them descended the river to the Falls.

CHAPTER IX.

Expedition against Wapatomica.

UNDER the command of Colonel Angus M'Donald, four hundred men were collected from the western part of Virginia; the place of rendezvous was Wheeling, some time in the month of June, 1774. They went down the river in boats and canoes, to the mouth of Captina, from thence by the shortest route to the Wapatomica town, about sixteen miles below the present Coshocton. The pilots were Jonathan Zane, Thomas Nicholson and Tady Kelly. About six miles from the town the army was met by a party of Indians, to the number of forty or fifty, who gave a skirmish, by the way of ambuscade, in which two of our men were killed and eight or nine wounded. It was supposed that several more of them were killed, but they were carried off.

When the army came to the town, it was found evacuated; the Indians had retreated to the opposite shore of the river, where they had formed an ambuscade, supposing the party would cross the river from the town; this was immediately discovered. The commanding officer then sent sentinels up and down the river, to give notice in case the Indians should attempt to cross above or below the town. A private

in the company of Captain Cresap, of the name of John Hargus, one of the sentinels below the town, displayed the skill of a backwoods sharpshooter. Seeing an Indian behind a blind across the river, raising up his head at times, to look over the river, Hargus charged his rifle with a second ball, and taking deliberate aim, passed both balls through the neck of the Indian. The Indians dragged off the body and buried it with the honors of war. It was found the next morning, and scalped by Hargus.

Soon after the town was taken, the Indians from the opposite shore sued for peace. The commander offered them peace on condition of their sending over their chiefs as hostages. Five of them came over the river, and were put under guard as hostages. In the morning, they were marched in front of the army over the river. When the party had reached the western bank of the Muskingum, the Indians represented that they could not make peace without the presence of the chiefs of the other towns. On which, one of the chiefs was released to bring in the others. He did not return in the appointed time. Another chief was permitted to go on the same errand, who in like manner did not return. The party then moved up the river to the next town, which was about a mile above the first, and on the opposite shore. Here we had a slight skirmish with the Indians, in which one of them was killed, and one of our men wounded. It was then discovered that during all the time spent in the negotiation, the Indians were employed in removing their women and children, old people and

effects, from the upper towns. The towns were burned and the corn cut up. The party then returned to the place from which they set out, bringing with them the three remaining chiefs, who were sent to Williamsburgh. They were released at the peace, the succeeding fall.

The army were out of provisions before they left the towns, and had to subsist on weeds, one ear of corn each day, with a very scanty supply of game; the corn was obtained at one of the Indian towns.

The following record of this affair is made by Abraham Thomas, of Miami county:

"The collected force consisted of four hundred men. I was often at their encampment, and against the positive injunctions of my parents, could not resist my inclination to join them. At this time I was eighteen years of age, owned my own rifle and accouterments, and had been long familiar with the use of them. Escaping, I made the best possible provision I could from my own resources, and hastened to enter as a volunteer under old Mike, then Captain Cresap. The plan of the expedition was for every man to cross the Ohio with seven days' provision in his pack. The object was to attack the Indians in their villages at Wapatomica. Some were on the waters of the Muskingum. On the first or second day's march after crossing the Ohio, we were overtaken by a Colonel M'Donald, a British officer, who highly incensed the troops by ordering a halt for three days, during which we were consuming our provisions. While laying here, a violent storm through the night had wet our

arms, and M'Donald ordered the men to discharge them in a hollow log, to deaden the report. My rifle would not go off, and I took the barrel out to unbreech it. In doing this, I made some noise in beating it with my tomahawk, on which M'Donald came toward me, swearing, with an uplifted cane, threatening to strike. I instantly arose on my feet, with the rifle-barrel in my hand, and stood in an attitude of defense. We looked each other in the eye for some time; at last he dropped his cane and walked off, while the whole troop set up a laugh, crying, 'The boy has scared the colonel!' Cresap heard what was going on, and approached to defend me; but seeing how well I could defend myself, stood by, smiling at the fracas. The colonel having no reputation as an Indian fighter, was very naturally disliked as a leader, by Cresap and the men.

"From this encampment we proceeded toward the Indian villages with the intention of surprising them; but late in the afternoon before we reached them, we encountered the Indians laying in ambush on the top of a second bottom. We had just crossed a branch, and were marching along its first bottom, with a view of finding some place to cross a swamp that lay between us and the upper bottom. The men were marching in three parallel, Indian-file columns, some distance apart. On espying a trace across the swamp, the heads of the columns, in passing it, were thrown together, and as soon as they had gained the bank, unexpectedly received the fire of the enemy. The troops immediately deployed to the right and left, under the

bank, and commenced ascending it, when the skirmish became general and noisy for about thirty minutes. The Indians then gave way in every direction. In this fight we had four or five killed and many wounded; it was supposed the Indians suffered much more.

"During the engagement, while I was ascending the point of a bank formed by a ravine from the second bottom, in company with two men, Martin and Fox, all aiming to gain the cover of some large oak trees on the top, they both fell; the first was killed—the last wounded in the breast, the ball having entered the bone, but was drawn out with the clothes. These men were walking in a line with each other, and an Indian chief, concealed behind the tree for which I was aiming, shot them both with one ball. I took no notice whence the ball came, and hastened to the tree; just as I had gained it, the chief fell dead from the other side, and rolled at my feet. It seems a neighbor, who had seen him fire at Martin and Fox and dodge behind the tree, stood ready to give him a shot whenever he should again make his appearance. The Indian had got his ball half down, and peeped out to look at me, when Wilson shot him in the head. The Indians retreated toward Wapatomica, flanked by two companies in hot pursuit; we followed in the rear, and as the last Indian was stepping out of the water, Captain Teabaugh, a great soldier and a good marksman, brought him to the ground. I was at the time standing near Teabaugh, and shall never forget the thrilling emotion produced by this incident.

"During this battle, one of the men, Jacob Newbold, saw the colonel laying snug behind a fallen tree, sufficiently remote from danger, had there been no defense. It was immediately noised among the men, who were in high glee at the joke; one would cry out, 'Who got behind the log?' when a hundred voices would reply, 'The colonel! the colonel!' At this, M'Donald became outrageous; I heard him inquire for the man who had raised the report, and threaten to punish him. I went round and told Newbold what the colonel had said. "That's your sort," said he; raising on his feet and going toward the colonel, he declared he did see him slink behind the log during the battle; he gave his rifle to a man standing by, cut some hickories, and stood on the defense, at which the whole company roared with laughter, and the colonel took himself off to another part of the line.

"Night was now at hand, and the division was ordered by the colonel to encamp in an oak wood, in sight of the Indian villages, Cresap's party laying by themselves. This evening, Jack Hayes was spying down the creek, and saw an Indian looking at us through the forks of a low tree: he leveled his rifle and shot him directly between the eyes, and brought him into camp. Just after nightfall, Colonel M'Donald was hailed from over the creek by an Indian, who implored peace in behalf of his tribe. He was invited over by the colonel, who held a parley with him, but declined entering into terms until more Indians were present. It was then proposed, if two white

men would go with the Indians, they would send two more of their number to us; but none being willing to undertake the visit, two came over and stayed all night in the colonel's tent; but their only object was to watch the troops, and gain time to remove their families and effects from the town. Captain Cresap was up the whole night among his men, going the rounds, and cautioning them to keep their arms in condition for a morning attack, which he confidently expected; about two hours before daybreak, he silently formed his men, examined each rifle, and led them across the creek into the villages, leaving M'Donald with the other troops, in the encampment. At this time the Indians who had passed the night in the camp escaped. The village was directly surrounded, and the savages fled from it into the surrounding thicket, in the utmost consternation. In this attack none were killed on either side but one Indian by Captain Cresap.

"By this time, the camp was nearly out of provisions, with a three days march before them. A small quantity of old corn and one cow were the entire spoils of the villages. These were distributed among the men, the villages burned, and the troops immediately commenced their march for the Ohio River, where they expected to meet provisions sent down from Redstone. The men became exceedingly famished on this march, and I myself being young was so weak that I could not longer carry anything on my person. An older brother and one or two others kept encouraging me. One of them had a good stock of tobacco;

I saw him take it, and with an earnestness bordering on delirium, I insisted on having some. As I had never used it before, they refused, thinking it would entirely disable me; but as I was so importunate, they at last gave me a small piece; I directly felt myself relieved; they gave me more, and in a short time my strength and spirits returned. I took my arms and baggage, and was able to travel with the rest of them, and was actually the first to reach the Ohio. Here we met the boats, but nothing in them but corn in the ear; every man was soon at work with his tomahawk, crushing it on the stones, and mixing it with water in gourds or leaves fashioned in the shape of cups, while some provident ones enjoyed the aristocratic luxury of tin cups; but all seemed alike to relish the repast. A party of us crossed the Ohio that day for the settlement, when we came up with a drove of hogs, in tolerable order. We shot one and eat him on the spot, without criticizing with much nicety the mode or manner of preparation. Indeed, the meat of itself was so savory and delicious, we thought of little else. In a few days, I returned to my parents, and after a little domestic storming, and much juvenile vaunting of our exploits, settled down to clearing."

CHAPTER X.

Capture of Boone and Calloway's Children—Colonel Robert Patterson's Narrative.

The first summer of Mrs. Boone's residence in Boonesborough was passed very quietly, and she was happy amid the beautiful forests and flowery plains surrounding their home in the Valley of the Kentucky. But a single Indian was seen in the settlement during the whole season.

"When spring opened—the spring of 1776—the Boones were very busy. A small clearing without the pickets was made for a garden spot. Mrs. Boone and her daughter brought out their stock of garden seeds, and commenced cultivating this, while the men went on earnestly in the work of preparing for cultivating their fields. They were calculating that they were making their homes for life. Day after day the neighborhood resounded with the crash of falling trees, as these hardy men leveled the forests. While they were thus engaged, they were made happy by a new arrival. Colonel Calloway, an old companion of Boone, led by the desire of finding his old friend and a new country, came out to the settlement this spring, and brought with him his two daughters. Here, then, were companions for Boone's daughter. The fathers were happy, and the mothers and girls delighted.

CAPTURE OF BOONE AND CALLOWAY'S CHILDREN.

"Spring had not passed away, however, before they were in sorrow about these children. When the wild flowers began to bloom in the woods, the girls were in the habit of strolling around the fort and gathering them to adorn their humble homes. This was an innocent and pleasant occupation; it pleased the girls as well as their parents. They were only cautioned not to wander far, for fear of the Indians. This caution, it seems, was forgotten. Near the close of a beautiful day in July, they were wandering, as usual, and the beautiful flowers tempted them to stroll thoughtlessly onward. Indians were in ambush; they were suddenly surrounded, seized, and hurried away, in spite of their screams for help. They were carried by their captors to the main body of the Indian party, some miles distant. Night came, and the girls did not return; search was made, and they were no where to be found. The thought now flashed upon Boone that the children were prisoners—the Indians had captured them. The parents were well nigh frantic; possibly the girls were murdered. Boone declared that he would recover his child if alive, if he lost his own life in the effort. The whole settlement was at once roused; every man offered to start off with the two fathers in search of the children. But Boone would not have them all; some must remain behind to protect the settlement. Of the whole number he chose seven; he and Calloway headed them; and in less time than I have been telling the story, laden with their rifles and knapsacks, they were off in pursuit.

"Which way were they to go? It was a long time before they could find a track of the party. The wily Indians, as usual, had used all their cunning in hiding their footprints and breaking their trail. Covering their tracks with leaves; walking at right angles occasionally from the main path; crossing brooks by walking in them for some time, and leaving them at a point far from where they entered; all this had been practiced; and the fathers never would have got on the track if the girls had not been as cunning as their captors. After wandering about for some time, they came at length to a brook, and waded along it for a great while in search of footprints. They looked faithfully far up and down the stream, for they knew the Indian stratagem. Presently Calloway leaped for joy. "God bless my child!" cried he; "they have gone this way." He had picked up a little piece of ribbon, which one of his daughters had dropped purposely to mark the trail. Now they were on the track. Traveling on as rapidly as they could, they from time of time picked up shreds of handkerchiefs, or fragments of their dresses, that the girls had scattered by the way. Before the next day ended they were more clearly on the track. They reached a soft, muddy piece of ground, and found all the footprints of the Indians. The close of the next day brought them still nearer the object of their search. Night had set in; they were still wandering on, when, upon reaching a small hill, they saw a camp-fire in the distance. They were now delighted; this surely was the party that had captured the girls. Every-

thing was left to the management of Boone. He brought his men as near the fire as he dared approach, and sheltered them from observation under the brow of a hill. Calloway and another man were then selected from the group; the rest were told that they might go to sleep; they were, however, to sleep on their arms, ready to start instantly at a given signal. Calloway was to go with Boone; the other man was stationed on the top of the hill, to give the alarm if necessary. The two parents now crept cautiously onward to a covert of bushes near the fire. Looking through, they saw fifteen or twenty Indians fast asleep, but where were the girls? Crawling to another spot, they pushed the bushes cautiously aside, and, to their great joy, saw, in another camp, the daughters sleeping in each other's arms. Two Indians, with their tomahawks, guarded this camp. One seemed to be asleep. They crept gently around in the rear of this. They were afraid to use their rifles; the report would wake the other camp. Calloway was to stand ready to shoot the sleeping Indian, if he stirred, while Boone was to creep behind the other, seize, and strangle him. They were then to hurry off with the children. Unfortunately, they calculated wrong; the Indian whom they supposed to be sleeping was wide awake, and, as Boone drew near, his shadow was seen by this man. He sprang up, and the woods rang with his yell. The other camp was roused, and the Indians came running to this. Boone's first impulse was to use his rifle, but Calloway's prudence restrained him. Had he fired, it would have been certain destruction to

parents and children. They surrendered themselves prisoners, pleading earnestly, at the same time, for their captive daughters. The Indians bound them with cords, placed guards over them, and then returned to their camp. The poor girls, roused by the tumult, now saw their parents in this pitiable condition. Here they were, likewise made captives for their love of them.

"There was no more sleep in the Indian camp that night. Till the dawn of the day they were talking of what should be done to their new prisoners. Some were for burning them at the stake; others objected to this. Boone and Calloway were to be killed, but they were too brave to be killed in this way. Some proposed making them run the gauntlet. At last it was decided (in pity for the girls, it is said) that the parents should be killed in a more decent and quiet way. They were to be tomahawked and scalped, and the girls were still to be kept as prisoners. With the morning's light, they started out to execute the sentence. That the poor girls might not see their parents murdered, the men were led off to the woods, and there lashed to two trees. Two of the savages stood before them with their tomahawks, while the rest were singing and dancing around them. At length the tomahawks were lifted to strike them. At that instant the crack of rifles was heard, and the two Indians fell dead. Another and another report was heard; others fell, and the rest fled in dismay. Boone's companions had saved them. All night long they had waited for the signal; none was given; they

had heard the Indian yell; they feared they were taken. They were instantly untied; the girls were quickly released, and in the arms of their parents; and they all started joyously homeward. Mrs. Boone was delighted to see them. The party had been so long gone, that she feared her husband and child were alike lost to her forever."

Colonel Robert Patterson was born in Pennsylvania, in 1753, and emigrated to Kentucky in 1775, at the age of 22 years. The thrilling narrative below, which gives a graphic view of the dangers and vicissitudes of pioneer life in those days, is a transcript of his own record of an eventful attempt at journeying from his Kentucky home to Pittsburg:

"In the fall of 1776, I started from M'Clellan's Station (now Georgetown, Ky.), in company with Joseph M'Nutt, David Perry, James Wernock, James Templeton, Edward Mitchell, and Isaac Greer, to go to Pittsburg. We procured provision for our journey at the Blue Licks, from the well-known stone house, the Buffalo. At Limestone, we procured a canoe, and started up the Ohio River by water. Nothing material transpired during several of the first days of our journey. We landed at Point Pleasant, where was a fort commanded by Captain Arbuckle. After remaining there a short time, and receiving dispatches from Captain Arbuckle to the commandant at Wheeling, we again proceeded. Aware that Indians were lurking along the bank of the river, we traveled with the utmost caution. We usually landed an hour before sunset, cooked and eat our supper, and went on

until after dark. At night we lay without fire, as convenient to our canoe as possible, and started again in the morning at daybreak. We had all agreed that if any disaster should befall us, by day or night, that we would stand by each other, as long as any help could be afforded. At length the memorable 12th of October arrived. During the day we passed several new improvements, which occasioned us to be less watchful and careful than we had been before. Late in the evening we landed opposite the island (on the Ohio side of the river, in what is now Athens county), then called the Hockhocking, and were beginning to flatter ourselves that we should reach some inhabitants the next day. Having eaten nothing that day, contrary to our usual practice, we kindled a fire and cooked supper. After we had eaten and made the last of our flour into a loaf of bread, and put it into an old brass kettle to bake, that we might be ready to start again, in the morning, at daybreak, we lay down to rest, keeping the same clothes on at night that we wore during the day. For the want of a better, I had on a hunting shirt and a breech-clout (so called), and flannel leggins. I had my powder horn and shot pouch on my side, and placed the butt of my gun under my head. Five of our company lay on the east side of the fire, and James Templeton and myself on the west; we were lying on our left sides, myself in front, with my right hand hold of my gun. Templeton was laying close behind me. This was our position, and asleep, when we were fired upon by a party of Indians. Immediately after the fire they

rushed upon us with tomahawks, as if determined to finish the work of death they had begun. It appeared that one Indian had shot on my side of the fire. I saw the flash of the gun, and felt the ball pass through me, but where I could not tell, nor was it, at first, painful. I sprang to take up my gun, but my right shoulder came to the ground. I made another effort, and was half bent in getting up, when an Indian sprang past the fire with savage fierceness, and struck me with his tomahawk. From the position I was in, it went between two ribs, just behind the back bone, a little below the kidney, and penetrated the cavity of the body. He then immediately turned to Templeton (who, by this time, had got to his feet with his gun in hand), and seized his gun. A desperate scuffle ensued, but Templeton held on, and finally bore off the gun. In the meantime, I made from the light, and in my attempt to get out of sight, I was delayed for a moment by getting my right arm fast between a tree and a sapling, but having got clear and away from the light of the fire, and finding that I had lost the use of my right arm, I made a shift to keep it up by drawing it through the straps of my shot-pouch. I could see the crowd about the fire, but the firing had ceased, and the strife seemed to be over. I had reason to believe that the others were all shot and tomahawked. Hearing no one coming toward me, I resolved to go to the river, and if possible to get into the canoe and float down, thinking by that means I might possibly reach Point Pleasant, supposed to be about one hundred miles distant. Just as I got on

the beach a little below the canoe, an Indian in the canoe gave a whoop, which gave me to understand that it was best to withdraw. I did so; and with much difficulty got to an old log, and being very thirsty, faint and exhausted, I was glad to sit down. I felt the blood running and heard it dropping on the leaves all around me. Presently I heard the Indians board the canoe and float past. All was now silent, and I felt myself in a most forlorn condition; I could not see the fire, but determined to find it, and see if any of my comrades were alive. I steered the course which I supposed the fire to be, and having reached it, I found Templeton alive, but wounded in nearly the same manner that I was; James Wernock was also dangerously wounded, two balls having passed through his body; Joseph M'Nutt was dead and scalped; D. Perry was wounded, but not badly, and Isaac Greer was missing. The miseries of that hour cannot well be described.

"When daylight appeared we held a council, and concluded that inasmuch as one gun and some ammunition was saved, Perry would furnish us with meat, and we would proceed up the river by slow marches to the nearest settlements, supposed to be one hundred miles. A small quantity of provisions which was found scattered around the fire, was picked up and distributed among us, and a piece of blanket which was saved from the fire, was given to me to cover a wound in my back. On examination, it was found that two balls had passed through my right arm, and that the bone was broken; to dress this,

splinters were taken from a tree near the fire, that had been shivered by lightning, and placed on the outside of my hunting-shirt, and bound with a string. And now being in readiness to move, Perry took the gun and ammunition, and we all got to our feet except Wernock, who, on attempting to get up, fell back to the ground. He refused to try again, said that he could not live, and at the same time desired us to do the best we could for ourselves. Perry then took hold of his arm, and told him that if he would get up he would carry him; upon this he made another effort to get up, but falling back as before, he begged us in the most solemn manner to leave him. At his request, the old kettle was filled with water and placed at his side, which he said was the last and only favor he required of us, and then conjured us to leave him and try to save ourselves, assuring us that should he live to see us again, he would cast no reflections of unkindness upon us. Thus we left him. When we had got a little distance I looked back, and distressed and hopeless as Wernock's condition really was, I felt to envy it. After going about one hundred poles, we were obliged to stop and rest, and found ourselves too sick and weak to proceed. Another consultation being held, it was agreed that Templeton and myself should remain there with Edward Mitchell, and Perry should take the gun and go to the nearest settlement and seek relief. Perry promised that if he could not procure assistance, he would be back in four days; he then returned to the camp and found Wernock in the

same state of mind as when we left, perfectly rational and sensible of his condition; replenished his kettle with water, brought us some fire, and started for the settlement.

"Alike unable to go back or forward, and being very thirsty we set about getting water from a small stream that happened to be near us, our only drinking vessel an old wool hat, which was so broken that it was with great difficulty made to hold water; but by stuffing leaves in it, we made it hold so that each one could drink from once filling it. Nothing could have been a greater luxury to us than a drink of water from the old hat. Just at night, Mitchell returned to see if Wernock was still living, intending if he was dead, to get the kettle for us; he arrived just in time to see him expire, but not choosing to leave him until he should be certain he was dead, he staid with him until darkness came on, and when he attempted to return to us, he got lost, and lay from us all night. We suffered much that night from want of fire, and through fear that he was either killed, or that he had run off; but happily for us our fears were groundless, for next morning at sunrise he found his way to our camp. That day we moved about two hundred yards further up a deep ravine, and further from the river. The weather, which had been cold and frosty, now became a little warmer and commenced raining. Those that were with me could set up, but I had no alternative but to lie on my back on the ground, with my right arm over my body. The rain continued next

day. Mitchell took an excursion to examine the hills, and not far distant, he found a rock projecting from the cliff sufficiently to shelter us from the rain, to which place we very gladly removed; he also gathered pawpaws for us, which were our only food, except perhaps a few grapes.

"Time moved slowly on until Saturday. In the meantime, we talked over the danger to which Perry was exposed, the distance he had to go, and the improbability of his returning. When the time had expired which he had allowed himself, we concluded that we would, if alive, wait for him until Monday, and if he did not come then, and no relief should be afforded, we would attempt to travel to Point Pleasant. The third day after our defeat my arm became very painful; the splinters and sleeves of my shirt were cemented together with blood, and stuck so fast to my arm that it required the application of warm water for nearly a whole day to loosen them so that they could be taken off; when this was done, I had my arm dressed with white oak leaves, which had a very good effect. On Saturday, about 12 o'clock, Mitchell came with his bosom full of pawpaws, and placed them convenient to us, and returned to his station on the river. He had been gone about an hour, when to our great joy we beheld him coming with a company of men. When they approached us, we found that our trusty friend and companion, David Perry, had returned to our assistance with Captain John Walls, his officers and most of his company. Our feelings of

gratitude may possibly be conceived, but words can never describe them. Suffice to say that these eyes flowed down plenteously with tears, and I was so completely overwhelmed with joy that I fell to the ground. On my recovery, we were taken to the river and refreshed plentifully with provisions which the captain had brought, and had our wounds dressed by an experienced man, who came for that purpose. We were afterward described by the captain to be in a most forlorn and pitiable condition, more like corpses beginning to putrefy, than living beings.

"While we were at the cliff which sheltered us from the rain, the howling of the wolves in the direction of the fatal spot whence we had so narrowly escaped with our lives, left no doubt that they were feasting on the bodies of our much lamented friends, M'Nutt and Wernock. While we were refreshing ourselves at the river, and having our wounds dressed, Captain Walls went with some of his men to the place of our defeat and collected the bones of our late companions, and buried them with the utmost expedition and care. We were then conducted by water to Captain Walls' station, at Grave Creek."

Colonel Patterson was the original proprietor of Lexington, Kentucky, and owner of one-third of the original town plot of Cincinnati. He was a celebrated Indian fighter; was with General Geo. Rogers Clark in his Illinois expedition of 1778; in Bowman's expedition against Old Chillicothe, in 1779; under Clark again in his memorable Mad River campaign

of 1780; second to Colonel Boone at the battle of the Lower Blue Licks in 1782; a colonel under Clark in his Miami expedition of 1783; and in the Shawnee expedition of Colonel Logan in 1786. He removed to the vicinity of Dayton in 1804, where he died, August 5, 1827.

CHAPTER XI.

Siege of Fort Henry—Mrs. Tackett—The Major Rogers Massacre—Story of Captain Benham.

In the settlement of the Zanes, the present site of Wheeling, a fort was erected in 1774 by Lord Dunmore, and called Fort Fincastle. In 1776 the name was changed to Fort Henry, in honor of the distinguished orator. In the autumn of 1777 the commandant of Fort Pitt, Colonel Hand, was informed that an Indian attack upon Fort Henry was meditated. On the 27th of September two men, sent out to arouse the neighboring settlers, were met by a party of six savages, by whom one of them was shot. The commandant, Colonel Shepherd, sent out a party of thirteen men in pursuit. These were decoyed into an ambush, surrounded, and all but three killed. Another band of thirteen, rushing to the assistance of their comrades, shared their fate. It was now sunrise, and four hundred Indians, led by Simon Girty, invested a fort that had but twelve men and boys for its defense.

Fort Henry stood immediately upon the bank of the Ohio, about a quarter of a mile above the mouth of Wheeling Creek. Between it and the steep river hill on the east were twenty or thirty log huts, which the Indians occupied, and challenged the garrison to

surrender. Colonel Shepherd refused, and the attack commenced. From sunrise until noon the fire on both sides was constant, when that of the assailants slackened. Within the fort the only alarm was for the want of powder; and then it was remembered that a keg was concealed in the house of Ebenezer Zane, some sixty yards distant. It was determined to make an effort to obtain it, and the question was asked, "Who will go?" Then occurred an incident which is related as follows by Mr. G. S. McKiernan, in the *American Pioneer:*

"At this crisis a young lady, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, came forward and desired that she might be permitted to execute the service. This proposition seemed so extravagant that it met with a peremptory refusal; but she instantly renewed her petition in terms of redoubled earnestness, and all the remonstrances of the colonel and her relatives failed to dissuade her from her heroic purpose. It was finally represented to her that either of the young men, on account of his superior fleetness and familiarity with scenes of danger, would be more likely than herself to do the work successfully. She replied that the danger which would attend the enterprise was the identical reason that induced her to offer her services; for, as the garrison was very weak, no soldier's life should be placed in needless jeopardy, and that if she were to fall her loss would not be felt. Her petition was ultimately granted, and the gate opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate arrested the attention of several Indians who were straggling

through the village. It was noticed that their eyes were upon her as she crossed the open space to reach her brother's house; but seized, perhaps, with a sudden freak of clemency, or believing that a woman's life was not worth a charge of gunpowder, or influenced by some other unexplained motive, they permitted her to pass without molestation. When she reappeared with the powder in her arms, the Indians, suspecting, no doubt, the character of her burden, elevated their firelocks and discharged a volley at her as she swiftly glided toward the gate; but the balls all flew wide of the mark, and the fearless girl reached the fort in safety with her prize. The pages of history may furnish a parallel to the noble exploit of Elizabeth Zane, but an instance of greater self-devotion and moral intrepidity is not to be found anywhere."

The assault was resumed with fierceness, and continued until evening. A party of eighteen or twenty Indians, armed with rails and billets of wood, rushed forward and attempted to force open the gate of the fort, but were repulsed with the loss of six or eight of their number. As darkness set in, the fire of the savages grew weaker, though it was not entirely discontinued until next morning. Soon after nightfall a considerable party of Indians advanced within sixty yards of the fort, bringing with them a hollow maple log, which they had converted into a cannon by plugging up one of its ends with a block of wood. To give it additional strength, a quantity of chains, taken from a blacksmith's shop, encompassed it from end to

end. It was heavily charged with powder, and then filled to the muzzle with pieces of stones, slugs of iron, and such other hard substances as could be found. The cannon was graduated carefully to discharge its contents against the gate of the fort. When the match was applied it burst into many fragments, and although it made no effect upon the fort, it killed and wounded several of the Indians who stood by to witness its discharge. A loud yell succeeded the failure of this experiment, and the crowd dispersed.

Late in the evening Francis Duke, a son-in-law of Colonel Shepherd, arrived from the forks of Wheeling, and was shot down by the Indians before he could reach the gate of the fort. Early the next morning Colonel Swearingen, with fourteen men from Cross Creek, and Major Samuel McCullough himself, with forty mounted men from Short Creek, succeeded in reaching the inclosure, except Major McCullough himself, who was not permitted to pass the gateway. After a perilous pursuit, Putnam-like, he baffled the Indians by dashing his horse down an almost perpendicular precipice of one hundred and fifty feet, with Wheeling Creek at its base, and so made his escape.

After the escape of Major McCullough the Indians concentrated at the foot of the hill, and soon after set fire to all the fences and houses outside the fort, and killed about three hundred head of cattle belonging to the settlers. They then raised the siege and disappeared.

This band were principally Wyandots, with some

Mingoes and Shawnees, and their loss is estimated at from sixty to one hundred. The total number of Americans killed was twenty-six, and four or five were wounded. During the investure of the fort not a man within the walls was killed, and only one slightly wounded.

We have given heretofore but little idea of the experience of feeble women as captives among their savage foes. The following narrative, published in the *Hesperian*, is but an average view of the hardships of multitudes of unrecorded captivities:

"Just below the mouth of Cole River, in the Kanawha region, in Western Virginia, on the farm owned by the heirs of Tays, to insure safety, the early settlers constructed a fortress. It was formed exclusively of timber, without much labor, yet in such a manner as to be deemed adequate to their defense against Indian aggression. On the apprehension of danger, the gate was closed, and every one prepared for resistance. When the demand for food became imperious, a few of the most skillful hunters would leave this retreat before day, go a few miles distant, and return the succeeding night, loaded with game, unnoticed by the skulking savage. These measures of safety were at first considered indispensable. A few weeks of repose, however, seemed to render them inconvenient and unnecessary. Exemption from a morning attack was considered a sufficient pledge of peace through the day. Familiarity with danger, as it always does, relaxed their vigilance, and diminished their precaution. Even the women and children, who

at first had been frightened by the falling of a tree or the hooting of an owl, lost their timidity. Indeed, the strife seemed to be, who should be boldest and the least apprehensive of peril. On a beautiful morning in the month of June, in the year 1778, as well as is recollected, the gate was thrown open. Confinement had become painful, nay insupportable. It was considered rather as a voluntary punishment than a condition of security. Three of the fearless inhabitants set out on a hunting expedition; some sought amusement in shooting at a mark; the younger men engaged in playing ball, while the women and children were delighted spectators of the recreation. Scarcely had an hour elapsed in these cheerful relaxations, before some twenty or thirty Indians suddenly ascended the river bank, which had concealed their approach, fired upon the whites, and instantly took possession of the fort. Amid the consternation which ensued, the savages put to death every white man on whom they could lay hands, reserving the women and children for more trying occasions.

"The wounded, who were unable to travel, without regard to age or sex, were butchered in the most shocking manner, of which description was James Tackett. The importunities and tears of his interesting wife were wholly unavailing. She was left with two fine boys, the one seven years old, and the other five. Apprehensive of pursuit by the whites, the Indians, after the destruction of every article which they could not remove, betook themselves to flight. When a prisoner became too feeble, as was the case with several

small children, all entreaties to avert the stroke of the tomahawk were fruitless. Although Mrs. Tackett afforded to her children all the aid which their situation and maternal tenderness could dictate, at the distance of about five miles the youngest became exhausted. Her extreme anxiety for his safety induced her to take him on her back; but, alas! this act of kindness was but the signal for his dispatch. Two hours afterward her only child began to fail. He grasped his mother's hand, and said, 'I must keep up with you, or I'll be killed as poor James was.' The exertions which she made for her child were beyond what she could sustain. For a time, she inspired him with the hope of relief which the approaching night would bring. Nature, however, became overpowered, and a single blow sank him to rest. The distracted parent would cheerfully have submitted to the same fate, but even this barbarous relief was denied her. About dark, she lagged behind, regardless of consequences, in charge of a warrior who could speak a little English. He informed her that in the course of an hour they would reach a large encampment, where the prisoners must be divided; that sometimes quarrels ensued on such occasions, and the captives were put to death. He asked her if she could write. An affirmative answer seemed to please him much. He said he would take her to his own country in the South, to be his wife, and to keep his accounts, as he was a trader. This Indian was a Cherokee, named Chickahoula, aged about thirty-five, and of good appearance.

"He soon took the first step necessary for carrying

his designs into execution by making a diversion to the left. After traveling about two miles, the darkness of the night and abruptness of the country forbade their advancing further. A small fire was made to defend them against the gnats and musquitoes. After eating a little jerk, Chickahoula told his captive to sleep; that he would watch lest they should be overtaken by pursuers. Early in the morning, he directed his course toward the head of the Great Sandy and Kentucky Rivers. Until he crossed Guyandotte, Chickahoula was constantly on the lookout, as if he deemed himself exposed to the most imminent danger. After having traveled several days, the warrior and his captive reached Powell's Valley, in Tennessee.

"By this time, they were out of provisions, and the Indian thinking it safer, while passing through a settled district, to steal food than to depend upon his gun, determined to avail himself of the first opportunity of supplying his wants in this manner. It was but a little while till one presented itself. Following the meanderings of a small rivulet, he came suddenly upon a spring-house or dairy. This was several rods from the dwelling house of the owner, and so situated that it could be approached unseen from thence. Well satisfied that it contained a rich store of milk, and thinking it probable that other provisions were likewise deposited there, the warrior stationed his captive in a position to watch, while he went in to rifle the spring-house. Mrs. Tackett readily and willingly undertook the duty of acting as sentinel; but no sooner was the Indian fairly within the spring-house, than she

stole up the slope, and then bounded toward the dwelling. This reached, she instantly gave the alarm; but the Indian escaped.

"Mrs. Tackett tarried for some time with her new acquaintances, and spent several months in the different settlements of that section of the West. An opportunity then offering, she returned to Greenbriar. Her feelings on rejoining her friends, and listening to the accounts of the massacre at the station—and those of her relatives on again beholding one whom they considered, if not dead, in hopeless captivity, may be imagined. Pen cannot describe them."

In the autumn of 1779, a number of keel-boats were ascending the Ohio River under command of Major Rogers, and had advanced as far as the mouth of the Licking without accident. Here they were drawn ashore by a stratagem. At first a few Indians only appeared, standing upon a sandbar, near the mouth of the Licking, while a canoe, with three other Indians, was paddling toward them, as though to receive them on board. Rogers immediately ordered the boats to be made fast to the Kentucky shore, while the crews, to the number of seventy men, well armed, cautiously advanced in such a manner as to encircle the spot where the enemy had been seen. When Rogers had, as he supposed, completely surrounded the enemy, and was preparing to rush upon them from several quarters at once, he was thunderstruck at beholding several hundred savages spring up in front, rear, and upon both flanks. They instantly poured in a close discharge of rifles, and then, throw-

ing down their guns, fell upon the survivors with the tomahawk. Major Rogers and forty-five of his men were killed almost instantly. The survivors made an effort to regain the boats; but the five men who had been left in charge of them, had immediately put off from shore in the hindmost boat, and the enemy had already gained possession of the others. Disappointed in the attempt, they turned furiously upon the enemy, and aided by the approach of darkness, forced their way through their lines, and, with the loss of several wounded, at length effected their escape to Harrodsburg.

Among the wounded was Captain Robert Benham. After breaking the enemy's lines, he was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he instantly fell. Fortunately, a large tree had lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain, he dragged himself to the top and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in the pursuit of others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day, the Indians returned to the battle ground, in order to strip the dead, and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs would induce them to tomakawk him on the spot, in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the close of the second day, when he discovered a raccoon descending a tree and shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal. Scarcely had his gun cracked, how-

ever, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy. Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun, and sat ready to fire as soon as an object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression, "Whoever you are, for God's sake, answer me!" he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs; the man who now appeared had escaped from the same battle *with both arms broken!* Thus each was enable to supply what the other wanted. Benham having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game with great readiness, while his friend, having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed his companion, and dressed his wounds, as well as his own—tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water at first, but Benham at length took his own hat, and placing the rim between his companion's teeth, directed him wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat

into the water. The man who could walk was thus enabled to bring water by means of his teeth, which Benham could afterward dispose of as was necessary. When the stock of squirrels and other small game in the neighborhood was exhausted, the man on his legs would roam away, and drive up a flock of wild turkeys, then abundant in these woods, until they came within range of Benham's rifle. Thus they lived for six weeks, when, on the 27th of November, they discovered a boat on the Ohio, and were taken to Louisville. Both thoroughly recovered from their wounds.

CHAPTER XII.

Attacks upon Boonesborough—Skirmishes—Boone's Capture.

As they had worried and harassed the Virginia settlements, the Indians began their peculiar system of warfare with the infant settlements of Kentucky. Banding in small parties, night after night would they prowl about the stations. Concealed amid the grass, behind stumps, and along the pathways to the springs, they were ready to deal death upon the unsuspecting settler that chanced to come in their way. In the darkness of the night they would venture to the very pickets, and watch for hours for some unheeding inmate to expose his person outside the walls. The most wary sagacity was required to meet their stratagems. Occasionally they would raise a whoop in one direction to cover their designs in the opposite. Sometimes they would lie in the grass, prone upon the very ground, and watch for days the approach of an enemy.

