



**SIMON GIRTY**



**THE WHITE SAVAGE**



UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Dar.  
PS2359  
M49559



Darlington Memorial Library









# SIMON GIRTY:

"THE WHITE SAVAGE."

(So called by Heckewelder, Moravian Missionary.)

---

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER.

---

BY

CHARLES MCKNIGHT, 1826-1881,

Author of "OUR WESTERN BORDER," "OLD FORT DUQUESNE," &c., &c.

---

"The outlawed white man, by Ohio's flood,  
Whose vengeance shamed the Indian's thirst for blood;  
Whose hellish arts surpassed the redman's far:  
Whose hate enkindled many a border war,  
Of which each aged grandame hath a tale  
At which man's bosom burns and childhood's cheek grows pale."

---

PUBLISHED BY

J. C. McCURDY & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, and CINCINNATI.

Day  
M1595  
cop. 1

COPYRIGHT  
BY CHAS. MCKNIGHT.  
1880.



## PREFACE.

---

BUT few words are needed to explain the purpose of the following work. For nearly a score of years Simon Girty figured with a bad præminence on our Western Border. From his renegade flight from Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh), in 1778, down to "Mad Anthony" Wayne's battle of the Fallen Timbers in 1794, when the power and coherence of the Ohio Indian tribes were forever broken, Girty and his brothers were the scourge of the border. The dreaded name was a terror in every frontier cabin, the mere mention of which would cause woman's cheek to blanch and children's hair to stand with fear.

It is a common saying that the "Devil is not so black as he is painted," and so with Simon Girty. The author discovered by carefully sifting border chronicles and pioneer stories, and through correspondence with those best posted in that branch of American history, that Girty had really a double character; that he was not all or always bad, but possessed many redeeming traits, and that for many of the atrocities and massacres of which for long years he has stood the reputed author, he was in no wise or only partially to blame. He was, it is true, a thorough savage, both by nature and training, but he was also brave and honest, and at times when not enraged or maddened by liquor, amiable and good-hearted, performing many kind and humane actions.

Especially did the author find a hitherto unsuspected vein of romance running through the desperado's life—that he had once truly loved and tenderly married. Kate Malott, his wife, was said to have been once the prettiest girl in Detroit. The knowledge thus gained of Girty, so different from the accepted version of his life and character, the author has sought to utilize, painting the man in his true colors, and giving him whatever benefit he deserves—"nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

The author has aimed in this historical romance not only to please but to instruct, faithfully following border history, written and unwritten. All the chief characters had once a veritable existence, and in no case has he, for the sake of dramatic effect wittingly done any violence to truth or probability. He is aware that by thus weaving into his fiction frequent passages which more properly belong to the historian, he endangers the interest of the story, and trammels, as it were, its free action; but his desire has solely been to dress history to advantage, and to cover its dry details with a drapery of romantic interest.

And thus, he trusts, he has given his simple story more substance and realism than is ordinary with fictions, and that, in the opinion of the sensible and judicious, what he may have lost in exciting interest, he will have gained in historic information. As to the rest, readers must judge.

# CONTENTS.

---

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—THE FRONTIER AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION . . . . .	9
II.—THE MASSACRE OF THE MORAVIANS . . . . .	11
III.—A BOATING PARTY OF “YE OLDEN TIME.” . . . .	13
IV.—WHO COMPOSED THE BOATING PARTY . . . . .	16
V.—ARRIVAL OF THE GIRLS AT PITTSBURGH. . . . .	20
VI.—A RIFLE MATCH BETWEEN NOTED SCOUTS . . . . .	25
VII.—LARRY’S FIGHT WITH A BUCK ELK. . . . .	29
VIII.—MRS. MALOTT RELATES HER SAD STORY . . . . .	32
IX.—AN INDIAN ATTACK ON EMIGRANT BOATS. . . . .	35
X.—THE ARRIVAL AT FORT MCINTOSH. . . . .	41
XI.—A FIRE-HUNT ON THE BIG BEAVER . . . . .	46
XII.—HOW LARRY “TATTHURED” A BUCK. . . . .	51
XIII.—LARRY MAKES A FUNNY MISTAKE . . . . .	54
XIV.—A STRANGE SIGHT AT BIG YELLOW CREEK . . . . .	57
XV.—COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE INDIAN DECOY . . . . .	62
XVI.—CAPTAIN BRADY AND THE BIRCH STEALERS . . . . .	66
XVII.—THE REDSKINS TRY A SUCCESSFUL DODGE. . . . .	69
XVIII.—THE ARK BOARDED BY CAPTAIN PIPE’S PARTY. . . . .	72
XIX.—SIMON GIRTY “PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE.” . . . .	77
XX.—LYDIA BOGGS CREATES A SENSATION. . . . .	83
XXI.—CAPTAINS GIRTY AND BRADY HAVE A MEET . . . . .	85

