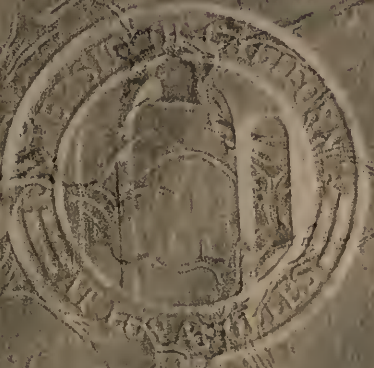
F517
M42t

MAYER — TAH-GAH-JUTE; OR, LOGAN AND CAPTAIN MICHAEL CRESAP



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

TAH-GAH-JUTE OR LOGAN

AND

CAPTAIN MICHAEL CRESAP:

A DISCOURSE BY

BRANTZ MAYER;

DELIVERED IN BALTIMORE, BEFORE THE

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

ON ITS SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

9 MAY, 1851.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851,
By BRANTZ MAYER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

PRINTED FOR THE
MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
By JOHN MURPHY & CO.
BALTIMORE.

To my Brother

CHARLES FREDERICK MAYER,

This effort to delineate the border trials of our Pioneers, and to reverse the decree of history between an Indian and a meritorious Marylander, is affectionately inscribed.

Baltimore, 16th June, 1851.

511684
LIB SETS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/tahgahjuteorloga00mayeiala

NEARLY three hundred and sixty years have passed since this Western World was revealed to mankind by the discovery of Columbus, and though three centuries and a half afford ample time for the doing of many deeds, yet scarcely a year elapses without adding some new marvel to the influences of America upon the progressive civilization and comfort of the human race.

If we look on the map, at the portion of this Continent occupied by us at present, we are amazed at the vast expansion of our territorial limits within much less than one-third of this time. In the middle of the last century the British dominions in America were but a fringe upon the Atlantic shores. Beginning in the Bay of Fundy their outline ran south-westwardly skirting the eastern shore of Lake Ontario, until it touched the northern spurs of the Alleghanies, and then, descending along the slopes of those mountains, it struck the northernmost angle of Florida, and finally terminated on the Atlantic at the mouth of the Alatamaha. The average breadth of this scant region was not more than five degrees. West and north-west lay the vast primeval forests, the gigantic lakes and rivers, claimed by the French as Canada and the Province of Louisiana; while south, on the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, stretched the romantic shores of Florida, under the dominion of Spain. It was not until the epoch of the Indian troubles, of which I am about to speak, and on the eve of our Revolutionary war, that the Ohio became the recognized boundary between the White and the Red man; and he who now entering

2

one of those floating palaces of the western waters at Brownsville, and descending the Ohio to the Mississippi, and the Mississippi to the Gulf, can hardly believe that within less than eighty years, the whole of this magnificent region, where the progress of trade has not effaced all traces of romantic nature, was still a dreary and dangerous wilderness, tenanted alone by the wild beast, or by human beings almost as savage. There are men still living who recollect the legends of Indian warfare or foray in Maryland, Pennsylvania, or Virginia, and can recount the escape or the death of some ancestor by the tomahawk and scalping knife. There are those amongst us, too, whose hair is still unsilvered, who may remember their sport as boys in watching the straggling Indians,—half beggars, half bandits,—who every winter thronged our streets, but whose only use of the bow and the arrow was to win the pennies we ventured in order to test the sureness of their aim.

But where, even now, is the "Far West," which in those days was spoken of as something mysteriously indefinite,—as something denoting perils of journey and Indian cruelty? It was then that we had still territorial boundaries to settle with Britain, and titles as well as rights to adjust with stubborn tribes. It was then that the far-seeing and comprehensive merchant, laid the foundation of his wealth, by tracking the beaver in its wildest haunts in Oregon. It was then that California was remembered as a field of romantic Missionary labor, cherished under Mexican Viceroys, but as a land of abandoned enterprize. It was then that our young and restless spirits sought the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi as homes which were beginning to be fully redeemed from the hunter and the savage. That was the Far West of those days. But now, strange names salute our ears, sounding no more of Indian conquests, but commemorative monuments as long as language shall last of victories over civilized men. We have abandoned an Indian nomenclature and adopted the calendar of Christian saints. Santa Fé, the Rio Bravo del Norte,—the Colorado of the West,—the Pecos,—the Gila,—the Valleys of San Juan, and Santa Clara,—the Plains of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and the upland Vale at the foot of Mount Shastl;—the Great Basin, around whose

saline waters the Mormon enthusiasts have nestled, seeking refuge among the savages from the bigoted persecutions of civilization;—Monterey,—San Francisco,—San Diego,—Chrysopolæ or the Golden Gates,—and last of all, the Pacific, itself, for an acknowledged boundary, and the Isthmus for a highway! There is, no longer, a "Far West." States, now planting on the brink of the Pacific and washed by its surge, curb, in that direction, the utmost possible limit of our dominion. Gold, in apparently inexhaustible quantities, has magnetically attracted an immense population in the brief space of three years. The first great experiment of planting the Anglo-Saxon race on the Pacific, facing the Indies with a clear and short highway in front, is no longer a problem to be solved. The tide of emigration sets no more exclusively from East to West, but rapidly ebbs and surges backward, as China, Hindustan, the Australian colonies, the Pacific Islands, the Chilian, Peruvian, and Mexican states, pour their motley crowds of eager immigrants along the whole coast from the Gila to the Columbia. The icy tops of the Sierra Nevada are passed, and the Great upland Basin of Utah becomes the thoroughfare of traders, pilgrims, and caravans from the far East. Through the wilderness to Santa Fé, and thence along the Southern passes of the mountains, other crowds press each other, to and fro, on the path of the modern Ophir. And thus, in the progress of a few brief years, the swollen tides of humanity bursting the barriers of the Alleghanies from the East, and of the Nevada from the West, must at last meet and mingle in the great Valley of the Mississippi which is destined to become the central mart of our mighty Union.

In God's genial providence of gradually opening the resources of this world for the progress of mankind there is the most perfect accommodation to the enlarging wants and capacities of our race. Every thing is not disclosed at once. The good, the desirable, the necessary, are hidden away in the earth's secret places, and the task of laborious enterprize is imposed on man for their discovery and useful preparation. Yet, marvellous as are the modern developments of industry, of science, and,

sometimes even, of apparent chance, there is no exhaustion in these resources, for new means of success seem to keep constant pace with each new labor and enterprize. Our Beneficent Parent works out his wonderful schemes by human agents, not by miracles. Humanity, with all its virtues and all its sins, is charged with the noble task of free *development*, and thus the results become the work of man and are made the trials and tests his of responsibility.

The Old World became crowded, and space was required in which the cramped and burdened millions might find room for industry and independence,—and a New Continent was suddenly disclosed for their occupation. The old political systems of Europe and of the Eastern nations decayed in consequence of the encroachments of individual power made despotic by corruption or force,—and a virgin country was forthwith opened as a refuge for the oppressed masses in which the principle of absolute political and religious freedom might be tried without any convulsive effort to cast off the fetters of feudalism. The labor of man, even in this new world began to strip commercial countries of their forests or made them too valuable for fuel,—and, suddenly, the heart of the earth is found to be veined with minerals which will save the lives of the majestic monarchs who shade and shelter the surface. Coal thus becomes the most potent agent in commercial development, for, without it, the seas could not be traversed with the rapidity and certainty that modern wants exact. The increasing industry and invention of the largely augmented populations of various countries, required, either a greater amount of capital to represent their productions, or a new standard of value for the precious metals already in circulation,—and, at once, apparently by mere accident, an adventurer discovered amid the frosts and forests of the Pacific, a golden region in which the fabled sands of Pactolus are realized. At last, even steam itself becomes too slow for mankind, and human skill, chaining magnetism to its purposes and lacing the earth with its wires, embroiders the whole world with the electricity of thought. But all these vast storehouses of invention, comfort and wealth, are not placed at our doors, in the

midst of civilization, ready to be grasped, comprehended or used with equal ease by the dainty idler or the patient worker. Far away in distant regions they lie. Far away amid forests and perils. Far away in lands which are reached by dreary voyages. Far away,—requiring the renewal of hope in desponding hearts, and renewal of energies in broken men. There they lie—long concealed and wisely garnered temptations,—to be discovered at the appropriate moment in the world's progress, and to lead man thither as the founder of a new field of human industry.

In this genial development of our globe three classes of persons have always been needed:—the Discoverer, the Conqueror, and the Pioneer.

Emigration is the overflowing of a bitter cup. Men do not ordinarily leave their native lands and kindred for the perils of the wilderness, or for a country with which they have no community of laws, language, or present interest, unless poverty or bad government crowds them into the forest. When the Discoverer and the Conqueror have found the land and partly tamed the savage, the Pioneer advances into their field of relinquished enterprize, and his task partakes, in some degree, of the dangers incurred by both his predecessors. He is always a lover and seeker of independence, and generally pursues it with a laudable desire to improve his lot; yet the perfect exercise of this independence sometimes becomes selfishly exclusive. Its essence, in our country, is the complete self-reliance of the one man or the one family. This spirit of social, political, and industrial independence, occasionally becomes wild, impatient and uncontrollable. Its mildest exhibition under such circumstances, is in rude manners or wayward lawlessness, which outraged neighborhoods are wont summarily to redress. True civilized liberty does not countenance such mockers of justice within its pale, and thus there are multitudes who not only go voluntarily and wisely into new lands, but other heedless or scoffing crowds are scourged by society into the sombre forest. Slowly and surely are these elements of new States, gathered, purged, and crystalized around the centres of modern civilization.

Hope, ambition, misery, avarice, adventure, noble purpose, drive off impatient men who will not be satisfied with the slow, dripping, accretions of wealth in the old communities. They require fortune and position by a leap. Independence demands space for the gigantic inspirations of its vast lungs, and flies headlong to the forest. The wandering woodsman or hunter gathers his brothers in armed masses for protection amid this chaos of unorganized freedom, and they support each other cheerfully in seasons of danger or disease. But the social law of humanity vindicates itself against the eager spirit of perfect independence. Wherever man who has once either drained or sipped the cup of civilization, is found, there must he be fed and clothed, nor does he cease to yearn for the relinquished luxuries, amusements, or comforts of the home he abandoned beyond the eastern mountains. Wherever man goes, man's representative,—money,—pursues him; and secretly he longs for the pleasing results of that civilization which he feigns to despise. Thus the Pioneer may be said to bait the forest like a trap, for the Trader. Taking up the war with the Indian where the Conqueror left it, he at once subdues the soil and the savage. The Farmer, at length, plants himself on the land that the Ranger wrests from the Indian. The Merchant covers with his sails the seas that were scourged by the Pirate. The dollar dulls the edge of the bowie-knife. Where the Pioneer treads, the Missionary follows. Element by element, civilization drops in. Peace, like a cooling shadow, follows the blaze of war. Death closes the career of the primeval Forester, and the law of God, vindicating by its perfect ultimate success, the merit of Peace, whose triumphs are the only true ones, plants the Trader and the Farmer on his grave, and that which was wildly won is quietly and permanently enjoyed.

Our habitual and perhaps almost necessary devotion to *the Present* in a country where property is so little treasured or transmitted in families, and our prying anxiety to know the secrets of the future, have made us too heedless of the memory of the Past. Our law of history, like our law of property, not only prevents an entail of our accumulations, but the Past and

the Present may be said to disinherit the Future, and to leave no legacies. Yet I have ventured to hope that it would not be uninteresting to Marylanders, if, on this occasion of our annual historic festival, I spoke to them of the days that are gone, and endeavored, by a glimpse of our "scant antiquity," to display the romantic story of some of our own people who were among the first in Lord Baltimore's Province to mark the Pioneer progress to the western wilds. Maryland, thrust geographically as a wedge between the great Provinces of Pennsylvania and Virginia, was among the earliest to furnish her quota of hardy foresters, who in their contests with the Indian, prepared themselves for the subsequent conflict with England in the war of Independence.

You will recollect that it was only a few years after Pontiac's war that small settlements of whites had crept westward through the defiles of the Alleghanies and along the principal paths, the northernmost of which converged at old Fort Du Quesne or Pitt, whilst the southernmost led to the fountains of the Holston and the Clinch. A town was laid out on the East bank of the Monongahela within two hundred yards of Fort Pitt, and, for seventy miles above it, a route had been cut through the wilderness to "Red-Stone Old Fort," near the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, now the site of Brownsville.

About the year 1774, Virginia still *claimed* by virtue of her charter, all the territory between the parallels of 36° 30′ and 39° 40′ North latitude, from the margin of the Atlantic due West to the Mississippi, and thus enclosed within her assumed limit, not only the region which at present is comprised in Kentucky, but also the Southern half of Illinois, one-third of Ohio, and an extensive part of Western Pennsylvania. Settlements had been planted upon most of the *eastern* branches of the Monongahela, the Youghiogeny, and on the small *eastern* tributaries of the upper Ohio, for one hundred and twenty miles below Pittsburgh, as well as on the sources of the Greenbrier, the little Kenhawa and Elk river, West of the Mountains,—embracing in these districts, the North-Western counties of Virginia and the South-Western of Pennsylvania as at present

defined. Pittsburgh was claimed as a frontier town of Virginia, while the southern settlements, on the tributaries of the Monongahela, were held to belong to the same province. Yet the vast region South of the little Kenhawa and Westward thence to the Mississippi, with but slight exceptions, was a perfect wilderness held by savages. The lonely, isolated settlement of a few poor, ignorant French Colonists on the Wabash and Illinois rivers, had, it is true, fallen under British dominion, after the peace of Paris, but these immigrants were scarcely regarded as British subjects, and were held as outlying foreign military colonists, more than a thousand miles in advance of civilization, having but little interest or sympathy with the Pioneers who penetrated the wilderness from Virginia, Pennsylvania or Maryland.

The French and Indian Wars and the true pioneer spirit which characterized so many Americans at that day, had sprinkled this region of woods, mountains and rivers, with bold, enterprizing woodsmen, traders, hunters, and agriculturists, and with lion hearted women who were proper mates for men stamped with so much energy and fortitude in the iron mintage of border trial. The majority of this enterprizing class was hardy and virtuous, though, as in all such frontier communities, the honest and daring were followed by miscreants who were willing either to shelter themselves from law in the wilderness, or to encounter the risks of a wild life without caring for ultimate results. But the pioneer was a liberal and hospitable being, for he appreciated the loneliness and discomforts of his own perilous lot, and was prompt to ameliorate the condition of all who ventured beyond the Alleghanies. His fringed and fanciful hunting shirt, which may still be found among the mountains of our own Cumberland,—his deer-skin leggins,—his gaily embroidered moccasins—his tomahawk and scalping-knife,—his bullet pouch, powder horn, and ready rifle,—made up his personal equipments of comfort and defence. He was a picturesque being as he was beheld descending the slopes of the mountains or relieved against the blue sky or the dark shadows of the forest. In his lonely region no mechanics were

to be hired, and every Pioneer was obliged to do his own work or to possess within his family the necessary elements of labor in the field or at the plough, the loom, and the anvil. His gun was in constant use against the Indian as well as the bear and the deer. Yet never was he an ungenerous neighbor when a new cabin was to be erected for an immigrant, or a crop to be gathered for the friend who inhabited his district. The "husking match" and the "log rolling" are distinctly recorded among the kindly and helping memorials of early settlements, in those days, when the genuine "cabin," made without nails, mortar or bricks, was the home of many an ancestry that has given rulers to our Union. A common danger cemented these forest settlements in a bond of mutual defence and interest. It was a life of incessant wariness or of peril to be encountered, and thus, mutual dependence and the fear of the savage, formed the best police of the pioneer, for it warned off weak and irresolute interlopers and permitted none but the hardy and true to abide in the forest.

Nor were these men so improvident as to omit strengthening themselves, not only by social acts of faith and friendship, but by supplying their bands with forts, block houses, and stations, constructed of massive logs and slabs, proof against bullets, and built around or near a never-failing spring. These defences, constructed at points easy of access as places of refuge to a whole neighborhood of agriculturists or hunters, were perfect safe guards against a foe who had no artillery, but were rarely tenanted unless at periods of general alarm, or when the Pioneers left their farms in the spring upon the announcement of some Indian murder in the vicinity.

These adopted children of the wilderness were, of course, not unskilled in wood craft. The stars, the sun, the bark of trees were their guides. The weather informed the settler whether he was to encounter his game for the day on the mountain tops, the hill sides or in the vallies; and when "the buck" was slain, skinned, and dressed, the early night was passed in glee and story around the fire of his joyous "hunting camp." Witchcraft was firmly believed by many of them, for strange sights and sounds, and a lonely life, gave play to the imagination

or to the recollection of old superstitions learned in infancy. Singing, dancing, shooting the rifle, throwing the tomahawk, wrestling, and all athletic or manly sports, formed the constant diversions of the settlers when they were at leisure or on remembered holidays; while the most boisterous merriment prevailed at wedding frolics, or at the "house-warming" of the forest bride and her gallant groom. Lawyers and Judges were unknown in these rough and simple communities, yet a strong moral sense and the stern demands of duty, preserved rights and interests in regions were no man could afford to be idle. Debts were but little known. Laziness, dishonesty, and ill-fame roused the general public opinion of the settlement. Thieves were flogged. Personal disputes were settled by battles with fists, after which the parties became reconciled; and evil men, in the emphatic language of the day, were "hated out of the neighborhood."

The wants of these backwoodsmen required an annual visit to the east, and every autumn associations were formed for the yearly caravan, which, with its long trains of horses, bearing peltries and Indian ware, might be heard tinkling its bells in the forests or along the mountain defiles as it wound its way to Hagerstown, Old Town, Cumberland and Baltimore to exchange the products of the wilderness for salt, iron, lead and powder.[1]

With these brief sketches of the country and the men of that part of the North American wilderness which was most closely connected with Maryland just before the revolution, I shall proceed to delineate the deeds and career of some individuals whose names are linked with our State's story by romantic incidents which I believe have passed into history inaccurately, and are now transmitted from page to page by new writers as conceded facts.

While endeavoring to perform this duty to the memory of a meritorious fellow citizen, I may also be able to illustrate the value of historical societies, which, by devoting themselves to

[1] See Rev. Dr. Doddridge's Notes on the Settlement and the Indian Wars of the Western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from 1763 to 1783, in Kercheval's History of the Valley of Va.

the minuter investigations of literature, are enabled to trace critically the pedigree of long recorded falsehoods, and thus to vindicate individuals if they do not always exculpate our race from motives or crimes that would forever degrade mankind.

Colonel Thomas Cresap,—the parent of Captain Michael Cresap who has been scornfully portrayed as the instigator if not one of the chief actors in the alleged murder of the Indian Logan's family in the early part of 1774,—emigrated from Yorkshire, England, to America, when he was about fifteen years of age. We know nothing of his intervening career until fifteen years after, when he married a Miss Johnson, and settled either at or near Havre de Grace, on the shores of our beautiful Susquehannah. He was, emphatically, a "poor man;" so poor, indeed, according to the family legends, that being involved in debt to the extent of nine pounds, currency, he was obliged soon after his inopportune marriage, to depart for the south in order to improve his fortune! He left his young wife in Maryland, and hastening to Virginia, became acquainted with the Washington family, and rented from it a good farm with the intention of removing finally to the flourishing colony. But, on returning for his bride, he found that he had become a parent, and that the resolute matron was loth to quit the Susquehannah for the Potomac. Accordingly, like a docile husband, he submitted to her whim, and contriving to free himself from debt, removed still higher up on the river to Wright's ferry, opposite the town of Columbia, where he obtained a Maryland title for five hundred acres of land. Unfortunately, however, for the settler, this was disputed ground, and as it was soon claimed under a Pennsylvania title, a sort of border war occurred, in which Cresap espoused the cause of Lord Baltimore with as much zeal as the Pennsylvanians sustained that of Penn. His enemies regarding him as a powerful foe, seem to have resorted to the basest means to rid themselves of his presence. An Indian was hired to assassinate him in his own house; yet, won by his kindness and hospitality, the savage disclosed the plot and was pardoned for the meditated crime. At length, however, a regular battle took place between the factionists, and

Cresap's party having wounded several of Penn's partizans, kept the field and gained the day.