Early in the spring of '77 a party of Indians moved to attack Boonesborough and Harrodsburg, then the most prominent of the Kentucky stations. On their way they encountered a party of emigrants to Harrodsburg, and killed two. The alarm was given, and preparations were made for a vigorous defense of that town, which was saved in consequence. Repulsed for

a time, the Red Men, to the number of one hundred, gathered their forces and attacked Boonesborough on the 14th of April. They were all armed and resolute, but Boone treated them with so much warmth that they were glad to retire.

The loss this time only served to make them more revengeful. In July following they again came against Boonesborough, resolved upon vengeance. They numbered this time more than two hundred. To prevent any of the white settlements from sending aid to Boonesborough, they had sent off small parties to molest them and keep them busy. The savages now commenced their attack, and for two days a constant firing was kept up. At last, finding their efforts again idle, they raised a yell and returned to the forests. The whites could now count their slain and wounded, as they dragged them off. Seven were killed and numbers wounded, while in the fort only one white man was slain. In spite of their numbers and their cunning, they did but little harm; for Boone was never found sleeping; he knew the Indians were his neighbors, and he was always ready for them. After this they learned to dread him more than ever. He now went by the name of the "Great Long Knife."

Attacks were frequently made upon the settlements, and met with uniform bravery and success. On the 1st of January, 1778, finding their supplies of salt exhausted, Boone, with thirty men, started for the Blue Licks of the Licking, and were soon engaged at salt-making. Boone having no taste for this work,

sauntered off to employ himself in shooting game for the company. He had wandered some distance from the river on that day, when suddenly he came upon two Indians armed with muskets. It was impossible for him to retreat, and the chances were against him if he stood. His usual coolness did not forsake him; he instantly jumped behind a tree. As the Indians came within gunshot he exposed himself on the side of the tree: one savage immediately fired, and Boone dodged the ball. One shot was thus thrown away, and this was just what he desired. Exposing himself immediately in precisely the same way, the other musket was discharged by the other Indian, to as little purpose. He how stepped boldly out; the Indians were trying hard to load again; he raised his rifle, and one savage fell dead. He was now on equal terms with the other. Drawing his hunting-knife he leaped forward and placed his foot upon the dead body of the fallen Indian; the other raised his tomahawk to strike; but Boone, with his rifle in his left hand, warded off the blow, while with his right he plunged his knife into the heart of the savage. His two foes lay dead before him. If you should ever visit Washington City you will see a memorial of this deed. The act is in sculpture, over the southern door of the rotunda of the Capitol.

After this he continued his hunting excursions as usual, for the benefit of his party; but he was not so fortunate the next time he met with the Indians. On the 7th of February, as he was roaming through the woods, he saw a party of one hundred savages on

their way to attack Boonesborough. His only chance for escape was to run. He instantly fled, but the swiftest warriors gave chase, and before a great while he was overtaken and made a prisoner. He was of all men the one they most desired to take. They now carried him back to the Blue Lick. As they drew near, Boone, knowing it was idle to resist, made signs to the salt-makers to surrender themselves. This they did, and thus the savages soon had in their possession twenty-eight captives. Fortunately for themselves, three of the men had started homeward with a supply of the salt, and thus escaped.

Now was the time for the savages to have attacked Boonesborough; for, with the loss of so many men, and Boone, their leader, we may readily suppose that the station might have surrendered. Flushed, however, with the capture of their prisoners, they seem not to have thought of it any longer.

The prisoners were marched immediately to Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami, where they arrived on the 18th. There was great rejoicing over them when they reached this old settlement of the savages, though Boone says they were "treated as kindly as prisoners could expect." Early in the next month Boone, with ten of his men, was marched off to Detroit by forty Indians. Here Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, treated them with much kindness. The ten men were soon delivered up for a small ransom; but when the Governor offered them one hundred pounds to give up Boone, that he might allow him to return

home, they refused to part with him; they looked upon him as too dangerous an enemy to be allowed to go free upon any terms. Several English gentlemen were moved with pity when they saw Boone thus a helpless prisoner, and offered to supply his wants. He thanked them for their feeling, but refused to receive any aid, stating that he never expected to be able to return their kindness, and, therefore, was unwilling to receive it. The truth was, he was not disposed to receive assistance from the enemies of his country.

With no other prisoner than Boone, the party now started again for Old Chillicothe. As they drew near, after a very fatiguing march, Boone thought he understood why they had refused to part with him. Before they entered the village they shaved his head, painted his face, and dressed him like themselves; they then placed in his hands a long white staff, ornamented with deers' tails. The chief of the party then raised a yell, and all the warriors from the village answered it, and soon made their appearance. Four young warriors commenced singing as they came toward him. The first two, each bearing a calumet, took him by the arms and marched him to a cabin in the village. Here he was to remain until his fate was made known to him. Of all strange customs of the Indians (and he had seen many of them), this was the strangest to him. It is not wonderful that he thought he was now to die.

Yet this was a common custom, it is said, among the Shawnees, who inhabited this village. Prisoners

were often thus carried to some cabin, and then the Indian living in the cabin decided what should be done—whether the prisoner should die or be adopted into the tribe. It happened that in this cabin lived an old Indian woman who had lost a son in battle. She, of course, was to decide Boone's fate. She looked at him earnestly, admired his noble bearing and cheerful face, and at length declared that he should live. He should be her son, she said; he should be to her the son whom she had lost. The young warriors instantly announced to him his fate, and the fact was soon proclaimed through the village. Food was brought out and set before him, and every effort which Indian love could think of was used to make him happy. He was fairly one of the tribe; and the old woman who was to be his mother was especially delighted.

He was now as free as the rest; his only sorrow was that he had to live among them. He knew, too, that if he should be caught trying to make his escape it would be certain death to him. He pretended, therefore, to be cheerful and happy; and, fortunately, his old habits enabled him to play his part well. Like them he was a man of the woods, and as fond of hunting as any of them. They all soon became attached to him, and treated him with the utmost confidence.

Sometimes large parties would go out to try their skill at their sports of racing and shooting at a mark. Boone was always with them; he knew, however, that in trials of this kind the Indians were always jealous

if they were beaten, and, therefore, he had to act very prudently. At racing they could excel him; but at shooting he was more than a match for any of them. Still when the target was set up he was always certain to be beaten. If he shot too well, they would be jealous and angry; if he shot badly, they would hold him in contempt; and, therefore, he would manage to make good shots, and yet never be the successful man. He knew too much of Indians not to conduct himself properly.

Sometimes they would start out upon hunting parties; here Boone was at home; there was no jealousy when he brought down a buffalo or deer with his rifle ball; he might do his best; they were true hunters themselves, and were delighted at every successful shot. Returning to the village, Boone would always visit the Shawnese chief, and present him a portion of the game. By this kindness and civility he completely won the heart of the chief, and was not unfrequently consulted by him on important matters. Thus he passed his time, joining in all their modes of living; he was beloved by the old woman, the chief, and all the tribe; and none suspected that he was not contented and happy.

On the 1st of June, a large party was starting from the villages for the salt licks on the Scioto, to make salt. Boone pretended to be indifferent whether he went or not; the truth was, however, that he was very anxious to go, for he thought it would afford him a fine opportunity to escape. He seemed so indifferent about the matter, that the party urged him to ac-

company them, and off he started. For ten days most of them were busy making salt, while Boone and two or three of the best marksmen hunted for the benefit of the rest. He watched his chance for escape, but none occurred; he was closely observed; it was impossible for him to attempt it; to his great sorrow, he was forced to return home with the salt-makers.

They had scarcely got back when the whole village was summoned to the council-house to attend a council of war. Boone, as belonging to one of the principal families, went to this council. Here he met four hundred and fifty armed Indians, all gaily painted. One of the oldest warriors then struck a large drum, and marched with the war-standard three times round the council-house; this was the sure signal that they were about to make war upon some enemy. But who was the enemy? What was Boone's surprise when it was announced that they meant to attack Boonesborough! He resolved now that he would escape, even at every hazard, and alarm the settlement; still his prudence did not forsake him.

The old warriors at once commenced gathering together a supply of parched corn, and beating up more recruits for the expedition. All the new men (Boone among the rest, for he was forced to join them) were then marched off to the "winter house" to drink the war-drink. This was a mixture of water and bitter herbs and roots, and was to be drank steadily for three days, during which no man was to eat a morsel; even if a deer or buffalo passed by, no man was to kill it;

the fast was to be kept. In fact, no man was allowed to sit down, or even rest himself by leaning against a tree. This was done by the old men to purify the young warriors, as they said, and to gain favor with the Great Spirit. All this was a common practice with the tribe before they went to battle; and the more strictly the fast was kept, the greater (as they supposed) were the chances of success. During these three days, Boone, like the rest, kept the fast, drank the war-drink, and did not even leave the "medicine-ground."

The fast being over, they fired their guns, yelled, danced and sang; and in the midst of this noise the march commenced. The leading war-chief, bearing the medicine-bag or budget, went before; the rest followed in single file. Nothing but shouting and yelling and the noise of guns was heard as they passed through the village. When they reached the woods, all the noise ceased; they were fairly on their march, and that march was to be made after the Indian fashion, in dead silence. For several days this dead march was kept up, Boone looking every hour for his chance of escape. At length, early one morning, a deer dashed by the line. Boone leaped eagerly after him, and started in pursuit. No sooner was he out of sight of the Indians, than he pressed for Boonesborough; he knew they would give chase, and therefore he doubled his track, waded in streams, and did everything that he could to throw them off his trail. Every sound startled him; he thought the Indians were behind him. With no food but roots and ber-

ries, and scarcely time to devour these, he pushed through swamps and thickets, for his old home. Now or never was his chance for liberty, and as such he used it. At length, after wandering nearly two hundred miles, on the fourth day he reached Boonesborough in safety.

The little community on the banks of the Kentucky, aware of their danger, and daily expecting the enemy, had made all possible preparation for an attack.

CHAPTER XIII.

Another Attack upon Boonesborough—The Murder of Cornstalk.

A FEW days after Boone's escape from the Indians, one of his fellow-prisoners succeeded likewise in eluding their vigilance, and made his way safely and expeditiously to Boonesborough. This man arrived at the station at a time when the garrison were hourly expecting the appearance of the enemy, and reported that on account of Boone's elopement, the Indians had postponed their meditated invasion of the settled regions for three weeks. It was discovered, however, that they had their spies in the country, watching the movements of the different garrisons; and this rendered the settlers wary and active, and gave all the stations time and opportunity to strengthen themselves, and make every preparation for a powerful resistance of what they could not but believe, was to be a long and great effort to drive them from the land, and utterly destroy their habitations.

Week passed after week, but no enemy appeared. The state of anxiety and watchfulness in which the garrison at Boonesborough had, for so long a time, been kept, was becoming irksome, and the men were beginning to relax in their vigilance; this determined Boone to undertake an expedition which he had prob-

ably been meditating for some time. On the 1st of August, therefore, with a company of nineteen of the brave spirits by whom he was surrounded, he left the fort with the intention of marching against and surprising one of the Indian towns on the Scioto. He advanced rapidly, but with great caution, and had reached a point within four or five miles of the town destined to taste of his vengeance, when he met its warriors—thirty in number—on their way to join the main Indian force, then on its march toward Boonesborough. An action immediately commenced, which terminated in the flight of the Indians, who lost one man and had two others wounded. Boone received no injury, but took three horses, and all the "plunder" of the war party. He then dispatched two spies to the Indian town, who returned with the intelligence that it was evacuated. On the receipt of this intelligence he started for Boonesborough with all possible haste, hoping to reach the station before the enemy, that he might give warning of their approach and strengthen its numbers. He passed the main body of the Indians on the sixth day of his march, and on the seventh reached Boonesborough. On the eighth the enemy's forces marched up, with British colors flying, and invested the place. The Indian army was commanded by Captain Du Quesne, eleven other French Canadians, and several distinguished chiefs, and was altogether the most formidable force that had ever yet invaded the settlements. The commander summoned the garrison to surrender "in the name of His Britannic Majesty." Boone and his men, perilous

as was their situation, received the summons without apparent alarm, and requested a couple of days for the consideration of what should be done. This was granted, and Boone summoned his brave companions to council. *But fifty men appeared!* Yet these fifty, after a due consideration of the terms of capitulation proposed, and with the knowledge that they were surrounded by savage and remorseless enemies, to the number of about *five hundred*, determined, unanimously, to "*defend the fort as long as a man of them lived!*"

Two days having expired, Boone announced this determination from one of the bastions, and thanked the British commander for the notice given of his intended attack, and the time allowed the garrison for preparing to defend the station. This reply to his summons was entirely unexpected by Du Quesne, and he heard it with evident disappointment. Other terms were immediately proposed by him, which sounded so gratefully in the ears of the garrison, that Boone agreed to treat, and with eight of his companions left the fort for that purpose. It was soon manifest, however, by the conduct of the Indians, that a snare had been laid for them, and escaping from their wily foes by a sudden effort, they re-entered the palisades, closed the gates, and betook themselves to the bastions.

A hot attack upon the fort now instantly commenced; but the fire of the Indians was returned from the garrison with such unexpected briskness and fatal precision, that the besiegers were compelled to fall

back. They then sheltered themselves behind the nearest stumps of trees, and continued the attack with more caution. Losing a number of men himself, and perceiving no falling off in the strength or the marksmanship of the garrison, Du Quesne resorted to an expedient which promised greater success. The fort stood upon the bank of the river, about sixty yards from its margin; and the purpose of the commander of the Indians was to undermine this and blow up the garrison. Du Quesne was pushing the mine under the fort with energy, when the operations were discovered by the besieged. The miners precipitated the earth which they excavated into the river; and Boone, perceiving that the water was muddy below the fort, while it was clear above, instantly divined the cause, and at once ordered a deep trench to be cut inside the fort to counteract the work of the enemy. As the earth was dug up, it was thrown over the wall of the fort, in the face of the besieging commander. Du Quesne was thus informed that his design had been discovered; and being convinced of the futility of any further attempts of that kind, he discontinued his mining operations, and once more renewed the attack upon the station in the manner of a regular Indian siege. His success, however, was no better than it had been before; the loss appeared to be all upon his side; his stock of provisions was nearly exhausted; and on the morning of the twentieth, having for nine days tried the bravery of his savage force, and tasked his own ingenuity to its utmost, he raised the siege, and abandoned the grand object of the expedition.

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During this siege, "the most formidable," says Mr. Marshall, "that had ever taken place in Kentucky, from the number of Indians, the skill of the commanders, and the fierce countenances and savage dispositions of the warriors," only two men belonging to the station were killed and four others wounded. Du Quesne lost thirty-seven men, and had many wounded, who, according to the invariable usage of the Indians, were immediately borne from the scene of action.

Boonesborough was never again disturbed by any formidable body of Indians. New stations were springing up every year between it and the Ohio River, and to pass beyond these for the purpose of striking a blow at the older and stronger enemy, was a piece of folly which the Indians were never known to be guilty of. During Boone's captivity among the Shawnees, his family, supposing that he had been killed, had left the station and returned to their friends and relatives in North Carolina; and as early in the autumn as he could leave, the brave and hardy warrior started to move them out again to Kentucky. He returned to the settlement with them early the next summer, and set a good example to his companions, by industriously cultivating his farm, and volunteering his assistance, whenever it seemed needed, to the immigrants who were now pouring into the country and erecting new stations in the neighborhood of Boonesborough.

Among the outrages visited upon the Indians at various times, by equally savage and brutal whites,

none is more conspicuous than the murder of Cornstalk, at Point Pleasant, in 1777. Occurring about the time of the earliest successful efforts toward the settlement of Kentucky, it exasperated the Shawnees in the highest degree. After the treaty of 1774, with Dunmore, Cornstalk had adhered steadfastly to his pledge of neutrality, either from a disposition toward peaceful relations with the settlers, or a foresight which gave him a view of the future greatness and ultimate success of the Long Knives. Coming to Point Pleasant, on a friendly visit, in company with Red Hawk, the Shawnee orator, he communicated the hostile disposition among the Ohio tribes, and expressed his sorrow that the Shawnee warriors were determined to espouse the British cause, and his apprehension that he and his tribe would be obliged to go with the stream unless the whites could protect him.

Upon receiving this information, the commander of the garrison, Captain Arbuckle, seized upon Cornstalk and his companion as hostages for the peaceful conduct of his nation, and set about availing himself of the advantage he had gained by his suggestions. During his captivity, Cornstalk held frequent conversations with the officers, and took pleasure in describing to them the geography of the west, then little known. One afternoon, while he was engaged in drawing on the floor a map of the Missouri Territory, its water courses and mountains, a halloo was heard from the forest, which he recognized as the voice of his son, Ellinipsico, a young warrior, whose courage

and address were almost as celebrated as his own. Ellinipsico entered the fort and embraced his father most affectionately, having been uneasy at his long absence, and come hither in search of him.

The day after his arrival, two men, belonging to the fort, whose names were Hamilton and Gilmore, crossed the Kanawha, intending to hunt in the woods beyond it. On their return from hunting, some Indians, who had come to view the position at the Point, concealed themselves in the weeds near the mouth of the Kanawha, and killed Gilmore while endeavoring to pass them. Colonel Stewart (who was at the post in the character of a volunteer), was standing on the opposite bank of the river at the time, and was surprised that a gun had been fired so near the fort in violation of orders.

Hamilton ran down the bank, and cried out that Gilmore was killed. Captain Hall commanded the company to which Gilmore belonged. His men leaped into a canoe and hastened to the relief of Hamilton. They brought the body of Gilmore, weltering in blood and the head scalped, across the river. The canoe had scarcely reached the shore, when the cry was raised, "Kill the red dogs in the fort!" Captain Hall placed himself in front of his soldiers, and they ascended the river's bank, pale with rage, and carrying their loaded firelocks in their hands. Colonel Stewart and Captain Arbuckle exerted themselves in vain to dissuade the men, exasperated to madness by the spectacle of Gilmore's corpse, from the cruel deed which they contemplated. They cocked their guns,

threatening those gentlemen with instant death if they did not desist, and rushed into the fort.

The interpreter's wife, who had been a captive among the Indians, and felt an affection for them, ran to their cabin and informed them that Hall's soldiers were advancing with the intention of taking their lives, because they believed that the Indians who killed Gilmore had come with Cornstalk's son on the preceding day. This the young man solemnly denied, declaring that he had come alone, and with the sole object of seeking his father. When the soldiers came within hearing, the young warrior appeared agitated. Cornstalk encouraged him to meet his fate composedly, and said to him, "My son, the Great Spirit has sent you here that we may die together." He turned to meet his murderers the next instant, and receiving seven bullets in his body, expired without a groan.

When Cornstalk had fallen, Ellinipsico continued still and passive, not even raising himself from his seat. He met death in that position with the utmost calmness. The Red Hawk made an attempt to climb the chimney, but fell by the fire of Hall's men.

The day before his death, Cornstalk had been present at a council of the officers, and had spoken to them on the subject of the war, with his own peculiar eloquence. In the course of his remarks, he expressed something like a presentiment of his fate; "When I was young," he said, "and went out to war, I often thought each would be my last adventure, and I should return no more. I still lived. Now I am in the midst of you, and, if you choose, you may kill me.

I can die but once. It is alike to me whether now or hereafter."

His atrocious murder was dearly expiated. The warlike Shawnees were thenceforth the foremost in excursions upon the frontier, particularly to the scattered and exposed stations of Kentucky.

SIMON KENTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

Simon Kenton's Captivity—The Johnson Boys—Murder of Kelly.

Few of the western pioneers occupy a more conspicuous position than Simon Kenton. He dared the perils of a Kentucky settler at the early age of sixteen, from which time he was continually engaged in perilous expeditions, sanguinary conflicts and hazardous undertakings. Many a time death by the tomahawk or firelock stared him in the face.

One of the most thrilling of his experiences was the result of a marauding expedition among the Shawnees of Old Chillicothe, in 1778. Accompanied by Alexander Montgomery and George Clark, he set off from Boone's Station with the intention of levying a contribution of Indian horses from their Shawnee neighbors; furnished with salt and halters, they crossed the Ohio, and without difficulty arrived at the vicinity of Chillicothe, and at night encountered a drove of horses feeding on the rich prairie; they succeeded, with some difficulty, in obtaining seven, with which they dashed off toward the Ohio with all possible speed. Arriving at the great water near the mouth of Eagle Creek, now Brown county, their crossing was prevented by a storm of wind blowing almost a hurricane, and dashing the waves furiously

upon the shore; the frightened horses could not be induced to take to the water. It was now late, and they sought the hills for a camping-ground, hobbled their horses and turned them out to graze, watching carefully all the while to discover if the Indians were on their trail. The next day the wind subsided; but the horses, remembering their yesterday's fright, obstinately refused to take to the water. Selecting three of the best they resolved to make their way down the river to the Falls of the Ohio, where General Clark had a station. When all was ready for a start, prompted by a spirit of reckless daring, they determined to catch the remaining horses that had been turned loose, and take them along. Kenton went toward the river, and had not gone far before he heard a whoop in the direction where they had been trying to force the horses into the water. He got off his horse and tied him, and then crept with the stealthy tread of a cat to make observations in the direction he heard the whoop. Just as he reached the high bank of the river, he met the Indians on horseback; being unperceived by them, but so near that it was impossible for him to retreat without being discovered, he concluded the boldest course to be the safest, and very deliberately took aim at the foremost Indian; his gun flashed in the pan. He then retreated. The Indians pursued on horseback. In his retreat he passed through a piece of land where a storm had torn up a great part of its timber. The fallen trees afforded him some advantage of the Indians in the race, as they were on horseback and he on foot. The Indian

force divided; some rode on one side of the fallen timber, and some on the other. Just as he emerged from the timber at the foot of the hill, one of the Indians met him on horseback, and boldly rode up to him, jumped off, and rushed at him with his tomahawk. Kenton, concluding a gun barrel was as good a weapon of defense as a tomahawk, drew back his gun to strike the Indian before him. At that instant another Indian who, unperceived by Kenton, had slipped up behind him, clasped him in his arms. Being now overpowered by numbers, further resistance was useless—he surrendered. While the Indians were binding Kenton with tugs, Montgomery came in view, and fired at the Indians, but missed his mark. Montgomery fled on foot. Some of the Indians pursued, shot at and missed him; a second fire was made, and Montgomery fell. The Indians soon returned to Kenton, shaking at him Montgomery's bloody scalp. George Clark, Kenton's other companion, made his escape, crossed the Ohio, and arrived safe at Logan's Station.

The Indians encamped that night on the bank of the Ohio. The next morning they prepared their horses for a return to their towns with their unfortunate and unhappy prisoner. Nothing but death in its most appalling form presented itself to his view. When they were ready to set off, they caught the wildest horse in the company and placed Kenton on his back. The horse being very restive, it took several of them to hold him, while the others lashed the prisoner on the horse. They first took a tug, or rope,

and fastened his legs and feet together under the horse; they took another and fastened his arms; they took another and tied around his neck, and fastened one end of it around his horse's neck; the other end of the same rope was fastened to the horse's tail, in the place of a crupper. They had a great deal of amusement to themselves, as they were preparing Kenton and his horse for fun and frolic; they would yell and scream around him, and ask him if he wanted to steal more horses. Another rope was fastened around his thighs and lashed around the body of his horse; a pair of moccasins was drawn over his hands to prevent him from defending his face against the brush. Thus accoutered and fastened, the horse was turned loose to the woods; he reared and plunged, and ran through the woods some time, to the infinite amusement of the Indians. After the horse had run about, plunging, rearing and kicking, for some time, and found that he could not shake off or kick off his rider, he very quietly submitted himself to his situation, and followed the cavalcade, as quiet and peaceable as his rider.

The Indians moved toward Chillicothe, and in three days reached the town. At night they confined their prisoner in the following manner: He was laid on his back, his legs extended, drawn apart and fastened to two saplings or stakes driven in the ground; his arms were extended, a pole laid across his breast, and his arms lashed to the pole with cords. A rope was tied around his neck, and stretched back just tight enough not to choke him, and fastened to a tree or stake near

his head. In this painful and uncomfortable position he spent three miserable nights, exposed to gnats, musquitoes and the weather. When the Indians came within about a mile of Chillicothe town, they halted and camped for the night, fastening the poor, unfortunate prisoner in the usual uncomfortable manner. The Indians, young and old, came from the town to welcome the return of the successful warriors and to visit their prisoner. The Indian party, consisting of about one hundred and fifty, commenced dancing, singing and yelling about Kenton, stopping occasionally and kicking and beating him for amusement. In this manner they tormented him for about three hours, when the cavalcade returned to town, and he was left for the remainder of the night, exhausted and forlorn, to the tender mercies of the gnats and musquitoes. As soon as it was light the next morning, the Indians began to collect from the town, and preparations were made for fun and frolic at the expense of Kenton, who was now doomed to run the gauntlet. The Indians were formed in two lines, about two feet apart, with each a hickory in his hands, and Kenton placed between the two lines, so that each Indian could beat him as much as he thought proper as he passed through the lines. He had not run far before he discovered an Indian with a knife drawn to plunge it into him; as soon as Kenton reached the part of the line where stood the Indian with the knife, he broke through the lines and ran for the council-house, pursued by two or three hundred Indians, screaming like infernal furies. Just as he had entered the town, he

was met by an Indian leisurely walking toward the scene of amusement, wrapped in a blanket. The Indian threw off his blanket, and as he was fresh and Kenton nearly exhausted, the Indian soon caught him and threw him down. In a moment the whole party who were in pursuit came up, and fell to kicking and cuffing him at a most fearful rate. They tore off his clothes, and left him naked and exhausted. After he had lain till he had in some degree recovered from his exhausted state, they brought him some water and something to eat.

As soon as his strength was sufficiently recovered, they took him to the council-house to determine upon his fate. Their manner of deciding his fate was as follows: Their warriors were placed in a circle in the council-house; an old chief was placed in the center with a knife and a stick of wood in his hands. A number of speeches were made. Kenton, although he did not understand their language, soon discovered by their animated gestures and fierce looks at him, that a majority of the speakers were contending for his destruction; he could perceive that those who spoke for mercy were received coolly—but few grunts of approbation were uttered when the orators closed their speeches. After the orators had ceased speaking, the old chief who sat in the midst of the circle raised up and handed a war-club to the man who sat next the door. They proceeded to take the decision of their court: All who were for the death of the prisoner struck the war-club with violence against the ground; those who voted to save the prisoner's life,

passed the club to his next neighbor without striking the ground. Kenton, from their expressive gestures, could easily distinguish the object of their vote. The old chief who stood to witness and record the number that voted for death or mercy, as one struck the ground with the war-club, made a mark on one side of his piece of wood; and when the club was passed without striking, he made a mark on the other. Kenton discovered that a large majority were for death.

Sentence of death being now passed upon the prisoner, they made the welkin ring with shouts of joy. The sentence of death being passed, there was another question of considerable difficulty which presented itself to the consideration of the council; that was the time and place of his execution. The orators again made speeches on the subject, less animated than upon the trial; but some appeared vehement for instant execution, while others seemed desirous of making his death a solemn national sacrifice. After a long debate the vote was taken, when it was resolved that the place of his execution should be Wapatomica (now Zanesfield, Logan county). The next morning he was hurried away to that place. From Chillicothe to Wapatomica, they had to pass through two other towns, to wit: Pickaway and Machacheek. At both towns he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and severely was he whipped through the course. At Machacheek, being carelessly guarded, he made an attempt to escape. Nothing worse than death could follow, and he accordingly made a bold push for life and freedom. Being unconfined, he broke and ran,

and soon cleared himself from his savage pursuers. When about two miles from town, and out of sight of his pursuers, he accidentally met some Indians on horseback. They instantly gave chase, and soon overtaking him, drove him back again to the town. He now, for the first time, regarded his case as hopeless; nothing but death stared him in the face. Fate, it appeared, had sealed his doom, and in sullen despair he awaited that doom which it seemed impossible for him to shun. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence, and how little can man control his destiny. When Kenton was brought back to the town, he was pinioned and given to the young Indians, who dragged him in the creek, tumbled him into the water, and rolled him into the mud until he was nearly suffocated with mud and water. In this way they amused themselves until he was nearly drowned.

He was then taken to Wapatomica. Here old and young, male and female crowded around him; among the rest was the notorious Simon Girty. At Fort Pitt and in Lord Dunmore's expedition, before Girty had adopted the Indian life, they were bosom companions. Girty asked the prisoner where he lived. He answered, Kentucky. He then inquired how many men there were in Kentucky. Kenton replied that he did not know, and then named a large number of officers, many of them with honorary titles, leaving him to judge of the great number of the rank and file. He then asked the prisoner's name. He answered, Simon Butler. Kenton had fled from his parents and

home when he went to Kentucky, and had changed his name.

Girty eyed him for a moment, and immediately recognized the active and bold youth who had been his companion in arms about Fort Pitt and on the campaign with Lord Dunmore. Girty threw himself into Kenton's arms, embraced and wept aloud over him, calling him his dear and esteemed friend. This hardened wretch, who had been the cause of the death of hundreds, had some of the sparks of humanity remaining in him, and wept like a child at the tragical fate which hung over his friend.

"Well," said he to Kenton, "you are condemned to die; but I will use every means in my power to save your life."

Girty immediately had a council convened, and made a long speech to the Indians to save the life of the prisoner. As Girty was proceeding through his speech, he became very animated, and under his powerful eloquence, Kenton could plainly discover the grim visages of his savage judges relent. When Girty concluded his powerful and animated speech, the Indians rose with one simultaneous grunt of approbation, saved the prisoner's life, and placed him under the care and protection of his old companion, Girty.

The British had a trading establishment then at Wapatomica. Girty took Kenton with him to the store, and dressed him from head to foot, as well as he could wish. He was also provided with a horse and saddle. Kenton was now free, and roamed about

through the country, from Indian town to town, in company with his benefactor. How uncertain is the fate of nations, as well as that of individuals! How sudden the changes from adversity to prosperity, and from prosperity to adversity! Kenton being a strong, robust man, with an iron frame, with a resolution that never winced at danger, and fortitude to bear pain with the composure of a stoic, he soon recovered from his scourges and bruises, and the other severe treatment he had received. It is thought probable that if the Indians had continued to treat him with kindness and respect, he would eventually have become one of them. He had but few inducements to return again to the whites. He was then a fugitive from justice, had changed his name, and he thought it his interest to keep as far from his former acquaintances as possible. After Kenton and his benefactor had been roaming about for some time, a war party of Indians, who had been on an expedition to the neighborhood of Wheeling, returned. They had been defeated by the whites; some of their men were killed, and others wounded. When this defeated party returned, they were sullen, chagrined, and full of revenge, and determined to kill any of the whites who came within their grasp. Kenton was the only white man upon whom they could satiate their revenge. Kenton and Girty were then at Solomon's Town, a small distance from Wapatomica. A message was immediately sent to Girty to return, and bring Kenton with him. The two friends met the messenger on their way. The messenger shook hands with Girty, but refused the

hand of Kenton. Girty, after talking aside with the messenger some time, said to Kenton, "They have sent for us to attend a grand council at Wapatomica." They hurried to the town; and when they arrived there, the council-house was crowded. When Girty went into the house, the Indians all rose up, and shook hands with him; but when Kenton offered his hand, it was refused with a scowl of contempt. This alarmed him; he began to admit the idea that this sudden convention of the council, and their refusing his hand, boded some evil. After the members of the council were seated in their usual manner, the war chief of the defeated party rose up, and made a most vehement speech, frequently turning his fiery and revengeful eyes on Kenton during his speech. Girty was the next to rise, and address the council. He told them that he had lived with them several years; that he had risked his life in that time more frequently than any of them; that they all knew that he had never spared the life of one of the hated Americans; that they well new that he had never asked for a division of the spoils; that he had fought alone for the destruction of their enemies; and he now requested them to spare the life of this young man on his account. The young man, he said, was his early friend, for whom he felt the tenderness of a parent for a son; and he hoped, after the many evidences that he had given of his attachment to the Indian cause, they would not hesitate to grant his request. If they would indulge him in granting his request to spare the life of this young man, he would pledge himself

never to ask them again to spare the life of a hated American.

Several chiefs spoke in succession on this important subject; and, with the most apparent deliberation, the council, decided by an overwhelming majority, for death. After the decision of this grand court was announced, Girty went to Kenton, and embracing him very tenderly, said that he very sincerely sympathized with him in his forlorn and unfortunate situation; that he had used all the efforts he was master of to save his life; but it was now decreed that he must die: that he could do no more for him.

It must be recollected that this was in 1778, in the midst of the American Revolution. Upper Sandusky was then the place were the British paid their Western Indian allies their annuities; and as time might effect what his eloquence could not, Girty as a last resort, persuaded the Indians to convey their prisoner to Sandusky, as there they would meet vast numbers to receive their presents; that the assembled tribes could there witness the solemn scene of the death of a prisoner. To this proposition the council agreed; and the prisoner was placed in the care of five Indians, who forthwith set off for Upper Sandusky.

As the Indians passed from Wapatomica to Upper Sandusky, they went through a small village of the Scioto, the residence of Logan. At his wigwam, the party remained over night. True to the impulses of his humanity, he resolved to befriend Kenton. During the evening, he conversed with the prisoner, and the next morning told him that he should detain the

party that day, and send two of his young men in advance, to speak a good word for him. On their return, the following evening, the party prepared to proceed at day-light of the next day. As they left the lodge, Logan cordially shook hands with the prisoner, but gave no intimation of his fate. As they approached Upper Sandusky, the town, young and old, came out to greet him, and again proffered him the ordeal of the gauntlet. A grand council, the fourth that had been convened, was to decide his fate.

When this council was organized, and ready for business, one Peter Druyer, a Canadian, made his appearance in the uniform of a British captain. He was connected with the department of the Indian Agency, was a prominent interpreter and arbiter of Indian affairs, and was hence a man of much importance among them. To him had the friendly Logan sent his entreaty for the life of Kenton. This selection is an indication of the sagacity and diplomacy of the kind-hearted Indian.

Captain Druyer began by asking permission to address the council. It was instantly granted. He commenced by saying that "it was well known that it was the wish and interest of the English that not an American should be left alive; that the Americans were the cause of the present bloody and distressing war; that neither peace nor safety could be expected so long as these intruders were permitted to live upon the earth." This part of his speech received repeated grunts of approbation. He then hinted that cunning

was as necessary as bravery; that the information to be obtained from a prisoner might be of more service to them than the lives of twenty prisoners; that he was confident a good use might be made of their prisoner in this way; and that afterward they could do what they pleased with him. He then said, as they had lost horses and been otherwise troubled by the prisoner, without being revenged on him, he would give them one hundred dollars in rum or tobacco, or anything else preferred, for the privilege of taking him to Detroit.

This proposition was at once agreed to; the ransom was paid; he was taken to Detroit; the Indians then received an additional gift, much to their satisfaction; and he remained there till the following June, when, with a number of other prisoners, he succeeded in making his escape.

Two Johnson boys were the heroes of a daring adventure in Jefferson county. The younger, Henry, late a resident (he may be living still) of Monroe, and a fine specimen of the original backwoods pioneers, has furnished the facts for a personal narrative, as follows:

"I was born in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, on the 4th day of February, 1777. When I was about eight years old my father, having a large family to provide for, sold his farm with the expectation of acquiring larger possessions farther west. Thus he was stimulated to encounter the perils of a pioneer life. He crossed the Ohio River and bought some improvements on what was called Beach-bottom Flats,

two and a half miles from the river, and three or four miles above the mouth of Short Creek. Soon after he came there the Indians became troublesome. They stole horses and various other things, and killed a number of persons in our neighborhood.

"When I was between eleven and twelve years old—I think it was the fall of 1788—I was taken prisoner with my brother John, who was about eighteen months older than I. The circumstances are as follows: On Saturday evening we were out with an older brother, and came home late in the evening. One of us had lost a hat, and John and I went back the next day to look for it. We found the hat, and sat down on a log and were cracking some nuts. After a short time, we saw two men coming down from the direction of the house. From their dress we took them to be two of our neighbors, James Perdue and J. Russell. We paid but little attention to them till they came quite near us. To escape by flight was now impossible, had we been disposed to try it. We sat still until they came up to us. One of them said, "How do, brodder." My brother then asked them if they were Indians, and they answered in the affirmative, and said we must go with them. One of them had a blue buckskin, which he gave my brother to carry, and without further ceremony we took up the line of march for the wilderness, not knowing whether we should ever return to the cheerful home we had left; and not having much love for our commanding officers, of course we obeyed martial orders rather tardily. One of the Indians walked about ten

steps before, and the other about the same distance behind us. After traveling some distance, we halted in a deep hollow and sat down. They took out their knives and whet them, and talked some time in the Indian tongue, which we could not understand. I told my brother that I thought they were going to kill us, and I believe he thought so too, for he began to talk to them, and told them that his father was cross to him and made him work hard, and that he did not like hard work; that he would rather be a hunter and live in the woods. This seemed to please them, for they put up their knives and talked more lively and pleasantly to us. We returned the same familiarity, and many questions passed between us; all parties were very inquisitive. They asked my brother which way home was, and he told them the contrary way every time they would ask him, although he knew the way very well. This would make them laugh; they thought we were lost, and that we knew no better.