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XXII.—LARRY HOB-NOBS WITH BLACKHOOF . . . . .	90
XXIII.—MRS. MALOTT HAS A REVELATION . . . . .	93
XXIV.—GIRTY PREPARES TO ATTACK ANOTHER BOAT . . . . .	98
XXV.—A DESPERATE CONFLICT ON THE OHIO . . . . .	102
XXVI.—CAPTAIN BRADY HAS A TRYING ORDEAL . . . . .	105
XXVII.—A MOST MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTER . . . . .	108
XXVIII.—THE POE'S GREAT FIGHT WITH "BIG FOOT." . . . .	111
XXIX.—ADAM POE FINISHES THE STORY . . . . .	117
XXX.—THE POE PARTY TAKE GIRTY'S TRAIL . . . . .	120
XXXI.—THE "HERMIT OF THE BIG YELLOW." . . . .	124
XXXII.—A QUARTETTE OF FAMOUS SCOUTS . . . . .	128
XXXIII.—LYDIA BOGGS MAKES A NEW SENSATION . . . . .	131
XXXIV.—SIMON GIRTY . . . . .	134
XXXV.—A CURIOUS CONFESSION OF GIRTY . . . . .	138
XXXVI.—GIRTY IN LOVE WITH KATE MALOTT . . . . .	142
XXXVII.—CONFIDENTIAL CHAT BETWEEN FRIENDS . . . . .	145
XXXVIII.—LARRY BECOMES A "BIG MEDICINE." . . . .	149
XXXIX.—LARRY AS AN ORATOR AND WIZARD . . . . .	152
XL.—LARRY OFFERED A FATHER AND A WIFE . . . . .	155
XLI.—LARRY'S LONE SCOUT AND ITS RESULTS . . . . .	160
XLII.—ANOTHER MAZEPPA—FATE OF FAT BEAR . . . . .	163
XLIII.—MRS. MALOTT AND THE LITTLE DECOYS . . . . .	166
XLIV.—GIRTY AMBUSHES BRADY'S SCOUTS . . . . .	170
XLV.—A DESPERATE STRUGGLE . . . . .	174
XLVI.—"THE COMBAT DEEPENS; ON, YE BRAVES!" . . . . .	177
XLVII.—A FIERCE CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO OLD FOES. . . . .	180

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XLVIII.—THE DEATH OF OLD UNCLE JOSH . . . . .	185
XLIX.—GIRTY AND BRADY HAVE A TRIAL OF WITS . . .	193
L.—OFF TO GNADENHUTTEN, (“TENTS OF GRACE.”)	198
LI.—THE MEET OF THE TWO BANDS OF SCOUTS . . .	205
LII.—SIMON KENTON’S THRILLING EXPLOITS . . . . .	207
LIII.—BRADY MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE . . . . .	211
LIV.—THE MASSACRE AT GNADENHUTTEN. . . . .	214
LV.—THE MASSACRE AT GNADENHUTTEN. . . . .	218
LVI.—A VISIT TO THE “SLAUGHTER HOUSES.” . . . .	222
LVII.—THE SCOUTS “TAKE UP” A HOT TRAIL . . . . .	227
LVIII.—THE SCOUTS COME UPON GIRTY’S CAMP . . . . .	232
LIX.—KILLBUCK’S FATE—A “FANCY” CHIEF. . . . .	237
LX.—BETTY ZANE’S RUSE—KILLBUCK’S FATE. . . . .	240
LXI.—KILLBUCK’S TORTURE AND FLIGHT . . . . .	244
LXII.—THE PRISONERS FREED AND GIRTY’S RAGE. . .	249
LXIII.—THE COMBAT OPENS—GIRTY’S AMBUSH. . . . .	253
LXIV.—TWO DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS—THE HERMIT GONE.	258
LXV.—AFTER THE BATTLE—HOMEWARD BOUND . . . . .	262
LXVI.—A STAG HUNT—“MAD ANN BAILEY.” . . . .	266
LXVII.—LYDIA BOGGS AND COLONEL EB. ZANE. . . . .	269
LXVIII.—LARRY COMES OUT AS A LOVER. . . . .	273
LXIX.—LARRY REVIEWS THE SITUATION . . . . .	278
LXX.—LARRY “WANDERS BY THE BROOK SIDE.” . . . .	281
LXXI.—THE “HERMIT” DRAGGED TO TORTURE . . . . .	286
LXXII.—MRS. MALOTT MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY . .	290
LXXIII.—A HAPPY FAMILY REUNION . . . . .	294