The Pennsylvania warriors, nevertheless, soon rallied their discomfited forces and besieged the fort in which the Maryland champion had entrenched himself. But the stalwart Cresap held out bravely against all comers, though he was singled as the special victim of the assailants. Nevertheless, in time, he deemed it advisable to demand aid from his neighbors; and as his eldest boy, Daniel, was at this time, about ten years old, he despatched the young forester in the night to obtain the required succor. The wild frontier stripling apt as he already was in the ways of the wilderness, could not, however, elude the vigilant besiegers, and being taken captive, endeavored to destroy the hostile clan while assembled around the fire, by casting therein its whole stock of powder which he found tied up in a handkerchief. Fortunately for the party, he was detected in time to escape the disastrous explosion.

If the young Cresap was unable to blow up his father's assailants, the elder was well nigh doomed to the fate his son had designed for the followers of Penn. The besiegers finding that they could not arouse or dislodge the stubborn Yorkshireman from his lair, determined to set fire to the roof and thus to "roast him out" of his fortress! No terms of capitulation were offered; and as Cresap disdained to ask his life at their hands, he rushed to the door, and wounding the sentinel, escaped to his boat. But here, surrounded by superior numbers, he was seized, overpowered, bound, and thrown into the skiff. Nevertheless as his captors were conveying him across the Susquehannah in the dark, he contrived, notwithstanding his ligatures, to elbow one of the guard into the water. The Pennites, in the darkness, mistaking their companion for Cresap, beset him, forthwith, with oars and poles, nor was it until the lusty cries and rich brogue of the unfortunate Irishman undeceived them, that he was relieved from the beating and the bath. Passing through Columbia to Lancaster, Cresap was heavily manacled; but even then, lifting his arms as soon as the work was done, he smote the smith on the head with his ironed hands and levelled him to the ground. Nevertheless, he was effectually a prisoner and

was borne off in triumph to Philadelphia, where the streets, doors and windows were thronged with spectators to see the Maryland monster, who taunted the crowd by exclaiming half in earnest half in derision:—"why this is the finest city in the Province of *Maryland!*"

The Pennsylvanians at length became weary of their sturdy and audacious guest, yet he would not depart until released by order of the King, about October, 1737, after suffering nearly a year's confinement.[1] In the meantime, his family sought shelter in an Indian town on the Codorus, near York, where it was hospitably entertained by the savages until his return. Finding his old neighborhood too dangerous or disagreeable, he soon removed to a valuable farm at Antietam; and as it was a frontier post, in advance of white population, he built, over a beautiful spring, a stone house which was half dwelling and half fortress.

He seems to have possessed the deserved confidence of some of the most respectable families of Maryland; for in this new settlement, he commenced the business of a trader, partly on a borrowed capital of £500, which he obtained from Mr. Dulany. But unluckily his venture of skins and furs, sent to England, was lost in a ship which was captured by the French, and he was thus compelled to begin the world anew for the third time. Yet his honest heart did not fail under renewed misfortunes. He offered his land, consisting of about 1400 acres, to Dulany, in payment of his debt; and being thus stripped of nearly all his worldly possessions, he removed, about 1742 or 1743, to a spot,

[1] See Jacob's Life of Cresap, p. 25. The most complete details of these border difficulties, which I have not space even to sketch at present, will be found by the historical student in the MSS. and Records preserved at Annapolis in the State library; in Rupp's History of York County, Pa., p. 547 to 563; and in Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, page 200 *et seq;* and page 209 *et seq;* of the 2d volume,—in a sketch of the boundary dispute and hostilities growing out of it from 1728 to 1737, betwixt Lord Baltimore and the Penns. Cresap was an ardent partizan of the Maryland Proprietor, and acted with great vigor in defence of his own and his Lord's rights or demands. See, also, Gordon's Hist. Penna. 221. Gordon and Day are brief, while Proud is silent. Cresap was released in consequence of an order of the King in council commanding both parties "to refrain from further violence, to drop all prosecutions, and to discharge their respective prisoners on bail."

in what is at present Alleghany county, Maryland, called Old-town, or as he delighted to name it,—"Skipton,"—after the place of his nativity, situated on the north fork, a few miles above the junction of the north and south branches of the Potomac.[1] Here, at length, after all his early trials, he established his permanent home, and finally acquired by industry and perseverance in the neighborhood, a large landed estate on both sides of the river in Maryland and Virginia.

About this epoch, he renewed his intimacy with the Washington family, who always reposed confidence in him; and being known as a bold and skilful woodsman, he was employed by the parties who formed in 1748 the celebrated Ohio company. This association, among whose members, we find Lawrence Washington, and his brother Augustine, received from the British King a grant of five hundred thousand acres, to be taken chiefly on the south side of the Ohio, between the Monongehela and Kenhawa rivers, west of the Alleghanies.[2] The object of the enterprize was to settle land, and to carry on the Indian trade on a large scale. But the French, alarmed by this threatened advance of English Pioneers, began immediately to extend a line of forts along the Mississippi and Ohio, passing through a vast extent of territory which was claimed by Great Britain. In spite of all opposition, the English grantees pursued their enterprize, and Col. Cresap's knowledge of the country and of pioneer life, was of great service to them, in tracing the very first path through the windings of the Alleghanies. As one of their agents in that region, he employed an Indian named Nemacolin, to mark the road by the well known trail of the tribes, and it is said he performed his duty so well, that the army pursued the same path when Braddock marched to the west to dislodge the French. Colonel Cresap, thus stationed on the extreme outposts of civilization, became an important pioneer in the early development of the west; nor

[1] See Colden's Hist. of the Five Nations, p. 3, and 84, edition 1755. See Philadelphia Treaty of 1742, and Canassateego's speech at the Lancaster Treaty, 1744.

[2] Washington's Writings, vol. 2, appendix vi, pages 478 and 479, and appendix vii.

did he cease many years afterwards, to devote his mind and hopes to those fine regions in which he saw the future grandeur of his country. When he had attained the patriarchal age of ninety, he conceived and digested a plan to explore as far west as the Pacific, and nothing but his advanced years prevented the accomplishment of an enterprize which he cherished with the enthusiasm of an early borderer.

The grants to the English Company not only caused the French to establish their line of forts, but, as is well known, resulted in a war which retarded the advance of civilization. The Indians were roused, and desolated the border. Cresap, on his extreme frontier settlement among the Alleghany mountains, held a most dangerous post; but it was an eagle's nest, fit for a bold spirit, and he would not willingly desert it. When hotly pressed by the savage foe he fought his way to Conococheague, and having placed his family in safety, did not remain an idle spectator while ruin threatened the infant settlements on the head waters of the Potomac. The country swarmed with the savage *guerrilleros* of those days, and the hardy woodsman, adopting the Indian fashion of the times, took "the war path" with his own band and children, and struck the foe on several occasions at the western feet of the Savage Mountain, where his son Thomas fell by an Indian ball, and at Negro Mountain where a gigantic African, who belonged to his party, bequeathed his name in death to the towering cliffs. In these fights Michael Cresap obtained his first lessons in Indian warfare.

After these early border conflicts were over,—although he was sometimes afterwards harassed by the savages,—the veteran pioneer reposed at his homestead, respected and honored, until quieter days. He was a man of vigorous mind and constitution, and although his early education had been neglected, there are testimonials of his skill both in composition, surveying, and even hand-writing, in the possession of our Society which would do honor to a man of loftier birth and opportunities.[1] At the

[1] In the GILMOR MSS. *Maryland Papers*, vol. 1, *Article* No. 8, in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society, is the following *original letter from Colonel* Cresap, in which we have an interesting account of one of the Indian raids in 1763. It is written in a firm and formal hand, and would do credit to

age of seventy he visited England; and, while in London, was commissioned by Lord Baltimore to run the Western line of Maryland, in order to ascertain which of the two branches of the Potomac was, in reality, the fountain head of the stream.

one of much more clerkly reputation. The letter is thus addressed on the outside:

"On his Lordship's Service:—
To
"*His Excellency* Horatio Sharpe, *Esquire*,
in
Annapolis.

"*To be forwarded by Express.*"

and endorsed:

"*From Col. Cresap*, 15 *July*, 1763."

"Old Town, July 15th, 1763.

"May it Please your Excellency

"I take this opportunity in the highth of Confusion to acquaint you with our unhappy and most wretched Situation at this time, being in Hourly Expectation of being massacred by our Barberous and Inhumane Enemy the Indians, we having been three days successivly attacked by them, Viz: the 13, 14 and this Instant. On the 13th as 6 men were shocking some wheat in the field 5 Indians firing on them as they came to do it and others Running to their assistance;—on the 14th 5 Indians crept up to and fired on about 16 men who were sitting and walking under a Tree at the Entrance of my Lane about 100 yards from my House, but on being fired at by the white men, who much wounded some of them, they Immediately Run off and were followed by the white men about a mile all which way was a great Quantity of Blood on the Ground. The white men got 3 of their Bundles, containing sundry Indian Implements and Goods. About 3 Hours after several guns were fired in the woods, on which a party went in Quest of them and found 3 Braves Killed by them. The Indians wounded one man at their first fire tho' but Slightly. On this Instant as Mr. Saml. Wilder was going to a house of his about 300 yards Distant from mine with 4 men and several women, the Indians rushed on them from a rising Ground, but they perceving them coming, Run towards my House hollowing, which being heard by those at my house, they run to their assistance and met them and the Indians at the Entrance of my lane, on which the Indians Immdiately fired on them to the amount of 18 or Twenty and Killed Mr. Wilder;—the party of white men Returned their fire and killed one of them dead on the Spot and wounded severall of the others as appeared by Considerable Quantity of Blood strewed on the Ground as they Run off, which they Immdiately did, and by their leaving behind them 3 Gunns, one pistole and Sundry other Emplements of warr &c. &c.

"I have Inclosed a List of the Desolate men, Women and Children who have fled to my house which is Inclosed by a small stockade for safety, by which you'll see what a number of poor Souls, destitute of Every necessary of Life are here penned up and likely to be Butchered without Immdiate Relief and

His map of this survey is in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society, and, together with his report, has been used by our legislature in the boundary discussions with Virginia.[1]

In 1770, after his return from England, George Washington visited Colonel Cresap at his "Old Town settlement," in order to learn the particulars of the Walpole grant on the Ohio; and, as the future general of our armies returned from his examination of lands on the rivers of the west, he again tarried for the night in the humble dwelling of the old pioneer.[2] He had, thus, acquired the respect and confidence, not only of the Lord Proprietor of this Province, and of the clear-minded Washington himself, but was generally known in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, as an energetic, far-seeing and hospitable man. No deed of needless daring, or of cruelty is recorded against him;—even the Indians who know his rifle well, esteemed him cordially. When Nemacolin departed from the mountains of Cumberland, he left his son in Cresap's care. The savages with whom he had dealt so fiercely when necessity demanded,

assistance, and can Expect none, unless from the province to which they Belong. I shall submitt to your wiser Judgment the Best and most Effectual method for Such Relief and shall Conclude with hoping we shall have it in time."

"I am Honorable Sir
your Obedt. serv
THOS. CRESAP"

"P. S. those Indians who attacked us this day
are part of that body which went southward by this way
——— spring which is known by one of the Gunns we got from them."

"The Maryland Gazette" of July 21, 1763, informs us that the Colonel was not yet cut off by the savages, though it is feared he will be if not quickly relieved. The above story is repeated. Subsequent statements show that ten men were sent to assist Cresap.

[1] In the Gilmor MSS. *Maryland Papers*, vol. 1, *Portfolio of "Surveys, letters, &c., connected with the running of the Division line between Maryland and Pennsylvania,"* is the *original autograph map* made by Col. Cresap, in the neat style of a good country surveyor, and sent by him to Governor Sharpe. It came to Mr. Gilmor's possession with many other of the "Ridout Papers," and is attested by Horatio Ridout, whose father was Sharpe's secretary. This was the *first* map ever made to show the course and fountains of the north and south branches of the Potomac river, in regard to which there has been so much controversy between Maryland and Virginia.

[2] Washington's Writings, vol. 2, pp. 516 and 533. Journal of Tour to the Ohio river.

as they went, during his latter years, past his house on their hunting expeditions, were always welcomed and entertained. He had a huge ladle and kettle prepared expressly to feast them with a whole ox, and they, in turn complimented his hospitality by bestowing on him the Indian title of the "BIG SPOON."[1]

At the age of eighty he married a second time. He visited the British possessions, near Nova Scotia, at 100, and died at the age of 106! Such was the father of CAPTAIN MICHAEL CRESAP, whose name has been doomed most unjustly to infamy by the hasty adoption of the falsehood contained in a miscalled Indian speech.

MICHAEL, the youngest son of the pioneer, whose biography I have sketched, was born in that part of Frederick, which is now comprised in Alleghany county in this state, on the 29th June, 1742. In those early days there were no seminaries of learning in that remote region; and Michael, his son, was sent to a school in Baltimore County, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Craddock. A wild and daring mountain boy from the wilderness, he had, at first, but few friends among the eastern boys; yet, with the usual power of manly courage and generosity, he soon fought his way into the good graces of his schoolmates. But the restraints of school life were uncongenial to his

[1] Jacob's Life of Capt. Michael Cresap. Cumberland, Md., 1828.

The Rev. John J. Jacob, by whom this Biograghical sketch of the life of Captain Michael Cresap was written, entered the store and was engaged in the western trading concerns of Captain Cresap, from the age of fifteen. This was about the year 1772. He was entrusted with the management and settlement of valuable ventures sent by the Captain to Redstone Old Fort or Brownsville, during the Indian war of 1774. When the Revolutionary conflict broke out, and after Cresap's death on the 18th of October, 1775, Jacob remained for a while with the hero's family; but, in July, 1776, he entered the militia as an ensign, and subsequently obtained a lieutenant's commission in the regular army with which he continued during five campaigns, until the winter of 1781. In this year he married the widow of Capt. Michael Cresap, his old employer; and thus, becoming possessed of all his papers, and being intimate with his motives and history during an intimate personal intercourse, he was fully enabled, as well as entitled, to vindicate the memory of his departed friend.

Later in life he was known as an esteemed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, for many years, resided, and finally died, as a local minister in Hampshire County, Virginia.

habits; and flying from his preceptor, he traversed alone the 140 miles which lay between him and his home. The old Colonel, however, did not sanction the restive demeanor of the truant, but believing in the virtue of the rod and the necessity of filial obedience as well as education, flogged him severely, and sent him back to his teacher, with whom he steadily remained until his studies were finished.

Soon after leaving school, he married a Miss Whitehead, of Philadelphia, and the happy pair, both almost children, departed to the mountains to enjoy, as the romantic striplings probably supposed, "love in a cottage" in a little frontier village near his father's dwelling among the hills. But the Colonel would not countenance a life of idleness, and established Michael at once as a merchant and trader. Trade, in those days and neighborhoods, was often a perilous business in the hands of inexperienced men. And young Cresap, who imported largely from London, and dealt with the utmost liberality, so often found his confidence misplaced, that in the course of a few years he became almost ruined. Notwithstanding his kindness and honorable deportment, he seems to have had enemies, or at least extremely cautious watchers of his acts. The agent of the London merchant from whom he received his goods in America, reported to his principal in England, that Michael was a suspicious character, and might probably remove to some part of the western wilds where he would be out of the reach of the law. The consequence of this report was the immediate withdrawal of the young trader's customary supplies; but, as soon as Michael was able to trace the slander to its source, he charged it home upon the London agent and the controversy ended in a violent personal conflict in a private room in Fredericktown.

Cresap was thus compelled, both by the blow which his credit had received and his bitter experience among his customers, to curtail his business. Yet hope did not desert him. The population which had gathered around this frontier settlement, began, under the temptations of the west to flow off towards the Ohio. His active temper and prompt mind soon decided him. "Urged by necessity, prompted by a laudable ambition, and allured by the rational and exhilarating prospect before him, he saw or

thought he saw, in the rich bottoms of the Ohio, an ample fund, if he succeeded in obtaining a title to those lands, not only to redeem his credit and extricate him from difficulty, but also to afford a respectable competency for his rising family.

"Under this impression, and with every rational prospect of success, early in the year 1774, he engaged six or seven active young men, at the rate of £2.10 per month, and repairing to the wilderness of the Ohio, commenced the business of building houses and clearing lands; and, being one of first, or, among the first adventurers into this exposed and dangerous region, he was enabled to select some of the best and richest of the Ohio levels."[1]

After the Indian and French wars and the treaty made by Bouquet, the attention of the Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania settlers, had been attracted to the great trans-Alleghanian region watered by the Monongahela, the Ohio, the Kenhawa, the Scioto, the Cheat and their affluents. Companies had been formed and lands granted. The outposts, or scouts and pickets of civilization, were fixed along these streams. Fort Du Quesne had become Fort Pitt, under the British flag. Wheeling was a station; and, all along the river, there were spots where traders and farmers had settled, or neighborhoods gathered for mutual protection around block-houses, forts and stockades. In this society, laudably engaged in repairing his fortune and preparing that of his infant family, I shall leave Michael Cresap early in the year 1774, and endeavor to transport you in imagination for a short time to another and perhaps more romantic scene among the hills and valleys of the Susquehannah.

Indian history, and especially Indian Biography must always resemble the pictorial sketches of the Indians themselves, who, by a few rude etchings on a rock, a few bold dashes on the skin of a buffalo, or scratches on the bark of a birch-tree, record the outline memoranda which may serve to recall an event though they can only commemorate a character by inferences.

[1] Jacob's Life of Cresap, p. 41.

Their story is but a skeleton; and hard, indeed, is the task which attempts to clothe the dry and dusty bones with flesh, and to make the restored being move at least with the semblance of real life. Their theatre is the forest. Their home a camp. Their only architecture a cabin or a perishable tent. Their only permanent and consecrated resting place—the grave! A wild, solitary and dangerous people,—almost without a record,—they flit like shadows through the wilderness of wood, prairie and mountain;—now here, now gone in the dim recesses of the valleys;—free as the deer, or transient as phantoms of mingled romance and horror; but, most generally, inscribing their wild red marks in the memory of white men by deeds of cruelty and blood alone!

In the early days of Pennsylvania the Valley of the Susquehannah was assigned by the Six Nations as a hunting ground for the Shawanese, Conoys, Nanticokes, Monseys, and Mohicans; and SHIKELLAMY, or as he was called by the Moravians, SHIKELLEMUS, a celebrated Cayuga Chief sent by those Nations to preside over a tribe, dwelt at Shamokin, an Indian village of about fifty houses and nearly three hundred persons, built on the broad level banks of the Susquehannah, on a beautiful site, with high ranges of hills both above and below it, affording magnificent views of the picturesque valley in whose lap the modern Sunbury is quietly nestled.

When Count Zinzendorf, on the 28th of September, 1742, accompanied by Conrad Weiser, two Indians, brother Mack and his missionary wife, after a tedious transit through the wilderness on their journey of Christian love, entered this beautiful vale of Shamokin, Shikellamy was the first to step forth to welcome them, and, after the exchange of presents, to promise his aid as a chief in fostering the religion of Christ among the tribe.[2] But when David Brainerd visited the Indian village, three years after, he found that the seed dropped by the holy Moravians had fallen on barren places. He was kindly received and

[1] Compare Minutes of Council, Aug. 12, 1731, Brainerd's Journal—and Loskiel, part 2d, p. 10.

[2] Loskiel.

entertained by the Indians, yet neither his requests nor the illness of one of the tribe could induce them to forego their wild and noisy revels. "Alas!"—exclaims the Journalist,—"how desti-"tute of natural affection are these poor uncultivated pagans, "although they seem kind in their own way! Of a truth, the "dark corners of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. "* * * * * The Indians of this place are accounted the most "drunken, mischievous, and ruffian like fellows in these parts; "and Satan seems to have his seat in this town in an eminent "manner!"[1]

The Six Nations used Shamokin as a convenient tarrying place for their war parties against the southern Catawbas; and, soon after the missionaries visited them, were desirous to have a blacksmith from the white settlements, who would reside permanently in their village, and save their long journeys from the mountains to Tulpehocken or Philadelphia. The Governor of the Province allowed the request, provided the smith should continue only as long as the Indians remained friendly to the English; and the Moravians, availing themselves of the opportunity, despatched a staunch brother named Anthony Schmidt, from their mission at Bethlehem, who, doubtless, in the intervals of his business from repairing the savages' rifles, was enabled, as an antidote, to edify them with a sermon on the horrors of war. The blacksmith, however, opened the way for the establishment of a Moravian mission at Shamokin in 1747, under the charge of Brother Mack. Bishop Camerhoff and the pious Zeisberger, visited it in 1748; and, in the following year, Shikellamy—this apparently virtuous chief over so boisterous, drunken, and roystering a tribe,—a man who is reported to have performed many embassies between the government of Pennsylvania and the Six Nations, as well as attended important councils at Philadelphia, departed for the Indian "hunting grounds" which lie in the pleasant prairies of the "spirit land" beyond the grave.