They conducted us over Short Creek hills in search of horses, but found none; so we continued on foot. Night came on, and we halted in a low hollow, about three miles from Carpenter's Fort, and about four from the place where they first took us. Our route being somewhat circuitous and full of zigzags, we made headway but slowly. As night began to close in around us, I became fretful. My brother encouraged me by whispering to me that we would kill the Indians that night. After they had selected the place of encampment, one of them scouted round the camp while the other struck a fire, which was done by

stopping the touch-hole of the gun and flashing powder in the pan. After the Indian got the fire kindled he re-primed the gun and went to an old stump to get some dry tinder wood for fire; and while he was thus employed my brother John took the gun, cocked it, and was about to shoot the Indian; but I was alarmed, fearing the other might be close by, and be able to overpower us; so I remonstrated against his shooting and took hold of the gun and prevented the shot; I, at the same time, begged him to wait till night, and I would help him to kill them both. The Indian that had taken the scout came back about dark. We took our suppers, talked some time, and went to bed on the naked ground to try to rest, and study out the best mode of attack. They put us between them, that they might be the better able to guard us. After a while one of the Indians, supposing we were asleep, got up and stretched himself down on the other side of the fire, and soon began to snore. John, who had been watching every motion, found they were sound asleep, and whispered me to get up. We got up as carefully as possible. John took the gun which the Indian struck fire with, cocked it, and placed it in the direction of the head of one of the Indians; he then took a tomahawk and drew it over the head of the other. I pulled the trigger, and he struck at the same instant; the blow, falling too far back on the neck, only stunned the Indian; he attempted to spring to his feet, uttering most hideous yells. Although my brother repeated the blows with some effect, the conflict became terrible and somewhat doubtful. The Indian,

however, was forced to yield to the blows he received upon the head, and in a short time he lay quiet and still at our feet. After we were satisfied that they were both dead, and fearing there were others close by, we hurried off, and took nothing with us but the gun I shot with. We took our course toward the river, and in about three-quarters of a mile we found a path which led to Carpenter's Fort. My brother here hung up his hat, that we might know on our return where to turn off to find our camp. We got to the fort a little before daybreak. We related our adventure, and a small party went back with my brother and found the Indian that was tomahawked; the other had crawled away a short distance with the gun. A skeleton and a gun were found, some time after, near the place where we had encamped."

The vicinity of Lawrence county, especially the Ohio shore, was the theater of many a tragedy of which no authentic particulars appear.

Among the early settlers of Mason County, Kentucky, was Mr. James Kelly, who emigrated from Westmoreland, Pennsylvania. Shortly after his arrival the Indians carried on their murderous incursions with so much energy as to seriously threaten the annihilation of the infant settlements. His father, alarmed for his safety, sent another son, William, to Kentucky, to bring his brother and family back to Pennsylvania. They embarked at Maysville in a large canoe, with two men as passengers, who were to assist in navigating the boat. When about a mile below the mouth of the Big Guyandotte, and near the

Virginia shore, they were suddenly fired upon by a party of Indians, secreted behind the trees on that bank of the river. William, who had risen up in the boat, was shot through the body, when James sprang up to save him from falling into the river, and, receiving a death wound, fell forward in the boat. The two men, as yet unharmed, steered for the Ohio shore. The instant the boat touched land, one of them, panic-stricken, sprang ashore, and running into the recesses of the forest, was never heard of more. The other passenger, however, was a man of undaunted courage. He determined to protect Mrs. Kelly and her little children, consisting of James, a boy of about five years of age, and an infant named Jane. They had forgotten to get any provisions from the boat, and the prospect of reaching there through a wilderness swarming with Indians was gloomy. To add to the horrors of their situation, they had gone but a few miles when Mrs. Kelly was bitten in the foot by a copper-head, and was unable to make further progress. As the only resort, her companion told her that he must leave her alone in the woods, and travel to Gallipolis, procure a boat and a party, and come for her. Having secreted them among some pawpaws, he started on his solitary and perilous journey. The Indians were soon on his track, in hot pursuit; and taking inland to avoid them, three or four days elapsed ere he arrived at the point of destination. He there obtained a keel-boat and a party of thirty men, and started down the Ohio with but a faint hope of finding Mrs. Kelly and her little ones alive.

During his absence Mrs. Kelly had been accustomed daily to send her little son to the river's edge to hail any boats that might pass. Fearing a decoy from the Indians, several went by without paying any attention to his cries. An hour or two before the arrival of the aid from Gallipolis, another boat, from farther up the river, passed down. At first but little attention was given to the hailing of little James; but feelings of humanity prevailed over their fears, and reflecting, also, upon the improbability of the Indians sending such a mere child as a decoy, they took courage, turned to the shore, and took the sufferers aboard. They were then in a starving and deplorable condition; but food was soon given them by the kind-hearted boatmen, and their perils were over. Soon the Gallipolis boat hove in sight, and they were taken on board, and eventually to Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Kelly, in the course of a few years, married again. The infant Jane grew up to womanhood, and was remarkable for her beauty. The little boy James finally emigrated to the Muskingum country.

CHAPTER XV.

Bowman's Expedition—Invasion of British and Indians—John Hinkston's Escape—Clark's Expedition.

So troublesome had the Indians become, so constantly a menace and source of alarm to the settlements of Kentucky, that in 1779 an expedition against Old Chillicothe, which had been devised the previous year, was carried into effect. One hundred and sixty men were enrolled and placed under the command of Colonel John Bowman, and Captain Benjamin Logan as second in rank. Crossing the Ohio at the mouth of the Licking, they reached the vicinity of Chillicothe without discovery, upon the evening of the second day after crossing the river, by way of the Little Miami Valley. Spies were sent out cautiously to reconnoiter the place, who attended to their duty promptly and reported. The expedition was then divided into two detachments, commanded respectively by Colonel Bowman and Captain Logan. There are conflicting accounts of this attack, arising from jealous partisanship of the friends of the officers. Arrangements were made for the two divisions to attack the town simultaneously from opposite sides. According to one account, Captain Logan's party executed with

promptness their trust, and were concealed in the weeds and grass awaiting a signal for the attack, when a barking dog drew the attention of a warrior whom they hoped quietly to take prisoner, but were foiled by the injudicious firing of a gun, upon which the Indian gave a whoop and ran back to alarm the town. The Indians retreated to their strongest cabins in the heart of the town, from which, with no arms but tomahawks and rifles, the Kentuckians could not hope to dislodge them; a conjunction was not made with the other party, from some delay or inadvertence, and the attack was abandoned. Another account makes no mention of a failure of the two divisions to co-operate advantageously, and reports the firing of some of the Indian houses, and the taking of various cooking utensils and blankets before retiring.

They commenced a retreat, and had proceeded but a few miles when they found themselves to be surrounded by the Indians and annoyed with a scattering fire, apparently with the object of harassing and delaying the retreat until reinforcements could be procured from the neighboring towns. A strong position was taken by Colonel Bowman, and the fire returned, when the Indians retired. On resuming their march, they were again attacked; again they formed for battle, and again their foes were driven back. Irritated by this annoyance, Benjamin Logan, John Bulger, and George Michael Bedinger, at the head of a body of mounted men, dashed among the fleeing Red Men, scoured the forests in every direction, and effectually scattered their wily foes. The expedition

reached home with a loss of nine killed and several wounded.

Since the commencement of the revolutionary war, the British, at Detroit, in Canada, and at the various Indian stations, were particularly active in inciting the Indians to hostility. For two or three years previous to Bowman's expedition, Kentucky was in a continual state of alarm; the settlers were protected by the block houses in some degree, but were constantly liable to surprise and the attacks of a concealed foe, whenever travel or the labors of the field led them from the center of the settlement; an Indian bullet or an arrow, was frequently the first, and sometimes the only intimation of the wily Shawnee, and many a gallant Kentuckian fell to rise no more in those dark days of the early settlement of the "bloody ground."

In the spring of 1780, in retaliation for the unsuccessful campaign of the year before, an invasion of Kentucky was agreed upon. The British at Detroit, in conjunction with them, made preparations for dispatching such an expedition as would be able to break up the settlements and drive the settlers back over the mountains again; it was arranged that the Indian, Canadian and English regular forces, provided with artillery, under the command of Colonel Byrd, should march directly to Louisville, and after its destruction, take the other stations in regular detail. In May, a prisoner named Chaplin escaped from Detroit, bringing the first intimation of the intended invasion; from his information it was calculated that the invad-

ing army could not arrive before the 4th of July, and preparations were made accordingly for a cordial reception.

The season being wet and the rivers high, Colonel Byrd was enabled to transport his stores and munitions by water, by way of the Miami and Licking Rivers, and reach the settlements at an earlier day than was expected; landing at the forks of the Licking, he proceeded at once to Ruddle's Station, a small stockade on the south side of that river, having deferred his attack upon Louisville for this rapid and easy mode of approaching the other settlements.

It was the 22d of June. With a force of nearly a thousand men, and six pieces of artillery, he stood before the fort, and sent up a flag with a demand to surrender. The garrison, confident of their utter inability to maintain the place, agreed to capitulate upon condition that they should be the prisoners of the British and not of the Indians. The gates were opened, and the Indians rushed into the fort, seized their victims, parceling the captives among them without regard to the agony of separation of children from parents, or husbands from wives. Colonel Byrd was unable to restrain their ferocious impetuosity. Before proceeding upon Martin's Station, six miles distant, the colonel refused to march until the Indians should agree to leave the prisoners that might be taken entirely under his control; this stipulation was accepted, and upon the capture of the garrison without opposition, was respected by the treacherous savages.

The Indians then urged the commander to press at once upon Bryant's Station, which seemed an easy prey. But he feared that the rivers would fall and leave him to the difficulties of the wilderness in his homeward journey; thus easily satisfied, he returned to his little flotilla, embarked, ascended the Miami as far as it was navigable, concealed his artillery, and marched by land to Detroit. It seemed little less than an interposition of Providence that the expedition, flushed with success, and supplied with artillery, should have abandoned the enterprise so suddenly, and for so slight a cause. Colonel Byrd may have been impressed with a presentiment, however, that the future would not reveal so easy conquests or so few hardships by the way, in the event of a longer continuance among the Kentucky riflemen.

Among the prisoners taken at Ruddle's Station, was Captain John Hinkston, a man of courage, and experienced as a hunter and woodsman. On the second night after the enemy left the forks of the Licking, they encamped near the river, and the prisoners were placed under a guard. Considerable difficulty was found in making a fire, in consequence of the wet, and it became dark before it was accomplished. At this time, while the attention of the guards was fixed upon the attempts to kindle the fire, Hinkston sprang away into the woods and was immediately out of sight; the alarm was raised, and the Indians dispersed in every direction in pursuit, not knowing which direction the prisoner had taken. He ran but a short distance before he laid down by the

side of a large log, and concealed himself until the tumult had subsided, and the pursuit was pretty nearly relinquished; he then continued his flight, but in consequence of the darkness of the night, after traveling a considerable time, found himself close to the Indian camp again. Having no stars by which to direct his course, and being unable to see the moss upon the trees, he then adopted the following expedient to enable him to steer in one direction. The wind, he knew, blew from the westward, in which course he wished to go; dipping his hand in the water, which then covered almost the whole country, he held it up above his head, and the wind making the side upon which it blew colder than the other, he could thus shape his course toward the west. Having traveled the principal part of the night, he sat down at the foot of a tree and fell asleep. In the morning a very thick fog came on, and was the means of saving him from again falling into the hands of the enemy, whom he heard imitating the cries of different beasts and birds in various directions around him, and knowing what it was that made the sounds, he avoided them, although he was frequently within a very short distance of them. At length, having baffled all pursuit, he made his way to Lexington, where he arrived on the eighth day after the capture of Ruddle's Station, of which event he brought the first information.

The alarm was sounded at once through the Kentucky settlements, and a grand invasion of the Shawnee towns on the Mad River and Little Miami was

GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

determined upon. By the 20th of July, the forces collected from the interior, under the command of Colonel Logan, were ready at the mouth of the Licking, for a junction of the regular troops from the Falls of the Ohio under General Clark; the two divisions met and formed on the present site of Cincinnati.

On the 2d of August, General Clark took up his line of march, which was as follows: The first division, under his own command, took the front position; the center was occupied by artillery, military stores and baggage; the second, commanded by Colonel Logan, was placed in the rear. The men were ordered to march in four lines, at about forty yards distant from each other, and a line of flankers on each side, about the same distance from the right and left line. There was also a front and rear guard, who only kept in sight of the main army. In order to prevent confusion, in case of an attack of the enemy on the march, a general order was issued, that in the event of an attack in front, the front was to stand fast, and the two right lines to wheel to the right, and the two left lines to the left, and form a complete line, while the artillery was to march forward to the center of the line. In case of an attack on either of the flanks or side lines, those lines were to stand fast, and likewise the artillery, while the opposite lines wheeled and formed on the two extremes of those lines. In the event of an attack being made in the rear, a similar order was to be observed as in an attack in front.

On the 6th of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the army reached Chillicothe, and found the town in flames, the Indians having fired and deserted it that morning. After destroying several hundred acres of corn, on the 7th, at four o'clock, the march was resumed in the direction of Piqua, on the Mad River, twelve miles distant. After proceeding a mile the men were drenched by a thunder-storm of rain. As soon as it ceased, near dark, the army encamped, kindled fires—discharging and re-loading their guns by single companies successively. On the 8th, shortly after noon, they approached Piqua. The Indian road from Chillicothe to Piqua, which the army followed, crossed the Mad River about a quarter of a mile below the town (about six miles below the site of the present city of Springfield), and as soon as the advanced guard crossed a prairie of high weeds, they were attacked by the Indians, who had concealed themselves within the weeds. The ground on which the attack was made, as well as the manner of it, left no doubt that a general engagement was intended. Colonel Logan was therefore ordered, with about four hundred men, to file off to the right, and march up the river on the east side, and continue to the upper end of the town, so as to prevent the Indians from escaping in that direction. Another detachment, under Colonels Lynn, Floyd, and Harrod was ordered to cross the river, and encompass the town on the west side; while General Clark, with the troops under Colonel Shaughter, and such as were attached to the artillery, marched directly toward the town. The

prairie in which the Indians who commenced the attack were concealed, was only about two hundred yards across to the timbered land, and the division of the army detailed to encompass the town on the west, found it necessary to cross the prairie, to avoid the fire of a concealed enemy. The Indians evinced great skill and judgment, and to prevent the western division from executing the duties assigned to them, they made a powerful effort to turn their left wing. This was discovered by Lynn and Floyd, and to prevent being out flanked, they extended the line of battle west more than a mile from the town, and which continued warmly contested on both sides, until about five o'clock when the Indians disappeared, except a few in the town. The field-piece, which had been entirely useless before, was now brought to bear upon the houses, when a few shots dislodged the Indians within them.

It was estimated that, at the two Indian towns, Chillicothe and Piqua, more than five hundred acres of corn were destroyed, as well as every species of eatable vegetable. In consideration of this, the Indians were obliged, for the support of their women and children, to employ their whole time in hunting, which gave quiet to Kentucky for a considerable time.

Thus ended a campaign in which most of the men had no other provisions for twenty-five days than six quarts of Indian corn each, except the green corn and vegetables found at the Indian towns, and one gill of salt; and yet not a single complaint was heard to escape the lips of a solitary individual. All appeared

to be impressed with the belief that if this army should be defeated, few would be able to escape, and that the Indians would then fall upon the defenseless women and children in Kentucky, and destroy the whole. From this view of the subject, every man was determined to conquer or die.

Piqua was built in the manner of the French towns, and extended along the margin of the river for more than three miles; the houses, in many places, being more than twenty poles apart. Colonel Logan, therefore, in order to surround the town on the east, marched fully three miles, while the Indians turned their whole force against those on the opposite side of the town, and Logan's party was not engaged in the action at all. It is said that the sudden cessation of the Indian fire was caused by the withdrawal of Simon Girty and three hundred Wyandots and Mingoes under his command.

The following extract from an account of this expedition, by the late Abraham Thomas, of Miami county, giving further facts of interest, is appended:

"It was then a toilsome task to get the boats up the river, under constant expectation of attacks from the savages, and we were much rejoiced in making our destination. Before the boats crossed over to the Indian side, Boone and myself were taken over in the foremost boat, and landed in a small cut in the bank, opposite the mouth of the Licking. We were desired to spy through the woods for Indian signs. I was much younger than Boone, and ran up the bank in great glee, and cut into a beech tree with my toma-

hawk, which I verily believe was the first tree cut into by a white man on the present site of Cincinnati. We were soon joined by other rangers, and hunted over the other bottom. The forest everywhere was thick set with heavy beech, and scattering underbrush of spicewood and pawpaw. We started several deer, but seeing no signs of Indians, returned to the landing. By this time the men had all landed, and were busy cutting timber for stockades and cabins. The division under Colonel Logan shortly crossed over from the mouth of the Licking, and, after erecting a stockade, fort and cabin, for a small garrison and stores, the army started for Mad River. Our way lay over the uplands of an untracked primitive forest, through which, with great labor, we cut and bridged a road for our pack-horses and cannon. Our progress was slow, but the weather was pleasant, the country abounded in game, and we saw no Indians, that I recollect, until we approached the waters of Mad River. In the campaigns of these days, none but the officers thought of tents; each man had to provide for his own comfort. Our meat was cooked upon sticks, set up before the fire; our beds were sought upon the ground, and he was the most fortunate man who could gather small branches, leaves and bark, to shield him from the ground in moist places. After the lapse of so many years, it is difficult to recollect the details or dates, so as to mark the precise time or duration of our movements. But in gaining the open country of Mad River, we came in sight of the Indian villages. We had been kept all the night before on the march, and

pushed rapidly toward the points of attack, and surprised three hundred Indian warriors, who had collected at that town with the view of surprising and attacking us the next morning. At this place, a stockade fort had been erected near the village, on the side we were approaching; but the Indians were afraid to enter it, and took post in their houses.

"The village was situated on a low prairie bottom of Mad River, between the second bank and a bushy swamp piece of ground on the margin of the river. It could be approached only from three points: the one our troops occupied, and from up and down the river. General Clark detached two divisions to secure the two last-named points, while he extended his line to cover the first. By this arrangement, the whole body of Indians would have been surrounded and captured; but Colonel Logan, who had command of the lower division, became entangled in the swamp, and did not reach his assigned position before the attack commenced. The party I had joined was about entering the town with great impetuosity, when General Clark sent orders for us to stop, as the Indians were making port-holes in their cabins, and we should be in great danger; but added that he would soon make port-holes for us both. On that, he brought his six-pounder to bear on the village, and a discharge of grape-shot scattered the materials of their frail dwellings in every direction. The Indians poured out of their cabins in great consternation, while our party and those on the bank, rushed into the village, took possession of all the squaws and pappooses, and killed

a great many warriors, but most of them at the lower part of the bottom. In this skirmish, a nephew of General Clark, who had some time before run away from the Monongahela settlements and joined the Indians, was severely wounded. He was a great reprobate; and, as said, was to have led the Indians in the next morning's attack. Before he expired, he asked forgiveness of his uncle and countrymen. During the day, the village was burned, the growing corn cut down; and the next morning, we took up the line of march for the Ohio. This was a bloodless victory to our party, and the return march was attended with no unpleasant occurrence, save a great scarcity of provisions. On reaching the fort on the Ohio, a party of us immediately crossed the river for our homes, for which we felt an extreme anxiety. We depended chiefly on our rifles for sustenance; but game not being within our reach, without giving to it more time than our anxiety and rapid progress permitted, we tried every expedient to hasten our journey, even to boiling green plums and nettles. These, at first, under sharp appetites, were quite palatable, but soon became bitter and offensive. At last, in traversing the head waters of the Licking, we espied several buffaloes, directly in our track. We killed one, which supplied us bountifully with meat until we reached home."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Moravian Missions.

Before proceeding to the harrowing narrative of Crawford's expedition, in 1782, it will be necessary, from the connection between that campaign and the mission towns of the Moravian to give a brief view of the rise and progress of that peculiar and successful branch of missionary effort.

Their name is derived from the district of Moravia, in Germany. They were sometimes called Herrnhutters, from Herrnhutt, the domain of Count Zinzendorf, who became their bishop early in the eighteenth century; but they preferred to call themselves the United Brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

They claim a great antiquity, and date their origin from the ninth century, as a Moravian Branch of the Greek Church. Brought into conflict with the Roman Church, a portion of the brethren were compelled to submit to the See of Rome, others joining the Waldenses in 1470. In 1547 they were called Fratres Legis Christi, or Brethren of the Law of Christ, because they had thrown off all reverence for creeds, and professed simply to follow the precepts of the written Word of God.

In the sixteenth century we find them adhering to

the Augsburg Confession of Faith. They renounced all war and violence, established a community of goods, taught industry as a religious duty. They adhered to the primitive practices of washing feet, the holy kiss, and the casting of lots. The propriety of intended marriages was determined by this latter test. Industry, neatness, suavity of manner and plainness of apparel were eminently characteristic of this church.

They first came to this country in 1736, at the invitation of General Oglethorpe, of Georgia, where they settled. In 1739 it was resolved by the brethren at Herrnhutt to extend their missions in North America. Accordingly, one Ranch, a Moravian missionary, arrived in New York in 1740, and commenced a course of labor among the Mohican Indians of Connecticut and New York. He succeeded well among these till a band of European traders, who feared the loss of their traffic in rum and its profits, excited the jealousy of the Indians, and even threatened to shoot the missionary if he attempted to remain longer among the Red Men. The simple-minded savages received the words of the traders as truth, and became much enraged at their teacher. By his courtesy to the whites and his courage and kindness among the Indians they were forced to acknowledge, "This cannot be a bad man; he fears no evil, not even from us who are so savage; but sleeps comfortably, and places his life in our hands." Meanwhile, Moravian communities were formed in Pennsylvania, at Nazareth and Bethlehem, from which places missionaries went forth

among the Delaware Indians, with varied degrees of success.

The numerous missionary posts that now sprang up among the Indians of Pennsylvania have an interesting history, but inappropriate to the design of the present work. In the counties of Carbon, Lehigh, Schuylkill and Northumberland were numerous missionary stations established previous to 1765. So great was the feeling for revenge of border massacres by hostile Indians, that the peaceful Moravian converts were in several instances cruelly murdered by the excited whites.

In 1761 Charles Frederick Post, a courageous and untiring Moravian, penetrated to the Muskingum, and obtained permission from the Delawares to settle on the east side of that river, at the junction of the Sandy and Tuscarawas. Having built a cabin, he returned to seek a co-laborer in that solitude. He procured John Heckewelder, a youth of nineteen, an apprentice to a cedar cooper. After a hazardous journey of thirty-three days, in the spring of 1762, they entered their cabin "singing a hymn." No one lived near on the same side of the river. On the opposite side, a mile down the stream, lived a trader, a moral and religious man, named Thomas Calhoun. Farther south was the Indian town Tuscarora, with forty wigwams. A few families lived below this town, and another Indian village was situated eight miles above. After the cabin was built the Indians began to be suspicious that the missionary enterprise covered ulterior objects, and this suspicion was strengthened when

Post was observed marking off three acres of land for a cornfield. A council was held, and Post, who was present by a summons, was addressed as follows:

"Brother—Last year you asked our leave to come and live with us, for the purpose of instructing us and our children, to which we consented; and now, being come, we are glad to see you.

"Brother—It appears to us that you must since have changed your mind, for instead of instructing us or our children, you have marked out a large spot of ground for a plantation, as the white people do everywhere; and by and by another and another may come and do the same, and the next thing will be that a fort will be built for the protection of those intruders, and thus our country will be claimed by the white people, and we driven farther back, as has been the case ever since the white people came into this country. Say, do we not speak the truth?"

In answer to the address Post said:

"Brothers—What you say I told you, is true, with regard to my coming to live with you, namely, for the purpose of instructing you; but it is likewise true that an instructor must have something to live upon, otherwise he cannot do his duty. Now, not wishing to be a burden to you, so as to ask of you provision for my support, knowing that you already have families to provide for, I thought of raising my own bread, and believed that three acres of ground were little enough for that. You will recollect that I told you last year that I was a messenger from God, and prompted by him to preach and make known his will

to the Indians, that they also by faith might be saved, and become inheritors of his heavenly kingdom. Of your land I do not want a foot, neither will my raising a sufficiency of corn for me and my brother to subsist on give me or any other person a claim to your land."

Post having retired, to give the chiefs and council time to deliberate, was addressed as follows at a second interview:

"Brother—Now, as you have spoken more distinctly, we may perhaps be able to give you some advice. You say you are come at the instigation of the Great Spirit to teach and to preach to us. So, also, say the priests at Detroit, whom our father, the French, has sent among his Indian children. Well, this being the case, you, as a preacher, want no more land than they do, who are content with a garden lot to plant vegetables and pretty flowers in, such as the French priests also have, and of which the white people are all fond.

"Brother—As you are in the same station and employ with those preachers we allude to, and as we never saw any one of those cut down trees and till the ground to get a livelihood, we are inclined to think, especially as those men without laboring hard look well, that they have to look to another source than that of hard labor for their maintenance; and we think that if, as you say, the Great Spirit urges you to preach to the Indians, he will provide for you in the same manner as he provides for those priests we have seen at Detroit. We are agreed to give you a garden

spot, even a larger spot of ground than those have at Detroit; it shall measure fifty steps each way, and if it suits you, you are at liberty to plant therein what you please."

There was no alternative, and Post yielded, and allowed Captain Pipe to step off the boundaries of his lot.

They soon found themselves in danger of starvation. No flour could be obtained from Fort Pitt, the Indians were reserving every grain of maize for planting, potatoes were scarce, they had no canoes to hunt wild ducks, wild geese flew near the center of the river, and their only food was fish and a few vegetables of the forests. They for a time lived mostly upon the nettles which grew in the bottoms. At the request of the chiefs they spent a few days in assisting their neighbors in making fences, and were thus enabled, by a better diet, to recruit their strength.

Late in the summer, in obedience to a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, Post left his cabin and young Heckewelder to attend an Indian conference at Lancaster. King Beaver, and probably White Eyes, accompanied him, but the great war-chief Shingas, upon whose scalp a high price had been placed by the governor, would not venture among the whites, in accordance with the request of the Pennsylvania executive.

Heckewelder was unwilling to abandon the enterprise, choosing to remain alone. For a time, with the aid of a gun and a canoe, he fared very well. Soon, however, his canoe was lost by some Indian boys, he

could not save the ducks he shot, the nettles were becoming too tough for food, his garden vegetables were stolen, and, to add to his misfortunes, he contracted the fever and ague by wading the river to go to his friend Calhoun's. Finally, prostrate with disease and helpless in his weakness, he became almost disconsolate. With a bark canoe, which he had induced an Indian visitor to make by the promise of a knife, he succeeded in reaching the residence of Mr. Calhoun, where he was kindly received, and for the first time learned that he had become an object of suspicion. It was reported that Post was to deliver the country into the hands of the whites, and that a war was soon to break out between the English and the Indians, in which the latter would be assisted by their old allies, the French. He was warned by friendly Indians to leave the country, and one day some of Mr. Calhoun's men beckoned to him to come across the river at once. Arrived at Mr. C.'s he learned that an Indian woman had asked the trader if the white man living up the river was his friend. Being answered in the affirmative, she said: "Take him away; don't leave him one night longer in his cabin; he is in danger there." Soon after, in company with Mr. Calhoun's teamsters, he started for Pittsburg, and following him Mr. C. and his brother, and their servants, the protection of the Delaware chiefs being powerless for their preservation, were obliged to seek an asylum among the whites. The party was overtaken by a band of warriors, and only the trader and one James Smith escaped with their lives.

On the third day of his travels Heckewelder met Post returning to the country. Despite all remonstrances he continued on, arrived at the cabin, but was obliged to fly by a secret forest path, conducted by a former fellow traveler.

Rev. David Zeisberger, who had met with discouragements at his mission founded upon the Alleghany, in 1768, and on the Beaver in 1770, received an invitation in 1771 from the Delawares to remove a colony of missionaries and Christian Indians to the Muskingum. Upon renewal of the invitation the next year, Zeisberger was induced to make a journey of exploration, in company with a few Indian brethren. On the 16th of March, 1772, he came upon a large tract of land, near the Muskingum, with a good spring, a small lake, good planting grounds, much game, and every convenience for an Indian colony. This land was formally asked for, when they learned that it was the tract especially designated for them by the council. The place was seventy miles from Lake Erie, and thirty miles from Gekelemukpechink, the residence of the Delaware chiefs—all the land between the Gekelemukpechink Creek to Tuscarora.

Accompanied by five families (twenty-eight persons), Zeisberger arrived at the new settlement on the 3d of May, which was named Shoenbrunn, or Beautiful Spring. The site of this town is about two miles below New Philadelphia, in Tuscarawas county. A few miles south of this another settlement was commenced and named Gnadenhutten. An emigration from the Susquehannah added two hundred and

forty-one to their population, and about one hundred men from Beaver, a colony now transplanted to the Muskingum. Here, in 1772, in the temple of nature, in unison with the voice of prayer and praise, was adopted the first code of civil and social laws ever enacted in Ohio. The following comprises the initiatory of Ohio legislation:

1. We will know of no other God, nor worship any other, but him who has created us and redeemed us with his most precious blood.

2. We will rest from all labor on Sundays, and attend the usual meetings on that day for divine service.

3. We will honor father and mother, and support them in age and distress.

4. No thieves, murderers, drunkards, adulterers and whore-mongers shall be suffered among us.

5. No one shall be permitted to dwell with us without the consent of our teachers.

6. No one that attendeth dances, sacrifices, or heathenish festivals, can live among us.

7. No one using Trehappich, or witchcraft, in hunting, shall be suffered among us.

8. We will renounce all juggles, lies and deceits of Satan.

9. We will be obedient to our teachers and to the helpers (national assistants) who are appointed to see that good order be kept, both in and out of town.

10. We will not be idle and lazy, nor tell lies of one another, nor strike each other; we will live peaceably together.

11. Whosoever does any harm to another's cattle, goods or effects, etc., shall pay the damage.

12. A man shall have only one wife—love her and provide for her and the children. Likewise a woman shall have but one husband, and be obedient to him; she shall also take care of the children, and be cleanly in all things.

13. We will not permit any rum or spiritous liquor to be brought into our town. If strangers or traders happen to bring any, the helpers (national assistants) are to take it into their possession, and take care not to deliver it to them until they set off again.

14. None of the inhabitants shall run in debt with traders, nor receive goods on commission for traders, without consent of the national assistants.

15. No one is to go on a journey or long hunt without informing the minister or steward of it.

16. Young people are not to marry without the consent of their parents, and taking their advice.

17. If the stewards or helpers apply to the inhabitants for assistance in doing work for the benefit of the place, such as building meeting and school houses, clearing and fencing lands, etc., they are to be obedient.

18. All necessary contributions for the public ought cheerfully to be attended to.

19. No man inclining to go to war—which is the shedding of blood—can remain among us.

20. Whosoever purchases goods or articles of warriors, knowing at the time that such have been stolen or plundered, must leave. We look upon this as giving encouragement to murder and theft.

The Christian Indians of the Moravian settlements had to undergo many trials of their faith and grace. Their settlements no sooner become flourishing, under the rule of industry and sobriety which necessarily prevailed, than their uncivilized kinsmen sought to induce them to abjure their new mode of life, and even to involve them in a warfare against the colonies. Failing to succeed by persuasion, they resolved to try coercion. In 1777, a band of Wyandots numbering two hundred, led by Pomoacan, appeared before the settlements, were hospitably entertained, and after a long conference returned, convinced of the neutrality and worthiness of their Christian friends, and willing to allow them undisturbed possession of their pleasant seats.

The settlements met with a varied fortune and frequent changes from the period of their settlement to 1780. In 1778 Gnadenhutten was abandoned for a time, from the annoyances of white banditti, for a place called Lichtenau, which was in turn vacated in 1780, and a settlement called Salem established five miles below Gnadenhutten.

The Moravian settlements were now Shoenbrunn, Gnadenhutten and Salem, and this hardy and thriving community began to acquire the arts of civilized life; churches were erected, schools established, the land carefully cultivated, and all surrounded by the appliances of civilization. A good degree of success attended the spiritual labors of the missionaries, and a goodly number of devoted and consistent men and women were added to the church.

They were thus leading peaceful and happy lives, when the war of the revolution broke out. Though strictly neutral, according to the peaceful tenets of their faith, their situation was dangerous and embarrassing. The tribes around them generally espoused the cause of England; the route through which they passed to the frontier settlements of Virginia and Pennsylvania, on their bloody expeditions, led them through the heart of these settlements. As the goods and captives of the frontiers, carried away by the Indians, passed in the exact direction of the Moravians, they were suspected by the whites, while they were no less objects of distrust and suspicion on the part of the Indians, from their refusal to participate with their kindred in those scenes of blood. Every act of benevolence done to either party was a rank offense to the other. If a meal of victuals was given to a returning warrior, in obedience to a hospitable custom which had become an instinct of their nature, or a ransom interposed by the missionaries, the act was heralded through the border as one of fealty to the savage interest; while, on the other hand, Girty, M'Kee, Elliott, and others in the British-Indian interest, constantly complained that runners were sent to Fort Pitt with announcements of projected expeditions. The unfortunate Moravians were between two fires, both fierce, furious and uncontrollable.

It was finally resolved by these copper-skinned allies of England, that all who would not bear arms against the colonists should be considered as enemies.

The Moravians still refused to take up arms. Believing this answer to be the result of the personal influence of the white missionaries, it was decided to remove the teachers by force, and obtain an easy assent to their plans from the proselytes. In 1779, an army of British and Indians approached the Muskingum for this purpose. At this point, hearing of Bowman's expedition to Chillicothe, the Indians hastened to the aid of their brethren of the Miamis, and the British commander was obliged to forego his purpose and return.

Soon after the Coshocton campaign, an interesting interview took place between the Delaware chief, Pachgantschilas, supposed to be the same as King Shingas, and in later years Bockingehelas. Wishing to induce them to withdraw from the frontier, he held to them the following language, as reported by Heckewelder:

"Friends and kinsmen! Listen to what I have to say to you. You see a great and powerful nation divided; you see the father fighting against the son, and the son against the father; the father has called on his Indian children to assist him in punishing his children, the Americans, who have become refractory. I took time to consider what I should do—whether or not I would receive the hatchet of my father to assist him. At first I looked upon it as a family quarrel, in which I was not interested. However, at length it appeared to me that the father was in the right, and his children deserved to be punished a little. That this must be the case, I concluded from the many cruel

acts his offspring had committed from time to time on his Indian children, in encroaching on their lands, stealing their property, shooting at and murdering without cause, men, women and children! Yes! even murdering those who at all times had been friendly to them, and were placed for protection under the roof of their father's house—the father himself standing sentry at the door at the time.*

"Friends and relatives! Often has the father been obliged to settle and make amends for the wrongs and mischiefs done to us by his refractory children, yet those do not grow better. No! they remain the same, and they will continue to be so as long as we have any land left us. Look back at the murders committed by the Long Knives (Virginians) on many of our relations who lived peaceable neighbors to them on the Ohio! Did they not kill them without the least provocation? Are they, do you think, better now than they were then? No, indeed not, and many days are not elapsed since you had a number of these very near your doors who panted to kill you, but fortunately were prevented from so doing by the Great Sun,† who at that time had, by the Great Spirit, been ordained to protect you.

"Friends and relatives! You love that which is good, and wish to live in peace with all mankind, and at a place where you may not be disturbed while

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* The allusion here is to the slaughter of the Conestoga Indians, of Pennsylvania, by a mob of whites, although they had taken refuge in Lancaster jail.

† A name given by the Indians to Colonel Brodhead.

praying. You are very right in this; and I do not reproach you in having made the choice. But, my friends and relatives, does the place you are at present settled at, answer this purpose? Do you not live in the very road the contending parties pass over when they go to fight each other? Have you not discovered the footsteps of the Long Knives almost within sight of your towns, and seen the smoke arising from their camps? Should not this be a sufficient warning to you, and lead you to consult your own safety? We have long since turned our faces toward your habitations, in the expectation of seeing you come from where you now are to us, where you would be out of danger; but you were so engaged in praying, that you did not discover our anxiety for your sakes.

"Friends and relatives! Now listen to me and hear what I have to say to you. I am myself come to bid you rise and go with me to a secure place. Do not, my friends, covet the land you now hold under cultivation. I will conduct you to a country equally good, where your fields shall yield you abundant crops, and where your cattle shall find abundant pasture; where there is plenty of game; where your women and children, together with yourselves, will live in peace and safety; where no Long Knife shall ever molest you. Nay, I will live between you and them, and not even suffer them to frighten you. There you can worship your God without fear; here, where you are, you cannot do this. Think on what I have now said to you, and believe that if you stay where you now are, one day or the other, the Long Knives

will, in their usual way, speak fine words to you, and at the same time murder you."