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
LXXIV.—THE HERMIT'S STORY—KATE MALOTT . . . . .	297
LXXV.—THE HERMIT CALLS ON HIS OLD FOE . . . . .	302
LXXVI.—A STRANGE BUT HAPPY FAMILY REUNION. . . . .	305
LXXVII.—A GRAND COUNCIL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. . . . .	308
LXXVIII.—THE GRAND COUNCIL CONCLUDED—ITS RESULTS. . . . .	311
LXXIX.—A GRAND OLD-TIME CIRCULAR HUNT . . . . .	314
LXXX.—THE HUNT DRAWS NEAR—STIRRING SCENES . . . . .	318
LXXXI.—A LOVE PASSAGE AND ITS ISSUE. . . . .	327
LXXXII.—A GRAND BORDER MUSTER AND BATTLE. . . . .	330
LXXXIII.—A RETREAT AND A BATTLE—CRAWFORD MISSING. . . . .	333
LXXXIV.—COLONEL CRAWFORD'S CAPTURE AND ADVENTURES . . . . .	335
LXXXV.—COLONEL CRAWFORD'S AWFUL TORTURES . . . . .	338
LXXXVI.—DR. KNIGHT'S ESCAPE—SLOVER'S ADVENTURES . . . . .	342
LXXXVII.—SLOVER'S MAD RIDE—WETZELL'S RUNNING FIGHT . . . . .	345
LXXXVIII.—A STRANGE CHIEF ALARMS FORT HENRY . . . . .	348
LXXXIX.—LARRY'S ESCAPE AS TOLD BY HIMSELF . . . . .	352
XC.—STORY OF LARRY'S ESCAPE CONTINUED. . . . .	358
XCI.—THE BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS. . . . .	362
XCII.—DEATH OF McCULLOCH—LEW WETZELL'S FEATS. . . . .	365
XCIII.—SIMON GIRTY LAYS SIEGE TO FORT HENRY . . . . .	369
XCIV.—GIRTY AND LARRY HAVE A TILT . . . . .	372
XCV.—SIMON GIRTY ENCOUNTERS LYDIA BOGGS. . . . .	376
XCVI.—GIRTY'S NOVEL CANNON—BETTY ZANE'S FEAT. . . . .	380
XCVII.—LARRY CATCHES A TARTAR—SIEGE RAISED. . . . .	384
XCVIII.—CONCLUSION . . . . .	387

# SIMON GIRTY,

*"THE WHITE SAVAGE."*

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE FRONTIER AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Our narrative opens on the bright and beautiful morning of May 15th, 1782, and at the little frontier post of Fort Pitt, but just then beginning to take the general name of Pittsburgh. There was an unwonted stir and bustle apparent about the Fort, and along the steep and broken banks which converged towards the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela. The clear sky was at that early period but little stained by any smoky impurity. The air was full of the delicious freshness of Spring—fragrant with odors of shrub, tree and flower wafted from the surrounding woods. But one little level between the rivers had as yet been wrested from the dominion of Nature, while the swift and abounding rivers with their steepes and swells of verdure seemed to crowd this little wedge of land, as if begrudging to the stranger "pale-face" even that narrow spot.

It must be confessed, that never had gem—whether of man's or Nature's fashioning—a more glorious "setting." The lofty hills and billowy slopes that so remarkably hem in and envelop the three rivers which make the pride of Western Pennsylvania, were clad from base to summit with the greenest and most luxuriant foliage, just then expanding into the full rich leaf—no break, but by the waters, of this all-pervading verdure. Under the bright canopies of oak, maple, hickory, walnut and tulip trees, with their fresh and mottled tints, the red-bud, the dog-wood and the service-berry were just going out of blossom, while the dewy ground and leafy shades were fairly enamelled with wild flowers, or fragrant with blossoming vines and shrubs.

All this exuberant prodigality of leafage, as well as the flocks of swans and water birds, the gushing notes of the various songsters, and the rapid sweeps and plungings to and fro of birds of prey, betokened the full advent of joyous spring. One could breathe it in the balmy air, hear it in the strong rush of waters and melodies of birds, scent it on all the odor-laden breezes from the woods, and feel it in the bounding pulse and elastic step.

Not even one full century—brief period in a nation's history—has passed since that gay morn, and yet we fear it would be a most diffi-

cult task for one of the busy traffickers of the Pittsburgh of to-day, with all its hum and clangor and turmoil of multiform industries; with its jostling throngs of anxious workers; its long stretches of rattling mills and work-shops, and its dingy streets daring the steep inclines or crowding over the tops of the surrounding hills, to even picture in imagination that shabby and obscure little hamlet of the Revolution.

Let us attempt, kind reader, by a few suggestive mentionings, to aid your struggling fancy. Close your eyes but for a little, and strive to picture to yourself what was the "day of small things" with the great and opulent city of the present.—Although the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, occurred in the October previous—six long years after the bloody opening of the Revolution at Lexington—it brought only the promise of peace to our torn and exhausted country. If it excited hope and occasioned a cessation of hostilities east of the mountains, the Western frontier had for many a long year yet—and with its own hardy yeomanry unaided by the regular military—to wage a fierce and unintermittent war with banded savages. As regularly as the year came in, and as soon as the snows vanished sufficiently to enable the Indian to take the trail, were the Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky borders scourged by the cruel, ruthless savage, sparing neither sex, age nor condition. Artfully scattering into small predatory bands, they would come like thieves in the night, smiting, scalping and destroying.

Fort Pitt was then the Western centre of American operations, as Detroit was of British. All between these two hostile and opposing posts—with the exception of the three neutral Moravian towns on the Muskingum—was Indian country. It embraced every foot of the region west of the Allegheny river and north of the Ohio, and was overrun by roaming, outlying war parties of Shawnees, Delawares, Mingoes, and Wyandotts—a confederation of North-Western tribes which received their arms, ammunition, scalp-bounties and inspiration from the British commander Hamilton, or—after his capture—De Peyster, at Detroit. Desirous of keeping the Indians neutral during the war, and of giving them no just cause of offence, the American government had forbidden all from occupying, or even traveling through this Indian country. If any scouted or hunted there, they did it as open enemies and at their own peril—ready to shoot or be shot at from behind each tree which could shelter a man.