[1] Brainerd's Journal. Day's Penn. Hist. Col. 525.

[2] Conrad Weiser, a chief officer in the Indian Department of Pennsylvania, and the Moravians seem to have had great confidence in Shikellamy, and probably he died a sincere friend of the whites and a tolerable Christian. For an

Of this personage,—thus reared in a sort of modified fear, love, or admiration of the whites, and *in the midst of excessively bad associates*, as described by Brainerd, was born a second son, celebrated in the annals of our country by the spicy rhetoric of a speech which first attracted the attention of Mr. Jefferson, and has since been repeated by every American school boy as a specimen of Indian eloquence and Indian wrongs.

After Braddock's defeat in 1755, the whole wilderness from the Juniata to Shamokin, and from the Ohio to Baltimore Town, was filled with hostile Indian parties,—murdering, scalping, destroying and burning. I have not time to notice the breaking up of the mission at Shamokin and slaughter of the inoffensive whites throughout the neighborhood, in which all those miscalled friendly tribes were concerned as soon as they were encouraged by the successes of the French and the disasters of of the English. Their former professed Christianity, or the forbearance of their chiefs, had, in all likelihood, been the effect of sudden superstition or of salutary fear.[1]

During this epoch the son of Shikellamy,—Logan,—who had been named it is said for the secretary of the province whom his father knew and loved,[2]—disappears from the scene. We have few historical or biographical anecdotes of his early life, nor does he in fact become the subject even of legend until seventeen or eighteen years after his father's death.[3]

The Juniata breaking through the wild gap of Jack's mountain, enters the south-western end of Mifflin county, Pennsyl-

account of his death and character, see Day's Penn. Hist. Col. 526. Loskiel. Rev. J. Heckwelder's statement, appendix No. IV to Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, p. 40.

[1] Voyage dans la Haute Pensylvanie, Tome 3, chapitre iv.

[2] James Logan, the secretary, died in 1751.

[3] Some early notices of the sons of Shikellamy and their deeds may be found in the following writers: Rupp's History of Dauphin, Cumberland, Franklin, &c., counties, Pa., pp. 65, 319, 84, 259, 100, 316. Also Rupp's History of Northumberland County, pp. 92, 119, 166. Rupp's History of Berks and Lebanon Counties, Pa., 213, 41, 39. Rupp's History of Northampton, Lehigh, &c., Counties, Pa., p. 103. Kercheval's Valley of Va., p. 127. Loudon's Narratives of Indian wars, vol. 2, p. 223; this passage describes Logan's personal appearance in 1765, and recounts an anecdote or two.

vania, and meandering through Lewistown valley, again strikes the mountains at the romantic gorge of the Long Narrows, between the Black Log and Shade mountains, at a cleft barely wide enough for the river to pass, and, at its end, the stream breaks through the rocky masses of Shade mountain. Kishicoquillas creek is a never failing flood in this romantic neighborhood, fed by the mountain springs surrounding a valley out of which it bursts at a deep ravine in Jack's mountain, and enters the Juniata at Lewistown. Early settlements had been made in this attractive region, but when the Indian troubles broke out, the inhabitants fled, nor was it until the years between 1765 and 1769, that they began to return, and, about that period, Judge Brown, Samuel Milliken, McNitt, James Reed and Samuel McClay, became the earliest dwellers in the charming vale of Kishicoquillas.

About a mile or two above the deep and tangled dell where the stream passes Jack's mountain, beside a beautiful limestone spring, at a spot which was as solitary as it was romantic, an Indian cabin had been built for many years. As William Brown and James Reed, two of the pioneers whom I have named as early occupants of this region, had wandered one day out of the valley in search of choice locations and springs, they suddenly started a bear, and, like all foresters, being provided with their rifles, immediately gave chase. A shot speedily wounded the brute, which retreating to the higher ground, led them onward in quest of their prey, until, suddenly, this beautiful spring, gushing from the hill-side, burst upon their sight. Exhausted by a long and tedious hunt, the woodsmen were more delighted to find the stream than the game, and immediately resting their rifles against trees, threw themselves on the ground to drink. But as Brown bent over the clear and mirroring water he beheld, on the opposide side, reflected in the limpid basin the tall shadow of a stately Indian! With instinctive energy he sprang to regain his weapon while the Indian yelled—whether for peace or war he was unable to determine;—but as he seized his rifle and faced the foe, the savage dashed open the pan of his gun, and scattering the powder, extended his open palm in token of friendship. Both weapons were instantly grounded,

and the men who a moment before had looked on each other with distrust, shook hands and refreshed themselves from the gurgling brook. For a week they continued together examining lands, seeking springs, and cementing a friendship which had been so strangely commenced at a period when "whoever saw an Indian saw an enemy, and the only questions that were asked, on either side were, from the muzzles of their rifles."

The Indian vision of the spring was Logan—the son of Shikellamy,—the solitary Indian;—no chief, but a wanderer sojourning for a while on his way to the west.[1]

Logan is well remembered and favorably described in the legends of this valley, for he was often visited in his camp by the whites. Upon one occasion, when met by Mr. McClay at the spring which is even now known by his name, a match was made between the white and red man to shoot at a mark for a dollar a shot.[2] In the encounter, Logan lost four or five rounds, and acknowledged himself beaten. When the whites were leaving the dell, the Indian went to his cabin, and bringing as many deer skins as he had lost dollars, handed them to Mr. McClay, who refused the peltries, alleging that he and his friends had been Logan's guests, and would not rob him, for the match had merely been a friendly contest of skill and nerve. But the courteous waiver would not satisfy the savage. He drew himself up with great dignity, and said in broken English: "Me bet to make you shoot your best;—me gentleman, and me take your dollars if me beat!" So McClay was obliged to take the skins or affront his friend whose sense of honorable dealing would not allow him to receive even a horn of powder in return.[3]

Deer hunting, dressing their skins and selling them to the whites seem to have been the chief employments of Logan at this period, and the means of his livelihood. Upon one occasion he had sold a quantity to a certain tailor named De Yong,

[1] Day's Hist. Coll. of Penn. 464 et. seq. Pittsburgh Daily American, 1842. American Pioneer, vol. 1, p. 188.

[2] Day's Coll. ut supra, 466, for a description of the site of this spring.

[3] Letter of R. P. McClay in Pittsburgh Daily American of 1842, and in Penn. Hist. Coll. by Day, 467. American Pioneer, i, 114, 115, 188.

who dwelt in Furguson's valley below the gap. Buckskin small clothes were in those days in demand among the frontier men as well as among the soldiers or fops of the cities, and when silver or paper money was scarce, barter was the customary mode of trade in those simple communities. Logan, according to agreement, received his pay from the tailor in wheat, which, when taken to the mill, was found so worthless that the miller refused to grind it. But law and the ministers of justice, had already found their way into the secluded valley, and the Indian appealed to his friend Brown, who by this time had been honored with the commission of a magistrate. When the judge questioned him as to the character of the fraudulent grain, Logan sought in vain to find words to express the precise character of the material with which it was adulterated, but said it resembled the wheat itself. "It must have been *cheat*," said the Judge. "Yoh!" exclaimed the Indian, "that's very good name for him!" and forthwith a decision was given in Logan's favor and a writ presented for the constable, which, he was told, would produce the money for his buckskins. But the untutored Indian,—too uncivilized to be dishonest,—could not comprehend by what magic this fragment of paper would force the reluctant tailor, against his will, to pay for the skins. The Judge took down his commission emblazoned with the royal arms, and explained the first principles and operations of civil law, after which Logan appeared to be better satisfied with the gentle operation of judicial process, and departed to try its effect in his own behalf, exclaiming—"law *very* good if it make rogues pay!"

When one of Judge Brown's daughters was just beginning to walk, her mother expressed sorrow that she could not obtain a pair of shoes to give more firmness to her infant steps. Logan stood by but said nothing. Soon after he asked Mrs. Brown to allow the little girl to spend the day at his cabin near the spring. The cautious and yearning heart of the mother was somewhat alarmed by the proposal, yet she had learned to repose confidence in the Indian, and trusting in the delicacy of his feelings, assented to the proposal with apparent cheerfulness. The day wore slowly away, and it was near night when her little one had not returned. But just as the sun was setting the trusty

savage was seen descending the path with his charge, and in a moment more the little one was in its mother's arms, proudly exhibiting on her tiny feet a pair of beautiful moccasins—the product of Logan's skill.[1]

I have dwelt, perhaps tediously, upon these simple incidents of Indian and frontier life because they are the only ones I have been able to glean from the brief records of Logan's career, that exhibit him to posterity in a favorable light. His lot was soon to be changed. The lonely—simple—and perhaps sentimental savage was shortly to come in violent conflict with the whites who were "extending the area of freedom,"—and the rest of his life was chequered with horrible crimes and maudlin regrets, dark enough to efface the gentle deeds of his early years. According to the statement of Judge Brown, Logan departed to the far west soon after the occurrences I have recounted, and he never saw him more; but, in the language of the cordial old pioneer, "he was the best specimen of humanity, white or red, he ever encountered."

For a while, again, the curtain drops on our Indian legend, and the savage disappears behind the leaves of the forest, nor do we find his trail once more until the Rev. Mr. Heckwelder, when living as a missionary at the Moravian town on the Beaver about the year 1772, four or five years after the events we have just narrated, was introduced by an Indian in that neighborhood to Logan as the son of the old Shikellamy, the friend of the white men and Moravians at Shamokin. The savage impressed the missionary as a person of talents superior to Indians generally. He exclaimed against the whites for the introduction of spirituous liquors among his people;—spoke of "*gentlemen*" and their true character, regretting that the tribes had unfortunately so few of this class for neighbors; declared his intention to settle on the Ohio below Big Beaver, where he might live in peace forever with the white men, *but* CONFESSED TO THE MISSIONARY HIS UNFORTUNATE FONDNESS FOR THE "FIRE-WATER." At that time Logan was encamped at the mouth of

[1] Narrative of Mrs. Norris, in Day's Penn. Hist. Coll. 467.

Beaver, and in 1773, when Heckwelder was journeying down the Ohio towards Muskingham he visited the Indian's settlement, and received every civility he could expect from the members of his family who were at home.[1]

It was about this time that another Missionary, the Rev. Dr. David McClure, during a visit to Fort Pitt and the neighboring regions of the Ohio, met our hero, and saw many other Indians who were in the habit of resorting to the settlements for the sake of a drunken frolic, staggering about the town.[2] At that time Logan was still remarkable for the grandeur of his personal appearance. TAH-GAH-JUTE[3] or "Short Dress," for such was his Indian name, stood several inches more than six feet in height; he was straight as an arrow; lithe, athletic, and symmetrical in figure; firm, resolute, and commanding in feature; but the brave, open, and manly countenance he possessed in his earlier years was now changed for one of martial ferocity.[4] After tarrying and preaching nearly three weeks at Fort Pitt, Dr. McClure, in the summer or autumn of 1772, set out for Muskingham accompanied by a Christian Indian as his interpreter. The second day after his departure, the wayfarers unexpectedly encountered Logan. Painted and equipped for war, and accompanied by another savage, he lurked a few rods from the path beneath a tree, leaning on his rifle; nor did the missionary notice him until apprized by the interpreter that Logan desired to speak with him. McClure immediately rode to the spot where the red man remained, and asked what he required. For a moment Logan stood pale and agitated before the preacher, and then, pointing to his breast, exclaimed:—"I "feel bad here. Wherever I go the evil Manethoes pursue "me. If I go into my cabin, my cabin is full of devils. If I "go into the woods, the trees and the air are full of devils. They

[1] Appendix No. IV to Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, 46.

[2] Wheelock's Narrative, 1772–73, p. 50.

[3] "The aged Seneca, Captain Decker, told me that Logan's Indian name was Tah-gah-jute or Short Dress, and added that 'he was a very bad Indian.'"—*Lyman C. Draper, MS. note.*

[4] Compare Loudon's Nar. Indian Wars, vol. 2, p. 223, and McClure and Parish's Memoirs of Rev. Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, *Newburyport*, 1811, p. 139. Loudon describes him about 1765,—McClure in 1772.

"haunt me by day and by night. They seem to want to catch "me, and throw me into a deep pit, full of fire!" In this moody strain of abrupt, maudlin musing,—with the unnatural pallor still pervading his skin,—he leant for awhile on his rifle, and continued to brood over the haunting devils. At length he broke forth with an earnest appeal to the missionary as to "what he should do?" Dr. McClure gave him sensible and friendly advice suggested by the occasion; counselled him to reflect on his past life; considered him as weighed down by remorse for the errors or cruelties of past years, and exhorted him to that sincere penitence and prayer which would drive from him the "evil Manethoes" forever.[1]

The holy man departed on his pious mission, nor did he ever hear of the Indian again until after the bloody deeds which will be hereafter recounted. The "fire-water" of the "white man" had begun to do its deadly work upon all the elements of a noble character in the heart and mind of the untutored savage.

I must again shift the scenery of our stage and return once more to our Maryland settler and his band who had gone out early in the spring of 1774, although it is unquestionable that in the performance of his duties as a pioneer trader, he had previously visited that region for the joint purposes of locating land and carrying on commerce.

On an elevated and commanding bank on the east side of the Monongahela about seventy miles above Pittsburgh, there were at that period the remains of one of those Ancient Works, which, in consequence of the military skill displayed in the selection of their site, and arrangement of their walls or parapets, have been regarded as Indian forts. They are among the evidences of the supposed civilization of the races who inhabited the western valleys, anterior to the present tribes, and of whom even the legends are lost. On the north-west of the one at present under consideration, the river Monongahela rushed along the base of the hill; on the north-east and south were deep

[1] Wheelock's Memoirs, ut antea, p. 139, &c. I am indebted for this reference and anecdote to my friend Lyman C. Draper, who has kindly furnished it to me in MS.

ravines, while, on the east, a flat was spread out across which an approach could easily be detected. Several acres were enclosed within the works, and hard by were springs of excellent water.

This is the site of the town of Brownsville, the head of the present steam navigation of the Mississippi valley, nearest the eastern mountains,—and the spot, even at that early day to which the main trail over the Alleghanies had been directed. It became an attractive place to the whites as it had evidently been to the savages, as we may judge from the ingenious works with which they fortified it. This post, known in border history as "Red-Stone Old Fort," became the rallying point of the pioneers and was familiar to many an early settler as his place of embarkation for the "dark and bloody ground." In the legends of the west Michael Cresap, whom we left, to sketch the biography of Logan, is connected with this Indian strong-hold. In those narratives Cresap is spoken of as remarkable for his brave, hardy, and adventurous disposition, and awarded credit for often rescuing the whites by a timely notice of the savages' approach, a knowledge of which he obtained by unceasing vigilance over their movements. This fort was frequently Cresap's rendezvous as a trader, and thither he resorted with his people either to interchange views and adopt plans for future action, or for repose in quieter times when the red men were lulled into inaction and the tomahawk and the scalping knife were temporarily buried. These were periods of great conviviality. The days were spent in athletic exercises; and, in the evening, the sturdy foresters, bivouacked around a fire of huge logs, recounted their hair-breadth adventures, or if, perchance, a violin or jewsharp was possessed by the foresters it was sometimes introduced and the monotony of the camp broken by a boisterous "*stag-dance*."

The scrutinizing mind of Cresap, discovered at that early day, that this location would become exceedingly valuable as emigrants flowed in and the country was gradually opened. Accordingly he took measures to secure a Virginia title to several hundred acres, embracing the fortification, by what, at that time, was called a "*tomahawk improvement*." Not content, however, with "girdling" a few trees and "blazing" others, he determined to ensure his purpose; and, in order that his act and

intention might not be misconstrued, he built a house of *hewed logs* with a shingle roof *nailed* on, which is believed to have been the first edifice of this kind in that part of our great domain west of the mountains. We are not possessed of data to fix the precise year of this novel erection, but it is supposed to have occurred about the year 1770; and the title to the property was retained in the Cresap family for many years, but was finally disposed of to the brothers Thomas and Basil Brown who had emigrated from Maryland.[1]

We now approach the final scene of our dramatic sketch in the valley of the Ohio. Cresap, in his last expedition to the west, had departed from Maryland, as I have already related, early in 1774, in order to open farms on the river, and was acompanied by hired laborers. But an Indian war was soon to break out, which, in the history of the west, is sometimes known under the name of this Marylander, as "Cresap's war," and sometimes under that of the Earl of Dunmore, who was then Governor of Virginia. Yet, this savage conflict, in which the Earl commanded the Virginians, and Cornstalk, a Shawanese chief led the Indians, had probably a very different origin from that which we shall hereafter see was erroneously ascribed to it, and in which Michael Cresap was unjustly supposed to have acted so bloody a part.

During the ten years subsequent to the treaty made by Bouquet, the gradual advance of the whites to the west had been a constant source of alarm to the Indians. There was no acknowledged boundary between the races. Every year brought them nearer and nearer in mingling confusion. Collisions and violent disputes were the natural and necessary results. Crimination and recrimination followed. The white man introduced his "fire-water," and the Indian learned to love its wild delirium, nor did he regret the mad revels and even the murders in which he participated while under its terrible influence. The savage and the settler constantly encountered each other with

[1] MS. of James L. Bowman, published in the American Pioneer in 1843. And subsequently reprinted in Day's Penn. Hist. Coll. p. 342, et seq.

mutual distrust. The town and the farm were to rise and spread out over the "war path" and the "hunting ground." The slow, eager, resistless encroachments of civilization, brought the two uncongenial and incongruous races, face to face, in contact, and the slightest breath was sufficient to fan into conflagration the fire that smouldered in the hearts of each.

Besides this, there had been no scrupulous fulfilment of Bouquet's treaty on the part of the Indians; and I am informed by one of our ablest border historians and scholars, that during these ten years of nominal peace, but in truth, of *quasi* war, more lives were sacrificed along the western frontiers than during the whole outbreak of 1774, including the battle of Point Pleasant.[1]

In order that I may not be supposed to allege these Indian exasperations carelessly, I will state,—as I believe it to be unquestionable history,—that the Shawanese, failing to comply with the treaty of 1764, did not deliver their white captives, and barely acquiesced, sullenly, in some articles of the compact, by command of the six nations. The Red-Hawk, a Shawanese[2] chief, insulted Colonel Bouquet with impunity, and an Indian killed the Colonel's servant on the next day after peace was made. This wanton murder being passed unnoticed at the time, gave rise immediately to several daring outrages.

In the following year individuals were slain by the savages on New River, and soon after; some men employed in the service of Wharton's company were waylaid and killed on their journey to Illinois, while their goods were plundered and borne off by the robber band. Sometime after this outrage, a number of men employed in slaughtering cattle for Fort Chartres, were destroyed, and their rifles, blankets and accoutrements carried to the Indian villages. All these brutal wrongs were unredressed, and although the Shawanese are not supposed to have been the only perpetrators of the bloody cruelties, yet, unresisting submission to such enormities seems to have been a mistaken policy

[1] MS. letter from Lyman C. Draper.

[2] Les Indiens disent Shawanahaac; je l'ai fait répéter plusieurs fois à quelques uns d'entreux. Nos ancêtres par défaut d'attentíon, out écrit Shawanee, et leurs descendans out suivi cet example. ***Récherches sur les Etats Unis***, 1788, ***vol.*** 4, ***p.*** 153, ***note.***

in an age in which the law of revenge or of prompt, compulsory, obedient, dread was the only imperative code comprehended by the savages. Before our military power had become strong, and especially in its very dawn in the west, the tribes supposed all to be feeble and forcibly submissive who did not resist, and non-resistance, of course, produced mischief. They measured us by their only standard of savage morality—revenge,—a law bloody indeed, but which the honest historian is forced to regard in considering the early years of nations, especially when the Indian and the unprotected white man come in contact, and when perhaps the moral grade and the surrounding circumstances of both races are properly considered.