In the summer of 1781, a Huron chief, with three hundred warriors, an English officer and a Delaware chief, appeared before the settlement with a determination to force the whole community to remove. After a few days of persecution, in which they inflicted many outrages upon both Indians and missionaries, the Moravians acquiesced in their imperative command to remove. Their corn and their vegetables, growing in the fields, were abandoned; a portion of their property was destroyed, and they were compelled to turn their backs upon their pleasant and goodly earthly homes, and march toward the Sandusky. Arriving there, and being left destitute of provisions, they were in danger of starvation. At this juncture, a missionary and several Christian Indians undertook a journey to the Muskingum for corn. At that point the missionary and five of the Indians were seized and carried captive by the whites to Pittsburg. The others returned to their brethren with a supply of corn. Those held at Pittsburg were soon allowed to return—not without arousing dissatisfaction and some indignation among the whites of the frontiers, who persisted in believing them to be connected with the hostilities by which they were the sufferers. This growing excitement was fanned to a flame upon learning that bands of Moravians were frequently returning to the old settlements and carrying off their property; and an expedition was organized near Wheeling numbering one hundred and sixty, to

surprise the Indians and cut them off. Their victims heard of the invasion, but could not believe they had anything to fear from the whites, and therefore took no precaution to evade the blow.

This band of misguided or reckless men, under the command of Colonel Williamson, arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the 5th of March. The next morning, finding the Indians were employed in the cornfield, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed over the river, two at a time, in a large sap-trough. The rest of the party went to the village, and found only a man and a woman there, whom they killed. The sixteen found a larger number in the cornfield than they expected, all armed, as usual, for protection, and for procuring game. The whites found it convenient to resort to a little of subterfuge and treachery; accosted their victims kindly, told them they had come to take them to a place where they would in future be protected, and advised them to accompany them to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt. Some of them had been at the fort, where they were received with kindness, and were the more ready to accede to their friendly proposition. An Indian messenger was sent to Salem to apprise the inhabitants of the new arrangement. They left their cornfields and came at once to Gnadenhutten. On their arrival, they were secured, disarmed, fettered, and divided between two prison-houses, the males being placed in one, and the females in another, numbering in all about ninety.

What should be done with them? A council was held, composed of officers and privates. Colonel

Williamson put the question whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or *be put to death*—requesting all wishing to save them, to step forward and form a second rank. Only eighteen stood forth; the rest were firmly resolved to murder these unoffending men. One woman knelt before the commander, and begged for mercy: there was no mercy for her or for her kindred.

They were all, men and women, barbarously, brutally murdered, with the exception of two Indian boys, who escaped almost by a miracle. Then the houses were set on fire, and desolation and utter ruin brooded over the scene of the triumphs of Christianity in its conflict with ignorance and heathenism. They declared to their murderers that, though they could call God to witness their innocence, they were willing to suffer death. They only asked time to engage in religious exercises, and pour out their souls in prayer. The solemn echoes of their Christian hymns died away in the dim and distant aisles of the forest temple, the Christian prayer went up, but the hearts of doubly savage white men remained hard as adamant beneath the melting influences of the scene. The gun and spear, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were thirsting still for the blood of Christians.

Heckewelder, in his narrative of this bloody tragedy, describes the manner in which they met their death: "The murderers, impatient to make a beginning, came again to them while they were singing, and inquiring whether they were now ready for dying, they were answered in the affirmative, adding that they had

commended their immortal souls to God, who had given them the assurance in their hearts that he would receive their souls. One of the party now taking up a cooper's mallet, which lay in the house (the owner being a cooper), saying 'How exactly this will answer for the business,' he began with Abraham, and continued knocking down one after another until he had counted fourteen that he had killed with his own hands. He now handed the instrument to one of his fellow-murderers, saying, 'My arm now fails me; go on in the same way. I think I have done pretty well.' In another house, where the women and children were confined, Judith, a remarkably pious, aged widow, was the first victim."

Loskiel's narrative thus details the escape of the two youths, whose lives were saved:

"One of them, seeing that they were in earnest, was so fortunate as to disengage himself from his bonds, then slipping unobserved from the crowd, crept through a narrow window into the cellar of that house in which the sisters were executed. Their blood soon penetrated through the flooring, and, according to his account, ran in streams into the cellar; by which it appears probable that most, if not all of them, were not merely scalped, but killed with hatchets or swords. The lad lay concealed until night, providentially no one coming down to search the cellar, when having, with much difficulty, climbed up the wall to the window, he crept through, and escaped into a neighboring thicket.

"The other youth's name was Thomas. The mur-

derers struck him only one blow on the head, took his scalp, and left him. But after some time he recovered his senses, and saw himself surrounded by bleeding corpses. Among these, he observed one brother, called Abel, moving, and endeavoring to raise himself up; but he remained lying as still as though he had been dead, and this caution proved the means of his deliverance; for, soon after, one of the murderers coming in, and observing Abel's motions, killed him outright with two or three blows. Thomas lay quiet until dark, though suffering the most exquisite torment. He then ventured to creep toward the door, and observing nobody in the neighborhood, got out, and escaped into the wood, where he concealed himself during the night.

"These two youths met afterward in the wood, and God preserved them from harm on their journey to Sandusky, though they purposely took a long circuit, and suffered great hardship and danger. But before they left the neighborhood of Gnadenhutten, they observed the murderers from behind the thicket, making merry after their successful enterprise, and at last setting fire to the two slaughter-houses filled with corpses.

"Providentially, the believing Indians who were at that time in Shoenbrunn escaped. The missionaries had, immediately on receiving orders to repair to Fort Detroit, sent a messenger to the Muskingum, to call the Indians home, with the view to see them once more, and to get horses from them for their journey. This messenger happened to arrive at Shoenbrunn the day before the murderers came to Gnadenhutten,

and having delivered his message, the Indians of Shoenbrunn sent another messenger to Gnadenhutten, to inform their brethren there and at Salem of the message received. But before he reached Gnadenhutten, he found young Shebosch lying dead and scalped by the wayside, and looking forward, saw many white people in and about Gnadenhutten. He instantly fled back with great precipitation, and told the Indians in Shoenbrunn what he had seen, who all took flight, and ran into the woods. They now hesitated a long while, not knowing whither to turn, or how to proceed. Thus, when the murderers arrived at Shoenbrunn, the Indians were still near the premises, observing everything that had happened there, and might easily have been discovered. But here the murderers seemed, as it were, struck with blindness. Finding nobody at home, they destroyed and set fire to the settlement; and having done the same at Gnadenhutten and Salem, they set off with the scalps of their innocent victims, about fifty horses, a number of blankets and other things, and marched to Pittsburg, with a view to murder the few Indians lately settled on the north side of the Ohio, opposite to the fort. Some of them fell a sacrifice to the rage of this blood-thirsty crew, and a few escaped. Among the latter was Anthony, a member of the (Moravian) congregation, who happened then to be at Pittsburg, and both he and the Indians of Shoenbrunn arrived, after many dangers and difficulties, at Sandusky."

Shortly after the Muskingum massacre, the congregation at Sandusky, deprived of their teachers, and re-

duced to a handful, yielded to the solicitations of their Delaware and Shawnee friends, and abandoned the settlement. A portion of them went with the Shawnees to the Scioto region; and the remainder continued awhile in the vicinity of Pipetown, and afterward removed to the Miami of the Lake, or Maumee, where they were allowed to worship the true God, unmolested by the revengeful cruelty of the white man.

This is the darkest picture of border warfare that is depicted on the pages of American history. Would that the record, most foul with murder, dark and damning to the name of the white man, could be forever obliterated from the American annals. Were it possible to leave the page in its pristine purity, the just and generous of our race and country would cry with united voice, "Out, damned spot!"

CRAWFORD'S BATTLE GROUND.

CHAPTER XVII.

Crawford's Company—Rout by the Indians—His Capture—Burning of Captain Crawford—Knight's Escape.

The campaign of 1782, which resulted so disastrously for the whites, may be regarded as a repetition of the Williamson Moravian expedition. It was a volunteer expedition against the new settlement of Christian Indians and the Wyandot and Delaware towns in the vicinity of the sources of the Sandusky and Scioto. It met with a rebuke almost as signal as the butchery of the Gnadenhutten and Salem Indians. The enterprise was conducted with great secresy and dispatch; the men were mounted upon the fleetest horses they could procure; and each man procured his own outfit, except that a public provision was made for a portion of the amunition.

The volunteers assembled on May 20th, at the deserted Mingo village seventy-five miles below Pittsburg, to the number of at least four hundred and fifty. The candidates for the command were Colonel William Crawford, the agent and friend of Washington, and Colonel David Williamson, leader of the previous infamous sally upon the Moravian towns. Colonel Crawford was selected.

On the 25th, the march was commenced. At Shoenbrunn, on the Muskingum, sufficient corn was found for

a night's forage. In the vicinity, two Indians were discovered skulking through the forest, and it subsequently appeared that cunning Indian scouts were hanging about the expedition, and dispatching intelligence in all directions, during the whole progress of the army westward. These spies were vigilant by day and watchful by night, and in the early morning visited and carefully scrutinized the deserted encampment, even transcribing from the trees the reckless carving of the words, "No quarter will be given to any Indian, whether man, woman, or child."

On the sixth day, according to Doddridge (but the eleventh, in the narrative of M'Clung), the expedition reached the site of the Moravian village on one of the upper branches of the Sandusky, to find only desolation and ruin. The place was covered with high grass since the removal of the missionaries to Detroit, and the dispersion of the congregation.

Here were symptoms of disaffection and discouragement. The men were entirely undisciplined. The discovery of the Indian scouts created an excitement that was a premonition of the disorder that might be expected to follow an attack. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, their horses were jaded, and clamors began to be rife for an abandonment of the enterprise. A council was held by the officers, at which it was determined to march one day longer, and if the enemy should not be discovered, to return at once.

Doddridge states that the march was continued after the council, from early morning to the hour of two in the afternoon, when the advance guard was attacked

and driven in by the Indians, who were secreted in the high grass which covered the plain. There is a little discrepancy in the location of the site of this council by the historians of the campaign. To reach the battle "three miles north of the Upper Sandusky of the modern map, and one mile west of the Sandusky River," would scarcely require a full half-day's march. Such a march would suffice for covering the distance between Bucyrus and the battle-ground. M'Clung makes the encampment but a short distance from the ambuscade; and Heckewelder thus describes the site of the Moravian town: "On the 11th of October, 1782, they arrived at the old Upper Sandusky town, which is on the east branch of the river of the same name, where the Half King and his party left them, and proceeded nine or ten miles further to their homes." It is supposed that this was New Wyandot town, at Big Spring, now Springville, in Seneca county. Pipetown was on the Tymochtee, eight miles above its junction with the Sandusky. The council was undoubtedly in the vicinity of Upper Sandusky, and the ambuscade near Leesville, in Crawford county, but a few miles from the former place.

The Indians, who had commenced their attack under cover of the tall grass, had stationed themselves in a grove of trees. Crawford gave the order to his men to dismount, tie, and dislodge the red skins from their position. The high grass of the prairie continued to afford a shelter to the savages. Doddridge says that the enemy attempted to gain a skirt of

woods upon Crawford's right flank, but were foiled by the promptness and daring of Major Leet, who commanded the right wing. The same authority makes the American loss but three killed and several wounded—a number much less than the probable Indian loss. The attack was not resumed the next day, which was spent in burying the dead, caring for the wounded, and traversing the plains, apparently waiting for reinforcements. At dark, the field officers, in council, in view of the constant arrival of fresh bands of Indians, and the condition of the troops, determined to retreat as rapidly as was consistent with the preservation of order, and the safety and comfort of the wounded.

Unfortunately, the volunteer forces were essentially demoralized, and ripe for a panic—occasion for which occurred almost at the very moment of commencing the retreat, in the report of several rifles in the direction of the Indian encampment. The troops became unsteady, and upon the announcement, by a solitary voice in the van, that their purpose was discovered, and the enemy would soon be upon them, the panic became an uproar, and the retreat a wild flight. The wounded were abandoned; straggling parties vainly sought superior safety in dispersion, but the result proved delusive and disastrous—the Indians invariably followed, and generally caught and killed the straggling detachments. Scarcely more than half, certainly not two-thirds, as far as can be learned, ever reached their homes.

Dr. Knight, the surgeon, was in the rear at the

commencement of the flight. Hurrying forward, he heard the voice of Colonel Crawford calling aloud for his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and his nephews, Major Rose and William Crawford. He heard yells and screams, indicative of an attack, a mile in advance; but having little confidence in his men, preferred not to trust his fortunes with his men, and turned his course to the northward, directing his way by the position of the polar star. After progressing in this direction about an hour, in company with Dr. Knight and two others, he turned toward the eastward. At daybreak, their horses failed them, and were abandoned. They soon fell in with Captain Briggs, who had given up his horse to a wounded man, Lieutenant Ashley, and was, with much composure, walking by his side, burdened with gun and knapsack. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy rain compelled them to encamp under such shelter as could be hurriedly provided by means of the bark of trees spread over poles in Indian fashion. The next morning, they found the meat of a deer, nicely sliced, and carefully packed in the skin, and a little farther on, a white man engaged in building a fire. After partaking of a hearty repast, they hurried on, and at noon, reached the path by which the army had advanced westward a few days before. Should they keep on their unbroken way, or take the beaten path? Briggs and Knight advised the secresy of the woods; but Colonel Crawford overruled them in favor of the beaten track.

They had not progressed a mile when a party of

Delawares sprang upon the path before Crawford and Knight, who were considerably in advance, and commanded them to stop. They surrendered; and the rest of the party fled; though Briggs and Ashley were overtaken and killed.

The prisoners were taken to an encampment near by, where were nine other prisoners; and on the following day, Monday, June 10th, they were prepared for a march of thirty-three miles to Sandusky. Colonel Crawford, at his earnest request, was permitted to go to see Girty, the renegade, under guard of two Indians. He had some acquaintance with Girty, and hoped to be able, through his well-known cupidity, to arrange for a ransom.

Joseph McCutchen, in the *American Pioneer*, says that the Colonel had been approached by Girty, on the evening of the battle, under cover of a flag of truce, with the question, "Are you Colonel Crawford?" The answer was, "I seem to have some recollection of your voice; but your Indian dress deprives me of knowing you as an acquaintance." Girty then spoke as follows: "My name is Simon Girty; Colonel Crawford, my object in calling you here, is to say to you that the Indians have ceased firing until to-morrow morning, when they intend to commence the fight; and as they are three times as strong as you are, they will be able to cut you all off: to-night, the Indians will surround your army, and when that arrangement is fully made, you will hear some guns fire all around the ring; but there is a large swamp, or very wet piece of ground on the east side of you, where there

will be a vacancy; that gap you can learn by the firing, and in the night, you had better march your men through, and make your escape in an eastern direction."

This anecdote relieves a little the darkness of his subsequent conduct; yet his motive in this case was doubtless mercenary; and in the other case, the result of a selfish policy, that made him seem more heartless, if possible, than he really was.

The interview now had with Girty resulted in a proposition from Girty to Captain Pipe, of a purchase of his life for three hundred and fifty dollars. Pipe felt himself grossly insulted, and answered, "Sir, do you think I am a squaw? If you say one word more on the subject, I will make a stake for you, and burn you along with the white chief."

This severe rebuke silenced Girty, and perhaps provoked the unfeeling display of himself at the execution of Crawford.

On the morning of June 11th, Crawford met again with his fellow prisoners at the Old Town. Captain Pipe had painted their faces black, and now proceeded to paint that of the white commander. They soon marched toward the place of execution, Crawford and Knight walking between the Delaware chiefs, Pipe and Wingenund. The other nine were sent forward. As they journeyed toward Tymochtee, they were shocked to see the bodies of four of the prisoners scattered along the path; and themselves witnessed the slaughter of the remaining five by a crowd of squaws and boys. One, John M'Kinley, an officer in

a Virginia regiment, was beheaded by a villainous old hag, and a bag containing his head kicked about by the savage wretches. Half a mile further on was the place selected for Crawford's execution.

Before the execution when the victim was bound to the stake, Wingenund, who had enjoyed a friendly acquaintance with Crawford, had a conversation with him, which is reported by Heckewelder. Colonel Johnston regards the report as substantially correct:

Wingenund—Are you not Colonel Crawford?

Crawford—I am.

Wingenund, somewhat agitated, ejaculates: "So! Yes, indeed!"

Crawford—Do you not recollect the friendship that always existed between us, and that we were always glad to see each other?

Wingenund—Yes, I remember all this, and that we have often drank together, and that you have been kind to me.

Crawford—Then I hope the same friendship still continues.

Wingenund—It would, of course, were you where you ought to be, and not here.

Crawford—And why not here? I hope you will not desert a friend in time of need. Now is the time for you to exert yourself in my behalf, as I should do for you were you in my place.

Wingenund—Colonel Crawford, you have placed yourself in a situation which puts it out of my power, and that of other of your friends, to do anything for you.

Crawford—How so, Captain Wingenund?

Wingenund—By joining yourself to that execrable man, Williamson, and his party—the man who, but the other day, murdered such a number of Moravian Indians, knowing them to be friends—knowing that he ran no risk in murdering a people who would not fight, and whose only business was praying.

Crawford—But I assure you, Wingenund, that had I been with him at the time this would not have happened. Not I alone, but all your friends, and all good men, whoever they are, reprobate acts of this kind.

Wingenund—That may be; yet these friends, these good men, did not prevent him from going out again to kill the remainder of these inoffensive, yet foolish, Moravian Indians. I say foolish, because they believed the whites in preference to us. We had often told them they would be one day so treated by those people, who called themselves their friends; we told them there was no faith to be placed in what the white man said; that their fair promises were only intended to allure us, that they might the more easily kill us, as they had done many Indians before these Moravians.

Crawford—I am sorry to hear you speak thus. As to Williamson's going out again, when it was known he was determined on it, I went out with him to prevent his committing fresh murders.

Wingenund—This the Indians would not believe, were even I to tell them.

Crawford—Why would they not believe?

Wingenund—Because it would have been out of your power to have prevented his doing what he pleased.

Crawford—Out of my power! Have any Moravian Indians been killed or hurt since we came out?

Wingenund—None: but you first went to their town, and, finding it deserted, you turned on the path toward us. If you had been in search of warriors only, you would not have gone thither. Our spies watched you closely. They saw you while you were embodying yourselves on the other side of the Ohio; they saw you cross the river; they saw where you encamped for the night; they saw you turn off from the path to the deserted Moravian town; they knew you were going out of your way; your steps were watched, and you were suffered quietly to proceed until you reached the spot where you were attacked.

Crawford felt that with this sentence ended his last ray of hope, and now asked with emotion, "What do they intend to do with me?"

Wingenund—I tell you with grief. As Williamson, with his whole cowardly host, ran off in the night at the whistling of our warriors' balls, being satisfied that now he had no Moravians to deal with, but men who could fight, and with such he did not wish to have anything to do—I say, as they have escaped and you have been taken, they will take revenge on you in his stead.

Crawford—And is there no possibility of preventing this? Can you devise no way of getting me off?

You shall, my friend, be well rewarded if you are instrumental in saving my life.

Wingenund—Had Williamson been taken with you, I and some of my friends, by making use of what you have told me, might, perhaps, have succeeded in saving you; but as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The King of England himself, were he here with all his wealth and treasure, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls loudly for revenge. The Shawnees, our grandchildren, have asked for your fellow prisoner; on him they will take revenge. All the nations connected with us cry out, "Revenge! revenge!" The Moravians, whom you went to destroy, having fled, instead of avenging their brethren, the offense is become national, and the nation itself is bound to take revenge.

Crawford—My fate is then fixed, and I must prepare for death in its worst form.

Wingenund—I am sorry for it, but cannot do anything for you. Had you attended to the Indian principle that good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not be in this lamentable situation. You see now, when it is too late, after Williamson has deserted you, what a bad man he must be. Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel Crawford! They are coming. I will retire to a solitary place.

The record of the burning of Crawford is given in the words of Dr. Knight:

"When we went to the fire the colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down and walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him? Girty answered yes. The colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz: about thirty or forty men and sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

"When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck; I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and, to the best of my observation, cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

"The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied. It was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in

length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

"In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simon Girty, and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told him he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

"Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at one of the Shawnee towns. He swore, by God, I needn't expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

"Colonel Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy upon his soul; spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being

almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly. They then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me 'that was my great captain.' An old squaw, whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil, got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped. He then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post. They next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before."

At this point Dr. Knight was taken away to the house of Captain Pipe. The next morning he saw the bones and ashes of Colonel Crawford, while on his way, in company with an Indian, to a Shawnee town forty miles distant, for execution. They traveled twenty-five miles and encamped for the night. In the morning, the gnats becoming very troublesome, the doctor besought the Indian to untie him, that he might help make a fire to keep them off. His request was regarded. While the Indian was on his hands and knees blowing the fire, the doctor aimed a blow at the head of the Indian with a billet of dog-wood eighteen inches long, and knocked him into the fire; then seizing his gun he made his escape, and, after wandering twenty days, arrived at the Virginia frontiers in a half famished condition.

Such was the melancholy termination of an expedition entered upon with the highest auguries of a triumphal march through the country of the hated Red

Men. In it may be seen something marvelously like a retributive dispensation of divine justice, except that the most guilty of the Moravian marauders escaped, while the innocent were falling in their places.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Hard Times in Kentucky—Another Adventure of Boone—Massacre of the Lower Blue Licks.

Comparative quiet characterized the settlements for a brief period after the British-Indian invasion of 1780, and the retributive visitation of General George Clark upon the Shawnee towns. Emigration from the East continued to pour in, without check from the turbulence of the previous years. The wonderful fertility of the soil, the abundance of fish and game, and the mildness of the climate, inspired an enthusiasm for emigration, that no risk, or hardship, or privation could suffice to cool.

To subdue the unbroken forest, to build cabins, to make rude articles of furniture and implements of husbandry, is not the labor of a day. There was work for every willing hand; and with all their energy and industry, it was difficult, in addition to the burden of their pressing cares, to feed the continuous stream of new-comers, except with the easy dividends of the river banks and buffalo licks.

At this period, too, the wily Indian, tired of open warfare and undisguised field fighting with the sharpshooting riflemen of the Long Knives, sought the benighted traveler, besieged the lonely cabin, and lay in ambush, in small detachments, to deal death to strag-

gling parties of white men. Often was the poor woman, that had bartered a home surrounded by the appliances of civilization, for the hope of a home of beauty and plenty just beyond the dangerous present, doomed to feel the horrors of the scalping-knife, after seeing tomahawked the children of her love. Bitter was the anguish that wrung the hearts of hundreds, even thousands, in those dark and gloomy days in the history of the "dark and bloody ground."

The winter of 1781 was long to be remembered by the pioneers. It is to this day known as "the cold winter." The houses had been hastily built, and were illy adapted to the inclemency of such a season. The labors of the field were performed in the armor of the soldier, and in constant expectancy of Indian attacks, amid harassing interruptions and warlike preparations. To cap the climax of disaster, many of the best of their cornfields were ravaged and burnt by their almost omnipresent foes. Such was their preparation for the severe and bitter cold of 1781.

But Boone and Harrod, and kindred spirits, with the deadly aim of their unerring rifles, brought down abundance of the produce of the forests, sufficient to put away all thoughts of starvation from the settlements. Multitudes were obliged to subsist almost exclusively upon a flesh diet. There was one consolation amid the severity of the hardship: the Indians were kept busy at home, in taking care of themselves. Kentucky was for a time exempt from their incursions.

An incident occurred after Boone's return with his family (who had sought the old Carolina home during his captivity), which is worth a record here. As ever, he occupied again the first rank of usefulness in the settlement of Boonesborough. He was called once more to the scene of his former dangerous adventure, the Blue Licks, for a needed supply of salt. The party had procured as much salt as they could carry, and were returning to their homes, when they were suddenly fired upon. A brother of Boone fell dead at the first fire. Boone turned, leveled his rifle at the foremost Indian, and laid him in the dust. With a yell of rage, they rushed toward him. Snatching his brother's rifle, he let out the life of another, and fled for his life. The Indians gave chance; but he managed to keep ahead, and even found time to reload his rifle. He knew that his only chance for escape was to distance them, and break his trail. He passed the brow of a hill, jumped into a brook below, waded in it for some distance, and then struck off at right angles for his old course. Upon looking back, he found, to his sorrow, that he had not succeeded: the Indians were still on his trail. Presently, he came to a grapevine, and tried his old experiment at breaking the trail. This was to no purpose; he found the savages still followed him. After traveling some distance further, he saw, upon looking round, the cause of his trouble; the Indians had a dog with them, and this dog, scenting his track, kept them on his course. His rifle was loaded, the dog far ahead of the Indians, and Boone sent a rifle ball through him. He now pushed on,

doubling on his course frequently. The Indians lost track of him; and he reached Boonesborough in safety.

The year of 1782 was fruitful of encouraging events for the Indians. They knew the weakness and poverty of the settlers during the grand struggle for their utter extirpation. The defeat of the Moravian expedition, ending with the burning of Crawford and other officers, and the destruction of a large portion of the army, had raised their expectations to the highest point.

"Early in August following the defeat of Crawford, large detachments from the different tribes of the Shawnees, Tawas, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, and Cherokees, assembled at Chillicothe, making a force of five or six hundred warriors, who held a grand council, which Simon Girty addressed in a speech. He reminded the Indians of the fertility of Kentucky, and the abundance and excellence of the game that used to herd there; he inflamed them to madness at the thought of the desolation that the white people had caused in their hunting-grounds; and incited them to revenge their grievances by exterminating the intruders. The council broke up, and the whole body of warriors took up the line of march for Kentucky; and in the night between the 14th and 15th of August, surrounded Bryant's station, which stood about five miles northeast of Lexington, and was the most exposed post on the frontier. It consisted of about forty cabins, in two rows, forming a parallelogram, about two hundred yards long and fifty in

width, with block-houses at the corners, and the spaces between the houses filled with picketing. The garrison depended for water upon a spring, outside of the station. The evening before it was invested, news had been received of the defeat of seventeen men in the vicinity of another station, and the principal part of the garrison had intended to march the next morning to the assistance of their friends; and many of them spent the chief part of the night in making preparations for that purpose.

"If the Indians had not shown themselves so early in the morning as they did, the party would have left the fort, and both they and it would have fallen an easy prey. The plan of attack devised by the Indians was to attract the attention of the garrison to one side of the fort, while the main body, which was concealed upon the opposite side, should rush up to the works, which they supposed would be left undefended, and take them by storm. About five hundred of them accordingly concealed themselves near the spring, and early in the morning, the others, amounting to about one hundred, showed themselves, and fired upon the fort from the opposite side. The garrison immediately suspected the stratagem, and avoided the snare. They commenced repairing the picketing, without returning the enemy's fire, correctly supposing that the concealed body would not show themselves until the garrison engaged with those who had appeared on the other side. Their chief distress was about water, which would have to be procured from the spring, near which they supposed the enemy were

lying in ambush. The women were summoned, and all the circumstances stated to them, as they were supposed to exist, even with regard to the enemy supposed to be lying concealed near the spring; and it was then proposed to them, that they should go together in a body, and bring each a bucket of water. They naturally shrunk from the dangerous undertaking; but the necessity of the thing was represented to them, and the probability that they would be allowed to procure the water unmolested, as long as the firing on the opposite side of the fort was not returned, it being their usual duty to bring water; whereas, were the men to go, the very circumstance would lead the enemy to suppose their stratagem was suspected, and would cause them to abandon their ambuscade, and make an open attack; in which case, it would be impossible to procure water at all. The women finally consented to go, and accordingly proceeded together to the spring, from which each returned with a vessel of water, without being molested in the slightest degree. This being done, and the other necessary preparations made, the principal part of the garrison placed themselves upon the side of the fort upon which they expected the concealed party to make their attack, but keeping themselves out of view; and thirteen men were sent out to attack those who were showing themselves on the other side.

"As soon as the firing was commenced, the party in ambuscade rushed toward the fort, when they were met by a volley of rifle balls, that made them turn and fly in every direction; and the firing being briskly

kept up, at the end of two minutes not an Indian was to be seen. After a short time, they commenced a regular fire upon the fort, keeping a respectful distance, however, so that little injury was done or received by either party. When the Indians were first observed in the morning, two of the garrison had been sent off to Lexington for assistance, and succeeded in reaching the place, where a party was soon raised, amounting to sixteen horsemen, and about forty on foot, who marched without delay, and arrived at the station about two o'clock. They were ignorant of the force they would have to encounter, in breaking through to the fort. The Indians had expected that the garrison would be reinforced, and had placed themselves on each side of the road along which a reinforcement would have to pass, in a cornfield on one side, and a piece of woods on the other, in readiness to attack them. The party on horseback came along the road, and as soon as they got between the Indian lines, a fire was opened upon them; but, at the first shot, they put their horses to their speed, and every man arrived safely in the fort—the dust which was raised being in their favor, by concealing them from the view of the enemy. The footmen, who were approaching the station through the cornfield, would have been equally successful in entering it in safety; but, on hearing the firing, they rushed to the assistance of their mounted friends, and soon found themselves cut off from the fort, and engaged with the principal portion of the besieging force. A running fight was kept up through the field for about an hour,

the thickness of the corn probably preventing the entire destruction of the party, who finally escaped their pursuers, and returned to Lexington, with the loss of only two men killed, and four wounded.

"A little after sunset the fire upon the garrison slackened, and Simon Girty approached near enough to demand a surrender, in which case he promised the people good treatment. He told them that the fort could not possibly hold out, for that, in addition to his large force, he was in the hourly expectation of a reinforcement with cannon; and that if the station should be taken by storm, it would be impossible to save the lives of the persons within it. He declared who he was, asking if any of the garrison knew him. The Kentuckians were somewhat dismayed by his threat with regard to his cannon, knowing that Ruddle's and Martin's stations had been captured by that means two years before; but they were soon restored to their usual courage and spirits by a young man named Reynolds, distinguished for his sprightliness and gayety, as well as for his courage. He replied to Girty, and in answer to his question whether any of the garrison knew him, told him that he was well known; that he himself had a worthless dog which he had named Simon Girty. He told him to bring on his reinforcements; that they, too, expected reinforcements, and would drive him and his gang of murderers out of the country; that if they remained before the station twenty-four hours longer, their scalps would be found drying upon the roofs of their cabins; that if any of them found their way into the fort, they

had switches prepared with which to drive them out, for that they would disdain to use any other weapons. Girty seemed to be much offended at the levity with which his demand of a surrender was treated, and to deplore very much the inevitable destruction of the garrison, and withdrew. Before daylight, however, the Indians raised the siege and withdrew.

"On the 18th of August, two days after the siege was raised, Colonels Trigg, Boone and Todd had arrived from Harrodsburg, Boonesborough and Lexington, with a considerable number of men, and a consultation was held, in which it was determined that the enemy should be pursued. Colonel Logan was expected to arrive within twenty-four hours, with a strong force; but the pursuit was commenced without waiting for him, although they could only muster about one hundred and seventy men, and they had reason to believe that the enemy amounted to three times that number. The Indians had leisurely followed a buffalo trace, without taking any pains to conceal their route, and on the second day of the pursuit the Kentuckians overtook them near Lower Blue Licks, about thirty miles from Bryant's station. On arriving at the south bank of the Licking, a few of the enemy were observed slowly ascending a ridge on the opposite side of the river, with seeming indifference to the presence of their pursuers. A halt was immediately made for the purpose of holding a council, and Colonel Boone, being considered as having more experience than any other officer on the ground, was asked for his advice. He recommended that, if

the party were not willing to wait for the arrival of Logan's reinforcement, they should divide and cross the river at different places, so as to attack the enemy in front and rear at the same time; but that at any rate, the ground should be particularly reconnoitered before the main body should cross the river. The consultation was suddenly broken up by Major McGary, a headstrong officer, who spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over head, gave a loud whoop, and cried out, "Let all who are not cowards follow me; I will show them where the Indians are." A tumultuous rush was immediately made; officers and men plunged into the river and crossed it; horsemen and footmen altogether, without regard to any order, pressed forward up the hill and pursued the trace along the ridge, until they were suddenly checked by a fire from the enemy. Those in the rear still pressed onward, and the whole party quickly found themselves surrounded by the Indians in every direction, except the rear, where the enemy were closing around them to cut off their retreat; and a scene of slaughter ensued, in which Colonels Trigg and Todd, and several other officers, were killed, and it became evident that nothing but an immediate retreat could save any of the party. This was commenced, but was executed with the same disorder that attended the advance; and the Indians soon mingled with those in the rear with their tomahawks, and continued the slaughter from the battle-ground to the river, where the carnage was dreadful among the fugitives, crowded together and struggling with the current, until it was

somewhat checked by a party who halted, after reaching the opposite bank, and poured a well-directed fire upon the pursuers, that caused them to fall back, and gave time for the footmen to cross. The enemy, however, soon crossed the river also, and continued the pursuit for nearly twenty miles further, but did very little execution, and the principal portion of the survivors reached Bryant's station in the evening. The loss of the Kentuckians was sixty-one killed and eight taken prisoners. Colonel Logan had arrived at Bryant's station before the defeated party returned, and after they had collected, and the loss was ascertained, he marched to the field of battle, where he arrived on the second day after the defeat, and buried the dead.

"When the intelligence of the disastrons battle at the Lower Blue Licks reached General Clark, at Louisville, he immediately concerted and carried into effect arrangements for another expedition into the Indian country. The volunteers from the interior assembled at Bryant's station, and those of the lower part of Kentucky joined the regular troops at Louisville, and about the last of September the two bodies, making a force of about a thousand men, met at the mouth of the Licking, and proceeded on their march against the towns of the enemy. Their approach was not discovered until they arrived within about a mile of Chillicothe, when they were seen by a straggling Indian, who ran to the town and gave the alarm, upon which it was hastily abandoned by all its inhabitants, leaving their victuals cooking over the fires; so that when the army entered the place not an enemy was

to be seen. After refreshing themselves with the provisions, which they found at a time when they were very acceptable, the secrecy with which the expedition was conducted not having allowed them to procure game in their advance, the army entirely destroyed the dwellings and crops, after which they proceeded to Pickaway and several other villages, all of which they found deserted, where they destroyed the cabins and corn as they did at Chillicothe. During the whole expedition they were never able to fall in with any of the enemy, except some single individuals or small straggling parties, who generally eluded them. In a small skirmish they killed five Indians and took seven prisoners, and one of their own party was wounded. On their return they arrived where Cincinnati now stands on the 4th of November, where the wounded man died and was interred."

CHAPTER XIX.

Thrilling Narrative of James Morgan—Fight of Adam and Andrew Poe.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, inclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

"It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the tall cane bowed under its gentle influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn proudly waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of the cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he took his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenances of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cherub smiles, its playful humor, and infantile caresses.

While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another and another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, as they simultaneously exclaimed, 'Indians!' The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. A puncheon was raised; while Morgan was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose, seized her infant, but was told that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated, gazing silently upon it. A momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom again and again, and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell on its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. 'In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall all be lost!' said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from the arms of his wife, hastily replaced the puncheon, took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment, the door was burst open by the savages. By this time, Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then, throwing off same clapboards from the roof of the cabin, resolutely leaped

to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt of his gun; the other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed his aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The combatants thrust and plunged their deadly instruments into each other with desperate fury. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendency. Both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper. The Indian now became frantic with rage and disappointment; his teeth were clenched together, the veins in his neck swollen, his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as he grasped Morgan by the hair, elevated himself on tip-toe, and raised his bloody knife. It descended with desperate intent, but Morgan, watchful as he was brave, took advantage of the moment, made a quick and violent thrust at the side of the Indian, the blood gushed out, the savage gave a feeble groan, and sank to the earth. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun, and hurried off.

"The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a

father, he moved onward with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible either to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted, waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought it down, reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward. Bryant's Station was not far off; firing was heard; he stopped for a moment, and again advanced. Fires could now be distinctly seen, extending for some distance on both sides of Elkhorn Creek. The station was in view—lighted arrows fast descended on the roofs of the cabins. It was no longer doubtful—Bryant's Station was besieged by a large force, and could not be entered at that time. He paused—the cries of his infant, that he had again lashed to his back, aroused him to a sense of his own danger, and his wife's perilous situation. Another effort was made, and he in a short time reached the house of a brother, who resided between the station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burned to the ground. 'My wife!' he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for some time on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sank exhausted

to the earth. Morning came; the bright luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of 'Eliza' on the ground; his left was thrown over his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruins, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose; the two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections."

After a spirited but unsuccessful siege of three days, Simon Girty and his men withdrew from the station, in the direction of the Lower Blue Licks. In the action known as the Massacre of the Lower Blue Licks, Morgan participated. While attempting the fatal retreat, "as Morgon was in the act of leaping from his saddle, among the last who had crossed the river, he received a rifle ball in the thigh, and just as an Indian fell upon him, with his hair seized in one hand, and a scalping-knife in the other, he recognized his wife's handkerchief about the head of the savage, and made an almost superhuman effort, grasped the Indian in a deadly embrace, and plunged his knife into his side, and held him till he expired in his arms. Lying helpless upon the field, among the wandering wolves, he had given himself up to despair, when his wife, who had escaped from the Indians after the attack, and had seen the riderless horse of her husband, dis-

covered him in the darkness of the night, and remained with him till the arrival of Logan, when the husband, wife and infant were restored to each other again."

The wife had escaped from death in this wise: The Indians, finding liquor in the house, drank and caroused, and in a quarrel following, one was killed; his blood running through the floor caused her to scream, and she was captured and carried away.

One of the severest struggles in the whole history of the personal prowess of the borders, is contained in the fight of the Poes, the locality of which is opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek. A son of Adam Poe was one of the settlers of Portage county, Ohio, resident in Ravenna.

"In the summer of 1782, a party of seven Wyandots made an incursion into a settlement some distance below Fort Pitt, and several miles from the Ohio River. Here, finding an old man alone in a cabin, they killed him, packed up what plunder they could find, and commenced their retreat. Among this party was a celebrated Wyandot chief, who, in addition to his fame as a warrior and counselor, was, in point of size and strength, a real giant.