It was not until 1784 that the western side of the Allegheny river up to the Ohio State-line was secured, and not until 1794, when "Mad Anthony Wayne" fought the Confederate Tribes and British Captains at the "Fallen Timbers," forever breaking their power, that Ohio was gained to our young Republic by the treaty of Greenville.

In 1782, then, Pittsburgh was nothing but Fort Pitt, with a stretch of low, rude log-cabins—occupied chiefly by Indian traders—along the Monongahela river, and behind this, patches of more scattered and more imposing houses from Ferry up to Market street. Just this little spot won from the encircling forests—that was all. Where now stands the populous city of Allegheny, with its 60,000 souls, was then a vast solitude of 3,000 acres of unbroken wilderness, with its hanging wild-



hop and grape-vines ; its matted undergrowth of pea-vines and brambles ; groves of oak, cherry and walnut, with a rippling little stream meandering its blithesome way through to the Allegheny, opposite Smoky Island.\*

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MASSACRE OF THE MORAVIANS.

Fort Pitt itself had had a varied and eventful history. It was the successor of the old French Fort Duquesne, of which we have, in another work, written at length. When the French, at the approach of General Forbes' army in November, 1758, evacuated their snug and comfortable quarters, they left but a heap of smouldering ruins, and the stacks of some thirty chimnies ; an old magazine stored with ball, powder and scalping-knives alone serving to mark its site. A temporary square stockade for two hundred men was built and left in charge of Col. Hugh Mercer—who afterwards fell at Princeton—which was succeeded the next year by the more imposing and formidable Fort Pitt, built under the direction of General Stanwix, and at first taking his name. It cost, says Breckenridge, \$300,000, and according to an official letter of the time, was intended to "perpetuate British power" at that point. Not even a relic of it remains. The block house which yet stands strong and staunch, loop-holes for musketry plainly visible, was built *outside* of Fort Pitt by Colonel Bouquet in 1764.

\* General Washington, who took canoe at Pittsburgh in 1770, on his way to the Kanawha to examine and locate lands, and who was entertained at Fort Pitt, writes in his journal : " We lodged in what is called the town, distant about three hundred yards from the fort, at one Semples, who keeps a very good house of public entertainment. The houses, which are built of logs and ranged in streets, are on the Monongahela, and, I suppose, may be about twenty in number, and inhabited by Indian traders."

Arthur Lee, an aristocratic Virginia gentleman fresh from Europe, who visited the place in '84, two years after the time of our story, writes thus : " Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log-houses, and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland, or even Scotland. There are in the town four attorneys, two doctors, and not a priest of any persuasion, nor church nor chapel, so that they are likely to be damned without the benefit of clergy. The rivers encroach fast upon the banks. The place, I believe, will never be very considerable."

And yet Lee was not so far wrong in his unfavorable opinion of this military-trading post. It had at that time little but its incomparable surroundings to recommend it. Many others who paid to it a passing visit, or came out with the purpose of settling there, were no better pleased. Although there were more houses of pretension and comfort, and many more persons of culture and position than resident there than Lee wot of, the mass of the inhabitants were rough and uncouth, fond of low sports, addicted to the bottle, and caring nothing for letters or religion. Numbers of well-to-do Eastern emigrants, people of worth and standing, preferred settling in or about Washington, Pa., believing it had far better prospects for future growth and prominence than Pittsburgh itself. Washington county was even then pretty well occupied with a fine, sturdy, independent class of God-fearing Scotch-Irish, having three excellent Presbyterian ministers at work ; possessing churches and thrifty congregations, a Latin School, and an embryo Theological Seminary established near Canonsburg, as, also, many residents of education and high respectability.

In 1772, so little were hostilities apprehended, that the British General Gage advised the abandonment of the fort. It was dismantled, and part of it sold off, though not destroyed, but was soon afterwards occupied by the mischievous and turbulent Dr. Connolly, and by order of Gov. Dunmore, of Virginia. During the Revolution, it was at first occupied by Virginia troops, and then by Continentals, successively under Gens. Hand, Broadhead, and Gen. Wm. Irvine, who was appointed to its command by Washington during November, 1781.

Irvine was a tried and skillful officer, of approved courage and prudence, and was carefully selected by Washington as the best fitted to restore order out of chaos, and to heal the dissensions in the Western department. On his arrival at that post he found matters in a most deplorable state. The command was fearfully demoralized; its soldiers were dirty, idle, almost starved and most wretchedly dressed. He found the fort, to use his own words, but a heap of ruins, and urged the location of a new one on the Ohio at McKee's Rocks. Every department immediately underwent a strict scrutiny and reform, and under the efficient aid of Major Rose, his aid-de-camp, and Major Isaac Craig, of the artillery—both thorough business men—matters soon began to wear a changed aspect.

The General found, too, the whole frontier in a very excited and discontented state. On account of the constant harassment by Indians; the failure of Clark's and Gibson's expeditions, and the almost total annihilation of Col. Archibald Lochry's command of over one hundred of the very bravest and foremost riflemen of Westmoreland county, there existed universal gloom and dismay.