He who writes history, in order to judge justly, must endeavor to make himself a man of the times he describes. He is unfair, if he decides on the events of the eighteenth century by the standards of the nineteenth. It would no doubt be considered infamous in Massachusetts, at the present day, if an Indian were killed, yet it will scarcely be credited that, in the early part of the last century, the General Court of that Province offered a bounty of £100 for every Indian's scalp. The cruel murders almost daily committed by the barbarians upon the defenceless frontier inhabitants, originated and were held to justify this enactment; and in one of the bloody onslaughts of the Massachusetts men against the savages, forty white warriors returned to Boston with ten scalps extended on hoops in Indian style, and demanded the reward of £1000, which was promptly paid.

Nor were these expeditions against the Red Men unsanctified by prayer. Chaplains accompanied the doughty fighters. Early on the day of conflict these pastors of the church militant lifted up their voices, and declaring that they had "come out to meet the enemy, besought God that they might find him. They trusted Providence with their lives, and would rather die for their country, than return if they could, without seeing the foe, and be called cowards for their pains!"

It might be supposed that these valiant clergymen contented themselves with beseeching the "God of battles," and refrained from mingling in the fray. But this was not the case, for in

the quaint old ballad of the Fight at Pequawket it is metrically narrated that

> "Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die;
> "They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye
> "*Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,*
> "*And some of them he scalpèd when bullets round him flew!*"[1]

As his Britannic Majesty's troops on the Ohio, at the epoch of which I have been speaking, had perhaps neither the power nor spirit to punish or reclaim the Indians, and enforce the peace and the treaty,—mischief became familiar to the tribes when they found that they escaped with impunity.[2] And, thus, in truth, the Indian hatchet was never buried. The summer after Bouquet's treaty the savages killed a white man upon the Virginia frontiers; the next year, eight Virginians were butchered on the Cumberland, and their peltries brought to the Indian towns where they were sold to Pennsylvania traders. Sometime after, Martin, a Virginia trader with two companions, was killed by the Shawanese on the Hockhocking,—only, as it was alleged by Lord Dunmore, because they were Virginians, at the same time that the savages allowed a certain Ellis to pass, simply because he was a Pennsylvanian. In 1771, twenty Virginians and their party of friendly Indians were robbed by them of thirty-eight horses, as well as of weapons, clothes and trappings, which they delivered to Callender and Spears and certain other Pennsylvania traders in their towns. In the same year, within the jurisdiction of Virginia, the Indians killed two lonely settlers; and, in the following, Adam Stroud, another Virginian, with his wife and seven children, fell beneath their tomahawks and scalping knives on the waters of the Elk. In 1773, the savages were still engaged in their work of destruction. Richards fell on the Kenhawa; and a few months after, Russel, another Virginian, with five whites and two negroes, perished near the Cumberland Gap, while their horses and property were borne off by the Indians to the towns where they fell a prey to the

[1] Drake's Book of the Indians, Book III, p. 128, 130, 133.

[2] Maryland Gazette, Dec. 1, 1774. Am. Archives, IV series, vol 1, p. 1015, extract of a letter from Red Stone Fort dated October, 1774.

Pennsylvania traders. These and many other butcheries and robberies of a similar character, were committed in the savage raids and forays, anterior the year 1774, and long before a single drop of Shawanese blood was wantonly shed in retaliation by the irritated people.[1] A Dutch family was massacred on the Kenhawa in June of 1773, and the family of Mr. Hog, and three white men, on the Great Kenhawa, early in April, 1774.[2] On the 25th of April, 1774, the Earl of Dunmore, at Williamsburg his seat of Government in Virginia, issued his proclamation, which, as dates are of great importance in this narrative, we should regard as unveiling other causes of border difficulty, besides the Indian hostilities, which were then occurring.

It will be remembered, as I have already stated, that the territorial claim of Virginia covered at that time a large part of western Pennsylvania, and that a bitter controversy had arisen between the two provinces and their respective authorities, especially as to the domain commanding the navigable head waters on the line of frontier posts. There was great jealousy on both sides. The Virginia pioneer,—planter, hunter and agriculturist,—had met in conflict with the Pennsylvania trader. The Indians, as we have seen in the statement I gave of some of the murders during the ten years after Bouquet's peace, molested the Virginian forester, and appear to have spared the Pennsylvania trader. The allegations of Lord Dunmore in one of his speeches to the Indians, already referred to, exhibit the soreness of provincial feeling on this subject.[3] In his proclamation of the 25th of April, 1774,—before there could possibly have been a communication of any retaliatory murders on the Ohio, committed by the whites upon the Indians,—the

[1] Earl of Dunmore's Speech to the Delawares and Six Nation Chiefs, Am. Archives, IV Series, vol. 1, p. 873.

[2] Am. Archives, IV Series, vol. 1, p. 1015, and see also Lord Dunmore's answer, dated at Williamsburg, 29 May, 1774, to the speech of the Indians dated at Pittsburgh, May 7, 1774,—Am. Arch. ut supra, p. 482; but compare the alleged Indian statements contained in a letter dated 29 May, 1774, from Arthur St. Clair to Governor Penn, in the same vol. p. 286.—See also Withers's Chronicle of Border War.

[3] Am. Arch. ut supra, 482.

British Earl, then at Williamsburg, declares, that inasmuch as there is trouble within his jurisdiction at Pittsburgh, and the authorities in that place and its dependencies will endeavor to obstruct His Majesty's government thereof by illegal means; and, inasmuch as that "*settlement is in danger of annoyance from Indians, also*," he has thought proper, with the advice and consent of his Majesty's counsel, to require and authorize the militia officers of that district to embody a sufficient number of men to repel *any assault whatever*.[1] The events that caused the issuing of this proclamation, must necessarily have occurred both among the white and the red men, a considerable time before, so as to have allowed the messenger to cross the mountains prior to the 25th of April.

But even anterior to this, on the 24th March, 1774, there was a letter published in the Williamsburg Gazette, addressed to the Earl, and signed Virginius, warning him of an Indian war, and beseeching him to convoke the House of Burgesses in order to raise men and means for the defence of the frontier.[2] The first volume of the fourth series of the American Archives, published by Congress, is full of narratives and official correspondence or minutes, disclosing the acrimonious provincial animosities as to western jurisdiction between Pennsylvania and Virginia at this time, and one writer declares that "more is to be dreaded from the rancorous feeling between the settlers from the two states than from the barbarians." The same volume contains copious documents revealing the violent scenes that occurred in 1774, upon the arrival at Pittsburgh of John Connolly, who was regularly commissioned by Lord Dunmore, though a native of Lancaster county, in Pennsylvania, to represent his authority as a magistrate for West Augusta.[3]

It is not a little singular, even if nothing more than a coincidence, that Lord Dunmore should have chosen the epoch of a

[1] American Archives, 4th series, vol. 1, p. 283. Ld. Dunmore's proclamation.

[2] Id. id. id. id. p. 272 in the notes.

[3] See as to the causes of this war, in confirmation, Withers's Chronicles of Border Warfare, chapter vi.—He is decidedly of opinion that it was not caused by the murders at Captina Creek and opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek, which will be subsequently narrated.

menaced Indian war, and of a growing dispute with the mother country beyond the seas, to assert formidably the rights of Virginia, not only by issuing his proclamation, but by despatching to the scene of action a man like John Connolly, who was well known not only for his bold, restless and artful temper, but for his sagacity, his knowledge of the world and of Indian affairs, and his exceedingly lax morality.[1]

I have not time at present, nor is this properly the occasion, to discuss a border controversy between the two great provinces, which has never yet been fully chronicled, and, at best, could only be an episode in our history. Yet I have thought it right to show that it occurred, singularly enough, just at the epoch of

[1] Burk's Hist. Virginia, 3d vol. p. 374, and vol. 4, p. 74.—At the latter reference the reader will find a further development of Connolly's subsequent conduct and hostility to American interests, as disclosed in the plot formed by Lord Dunmore to bring the Indian tribes of the West into the Revolutionary conflict. Connolly, on his way to Detroit, was arrested near Fredericktown in Maryland, by the committee of safety; was examined and committed to close custody on the 23d Nov., 1775. He had been commissioned by the Earl, as a Lieut. Colonel Commandant. 4th Burk, Appendix 4.—The joint plans of these loyal Britons show the great probability that there was, in truth, a scheme in embryo to crush the American Revolution at its birth, by a union between the Indians, negroes and loyalists, and by the excitement of an Indian war on the frontier, which would compel the settlers to think of self-protection against savages, instead of demanding from England the security of rights and liberty, at the point of the sword or muzzle of the rifle. By a letter from Lord Dartmouth to Lord Dunmore, dated at Whitehall on the 2d August, 1775, it appears that, *in the previous May*, Dunmore had communicated to the home government his vile plan of raising the Indians and negroes to join the miscalled loyalists in an onslaught against the Americans.

See also Sabine's Loyalists:—Article:—John Connolly.

The original papers relative to the arrest of Connolly and his incendiary companions in Maryland in 1775 are recorded in the MS. "JOURNAL OF THE COMMITTEE OF OBSERVATION OF THE MIDDLE DISTRICT OF FREDERICK COUNTY," under date of the 21 Nov., 1775, in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society. This record gives, 1st: the letter from John Connolly to John Gibson dated at Portsmouth, Aug. 9, 1775; 2d: A letter from Lord Dunmore to the Indian Capt. White Eyes. It contains a *loving* message to "*his brother*" The Cornstalk—(the same who had fought at Pt. Pleasant); 3d: Proposals to General Gage for raising an army to the Westward for the purpose of effectually obstructing a communication between the Southern and Northern governments." One of the chief proposals was to raise the Indians.

See Letters from Arthur St. Clair to Gov. Penn, Ligonier, 29 May, 1774, IVth Series Am. Arch. vol. i. p. 287.

the wars of 1774, and of the Revolution, and was probably considered as a means of exciting the enmity and disaffection betwixt Virginians and Pennsylvanians,—of loosening the links between two vast territorial empires,—and of weakening thus the sympathetic bond which should have bound all Americans at that interesting moment. The fatal quarrel with Great Britain was already begun, and all the chief provinces, from Massachusetts southward, were rallying in the general national cause with a firmness of resolve that betokened danger to the dominion of the parent state unless our liberties were left untouched.

But there is a third motive for this war which we admit is not altogether proved against the British Earl, although there are facts that strongly fortify the belief entertained on the subject by early American writers and soldiers who served in the campaign. Among all the authors and journalists of the war there is evidently a strong impression, amounting almost to positive conviction, that Connolly, as the tool of Dunmore, secretly fomented the war, with ulterior views, as a counter irritation against the menaced resistance to England. Those who lived nearest the scene of action, and especially the Virginians who had the best means of judging Dunmore's motives, believed from circumstances that transpired during the conflict, that the Indians were urged to war by the instigation of emissaries from Great Britain and by the Canadian traders. It was generally credited that Dunmore had received from England advices concerning the approaching contest, and that all his measures with the Indians had for their ultimate object an alliance *of foreign troops and loyalists* with the ferocious warriors against the Americans. Nothing, indeed, was more natural than for British politicians at home to suppose that the excitement of an Indian war, and the contemporary dissension between the people of two large provinces in America, would be the means of preventing a colonial coalition in opposition to parliamentary taxation.[1]

[1] Burk's Hist. Virg. vol. 3, p. 380; Withers's Chronicles, p. 107; Dr. Doddridge's account of Dunmore's war, in Kercheval, (edition of 1833) p. 157; Rev. Mr. Jacobs' Life of Cresap, pp. 47, 52, 53, 67; Col. Stuart's Memoir of the

But, fortunately for our liberties, the alarm of an Indian war neither palsied nor benumbed the masses. And although Pennsylvania did not contribute largely to its suppression, it was not until the military ardor and indignation of the people throughout Virginia blazed up in the colony and reacted on Dunmore, that he affected, at least, to feel a hectic glow of virtuous indignation and placed himself at the head of the troops that gathered from every glen and mountain to repel the savage.[1]

It will be perceived, therefore, that there were three probable causes or motives for the war which broke out in 1774, the leading events of which I shall narrate very briefly.

I. The hostility of the Indians had been constantly manifested in the most murderous and predatory manner ever since Bouquet's peace in 1764; and, at the same time, the gradual enlargement of the white settlements had brought, in perilous neighborhood, two races who were naturally hostile, while neither the savages of the one, nor the hardy woodsmen of the other, were prepared, by continued forbearance, to avoid conflict or to unite in a common tenure of the soil.

II. The Pennsylvania disputes with Virginia as to territorial limits and jurisdiction were unwisely fomented by the forcible acts of Dunmore and Connolly, and thus the comity and good

Indian Wars, printed by the Virginia Historical Society, pp. 41, 43, 49, 56; Howison's History Virginia, vol. 2, p. 72; Hildreth's History U. States, vol. 3, p. 49; Monette's History Valley of the Mississippi, vol. 1, p. 385; Virginia Historical Register, vol. 1, p. 32, in Col. Andrew Lewis' letter; Annals of the West; Ohio Historical Collections, by Howe, p. 408; Almon's Remembrancer, vol. 2, pp. 218, 330; Smyth's Travels in America, Dublin, 1784. As to Dunmore's supposed treachery see Am. Arch. vol. 3, pp. 1191, 1192, 4th series, for some strong suspicions on this point from facts that became known after the treaty of Camp Charlotte and the close of the campaign.

[1] Burk 3, p. 381.—The *Pennsylvania authorities* took precautions soon after the outbreak of troubles to signify to the Indians, by messengers, that the alleged outrages were *not committed by Pennsylvanians*, and that the government of *Pennsylvania disavowed and condemned them, and therefore were not proper objects of revenge*. This timely notice is probably the reason why the Indian war was not carried on against the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, but was chiefly directed against those of Virginia, where all kinds of savage barbarities were inflicted. See Gordon's History of Pennsylvania, p. 475; Monette's Valley of the Mississippi, vol. 1, p. 371. See also Drake's Book of the Indians, Book v, p. 45, for some sound reasoning on Dunmore's conduct.

will between two of the most important colonies were fearfully endangered.

III. It was probably Lord Dunmore's desire to incite a war which would arouse and band the savages of the west, so that, in the anticipated struggle with the United Colonies, the British *home interest* might ultimately avail itself of these children of the forest as ferocious and formidable allies in the onslaught on the Americans. But, at all events, nothing, so well as an Indian border-war, would excite a counteraction in the land at this moment of peril, and absorb the colonists in the exclusive duty of self-protection against a foe that was more to be feared than parliamentary taxation.

From this brief view of the political field of the colonies in 1774, let us return to the scene of impending hostilities.

We left Michael Cresap,—the western frontier trader,—a man of broken fortunes, emigrating from his Maryland homestead, among the mountains of Cumberland, to the broad lands and pleasant valleys of the Ohio. His purpose unquestionably was not warlike; for, in the disastrous condition of his affairs and with a large family to maintain, peace was absolutely necessary for success in his new field of enterprize. Accordingly, early in 1774, we find him on the Ohio river, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh and Wheeling, with laborers brought under contract of hire from Maryland, engaged in opening and locating farms. He was there, neither as a "speculator" nor a "land jobber," as many of the emigrants of those days were unjustly stigmatized. His purpose was peaceful settlement, and he is no more to be blamed for his manly progress into the wilderness in quest of land, than were Washington and many other distinguished Americans of those days who possessed themselves of property in the prolific valleys of the west.[1]

[1] Historians have been in the habit of stigmatizing all concerned in the outbreak of this war as "speculators and land jobbers" who were anxious to drive off the Indians.—I shall insert below an advertisement from the Maryland Gazette of May 26th, 1774, which shows the opinion, at least of Washington, at that time, and is surely calculated to prove the honesty of purpose

Cresap was engaged in these honest and laudable pursuits when he suddenly received a summons which terminated forever his communication with the west.

After this region had been explored in 1773, a resolution was formed by a band of hardy pioneers,—among whom was GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, who, afterwards, as a general officer, became so celebrated in the annals of Kentucky—to make a settlement during the following spring; and the mouth of the Little Kenhawa was appointed as the place of general rendezvous, whence the united party should descend the river. Early in 1774 the Indians had done some of their habitual mischief. Reports of further and perhaps meditated dangers were rife along the river, as coming from the Indian towns. Many of the promised settlers, alarmed by the news, remained at their homes, so that, at the appointed time, not more than eighty or ninety men assembled at the rendezvous.

In a few days the anticipated troubles with the savages commenced. A small party of hunters, encamped about ten miles below Clark's emigrants, were fired upon by the Indians; but the red men were repulsed and the hunters returned to camp. This hostile demonstration, coupled with the rumors already spoken of, satisfied the Americans that the savages were bent on war. Accordingly, the whole band was regularly enrolled for protection; yet it was resolved to adhere to the original project

with which far-seeing men took advantage of their opportunities to obtain titles and open farms in the region beyond the Alleghanies:—

"FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA., MAY 10, 1774.

"In the month of March last the subscriber sent out a number of carpenters and laborers, to build houses and clear and enclose lands on the Ohio, intending to divide the several tracts which he there holds, into convenient sized tenements and to give leases therefor for lives, or a term of years, renewable forever, under certain conditions which may be known either of him, or Mr. Valentine Crawford, who is now on the land.

"The situation and quality of these lands having been thoroughly described in a former advertisement, it is unnecessary to enlarge on them here; suffice it generally to observe, that there are no better in that country, and that the whole of them lay upon the banks either of the Ohio or Great Kanhawa, and are capable of receiving the highest improvement.

4w. "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

of settling in Kentucky, inasmuch as the camp was amply furnished with every thing needful for such an enterprize.

An Indian town, called the "Horse-head Bottom," on the Scioto, near its mouth, lay in the pioneers' way, and they forthwith resolved to cross the country and surprise it. But when the question arose as to who should command so perilous an adventure, it was found that, in the whole band, no one possessed sufficient experience in Indian warfare to be entrusted confidently with the fortunes of his companions. It was known, however, that MICHAEL CRESAP dwelt on the river about fifteen miles above the camp, engaged with certain laborers in settling a plantation, and that he had resolved to follow this band of pioneers to Kentucky as soon as he had established his people. His experience of frontier life was conceded. The eager settlers, with one voice, resolved to demand his services in the hour of danger, and messengers were forthwith despatched to seek him. In half an hour they returned with Michael, who, hearing of the unwise resolution to attack the Indian town, had set out to visit the pioneer camp. The emigrants at once thought their army,—as they called it,—complete, and the destruction of the savages certain. But a council was called, and to the surprise of all, the intended commander-in-chief, promptly dissuaded his companions from the meditated enterprize. He said that, in truth, appearances were very suspicious, yet that there was no certainty of war;—that if the pioneers attacked the savages he had no doubt of success, but that a war would be the unquestionable result, the blame of which would fall upon the assailants. If they determined to proceed, however, he promised to send to his camp for his people, and to share the fortunes of the adventurers.

This mild but resolute counsel struck the whole band forcibly, and it was immediately resolved, according to Cresap's advice, to return to Wheeling as a convenient post where further tidings might readily be obtained. A few weeks, he thought, would determine the impending issue; and, as it was still early in the spring, if the Indians were found to be indisposed for war, the immigrants would have ample time to descend the river to their proposed settlement in Kentucky.

In two hours the Pioneers had struck their tents and were on their way to Wheeling. As they ascended the river they met Killbuck, an Indian Chief, accompanied by a small party, and had a long but unsatisfactory interview with him as to the disposition of the tribes. It was observed that Cresap did not attend this conference, but remained on the opposite side of the river, declaring that he was afraid to trust himself with the Indians, especially as Killbuck had frequently attempted to waylay and murder his father in Maryland, and that if they met, his fortitude might forsake him and he might put the savage to death.[1] These anecdotes denote the caution and self-restraint, the prudence and vigilance with which Michael Cresap behaved and counseled during the whole of these opening scenes, and exhibit him in the true light of an immigrant who was anxious to maintain inviolate the peace of a region in which his fortunes had been cast.