"The news of this visit of the Indians soon spread through the neighborhood, and a party of eight good riflemen was collected in a few hours, for the purpose of pursuing the Indians. In this party were two brothers of the names of Adam and Andrew Poe. They were both famous for courage, size and activity.

"This little party commenced the pursuit of the

Indians, with a determination, if possible, not to suffer them to escape, as they usually did on such occasions, by making a speedy flight to the river, crossing it, and then dividing into small parties, meet at a distant point in a given time.

"The pursuit was continued the greater part of the night after the Indians had done the mischief. In the morning the party found themselves upon the trail of the Indians, which led to the river. Andrew Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left the party, who followed directly on the trail, to creep along the brink of the river bank, under cover of the weeds and bushes, to fall on the rear of the Indians, should he find them in ambuscade; he had not gone far before he saw the Indian rafts at the water's edge. Not seeing any Indians, he stepped softly down to the bank, with his rifle cocked; when about half way down, he discovered the large Wyandot chief, and a small Indian within a few steps of him; they were standing with their guns cocked, and looking in the direction of our party, who by this time had gone some distance lower down the bottom. Poe took aim at the large chief, but his rifle missed fire. The Indians, hearing the snap of the gun-lock, instantly turned round and discovered Poe, who, being too near them to retreat, dropped his gun, and instantly sprang from the bank upon them, and seizing the large Indian by the clothes upon his breast, and at the same time embracing the neck of the smaller one, drew them both down to the ground, himself being uppermost. The small Indian soon extricated himself, ran to the raft, got his toma-

hawk, and attempted to dispatch Poe, the large Indian holding him fast in his arms with all his might, the better to enable his fellow to effect his purpose. Poe, however, so well watched the motions of the Indian, that when in the act of aiming his blow at his head, by a vigorous and well-directed kick with one of his feet, he staggered the savage, and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. This failure on the part of the small Indian, was reproved by an exclamation of contempt from the large one.

"In a moment the Indian caught up his tomahawk again, approached more cautiously, brandishing his tomahawk, and making a number of feigned blows, in defiance and derision. Poe, however, still on his guard, averted the real blow from his head by throwing up his arm and receiving it on his wrist, in which he was severely wounded, but not so as to lose the use of his hand.

"In this perilous moment Poe, by a violent effort, broke loose from the Indian, snatched up one of their guns, and shot the small Indian through the breast, as he ran up the third time to tomahawk him.

"The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by a shoulder and leg, threw him down on the bank. Poe, instantly disengaging himself, got on his feet. The Indian then seized him again, and a new struggle ensued, which, owing to the slippery state of the bank, ended in the fall of both into the water.

"In this situation, it was the object of each to drown the other. Their efforts to effect their purpose

were continued for some time with alternate success—sometimes one being under the water, and sometimes the other. Poe at length seized the tuft of hair on the scalp of the Indian, by which he held his head under the water, until he supposed him drowned; relaxing his hold too soon, Poe instantly found his enemy on his feet again, and ready for another combat; in this, they were carried into the water beyond their depth, and they were compelled to loose their hold on each other, and swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore, to seize a gun and end the struggle with bullets. The Indian, being the best swimmer, reached the shore first. Poe, seeing this, immediately turned back into the water to escape, if possible, from being shot, by diving; fortunately for the fugitive, however, the Indian took up the rifle with which Poe had killed the other warrior.

"At this juncture, Adam Poe, missing his brother from the party, and supposing, from the report of the gun which he shot, that he was either killed or engaged in conflict with the Indians, hastened to the spot. On seeing him, Andrew called him to "kill the big Indian on shore.' But Adam's gun, like that of the Indian, was empty. The contest was now between the white man and the Indian who should load and fire first. Very fortunately for Poe, the Indian, in loading, drew the ramrod from the thimbles of the stock of his gun with such violence that it slipped out of his hand and fell a little distance from him; he quickly caught it up, and rammed down his bullet. This little delay gave Poe the advantage; he shot the

Indian as he was raising his gun to take aim at him.

"As soon as Adam had shot the Indian, he jumped into the river, to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Andrew, thinking more of the honor of carrying the scalp of the big Indian home as a trophy of victory, than of his own safety, urged Adam to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the river and escaping. Adam's solicitude for the life of his brother prevented him from complying with the request. In the meantime, the Indian, jealous of the honor of his scalp, even in the agonies of death, succeeded in reaching the river, and getting into the current, his body was borne away and never recovered.

"An unfortunate occurrence took place during this conflict. Just as Adam arrived at the top of the bank for the relief of his brother, one of the party, who had followed close behind, seeing Andrew in the river, and mistaking him for a wounded Indian, shot at him and wounded him severely in the shoulder. He, however, soon recovered from his wounds.

"During the conflict between Andrew Poe and the Indians, the party had overtaken the remaining six of them. A desperate conflict ensued, in which five of the Indians were killed. Our loss was three men killed.

"Thus ended this Spartan conflict, with the loss of three valiant men on our part, and with that of the whole of the Indian party, with the exception of one warrior. Never on any occasion was there a greater

display of desperate bravery, and seldom did a conflict take place which, in the issue, proved fatal to so large a proportion of those who were engaged in it.

"The fatal issue—on the side of the Indians—of this little campaign occasioned a universal mourning among the Wyandot nation. The big Indian, with his four brothers, all of whom were killed, were among the most distinguished chiefs and warriors of their nation.

"The big Indian was magnanimous, as well as brave. He, more than any other individual, contributed, by his example and influence, to the good character of the Wyandots for their lenity toward their prisoners; he would not suffer them to be killed or ill-treated. This mercy to captives, was an honorable distinction in the character of the Wyandots, and was well understood by our first settlers, who, in case of captivity, thought it a fortunate circumstance to fall into their hands."

CHAPTER XX.

Treaty of Fort Stanwix—Fort M'Intosh — Fort Finney.

VAIN were the attempts to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Ohio tribes during the Revolutionary period. Except a few Delawares (a small minority), the whole savage horde were under British influence. At the period of the proclamation of peace with Great Britain, in 1783, when the pride of England had been humbled by the triumph of American arms, the Indians, abandoned by their ancient ally, saw the hand of destiny pointing sternly toward the council-fires of the Americans.

A meeting for conference with the Six Nations was held at Fort Stanwix, the site of Rome, New York, in October, 1784. The New York Indians seemed desirous of including their western brethren in the negotiation. In consequence of the lateness of the season, and possibly the indifference of the Ohio tribes about treating, few of the latter repaired to the conference, and most of those returned after reaching the vicinity of Niagara. However, the chiefs present claimed authority to speak, not only for the New York tribes, but for the Ottawas, Chippewas, Hurons, Pottawatamies, Messasagas, Miamis, Delawares, Shawnees, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks.

On the part of the whites the negotiation was conducted by Oliver Walcott, Richard Butler and Arthur Lee, the commissioners. The Indians were addressed with the usual formula, with the additional intimation of the giving of "peace and good counsel to those who have unfortunately been led astray by evil advisers." Kayenthogle, an Alleghany Seneca, responded courteously, touching every point in the commissioners' address, except the suggestion that they had been "unfortunately led astray."

A fine specimen of Indian sarcasm occurs in the speech of Captain Aaron Hill, a Mohawk chief:

"You acquainted us that the King of France had ceded to the United States all claim and title to any lands within their boundary. We have only to thank the Great Spirit for putting it into the mind of the King of France to make this cession, as it is well known that he is very saving of his lands, and that the United States are in great want of them.

You informed us that it was indispensably essential to the making of peace that all the prisoners should be delivered up, and that nothing could be finally done therein until that should be the case. We would propose to the commissioners that for this purpose they should depute persons of their own nation to go and collect them, lest, if it should rest with us, the commissioners might apprehend that they were not all brought, and for this purpose we will render them all the assistance in our power."

Cornplanter spoke for the Six Nations. The boundary proposed by him was as follows:

"Let it begin at Tioga, and run thence by a straight line inclining a little to the Ohigee, and when it strikes the River Ohio let it go down its stream to the old boundary on the Cherokee River. As to the territory westward of that, you must talk respecting it with the Western Nations, toward the setting of the sun; they must consult of what part they will cede to the United States."

The commissioners made their own terms, and demanded prompt acquiescence, which was yielded with as good a grace as possible. There is a tradition that Young Red Jacket vehemently opposed the treaty. The Marquis de Lafayette was present at the negotiation.

The frequently-asserted claims of the Six Nations to the domain of the Ohio tribes having been extinguished by the treaty of Fort Stanwix, commissioners were at once appointed to prescribe terms and boundaries to the latter. On the 21st of January, 1785, Geo. Rogers Clark, Richard Butler and Arthur Lee met a body of Indians who claimed to represent the Wyandots, Delawares, Chippewas and Ottowas, at Fort M'Intosh, at the mouth of the Beaver. These stipulations were offered: One Wyandot and two Delaware chiefs were to be retained as hostages until all prisoners should be exchanged. The Indians should acknowledge no protection but that of the United States. The boundary line between the United States and the Wyandot and Delaware nations shall begin at the mouth of the River Cayahoga, and run thence up the said river to the portage between that and the

Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; then down the said branch to the forks at the crossing-place above Fort Lawrence [Laurens]; thence westerly to the portage of the Big Miami, which runs into the Ohio, where was a fort which was taken by the French in one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two; then along the said portage to the Great Miami, or Ome River, and down the south-east side of the same to its mouth; thence along the south shore of Lake Erie to the mouth of Cayahoga, where it began. Reservations should be made for trading posts, of six miles square, at the mouth of the Miami, the same at the portage of the Miami and at the Lake of Sandusky, with two miles square on each side of the lower rapids of the Sandusky river. American citizens infringing upon Indian rights by settlement, should forfeit the protection of the United States. The Indians must acknowledge the exclusive right of the United States to the lands claimed for the government. The post of Detroit and Michilimackinac should be given up to the United States. Indians guilty of robbery or murder of a white man should be delivered to the nearest post; and the Delaware chiefs, Killbuck, Big Cat and White Eyes, who had espoused the American cause, must be received into the same rank in their nation as before.

The Indian signatures to this treaty were as follows: Daunghquat, Abraham Kuhn, Attawerreri, Hobocan, Walendightun, Talapoxie, Wingenund, Packelant, Gingewanno, Wannoos, Konalawassee, Shawnagum, Quecookia. Daunghquat was the chief

who negotiated with Colonel Brodhead at Fort Pitt, in 1779; Hobocan was Captain Pipe, and Packelant was probably Pahgantschihelas, or Bockengehelas.

A resolution of Congress, March 18, 1785, provided for holding a treaty with the Wabash Indians at Fort Vincent, on the 20th of June, but the tribes proved impracticable, and refused to converse. By a resolution of June 29th, the place was changed to the mouth of the Great Miami, and the time of meeting postponed to January, 1786. The commissioners were Geo. R. Clark, Rich. Butler and Samuel H. Parsons.

The journal of General Butler gives a good idea of the aspect of the frontier and the disposition of the Indians at this period. He was originally a Pittsburg trader, and had participated in the treaties of Forts Stanwix and M'Intosh. On the 9th of September he left his home in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on his way to the mouth of the Miami. He was accompanied as far as the site of Maysville, Kentucky, by James Monroe, then a member of Congress from Virginia, afterward President.

At Fort M'Intosh he was joined by the detachment of troops prepared to accompany him, on the 28th of September. At the west line of Pennsylvania he met Thomas Hutchins, the geographer, and a corps of surveyors, by whom he was hospitably entertained. Below Yellow Creek, Butler had several times to warn white settlers from the right bank of the Ohio, and inform them that Congress was determined to eject them, and that troops would be down the next week to destroy every home and improvement on the north

side of the river. Of Wheeling he says: "This is a fine settlement, and belongs to one Zane; an island which is opposite the mouth of Wheeling Creek, containing about four hundred acres of most excellent land, and is a situation not only of great profit but real beauty. He says he sells to amount of £300 per annum of the produce of his farm for cash, exclusive of the other advantages by traffic. He is an intelligent man, but seems either timid through real doubt, or affects it through design."

The antiquities of Grave Creek are thus described: "The Grave is an extraordinary pile of human bones covered with earth. It is about sixty feet perpendicular hight, and about one hundred and eighty feet in diameter at the base; a conical figure, with large trees on its sides and top, where is one three feet in diameter. Supposing the annual growth one-tenth of an inch, it is one hundred and eighty years old. How long its sides were naked, may be supposed fifty years, as these kinds of mounds do not produce trees so soon as the land which is on a level with the country round. There are two small forts which, with the Grave, form a triangle. Near one of these forts are three large holes, which appear to have been places of deposit for provisions. About one-fourth of a mile from these, forming an angle of about twenty-five degrees, is a large fort, which the owner of the land has begun to plow up, where they find pieces of earthen kettles, arrow points, and stone tomahawks, all marks of savage antiquity."

At the mouth of the Kanawha he met Colonel

Lewis, with whom he became enthusiastic over town lots and prospective commercial greatness. After purchasing some lots, General Butler proceeded, dwelling with raptures upon the beauties of the country he was traversing: "Here we have nothing to do but spring from our boats among flocks of turkeys, kill as we please, for sport or gust; the bear growls in your hearing, and the deer, timid by nature, bounds along before your eye; in short, there is no end to the beauty and plenty. I have just stepped from my boat and killed, at one shot, two fine turkeys; and our whole party feasts on fine venison, bear meat, turkeys and cat-fish, procured by themselves at pleasure." At the site of Ironton, Lawrence county, Mr. Isaac Zane, one of the party, killed three specimens of the buffalo, one of which was six feet high, and estimated to weigh fifteen hundred pounds. The general was overcome with "the amazing plenty and variety" of his supper on this occasion. "We had fine roast buffalo beef, soup of buffalo and turkeys, fried turkeys, fried cat-fish, roast ducks, good punch, madeira, claret, grog and toddy." Then passing "the sweet and delightful little River Scioto, whose charming banks are not only beautiful to a wonder, but the richest and most luxuriant soil," he came in view of Limestone, now Maysville, with fifteen good cabins for families, and about twenty-five houses. The site of Cincinnati was noted as "a piece of high ground, which, I think, will be the site of a town."

Arrived at the rendezvous, he found General Clark at a station on the Kentucky side, awaiting the arrival

of General Parsons. The obstinate Shawnees did not make their appearance for full two months yet. In the meantime, a fort was erected by Major Finney, whose name it took. A few Wyandots arrived on the 18th of November; the Shawnees still declined to assemble, under the influence of Simon Girty and Robert Suplet, cousin of the well-known M'Kee. On the 27th of December, Captain Wingenund, a sensible old Delaware, was commissioned to give them a final message of invitation. He was so successful that on the 14th of January one hundred and fifty Shawnee men and eighty women were ceremoniously received by officers and garrison.

On the 20th of January an interview was had between General Clark and the famous Bockengehelas. The old brave, in a ceremonious presentation, thanked the Great Spirit for the preservation of his own life and that of General Clark during the war, for putting it once more in their power to see each other, and for the happy prospect of peace which was opened to his view.

The conference was not regularly opened for business until the 30th. Upon the reading of the details of a treaty, almost in the words of the Fort Stanwix instrument, the young warriors, inflamed to the highest degree of excitement, chafed in their restraint like chained bloodhounds. Kekewepellethy, from Wakatomica, replied indignantly as follows:

"Brothers—By what you said to us yesterday we expected that everything past would be forgotten; that our proposals for collecting the prisoners were

satisfactory, and that we would be placed on the same footing as before the war. To-day you demand hostages until your prisoners are returned. You next say you will divide the lands. I now tell you it is not the custom of the Shawnees to give hostages; our words are to be believed; when we say a thing we stand to it; *we are Shawnees!* As to the lands, God gave us this country; we do not understand measuring out the lands; it is all ours. You say you have goods for our women and children; you may keep your goods, and give them to other nations; we will have none of them. Brothers, you seem to grow proud because you have thrown down the king of England; and as we feel sorry for our past faults, you rise in your demands on us. This we think hard. You need not doubt our words; what we have promised we will perform. We told you we had appointed three good men of our nation to go to the towns and collect your flesh and blood; they shall be brought in. We have never given hostages, and we will not comply with this demand."

The commissioners were firm, and the Indians finally felt the necessity of yielding, and the treaty was signed, three hostages to be delivered, to secure the safe return of all prisoners among the Indians; an acknowledgment by the Shawnees of the sole right of the United States to all lands ceded by them to the king of Great Britain, January 14, 1784; and the giving up of individuals guilty of the robbery or murder of a white man, to be punished according to the laws of the United States. A reservation for the res-

idence of the Indians, included the territory north of the line beginning at the south line of the land allotted to the Wyandot and Delaware Nations, at the place where the main branch of the Great Miami, which falls into the Ohio, intersects the said line; then down the River Miami, to the fork of that river, next below the old fort which was taken by the French in 1752; thence due west to the River de la Panse; then down that river to the River Wabash.

The treaty of Fort Finney was by no means satisfactory to the Shawnees, and the whites had little faith in their observance of its stipulations; indeed, it required all the efforts of the commissioners to prevent the organization of a band of Kentuckians, to intercept and cut off the returning Indians.

The dissatisfaction of the savages increased so rapidly, that a gathering of the disaffected, representing five thousand Western warriors, convened at Detroit in the following November, when they framed a document to be presented to the American Congress, insisting that all treaties should be the general voice of the whole confederacy, carried on in the most open manner, without restraint on either side. They charged the United States with "managing everything their own way," and concluding treaties separately. The address closed in these words:

"Brothers, it shall not be our fault if the plans which we have suggested to you should not be carried into execution. In that case, the event would be very precarious; and if fresh ruptures ensue, we hope to be able to exculpate ourselves, and shall most as-

suredly, with our united force, be obliged to defend those rights and privileges which have been transmitted to us by our ancestors; and if we should be thereby reduced to misfortunes, the world will pity us when they think of the amicable proposals we now make to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood. These are our thoughts and firm resolves, and we earnestly desire that you will transmit to us, as soon as possible, your answer, be it what it may."

The communication had its effect; so stringent measures were not politic or proper; and a salvo of twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated to the extinguishment of Indian claims to lands already ceded to the United States.

CHAPTER XXI.

Settlement of Marietta—Campus Martius—Ancient Works—Olive Green Garrison—Big Bottom Massacre—Settlement of Manchester.

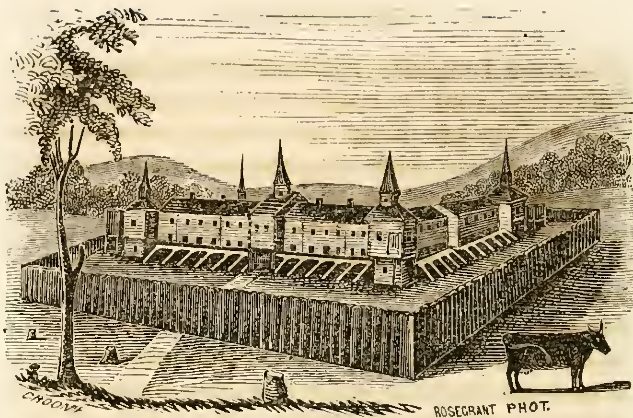
The directors of the Ohio Land Company, in the autumn of 1787, organized in New England, preparatory to settlement. On the 23d of September, they arranged for the starting of a colony of forty-seven men, under the direction of General Rufus Putnam, an officer of the Revolution, whose fortune had been dissipated, his best energies employed, and his life periled in establishing the liberties of his country. It was not until later in the season that the party actually commenced their long journey, through an almost interminable forest, and over the hights of the Alleghany, to the smiling Valley of the Ohio. Through the frost of winter they pressed on, by the old Indian path that led into Braddock's road, which has since become the great turnpike from Cumberland, known as the National Road. By the month of April, they had gathered on the banks of the Youghiogheny, where boats had been built upon which they embarked, and started for the Muskingum. On the 7th of April, they landed at their chosen place of destination, and became the founders of the State of Ohio.

A governor, General St. Clair, had been appointed the autumn previous, but had not yet arrived. In his

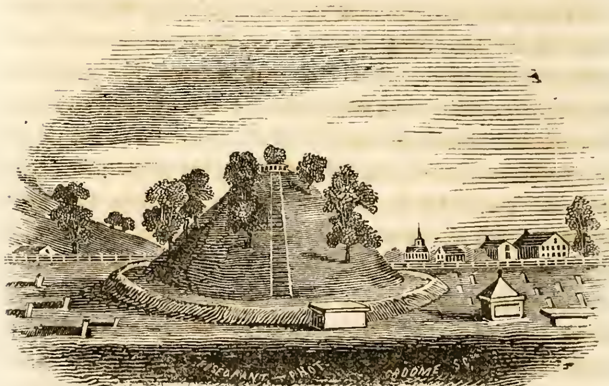
absence, a temporary government was inaugurated; laws were passed, and advertised by nailing to a tree. Return Jonathan Meigs was selected to administer them. But one difficulty occurred during the first three months, and that was compromised. Washington said of this band of settlers: "No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which was first commenced on the Muskingum. Information, property, and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community."

On the 2d of July, 1788, at a meeting of the directors for the purpose of naming the new city, hitherto called "the Muskingum," it was formally christened *Marietta*, in honor of Maria Antoinette.

Preparations were made, immediately upon landing, for the building of a fort, which was not finished until the winter of 1791. It was a complete and substantial fortification, and named *Campus Martius*. The walls formed a regular parallelogram; the sides of which were one hundred and eighty feet each. At each corner was erected a strong block-house, surmounted by a tower and sentry-box; these houses were twenty feet square below, and twenty-four feet above, and projected six feet beyond the curtains, or main walls, of the fort. The intermediate curtains were built up with dwelling houses, made of wood ship-sawed into timbers four inches thick, and of the requisite width and length. These were laid up similar to the structure of log-houses, with the ends nicely



CAMPUS MARTIUS.



MOUND, AT MARIETTA.

dove-tailed or fitted together, so as to make a neat finish. The whole were two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. Convenient chimneys were erected of bricks, for cooking, and warming the rooms. A number of the dwelling houses were built and owned by private individuals, who had families. In the west and south fronts were strong gateways; and over that in the center of the front looking to the Muskingum River, was a belfry. The chamber underneath was occupied by the Hon. Winthrop Sargent, as an office—he being secretary to the governor of the Northwestern Territory, General St. Clair, and performing the duties of governor in his absence. This room projected over the gateway, like a block-house, and was intended for the protection of the gate beneath in time of an assault. At the outer corner of each block-house, was erected a bastion, standing on four stout timbers. The floor of the bastion was a little above the lower story of the block-house. They were square, and built up with thick planks to the hight of a man's head, so that when he looked over, he stepped on a narrow platform or "banquet," running around the bulwark. Portholes were made for musketry, as well as for artillery, a single piece of which was mounted in the southwest and northeast bastions. In these, sentries were regularly posted every night, as more convenient of access than the towers—a door leading into them from the upper story of the block-houses. The lower room of the southwest block-house was occupied as a guard-house. Running from corner to corner of the block-houses, was a row of palisades,

sloping outward, and resting on stout rails. Twenty feet in advance of these was a row of very large and strong pickets, set upright in the earth. Gateways through these admitted the inmates of the garrison. A few feet beyond the outer palisades, was placed a row of abattis, made from the tops and branches of trees, sharpened and pointing outward, so that it would have been very difficult for an enemy to have penetrated even within their outworks. The dwelling houses occupied a space from fifteen to thirty feet each, and were sufficient for the accommodation of forty or fifty families, and did actually contain from two hundred to three hundred persons, men, women, and children, during the Indian war.

"Before the Indians commenced hostilities, the block-houses were occupied as follows: The southwest one by the family of Governor St. Clair; the northwest one, for public worship, and the holding of courts; the southeast block-house was occupied by private families; and the northeast, as an office for the accommodation of the directors of the company. The area within the walls was one hundred and forty-four feet square, and afforded a fine parade ground. In the center was a well eighty feet in depth, for the supply of water to the inhabitants in case of a siege. A large sun-dial stood for many years in the square, placed on a handsome post, and gave note of the march of time. It is still preserved as a relic of the old garrison.

"After the war commenced, a regular military corps was organized, and a guard constantly kept,

night and day. The whole establishment formed a very strong work, and reflected great credit on the head that planned it. It was, in a manner, unimpregnable to the attacks of Indians, and none but a regular army with cannon could have reduced it. It is true, that the hights across the Muskingum commanded and looked down upon the defenses of the fort; but there was no enemy in a condition to take possession of this advantage.

"The garrison stood on the verge of that beautiful plain overlooking the Muskingum, on which are seated those celebrated remains of antiquity, and erected probably for a similar purpose—the defense of the inhabitants. The ground descends into shallow ravines on the north and south sides; on the west, is an abrupt descent to the river bottoms or alluvions; and the east passed out on the level of the plain. On this the ground was cleared of trees beyond the reach of rifle shots, so as to afford no shelter to a hidden foe. Extensive fields of corn were growing in the midst of the standing girdled trees beyond. The front wall of the garrison was about one hundred and fifty yards from the Muskingum River. The appearance of the fort from without was grand and imposing—at a little distance resembling one of the military palaces or castles of the feudal ages. Between the outer palisades and the river, were laid out neat gardens for the use of Governor St. Clair and his secretary, with the officers of the company.

"Opposite the fort, on the shore of the river, was built a substantial timber wharf, at which was moored

a fine cedar barge, for twelve rowers, built by Captain Jonathan Devoll, for General Putnam; a number of pirogues, and the light canoes of the country; and last, not least, the 'Mayflower,' or 'Adventure Galley,' in which the first detachment of colonists was transported from the shores of the Youghiogheny to the banks of the Muskingum. In these, especially the canoes, during the war, most of the communications were carried on between the settlements of the company, and the more remote towns above on the Ohio River. Traveling by land was very hazardous to any but the rangers or spies. There were no roads, nor bridges across the creeks; and for many years after the war had ceased, the traveling was nearly all done by canoes on the rivers."

The strength of this fortification, and the discipline of its occupants, preserved the settlement from desperate attacks and possible destruction. It was the first organized encroachment of the whites upon the peculiar domain of the savages north of the river, and was calculated to exasperate them to the highest degree.

The settlement was narrowly watched, however, surrounded by savages in ambush; and many were the murders committed in the vicinity, despite the caution which was continually enjoined.

Notwithstanding the great foresight and sound judgment that characterized this colony, many a settler fell a victim to the cunning and vigilance of the Indians. The murder of Warth, while at work near Fort Harmar—the capture and probable murder of

Major Goodale, of Belpre—the killing of Captain Rogers, near Marietta, while on duty as a spy—the death of Mr. Waterman, near Waterford—the narrow escape of R. J. Meigs, by his fleetness in a desperate race—were all incidents of intense and harrowing interest at the time.

While the settlers were generally intelligent and discreet, their safety was in a large measure due to their leaders, prominent among whom were General Rufus Putnam, Return Jonathan Meigs, Rev. Daniel Story, and others. General Putnam, at the age of nineteen, after serving an apprenticeship as millwright, enlisted in the French and Indian war, and was acting as ensign when the army was disbanded. Through the revolutionary war he served with great credit, and was honored by Washington, at its close, with the rank of brigadier-general. In 1789 he was appointed by the President supreme judge of the new territory. Return J. Meigs was a native of Middletown, Connecticut, a graduate of Yale College, and after the settlement of the Northwestern Territory, enjoyed the highest official dignities of the Territory and the State. Rev. Daniel Story was a native of Boston, and a graduate of Dartmouth, in 1780. He was engaged by Rev. Manasseh Cutler, one of the Directors of the Ohio Company, to go to Marietta as preacher and teacher for the colonists.

The mounds of the West are a peculiarly interesting study. That of Marietta, with its system of ancient fortifications, if not more extensive or interesting than others, is perhaps more generally known, and

may be taken as a type of the class. The following description is from Harris' Tour:

"The situation of these works is on an elevated plain, above the present bank of the Muskingum, on the east side, and about half a mile from its junction with the Ohio. They consist of walls and mounds of earth, in direct lines and in square and circular forms.

"The largest square fort, by some called the town, contains forty acres, encompassed by a wall of earth from six to ten feet high, and from twenty-five to thirty-six feet in breadth at the base. On each side are three openings, at equal distances, resembling twelve gateways; the entrances at the middle are the largest, particularly on the side next to the Muskingum. From this outlet is a covert way, formed of two parallel walls of earth, two hundred and thirty-one feet distant from each other, measuring from center to center. The walls at the most elevated part, on the inside, are twenty-one feet in hight, and forty-two in breadth at the base; but on the outside average only five feet in hight; this forms a passage of about three hundred and sixty feet in length, leading by a gradual descent to the low grounds, where at the time of its construction it probably reached the river. Its walls commenced at sixty feet from the ramparts of the fort, and increase in elevation as the way descends toward the river; and the bottom is crowned in the center in the manner of a well-formed turnpike road.

"Within the walls of the fort, at the northwest cor-

ner, is an oblong elevated square, one hundred and eighty-eight feet long, one hundred and thirty-two feet broad, and nine feet high—level on the summit, and nearly perpendicular at the sides; at the center of each of the sides the earth is projected, forming gradual ascents to the top, equally regular and about six feet in width. Near the south wall is another elevated square, one hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and twenty, and eight feet high, similar to the other, except that instead of an ascent to go up on the side next the wall, there is a hollow way ten feet wide, leading twenty feet toward the center, and then rising with a gradual slope to the top. At the southeast corner is a third elevated square, one hundred and eight by fifty-four feet, with ascents that reach the top, but not so high or so perfect as the two others. A little to the southeast of the center of the fort is a circular mound about thirty feet in diameter and five feet high, near which are four small excavations at equal distances, and opposite each other. At the southwest corner of the fort is a semicircular parapet, crowned with a mound, which guards the opening in the wall. Toward the southeast is a smaller fort containing twenty acres, with a gateway in the center of each side and at each corner. These gateways are defended by circular mounds.

"On the outside of the smaller fort is a mound in form of a sugar loaf, of a magnitude and hight which strike the beholder with astonishment. Its base is a regular circle, one hundred and fifteen feet in diameter; its perpendicular altitude is thirty feet; it is sur-

rounded by a ditch four feet deep, through which is a gateway toward the fort, twenty feet in width."

A fortress at the mouth of Olive Green Creek, above Waterford, had been erected during the war, manned by seven or eight men and boys. This occupied the position of frontier garrison to the new settlements north of the river. One of their men, Abel Sherman, was killed August 4, 1794, while sauntering carelessly in the neighboring woods; a tombstone, with a scalped head upon it, marks the spot where he lies. Among the inmates of this garrison was George Ewing, Esq., father of the Hon. Thomas Ewing; his fortune and history were similar to that of many of the revolutionary officers who emigrated to the West at that early day; he inherited a handsome patrimony and sold it—investing the proceeds in bonds and mortgages—and entered the continental army as a subaltern officer in 1775, he being then but little over twenty-one years of age; he continued to serve, with few short intermissions, during the war. When the bonds fell due, they were paid in continental money, which proving worthless, reduced him to poverty. In 1785 he migrated to the West, and remained on the Virginia side of the Ohio until 1792, when he crossed over and settled at Olive Green.

In the autumn of 1790, impelled by the same spirit of adventure that led to the settlement of Marietta, a company of thirty-six from that settlement established themselves at Big Bottom, on the Muskingum, near the present south line of Morgan county; they erected a block-house on the east bank of that river four

miles above the mouth of Meigs Creek. They were chiefly young, single men, full of daring, but less cautious than their elders in the mother settlement, and little acquainted with Indian warfare or military discipline.

Those best acquainted with the Indians, and those most capable of judging from appearances, had but little doubt that they were preparing for hostilities, and strongly opposed the settlers going out that fall, and advised their remaining until spring, by which time, probably, the question of war or peace would be settled. Even General Putnam and the Directors of the Ohio Company, who gave away the land to have it settled, thought it risky and imprudent, and strongly remonstrated against venturing out at that time.

But the young men were impatient, confident in their own prudence and ability to protect themselves. They went, put up a block-house which might accommodate the whole of them on an emergency, covered it, and laid puncheon floors, stairs, etc. It was laid up with large beech logs, and rather open, as it was not chinked between the logs; this job was left for a rainy day, or some other more convenient season. Here was their first great error, as they ceased to complete the work, and the general interest was lost in that of the convenience of each individual; with this all was lost. The second was, they kept no sentry, and had neglected to stockade or set pickets around the block-house; no system of defense and discipline had been introduced; their guns were lying in differ-

ent places, without order, about the house. Twenty men usually encamped in the house, a part of whom were now absent, and each individual and mess cooked for themselves. One end of the building was appropriated for a fire-place, and when the day closed in, all came in, built a large fire, and commenced cooking and eating their suppers.

The weather, for some time previous to the attack, as we learn from the diary of Hon. Paul Fearing, who lived at Fort Harmar, had been quite cold. In the midst of winter, and with such weather as this, it was not customary for the Indians to venture out on war parties, and the early borderers had formerly thought themselves in a manner safe from their depredations during the winter months.

About twenty rods above the block-house, and a little back from the bank of the river, two men, Francis and Isaac Choate, members of the company, had erected a cabin and commenced clearing their lots. Thomas Shaw, a hired laborer in the employ of the Choates and James Patten, another of the associates, lived with them. About the same distance below the garrison was an old "tomahawk improvement," and a small cabin, which two men—Asa and Eleazer Bullard—had fitted up and now occupied. The Indian war-path from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum, passed along on the opposite shore, in sight of the river.

The Indians, who, during the summer, had been hunting and loitering about the settlements at Wolf Creek Mills and Plainfield, holding frequent and

friendly intercourse with the settlers, selling them venison and bear meat in exchange for green corn and vegetables, had withdrawn early in the autumn, and gone higher up the river in the vicinity of their towns, preparatory to winter quarters. Being well acquainted with all the approaches to these settlements, and the manner in which the inhabitants lived, each family in their own cabin, not apprehending danger—they planned and fitted out a war party for their destruction. It is said they were not aware of the existence of a settlement at Big Bottom until they came in sight of it, on the opposite shore of the river, in the afternoon. From a high hill opposite the garrison they had a full view of all that part of the bottom, and could see how the men were occupied, and what was doing about the block-house. Having reconnoitered the station in this manner, just at twilight they crossed the river on the ice a little above, and divided their men into two parties: the larger one to attack the block-house, and the smaller one to make prisoners of the few men living in Choate's cabin, without alarming those below. The plan was skillfully arranged and promptly executed. As the party cautiously approached the cabin, they found the inmates at supper. A party of the Indians entered, while others stood without by the door, and addressed the men in a friendly manner. Suspecting no harm, they offered them a part of their food, of which they partook. Looking about the room, the Indians espied some leather thongs and pieces of cord, which had been used in packing venison, and taking the white

men by their arms, told them they were prisoners. Finding it useless to resist, the Indians far outnumbering them, they submitted to their fate in silence.

While this was transpiring, the other party had reached the block-house unobserved—even the dogs gave no warning of their approach, as they usually do; the reason probably was that they were also within by the fire, instead of being on the alert for their masters' safety. The door was thrown open by a stout Mohawk, who stepped in and stood by the door to keep it open, while the others, stationed without, shot down those around the fire. A man by the name of Zebulon Throop, from Massachusetts, was frying meat, and fell dead in the fire; several others fell dead at the first discharge; the Indians then rushed in, and killed all that were left with the tomahawk. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that it appears no resistance was offered by any of the men; but a stout backwoods Virginia woman, the wife of Isaac Meeks, who was employed as their hunter, seized an axe and made a blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door; a slight turn of the head saved his skull, and the axe passed down through the cheek into his shoulder, leaving a huge gash that severed nearly half his face; she was instantly killed by the tomahawk of one of his companions, before she had time to repeat the blow. This was the only injury received by the Indians, as the whites were all killed before they had time to seize their arms, which stood in the corner of the room. While the slaughter was going on, John Stacy, a young man in the prime

of life, and the son of Colonel William Stacy, sprang up the stairway, and thence out upon the roof, while his brother Philip, a lad of sixteen years, secreted himself under some bedding, in the corner of the room. The Indians on the outside discovered the former, and shot him, while in the act of begging them "for God's sake, to spare his life, as he was the only one left."

The noise of the attack upon the block-house was heard by the Bullards, who ran out of their cabin to see what was the matter; discovering the Indians around the house, they hastened back into their hut, seized their rifles and ammunition, and closing the door after them, put out into the woods in a direction to be hidden by the cabin from the view of the Indians. They had barely escaped when they heard their door, which was made of thin clapboards, burst open by the Indians; they did not pursue them, although they knew they had just fled, as there was a good fire burning, and their food for supper smoking hot on the table. After the slaughter was over, and the scalps secured (one of the most important considerations in the warfare of the American savages), they proceeded to collect the plunder. In removing the bedding, the lad, Philip Stacy, was discovered; their tomahawks were instantly raised to dispatch him, when he threw himself at the feet of one of the leading warriors, begging him to protect him; the savage either took compassion on his youth, or else his revenge being satisfied with the slaughter already made, interposed his authority and saved his life. After

removing everything they thought valuable, they tore up the floor, piled it on the dead bodies and set it on fire, thinking to destroy the block-house along with the bodies of their victims. The building being made of green logs, the fire only consumed the floor and roof, the walls still standing when visited on the following day by the whites.