But this was not all, nor the worst. As Doddridge in his Notes says: "It would seem that the long continuance of the Indian war had debased a considerable portion of our population to the savage state. Having lost so many relatives by the Indians, and witnessed their horrid murders and other depredations upon so extensive a scale, they became subjects of that indiscriminating thirst for revenge, which is such a prominent feature in the savage character." About December, 1781, General Irvine revisited the East to consult with the Government and Washington as to the state of his department. Returning to Fort Pitt on the 25th of March, 1782, he found the inhabitants, as he wrote to headquarters, "in great confusion, and in a fit of frenzy."

On account of the mild winter, the scalping savages were astir as early as February, and crossing the Ohio above and below Mingo Town, (near what is now Steubenville) had committed some murders and taken many captives on Racoon and Buffalo creeks, Washington county. Soon after, Colonel Williamson led a band of about a hundred men to the attack of the Moravian towns on the Muskingum, and, first deceiving them so as to get possession of their arms, they drove the innocent Christian Indians into what they appropriately called "slaughter houses"—the men into one, and the women and children into another. After mature deliberation, and giving their victims a night in which to prepare for death by praying and singing hymns, they coolly and pitilessly proceeded to massacre them under conditions of unparalleled atrocity, killing forty-one men, twenty-one

women and thirty-four children. It was a horrible and most cowardly butchery, totally without excuse and terrible in its results.

The very day Irvine returned to Fort Pitt, these miscreants, marching homewards from their hellish saturnalia of blood—in which they even instructed the savages themselves in deeds of horrid cruelty—proceeded to Smoky Island, lying in the Allegheny directly opposite the Fort, and made an attack on some friendly Indians under Killbuck, killing a number, with two Indian captains, and compelling the rest to take refuge in the Fort. An officer's guard from the garrison was on the island at the very time, which either connived at the dastardly outrage, or else did not dare to interfere.

The murderers even wanted to kill Col. Gibson himself, one of the most trusted leaders and best Indian fighters on the border, and simply because, for the sake of good faith and humanity, he endeavored to protect the Moravians and friendly Delawares from cowardly outrage. The tragedy was fitly concluded by its perpetrators having a vendue, at Pittsburgh, of the Indian property—horses, guns, blankets, &c.—stolen from the massacred Moravians.

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### A BOATING PARTY OF "YE OLDEN TIME."

Before diverging on our little side ramble, we stated that on a fair May morn there appeared an unusual stir about the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela. Just at the very meet of the two streams, and bending far over their contending and differently-hued currents, stood a great sycamore—with its whitened trunk and lofty coronal of tender foliage—long noted as a trysting place for the village lovers. Under its favoring shadows, the tiny waves plashing among its naked and gnarled roots, many a story of requited love had been softly breathed and sealed.

But just now it served a far different, if not more useful purpose. Moored close to its towering stem, and gently swaying hither and yon, as the currents tautened or slackened the casting line, swung what was called a "broad horn," or "Kantuck Boat," used then, but far more generally in after years, for conveying emigrants and merchandise down the Ohio. It took different shape and size, according to the number of persons or character of freightage, and whether or not it was a time of Indian hostilities. Sometimes it resembled a common flat-boat, in having no siding above the gunwale. Sometimes the curved stern "sweep" which guided, and the rowing "sweeps" which propelled the clumsy craft, were operated from the deck, the boat looking like some huge and unwieldy box adrift upon the current, having neither "rake" of bow nor comeliness of shape.

Again, if hostilities from Indians were expected, the steering oar and sweeps projected through holes just above the gunwale line, those operating them being wholly under cover; and still again, as in the present instance, the sides and roof extended only two-thirds of the boat's length, the stem of the steering-oar being under cover, and the

two side sweeps near the bow, and light enough to be worked by seated rowers, a simple broad plank having been fastened above the gunwale on the Indian or Ohio side. The Virginia shore, as it had been for some time open to squatters and settlers and was sparsely occupied as far as Grave Creek, was called the "Federal," or "civilized" side, and considered comparatively safe from hostile bullets.

*Our* boat—as we may well so call it, since it was to convey our chief characters—was about forty feet long and twelve broad; sided and roofed with sawed timber; lighted with windows of greased paper; the roof curved a little over a raised ridge board, so as to shed the rain, and had a light canoe of birchen bark floating at its side. It stood among a number of canoes, piroques, batteaux and flat-boats, ranged along the beach of both rivers. All morning, tradesmen and their white and black assistants, dressed in the buckskin breeches and flapped vests of the day, or, in many instances in the leggins and moccasins of the western scout, had been loading up with a variety of articles needed at a frontier settlement—flour, whiskey, groceries, dry goods and hardware; while soldiers from the fort hard by, had brought down a supply of flints, powder and muskets.

And now appeared, coming down the steep road that led to Ormsby's Ferry, five fine horses—two of them having ladies' saddles—and all in charge of a huge, brawny, double-fisted "son of Erin," with good-humored phiz, and hair of a pronounced sanguinary hue, whom all seemed to know as "Larry." He had on the well-known breeches, woolen hose, square shoes, and other habiliments even now used in his country, for your Irishman is profoundly contemptuous of fashion's changes. He was evidently—judging by the smiles and good-humored chaffing which greeted his progress to the boat—"a character," and a very popular one at that.