On the party's arrival at Wheeling, around which there were many white settlements, all the inhabitants appeared to be alarmed. They flocked to the camp from every direction, and refused to leave the protecting wings of the Pioneers. Offers were made to cover their neighborhood with scouts, until further reliable information was received; but no counsel or promise of protection would avail. Every day brought fresh accessions of strength to the party. Farmers, hunters, woodsmen, flocked to the band of Kentucky Pioneers, until its numbers became formidable.

The arrival of these men at Wheeling was soon known at Pittsburgh, and the whole of that region, as I have stated, was, under the asserted jurisdiction of Virginia, controlled by Connolly, under Dunmore's commission for West Augusta. When Connolly heard of the Pioneers' approach to Wheeling he sent a message to the party, informing it that war was to be apprehended, and requesting that it would remain in position a short time inasmuch as messages had been sent to the Indians and a

[1] Killbuck—see Jacob's Life of Cresap, p. 31, for a ludicrous accident that happened to this Indian whilst engaged in the assault on Cresap and his friends at the Old Town affair heretofore narrated.—It was perhaps the first time that a savage was so singularly *wounded* by a woman!

few days would solve the doubt. Before a complying answer could reach Pittsburgh, however, a second express arrived from Connolly, *addressed to Captain Cresap*, as the most influential man in the band, apprizing him that the messengers had returned from the Indians,—that *war was inevitable*,—that the savages would strike as soon as the season permitted,—and begging him to use his influence with the party to cover the country with scouts until the inhabitants could fortify themselves.[1] This message reached Cresap about the 21st of April,[2] and its reception was the signal of open hostilities against the Indians. Such was the natural result on so exposed a frontier, *where the white man or the savage who obtained the first shot was the victor*, and where Indian assassination or "private war"—to give it the most civilized name,—was the only rule recognized by the red men when they were aroused against encroaching Americans.

A new post was immediately planted, a council called, and the letter read by Cresap not only to his armed party but to all the neighboring Indian traders who were summoned on so important an occasion. The result was a solemn and formal declaration of war on the 26th of April, and that very night two scalps were brought into the camp.[3]

Some days prior to this Mr. William Butler, who seems not to have heeded the earlier warnings, had sent off a canoe loaded with goods for the Shawanese towns, and on the 16th of April, it was attacked, forty miles below Pittsburg, by three Cherokees,

[1]Jacob's Life of Cresap, 54; 4th Series Am. Archives, vol. 1, 468; Gen. Rogers Clarke's letter in the Appendix No. 1 to this discourse. Dr. Wheelar's testimony in Jacob, p. 110.

[2]The letter in the American Archives referred to above at p. 468, indicates the date of this letter or message from Connolly to have been on the 21*st of April*, 1774. Devereux Smith writes to Dr. Smith from Pittsburgh under date of 10th June, 1774, as follows: "* * * * On the 21st of April Connolly wrote a letter to the inhabitants of Wheeling, telling them that he had been informed by good authority that the Shawanese were ill-disposed towards white men, and that he therefore required and commanded them to hold themselves in readiness to repel any insults that might be offered them." See also same vol. of Am. Arch. p. 287, where Connolly's "*circular* letter to the inhabitants on the Ohio" is spoken of. Jacob says he *once possessed it*: pp. 53, 54, 110, 113.

[3]McKee's MS. Journal, London Documents, Albany, N. Y. Am. Arch., IVth Series, 1st vol., p. 345.

who waylaid it on the river. They killed one white man, wounded another, while a third made his escape, and the savages plundered the canoe of the most valuable part of the cargo.

The day after the declaration of war by Cresap and his men, under the warning authority of Connolly's message, some canoes of Indians were descried on the river keeping under the cover of an island to screen themselves from the party's sight. The skiffs were immediately chased for fifteen miles down the river, and driven on shore. A battle ensued, in which an Indian was tâken prisoner, a few were wounded on both sides, and perhaps one slain. On examining the canoes they were found to contain a considerable quantity of ammunition and other warlike stores.[1]

In the deliberations of the camp on the night after the party's return, it was determined that a band should march on the following morning about thirty miles up the river in order to attack the settlement of Logan; but the band had not advanced more than five miles, when, halting for refreshment, Cresap asserted the gross impropriety of executing so dastardly an enterprize against a party composed of men, women and children, and who were known to cherish no hostile intentions but to be solely engaged in hunting. These facts were familiar to the pioneers, many of whom had visited the Indian camp during the preceding March, as they descended the Ohio to their original rendezvous.

Cresap's counsel immediately prevailed, and every man seemed disgusted with the project which, a short time before, he had so heedlessly and shamefully cherished. The party returned to camp in the evening, and speedly took the road to Red-Stone Old Fort.[2]

Thus, Cresap and his men were gone; but unfortunately, his prudent and friendly advice as to the luckless settlement of Logan was not heeded by others on the river. In May, 1774,

[1] See Alex. McKee's MS. Journal, London Documents, Albany, and Article in American Journal of Science for October, 1846, p. 10; and compare with the letter in Appendix No. 1, to this discourse.

[2] See General Clark's letter; Appendix No. 1.

and probably on the first day of that month, it was cruelly destroyed by others.[1]

The Indian camp was about thirty miles above Wheeling, close to the mouth of Yellow creek, while on the opposite side of the Ohio, near the river bank, was the cabin of a certain Baker, who sold rum to the Indians, and of course received frequent visits from the savages. This man had been particularly desired by Cresap to remove his liquors, and seems to have prepared to take them away at the time of the murder.

Towards the close of April, 1774, a certain Michael Myers,—a venerable man, who still lived on the Ohio a few miles above Steubenville, in February, 1850,—resided on Pigeon creek, which, according to the maps lies about forty miles from Yellow creek. A day or two before the following events, two land-hunters came to Myers's settlement and induced him to accompany them across the stream and down the banks of this Yellow creek in order to examine the country. Proceeding along the western shore of the creek for some miles, the travellers bivouacked for the night, and "hobbled" the only horse they had with them so as to prevent his straying from the camp. The animal, nevertheless, rambled off about three hundred yards out of sight, over a rising ground; and, soon after, hearing the beast's bell rattle violently, the woodsmen seized their guns and started to discover the cause. On reaching the top of the ridge Myers beheld, near forty yards below, an Indian in the act of loosening the horse which seemed restive and anxious to break from the savage, whose gun lay on the ground beside him. Myers, crouching behind the hillock, instantly levelled his rifle and shot the Indian without consulting his companions. It was now a little after sunset, and soon, another Indian, attracted by the

[1] See Gen. Clark's letter, Appendix No. 1.—Benjamin Tomlinson, in his testimony in Jacob's life of Cresap, p. 107, fixes the time on the "third or fourth of May; but John Sappington's statement in the 4th Appendix to Jefferson's Notes on Va., p. 52, dates it on the 24th" of May. From an examination of McKee's MS. Journal, London Documents, Albany; Clark's letter; the Penna. Packet of 23d May, 1774, and Mr. L. C. Draper's MSS., I am satisfied the massacre occurred on the 1st day of May, and that Sappington's date of the 24th May, *given from memory, after a lapse of twenty-six years*, is inaccurate.

crack of the weapon, approached rapidly armed with his rifle, but halted abruptly in astonishment as soon as he beheld his prostrate fellow. In the meanwhile Myers had reloaded his rifle, and before the savage could recover from his surprise, he too, fell before the forester's fatal aim. In the distance the camp of the clan, spread with deer and bear-skins, was visible, and as prompt succor was at hand, the Americans did not pause to see whether the Indian's wounds were deadly, but flying from the spot, recrossed the river for safety, and hastened to the neighborhood of Baker's cabin.[1]

The evening or night, before the tragedy which I am now about to narrate was committed at this cabin, a squaw came over to Baker's and aroused the attention of the inmates by her tears and manifest distress. For a long time she refused to disclose the cause of her sorrow, but at last, when left alone with Baker's wife, confessed that the Indians had resolved to kill the white woman and her family the next day, but, as she loved her and did not wish to see her slain, she had crossed the river to divulge the plot so as to enable her friend to escape. The savages had most probably been roused to revenge by the unfortunate rencounter of Myers with their slain or wounded clansmen!

In consequence of this astounding information, and in dread of the meditated assassination, Baker summoned twenty-one of his neighbors, who all reached his house before morning, when it was resolved that the strangers should conceal themselves in a back apartment, whence the assailing Indians might be watched. It was also determined that if they demeaned themselves peaceably, they should not be molested; but if

[1] MS. narrative sent to me by Mr. L. C. Draper who visited Myers in 1850, and received the account from his lips. Mr. D. thinks that the narrator *may* have confounded in his memory the events of another period; but as Myers *positively asserts that this affair led the hostile parties of Indians to go over next day to Baker's; as it gives the plausible pretext for the story of the squaw who visited Mrs. Baker; and as it is the same account that Myers has constantly told his neighbors,* I am inclined to rely in its accuracy. Mr. Myers has always sustained a good character; in early times was a Captain, and served as a Justice of the Peace for many years.—Myers admits that he took part in firing on the Indians who crossed in canoes on the day of the massacre.

hostility was manifested, they should show themselves and act accordingly.[1]

Early in the morning a party of seven Indians, composed of three squaws, with an infant, and four unarmed men, one of whom was Logan's brother, crossed the river to Baker's cabin, where all but Logan's brother obtained liquor and became excessively drunk. No whites, except Baker and two of his companions, appeared in the cabin. After some time, Logan's relative took down a coat and hat belonging to Baker's brother-in-law, and putting them on, set his arms akimbo, strutted about the apartment, and at length coming up abruptly to one of the men, addressed him with the most offensive epithets and attempted to strike him.[2] The white man,—Sappington,[3]—who was thus assailed by language and gesture, for some time kept out of his way; but, becoming irritated, seized his gun and shot the Indian as he was rushing to the door still clad in the coat and hat. The men, who during the whole of this scene had remained hidden, now poured forth, and, without parley, mércilessly slaughtered the whole Indian party except the infant! Before this tragic event occurred, however, two canoes, one with two and the other with five Indians, *all naked, painted, and completely armed for war,* were descried stealing from the opposite shore where Logan's camp was situated. This was considered as confirmation of what the squaw had said the night before, and was afterwards alleged in justification of the murder of the unarmed party which had first arrived.

No sooner were the unresisting drunkards dead, than the infuriate whites rushed to the river bank and ranging themselves along the concealing fringe of underwood, prepared to receive the canoes. The first that arrived was the one containing two warriors, who were fired upon and killed. The other canoe

[1] Some writers declare that Greathouse visited the Indian camp the night before the massacre and "decoyed" the savages over to drink on the next day. McKee's MS. JOURNAL, *ut antea.* Moravian Journal, Am. Arch. 1, 285.

[2] See Withers's Border Warfare, p. 113, for Col. Swearingen's testimony as to the provoking conduct of Logan's brother at Yellow creek, and as to the origin of this affair.

[3] See McKee's certificate, in Jefferson, at the end of Sappington's narrative.

immediately turned and fled; but, after this, two others containing eighteen warriors, *painted and prepared for conflict as the first had been,* started to assail the Americans. Advancing more cautiously than the former party, they endeavored to land below Baker's cabin, but being met by the rapid movements of the rangers before they could effect their purpose, they were put to flight with the loss of one man, although they returned the fire of the pioneers.

In this desperate and bloody massacre, which was hastily perpetrated it seems in *anticipation* of an Indian attack,—an anticipation which was probably confirmed by the opportune appearance of the armed and painted warriors,—there were several men by the name of Greathouse deeply and fearfully concerned. There are persons who charge the whole of the horrid but debateable scene upon these individuals, yet its details are too disgusting to be dwelt on more than is needed in characterizing a single event of those cruel times.[1] Mr. John Sappington, whose statement in the IVth Appendix to Jefferson's Notes on Virginia is the clearest, most circumstantial and consistent I have met, declares that he does not *believe* "Logan had any relations killed, except a brother; that none of the squaws who

[1]See and compare: John Sappington's statement in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, Appendix No. IV. p. 51; James Chambers's deposition, id.—id., p. 39; Robinson's at p. 42; Gen. Clark's letter, Appendix No. 1 to this discourse. Sappington states that he was "intimately acquainted with all the circumstances respecting the destruction of Logan's family," though he does not admit, in his carefully drawn statement, that he was *present* at the scene of murder. Tomlinson in his testimony given in Jacob's Life of Cresap, p. 107, alleges that he believes "Logan's brother was killed by a man named Sappington." McKee in his certificate appended to Sappington's testimony in Jefferson's Notes, says that Sappington admitted he was the man who killed Logan's brother. See also the statement written by Mr. Jolly, published in the American Journal of Science and Art, vol. xxxi, p. 10, and republished in Howe's Ohio Hist. Coll., 266. See Drake's Book of the Indians.

It is important to recollect that all these statements and depositions positively prove that Captain Michael Cresap was neither present at nor countenanced the alleged murder of Logan's kin at the Yellow creek massacre. The fact that *Sappington's* statement was published *by Mr. Jefferson himself,* indicates the confidence he placed in it, especially as he inserts it as a sort of supplement to the other testimony on the subject which had been printed *before* its reception. Logan's mother, brother, and sister, (Gibson's Indian wife or squaw, in all likelihood,)—were, probably, all of the relatives of Logan killed there.

were slain was his wife; that two of them were old women, while the third, whose infant was spared, was the wife of General Gibson," who, at that period was an Indian trader, and subsequently took care of the child as if it had been his own.

The war soon raged with savage fury. This act seems to have roused the Indians to immediate hostility. A letter from Arthur St. Clair to Governor Penn, dated at Ligonier, on the 22d of June, states that Logan is returned with one prisoner and thirteen scalps.[1] The blood of his kindred cried for vengeance and he had already trod the "war-path."

On the 12th of July, as William Robinson, Thomas Hellen and Coleman Brown, were gathering flax in a field, on the west fork of the Monongahela, they were surprised by a party of eight Indians, led by Logan. The savages stole upon them and fired before they were perceived. Brown fell, pierced by several balls, but Hellen and Robinson sought safety in flight. The former of these was too old to avoid capture; yet Robinson, with the agility of youth, and urged by his love of life and liberty, would have escaped but for an untoward accident. Believing that he was outstripping his pursuers in the race, he hastily turned to ascertain the fact, but while glancing over his shoulder, he ran with such violence against a tree as to be thrown stunned and powerless on the ground. The savages at once secured him with cords, and when revived, he was taken back to the spot where the lifeless and bleeding body of Brown was laid and where Hellen was already secured. Taking with them a horse belonging to the latter, the Indians immediately departed for their towns with the prisoners.

As they approached the Indian camp Logan gave the scalp halloo, and, immediately, several warriors came forth to meet them. The unfortunate captives were now compelled to run the gauntlet for their lives. Logan had manifested a kindly feeling to Robinson from the moment of his seizure, and previously instructed him as to the way by which he might reach the Council House of the clan without danger. But

[1] 4th Series Am. Archives, vol. 1, p. 475.

the decrepit Hellen, ignorant of the place of refuge, was sadly beaten before he arrived; and when, at length, he had come almost within the asylum, he was prostrated with a war club before he could enter. "After he had fallen, the savages continued to beat him with such unmerciful severity that he would assuredly have died under their barbarous usage, had not Robinson, at some peril to his own safety for the interference, stretched forth his hand and dragged him within the sanctuary. When he recovered from the violent beating he was relieved from the apprehension of further suffering by adoption into an Indian family."

A council was next convoked to decide the fate of Robinson. Logan assured him that he should not be sacrificed; but the council appeared resolved on his death, and accordingly he was tied to the stake. His captor, at once, appealed to the warriors with great vehemence; insisted that Robinson should be spared; and poured forth a torrent of vehement eloquence, which, nevertheless, did not avail to avert his stern and dreadful doom. At length, enraged at the pertinacity with which the life of Robinson, his own captive, was refused him, and heedless of consequences, Logan drew the tomahawk from his belt, and cleaving the cords which bound the victim to the stake, hurried him to the wigwam of an ancient squaw by whom he was at once adopted as a member of her family. He was to fill the place of a warrior who had been slain in the Yellow creek massacre.[1]

About three days after this occurrence, Logan suddenly brought to Robinson a piece of paper, and making a black fluid with water and gunpowder, commanded him to write a note which we shall see was soon used in one of the brutal raids of the detached parties that scoured the country and laid waste to every scattered or isolated settlement within a day's march of the Ohio. Men, women, children—and even cattle—were all indiscriminately scalped and butchered. The females were stripped and shamefully outraged. The men were slain, and knives, tomahawks or axes left in the breasts they had cleft asunder.

[1] Withers's Border Warfare, 118, et seq.; Robinson's narrative in Jefferson's IVth Appendix, p. 41; Howe's Ohio Hist. Coll., p. 267.

The brains of infants were beaten out, and the carcases left a prey to the beasts of the forest.[1]

When Judge Innes happened to be at the residence of Colonel Preston's family, in the fall of 1774, an express was sent to the Colonel as Lieutenant of the county, requesting a guard of militia to be ordered out for the protection of the residents on the lower portions of the north fork of the Holston. Every member of the family of a settler named John Roberts,[2] had been cruelly cut off by the savages, and the perpetrator of the assassination was traced by "the card" which he left as a bloody memorial of his visit! A war club was deposited in the house of the murdered forester, and, attached to it, was the following note—the identical one which Logan had forced Robinson to write with his gunpowder ink:

"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.

"*July* 21*st*, 1774."

This is a document savagely circumstantial and circumstantially savage;—cool, deliberate, and bloody, even to the date,—and left as this sentimental Indian's apology,—not as his challenge,—in the desolated dwelling and amid the reeking bodies he had butchered. It is the first deliberate charge made by Logan of the supposed murder of his relatives by Cresap at

[1] Md. Gazette, 30th June, 1774; Hite's account of the murder of Spier's family on the 3d or 4th of June.—See also same paper of 30th Nov. for letter from Col. Preston at Fincastle, 28th Sept., describing Indian murders and outrages.

[2] Among the MS. papers of Col. Wm. Preston in the possession of Mr. L. C. Draper, there is an original letter from Major Arthur Campbell, dated the 12th October, in which he enclosed the *original* missive from Logan and appended a copy. This is doubtless the one to which Innes alludes in Jefferson's Appendix. The correct name was Roberts.

Yellow creek, and I must promptly rebuke it by recalling to your minds all the facts of that occurrence, against which Cresap had protested to Clark's party, and from the theatre of which he had drawn off his men and departed.

While these events were transpiring, Michael Cresap had not only left the Ohio river, but had returned to his wife and interesting family in Maryland. Yet, soon finding his sympathies were excited for the forlorn inhabitants of the wilderness whom he had abandoned, and hearing constant reports of Indian cruelties, he speedily raised a company of volunteers and marched back to their assistance. Having reached "Catfish's Camp," on the spot where Washington, in Pennsylvania, now stands, his advance was stopped by a peremptory and insulting letter from Connolly, in which he was ordered to dismiss his men. It was no doubt written by its vile author in order to commence the systematic plan of charging the Indian difficulties of 1774 on Michael Cresap.

Ungrateful and offensive as was such a command to a person of Cresap's peculiar sensibility, he nevertheless obeyed, returned to his home, and dismissed his men with the determination to take no part in the Indian war, but to let the commandant at Pittsburgh fight it out as he best could. It seems, however, that the Earl of Dunmore and his lieutenant at Pittsburgh did not agree as to the value of Michael's services, for, when Cresap reached his Maryland home he found Lord Dunmore at his house, where he tarried some days in friendly intercourse or consultation with the young pioneer; and, notwithstanding his residence in Maryland, the British nobleman saw fit to send him forthwith a commission as Captain in the militia of Hampshire county, Virginia. This appointment, dated on the 10th of June, reached Cresap opportunely, and, carrying with it, as an unsolicited favor, a tacit expression of the Earl's approbation of his conduct, he resolved to accept it, especially as he was constantly appealed to by letters from his old companions beyond the mountains to hasten to their succor.[1]

[1] Jacob's life of Cresap, 56, 63, 65.

As soon as he raised his standard crowds flocked to it, and, indeed, so great was his popularity as a leader, that his own command overflowed with men and enabled him to fill up completely the company of his nephew, and partly also the company of Hancock Lee.[1] His forces were then united under the command of Major Angus McDonald, who had been, meanwhile, organizing the western people on the Youghiogeny and Monongahela for their own defence.