There were twelve persons killed in this attack, viz: John Stacy, Ezra Putnam, son of Major Putnam, of Marietta, John Camp and Zebulon Throop—these were from Massachusetts; Jonathan Farwell and James Couch, from New Hampshire; William James, from Connecticut; Joseph Clark, from Rhode Island; Isaac Meeks, his wife and two children, from Virginia. They were well provided with arms, and could, no doubt, have defended themselves successfully had they taken proper precautions; but they had no old revolutionary officers with them to plan and direct their operations, as they had at all the other garrisons. If they had picketed their house and kept a regular sentry, the Indians would probably have never attacked them. They had no horses or cattle for them to seize upon as plunder, and Indians are not very fond of hard fighting where nothing is to be gained. But the Indians, seeing the naked block-house, without defenses, were encouraged to attempt its capture. Colonel Stacy, father of the boys previously mentioned, who had been an old soldier, and was well acquainted with Indian warfare, visited the post on the Saturday before, and seeing its weak state, gave them a strict charge to keep a regular watch, and prepare

immediately strong bars for the door, to be shut every night at sunset. They, however, fearing no danger, neglected to profit by his advice.

The party of Indians after this bent their steps toward the Wolf Creek Mills; but finding the people here awake and on the lookout, prepared for an attack, they did nothing more than reconnoiter the place, and made their retreat at early dawn, to the great relief of the inhabitants. The number of Indians who came over from Big Bottom was never known.

The day following the massacre, Captain Rogers led a party of men over to Big Bottom. It was a melancholy sight for the poor borderers, as they knew not how soon the same fate might befall themselves. The action of the fire, although it did not consume, had so blackened and disfigured the dead, that few of them could be distinguished. Ezra Putnam was known by a pewter plate that lay under him, and which his body had preserved from entirely melting; his mother's name was on the bottom of it, and part of the cake which he was baking at the fire still adhered to it. William James was recognized by his great size, being six feet four inches in hight, and stoutly built; he had a piece of bread clenched in his hand, and was probably in the act of eating with his back to the door, when the fatal rifle shot took effect. As the ground outside the house was frozen, a hole was dug within the walls, and the bodies consigned to one grave. No further attempt was made at a settlement here until after the peace in 1795.

The Virginia Military Grant, lying between the

Scioto and the Little Miami, was unsettled until after the treaty of Greenville, except at Manchester, some twelve miles above Maysville, Ky., in Adams county, which was laid out by General Massie, in 1790; it was thus early settled, partly from motives of greater security to the surveying operations in which Massie was engaged. Though this colony was organized in the time of hottest Indian warfare, in the favorite haunts of the Shawnees, the settlement was unmolested. This immunity may have been due to the watchfulness of such old pioneers as the Washburns, the Beasleys, the Edgingtons, the Denings, the Ellisons, and others.

CHAPTER XXII.

Donalson's Narrative — Ellison's Adventures — Edgington's Race — The Battle of Captina — Lewis Wetzel.

On the night of April 21, 1791, as Israel Donalson and Nathaniel Massie were sleeping together on blankets in the cabin loft, Donalson woke his companion with the remark that he had dreamed more that night about the Indians than ever before since he had been in the western country. The dream was treated lightly, and forgotten: and in the morning the two, accompanied by Wm. Lytle and James Tittle, started up the river on a surveying expedition. Near the mouth of a creek, since called Donalson's Creek, they discovered Indians in two bark canoes. Having no gun, Donalson fled, followed by an Indian. In the act of jumping he stumbled and fell. The Indian presented his gun, but seeing no resistance, took him prisoner. The first night's encampment was at Eagle Creek. The next morning it rained hard, and an Indian took his hat from his head and placed it on his own. Donalson complained to his comrade, who took it from the head of the offender and returned it. A second time he complained of the same offense, but his friend gave him a sort of blanket cap instead. Several days afterward they killed some game, jerked their venison, and filled a rough box with it for their

captive to carry. We give the remainder of the story in his own words:

"I soon got tired of it and threw it down. They raised a great laugh, examined my back, applied some bear's oil to it, and then put it on again. I went on some distance, and threw it down again; my friend then took it up, threw it over his head, and carried it. It weighed, I thought, at least fifty pounds.

"While resting one day, one of the Indians broke up little sticks and laid them up in the form of a fence; then took out a grain of corn, as carefully wrapped up as people used to wrap up guineas in olden times; this they planted, and called out "squaw," signifying that that would be my employment with the squaws. But, notwithstanding my situation at the time, I thought they would not eat much corn of my raising. On Tuesday, as we were traveling along, there came to us a white man and an Indian on horseback. They had a long talk, and when they rode off the Indians I was with seemed considerably alarmed; they immediately formed in single file, placed me in the center, and shook a war-club over my head, showing me by these gestures that if I attempted to run away they would kill me. We soon after arrived at the Shawnee camp, where we continued until late the next day. During our stay there, they trained my hair to their own fashion, put a jewel of tin in my nose, etc. The Indians met with great formality when they came to the camp, which was very spacious. One side was entirely cleared out for our use, and the party I was with passed the camp, to

my great mortification, thinking they were going on; but on getting to the farther end they wheeled short around, came into the camp, sat down—not a whisper. In a few minutes two of the oldest got up, went round, shook hands, came and sat down again; then the Shawnees, rising simultaneously, came and shook hands with them. A few of the first shook hands with me; one refused, and I did not offer my hand again, not considering it any great honor. Soon after a kettle of bear's oil and some cracknels were set before us, and we began eating, they first chewing the meat, then dipping it into the bear's oil. This I tried to be excused from, but they compelled me to it, which tried my stomach, although by this time hunger had compelled me to eat many a dirty morsel. Early in the afternoon an Indian came to the camp, and was met by his party just outside, when they formed a circle, and he spoke, I thought near an hour, and so profound was the silence that, had they been on a board floor, I thought the fall of a pin could have been heard. I rightly judged of the disaster, for the day before I was taken I was at Limestone, and was solicited to join a party that was going down to the mouth of Snag Creek, where some Indian canoes had been discovered hid in the willows. The party went and divided—some came over to the Indian shore and some remained in Kentucky, and they succeeded in killing nearly the whole party.

"There were at this camp two white men. One of them could swear in English, but very imperfectly, having, I suppose, been taken young; the other, who

could speak good English, told me he was from South Carolina. He mentioned different names, all of which I have forgotten, except that of Ward; asked if I knew the Wards that lived near Washington, Kentucky. I told him I did, and wanted him to leave the Indians and go to his brother's, and take me with him. He told me he preferred staying with the Indians, that he might nab the whites. He and I had a great deal of chat, and disagreed in almost everything. He told me they had taken a prisoner by the name of Towns, that had lived near Washington, Kentucky, and that he had attempted to run away, and they killed him. But the truth was, they had taken Timothy Downing the day before I was taken, in the neighborhood of Blue Licks, and had got within four or five miles of that camp, and night coming on, and it being very rainy, they concluded to camp. There were but two Indians—an old chief and his son. Downing watched his opportunity, got hold of a squaw-axe, and gave the fatal blow. His object was to bring the young Indian in a prisoner; he said he had been so kind to him he could not think of killing him. But the instant he struck the father the young man sprung upon his back, and held him so tightly that it was with difficulty he extricated himself from his grasp. Downing then made for his horse, and the Indian for the camp. He caught and mounted the horse, but not being much of a woodsman, struck the Ohio a little below Scioto, just as a boat was passing. They would not land for him until he rode several miles, and convinced them that he was no decoy; and

so close was the pursuit that the boat had only gained the stream when the enemy appeared on the shore. He had severely wounded the young Indian in the scuffle, but did not know it until I told him. But to return to my own narrative: Two of the party (my friend and another Indian) turned back from this camp to do other mischief, and never before had I parted from a friend with the same regret. We left the Shawnee camp about the middle of the afternoon, they under great excitement. What detained them I know not, for they had their horses up and their packs on from early morning. I think they had at least one hundred of the best horses that Kentucky at that time could afford. They calculated on being pursued; and they were right, for the next day (the 28th of April) Major Kenton, with about ninety men, were at the camp before the fires were extinguished; and I have always viewed it as a providential circumstance that the enemy had departed as a defeat on the part of the Kentuckians would have been inevitable. I never could catch the Indians in a position to ascertain their precise number, but concluded there were sixty or upward, as sprightly men as I ever saw together, and well equipped as they could wish for.

"We traveled that evening, I thought, seven miles, and encamped in the edge of a prairie, the water a short distance off. Our supper that night consisted of a raccoon roasted undressed. After this meal I became thirsty, and an old warrior, to whom my friend had given me in charge on leaving the party, told another Indian to go with me to the stream and get

water, which made him angry; he struck me, and my nose bled. I had a great mind to return the blow, but did not. I determined, be the result what it might, that I would go no farther with them. They tied me and laid me down as usual; one of them lying on the rope on each side of me. They went to sleep, and I to work gnawing and picking the rope (made of bark) to pieces, but did not get loose till day was breaking. I crawled off on my hands and feet until I got into the edge of the prairie, and sat down on a trussuck to put on my moccasins, and had put on one, and was preparing to put on the other, when they raised the yell and took the back-track; and I believe they made as much noise as twenty white men could have done. Had they been still they might have heard me, as I was not more than two chains' length from them at the time. But I started and ran, carrying one moccasin in my hand; and, in order to evade them, I chose the poorest ridges I could find, and when coming upon logs lying crosswise, would run along one and then along the other. I continued on that way until about ten o'clock, then ascending a very poor ridge, crept in between two logs, and being very weary, soon fell asleep, and did not waken until the sun was nearly down. I traveled on for a short distance further, and took lodgings for the night in a hollow tree.

"I think it was on Saturday night that I got to the Miami. I collected some logs, made a raft by peeling bark, and tying them together; but I soon found that too tedious, and abandoned it. I found a turkey's

nest, with two eggs in it, each one with a double yolk; they made two delicious meals for different days. I followed down the Miami until I struck Harmar's trace, made the previous fall, and continued on it until I came to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. I think it was on Sunday, the first day of May, I caught a horse, and tied a piece of bark around his under jaw, on which there was a large tumor, like a wart. The bark rubbed that, and he became restless, and threw me; not hurting me much, however. I caught and mounted him again, and he threw me a second time, hurting me badly. How long I remained insensible, I do not know; but when I revived, he was a considerable distance from me. I then traveled on very slowly, my feet being entirely bare, and full of thorns and briars. On Wednesday, the day that I got in, I was so far gone, that I thought it entirely useless to make any further exertion, not knowing what distance I was from the river. I took my station at the root of a tree, but soon fell asleep, and either dreamed or thought that I should not be loitering away my time; that I should get in that day; of which, on reflection, I had not the most distant idea. However, the impression was so strong, that I got up, and walked on some distance. I then sat down as before, and the same thoughts occupied my mind. I got up, and walked on. I had not traveled far before I thought I could see an opening for the river; and getting a little further on, I heard the sound of a bell. I then started and ran. A little further on, I heard the sound of an axe, which was the sweetest music I had

heard for many a day. It was the extreme out-lot. When I got to the fence, I crawled over with difficulty, it being very high. I approached the person very cautiously till within a cable's length, undiscovered; I then stopped, and spoke. The person I spoke to was Mr. William Woodward, the founder of Woodward High School. Mr. Woodward looked up hastily, cast his eyes around, and saw that I had no deadly weapons. He then spoke: 'In the name of God,' said he, 'who are you?' I told him I had been a prisoner, and had made my escape from the Indians. After a few more questions, he told me to come to him. I did so. Seeing my situation, his fears soon subsided. He told me to sit down on a log, and he would go and catch a horse he had in the lot, and take me in. He caught the horse, and set me on him, but held the bridle in his own hand. When we got into the road, the people inquired of Mr. Woodward, 'Who is he—an Indian?' I was not surprised, nor offended at the inquiries; for I was still in Indian costume, bare-headed, my hair cut off close, except the scalp and foretop, which they had put up in a piece of tin, with a bunch of turkey feathers, which I could not undo. They had also stripped off the feathers of about two turkeys, and hung them to the hair of the scalp; these I had taken off the day I left them. Mr. Woodward took me to his house, where every kindness was shown me. They soon gave me other clothing: coming from different persons, they did not fit me very neatly; but

there could not be found in the place, a pair of shoes to fit me, my feet were so much swollen."

An episode in the history of the settlement at Manchester, occurring at a later date, in 1793, is worthy of record in this connection:

"In the spring of the year 1793, the settlers at Manchester commenced clearing the out-lots of the town, and while so engaged, an incident of much interest and excitement occurred. Mr. Andrew Ellison cleared a lot immediately adjoining the fort. He had completed the cutting of the timber, rolled the logs together, and set them on fire. The next morning, a short time before daybreak, Mr. Ellison opened one of the gates of the fort, and went out to throw the logs together. By the time he had finished this job, a number of the heaps blazed up brightly, and, as he was passing from one to the other, he observed, by the light of the fires, three men walking briskly toward him. This did not alarm him in the least, although, he said, they were dark-skinned fellows: yet, he concluded they were the Wales, who were dark complexioned, going out to hunt. He continued to right the log heaps until one of the fellows caught him by the arms, and called out in broken English, 'How do? how do?' He instantly looked in their faces, and, to his surprise and horror, found himself in the clutches of three Indians. To resist was useless; he therefore submitted to his fate, without any resistance or attempt to escape.

"The Indians quickly moved off with him, in the direction of Paint Creek. When breakfast was ready,

Mrs. Ellison sent out one of her children to ask their father home; but he could not be found at the log heaps. His absence created no alarm, as it was thought he might have started to hunt after the completion of his work. Dinner time arrived, and Ellison not returning, the family became uneasy, and began to suspect that some accident had befallen him. His gun-rack was examined, and there hung his rifle and his pouch in their usual place. Massie raised a party, and made a circuit around the place, and found, after some search, the trails of four men, one of whom had on shoes; and as Ellison had on shoes, the truth that the Indians had made him a prisoner was unfolded. As it was almost night when the trail was discovered, the party returned to the station. Next morning, early preparations were made by Massie and his party to pursue the Indians. In doing this they found great difficulty, as it was so early in the spring that vegetation was not of sufficient growth to show plainly the trail of the Indians, who took the precaution to keep on hard and high land, where their feet could make but little impression. Massie and his party, however, were as unerring as a pack of well-trained hounds, and followed the trail to Paint Creek, when they found the Indians gained so fast on them that pursuit was vain. They therefore abandoned it, and returned to the station.

"The Indians took their prisoner to Upper Sandusky, and compelled him to run the gauntlet. As Ellison was a large man, and not very active, he received a severe flogging as he passed along the line.

From this place, he was taken to Lower Sandusky, and was again compelled to run the gauntlet, and was then taken to Detroit, where he was generously ransomed by a British officer for one hundred dollars. He was shortly after sent by his friend, the officer, to Montreal, from whence he returned home before the close of the summer of the same year."

About this period, John Edgington, Asahel Edgington, and another man, started out on a hunting expedition toward Brush Creek. They camped out six miles in a northeast direction from where West Union now stands, and near where Treber's tavern is now situated, on the road from Chillicothe to Maysville. "The Edgingtons had good success in hunting, having killed a number of deer and bears. Of the deer killed, they saved the skins and hams alone; the bears, they fleeced—that is, they cut off all the meat which adhered to the hide, without skinning, and left the bones as a skeleton. They hung up the proceeds of their hunt on a scaffold, out of the reach of the wolves and other wild animals, and returned home for pack-horses. No one returned to the camp with the two Edgingtons. As it was late in December, no one apprehended danger, as the winter was usually a time of repose from Indian incursions. When the Edgingtons arrived at their old hunting camp, they alighted from their horses, and were preparing to strike a fire, when they were fired upon by a platoon of Indians, at the distance of not more than twenty paces. Asahel Edgington fell to rise no more. John was more fortunate. The sharp crack of the rifles, and the horrid yells of the

savages, as they leaped from their place of ambush, frightened the horses, and they made tracks for home at full speed. John Edgington was very active on foot, and now an occasion offered which required his utmost speed. The moment the Indians leaped from their ambush, they threw down their rifles, and took after him; they pursued him, screaming and yelling in the most horrid manner. Edgington did not run a booty race. For about a mile, the Indians stepped in his tracks, almost before the bended grass could rise. The uplifted tomahawk was frequently so near his head that he thought he could feel its edge. Every effort was made to save his life; and every exertion of the Indians was made to arrest his flight. Edgington, who had the greatest stake in the race, at length began to gain on his pursuers; and, after a long race, he distanced them, made his escape, and safely reached home. This truly was a most fearful and well-contested race. The big Shawnee chief, Captain John, who headed the Indians on this occasion, after peace was made, and Chillicothe settled, frequently told the writer of this sketch of the race. Captain John said, "The white man who run away was a smart fellow; the white man run, and I run; he run and run: at last, the white man run clear off from me."

Captina Creek is a small tributary of the Ohio, entering it at the southeast angle of Belmont county. On its banks, a bloody conflict, celebrated in the annals of Indian warfare took place. An interesting version of this affair is given by Martin Baker, who was a

participant in it, though but twelve years old at the time.

Baker's fort was situated on the Virginia shore, one mile below the mouth of the Captina. One morning in May, four men were sent to the Ohio side, to reconnoiter, viz: Adam Miller, John Daniels, Isaac McCowan, and John Shoptaw.

Miller and Daniels moved up the stream, and the others took the other direction. The upper scouts were soon attacked by Indians, and Miller was killed. Daniels ran up Captina about three miles; but being weak from loss of blood from a wounded arm, he was taken prisoner, carried into captivity, and was subsequently released at the treaty of Greenville. In the words of Baker: "The lower scouts having discovered signs of the enemy, Shoptaw swam across the Ohio, and escaped; but McGowan, going up toward the canoe, was shot by Indians in ambush. Upon this he ran down to the bank, and sprang into the water, pursued by the enemy, who overtook and scalped him. The firing being heard at the fort, they beat up for volunteers. Their were about fifty men in the fort. There being much reluctance to volunteer, my sister exclaimed, "I wouldn't be a coward!" This roused the pride of my brother, John Baker, who before had determined not to go. He joined the others, fourteen in number, including Captain Enochs and Mr. Hoffman. Our people soon retreated, and were pursued by the Indians a short distance. On their retreat, my brother was shot in the hip. Determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he drew off one

side, and secreted himself in a hollow, with a rock at his back, offering no chance for the enemy to approach but in front. Shortly after, two guns were fired in quick succession ; doubtless one of them was fired by my brother, and from the signs afterward, it was supposed that he had killed an Indian. The next day, the men turned out, and visited the spot. Enochs, Hoffman, and John Baker were found dead and scalped. Enochs' bowels were torn out, and his eyes and those off Hoffman screwed out with a wiping stick. The dead were wrapped in white hickory bark, and brought over to the Virginia shore, where they were buried in their bark coffins. There were about thirty Indians engaged in this action, and seven skeletons of their slain were found long afterward secreted the crevices of rocks."

McDonald, in his biographical sketch of Governor McArthur, who was in the action, says that, after the death of Captain Enochs, McArthur, although the youngest man in the company, was called upon to direct the retreat. The wounded who were able to walk were placed in front, while McArthur, with his Spartan band, covered the retreat. The moment an Indian showed himself in the pursuit, he was fired upon, and generally, it is believed, with effect. The Indians were so severely handled, that they gave up the pursuit. The Indians were commanded by the Shawnee chief, Charley Wilkey. He told McDonald that the battle of Captina was the most severe conflict he ever witnessed ; that although he had the advantage of the ground and the first fire, he lost the

most of his men, half of them having been either killed or wounded.

The famous borderer, Lewis Wetzel, was accustomed to roam this Captina Creek region. We give, in this connection, a record of two of his adventures:

"While hunting, Wetzel fell in with a young hunter who lived on Dunkard's Creek, and was persuaded to accompany him to his home. On their arrival, they found the house in ruins, and all the family murdered, except a young woman, who had been bred with them, and to whom the young man was ardently attached. She was taken alive, as was found by examining the trail of the enemy, who were three Indians and a white renegade. Burning with revenge, they followed the trail of the enemy until opposite the mouth of Captina, where the enemy had crossed. They swam the stream, and discovered the Indians' camp, around the fires of which lay the enemy in careless repose. The young woman was apparently unhurt, but was making much moaning and lamentation. The young man, hardly able to restrain his rage, was for firing, and rushing instantly upon them. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait until daylight, when there was a better chance of success in killing the whole party. At dawn, the Indians prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegade, and Wetzel an Indian, they both fired simultaneously, with fatal effect. The young man rushed forward, knife in hand, to relieve the mistress of his affections, while Wetzel reloaded, and pursued the two remaining Indians, who had taken to the woods until they could

ascertain the number of their enemies. Wetzel, as soon as he was discovered, discharged his rifle at random, in order to draw them from their covert. The *ruse* took effect, and taking to his heels, he loaded as he ran, and suddenly wheeling about, discharged his rifle through the body of his nearest and unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his enemy's rifle was unloaded, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of prompt revenge being fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, until his rifle was again ready, when, suddenly turning, he fired, and his remaining enemy fell dead at his feet. After taking their scalps, Wetzel and his friend, with their rescued captive, returned in safety to the settlement."

"A short time after Crawford's defeat, in 1782, Wetzel accompanied Thomas Mills, a soldier in that action, to obtain his horse, which he had left near the site of St. Clairsville. They were met by a party of about forty Indians, at the Indian Springs, two miles from St. Clairsville, on the road to Wheeling. Both parties discovered each other at the same moment, when Wetzel instantly fired, and killed an Indian, while the Indians wounded his companion in the heel, overtook and killed him. Four Indians pursued Wetzel. About half a mile beyond, one of the Indians having got, in the pursuit, within a few steps of him, Wetzel wheeled and shot him, and then continued the retreat. In less than a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him, that, as he turned to

fire, he caught the muzzle of his gun, when, after a severe struggle, Wetzel still continued on his course, pursued by the two Indians. All three were pretty well fatigued, and often stopped and treed. After going something more than a mile further, Wetzel took advantage of an open piece of ground, over which the Indians were passing, stopped suddenly to shoot the foremost, who thereupon sprang behind a small sapling. Wetzel fired, and wounded him mortally. The remaining Indian then gave a little yell, exclaiming 'No catch that man; gun always loaded.' After the peace of 1795, Wetzel pushed for the frontier on the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, the object of his mortal hatred. He finally died as he had lived—a free man of the forest."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Hewit's Captivity—Neil Washburn.

The Scioto Valley began early to attract the attention of emigrants. Soon after the settlement of Marietta, straggling settlements were projected at several points toward the West. A striking episode in the history of a settlement at Bellville, in Athens county, is written by Dr. S. P. Hildreth, of Marietta. We transfer it entire to these pages:

"Moses Hewit was a native of New England, the land of active and enterprising men, and born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in the year 1767. He removed to the waters of the Ohio, in 1790, in company with his uncle, Captain John Hewit, soon after the settlement of the Ohio Company; at the breaking out of the Indian war, he resided on the island now known by the name of 'Blennerhasset,' in the block house of Captain James, where he married a cousin, the daughter of Captain Hewit. After his marriage, he lived a short time at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, but as the Indians became dangerous, he joined the company of settlers at 'Neil's station,' a short distance above, on the same stream. At this period, all the settlements on both banks of the Ohio were broken up, and the inhabitants retired to their garrisons for mutual defense.

"The garrison at the middle settlement, in Belpre, was called 'Farmers' Castle,' and was a strong stockaded defense, with comfortable dwelling houses erected along the margin of the stout palisades which surrounded it. It stood near the bank of the Ohio River, on the waters of which nearly all the intercourse between the stations was conducted in light canoes. At this garrison Mr. Hewit was a frequent visitor but not an inmate. Some of the more fearless inhabitants, on the left bank, still continued to live in their own dwellings, considering themselves in a manner protected by the Ohio River, and by the vigilance of the 'spies,' who daily scoured the adjacent forests. Mr. Hewit was at this time in the prime of life and manhood; possessed of a vigorous frame, nearly six feet high, with limbs of the finest mold, not surpassed by the Belvidere Apollo, for manly beauty. The hands and feet were small in proportion to the muscles of the arms and legs. Of their strength some estimate may be formed, when it is stated that he could, with a single hand, lift with ease a large blacksmith's anvil, by grasping the tapering horn which projects from its side. To this great muscular strength was added a quickness of motion, which gave to the dash of his fist the rapidity of thought, as it was driven into the face or breast of his adversary. The eye was coal black, small and sunken, but when excited or enraged, flashed fire like that of a tiger. The face and head were well developed, with such powerful masseter and temporal muscles, that the fingers of the strongest man, when once confined be-

tween his teeth, could no more be withdrawn than from the jaws of a vice.

With such physical powers, united to an unrefined and rather irritable mind, who shall wonder at his propensity for, and delight in personal combat; especially when placed in the midst of rude and unlettered companions, where courage and bodily strength were held in unlimited estimation. Accordingly, we find him engaged in numerous personal contests, in which he almost universally came off victorious. One instance of his activity and reckless daring took place at Marietta in 1796. In some quarrel at a tavern, the vigor of his arm was laid so heavily upon one of his opponents, that serious apprehensions were felt for his life. Complaint was made to the magistrate, and a warrant issued for his apprehension. Of this he had timely notice, and not relishing the inside of a jail at that inclement season of the year, it being February, he started for the river, intending to cross into Virginia, out of the jurisdiction of the constable. It so happened that the rains on the headwaters had raised the river to half bank, and broken up the ice, which completely covered the stream with fragments of all dimensions, so closely arranged that no canoe could be forced through them. Although late in the night, there was yet the light of the moon, and rushing down the bank, with the constable and a numerous posse at his back, he leaped fearlessly on to the floating ice, and springing from fragment to fragment, with the activity of a fox, he reached the opposite shore in safety, about half a mile below where he

commenced his perilous adventure. The constable, seeing the object of his pursuit afloat on the ice, came to halt, concluding that although he has escaped from the penalty of the law, he could not avoid the fate which awaited him, and that he would certainly be drowned before he could gain the shore. But, as fortune is said to favor the brave, he escaped without harm, and his life was preserved for wise and providential purposes.

"Some time in the month of May, 1792, while living at Neil's station, on the Little Kanawha, Mr. Hewit rose early in the morning and went out about a mile from the garrison in search of a stray horse, little expecting any Indians to be near, having heard of none in that vicinity for some time. He was sauntering along at his ease, in an obscure cattle path, thinking more of his stray animal than of danger, when all at once three Indians sprang from behind two large trees, that stood on each side of the track, whence they had been watching his approach. So sudden was the onset, and so completely was he in their grasp, that resistance was vain, and would probably have resulted in his death. He therefore quietly surrendered, thinking that in a few days he should find some way of escape. For himself he felt but little uneasiness; his great concern was for his wife and child, from whom, with the yearnings of a father's heart, he had thus been forcibly separated, and whom he might never see again.

"In their progress to the towns on the Sandusky plains, the Indians treated their prisoner, Hewit, with

as little harshness as could be expected; he was always confined at night by fastening his wrists and ankles to saplings, as he lay extended upon his back on the ground, with an Indian on each side. By day his limbs were free, but always marching with one Indian before and two behind him. As they approached the prairies, frequent halts were made to search for honey, the wild bee being found in every hollow tree, and often in the ground beneath decayed roots, in astonishing numbers; this afforded them many luscious repasts, of which the prisoner was allowed to partake. The naturalization of the honey bee to the forests of North America, since its colonization by the whites, is in fact, the only real addition to its comforts that the Red Man has ever received from the destroyer of his race; and this industrious insect, so fond of the society of man, seems also destined to destruction by the *bee moth*, and like the buffalo and deer, will soon vanish from the woods and prairies of the West.

"While the Indians were occupied in these searches, Hewit closely watched every opportunity for escape, but his captors were equally vigilant. As they receded from the danger of pursuit, they became less hurried in their march, and often stopped to hunt and amuse themselves. The level prairie afforded fine grounds for one of their favorite sports, the foot-race. In this Hewit was invited to join, and soon found that he could easily outrun two of them; but the other was more than his match, which discouraged him from trying to escape until a more favorable opportunity.

They treated him familiarly, and were much pleased with his lively, cheerful manners. After they had reached within one or two days' march of their village, they made a halt to hunt, and left their prisoner at the camp, although they had usually taken him with them, as he complained of being sick. To make all safe, they placed him on his back, confining his wrists by stout thongs of rawhide to saplings, and his legs raised at a considerable elevation to a small tree. After they had been gone a short time, he began to put in operation the plan he had been meditating for escape, trusting that the thickness of his wrists, in comparison with the smallness of his hands, would enable him to withdraw them from the ligatures. After long and violent exertions, he succeeded in liberating his hands, but not without severely lacerating the skin, and covering them with blood. His legs were next freed by untying them, but not without great exertion, from their elevation.

"Once fairly at liberty, the first object was to secure some food for the long journey which was before him. But as the Indian's larder is seldom well stocked, with all his search he could only find two small pieces of jerked venison, not more than sufficient for a single meal. With this light stock of provisions, his body nearly naked, and without even a knife or a tomahawk, to assist in procuring more, he started for the settlements on the Muskingum, as the nearest point where he could meet with friends. It seems that the Indians returned to the camp soon after his escape, for that night, while cautiously traversing a wood, he

heard the cracking of a breaking twig not far from him. Dropping silently to the ground, where he stood, he beheld his three enemies in pursuit. To say that he was not agitated, would not be true; his senses were wide awake, and his heart beat quick—but it was a heart that never knew fear. It so happened that they passed a few yards to one side of him, and he remained unseen; as soon as they were at a sufficient distance, he altered his course and saw no more of them.

"Suffering everything but death from the exhausting effects of hunger and fatigue, he after nine days struck the waters of the Big Muskingum, and came into the garrison at Wolf Creek Mills. During this journey he had no food but roots and the bark of the slippery elm, after the two bits of venison were expended. When he came in sight of the station, he was so completely exhausted that he could not stand or halloo; his body was entirely naked, excepting a small strip of cloth around the loins, and so torn, bloody and disfigured by the briers and bushes, that he thought it imprudent to show himself, lest he should be taken for an Indian, and shot by the sentries. It is a curious physiological fact that famine and hunger will actually darken the skin in the manner mentioned by the prophet Jeremiah, when foretelling the fate of the Israelites; and may be accounted for by the absorption of the bile into the blood, when not used up in the process of digesting the food. In this forlorn state Hewit remained until evening, when he crawled silently to the gateway, which was open, and

crept in before any one was aware of his being near. As they all had heard of his capture, and some personally knew him, he was instantly recognized by a young man, as the light of the fire fell on his face, who exclaimed, 'Here is Hewit.' They clothed and fed him, and his fine constitution soon restored him to health.

"The course pursued by Mr. Hewit was in the direction of a favorite and well known trail, or war-path of the Indians from Sandusky to the settlements on the Muskingum, and struck that river at a point called 'Big Rock,' from an enormous block of sandstone that had tumbled out of a cliff and lay on the shore. The line of the trail lay between the waters of the Muskingum, and those of the Scioto, crossing some of the branches of both these rivers. The war-paths of the Indians were generally known to the old hunters, as in times of peace there was considerable intercourse for trade and hunting between the borderers and the Indian tribes. After the war was closed, by the masterly campaign of General Wayne, the sturdy settlers on the shores of the Ohio sallied out from their garrisons, where they had been more or less closely confined for five years, and took possession of the various farms which had fallen to their lots, either as 'donation lands,' or as proprietors in the Ohio Company, some of which had been partially cleared and cultivated before the commencement of hostilities. During this period they suffered from famine, sickness and death, in addition to the depredations of the Indian. The small-pox and the putrid sore throat had

both visited them in their garrisons, destroying, in some instances, whole families of children in a few days. The murderous savages without, with sickness and famine within, had made their castles wearisome dwelling places, although they protected them from the tomahawk, and saved them from being entirely broken up."

Among the Indian fighters of this period, prominent for sagacity and courage, was Neil Washburn, a forester of six feet high, with broad shoulders, and a body tapering symmetrically from the chest down; a muscular and active man with light hair, fair complexion and eyes of blue. A specimen or two of his adventures we subjoin:

"In the year 1790 I first became acquainted with Neil Washburn, then a lad of sixteen, living on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, six miles below Maysville. From his early years he showed a disposition to follow the woods. When only nine or ten, he passed his time in setting snares for pheasants and wild animals. Shortly after, his father purchased for him a shot-gun, in the use of which he soon became unexcelled. In the summer of 1790, his father being out of fresh provisions, crossed the Ohio with him in a canoe, to shoot deer at a lick near the mouth of Eagle Creek. On entering the creek, their attention was arrested by a singular hacking noise, some distance up the bank. Neil landed, and with gun in hand, cautiously crawling up the bank, discovered an Indian, about twenty feet up a hickory tree, busily engaged in cutting around the bark, to make a canoe,

in which he probably anticipated the gratification of crossing the river, and committing depredations upon the Kentuckians. However this may have been, his meditations and work were soon brought to a close, for the intrepid boy no sooner saw the dusky form of the savage, than he brought his gun to a level with his eye and fired. The Indian fell dead to the earth, with a heavy sound. Neil hastily retreated to the canoe, from fear of the presence of other Indians, and recrossed the Ohio. Early the next morning, a party of men, guided by Neil, visited the spot, and found the body of the Indian at the foot of the tree. Neil secured the scalp, and the same day showed it, much elated, to myself and others, in the town of Washington, in Mason county. Several persons made him presents, as testimonials of their opinion of his bravery.

In the next year, he was employed as a spy between Maysville and the mouth of the Little Miami, to watch for Indians, who were accustomed to cross the Ohio into Kentucky, to steal and murder. While so engaged, he had some encounters with them, in which his unerring rifle dealt death to several of their number. One of these was at the mouth of Bullskin, on the Ohio side.

"In 1792, the Indians committed such great depredations upon the Ohio, between Kanawha and Maysville, that General Lee, the government agent, in employing spies, endeavored to get some of them to go up the Ohio, above the Kanawha, and warn all single boats not to descend the river. None were

found sufficiently daring to go but Neil. Furnished with an elegant horse, and well armed, he started on his perilous mission. He met with no adventure until after crossing the Big Sandy; this he swam on his horse, and had reached about half a mile beyond, when he was suddenly fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush; his horse fell dead, and the Indians gave a yell of triumph; but Neil was unhurt; springing to his feet, he bounded back like a deer, and swam across the Big Sandy, holding his rifle and ammunition above his head. Panting from exertion, he rested upon the opposite bank to regain his strength, when the Indians, whooping and yelling, appeared on the other side, in full pursuit. Neil drew up, shot one of their number, and then continued his retreat down the Ohio; but meeting and exchanging shots with others, he saw it was impossible to keep the river valley in safety, and striking his course more inland, to evade his enemies, he arrived safely at Maysville.

"In the fall of the same year, he was in the action with Kenton and others, against Tecumseh, in what is now Brown county. Washburn continued as a spy throughout the war, adding 'the sagacity of the lion to the cunning of the fox.' He was with Wayne in his campaign, and at the Battle of the Fallen Timbers, manifested his usual prowess."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Miami Settlements.

NEXT to the South-eastern settlements in the vicinity of Marietta, improvements were projected in the vicinity of the Miamis. Judge Burnet's "Notes" gives the most reliable data of these settlements:

"Soon after the settlement was commenced at Marietta, three parties were formed to occupy and improve separate portions of Judge Symmes' purchase, between the Miami Rivers. The first led by Major Benjamin Stites, consisted of eighteen or twenty, who landed in November, 1788, at the mouth of the Little Miami River, within the limits of a tract of ten thousand acres purchased by Major Stites from Judge Symmes. They constructed a log fort, and laid out the town of Columbia, which soon became a promising village. Among them were Colonel Spencer, Major Gano, Judge Goforth, Francis Dunlevy, Major Kibbey, Rev. John Smith, Judge Foster, Colonel Brown, Mr. Hubbell, Captain Flinn, Jacob White and John Riley.

"They were all men of energy and enterprise, and were more numerous than either of the parties who commenced their settlements below the Ohio. Their village was also more flourishing, and for two or three years contained a larger number of inhabitants than

any other in the Miami Purchase. This superi ority, however, did not continue, as will appear from the sequel.

"The second party destined for the Miami was formed at Limestone, under Matthias Denman and Robert Patterson, amounting to twelve or fifteen in number. After much difficulty and danger, caused by floating ice in the river, they landed on the north bank of the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Licking, in 1788. Their purpose was to establish a station and lay out a town according to a plan agreed on before they left Limestone. The name adopted for the proposed town was Losanteville, which had been manufactured by a pedantic foreigner, whose name, fortunately, has been forgotten. It was formed, as he said, from the words *le os ante ville*, which he rendered 'the village opposite the mouth.' Logicians may decide whether the words might not be rendered, more correctly, 'the mouth before the village.' Be that as it may, the settlement then formed was immediately designated by the name adopted for the projected town, though the town itself was never laid out, for reasons which will be explained hereafter. Yet, from the facts stated, a very general belief has prevailed that the original name of the town of Cincinnati was Losanteville, and that through the immediate influence of Governor St. Clair, and others, that name was abandoned, and that of Cincinnati substituted. This impression, though a natural one under the circumstances of the case, was, nevertheless, incorrect.