Now, a decided stir is caused among the growing crowd by the snortings and affected starts and prancings of a spirited and daintily-stepping thoroughbred—led by a groom in fort uniform—and known all over the town as the "Major's Black Bess." It was a blooded mare of great stride and power, famed as the finest and fleetest horse on the border, and owned by Major John Rose, General Irvine's trusted aid-de-camp. The fact, now first made manifest, that the Major and his horse were to embark, seemed to excite much curiosity and comment.

It really appeared as if all the idlers in the town, and all the soldiers of Fort Pitt were most vitally interested in seeing those six horses coaxed or driven on board the Ark. The former crowded the beach and its overhanging bluff, and the latter thronged the river ramparts, while Larry's shouts, expostulations, and earnest wheedlings with his horses, were greeted with many laughs and cheers. Here were gathered all the Water street *gamins* fresh from their "taws" and hustle cap. There were the two darky Bens—Jones and Richards, and General Neville's "black Andy," the best marble-players of the town. Here stood a group of tall, blanketed and solemn-looking Indians, Killbuck at the head; and there, another group of noted hunters and Indian trackers—Lieutenant Harding, old French Lesnett and squinting Tommy Roach.

The horses at length safely in the Ark, all is now ready for the passengers and soon these approach the beach, attended by quite a large and noisy procession of ladies, officers, and prominent citizens, gayly laughing and chatting together.

First came Gen. Irvine himself, a fine, portly and noble-looking officer, in the very prime of life—every inch a soldier—and escorting Drusilla Swearingen, a young Virginia lady of winning beauty, and quiet, refined deportment. Colonel George Morgan, the distinguished Indian agent—so much respected by the Delawares for his justice and integrity as to be universally called Tamanend, after their greatest chief—walked behind, having on his arm Mrs. Catharine Malott, a plainly-dressed and very sad-looking lady of apparently forty years. She walked with eyes cast down, the traces of great suffering plainly visible in her wasted form and anxious, troubled face. Her sad story seemed well-known to most, and was not an unfrequent one on the border; and, as she moved feebly along, she was accompanied by whispered words and a general look of sympathy.

Next came Major Rose, a rather slight, natty-looking officer, dressed with great care and neatness, and with a certain air of precision but well-bred courtliness, about him—evidently, both by look and speech, a foreigner, but a brave and gallant gentleman, and greatly esteemed of all. We shall know much more of him in the near future, and nothing to his hurt. By his side, engaged in a very animated and sprightly conversation, walked, or rather tripped, Elizabeth Zane, a young Wheeling lady of some nineteen years, with a shapely figure, flashing eye, and lovely face. She seemed full of life and spirit, and was at once carrying on a lively exchange of repartee with those in front, behind, and with the grave and thoughtful officer by her side.

And now follows a succession of officers and citizens, with ladies: Major Isaac Craig, of Proctor's artillery, and Cols. Gibson, Gist, Butler, Bayard and Neville. These, as well as the prominent citizens in company—Judge Duncan, Deveraux Smith and Hugh H. Breckenridge, wore their own hair, either queued or plaited down their backs, the fashion of wigs and powder having then gone out of date.

After these came a trio which seemed to create quite a sensation among all on-lookers—a small and proud-stepping girl, of lithe figure and very graceful carriage, with a rich, mellow voice and laughing eyes, and certainly of not over seventeen years, flanked by two stalwart and resolute-looking young men, dressed in full as scouts, with moccasins, leggings and fringed hunting-shirts. She, too, was rather oddly clad even for that frontier region of free and easy manners, where the dress was chosen for use and fitness, rather than for modish show. She had come on horseback all the way from Fort Henry, (now Wheeling), riding her nag astride, wearing fringed leggings of the finest dressed fawn-skin. Her little feet were encased in gaily-embroidered moccasins; a narrow fillet of wampum about her brow confined her jetty curls, while a tunic of rich blue cloth, belted close to the waist, served to display her graceful proportions. Her walk, appearance and conversation showed her a person of unusual nerve and energy, while a certain amusing positiveness of gesture and down-

rightness of speech, rendered her very attractive. She was full of "snap" and mettle, and the very girl for the border.

This young backwoods beauty was none other than Lydia Boggs, and her remarkable life, both before and for long, long after the time she now comes before us, clearly revealed her as a woman of wondrous force and courage. Her attendants were young Moses Shepherd, of Wheeling Creek, and Capt. Brady, the most prominent scout of the upper Ohio. As these three thus closed the procession, and lightly sprang upon the ark, it was hard to restrain the expressions of admiration excited among all spectators.

After a pleasant and noisy parting, the Misses Boggs, Zane and Swearingen, with Messrs. Shepherd, Rose and Brady, were fairly on board and mounted on the roof. Mrs. Malott was sitting solitary in the little cabin, while Larry Donohue and Killbuck, the Indian steersman, were at their places, the former in the bow, rigging the oars, and the latter inside with hand on the rudder.