A campaign was also planned for the invasion of the Indian country west of the Ohio. "Orders were immediately sent to Colonel Andrew Lewis, of Botetourt county, to raise with all despatch, four regiments of militia and volunteers from the south-western counties, to rendezvous at Camp Union, in Greenbrier county. This was to be the southern division of the invading army, of which Lewis, a veteran of the French war, was made commander. He was ordered to march down the Great Kenhawa to the bank of the Ohio, and there to join the Earl in person. In the meantime Lord Dunmore was actively engaged in raising troops in the northern counties west of the Blue Ridge, to advance from Fort Cumberland by way of Red-Stone Old Fort, to the Ohio at Pittsburgh, whence he was to descend in boats to the Kenhawa. Such was the original plan of the campaign."[2]

McDonald, agreeably to Dunmore's orders, after a dreary march through the wilderness, had rendezvoused his four hundred men at Wheeling creek in June, and, from this place, it was resolved to invade the Indian territory on the head waters of the Muskingham, and to destroy the Wappatomica towns. The results of this expedition were not of remarkable value in the campaign, though the Indian towns were destroyed by the invaders after the savages had fled. McDonald and his men were harassed by the foe, and being short of provisions, returned with despatch to Wheeling.[3]

All the agricultural operations of the settlers on the river were of course broken up; and had I time, I would find great pleasure in narrating the campaign of the divisions under Lewis

[1] Jacob's life of Cresap, 57. [2] Monette, vol. 1, p. 374. [3] Id., p. 375.

and Dunmore. But that would require a volume rather than a discourse.[1]—I shall content myself therefore with stating, that the promised junction of Dunmore with Colonel Lewis was never effected. The earl changed his plan, and descending the Ohio from Fort Pitt with a fleet of one hundred canoes and several large boats to the mouth of the Hockhocking, erected a stockade which he called Fort Gower, and thence, ascended the Hockhocking to the Falls near the present town of Athens. From that spot he crossed the country westwardly to the Scioto, and, on its eastern side, on the margin of the Piqua plains, near Sippo Creek, entrenched himself in a regularly fortified camp, which, in honor of the British Queen, he named Camp Charlotte.

On the 10th of October the great and decisive battle of the campaign was fought by Lewis at "Point Pleasant," at the mouth of the Kenhawa, and it is regarded by most historians, as one of the most sanguinary and well fought conflicts in the annals of Indian warfare in the West. The Indians, under the celebrated Cornstalk chieftain, were repulsed with great slaughter, and fled precipitately across the Ohio to their towns, sixty miles up the Scioto. In the meantime, Dunmore had sent detachments from his head-quarters against different settlements on the neighboring waters, which were sacked and burned; and such had been the bloody character of the battle at Point Pleasant that the chiefs hastened to appeal for peace to Dunmore, before they could be again assailed by the relentless Lewis who was advancing in pursuit. After repeated overtures

[1]The following are the principal original authorities as to the campaigns and battles during the Dunmore war of 1774: I. Col. Stuart's narrative, in the Virginia Historical Soc. Publications, No. 1. II. Introduction to the Hist. of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Va., by C. Campbell. III. Kercheval's Hist. of the Valley of Va. IV. Doddridge's Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the W. part of Va. and Penna. V. A. S. Withers's Chronicles of Border Warfare. VI. 4th Series Am. Archives, vol. 1, especially p. 1016, et seq. VII. Howe's Hist. Coll. of Ohio. VIII. Day's Hist. Coll. of Penna IX. Howe's Hist. Coll. of Virginia. X. Chas. Whittlesey's Discourse before the Hist. and Phil. Soc. of Ohio, 1840. XI. Burk's Hist. of Va. XII. Drake's Book of the Indians, b. 5th, 42 et. seq. XIII. Map of the Ancient Shawanese towns on the Pickaway Plains, and of Camp Charlotte and Lewis's camp. Howe's Ohio Hist. Coll., 402.

and the destruction of several towns Dunmore consented to an armistice preparatory to a treaty. And finally, after the two divisions had nearly effected a junction the Council fire was lighted, the Council held, and peace resolved on.

But in the concluding scene of this bloody drama, the American and Indian chiefs could no where find one of its most daring and relentless actors,—a man whose name is not signalized any where *in open battle* in the records or legends of the time,—who was not in the conflict at Point Pleasant,[1]—but whose "war-path" and weapon were only traced along the bloody trail of private murder. Logan was absent. He was not satisfied. He had taken, perhaps, some thirty scalps,[2] but the ghosts of his murdered relatives were scarcely appeased in the "hunting fields" of the "spirit land." When the cause of his absence was demanded, it was replied that he was yet "like a mad dog; his bristles were up, and were not yet quite fallen; but the good talk, then going forward, might allay them." He said he was "a warrior, not a councillor, and would not come!"[3]

The continued withdrawal of Logan unquestionably filled the mind of Lord Dunmore with concern as to the stability of any peace which might be made with the Shawanese without the presence of a man who had shown such alacrity and bloodthirsty resolution in the cruel game of private war.

Accordingly, John Gibson, the alleged father[4] of the Indian woman's infant rescued at the Yellow creek massacre, was despatched by the Earl to seek for Logan. If, as is probable, the murdered squaw was Logan's sister, no messenger could have been more appropriately selected. He found him some miles off at a hut with several Indians; and, pretending, in the Indian fashion, that he had nothing in view, talked and drank with them until Logan touched his coat stealthily, and, beckoning him out of the house, led him into a solitary thicket, where sitting down on a log, he burst into tears and uttered some sentences of impassioned eloquence, which Gibson,—immediately

[1] Draper's MSS.

[2] Jolly's statement, American Journal of Art and Science, vol. xxxi, p. 10.

[3] Gen. Clark's letter, Appendix I; Withers's Border Warfare, 136.

[4] See Sappington's testimony, Jeff: Appendix No. IV.

returning to the British camp—committed to paper.[1] As soon as the envoy had reduced the message to writing, it was read aloud in the council; heard by the soldiers; and proves to be neither a speech, a message, nor a pledge of peace:—

"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 idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white man!' 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!"[2]

Thus the famous "speech of Logan" which has been so long celebrated as the finest specimen of Indian eloquence, dwindles into a reported conversation with, or message from, a cruel and blood-stained savage; excited perhaps when he delivered it as well by the cruelties he had committed as by liquor; false in its allegations as to Cresap; and, at last, after being conveyed to a camp about six miles distant,[3] in the memory of an Indian trader, written down, and read by proxy to the council of Lord Dunmore! Gibson, it is true, states in his testimony that he corrected Logan on the spot when he made the charge against Cresap, for he knew his innocence, but either the Indian

[1] MS. letter from my friend James Dunlap of Pittsburgh, and Gibson's testimony in Jeff. Appendix No. 4.

[2] See Appendix No. 2, for criticisms and commentaries on this speech and its history.

[3] See map of the Indian towns and British camps on the Pickaway plains—Ohio Hist. Coll. p. 403.

did not withdraw it or the messenger felt himself compelled to deliver it as originally framed.[1] When it was read in camp, the pioneer soldiers knew it to be false as to Michael Cresap; but it only produced a laugh in the crowd, which displeased the Maryland Captain. George Rogers Clark, who was near, exclaimed, that "he must be a very great man as the Indians palmed every thing that happened on his shoulders!" The Captain smiled and replied that "he had a great inclination to tomahawk Greathouse for the murder!"[2]

It is time to drop the curtain on these tragic scenes. The Indian fight was over;—peace was made with the savage Shawanese, but a more heartless war was about to occur with the christian Briton.

Cresap returned to his favorite Maryland, and spent the latter part of the autumn of 1774 and succeeding winter, in the repose of a domestic circle from which he had been so long estranged; but, in the early spring of 1775, he hired another band of young men, and repaired again to the Ohio to finish the work he commenced the year before. He did not stop at his old haunts, but descended to Kentucky, where he made many improvements. Being ill, however, he left his workmen and departed for his home over the mountains in order to rest and recover perfectly. On his way across the Alleghany mountain he was met by a faithful friend with a message stating that he had been appointed by the committee of safety at Frederick, a Captain to command one of the two rifle companies required from Maryland by a resolution of Congress. Experienced officers, and the very best men that could be procured, were demanded.

This was in July, 1775, and already on the 1st of August, in the same year, we find by the following extract from a letter to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated at Fredericktown, Maryland, on that day, that the new revolutionary hero was prepared to take the field.

[1] See Gibson's testimony in Jefferson's 4th Appendix.

[2] See Clark's letter, Appendix 1. Clark was then a Captain by commission from Dunmore, dated May 2d, 1774.

"Notwithstanding the urgency of my business, I have been detained three days in this place by an occurrence truly agreeable. I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upwards of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting shirts and moccasins, and though some of them had travelled near eight hundred miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy, and not with less spirit than at the first hour of their march. Health and vigor, after what they had undergone, declared them to be intimate with hardship and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present, and been assured that the brave leader could raise thousands of such like to defend his country, what think you, would not the hatchet and the block have intruded on his mind? I had an opportunity of attending the Captain during his stay in town, and watched the behaviour of his men, and the manner in which he treated them; for it seems that all who go out to war under him do not only pay the most willing obedience to him as their commander, but, in every instance of distress look up to him as their friend and father. A great part of his time was spent in listening to and relieving their wants, without any apparent sense of fatigue and trouble. When complaints were before him, he determined with kindness and spirit, and on every occasion condescended to please without losing his dignity.

"Yesterday the company were supplied with a small quantity of powder from the magazine, which wanted airing, and was not in good order for rifles; in the evening, however, they were drawn out to show the gentlemen of the town their dexterity at shooting. A clapboard with a mark the size of a dollar, was put up; they began to fire off-hand, and the bystanders were surprised, few shots being made that were not close to or in the paper. When they had shot for a time in this way, some lay on their backs, some on their breast or side, others ran twenty or thirty steps, and firing, appeared to be equally certain of the mark. With this performance the company were more than

satisfied, when a young man took up the board in his hand, not by the end but by the side, and holding it up, his brother walked to the distance and very coolly shot into the white; laying down his rifle, he took the board and holding it as it was held before, the second brother shot as the first had done. By this exercise I was more astonished than pleased. But will you believe me when I tell you that one of the men took the board, and placing it between his legs, stood with his back to a tree while another drove the centre!

"What would a regular army of considerable strength in the forests of America do with one thousand of these men, who want nothing to preserve their health and courage but water from the spring, with a little parched corn, with what they may easily procure in hunting; and who, wrapped in their blankets, in the damp of night, would choose the shade of a tree for their covering and the earth for their bed."[1]

With this first company of riflemen, although in bad health, Captain Cresap proceeded to Boston, and joined the American army under the command of General Washington. Admonished, however, by continued illness, and feeling perhaps some dread forebodings of his fate, he endeavored again to reach his home among the mountains, but finding himself too sick to proceed he stopped in New York, where he died of fever on the 18th of October, 1775, at the early age of 33. On the following day his remains, attended by a vast concourse of people, were buried with military honors in Trinity church-yard. Let us deepen and not deface the meritorious inscription on his humble and forgotten grave![2]

It is needless to speculate upon what such a man might have become had he been spared during the war. Some of those who engaged in it as subordinates to him retired at its conclu-

[1]American Archives, vol. 3, p. 2, transferred from the Pennsylvania Gazette of Aug. 16, 1775.

[2]Compare Jacob's Life of Cresap, p. 98, and The Maryland Journal of Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1775. In the latter there is a letter from N. York, dated the 26th of October, giving an account of his death and burial.

sion with high commissions granted for services which no hardy warrior of the Revolution was more capable of yielding to the cause of his country than Michael Cresap.[1]

Let us turn once more for a moment to the Indian who has pursued the fame of our Marylander like a blighting shadow. We left him,—confessedly fond of the "fire-water," in his conversations with the Missionary Heckwelder, and tippling before he became eloquent with Gibson. His last years were melancholy indeed. He wandered from tribe to tribe, a solitary and lonely man. Dejected by the loss of friends and decay of his people, he resorted constantly to the stimulus of strong drink to drown his sorrow.

On the 25th of July, 1775, Captain James Wood having been sent with a single companion to invite the western Indians to a treaty at Fort Pitt, encountered Logan and several other Mingoes who had lately been prisoners at that post. He found them *all deeply intoxicated* and inquisitive as to his designs. To his appeal the savages made no definite reply, but represented the tribes as very angry. The wayfarers bivouacked near the Indian town, and about ten o'clock at night one of the savages stole into the camp and stamped upon the sleeper's head. Starting to his feet and arousing his companion, Wood and the interpreter found several Indians around them armed with knives and tomahawks. For a while the Americans seem to have pacified the red men, but as a friendly squaw apprized them that the savages meditated their death, they stole away for concealment in the recesses of the forest. When they returned again to the Indian town after daylight, Logan repeated the foul story of the murder of his "mother, sister, and all his relations" by the people of Virginia. By turns he wept and sang. Then he dwelt and gloated over the revenge he had taken for his wrongs; and finally, he told Wood that several of his fellows, who had long been prisoners at Fort Pitt, desired to kill the American messengers, and demanded if the forester was afraid? "No!" replied Wood, "we are but two lone men,

[1] McSherry's Hist. of Maryland, p. 186, and Jacob's Life, &c.

sent to deliver the message we have given to the tribes. We are in your power; we have no means of defence, and you may kill us if you think proper!" "Then," exclaimed Logan, apparently confounded by their coolness and courage, "you shall not be hurt!"—nor were they, for the ambassadors departed unmolested to visit the Wyandotte towns.[1]

We next hear of Logan in the autumn of 1778, when the famous Pioneer, SIMON KENTON, who was taken prisoner by the savages, spent two nights with his captors and Logan on the head waters of the Scioto.

"Well, young man," said Logan addressing Kenton, the night of his arrival, "these chaps seem very mad with you."—"Yes," replied Kenton, "they appear so—" "But don't be disheartened," interrupted Logan, "I am a great chief; you are to go to Sandusky; they talk of *burning* you there; but I will send two runners to-morrow to *speak good* for you!" And so he did, for on the morrow, having detained the hostile party, he despatched the promised envoys to Sandusky, though he made no report to Kenton of their success when they returned at nightfall. The runners, by Logan's orders, interceded with Captain Druyer, an influential British Indian-agent at Sandusky, who with great difficulty ransomed the prisoner and saved him from the brutal sacrifice of the stake.[2]

In the fall of 1779, Logan appears again to have cast aside his humanity, and is found at his old haunts on the Holston, engaged in the savage employment of scalping, or at least, of taking prisoners.[3] And, in June, 1780, when Captain Bird, of Detroit, with a large body of British regulars, Canadians and Indians, invaded Kentucky, captured Ruddell's and Martin's Stations, and carried off a large number of prisoners, Logan was one of the bloody and wanton marauders.[4]

[1] L. C. Draper's MSS. Journal of Captain James Wood. Jacob's Cresap, 85. IVth Am. Archives, vol. 3, p. 77. Mrs. W. C. Rives's Tales and Souvenirs, preface and p. 146.

[2] Draper's MSS. McDonald's memoir of Kenton; McClung's Sketches of Western Adventure.

[3] MS. letter in Mr. Draper's collection.

[4] American Pioneer, 1 vol. p. 359.

Our Indian hero must now have been well nigh fifty-five years of age,[1] and it may be supposed that so restless and fitful a life of fiery impetuosity and artificial stimulus, was drawing near a close from natural causes. But his chequered career of crime, passion, and bastard humanity, with all its finer features obliterated by the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, was doomed to end tragically.

It was not long after the inroad of Bird's British myrmidons and Indian allies in 1780, that Logan, at an Indian council held at Detroit, became wildly drunk, and, in the midst of delirious passion, prostrated his wife by a sudden blow. She fell before him apparently dead. In a moment, the horrid deed partly sobered the savage, who, thinking he had killed her, fled precipitately lest the stern Indian penalty of blood for blood might befall him at the hand of some relative of the murdered woman. While travelling alone, and still confused by liquor and the fear of vengeance, he was suddenly overtaken in the wilderness between Detroit and Sandusky, by a troop of Indians with their squaws and children, in the midst of whom he recognized his nephew or cousin Tod-kah-dohs. Bewildered as he was, he imagined that the lawful avenger pursued him in the form of his relative,—for the Indian rule permits a relation to perform the retributive act of revenge for murder,—and rashly bursting forth in frantic passion, he exclaimed that the whole party should fall beneath his weapons. Tod-kah-dohs, seeing their danger, and observing that Logan was well armed, told his companions that their only safety was in getting the advantage of the desperate man by prompt action. But Logan was quite as alert as his adversary;—yet, whilst leaping from his horse to execute his dreadful threat, Tod-kah-dohs levelled a shot gun within a few feet of the savage and killed him on the spot![2]

[1] Draper's MSS.

[2] Tod-kah-dohs or The Searcher, originally from Conestoga, and *probably* a son of Logan's sister residing there, died, about 1844, at the Cold Spring on the Alleghany Seneca Reservation, nearly 100 years old. He was better known as Captain Logan, and was either a *nephew* or *cousin* of the celebrated Indian. He left children, two of whom have been seen by Mr. Draper; so that, in spite of Logan's speech, *some* of his "blood" *still* "*runs*" in human veins, 77 years

When Mr. Jefferson wrote his Notes on Virginia in the years 1781 and 1782, he was anxious to disprove the theory of Buffon, Raynal and others, that animal nature,—whether in man or beast, native or adoptive, physical or moral,—degenerated in America. Whilst treating of the Aborigines, he desired to present a specimen of their intellectual powers, and, finding in a pocket book a memorandum, made in the year 1774, of the alleged "speech" of Logan, as taken down by him at that time from the lips of some one whom he did not recollect, he inserted it in his notes, accompanied by a slender narrative of the events that called it forth.[1] He spoke of Cresap as "a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people," and charged the cold blooded murder of Logan's family upon the Marylander and his allies. In a future edition he modified but did not entirely withdraw this charge,[2] yet careless writers and historians, down to the present day, have continued to regard the Indian's remembered message as a genuine speech solemnly delivered in council, and reiterate its assertions as to the innocent Cresap! Poetry, even, has dwelt sweetly on

after the Yellow creek tragedy. The substance of this narrative was given me in MS. by Mr. Lyman C. Draper, who received it from Dah-gan-on-do or Captain Decker, as it was related to him by Tod-kah-dohs, who killed Logan. "Decker," says Mr. Draper, "was a venerable Seneca Indian, and the best Indian Chronicler I have met with. His narratives are generally sustained by other evidence, and never seem confused or improbable."—Logan's wife, who was a Shawanese, and had no children by him, did not die in consequence of her husband's blow, but recovered and returned to her people.—Compare Heckwelder's account, in Jefferson's Appendix. A different version of Logan's death is given, also, in Howe's Ohio Hist. Coll., p. 409, upon the authority of "Good Hunter," an aged Mingo, who is said to have been his familiar acquaintance. In this account he is represented to have been sitting before a camp fire near Detroit in Michigan, with his blanket drawn over his head, his elbows resting on his knees and his head upon his hands, buried perhaps in liquor or profound meditation, when an Indian, whom he had offended, stole behind him and buried a tomahawk in his brains!—See also, Vigne's Six Months in America, Philadelphia, edition 1833, p. 30, for another alleged version of his death from the hand of the same relative. Capt. Decker—Dah-gan-on-do—has lived all his eventful life of over one hundred years on the Alleghany, and knew Logan personally.—Draper MSS.

[1] Jeff. Notes on Va., Appendix IV, p. 30.

[2] Jeff. Notes on Va., Appendix IV. Stone's Life of Brant, vol. 1, p. 39.

the theme. Logan seems to have been the original whence Campbell derived the fine conception of his Outalissi,[1] and he has paraphrased in rhyme the passionate outburst:[2]

> "'Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth:—
> "Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
> "Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth!
> "No!—not the dog that watched my household hearth
> "Escaped that night of death upon our plains!
> "All perished—I, alone, am left on earth!
> "To whom nor relative, nor blood remains,—
> "NO! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

Mr. Jefferson's illustration obtained greater fame and currency than he expected. It has become incorporated with our English literature. Indian error and obstinacy converted this Maryland *man* into a brutal monster; but I have striven to restore him to his original and meritorious manhood. Imagination transformed the savage into a romantic myth; yet it has been my task not only to reduce this myth to a man, but to paint him degraded by cruelties and intemperance even beneath the scale of an aboriginal birth-right. Indian instincts, rekindled by wrongs and the flame of the "fire-water," blighted a nature which at its dawn promised a noble and generous career. In his intercourse with white men LOGAN lost nothing but the virtues of a savage, while unfortunately he gained from civilization naught but its destructive vices.