"It is impossible to say what influence operated on the minds of the proprietors, to induce them to adopt the name of Cincinnati in preference to the one previously proposed. Judge Symmes, being on the spot, might have proposed it; but it is not probable that Governor St. Clair had any agency in it, as he was at the time negotiating a treaty with the north-western Indians at Marietta, between which place and Cincinnati there was then but very little intercourse. The truth may be gathered from the facts of the case, which are these:

"Matthias Denman, of Springfield, New Jersey, had purchased the fraction of land on the bank of the Ohio, and the entire section adjoining it on the north, which, on the survey of Symmes' grant, should be found to lie opposite the mouth of the Licking River. In the summer of 1788 he came out to the west to see the lands he had purchased, and to examine the country. On his return to Limestone he met, among others, Colonel Patterson, of Lexington, and a surveyor by the name of Filson. Denman communicated to them his intention of laying out a town on his land, opposite Licking; and, after some conversation, agreed to take them in as equal partners, each paying a third of the purchase-money; and, on the further consideration, that Colonel Patterson should exert his influence to obtain settlers, and that Filson, in the ensuing spring, should survey the town, stake off the lots, and superintend the sale. They also agreed on the plan of the town, and to call it Losanteville. This being done, Patterson and Filson, with a party of

settlers, proceeded to the ground, where they arrived late in December. In the course of the winter, before any attempt had been made to lay out the town, Filson went on an exploring expedition with Judge Symmes and others, who had in contemplation to become purchasers and settle in the country. After the party had proceeded some thirty or forty miles into the wilderness, Filson, for some cause not known to them, left for the purpose of returning to the settlement on the Ohio, and in that attempt was murdered by the Indians. This terminated his contract with Denman, as no part of the consideration had been paid, and his personal services, in surveying the town and superintending the sale of the lots, had become impracticable.

"Mr. Denman, being yet at Limestone, entered into another contract with Colonel Patterson and Israel Ludlow, by which Ludlow was to perform the same services that were to have been performed by the unfortunate Filson, had he lived to execute his contract. A new plan of a town was then made, differing, in many respects, from the former—particularly as to the public-square, the commons, and the names of the streets. The whimsical name which had been adopted for the town to be laid out under the first contract was repudiated, and Cincinnati selected as the name of the town to be laid out under the new contract. Late in the succeeding fall Colonel Ludlow commenced a survey of the town which has since become the Queen City of the West. He first laid off the lots which, by previous agreement, were to be

disposed of as donations to volunteer settlers, and completed the survey at his leisure.

"A misapprehension has prevailed, as appears from some recent publications, in regard to the price paid by the proprietors for the land on which the city stands. The original purchase by Mr. Denman included a section and a fractional section, containing about eight hundred acres, for which he paid five shillings per acre, in continental certificates, which were then worth in specie five shillings on the pound, so that the specie price per acre was fifteen pence. That sum, multiplied with the number of acres, will give the original cost of the plat of Cincinnati.

"The third party of adventurers to the Miami Purchase were under the immediate care and direction of Judge Symmes. They left Limestone on the 29th of January, 1789, and on their passage down the river were obstructed, delayed, and exposed to imminent danger from floating ice, which covered the river. They, however, reached the Bend, the place of their destination, in safety, early in February. The first object of the Judge was to found a city at that place, which had received the name of North Bend, from the fact that it was the most northern bend in the Ohio River below the mouth of the Great Kanawha.

"The water-craft used in descending the Ohio in those primitive times were flat-boats, made of green oak plank, fastened by wooden pins to a frame of timber, and caulked with tow, or any other pliant substance that could be procured. Boats similarly constructed on the northern waters were then called arks,

but on the western rivers they were denominated Kentucky boats. The materials of which they were composed were found to be of great utility in the construction of temporary buildings for safety and for protection from the inclemency of the weather after the occupants had arrived at the place of their destination.

"At the earnest solicitation of the Judge, General Harmar sent Captain Kearsey with forty-eight rank and file to protect the improvements just commencing in the country. This detachment reached Limestone in December, 1788, and in a few days thereafter Captain Kearsey sent a part of his command in advance, as a guard to protect the pioneers under Major Stites, at the Little Miami, where they arrived soon after. Mr. Symmes and his party, accompanied by Captain Kearsey, landed at Columbia, on their passage down the river, and the detachment previously sent to that place joined their company. They then proceeded to the Bend, and landed about the 1st or 2d of February. When they left Limestone it was the purpose of Captain Kearsey to occupy the fort built at the mouth of the Miami by a detachment of United States troops, who afterward descended the river to the falls.

"That purpose was defeated by the flood in the river, which had spread over the low grounds and rendered it difficult to reach the fort. Captain Kearsey, however, was anxious to make the attempt, but the judge would not consent to it. He was of course much disappointed and greatly displeased. When he

set out on the expedition, expecting to find a fort ready built to receive him, he did not provide the implements necessary to construct one. Thus disappointed and displeased, he resolved that he would not attempt to construct a new work, but would leave the Bend and join the garrison at Louisville.

"In pursuance of that resolution he embarked early in March, and descended the river with his command. The judge immediately wrote to Major Willis, commandant of the garrison at the Falls, complaining of the conduct of Captain Kearsey, representing the exposed situation of the Miami settlement, stating the indications of hostility manifested by the Indians, and requesting a guard to be sent to the Bend. This request was promptly granted, and before the close of the month Ensign Luce arrived with seventeen or eighteen soldiers, 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 they killed one soldier and wounded four or five other persons, including Major J. R. Mills, an emigrant from Elizabethtown, New Jersey, who was a surveyor, and an intelligent and highly respected citizen. Although he recovered from his wounds, he felt their disabling effects to the day of his death.

"The surface of the ground where the judge and his party had landed was above the reach of the water, and sufficiently level to admit of a convenient settlement. He therefore determined, for the immediate accommodation of his party, to lay out a village at

that place, and to suspend, for the present, the execution of this purpose, as to the city, of which he had given notice, until satisfactory information could be obtained in regard to the comparative advantages of different places in the vicinity. The determination, however, of laying out such a city, was not abandoned but was executed in the succeeding year on a magnificent scale. It included the village, and extended from the Ohio across the peninsula to the Miami river. This city, which was certainly a beautiful one, on paper, was called Symmes, and for a time was a subject of conversation and criticism; but it soon ceased to be remembered—even its name was forgotten, and the settlement continued to be called North Bend. Since then, that village has been distinguished as the residence and the home of the soldier and statesman, William Henry Harrison, whose remains now repose in a humble vault on one of its beautiful hills.

"In conformity with a stipulation made at Limestone, every individual belonging to the party received a donation lot, which he was required to improve, as the condition of obtaining a title. As the number of these adventurers increased, in consequence of the protection afforded by the military, the Judge was induced to lay out another village, six or seven miles higher up the river, which he called South Bend, where he disposed of some donation lots; but that project failed, and in a few years the village was deserted and converted into a farm.

"During these transactions, the Judge was visited by a number of Indians from a camp in the neighbor-

hood of Stites' settlement. One of them, a Shawnee chief, had many complaints to make of frauds practiced on them by white traders, who fortunately, had no connection with the pioneers. After several conversations, and some small presents, he professed to be satisfied with the explanation he had received, and gave assurance that the Indians would trade with the white men as friends.

"In one of their interviews, the Judge told him he had been commissioned and sent out to their country, by the thirteen fires, in the spirit of friendship and kindness; and that he was instructed to treat them as friends and brothers. In proof of this he showed them the flag of the union, with its stars and stripes, and also his commission, having the great seal of the United States attached to it; exhibiting the American eagle, with the olive branch in one claw, emblematical of peace, and the instrument of war and death in the other. He explained the meaning of these symbols to their satisfaction, though at first the chief seemed to think they were not very striking emblems either of peace or friendship; but before he departed from the Bend, he gave assurances of the most friendly character. Yet, when they left their camp to return to their towns, they carried off a number of horses, belonging to the Columbia settlement, to compensate for the injuries done them by wandering traders, who had no part or lot with the pioneers. These depredations having been repeated, a party was sent out in pursuit, who followed the trail of the Indians a considerable distance, when they discovered fresh signs, and sent

Captain Flinn, one of the party, in advance, to reconnoiter. He had not proceeded far before he was surprised, taked prisoner, and carried to the Indian camp. Not liking the movements going on, which seemed to indicate personal violence, in regard to himself, and having great confidence is his activity and strength, at a favorable moment he sprang from the camp, made his escape, and rejoined his party. The Indians, fearing an ambuscade, did not pursue. The party possessed themselves of some horses belonging to the Indians, and returned to Columbia. In a few days the Indians brought in Captain Flinn's rifle, and begged Major Stites to restore their horses—alleging that they were innocent of the depredations laid to their charge. After some further explanations, the matter was amicably settled and the horses given up.

"The three principal settlements of the Miami country were commenced in the manner above described; and although they had one general object, and were threatened by one common danger, yet there existed a strong spirit of rivalry between them—each feeling a pride in the prosperity of the little colony to which he belonged. That spirit produced a strong influence on the feelings of the pioneers of the different villages, and produced an *esprit du 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 three rivals, Columbia, Cincinnati or North Bend, would eventually become the chief seat of business.

"In the beginning, Columbia, the eldest of the three,

took the lead, in the 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. The garrison having been established at Cincinnati, made it the head-quarters and depot of the army. In addition to this, as soon as the county courts of the territory were organized, it was made the seat of justice of Hamilton county. These advantages convinced everybody that it was destined to become the emporium of the Miami country.

"At first, North Bend had a decided advantage over it, as the troops detailed by General Harmar for the protection of the Miami pioneers, were landed there, through the influence of Judge Symmes. That consideration induced many of the first adventurers to plant themselves at the Bend, believing it to be the place of the greatest safety. But, as has been stated, that detachment soon took its departure for Louisville. It appears also that Ensign Luce, the commandant of the party which succeeded it, did not feel bound to erect his fort at any particular place; but was at liberty to select the spot best calculated to afford the most extensive protection to the Miami settlers. Viewing his duty in that light, he put up a small temporary work, sufficient for the security of his troops, regardless of the earnest entreaty of the judge to proceed at once to erect a substantial, spacious block-house, sufficient for the protection of the inhabitants of the village.

"The remonstrances and entreaties of the judge had but little influence on the mind of this obstinate officer; for, in despite of them all, he left the Bend, and proceded to Cincinnati with his command, where he immediately commenced the construction of a military work. That important move was followed by very decided results. It terminated the strife for supremacy, by removing the only motive which had induced former emigrants to pass the settlements above, and proceed to the Bend. As soon as the troops removed from that place to Cincinnati, the settlers of the Bend, who were then most numerous, feeling the loss of the protection on which they had relied, became uneasy, and began to follow; and, ere long, the place was almost entirely deserted, and the hope of making it even a respectable town was abandoned.

"In the course of the ensuing summer, Major Doughty arrived in Cincinnati, with troops from Fort Harmar, and commenced the construction of Fort Washington, which was the most extensive and important military work in the territory belonging to the United States.

"About that time, there was a rumor prevailing in the settlement, said to have been indorsed by the judge himself, which goes far to unravel the mystery in which the removal of the troops from the Bend was involved. It was said and believed, that while the officer in command at that place was looking out very leisurely for a suitable site on which to build the blockhouse, 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 to remove to Cincinnati, 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 strongly opposed it. His reasoning, however, was not as persuasive as the sparkling eyes of his fair Dulcinea, then at Cincinnati. The result was a determination to visit Cincinnati, 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 the conviction that the Bend could not be compared with Cincinnati as a military position. The troops were accordingly removed to that place, and the building of a block-house commenced. Whether this structure was on the ground on which Fort Washington was erected by Major Doughty, cannot now be decided.

"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 pro-

duced from circumstances apparently trivial. The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame, produced a ten years' war, which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the 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.

"A large number of the original adventurers to the Miami Purchase, had exhausted their means by paying for their land and removing their families to the country. Others were wholly destitute of property, and came out as volunteers, under the expectation of obtaining, gratuitously, such small tracts of land as might be forfeited by the purchasers under Judge Symmes, for not making the improvements required by the conditions stipulated in the terms of the sale and settlement of the Miami lands, published by the judge in 1787, which will be more fully explained in a subsequent chapter. The class of adventurers first named was comparatively numerous, and had come out under an expectation of taking immediate possession of their lands, and of commencing the cultivation of them for their subsistence. Their situation, therefore, was distressing. To go out to the wilderness to till the soil, appeared to be certain death; to remain in the settlements, threatened them with starvation. The best provided of the pioneers, found it difficult to obtain subsistence; and, of course, the class now spoken of were not far from total destitution. They depended on game, fish, and such products of the

earth as could be raised on small patches of ground in the immediate vicinity of the settlements.

"Occasionally, small lots of provisions were brought down the river by emigrants, and sometimes were transported on pack-horses from Lexington, at a heavy expense, and not without danger. But supplies thus obtained were almost entirely beyond the reach of those destitute persons now referred to.

"Having endured these privations as long as they could be borne, the more resolute of them determined to brave the consequences of moving on their lands. To accomplish the object with the least exposure, those whose lands were in the same neighborhood united as one family; and on that principle, a number of associations were formed, amounting to a dozen or more, who went out determined to maintain their positions.

"Each party erected a strong block-house, near to which their cabins were put up, and the whole was inclosed by strong log pickets. This being done, they commenced clearing their lands, and preparing for planting their crops. During the day, while they were at work, one person was placed as a sentinel, to warn them of approaching danger. At sunset, they retired to the block-house and their cabins, taking everything of value within the pickets. In this manner, they proceeded from day to day, and week to week, until their improvements were sufficiently extensive to support their families. During this time, they depended for subsistence on wild game, obtained at some hazard, more than on the scanty supplies they

were able to procure from the settlements on the river.

"In a short time, these stations gave protection and food to a large number of destitute families. After they were established, the Indians became less annoying to the settlements on the Ohio, as part of their time was employed in watching the stations. The former, however, did not escape, but endured their share of the fruits of savage hostility. In fact, no place or situation was exempt from danger. The safety of the pioneer depended on his means of defense, and on perpetual vigilance.

"The Indians viewed these stations with great jealousy, as they had the appearance of permanent military establishments, intended to retain possession of their country. In that view they were correct; and it was fortunate for the settlers that the Indians wanted either the skill or the means of demolishing them. * * * * *

"The truth of the matter is, their great error consisted in permitting these works to be constructed at all. They might have prevented it with ease. But they appeared not to be aware of the serious consequences which were to result, until it was too late to act with effect. Several attacks were, however, made at different times, with an apparent determination to destroy them; but they failed in every instance. The assault made on the station erected by Captain Jacob White, a pioneer of much energy and enterprise, at the third crossing of Mill Creek from Cincinnati, on the old Hamilton road, was resolute and daring, but

was gallantly met and successfully repelled. During the attack, which was in the night, Captain White shot and killed a warrior, who fell so near the block-house that his companions could not remove the body. The next morning, it was brought in, and judging from his stature, as reported by the inmates, he might have claimed descent from a race of giants. On examining the ground in the vicinity of the block-house, the appearances of blood indicated that the assailants had suffered severely.

"In the winter of 1790–1, an attack was made with a large party (amounting probably to four or five hundred) on Dunlap's station, at Colerain. The block-house at that station was occupied by a small number of United States troops, commanded by Colonel Kingsbury, then a subaltern in the army. The fort was furnished with a piece of artillery, which was an object of terror to the Indians. Yet that did not deter them from an attempt to effect their purpose. The attack was violent, and for some time the station was in imminent danger.

"The savages were led by the notorious Simon Girty, and outnumbered the garrison at least ten to one. The works were entirely of wood, and the only obstacle between the assailants and the assailed, was a picket of logs, that might have been demolished with a loss not exceeding, probably, twenty or thirty lives. The garrison displayed unusual gallantry. They frequently exposed their bodies above the pickets, to insult and provoke their assailants; and judging from

the facts reported, they acted with as much folly as bravery.

"Colonel John Wallace, of Cincinnati, one of the earliest and bravest of the pioneers, and as amiable as he was brave, was in the fort when the attack was made. Although the works were completely surrounded by the enemy, the colonel volunteered his services to go to Cincinnati for a reinforcement. The fort stood on the east bank of the Big Miami. Late in the night, he was conveyed across the river, in a canoe, and landed on the opposite shore. Having passed down some miles below the fort, he swam the river, and directed his course for Cincinnati. On his way down, he met a body of men from that place and from Columbia, proceeding to Colerain. They had been informed of the attack by persons hunting in the neighborhood, who were sufficiently near the fort to hear the firing when it began.

"He joined the party, and led them to the station by the same route he had traveled from it; but before they arrived, the Indians had taken their departure. It was afterward ascertained that Mr. Abner Hunt, a respectable citizen of New Jersey, who was on a surveying tour in the neighborhood of Colerain at the time of the attack, was killed before he could reach the fort. His body was afterward found, shockingly mangled."

CHAPTER XXV.

Oliver M. Spencer's Narrative—Legend of Jacob Wetzel—Passing the Scioto—Adventures of Governor M'Arthur.

In July, 1792, two men, together with Mrs. Coleman and Oliver M. Spencer, then a lad, were returning in a canoe from Cincinnati to Columbia. They were fired upon by two Indians in ambush on the river bank; one of the men was killed, and the other, a Mr. Light, wounded. Mrs. Coleman jumped from the canoe into the river, and without making any exertions to swim, floated down nearly two miles. It is supposed she was borne up by her dress, which, according to the fashion of the times, consisted of a stuffed quilt and other buoyant robes. Spencer was taken captive to the Maumee, where he remained about eight months and was ransomed. The following is an extract from his narrative, giving some interesting reminiscences relative to the settlement of Columbia:

"It is, perhaps, unknown to many that the broad and extensive plain stretching along the Ohio from the Crawfish to the mouth, and for three miles up the Little Miami, and now divided into farms highly cultivated, was the ancient site of Columbia, a town laid out by Major Benjamin Stites, its original proprietor,

and by him and others once expected to become a large city—the great capital of the West. From Crawfish, the small creek forming its northwestern boundary, more than one mile up the Ohio, and extending back about three-fourths of a mile, and half way up the high hill which formed a part of its eastern and northern limits, the ground was laid off into blocks, containing each eight lots of half an acre, bounded by streets intersected at right angles. The residue of the plain was divided into lots of four and five acres for the accommodation of the town. Over this plain, on our arrival, we found scattered about fifty cabins, flanked by a small stockade nearly half a mile below the mouth of the Miami, together with a few block-houses for the protection of the inhabitants, at suitable distances along the bank of the Ohio.

"Fresh in my remembrance is the rude log house, the first humble sanctuary of the first settlers of Columbia, standing amid the tall forest trees, on the beautiful knoll where now (1834) is a graveyard and the ruins of a Baptist meeting-house of later years. There on the holy Sabbath we were wont to assemble to hear the word of life; but our fathers met with their muskets and rifles, prepared for action, and ready to repel any attack of the enemy; and while the watchman on the walls of Zion was uttering his faithful and pathetic warning, the sentinels without, at a few rods distance, with measured step, were now pacing their walks, and now standing, and with strained eyes endeavoring to pierce through the distance, carefully scanning every object that seemed to

have life or motion. The first clergyman I there heard preach was Mr. Gano, father of the late General Gano, of this city, then a captain, and one of the earliest settlers of Columbia. Never shall I forget that holy and venerable man, with locks white with years, as with a voice tremulous with age, he ably expounded the word of truth.

"I well recollect that in 1791, so scarce and dear was flour that the little which could be afforded in families was laid by to be used only in sickness, or for the entertainment of friends; and although corn was then abundant, there was but one mill (Wickersham's) —a floating mill, on the Little Miami, near where Turpin's now (1834) stands; it was built in a small flatboat tied to the bank, its wheel turning slowly with the natural current running between the flat and a small pirogue anchored in the stream, and on which one end of its shaft rested; and having only one pair of small stones, it was at best barely sufficient t, supply meal for the inhabitants of Columbia and the neighboring families; and sometimes, from low water and other unfavorable circumstances it was of little use, so that we were obliged to supply the deficiency from handmills, a most laborious mode of grinding.

"The winter of 1791-2 was followed by an early and delightful spring; indeed, I have often thought that our first winters were much milder, our springs earlier, and our autumns longer than they now are. On the last of February some of the trees were putting forth their foliage; in March, the red bud, the

hawthorn and the dogwood, in full bloom, checkered the hills, displaying their beautiful colors of rose and lily; and in April the ground was covered with May apple, bloodroot, ginseng, violets, and a great variety of herbs and flowers. Flocks of paroquets were seen, decked in their rich plumage of green and gold. Birds of various species, and of every hue, were flitting from tree to tree, and the beautiful red bird and the untaught songsters of the West, made the woods vocal with their melody. Now might be heard the plaintive wail of the dove, and now the rumbling drum of the partridge, or the loud gobble of the turkey. Here might be seen the clumsy bear, doggedly moving off, or urged by pursuit into a laboring gallop, retreating to his citadel in the top of some lofty tree; or, approached suddenly, raising himself erect in the attitude of defense, facing his enemy and waiting his approach. There the timid deer, watchfully resting, or cautiously feeding; or, aroused from his thicket, gracefully bounding off; then stopping, erecting his stately head, and for a moment gazing around, or snuffing the air to ascertain his enemy, instantly springing off, clearing logs and bushes at a bound, soon distancing his pursuers. It seemed an earthly paradise; and but for apprehensions of the wily copperhead, who lay coiled silently among the leaves, or beneath the plants, waiting to strike his victim—the horrid rattlesnake who, more chivalrous, however, with head erect amidst his ample folds, prepared to dart upon his foe, generally with the loud noise of his rattle apprised him of danger—and the still more

fearful and insidious savage, who, crawling upon the ground, or noiselessly approaching behind trees and thickets, sped the deadly shaft or fatal bullet—you might have fancied you were in the confines of Eden or the borders of Elysium.

"At this delightful season, the inhabitants of our village went forth to their labor—inclosing their fields, which the spring floods had opened, tilling their grounds, and planting their corn for the next year's sustenance. I said went forth, for their principal corn-field was distant from Columbia about one and a half miles east, and adjoining the extensive plain on which the town stood. That large tract of alluvial ground still known by the name of Turkey Bottom, and which, lying about fifteen feet below the adjoining plain and annually overflowed, is yet very fertile, was laid off into lots of five acres each, and owned by the inhabitants of Columbia, some possessing one, and others two or more lots, and to save labor was inclosed with one fence. Here the men generally worked in companies, exchanging labor, or in adjoining fields, with their firearms near them, that in case of an attack they might be ready to unite for their common defense. Here their usual annual corn crop, from ground very ordinarily cultivated, was eighty bushels per acre, and in very favorable seasons a hundred and ten bushels to the acre. An inhabitant of New England, New Jersey, or some portions of Maryland, would scarcely think it credible, that in hills four feet apart were four or five stalks one and a half inches in diameter, and fifteen feet in hight, bearing each two or three large

ears of corn, of which some were so far from the ground that to pull them an ordinary man was obliged to stand on tiptoe."

As an interesting incident connected with the early settlement of Cincinnati, we give here a legend of Jacob Wetzel:

"The road along the Ohio River, leading to Storrs and Delhi, some four hundred yards below the junction of Front and Fifth streets, crosses what, in early days, was the outlet of a watercourse, and notwithstanding the changes made by the lapse of years and the building improvements adjacent, the spot still possesses many features of its original surface, although now divested of its forest character. At the period of this adventure—October 7, 1790—besides the dense forest of maple and beech, its heavy undergrowth of spicewood and grapevine made it an admirable lurking place for the savage beast or the Indians.

"Wetzel had been out on his accustomed pursuit—hunting—and was returning to town—at that time a few cabins and huts collected in the space fronting the river, and extending from Main street to Broadway. He had been very successful, and was returning to procure a horse to bear a load too heavy for his own shoulders, and at the spot alluded to, had sat down on a decaying tree trunk to rest himself, and wipe the sweat from his brow which his forcing his way through the brush had started, cool as was the weather, when he heard the rustling of leaves and branches, which betokened that an animal or an enemy was approach-

ing; silencing the growl of his dog, who sat at his feet, and appeared equally conscious of danger, he sprang behind a tree and discovered the dark form of an Indian, half hidden by the body of a large oak, who had his rifle in his hands, ready for any emergency that might require the use of it—as he too appeared to be on his guard, having heard the low growling of the dog. At this instant the dog also espied the Indian, and barked aloud, which told the Indian of the proximity of his enemy. To raise his rifle was but the work of a moment, and the distinct cracks of two weapons were heard almost at the same time; the Indian's fell from his hands, as the ball of the hunter's had penetrated and broken the elbow of his left arm, while the hunter escaped unhurt. Before the Indian could possibly reload his rifle in his wounded condition, Wetzel had rushed swiftly upon him with his knife, but not before the Indian had drawn his. The first thrust was parried by the Indian with the greatest skill, and the shock was so great that the hunter's weapon was thrown some thirty feet from him; nothing daunted, he threw himself upon the Indian with all his force and seized him around his body, at the same time encircling the right arm, in the hand of which the Indian still grasped his knife. The Indian, however, was very muscular, and the conflict now seemed doubtful indeed. The savage was striving with all his might to release his arm, in order to use his knife. In their struggle their feet became interlocked, and they both fell to the ground, the Indian uppermost, which extricated the Indian's

arm from the grasp of the hunter; he was making his greatest endeavors to use his knife, but could not, from the position in which they were lying, as Wetzel soon forced him over upon his right side, and consequently he could have no use of his arm.

"Just at this point of the deadly conflict, the Indian gave an appalling yell, and with renewed strength, placed his enemy underneath him again, and with a most exulting cry of victory, as he sat upon his body, raised his arm for the fatal plunge. Wetzel saw death before his eyes, and gave himself up for lost; when just at this most critical juncture, his faithful dog, who had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene, sprang forward and seized the Indian by the throat with such force as caused the weapon to fall harmless from his hand. Wetzel, seeing such a sudden change in his fate, made one last and desperate effort for his life, and threw the Indian from him. Before the prostrate savage had time to recover himself, the hunter had seized his knife, and with redoubled energy rushed upon him, and with his foot firmly planted on the Indian's breast, plunged the weapon up to the hilt in his heart; the savage gave one convulsive shudder, and was no more.

"As soon as Wetzel had possessed himself of his rifle, together with the Indian's weapons, he started immediately on his way. He had gone but a short distance when his ears were assailed by the startling whoop of a number of Indians. He ran eagerly for the river, and fortunately finding a canoe on the beach near the water, was soon out of reach, and made his

way, without encountering any further danger, to the cove at the foot of Sycamore street.

"The Indians came up to the place of the recent encounter, and discovered the body of a fallen comrade; they gave a most hideous yell when, upon examination, they recognized in the dead Indian one of their bravest chiefs."

Previous to the settlement at Marietta, long before any successful attempt was made by whites for the settlement of the Ohio Valley, a fort was built by the French, in 1740, a mile and a half below the mouth of the Scioto. In 1785, three years prior to the Marietta immigration, four families from the Redstone Valley, in Pennsylvania, landed under the bluffs upon which Portsmouth is now built, intending to establish themselves permanently, hoping the Indian difficulties would no longer be a bar to the occupancy of those wonderfully fertile military lands through which the Scioto was a natural avenue. Soon after they landed the four men left the women and children to the protection of a kind Providence, while they explored the beautiful prairies as far north as the present site of Piketown. One of them, Peter Patrick, cutting the initials of his name, gave the name to Pee Pee township in Pike county. Here they were surprised by a party of Indians, who killed two of them as they slept by the fires. The other two succeeded in making their escape to the Ohio River, reaching it at the mouth of the Little Scioto, just as a "pirogue," filled with white men, was passing down the stream. It was with great difficulty that the boatmen could be

satisfied that they were not a decoy sent out by the Indians. Great was the lamentation of the stricken settlement as their loss was revealed, but the impulse of grief yielded to that of fear, and the settlement was hastily abandoned, its survivors taking refuge in Limestone, Kentucky, now Maysville.

During the whole period of hostilities the mouth of the Scioto was a point of great danger in navigating the Ohio River. Marshall, in his "Kentucky," details many incidents illustrative of this point. Among them these are prominent:

"A canoe ascending the Ohio about the last of March, 1790, was taken by the Indians near the mouth of the Scioto, and three men killed. Within a few days after, a boat coming down was decoyed to shore by a white man who feigned distress, when fifty savages rose from concealment, ran into the boat, killed John May and a young woman, being the first persons they came to, and took the rest of the people on board prisoners. It is probable that they owed, according to their ideas of duty or of honor, these sacrifices to the manes of so many of their slaughtered friends. While the caprices of fortune, the progression of fate, or the mistaken credulity of May and his imitator, advancing to meet these savages with outstretched hands, as the expression of confidence and the pledge of friendship. Mr. May had been an early adventurer and constant visitor to Kentucky. He was no warrior; his object was the acquisition of land—which he had pursued with equal avidity and success to a very great extent; insomuch that, had he lived to

secure the titles, many of which were doubtless lost by his death, he would probably have been the greatest land-holder in the country. Soon after this event other boats were taken, and the people killed or carried away captive."

"McDonald's sketches furnish the following facts in description of an adventure of Duncan M'Arthur, afterward governor of Ohio:

"This spring, 1792, four spies were employed to range from Limestone [now Maysville] to the mouth of the Big Sandy River. These four were Samuel Davis, Duncan M'Arthur (late governor of Ohio), Nathaniel Beasley (late canal commissioner, and major general of the militia), and Samuel M'Dowel. These men, upon every occasion, proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them by their countrymen. Nothing which could reasonably be expected of men, but was done by them. Two and two went together. They made their tours once a week to the mouth of the Big Sandy River. On Monday morning two of them would leave Limestone for the mouth of Sandy. Thus they would meet or pass each other about opposite the mouth of Scioto River; and by this constant vigilance the two sets of spies would pass the mouth of Scioto, in going and returning, four times each week.

"This incessant vigilance would be continued until late in November, or the first of December, when hostilities generally ceased, in the later years of the Indian wars. Sometimes the spies would go up and down the Ohio in canoes. In such cases

one of them would push the canoe and the other would go on foot through the woods, keeping about a mile in advance of the canoe, the footman keeping a sharp look-out for ambuscade, or other Indian sign. Upon one of those tours, when Davis and M'Arthur were together, going up the river with their canoe, they lay at night a short distance below the mouth of the Scioto. Early the next morning they crossed the Ohio in their canoe, landed and went across the bottom to the foot of the hill, where they knew of a fine deer-lick. This lick is situated about two miles below Portsmouth, and near Judge John Collins' house. The morning was very calm, and a light fog hung over the bottom. When Davis and M'Arthur had proceeded near the lick, M'Arthur halted and Davis advanced, stooping low among the thick brush and weeds to conceal himself. He moved on with the noiseless tread of the cat till he got near the lick, when he straightened up to look if any deer were in it. At that instant he heard the sharp crack from an Indian's rifle and the singing whistle of a bullet pass his ear. As the morning was calm and foggy, the smoke from the Indian's rifle settled around his head, so that the Indian could not see whether his shot had taken effect or not. Davis immediately raised his rifle to his face, and as the Indian stepped out of the smoke to see the effect of his shot, Davis, before the Indian had time to dodge out of the way, fired, and dropped him in his tracks. Davis immediately fell to loading his rifle, not thinking it safe or prudent to run up to the Indian with an empty gun. About the

time Davis had his gun loaded M'Arthur came running to him. Knowing that the shots he had heard were in too quick succession to be fired by the same gun, he made his best speed to aid his companion.

"Just as M'Arthur had stopped at the place where Davis stood, they heard a heavy rush going through the brush, when in an instant several Indians made their appearance in the open ground around the lick. Davis and M'Arthur were standing in thick brush and high weeds, and, being unperceived by the Indians, crept off as silently as they could, and put off at their best speed for their canoe, crossed the Ohio, and were out of danger. All the time that Davis was loading his gun the Indian he had shot did not move hand or foot, consequently he ever after believed he killed the Indian.

"During the summer of 1794, as the packet-boat was on her way up, near the mouth of the Scioto, a party of Indians fired into the boat as it was passing near the shore, and one man (John Stout) was killed, and two brothers by the name of Colvin were severely wounded. The boat was hurried by the remainder of the crew into the middle of the stream, and then returned to Maysville. The four "spies" were at Maysville, drawing their pay and ammunition, when the packet-boat returned. Notwithstanding the recent and bloody defeat sustained in the packet-boat, a fresh crew was immediately procured, and the four spies were directed by Colonel Henry Lee, who had the superintendence and direction of them, to guard the

boat as far as the mouth of the Big Sandy River. As the spies were on their way up the river with the packet-boat, they found concealed and sunk in the mouth of a small creek, a short distance below the mouth of the Scioto, a bark canoe, large enough to carry seven or eight men. In this canoe a party of Indians had crossed the Ohio, and were prowling about somewhere in the country. Samuel M'Dowel was sent back to give notice to the inhabitants, while the other three spies remained with the packet-boat till they saw them safe past the mouth of the Big Sandy River.

"At this place the spies parted from the boat, and commenced their return for Maysville. On their way up they had taken a light canoe. Two of them pushed the canoe, while the others advanced on foot to reconnoiter. On their return the spies floated down the Ohio in their canoe till they came nearly opposite the mouth of the Scioto River, where they landed and Duncan M'Arthur (afterward governor of Ohio) went out into the hills in pursuit of game. Treacle and Beasley went about a mile lower down the river and landed their canoe, intending also to hunt till M'Arthur should come up with them. M'Arthur went to a deer-lick, with the situation of which he was well acquainted, made a blind, behind which he concealed himself, and waited for game.

"He lay about an hour, when he saw two Indians coming to the lick. The Indians were so near him before he saw them that it was impossible for him to

retreat without being discovered. As the boldest course appeared to him to be the safest, he determined to permit them to come as near to him as they would, shoot one of them, and try his strength with the other. Imagine his situation: two Indians armed with rifles, tomahawks and scalping-knives, approaching in these circumstances must have caused his heart to beat pit-a-pat. He permitted the Indians, who were walking toward him in a stooping posture, to approach undisturbed. When they came near the lick they halted in an open piece of ground and straightened up to look into the lick for game. This halt enabled M'Arthur to take deliberate aim from a rest, at only fourteen steps distance; he fired, and an Indian fell. M'Arthur remained still for a moment, thinking it possible that the other Indian would take to flight. In this he was mistaken; the Indian did not even dodge out of his track when his campanion sunk lifeless by his side.

"As the Indian's gun was charged, M'Arthur concluded it would be rather a fearful job to rush upon him; he therefore determined upon a retreat. He broke from his place of concealment and ran with all his speed. He had run but a few steps when he found himself entangled in the top of a fallen tree; this caused a momentary halt. At that instant the Indian fired, and the ball whistled sharply by him. As the Indian's gun as well as his own was now empty, he thought of turning round and giving him a fight upon equal terms.

"At this instant several other Indians came

in sight, rushing with savage screams through the brush. He fled with his utmost speed, the Indians pursuing and firing at him as he ran; one of the balls entered the bottom of his powder-horn and shivered the side of it next his body into pieces. The splinters of his shattered powder-horn were propelled with such force by the ball that his side was considerably injured, and the blood flowed freely. The ball in passing through the horn had given him such a jar that he thought for some time it had passed through his side; but this did not slacken his pace. The Indians pursued him some distance. M'Arthur, though not fleet, was capable of enduring great fatigue, and he now had an occasion which demanded the best exertion of his strength. He gained upon his pursuers, and by the time he had crossed two or three ridges he found himself free from pursuit, and turned his course to the river.

"When he came to the bank of the Ohio he discovered Beasley and Treacle in the canoe, paddling up the stream, in order to keep hovering over the same spot, and to be more conspicuous should McArthur make his escape from the Indians. They had heard the firing, and the yelling in pursuit, and had no doubt about the cause, and had concluded it possible, from the length of time and the direction of the noise, that M'Arthur might have effected his escape. Nathaniel Beasley and Thomas Treacle were not the kind of men to fly at the approach of danger and forsake a comrade. M'Arthur saw the canoe, and made

a signal for them to come ashore. They did so, and M'Arthur was soon in the canoe in the middle of the stream, and out of danger. Thus ended this day's adventures of the spies and their packet-boat; and this was the last attack made by the Indians upon a boat in the Ohio River."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Nathaniel Massie—Brady's Leap—Jonathan Alder's Captivity.

The following biographical notice of this celebrated pioneer, is from McDonald's Sketches:

Nathaniel Massie was born in Goochland county, Virginia, December 20, 1763. His father, a farmer in easy circumstances, and of plain good sense, educated his sons for the practical business of life. In 1780, Nathaniel, then being seventeen years of age, was, for a short time, in the Revolutionary army. After his return, he studied surveying, and, in 1783, left to seek his fortunes in Kentucky. He first acted as surveyor, but soon joined with it the locating of lands.

"Young Massie soon became an expert surveyor, and it was a matter of astonishment (as he was raised in the dense population east of the mountains) how soon he acquired the science and habits of the backwoodsman. Although he never practiced the art of hunting, he was admitted by all who knew his qualifications as a woodsman, to be of the first order. He could steer his course truly in clear or cloudy weather, and compute distance more correctly than most of the old hunters. He could endure fatigue and hunger with more composure than the most of those persons

who were inured to want on the frontier. He could live upon meat without bread, and bread without meat, and was perfectly cheerful and contented with his fare. In all the perilous situations in which he was placed, he was always conspicuous for his good feeling, and the nappy temperament of his mind. His courage was of a cool and dispassionate character, which, added to great circumspection in times of danger, gave him a complete ascendency over his companions, who were always willing to follow when Massie led the way.