All being now ready, the line was cast off, and the rude and clumsy "Broadhorn" drifted lazily out until fairly caught by the rapid current. Now the garrison band was ranged along the shore, a gun was fired from the fort, and 'mid the waving of hands, the cheers of those on the bank answered by those on the deck, the enlivening strains of music and salvos of artillery, which filled the surrounding hills with reverberating roar, the ark floated rapidly past Smoky Island and soon drifted out into the broad and majestic Ohio.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### WHO COMPOSED THE BOATING PARTY.

And now, while our boat's company are thus grouped upon the deck, in busy survey of or animated conversation on the sylvan beauty of the shifting panorama; the free and joyous laugh of fresh young girlhood awaking the woodland echoes on either shore, it is high time we should briefly introduce them to our readers. They are well worthy of your acquaintance, for surely no braver men or more charming women then lived on the border, from old Redstone down to the Kanawha. And simply because we can dismiss them earliest, we must be ungallant enough to present the gentlemen first.

About Major Rose there was ever an inscrutable mystery. His face, dress, accent and manners all betokened the well-bred foreign gentleman, and yet here he was on a distant outpost, contentedly filling his daily routine of duties, and doing it, too, well and thoroughly. Neat in his attire, courteous in his manner, quick to conceive and prompt to execute, and withal, a thorough and exact business man, he was everybody's favorite, but an especial *protege* of General Irvine. Rose had occasional seasons of gloom, at which times he would withdraw himself from company, and treat with some degree of hauteur even the approaches of his dearest friends.

This served but to increase the mystery. Although surmises that he

was of different name and antecedents than represented were current, all that even Gen. Irvine then knew of him was that early in our Revolutionary struggle, a young foreigner, speaking the French and German languages, and giving his name as John Rose, sought a commission in the Continental army. Of himself and previous history he maintained an obstinate silence. Failing in his wishes, he then took a brief course of surgery, first serving as surgeon's mate, but, on his showing quickness and ability, he finally received a surgeon's appointment in the 7th Pennsylvania Regiment; but soon attracting the attention of Gen. Irvine, he succeeded in gaining both the esteem and affection of that able officer.

In 1780, on account of a feeling of jealousy excited among some of the American officers towards the young foreigner, he left that regiment; volunteered as a surgeon in the navy; was taken prisoner to New York and exchanged the same year; returned to Irvine's command as ensign, and was finally appointed his aid, with the rank of lieutenant, and taken into the General's family, where he immediately became a great favorite. On General Irvine's coming West, Rose accompanied him, and it is but faint praise to say that in every position in which he was placed, he did his full duty, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all with whom he was connected. During the whole of Miss Zane's visit to Pittsburgh, Major Rose was very constant in his attentions, so that the service he was now sent upon by Irvine was, we may be sure, by no means disagreeable to him.

Who in the West has not heard of Samuel Brady, the Captain of the Spies, and of his wonderful exploits and hair-breadth escapes? A soldier from the first drum-tap of the Revolution, he commenced his service at Boston. He was in all the principal engagements of the war until the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to Pittsburgh, to join General Broadhead, with whom he became a great favorite, and was almost constantly employed in partisan scouting. In 1778 his brother, and in 1779 his father, were cruelly killed by Indians. This made Captain Brady an Indian killer, and he *never changed his business*. The red man never had a more implacable foe, or a more relentless tracker. Being as well skilled in woodcraft as any Indian of them all, he could trail them to their lairs with all the fierceness and tenacity of the sleuth-hound.

We could fill pages with the mere mention of his lone vigils, his solitary wanderings, and his terrible revenges. His hate was undying. It knew no interval—his revenge no surfeit. Day and night, summer and winter was all the same if it gave him chance to feed fat his ancient grudge. He was now about twenty-six, and—as leaning upon his trusty rifle which was never out of reach—he stands there, gaunt, erect and sinewy, upon the deck of this rude ark, clad in the complete dress of the forest ranger; as his grim, stern face breaks into smiles at some sprightly jest of Miss Swearingen, or as he gazes at her tenderly from his earnest eyes, who would suppose that the wilderness was his only home, and that the pursuit of the deadly savage was his life's business? So young, and yet so terrible. He is now in the very prime of youth, with a fame along the whole border—a tower of strength in the white man's cabin, a relentless fate in the

red-man's wigwam. But Brady is to be dreaded by them still more in the future, for, a full score of years after, he was ever their fell destroyer.

Of his still younger companion, Moses, afterwards Col. Shepherd, we have now but little to say. His life lay almost altogether in the future, and it was a broad and a prominent one; but even now, among the daring backwoodsmen, who knew well what true courage meant, and who would brook no flinching in boy, man or woman, he had won a wide reputation for woodcraft. He was a splendid specimen of the physical man, straight as the pine, tough as the oak, and yet pliant and supple as the willow. He was now, as always, richly attired, though in ranger dress, with kind manners and open countenance; had dark hair, a clear, fair complexion, strong features, laughing, gray eyes, and was always full of fun and frolic.

As he and Lydia Boggs descended from the deck, climbed down into the little birch canoe, and gaily paddled off for a brisk dash after a distant flock of ducks, one would think they were a very handsome couple and on the very best terms with each other. And so, indeed, they were. All their lives they had played together, schooled together in the same log-cabin, passed later through the same dangers, and now seemed as happy as frolicsome children.