[1] Graham's Hist. U. S., 4th vol., p. 341.

[2] Stone's Life of Brant, 2, p. 525; Gertrude of Wyoming, Part III, stanza xvii. In his notes Campbell repeats the old Logan and Cresap story, as usual; but, in later editions of his work retracts his errors *against Brant*. Brant's son, when in London, pointed out to the poet the slanders and injustice of his stanzas;—nevertheless he left them to posterity in the *text* of his poem though he qualified them in the *notes*. "The *name of Brant*, therefore," says Campbell, "remains in my poem, *a pure and declared character of fiction*." Yet, a thousand persons read the poem while one only will peruse the antidote in the notes!—The fame of that dishonored Indian will descend to posterity with the taint of crime imputed by the poet, as the name of Cresap is disgraced from age to age by a mendacious morsel of Indian eloquence!

APPENDIX No. 1.

General George Rogers Clark's Letter.

I must express my hearty thanks to my friend Mr. Lyman C. Draper for his kindness in sending to me valuable memoranda and extracts from papers which he has collected during many years of labor in gathering the materials for his history of the Western Pioneers. These documents have been cheerfully furnished me in the true spirit of a liberal man, who, as a historian, is anxious to ascertain or at least to approach the truth. In the marginal notes of my Discourse I have freely quoted from and credited these manuscript sources. I shall now present a copy of General George Rogers Clark's Letter, upon which Mr. Draper relies with great confidence as disclosing an accurate account of Cresap's conduct on the Ohio in 1774; but, before I offer it for the reader's consideration, I feel bound to mention that it appears to have been drawn forth in 1798, by a letter from the late Dr. Samuel Brown, (a friend of Mr. Jefferson,) of Lexington, Kentucky, who was for many years a distinguished professor in Transylvania University.

In 1839, the late Leonard Bliss, Jr., addressed to the Editor of the Louisville Literary News Letter the following note:—

"*To the Editor of the Louisville Literary News Letter:*

"Among the papers of Gen. George Rogers Clark, now in my possession, I have met with the following letter of his, detailing the circumstances connected with the murder of Logan's family, which induced the Mingo Chief, in his celebrated speech to Lord Dunmore, to charge the atrocity upon Captain Cresap, and also showing clearly, that Cresap was innocent of the crime alleged, and, so far from being the monster of cruelty represented by Mr. Jefferson, and by subsequent writers who have followed his authority, that he was a prudent and humane man, and 'an advocate of peace.' The error appears to have originated in a mistake with Logan, and to have been adopted by Mr. Jefferson, in his version of the story, from the Speech. The high authority of the 'Notes on Virginia,' and the fame of Logan's Speech, have immortalized the memory of Cresap; but it has thus far been an 'immortality of infamy,'—how ill-deserved, the following letter will show. And as the descendants of Cresap are still numerous in the United States, I beg you to publish it, with this note, in the

'Literary News Letter,' both as an act of justice to them, and to correct an historical error. The letter, of which this is a literal copy, is found in a Letter-Book of Gen. Clark, in his own hand-writing; and is, probably, the original draft. General Clark, at the date of the letter, resided in Louisville or its immediate vicinity.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"LEONARD BLISS, Jr."

"Louisville College, *Jan.* 10, 1839."

When this letter appeared accompanied by Clark's, some doubt was expressed as to the authenticity of the latter, which, though asserted to have been found in Clark's hand-writing in his letter book, was not addressed to any one. Some time since many of the original MSS. and papers of Gen. Clark came into the possession of Mr. Draper, and among them he found the following from Dr. S. Brown, dated on the *15th of May*, 1798; and in all likelihood the reply of the General was given to it on the *17th of June in the same year*. The references in *both* letters to Mr. Thruston, prove that Clark's is an answer to *Brown's:*

Dr. Samuel Brown's Letter.

"Lexington, *May* 15*th*, 1798.

"Dear Sir:

"At the request of our mutual friend, Mr. Jefferson, I enclose you a letter of Mr. Luther Martin on the subject of the murder of Logan's family, together with a vindication of the account of that transaction as related in the Notes on Virginia. I am sorry that it has not been possible to procure, in this place, the Baltimore paper which contains Mr. Martin's first publication on this question. The charges there exhibited against Mr. Jefferson are much more specific and more virulent than they appear to be in the letter now forwarded to you. It is possible, however, that the whole of the correspondence may have come to your hands by some other route. At all events, I presume Mr. Jefferson's answer will sufficiently apprise you of the nature of the dispute, and bring to your recollection such facts and circumstances as will tend to elucidate the doubtful and obscure parts of that interesting story.

"I remember to have had some conversation with you respecting the affair when at your house, and although the variety and important nature of the events which your conversations suggested, have in some degree effaced from my memory that distinct recollection of this particular event which I ought to have, before I should attempt to communicate your account of it to Mr. Jefferson, yet still I am pretty certain that as you related the story, any mistakes that have crept into the Notes on Virginia are not attributable to Mr. Jefferson, but to Logan himself, or to those by whom his speech was originally published. I think you informed me that you were with Cresap at the time Logan's family was murdered, that Cresap was not the author of that massacre; that Logan actually delivered the speech as reported in the Notes on Virginia.

The Memoirs you have written of your own adventures, probably contain a full statement of the circumstances which gave rise to the dispute. A transcript from those Memoirs, or a statement of the business by you from memory, would be highly satisfactory to Mr. Jefferson and all his friends, and I am sure would be decisive evidence in the mind of every man of candor and liberality.

"I feel, and I am confident you must feel, sensibly hurt at a charge which can, in any degree, disturb the repose, or sully the reputation of that truly great and excellent man. I know you respect and esteem him, and I am really happy in assuring you that his respect and regard for you are equally cordial and sincere: of this, his last letter to me contains the most ample assurances. For myself, sensible that I have little which could entitle me to your friendship, I shall endeavor by my willingness to serve you, to convince you that I am truly thankful for those attentions I have received from you. And I shall consider myself singularly fortunate, if in any respect, I can be the means of rendering you and Mr. Jefferson mutually useful to each other. To your country you both have already been, and have it always in your power to be singularly useful.

"Mr. Thruston will do me the favor of carrying this letter, and I hope you will find leisure to prepare an account of Logan's speech before his return. I could wish to transmit it to Philadelphia before Congress rises, as it is possible the conveyance to Monticello will not be so safe.

"Do me the favor of presenting my most respectful compliments to the family, and be assured that I am,

"With sentiments of real respect,

"Yr. mo. obt.,

"SAM. BROWN."

Genl. George R. Clark,
Jefferson County, Ky.

General George Rogers Clark's Letter.

"*June* 17, '98.

"Dear Sir:

"Your letter of last month, honored by Mr. Thruston, was handed me by that gentleman. The matter contained in it and in the enclosed papers was new to me. I felt hurt that Mr. Jefferson should be attacked with so much virulence on account of an error, of which I know he was not the author. Except a few mistakes in names of persons, places, etc., the story of Logan, as related by Mr. Jefferson is substantially true. I was of the first and last of the active officers who bore the weight of that war; and on perusing some old papers of that date, I find some memoirs. But independent of them, I have a perfect recollection of every transaction relating to Logan's story. The conduct of Cresap I am perfectly acquainted with. He was not the author of that murder, but a family by the name of Greathouse;—though some transactions that happened under the command of Captain Cresap, a few days previous to the murder of Logan's family, gave him sufficient ground to suppose that it was Cresap that had done the injury.

"To enable you fully to understand the subject of your inquiries, I shall relate the incidents that gave rise to Logan's suspicion; and will enable Mr. Jefferson to do justice to himself and the Cresap family, by being made fully acquainted with the facts.

"This country was explored in 1773. A resolution was formed to make a settlement the spring following, and the mouth of the Little Kenaway appointed the place of general rendezvous, in order to descend the river from thence in a body. Early in the spring the Indians had done some mischief. Reports from their towns were alarming, which deterred many. About eighty or ninety men only met at the appointed rendezvous, where we lay some days.

"A small party of hunters, that lay about ten miles below us, were fired upon by the Indians, whom the hunters beat back, and returned to camp. This and many other circumstances led us to believe, that the Indians were determined on war. The whole party was enrolled, and determined to execute their project of forming a settlement in Kentucky, as we had every necessary store that could be thought of. An Indian town called the Horsehead Bottom, on the Scioto and near its mouth, lay nearly in our way. The determination was to cross the country and surprise it. Who was to command? was the question. There were but few among us that had experience in Indian warfare, and they were such that we did not choose to be commanded by. We knew of Captain Cresap being on the river about fifteen miles above us, with some hands, settling a plantation; and that he had concluded to follow us to Kentucky as soon as he had fixed there his people. We also knew that he had been experienced in a former war. He was proposed; and it was unanimously agreed to send for him to command the party. Messengers were despatched, and in half an hour returned with Cresap. He had heard of our resolution by some of his hunters, that had fallen in with ours, and had set out to come to us.

"We now thought our army, as we called it, complete, and the destruction of the Indians sure. A council was called, and, to our astonishment, our intended commander-in-chief was the person that dissuaded us from the enterprize. He said that appearances were very suspicious, but there was no certainty of a war. That if we made the attempt proposed, he had no doubt of our success, but a war would, at any rate, be the result, and that we should be blamed for it; and perhaps justly. But if we were determined to proceed, he would lay aside all considerations, send to his camp for his people, and share our fortunes. He was then asked what he would advise. His answer was, that we should return to Wheeling, as a convenient post, to hear what was going forward. That a few weeks would determine. As it was early in the spring, if we found the Indians were not disposed for war, we should have full time to return, and make our establishment in Kentucky. This was adopted; and in two hours the whole were under way. As we ascended the river, we met Killbuck, an Indian chief, with a small party. We had a long conference with him, but received little satisfaction as to the disposition of the Indians. It was observed that Cresap did not come to this conference, but kept on the opposite side of the river. He said that he was afraid to trust himself with the Indians. That Killbuck had frequently attempted to way-lay his father, to kill him. That if he crossed the river, perhaps his fortitude might fail him, and that he might put Killbuck to death. On our arrival at Wheeling (the country being pretty well settled thereabouts,) the whole of the inhabitants

appeared to be alarmed. They flocked to our camp from every direction; and all that we could say could not keep them from under our wings. We offered to cover their neighborhood with our scouts, until further information, if they would return to their plantations; but nothing would prevail. By this time we had got to be a formidable party. All the hunters, men without families, etc., in that quarter, had joined our party.

"Our arrival at Wheeling was soon known at Pittsburgh. The whole of that country at that time, being under the jurisdiction of Virginia, Dr. Connolly had been appointed by Dunmore Captain Commandant of the District, which was called Waugusta.[1] He, learning of us, sent a message addressed to the party, letting us know that a war was to be apprehended; and requesting that we would keep our position for a few days; as messages had been sent to the Indians, and a few days would determine the doubt. The answer he got, was, that we had no inclination to quit our quarters for some time. That during our stay we should be careful that the enemy should not harass the neighborhood that we lay in. But before this answer could reach Pittsburgh, he sent a second express, addressed to Captain Cresap, as the most influential man amongst us; informing him that the messages had returned from the Indians, that war was inevitable, and begging him to use his influence with the party, to get them to cover the country by scouts until the inhabitants could fortify themselves. The reception of this letter was the epoch of open hostilities with the Indians. A new post was planted, a council was called, and the letter read by Cresap, all the Indian traders being summoned on so important an occasion. Action was had, and war declared in the most solemn manner; and the same evening two scalps were brought into camp.

"The next day some canoes of Indians were discovered on the river, keeping the advantage of an island to cover themselves from our view. They were chased fifteen miles down the river, and driven ashore. A battle ensued; a few were wounded on both sides; one Indian only taken prisoner. On examining their canoes, we found a considerable quantity of ammunition and other war-like stores. On our return to camp, a resolution was adopted, to march the next day, and attack Logan's camp on the Ohio about thirty miles above us. We did march about five miles, and then halted to take some refreshment. Here the impropriety of executing the projected enterprize was argued. The conversation was brought forward by Cresap himself. It was generally agreed that those Indians had no hostile intentions—as they were hunting, and their party was composed of men, women, and children, with all their stuff with them. This we knew; as I myself and others present had been in their camp about four weeks past, on our descending the river from Pittsburgh. In short, every person seemed to detest the resolution we had set out with. We returned in the evening, decamped, and took the road to Red-Stone.

"It was two days after this that Logan's family were killed. And from the manner in which it was done, it was viewed as a horrid murder. From Logan's hearing of Cresap being at the head of this party on the river, it is no wonder that he supposed he had a hand in the destruction of his family.

"Since the reception of your letter, I have procured the 'Notes on Virginia.' They are now before me. The act was more barbarous than there related by

[1] West Augusta.—L. C. D.

Mr. Jefferson. Those Indians used to visit, and to return visits, with the neighboring whites, on the opposite side of the river. They were on a visit to a family of the name of Greathouse, at the time they were murdered by them and their associates.

"The war now raged in all its savage fury until the fall, when a treaty of peace was held at Camp Charlotte, within four miles of Chillicothe, the Indian capital of the Ohio. Logan did not appear. I was acquainted with him, and wished to know the reason. The answer was 'that he was like a mad dog: his bristles had been up, and were not yet quite fallen; but the good talk now going forward might allay them.' Logan's Speech to Dunmore now came forward, as related by Mr. Jefferson. It was thought to be clever; though the army knew it to be wrong as to Cresap. But it only produced a laugh in camp: I saw it displeased Captain Cresap, and told him, 'that he must be a very great man; that the Indians palmed every thing that happened on his shoulders.' He smiled and said 'that he had an inclination to tomahawk Greathouse for the murder.'

"What I have related is fact. I was intimate with Cresap. Logan I was better acquainted with, at that time, than with any other Indian in the western country. I was perfectly acquainted with the conduct of both parties. Logan was the author of the Speech, as altered by Mr. Jefferson; and Cresap's conduct was as I have here related it.

"I am yours, &c.

"G. R. CLARK."

This correspondence shows that Mr. Jefferson was annoyed by the bitter strictures that were made by the Hon. Luther Martin *who had married Captain Michael Cresap's daughter*, and which were called forth in vindication of his father-in-law, by the original version of the Captain's conduct in 1744, as given on page 91 of the edition of the Notes on Virginia, published by Mathew Carey at Philadelphia, in 1794. About this time Mr. Jefferson was probably preparing his vindication from designed wrong to the dead, as will appear by the dates of Mr. Martin's communication to Fennell on the 29th of March, 1797, and Jefferson's letters to John Gibson in February, 1798, and in March, 1800, (republished in the Olden Time Magazine for February, 1847,) and of the Appendix No. IV, together with the affidavits comprised in it as published in *a later* edition of his Notes on Virginia. General Clark's letter, was probably never received by the distinguished gentleman for whom it was designed or he would unquestionably have appended it to the documents in that edition.

I may properly add here that I have a MS. copy of an affidavit of John Caldwell, who resided near Wheeling in 1774, (also from among Mr. Draper's papers,) which fully exonerates Cresap from all participation in the murder of Logan's family. In this affidavit Caldwell states that many years before, he had given one to the same effect to a person whom he understood to be an agent or as acting under the direction of Mr. Jefferson; but as this is not contained in the IVth Appendix to the Notes, it is probable that, like Clark's letter, it never reached Mr. Jefferson's hands.

APPENDIX No. II.

Logan's Speech.

I have thought that it would be, at least, an entertaining and curious literary criticism, if I grouped together in an appendix the evidence that has been adduced both for and against Logan's message or speech, and, at the same time, presented, side by side, such exact copies of this document, as I have been enabled to discover from the earliest dates. Importance was given to the article, as we have already seen by the illustrative use made of it by Mr. Jefferson, as well as by its intrinsic merit. That he gave it to the world as he received it in 1774, and noted it in his memorandum book, no one can doubt; and if any sceptics still remain as to his sincerity, they may be referred to the IVth Appendix in his Notes on Virginia, for a vindication so far as the speech is concerned and the evidence was detailed at the epoch of his writing.

I shall place the most important pieces of evidence, *pro and con*, side by side:

FOR THE SPEECH.

The first piece of testimony in favor of the *message* from Logan, comes from John Gibson, and was sworn to and subscribed by him before J. Barker, at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 4th of April, 1800, *twenty-six years* after the event occurred:

* * * * * *

I. "This deponent further saith that in the year 1774, he accompanied Lord Dunmore on the expedition against the Shawanese and other Indians on the Scioto; that on their arrival within *fifteen miles* of the towns they were met by a flag and a *white man* by the name of Elliot, who informed Lord Dunmore that the chiefs of the Shawanese had sent to request his lordship *to halt his army and send in* some person who understood their

AGAINST THE SPEECH.

I. See an argument on this subject written by the Hon. Luther Martin, son-in-law of Capt. Michael Cresap, and formerly a distinguished counsellor at law and Attorney General of the State of Maryland, in which he attempts to impugn this speech. It is dated the 29th March, 1797; and is addressed to Mr. James Fennell, who, in his public readings as an elocutionist, had given force and currency to the Logan speech.

language; that this deponent, *at the request of Lord Dunmore, and the whole of the officers with him,* went in; that on his arrival at the towns, Logan, the Indian, came to where this deponent was sitting with the Corn-stalk, and the other chiefs of the Shawanese, and asked him to walk out with him; that they went into a copse of wood when 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 then that it was not Colonel* CRESAP *who had murdered his relatives,* and although *his son,* Captain Michael Cresap, was *with* the party who had killed a *Shawanese* chief and *other* Indians, yet he was *not* present when HIS RELATIVES 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.

Signed JOHN GIBSON.

This letter republished in the Olden Time Magazine, vol. 2, p. 51, drew forth the evidence and reply, or vindication, contained in Mr. Jefferson's IVth Appendix to which so many references have been made in the course of this discourse.

II. GENL. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK says, in his letter of the 17th June, 1798, (ut antea,) *twenty-four years after the event,* that when the treaty was holding at Camp Charlotte, within *four* (?) miles of Chillicothe, the *Indian* capital of Ohio, Logan did not appear. "I was acquainted with him, and wished to know the reason. The answer was: 'that he was like a mad dog: his bristles had been up, and were not yet quite fallen; but the good talk now going forward might allay them.' *Logan's speech to Dunmore, as related by Mr. Jefferson, now came forward. It was thought clever; though the army knew it to be wrong as to Cresap.* But it only produced a laugh in

II. WITHERS in his Chronicles of Border Warfare, page 136, says, "—— *two interpreters* were sent to Logan by Lord Dunmore, requesting his attendance; but Logan replied, that "he was a warrior, not a counsellor, and would not come!' "

In a note on this passage, Mr. Withers adds:—"COLONEL BENJAMIN WILSON, SENR.," then an officer in Dunmore's army, says "that he conversed freely with one of the interpreters (Nicholson) in regard to the mission to Logan, and that neither from the interpreter, nor from any other one during the campaign, did he hear of the charge preferred in Logan's speech against Capt. Cresap as

the camp. I saw it displeased Capt. Cresap, and told him, 'that he must be a very great man; that the Indians had palmed every thing that happened on his shoulders.' He smiled, and said that he 'had an inclination to tomahawk Greathouse for the murder.'"