"During the winter of 1794–5, Massie prepared a party to enter largely into the surveying business. Nathaniel Beasley, John Beasley, and Peter Lee were again employed as the assistant surveyors. The party set off from Manchester, well equipped, to prosecute their business, or, should occasion offer, give battle to the Indians. They took the route of Logan's trace, and proceeded to a place called the deserted camp, on Todd's Fork of the Little Miami. At this point, they commenced surveying, and surveyed large portions of land on Todd's Fork, and up the Miami to the Chillicothe town (now in Clark county); thence up Massie's Creek and Cæsar's Creek, nearly to their heads. By the time the party had progressed thus far, winter had set in. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow from six to ten inches deep. During the tour, which continued upward of thirty days, the party had no bread. For the first two weeks, a pint of flour was distributed to each mess once a day, to mix with the soup in which meat had been boiled.

When night came, four fires were made for cooking: that is, one for each mess. Around these fires, till sleeping time arrived, the company spent their time in the most social glee, singing songs and telling stories. When danger was not apparent or immediate, they were as merry a set of men as ever assembled. Resting time arriving, Massie always gave the signal, and the whole party would then leave their comfortable fires, carrying with them their blankets, their fire-arms, and their little baggage, walking, in perfect silence, two or three hundred yards from their fires. They would then scrape away the snow, and huddle down together for the night. Each mess formed one bed. They would spread down on the ground one-half of the blankets, reserving the other half for covering. The covering blankets were fastened together by skewers, to prevent them from slipping apart. Thus prepared, the whole party couched down together, with their rifles in their arms, and their pouches under their heads for pillows—lying spoon-fashion, with three heads one way, and four the other, their feet extending to about the middle of their bodies. When one turned, the whole mess turned, or else the close range would be broken, and the cold let in. In this way they lay till broad daylight, no noise and scarce a whisper being uttered during the night. When it was perfectly light, Massie would call up two of the men in whom he had most confidence, and send them to reconnoiter, and make a circuit around the fires, lest an ambuscade might be formed by the Indians to destroy the party as they returned to the fires. This

was an invariable custom in every variety of weather Self-preservation required this circumspection."

Some time after this, while surveying on Cæsar's Creek, his men attacked a party of Indians, and they broke and fled.

After the defeat of the Indians by Wayne, the surveyors were not interrupted by the Indians; but on one of their excursions, still remembered as "the Starving Tour," the whole party, consisting of twenty-eight men, suffered extremely, in a driving snow storm, for about four days. They were in a wilderness, exposed to this severe storm, without hut, tent, or covering; and what was still more appalling, without provisions, and without any road, or even track, to retreat on, and were nearly a hundred miles from any place of shelter. On the third day of the storm, they luckily killed two wild turkeys, which were boiled, and divided into twenty-eight parts, and devoured with great avidity—heads, feet, entrails, and all.

In 1796, Massie laid the foundation of the settlement of the Scioto Valley, by laying out, on his own land, the now large and beautiful town of Chillicothe. The progress of the settlements, brought large quantities of his land into market.

The noted Indian fighter Brady made his celebrated leap across the Cuyahoga, at the locality now known as Franklin Mills, six miles west of Ravenna, in Portage county. The story runs as follows:

"Capt. Samuel Brady seems to have been as much the Daniel Boone of the northeast part of the Valley

of the Ohio, as the other was of the southwest, and the country is equally full of traditionary legends of his hardy adventures and hairbreadth escapes. From undoubted authority, it seems the following incident actually transpired in this vicinity. Brady's residence was on Chartier's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio, and being a man of herculean strength, activity and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. On this occasion, which was about the year 1780, a large party of warriors, from the Falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio River, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, on which was then known as the settlement of 'Catfish Camp,' after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela River. This party had murdered several families, and with the 'plunder' had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned, of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having one or two days the start, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west to the Falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided—a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village lying on the river in

the present township of Northampton, in Summit county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardor of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath near the water, and in hight more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a racehorse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while a short distance above the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he

approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that on the opposite cliff the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians for a few moments were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore to use the rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him—one bullet severely wounded him in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on

the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of 'Brady's Leap.'"

Jonathan Alder was born in New Jersey in 1773. At the age of seven years he removed with his family to Virginia, soon after which his father died.

In March, 1782, while out with his brother David, hunting for a mare and her colt, he was taken prisoner by a small party of Indians. His brother on the first alarm ran, and was pursued by some of the party. "At length," says Alder, "I saw them returning, leading my brother, while one was holding the handle of a spear that he had thrown at him and run into his body. As they approached, one of them stepped up and grasped him around the body, while another pulled out the spear. I observed some flesh on the end of it, which looked white, which I supposed came from his entrails. I moved to him, and inquired if he was hurt, and he replied that he was. These were the last words that passed between us. At that moment he turned pale and began to sink. and I was hurried on; shortly after I saw one of the barbarous wretches coming up with the scalp of my brother in his hand, shaking off the blood."

The Indians having also taken prisoner a Mrs. Martin, a neighbor to the Alders, with her young child aged about four or five years, retreated toward their towns. Their route lay through the woods to the Big Sandy; down that stream to the Ohio, which they crossed, and from thence west overland to the Scioto, near Chillicothe, and so on to a Mingo village on Mad River.

Finding the child of Mrs. Martin burdensome, they soon killed and scalped it. The last member of her family was now destroyed, and she screamed in agony of grief. Upon this, one of the Indians caught her by her hair, and drawing the edge of his knife across her forehead, cried "sculp! sculp!" with the hope of stilling her cries. But, indifferent to life, she continued her screams, when they procured some switches, and whipped her until she was silent. The next day young Alder having not risen, through fatigue, from eating, at the moment the word was given, saw, as his face was to the north, the shadow of a man's arm with an uplifted tomahawk. He turned, and there stood an Indian, ready for the fatal blow. Upon this he let down his arm, and commenced feeling of his head. He afterward told Alder it had been his intention to have killed him; but as he turned, he looked so smiling and pleasant that he could not strike, and on feeling of his head and noticing that his hair was very black, the thought struck him that if he could only get him to his tribe he would make a good Indian—but that all that saved his life was the color of his hair. After they crossed the Ohio, they killed

a bear, and remained four days to dry the meat for packing, and to fry out the oil, which last they put in the intestines, having first turned and cleaned them.

The village to which Alder was taken belonged to the Mingo tribe, and was on the north side of Mad River, which we should judge was somewhere within or near the limits of what is now Logan county. As he entered he was obliged to run the guantlet, formed by young children armed with switches. He passed through this ordeal with little or no injury, and was adopted into an Indian family. His Indian mother thoroughly washed him with soap and warm water, with herbs in it, previous to dressing him in the Indian costume, consisting of a calico shirt, breech-clout, leggings and moccasons. The family having thus converted him into an Indian, were much pleased with their new member. But Jonathan was at first very homesick, thinking of his mother and brothers. Everything was strange about him; he was unable to speak a word of their language; their food disagreed with him; and, child-like, he used to go out daily for more than a month, and sit under a large walnut tree near the village, and cry for hours at a time over his deplorable situation. His Indian father was a chief of the Mingo tribe named Succohanos; his Indian mother was named Whinecheoh, and their daughters respectively answered to the good old English names of Mary, Hannah and Sally. Succohanos and Whinecheoh were old people, and had lost a son, in whose place they had adopted Jonathan. They took

pity on the little fellow, and did their best to comfort him, telling him that he would one day be restored to his mother and brothers. He says of them: "They could not have used their own son better, for which they shall always be held in most grateful remembrance by me." His Indian sister, Sally, however, treated him "like a slave," and when out of humor applied to him, in the Indian tongue, the unlady-like epithet of "or'nary [mean], lousy prisoner." Jonathan for a time lived with Mary, who had become the wife of the chief Colonel Lewis. "In the fall of the year," says he, "the Indians would generally collect at our camp, evenings, to talk over their hunting expeditions. I would sit up to listen to their stories, and frequently fall asleep just where I was sitting. After they left Mary would fix my bed, and with Colonel Lewis would carefully take me up and carry me to it. On these occasions they would often say, supposing me to be asleep: "Poor fellow! we have sat up too long for him, and he has fallen asleep on the cold ground;" and then how softly would they lay me down and cover me up. Oh! never have I, nor can I, express the affection I had for these two persons."

Jonathan, with other boys, went into Mad River to bathe, and on one occasion came near drowning. He was taken out senseless, and some time elapsed ere he recovered. He says:

"I remember after I got over my strangle I became very sleepy, and thought I could draw my breath as well as ever. Being overcome with drowsiness, I laid

down to sleep, which was the last I remember. The act of drowning is nothing, but the coming to life is distressing. The boys, after they had brought me too, gave me a silver buckle as an inducement not to tell the old folks of the occurrence, for fear they would not let me come with them again; and so the affair was kept secret."

When Alder had learned to speak the Indian language he became more contented. He says:

"I would have lived very happy if I could have had health; but for three or four years I was subject to very severe attacks of fever and ague. Their diet went very hard with me for a long time. Their chief living was meat and hominy; but we rarely had bread, and very little salt, which was extremely scarce and dear, as well as milk and butter. Honey and sugar were plentiful, and used a great deal in their cooking, as well as on their food."

When he was old enough, he was given an old English musket, and told that he must go out and learn to hunt. So he used to follow along the water courses, where mud-turtles were plenty, and commenced his first essay upon them. He generally aimed under them, as they lay basking on the rocks; and when he struck the stone, they flew sometimes several feet in the air, which afforded great sport for the youthful marksman. Occasionally he killed a wild turkey or a raccoon; and when he returned to the village with his game, generally received high praise for his skill—the Indians telling him he would "make a great hunter one of these days."

Alder was among the Indians at the time of Crawford's defeat, and was an eye-witness of their dolorous going forth to battle and their joyous return with their scalps and other trophies. He says Simon Girty would have saved Crawford's life had he any influence among the Delawares, whose prisoner Crawford was.

He lived among the Indians till after the coming of the white settlers to the plains of the Big Darby. Having been fifteen years a prisoner, from early boyhood, he could scarcely read a word of English. Two of the settlers taught him to speak his mother tongue. "He had taken up with a squaw for a wife some time previous, and now began to farm like the whites. He kept hogs, cows and horses, sold milk and butter to the Indians, horses and pork to the whites, and accumulated property. He soon was able to hire white laborers, and being dissatisfied with his squaw—a cross, peevish wóman—wished to put her aside, get a wife from among the settlers, and live like them. Thoughts, too, of his mother and brothers began to obtrude, and the more he reflected his desire strengthened to know if they were living, and to see them once more. He made inquiries for them, but was at a loss to know how to begin, being ignorant of the name of even the State in which they were. When talking one day with John Moore, a companion of his, the latter questioned him where he was from. Alder replied that he was taken prisoner somewhere near a place called Greenbriar, and that his people lived by a lead mine, to which he used frequently to

go to see the hands dig ore. Moore then asked him if he could recollect the names of any of his neighbors. After a little reflection he replied: 'Yes; a family of Gulions, that lived close by us.' Upon this, Moore dropped his head, as if lost in thought, and muttered to himself, 'Gulion! Gulion!' and then raising up, replied: 'My father and myself were out in that country, and we stopped at their house over one night, and if your people are living I can find them.'

"Mr. Moore after this went to Wythe county, and inquired for the family of Alder, but without success, as they had removed from their former residence. He put up advertisements in various places, stating the facts, and where Alder was to be found, and then returned. Alder now abandoned all hopes of finding his family, supposing them to be dead. Some time after he and Moore were at Franklinton, when he was informed there was a letter for him in the post-office. It was from his brother Paul, stating that one of the advertisements was put up within six miles of him, and that he got it the next day. It contained the joyful news that his mother and brothers were alive.

"Alder, in making preparations to start for Virginia, agreed to separate from his Indian wife, divide the property equally, and take and leave her with her own people at Sandusky; but some difficulty occurred in satisfying her. He gave her all the cows (fourteen in number), worth $20 each; seven horses, and much other property, reserving to himself only two horses and the swine. Besides these was a small box, about

six inches long, four wide, and four deep, filled with silver, amounting probably to about $200, of which he intended to make an equal division. But to this she objected, saying the box was hers before marriage, and she would not only have it, but all it contained. Alder says: 'I saw I could not get it without making a fuss, and probably having a fight, and told her that if she would promise never to trouble nor come back to me she might have it; to which she agreed.'

"Moore accompanied him to his brother's house, as he was unaccustomed to travel among the whites. They arrived there on horseback, at noon, the Sunday after New Years. They walked up to the house and requested to have their horses fed, and, pretending they were entire strangers, inquired who lived there? 'I had concluded,' says Alder, 'not to make myself known for some time, and eyed my brother very closely, but did not recollect his features. I had always thought I should have recognized my mother, by a mole on her face. In the corner sat an old lady, who I supposed was her, although I could not tell, for when I was taken by the Indians her head was as black as a crow, and now it was almost perfectly white. Two young women were present, who eyed me very closely, and I heard one of them whisper to the other, 'He looks very much like Mark' (my brother). I saw they were about to discover me, and accordingly turned my chair around to my brother and said: "You say your name is Alder?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'my name is Paul Alder.' 'Well,' I re-

joined, 'my name is Alder, too.' Now, it is hardly necessary to describe our feelings at that time, but they were very different from those I had when I was taken prisoner, and saw the Indian coming with my brother's scalp in his hand, shaking off the blood.

"When I told my brother that my name was Alder, he rose to shake hands with me, so overjoyed that he could scarcely utter a word; and my old mother ran, threw her arms around me, while tears rolled down her cheeks. The first words she spoke, after she grasped me in her arms, were, 'How you have grown!' and then she told me of a dream she had. Says she: 'I dreamed that you had come to see me, and that you was a little *or'nary*-looking fellow, and I would not own you for my son.'"

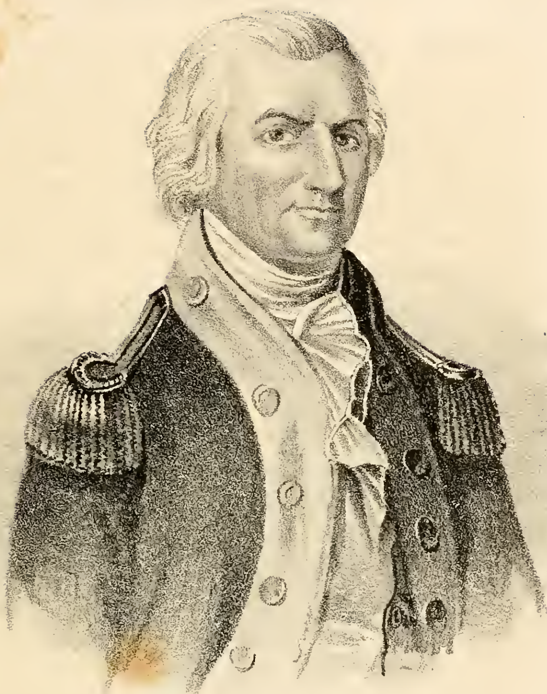
The old lady received undoubted assurance of his identity in his recollection of many little trivialities of his childhood's history, and was overjoyed at regaining a long-lost son. His brothers had all married, and the whole world seemed changed to this young Rip Van Winkle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

St. Clair's Defeat.

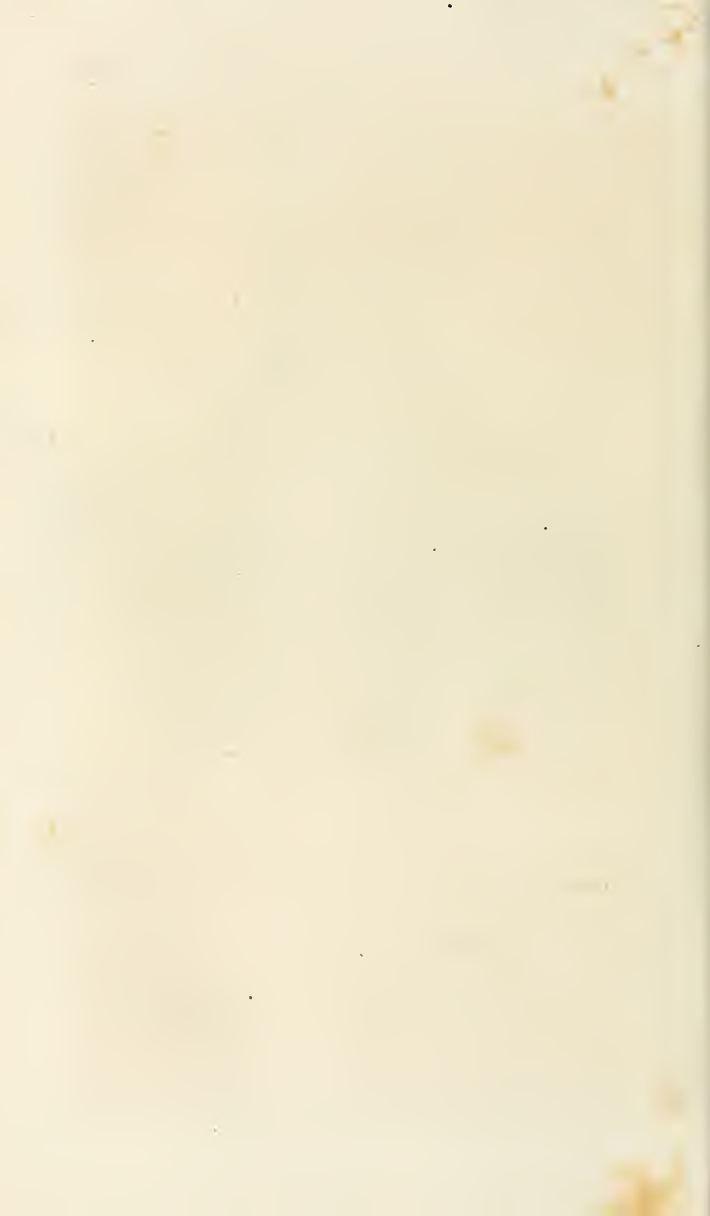
The great object of St. Clair's campaign was to establish a military post at the Miami village, at the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph, at what is now Fort Wayne, Indiana, with intermediate posts of communication between it and Fort Washington, to awe and curb the Indians in that quarter, as the only preventive of future hostilities.

Acting under his instructions, St. Clair proceeded to organize an army. At the close of April, 1791, he was at Pittsburg, to which point troops and munitions of war were being forwarded. On the 15th of May, he reached Fort Washington; but owing to various hindrances, among which was the mismanagement of the quarter-master's department, the troops, instead of being in readiness to start upon the expedition by the 1st of August, as was anticipated, were not prepared until many weeks later. From Fort Washington, the troops were advanced to Ludlow's Station, six miles distant. Here the army continued until September 17th, when, being two thousand three hundred strong, exclusive of militia, they moved forward to a point upon the Great Miami, where they built Fort Hamilton. From thence they moved forty-four miles further, and built Fort Jefferson, which they left on the 20th of October, and began their toilsome march



MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

A. St. Clair



through the wilderness. We copy below from the notes of Judge Burnet:

"During this time, a body of the militia, amounting to three hundred, deserted, and returned to their homes. The supplies for the army being still in the rear, and the general entertaining fears that the deserters might meet and seize them for their own use, determined, very reluctantly, to send back the first regiment, for the double purpose of bringing up the provisions, and, if possible, overtaking and arresting some of the deserters.

"Having made that arrangement, the army resumed its march, and, on the third of November, arrived at a creek running to the southwest, which was supposed to be the St. Mary, one of the principal branches of the Maumee, but was afterward ascertained to be a branch of the Wabash. It being then late in the afternoon, and the army much fatigued by a laborious march, they were encamped on a commanding piece of ground, having the creek in front.

"It was the intention of the general to occupy that position till the first regiment, with the provisions, should come up. He proposed, on the next day, to commence a work of defense, agreeably to a plan concerted between himself and Major Ferguson; but he was not permitted to do either: for, on the next morning, November 4th, half an hour before sunrise, the men having been just dismissed from parade, an attack was made on the militia posted in front, who gave way, and rushed back into the camp, throwing the army into a state of disorder from which it could

not be recovered, as the Indians followed close at their heels. They were, however, checked a short time by the fire of the first line; but immediately a very heavy fire was commenced on that line, and, in a few minutes, it was extended to the second.

"In each case, the great weight of the fire was directed to the center, where the artillery was placed, from which the men were frequently driven, with great slaughter. In that emergency, resort was had to the bayonet. Colonel Darke was ordered to make the charge with a part of the second line, which order was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back several hundred yards; but, for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to preserve the advantage gained, the enemy soon renewed their attack, and the American troops, in turn, were forced to give way.

"At that instant, the Indians entered the American camp at the left, having forced back the troops stationed at that point. Another charge was then ordered, and made by the battalions of Majors Butler and Clark, with great success. Several other charges were afterward made, and always with equal effect. These attacks, however, were attended with a very heavy loss of men, and particularly of officers. In the charge made by the second regiment, Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of that regiment fell, except three—one of whom was shot through the body. The artillery being almost silenced, and every officer belonging to it killed but Captain Ford, who was dangerously wounded, and half the

army having fallen, it became necessary to gain the road, if possible, and make a retreat.

"For that purpose, a successful charge was made on the enemy, as if to turn their right flank, but, in reality, to gain the road, which was effected. The militia then commenced a retreat, followed by the United States troops—Major Clark, with his battalion, covering the rear. The retreat, as might be expected, soon became a flight. The camp was abandoned, and so was the artillery, for the want of horses to remove it. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit had ceased, which was not continued over four miles. The road was almost covered with those articles, for a great distance.

"The rout continued to Fort Jefferson, where they arrived about dark—twenty-seven miles from the battle-ground. The retreat began at half-past nine in the morning; and, as the battle commenced half an hour before sunrise, it must have lasted three hours, during which time, with only one exception, the troops behaved with great bravery. This fact accounts for the immense slaughter which took place.

"Among the killed, were Major General Butler, Colonel Oldham, Major Ferguson, Major Hart, and Major Clark. Among the wounded, were Colonel Sargeant, the Adjutant General, Colonel Darke, Colonel Gibson, Major Butler, and Viscount Malartie, who served in the character of an aid.

"The melancholy result of that disastrous day, was felt and lamented by all who had sympathy for private distress, or public misfortune.

"The only charge alleged by the general against his army, was want of discipline, which they could not have acquired during the short time they had been in the service. That defect rendered it impossible, when they were thrown into confusion, to restore them again to order, and is the chief reason why the loss fell so heavily on the officers. They were compelled to expose themselves in an unusual degree, in their efforts to rally the men, and remedy the want of discipline. In that duty, the general set the example, though worn down by sickness and suffering under a painful disease. It was alleged by the officers, that the Indians far outnumbered the American troops. That conclusion was drawn, in part, from the fact, that they outflanked and attacked the American lines with great force, at the same time, on every side.

"When the fugitives arrived at Fort Jefferson, they found the first regiment, which was just returning from the service on which it had been sent, without either overtaking the deserters, or meeting the convoy of provisions. The absence of that regiment at the time of the battle, was believed by some to be the cause of the defeat. They supposed that, had it been present, the Indians would have been defeated, or would not have ventured an attack at the time they made it; but General St. Clair expressed great doubt on that subject. He seemed to think it uncertain, judging from the superior number of the enemy, whether he ought to consider the absence of that corps from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise. On the whole, he seemed to think it fortunate; as he

very much doubted whether, if it had been in the action, the fortune of the day would have been changed, and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been left destitute of the means of defense.

"As soon as the troops reached Fort Jefferson, it became a question, whether they ought to continue at that place, or return to Fort Washington. For the purpose of determining that question, the general called on the surviving field officers—Colonel Darke, Major Hamtramck, Major Zeigler, and Major Gaither, and also the Adjutant General, Colonel Sargeant—for their advice as to what would be the proper course to be pursued under existing circumstances. After discussing the subject, they reported it to be their unanimous opinion, that the troops could not be accommodated in the fort; that they could not be supplied with provisions at that place; and, as it was known there were provisions on the road, at the distance of one or two marches, it would be proper, without loss of time, to proceed and meet them. That advice was adopted, and the army put in motion at ten o'clock, and marched all night. On the succeeding day, they met a quantity of flour, and, on the day after, a drove of cattle, which, having been disposed of as the wants of the troops required, the march was continued to Fort Washington.

"It is important to the fame of the commanding general, that, in consequence of the almost treasonable negligence of the agents of government, whose duty it was to furnish supplies, the army had been for many

days on short allowance, and were so at the time of the battle. That fact had made it indispensably necessary, either to retreat or send back the first regiment, which was the flower of the army, to bring up the provisions and military stores. The latter alternative was chosen, and in the absence of that corps the attack was made.

"In regard to the negligence charged on the War Department, it is a well-authenticated fact, that boxes and packages were so carelessly put up and marked, that, during the action, a box was opened marked 'flints,' which was found to contain gun-locks. Several mistakes of the same character were discovered—as, for example, a keg of powder, marked 'for the infantry,' was found to be damaged cannon-powder, that could scarcely be ignited.

"Under all these disadvantages, it was generally believed by candid, intelligent men, that the commanding general was not justly liable to much censure, if any. With one exception, at the commencement of the action, the troops behaved with great bravery. They maintained their ground for three tedious hours, in one uninterrupted conflict with a superior force; nor did they attempt to leave the field, till it was covered with the bodies of their companions, nor until further efforts were unavailing, and a retreat was ordered."

The defeat of St. Clair aroused much bitterness of vituperation from indignant citizens in every part of the country. If not an example of the instability of popular opinion and "the ingratitude of republics,"

he was, at least, more unfortunate than imbecile. With less of noble daring and military skill, he might have earned, under more favorable circumstances, an unfading wreath of laurel, twined by the fickle populace. A single fact will sufficiently illustrate his courage: He was suffering from the gout, and unable to mount or dismount without aid. Four horses were at his service for the action. While mounting the first, the horse was shot down, and the boy who held the animal was disabled by a shot in the arm. The second horse and servant were instantly killed. The third dispatched for his service never reached him; and the fourth was killed under Count de Malartie, one of his aids. After being on foot for a time, a pack-horse was procured, which he rode during the remainder of the day. Eight balls are said to have passed through his hat and clothes during the action.

The number of Indians engaged during this action can never be ascertained with any degree of certainty. They have been variously estimated from one thousand to three thousand.

Colonel John Johnson, long an Indian agent in this region, and whose opportunities for forming a correct opinion on this subject are worthy of consideration, in a communication to us, says:

"The number of Indians at the defeat of St. Clair must have been large. At that time, game was plenty, and any number could be conveniently subsisted. Wells, one of my interpreters, was there with, and fought for the enemy. To use his own

language, he tomahawked and scalped the wounded, dying, and dead, until he was unable to raise his arm. The principal tribes in the battle were the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, and Ottowas, with some Chippewas and Pottawotomies. The precise number of the whole, I had no accurate means of knowing; it could not be less than two thousand."

Anty Wayne

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Battle of Fort Recovery—Battle of Fort St. Clair—"Mad Anthony Wayne"—Close of Hostilities—Treaty of Greenville.

The site of St. Clair's battle became the scene of a sanguinary affair in the summer of 1794, while Wayne's army was encamped at Greenville, of which Burnet's Notes give the best description we have seen:

"On the 30th of June, a very severe and bloody battle was fought under the walls of Fort Recovery, between a detachment of American troops, consisting of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, commanded by Major McMahon, and a very numerous body of Indians and British, who, at the same instant, rushed on the detachment, and assailed the fort on every side, with great fury. They were repulsed, with a heavy loss, but again rallied and renewed the attack, keeping up a heavy and constant fire during the whole day, which was returned with spirit and effect, by the garrison.

"The succeeding night was foggy and dark, and gave the Indians an opportunity of carrying off their dead, by torch-light, which occasionally drew a fire from the garrison. They, however, succeeded so well that there were but eight or ten bodies left on the ground, which were too near the garrison to be ap-

proached. On the next morning, McMahon's detachment having entered the fort, the enemy renewed the attack, and continued it with great desperation during the day, but were ultimately compelled to retreat from the same field on which they had been so proudly victorious on the 4th of November, 1791.

"The expectation of the assailants must have been to surprise the post, and carry it by storm, for they could not possibly have received intelligence of the movement of the escort, under Major McMahon, which only marched from Greenville on the morning preceding, and on the same evening deposited in Fort Recovery the supplies it had convoyed. That occurrence could not, therefore, have led to the movement of the savages.

"Judging from the extent of their encampment, and their line of march, in seventeen columns, forming a wide and extended front, and from other circumstances, it was believed that their numbers could not have been less than from fifteen hundred to two thousand warriors. It was also believed that they were in want of provisions, as they had killed and eaten a number of pack-horses in their encampment the evening after the assault, and also, at their encampment on their return, seven miles from Recovery, where they remained two nights, having been much encumbered with their dead and wounded.

"From the official return of Major Mills, adjutant general of the army, it appears that twenty-two officers and non-commissioned officers were killed, and thirty wounded. Among the former, were Major Mc-

Mahon, Captain Hartshorn, and Lieutenant Craig; and among the wounded, Captain Taylor of the dragoons, and Lieutenant Darke, of the legion. Captain Gibson, who commanded the fort, behaved with great gallantry, and received the thanks of the commander-in-chief, as did every officer and soldier of the garrison and the escort, who were engaged in that most gallant and successful defense.

"Immediately after the enemy had retreated, it was ascertained that their loss had been very heavy, but the full extent of it was not known till it was disclosed at the treaty of Greenville. References were made to that battle, by several of the chiefs in council, from which it was manifest, that they had not, even then, ceased to mourn the distressing losses sustained on that occasion. Having made the attack with a determination to carry the fort, or perish in the attempt, they exposed their persons in an unusual degree, and, of course, a large number of the bravest of their chiefs and warriors perished before they abandoned the enterprise.

"From the facts afterward communicated to the general, it was satisfactorily ascertained that there were a considerable number of British soldiers and Detroit militia engaged with the savages on that occasion. A few days previous to that affair, the general had sent out three small parties of Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, to take prisoners, for the purpose of obtaining information. One of those parties returned to Greenville on the 28th, and reported that they had fallen in with a large body of Indians at Girty's town

(crossing of the St. Mary), on the evening of the 27th of June, apparently bending their course toward Chillicothe, on the Miami; and that there were a great many white men with them. The other two parties followed the trail of the hostile Indians, and were in sight when the assault on the post commenced. They affirm, one and all, that there were a large number of armed white men, with painted faces, whom they frequently heard conversing in English, and encouraging the Indians to persevere; and that there were also three British officers, dressed in scarlet, who appeared to be men of distinction, from the great attention and respect which was paid to them. These persons kept at a distance, in the rear of the assailants. Another strong corroborating proof that there were British soldiers and militia in the assault, is, that a number of ounce-balls and buckshot were found lodged in the block-houses and stockades of the fort; and that others were picked up on the ground, fired at such a distance as not to have momentum sufficient to enter the logs.

"It was supposed that the British engaged in the attack expected to find the artillery that was lost on the fatal 4th of November, which had been hid in the ground and covered with logs, by the Indians, in the vicinity of the battle-field. This inference was supported by the fact, that during the conflict, they were seen turning over logs, and examining different places in the neighborhood, as if searching for something. There were many reasons for believing that they depended on that artillery to aid in the reduction of

the fort; but, fortunately, most of it had been previously found by its legitimate owners, and was then employed in its defense.

"James Neill, a pack-horse-man in the American service, who was taken prisoner by the Indians, during the attack, and tied to a stump, about half a mile from the fort, after his return, stated to the general, that the enemy lost a great number in killed and wounded; that while he was at the stump he saw about twenty of their dead and a great many wounded carried off. He understood there were fifteen hundred Indians and white men in the attack; and on their return to the Miami, the Indians stated that no men ever fought better than they did at Recovery; and that their party lost twice as many men in that attack, as they did at St. Clair's defeat."

Jonathan Alder, who was then living with the Indians, gives in his MSS. auto-biography, an account of the attack on the fort:

"In the morning, when we arose, an old Indian addressed us, saying, "We last night went out to take the fort by surprise, and lost several of our men, killed and wounded. There is one wounded man lying near the fort, who must be brought away, for it would be an eternal shame and scandal to the tribe to allow him to fall into the hands of the whites to be massacred. I wish to know who will volunteer to go and bring him away.' Big Turtle, who knew where he lay, answered, that he would go; but, as no one else volunteered, the old Indian pointed out several of us successively, myself among the number, saying

that we must accompany Big Turtle. Upon this, we rose up, without a word, and started. As soon as we came into the edge of the cleared ground, those in the fort began shooting at us. We then ran crooked, from one tree to another, the bullets in the meanwhile flying about us like hail. At length, while standing behind a big tree, Big Turtle ordered us not to stop any more, but run in a straight line, as we were only giving them time to load—that those foremost in going should have the liberty of first returning. He then pointed out the wounded man, and we started in a straight line, through a shower of bullets. When we reached him, we were within sixty yards of the fort. We all seized him and retreated for our lives, first dodging from one side and then to the other, until out of danger. None of us were wounded but Big Turtle; a ball grazed his thigh, and a number of bullets passed through his hunting shirt, that hung loose. When we picked up the wounded man, his shirt flew up, and I saw that he was shot in the belly. It was green all around the bullet holes, and I concluded that we were risking our lives for a dead man."

The battle of Fort St. Clair was fought by a party of two hundred and fifty Wyandot and Mingo warriors, under the command of Little Turtle, and an escort of one hundred mounted riflemen of the Kentucky militia, commanded by Colonel John Adair, afterward governor of Kentucky; they were, under orders of General Wilkinson, upon an escort of a brigade of packhorses. It was in September. A descent upon Columbia, at the mouth of the Little

Miami, was meditated, from which they were diverted by the prospect of surprising these riflemen. On their return, near Fort St. Clair, just before the break of day, their encampment was simultaneously attacked upon three sides by the Indians.. The horses were frightened and broke from their fastenings, and the camp thrown into temporary confusion. The Indians attempting to secure the horses and other available plunder, were in turn attacked by the whites—on their right by Captain Adair, on the left by Lieutenant George Madison, and in the center by Lieutenant Job Hale. Day beginning to dawn, the fighting became severe, the tomahawk and war-club coming into requisition. The Red Men were compelled to retire, and were pursued to the vicinity of the present town of Eaton. Nearly all the horses were lost, and Captain Hale, Sergeant English and four privates were killed. One man, John Jones, who was scalped, subsequently recovered.

To "Mad Anthony Wayne" belongs the honor of closing the Indian warfare of the Ohio Valley, saving only the disturbances fermented by the British in "the last war," through Tecumseh and his brother Lanlewasekaw, the Prophet. On the third of August, 1795, Wayne concluded a treaty of peace with the Indians at Greenville. The number of Indians present was one thousand one hundred and thirty, viz: One hundred and eighty Wyandots, three hundred and eighty-one Delawares, one hundred and forty-three Shawnees, forty-five Ottowas, forty-six Chippewas, two hundred and forty Pottawotomies, seventy-

three Miamis and Eel River, twelve Weas and Piankeshaws, and ten Kickapoos and Kaskaskias. The principal chiefs were Tarhe, Bockengehelas, Black Hoof, Blue Jacket and Little Turtle. Most of the chiefs had been tampered with by M'Kee and other British agents; but their people having been reduced to great extremities by the generalship of Wayne, had, notwithstanding, determined to make a permanent peace with the "Thirteen Fires," as they called the Federal States. The basis of the treaty of Greenville was, that hostilities were to cease, and all prisoners to be restored. Article 3d defined the Indian boundary as follows:

"The general boundary line between the lands of the United States and the limits of the said Indian tribes, shall begin at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, and run thence up the same to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum; thence down that branch to the crossing place above Fort Laurens; thence westerly to a fork of that branch of the Great Miami River running into the Ohio, at or near which fork stood Loramie's store, and where commenced the portage between the Miami of the Ohio, and St. Marys River, which is a branch of the Miami that runs into Lake Erie; thence a westerly course to Fort Recovery, which stands on the branch of the Wabash; thence southerly in a direct line to the Ohio, so as to intersect that river opposite the month of Kentucky or Cuttawa River."

The following are the reservations within the limits of Ohio, granted to the Indians by this treaty:

1. One piece of land six miles square, at or near Loramie's store before mentioned. 2. One piece two miles square, at the head of the navigable water or landing on the St. Marys River, near Girty's town. 3. One piece, six miles square, at the head of the navigable water of the Auglaize River. 4. One piece, six miles square, at the confluence of the Auglaize and Miami Rivers, where Fort Defiance was built. 8. One piece, twelve miles square, at the British fort on the Miami of the Lake, at the foot of the rapids. 9. One piece, six miles square, at the mouth of the said river where it empties into the lake. 10. One piece, six miles square, upon Sandusky Lake, where a fort formerly stood. 11. One piece, two miles square, at the lower rapids of the Sandusky.

These, with the other tracts, were given "for the same considerations, and as an evidence of the returning friendship of the said Indian tribes, of their confidence in the United States, and desire to provide for their accommodation, and for that convenient intercourse which will be beneficial to both parties."

With peace came smiling plenty to the whites; emigration, unobstructed, poured over the fertile plains of Kentucky and Ohio, and the Red Men retreated before its surging waves. Once, only, in after years, under the magnetism of Tecumseh's influence, aided by British favor and co-operation, were they aroused for a dying struggle, only to sink more hopelessly into a fatal national paralysis, which is now doing its final work upon the great plains across the Mississippi.

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