III. My learned and valued friend James Dunlap, Counsellor at Law, in Pittsburgh, writes me, under date of April 25th, 1851, as follows:

"I am well informed that Colonel Gibson, who was an uncle of Chief Justice Gibson, has frequently repeated here the story of Logan's delivering the speech to him. He used to say that at the treaty Lord Dunmore was about to hold with the Shawanese, he was uneasy at the absence of so distinguished a chieftain as Logan, and being indisposed to proceed without his presence, sent Col. Gibson for him; that Col. Gibson found him some miles off at a hut with several other Indians; that pretending in the Indian way, that he had nothing in view, he walked about, talked, and drank with them until Logan pulled him quietly by the coat, and calling him out, took him some distance into a solitary thicket, where, sitting down on a log, the Indian burst into tears and broke out in the impassioned language which glows so eloquently in the speech. Gibson said that he *returned at once to his friends and wrote down* the language of Logan immediately, and delivered it to Lord Dunmore in Council.

being engaged in the affair at Yellow creek. Capt. Cresap was an officer *in the division under Lord Dunmore;* and it would seem strange, indeed, if Logan's speech had been made public at Camp Charlotte, and neither he (who was so naturally interested in it, and could at once have proven the falsehood of the allegation it contained,) nor Colonel Wilson, (who was present during the whole conference between Lord Dunmore and the Indian chiefs, and at the time when the speeches were delivered, sat immediately behind and close to Dunmore,) *should have heard nothing of it until years after*" (*!*)

III. Mr. Neville B. Craig, in the 2d vol. of his "Olden Time" Magazine, page 54, published at Pittsburgh in 1847,—when discussing the authenticity of the speech, says: "—we will state, that many years ago, Mr. James McKee, the brother of Alex. McKee, the deputy of Sir William Johnson, stated to us distinctly, *that he had seen the speech in the hand-writing of one of the Johnsons*, whether Sir William or his successor, Guy, we do not recollect, BEFORE IT WAS SEEN BY LOGAN!"

The reader will also find arguments by Mr. Craig against the authenticity of the speech in this 2d vol. of the Olden Time Magazine, at pages 49 and 475.

IV. The message or speech was circulated freely at Williamsburgh immediately after Dunmore's return from his campaign in the winter of 1774, and was *published* then in the Virginia Gazette on the 4th February, 1775, and in New York on the 16th Feb., 1775, as will be seen hereafter.

V. WILLIAM McKEE testifies in the IVth Appendix to Jefferson's Notes on Va., p. 42, that being in the camp on *the evening* of the treaty made by Dunmore with the Indians, he heard "*repeated conversations* concerning an *extraordinary speech made* at the treaty, *or sent* there by a chief-

IV. JACOB in his life of Cresap, gives the testimony of Mr. BENJAMIN TOMLINSON, on page 106 of his work. This testimony was prepared in Cumberland, Md., April 17, 1797, *twenty-three years* after the occurrence of the events.

The testimony is given by question and answer:—

"*Question 6th*: Was Logan at the treaty held by Dunmore with the Indians at Camp Charlotte, on Scioto? did he make a speech, and, if not, who made it for him?

"*Answer:* To this question I answer—Logan was not at the treaty. Perhaps Cornstalk, the chief of the Shawanese nation, mentioned among other grievances, the Indians killed on Yellow creek; but *I believe* neither Cresap nor any other person, were named as the perpetrators; and I perfectly recollect that I was that day officer of the guard, and stood near Dunmore's person, that consequently I saw and heard all that passed;—that, also, *two or three days before* the treaty, when I was on the out-guard, Simon Girty, who was passing by, stopped with me and conversed;—he said he was going after Logan, but he did not like the business, for he was a surly fellow;—he, however, proceeded on, and I saw him return on the day of the treaty, and Logan was not with him; at this time a circle was formed and the treaty begun; I saw John Gibson, on Girty's arrival, get up and go out of the circle and talk with Girty, after which he (Gibson) went into a tent, and soon after returning into the circle, drew out of his pocket a piece of clean new paper, on which was written in his own hand-writing—a speech for and in the name of Logan. This I heard read three times, once by Gibson, and twice by Dunmore the purport of which was that he, Logan,

tain of the Indians named Logan, and *heard several attempts at a rehearsal of it*," &c. &c. See also Andrew Rodgers's certificate as to these facts in the same Appendix, p. 44.

was the white man's friend, that on his journey to Pittsburgh to brighten this friendship, or on his return thence, all his friends were killed at Yellow creek; that now when he died, who should bury him, for the blood of Logan was running in no creatures' veins; *but neither was the name of Cresap, or the name of any other person mentioned in this speech.*[1] But I recollect to see Dunmore put this speech among the other treaty papers."

From these parallel statements it will be seen that the chief evidence against the authenticity of the speech or message as detailed by John Gibson, is given by Col. Wilson and by Mr. Tomlinson, who was a citizen of our State, residing in Alleghany county, and admitted to be a person of the most respectable character for truth and intelligence. Testimony to this effect is adduced from high sources, and published in the 2d vol. of the Olden Time Magazine, page 476.

A sketch of Col. John Gibson will be found in T. J. Rogers's American Biographical Dictionary, 4th edition, Philadelphia, 1829. He has always been regarded as an honest and truthful person. He enjoyed the confidence of Washington who, in 1781 entrusted him with the command of the Western Military Department. In 1782, when Gen. Irvine had succeeded him, Col. Gibson was entrusted with the command during the General's absence, which continued for several months. Jefferson, Madison and Harrison respected him. He was a Major General of Militia, Secretary of Indian Territory under the administration of Jefferson and Madison; member of the Pennsylvania Convention in 1778; and an Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Alleghany Co., Pa. Chief Justice Gibson and General George Gibson, sons of Col. George Gibson who was mortally wounded at St. Clair's defeat, are his well known and esteemed nephews.

It will be observed that Mr. Tomlinson does not allege that Gibson did *not* go to Logan's village. He makes no statement in regard to him, until he saw him in the camp with Girty. And yet, it may have been perfectly consistent with the facts as they occurred that Gibson visited the Indian villages without Mr. Tomlinson being aware of his absence. Nothing was more likely to occur, I should think, in a frontier camp. It is very possible that Girty may have accompanied Gibson, as both had, many years before been Indian captives and were well acquainted with the Shawanese and Mingoes. Gibson says, according to Mr. Dunlap's statement, that Logan's message was not reduced to writing until his return to camp; and if Girty accompanied him, nothing was so probable as that they should unite and resort to a tent to commit it to paper. It is impossible for a man to know all that is going on in a camp. General Clark's letter seems to prove, conclusively, that Cresap's *name* was in the message when read in the camp, for he jeered him with his asserted importance in

[1] This would make it *correspond* with the Abbé Robin's copy which follows.

originating the war, whereupon Cresap broke forth in bitter invective against Greathouse;—and, moreover, it is evident that Logan had previously charged Cresap with the murder, as will be seen by reference to the note addressed to "*Captain Cresap*," which the Indian left in the house of Roberts, whose family he had murdered in 1774.

I think it may be fairly deduced from the preceding statements, that John Gibson, in his interview with Logan, heard from him an outburst of passionate sorrow, the purport of which *he subsequently reduced to writing after his return to the British camp from the Indian villages,—a distance of about six miles.*[1] When he reached camp, in all likelihood, he detailed the conversation with Logan to Lord Dunmore; and the Earl and the Indian trader, who were both anxious to make Logan participate in the treaty in some manner, committed the remembered language of the savage to paper, and caused it to be read forthwith to the army as a *speech or message* from Logan. The reader will not fail to remark, that *intrinsically, it does not pretend in its language to be a Message, a Speech or a pledge for the future; and, when critically examined, is nothing more than a savage expostulation or apology for cruelties committed by a man of strong feelings, but in which not a single note of personal grief or of submission is mingled!*

In all the versions of this paper which I am about to present, there is no *consent by Logan to the peace*, except in the copy given by the Abbé Robin; and if Dunmore wanted Logan's adhesion to the treaty, *that* speech would most probably have satisfied him. The *French copy* it will be observed, does not contain the name of Cresap!

SIX VERSIONS OF THE SPEECH.

I have diligently sought for the different copies of this celebrated document, which are known to exist in our country, and the following six are the fruits of my researches. The first is taken from a work which I found in the Baltimore Library Company's collection. It is entitled: "*Nouveau Voyage dans L'Amerique septentrionale, en l'Année* 1781*; et Campagne de l'Armée de M. le Comte de Rochambeau, par M. l'abbé Robin.*" The abbé was a chaplain in the army of our French auxiliaries:

I.

ORIGINAL FRENCH OF THE ABBE ROBIN, PUBLISHED IN PHILADELPHIA AND PARIS IN 1782.

"On a reproché aux Espagnols leurs cruautés contre ceux des pays dont ils se sont emparés: il paroit qu'on auroit aussi des reproches de ce genre à faire aux Colonies Angloises. Ce discours que m'a communiqué un

II.

TRANSLATION, PUBLISHED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1783.

"The Spaniards have been reproached for exercising cruelties upon the inhabitants of the countries they conquered; but it appears that reproaches of this kind are no less well founded against the English. An Indian speech that was given me by a

[1] See Howe's Ohio Hist. collections, p. 402, for a MAP OF THE ANCIENT SHAWANESE TOWNS ON THE PICKAWAY PLAINS, made by P. N. White, and containing the sites of Logan's cabin, Camp Charlotte (Dunmore's) and the position of Lewis's division when halted by the Earl This map shows that the distance between Logan's cabin and Dunmore's head-quarters *was fully six miles.*

professeur de Williamsburgh, dont voici la traduction, en est un monument. Il montre, en même temps, avec quelle mâle énergie ces sauvages savent s'exprimer:

"DISCOURS PRONONCE PAR LE SAUVAGE LONAN, DANS UNE ASSEMBLEE GENERALE, ENVOYE A M. le GOUVERNEUR DE VIRGINIE, LE 11 NET[1] 1754:

"LONAN ne s'opposera jamais à faire la paix qu'on propose avec les Hommes blancs. Vous savez qu'il ne connut jamais la crainte, et qu'il n'a jamais fui dans les combats. Personne n'aime plus que moi les Hommes blancs. La guerre que nous venons d'avoir avec eux, a été longue et cruelle des deux côtés. Des ruisseaux de sang ont coulé de toutes parts, sans qu'il en soit résulté aucun bien pour personne. Je le répete, faisons la paix avec ces hommes; j'oublie leurs injures, l'intérêt de mon pays l'exige: j'oublie encore que, naguere, le Major ———, fit massacrer impitoyablement, dans un bateau, ma femme, mes enfens, mon père, ma mère, et tous mes parens. L'on m'excita à la vengence—je fus cruel malgré moi. Je mourrai content si ma patrie est en paix: mais quand Lonan ne sera plus, qui est-ce qui versera pour lui une larme?"[2]

[1] Ce mot signifie apparament le mois Lunaire ou Solaire.

[2] Nouveau voyage, &c., p. 147.

professor at Williamsburgh, a translation of which is subjoined is a proof of this. It discovers, at the same time, the bold and masculine energy these savages are taught by nature to express themselves:

"SPEECH PRONOUNCED BY THE SAVAGE LONAN, IN A GENERAL ASSEMBLY AS IT WAS SENT TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA, ANNO 1754:]

[" LONAN will no longer oppose making the proposed peace with the white man—you are sensible that he never knew what fear is—that he never turned his back in the day of battle—no one has more love for the white man than I have. The war we have had with them has been long and bloody on both sides—rivers of blood have run on all parts, and yet no good has resulted therefrom to any. I once more repeat it—let us be at peace with these men; I will forget our injuries, the interest of our country demands it—I will forget, but difficult indeed is the task—yes, I will forget, Major *Rogers cruelly and inhumanly murdered in their canoes, my wife, my children, my father, my mother, and all my kindred.* This roused me to deeds of vengeance—I was cruel in despight of myself—I will die content if my country is once more at peace: but when Lonan shall be no more who alas! will not drop a tear for him."[1]

[1] New Travels, &c., p. 67. Barton's Medical and Physical Journal, vol. 2, p. 148. See the latter for a full critical commentary on this speech, and for a *promise to disclose who Major Rogers was* in a future number of his journal—a promise which unfortunately was never fulfilled!

The speech translated from the Abbé Robin's work is tolerably well rendered into English by the translator at Philadelphia in 1783, though it is not as accurate or elegant as it might be. The main facts however, are faithfully given, and we cannot doubt that it is the speech or message usually attributed to *Logan*, though it is assigned to *Lonan*, and that the date of 1754 for 1774 was a

misprint or an inaccuracy either of the Professor at Williamsburgh, or of the Abbé in translating the original into French. The date, in the French copy of "11 *Nct*," is probably also a misprint for 11th November, inasmuch as the treaty having been made by Dunmore near the close of October, 1774, this copy of the speech may very probably have been committed to writing early in the following November. The general cast of thought in the speeches reported by Jefferson and the Abbé is the same; but they differ in force, elegance and eloquence. The essential points however, to which I desire to call the reader's attention are: that in the French edition the massacre is attributed, not to Cresap, but to a "Major ———;" in the English translation the blank is filled by the name of "Major *Rogers;*" and finally that Logan or Lonan asserts this blood thirsty commander murdered *his wife*, his *children*, his *father*, his *mother*, and *all his kindred*, IN THEIR CANOE!

Now, it will be recollected that Shikellamy, his father, died at Shamokin in 1749; so that he could not have been killed at Yellow creek in 1774; and, moreover, that Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, (edition of 1794) says that "Col. Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on these much injured people, collected a party and proceded *down the Kenhawa* in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately A CANOE *of women and children with one man only*, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed and unsuspecting a hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be *the family of Logan* who had long been distinguished as a friend of the whites."

Here the story of the murder *in canoes*, and of the whole of Logan's family was repeated, and the geography of the scene is ascribed to the Kenhawa. This upon examination was found by Mr. Jefferson to be inaccurate, and in the edition of the Notes on Virginia, which he retained by him until his death, and in the IVth Appendix to more recent editions than that of 1794, he caused the paragraph above cited to be substituted by the following:

"Capt. Michael Cresap and a certain Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprized at different times, travelling and hunting parties of the Indians, having their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these were unfortunately the family of Logan, a chief celebrated in peace and in war, and long distinguished as the friend of the whites."

This is certainly a mitigation of the charge against Capt. Cresap, but it leaves altogether indefinite the fact as to whether Greathouse and Cresap conjointly directed these parties, or which of the two murdered Logan's relatives. It relieves Cresap, however, altogether from the charge of murdering the Logan family *in canoes*, on the Kenhawa, a fact which seems to have been current at Williamsburgh, Va., when the Abbé Robin was there and received the speech of *Lonan* from the Williamsburgh professor!

It will be well for the reader to compare the speeches line by line as given by Mr. Jefferson and by the Abbé. The resemblances and the variances cannot fail to attract his critical notice.

This copy,—if we admit the date to be the 11th November, 1774, as we have stated it to have been most probably,—*is the eldest member of this family of speeches* I have been able to discover in tracing its pedigree. No manuscript copy of the time, has, to my knowledge, ever been found.

III.

My friend Mr. Thomas H. Ellis, of Richmond, Virginia, has kindly sent me the following authentic copy of the *message* of Logan, extracted from the "Virginia Gazette, No. 1226."

"WILLIAMSBOROH, *February* 4, 1775.

"The following is *said to be* a *message* from Captain Logan (an Indian warrior) to Gov. Dunmore, after the battle in which Col. Charles Lewis was slain, delivered at the treaty:

"I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked but I clothed him. In the course of the last war Logan remained in his cabin an advocate for peace. I had such an affection for the white people that I was pointed at by the rest of my nation. I should have ever lived with them, had it not been for Colonel *Cressop*,[1] who *last year*, cut off in cold blood, all the relations of Logan not sparing women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called upon me for revenge; I have sought it, I have killed many, and fully glutted my revenge. I am glad that there is a prospect of peace on account of my nation; but I beg you will not entertain a thought that any thing I have said proceeds from fear! Logan disdains the thought! He will not turn on his heel to save his life! Who is there to mourn for Logan? . . . . No one."

IV.

From the IVth Series of American Archives, vol. 1, p. 1020, I extract the following:

"*New York*, February 16, 1775. Extract of a letter from Virginia: 'I make no doubt but the following specimen of *Indian* Eloquence and mistaken valour will please you; but must make allowance for the unskillfulness of the Interpreter:

"*The speech of* 'LOGAN—*a* SHAWANESE *Chief*—to Lord Dunmore:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry *and* I gave him not meat, if ever he came *cold or* naked and I *gave him not clothing. During the course of the last long and bloody war* Logan remained in his *tent* an advocate for peace; nay, such was my love for the whites, *that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men!'* I had even thought to live with you, *but for the injuries of one man.* Colonel Cresap, *the last spring*, in *cool* blood *and unprovoked* cut off 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 human 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 harbour the 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."

[1] He is here, in this message delivered in *October*, 1774, called *Colonel* Cressop, both title and name being inaccurately given. In the note left by Logan in the house in Virginia whose inhabitants he had murdered, dated 12th *July*, 1744, he styles him *Captain Cresap*. Thus he evidently knew his *proper* title *anterior* to the message in October, in which he miscalls him. That the title, if introduced at all, was assigned by Logan is unquestionable, for Gibson says so in his preceding testimony.

The comparison of these two copies is not a little singular; the one published on the 4th Feb., 1775, at Williamsburgh, Va., and the other only fourteen days after, in New York, on the 16th of the same month in the same year.

The Virginia announcement states it to be only a "*message*" which was "*said to have been*" sent by *Captain* Logan, (who was known to be a Mingo,) to Lord Dunmore. The New York copy, during the transit from Virginia, is magnified into a SPEECH, and dignifies the orator as a "SHAWANESE CHIEF!" Nor has the language of the document deteriorated by its travel northward. The Indian abruptness and directness has been softened by the journey, and the reader will particularly note the variances which we have endeavored to point out by causing the chief passages to be printed in italics.

The next member of this eloquent lineage blooms in mature perfection, in the pages of Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia; and, with its translation into French, in the year 1788, I shall close my analysis of the genealogy.

Mr. Jefferson says in his IVth Appendix: "——— the speech itself" was "so fine a morsel of eloquence that it became the theme of every conversation, in Williamsburgh, particularly, and generally indeed, wheresoever any of the officers resided or resorted. I learned *it* in Williamsburgh; I believe at Lord Dunmore's, and I find in *my pocket book* of that year, (1774,) an entry of the narrative as taken *from the mouth of some person, whose name, however, is not noted, nor recollected, precisely in the words stated in the Notes on Virginia:*

Extract from "Recherches historiques et Politiques sur les Etats-Unis de l'Amerique Septentrionale," 1788, 4th vol. p. 154.

V.

"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 idle 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,[1] the last spring, in

VI.

"Y-a-t'il un homme blanc qui puisse dire qu'il soit jamais entré ayant faim dans la cabane de Logan, et à qui *Logan* n'ait pas donné à manger, et que *Logan* n'ait pas revêtu! Durant le cours de la dernière longue et sanglante guerre, Logan est resté oisif dans sa cabane, exhortant *sans cesse ses compatriotes à la paix*. Telle étoit son amitié pour les blancs, que *ses frères*, le montrant au doigt en passant, disoient: 'Logan est l'ami des blancs.' *Il* vouloit même aller vivre *au milieu* de vous, avant qu'un homme,

[1] Cresap happened to be only a *Captain;* but the translated Robin edition makes the felon a *Major*, while Mr. Jefferson's elevates him into a *Colonel*, though Logan had called him simply *Captain* in his bloody *missive of the 21st July*, 1774!

cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even 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."[1]

le Colonel Cresap, au printems dernier, de sang froid et sans provocation, eût assassiné tous les parens de Logan, sans épargner même *les* femmes et *les* enfens. Il ne coule plus maintenant *aucune* goutte de mon sang dans aucune créature vivante. J'ai voulu me venger; J'ai combattu: j'ai tué beaucoup *de blancs*. J'ai assouvi ma vengeance. Je me réjouis pour mon pays *des approches* de la paix; mais gardez vous de penser jamais que cette joie soit celle de la crainte. Logan n'a jamais connu la crainte: *Il ne tournera jamais ses pieds* pour sauver sa vie. Qui reste-t'il *maintenant* pour pleurer Logan? Personne."

The slight variations in the translation are noted by italics.

[1] Jeff. Notes on Va. Ed. 1794, p. 91.

Erratum.—Page 8, eighth line from top, for *his of* read *of his*.

4950

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

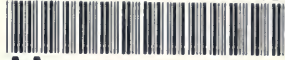
MAR 11 1948

NOV 1 1965
RECEIVED
LD-URL
NOV 1 1965
AM PM
7-4 4-9 9-10

DISCHARGE-URL
SEP 2 1978
OCT 22 197

DISCHARGE-URL
APR 6 1981

Form L9-25m-8,'46(9852)444


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 019 900 0