Of Lydia herself scarce a word need be added. Her life is a public one, and as was the mature woman, so was the girl—a brave, positive, energetic character. As a mere child, swimming to Boggs' Island for her cows; as a girl, paddling her birchen canoe by night, surrounded by savage foes; as holding the head of her dying mother in her lonely cabin, or doing her duty bravely as a defender of Fort Henry in Indian attacks, she was the same cool, intrepid, determined character, as distinguished for her mind and force as she was for her beauty. It is said by those who knew her best, that when she was deeply interested in any subject, her face was fairly aglow and radiant. One can well believe it. It is only those without passion or depth of character, who have vacant, expressionless countenances. When a hundred years of age, Lydia was as firm and strong-willed as when sixteen.

Elizabeth Zane was a young sister of the five who founded Wheeling,—or the Fort Henry settlement, as it was better known in those days. As we shall shortly make a closer acquaintance with that notable band of brothers, we need only say here that they were of a highly respectable Quaker family who came from Berkely, Va., in 1772, settling about Wheeling Creek and Zane's Island, and that no more worthy or respectable people then lived west of the Alleghenies.

Elizabeth was a girl of unusual beauty and varied accomplishments—bold and adventurous in character.

In person she is described as tall, graceful and well-proportioned, with small mouth, pouting lips and shapely hands and feet. Her eyes were black as sloes, with long lashes and luxuriant hair of the same raven hue. In distinction from her swart-hued brothers, her complexion was fair and rosy, but she had the arched eyebrow and rather prominent cheek-bones of the Zane family.

Drusilla Swearingen was the young, and, we believe, the only



daughter of Capt. Van Swearingen, one of Gen. Dan Morgan's far-famed rifle-corps. He did good service at Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga, and settled after the Revolution where Wellsburgh, Va., now stands. Although not possessing the brilliancy of beauty, the flashing eye or merry laugh, which gave Betsy Zane (not Bessie, for those were not the days of the diminutives in *ie*) so many admirers, yet Drusilla was equally attractive in her own way. She had what is said to be a most excellent thing in woman, a soft, sympathetic voice, with shy, gentle manners, and graceful, womanly ways. Her laugh was low and sweet; her disposition sunny, and deportment always sincere and winning. Added to clear, blue eyes, fair hair, and a slight but elegant figure, she had a refinement that was very engaging, and a delicacy of word and manner that won the respect even of the rude but honest borderers.

As we are all most likely to be attracted by our opposites, it was probably this very timidity of Drusilla's, and her feminine graces which so fascinated the bold and reckless Captain Brady, a man whose whole life was passed 'mid violence and bloody struggles.

Both the girls last described so imperfectly, had been—what was very unusual in those rude pioneer days—carefully educated at a Philadelphia school, among the Quaker relatives of Miss Zane. They were even now on their return home, “finished” young ladies, most probably destined to pass much of their lives amid the turbulent scenes and incessant alarms of an exposed frontier; with the spinning wheel and flax swingle as constant companions. They had ridden out from Philadelphia on their own horses, as horse-back was the fashion in those days. Indeed, they could then have made the journey in no other way, as the roads west of the Susquehanna were of a frightful character, as yet totally unfit for wheeled vehicles, and only traversed by Indian traders and trains of pack-horses.

They had journeyed under the escort of General Irvine, who, as stated, had but lately returned from his consultation on Western affairs with Washington and the government at Philadelphia, but under the more especial charge of Larry Donohue, who, having lately arrived in Philadelphia from the Emerald Isle, and, desirous of going West to join a brother somewhere in Kentucky—he had not the slightest idea where—had been thus brought to their notice. As young Shepherd had bought a fine horse in the East and wished it ridden out, Larry was engaged to perform that congenial service, as also to see that the young ladies as well as their hackneys, had all the attention and comfort required on such a long and trying journey.

This Larry was what might be called a very “broth of a boy.” Large and powerful, but awkward and uncouth; with a certain refreshing verdancy and ludicrous unfitness for American life and customs, he seemed to be the oddest selection for a ladies' attendant. When, mounted grandly upon Shepherd's steed he brought around the two palfreys to the door of the Quaker aunt, and then dismounted with as much gravity and dignity as if about to surrender a fortress, the two girls, at this first sight of their protector, could not help exchanging frightened glances. He looked as grand and important as General Washington himself.

But those who engaged Larry, simply because he wished to go West and there was no other choice, selected "better than they knew." His character only developed gradually. Every succeeding day he opened out richer and richer. Like many others of his countrymen, he was a shiftless, blundering, devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky sort of a genius, with the richest of brogues, and the oddest conceits and ways of speech and action; perfectly at home any where, at all times and with every person, but withal so willing and serviceable; of such unruffled sweetness of temper and kindness of heart, that he was soon voted an honest, downright good fellow, and a never-failing source of merriment.

Larry never seemed to think, talk or act like any other body. He was irresistibly funny, without meaning or being at all conscious of it, and hence, was the occasion of great fun to others. It was amusing to see the fatherly, patronizing airs he assumed towards his fair charges. He was as proud and fussy about them as a hen with one chicken—joked, scolded, blarneyed and brogued them by turns; now sang a song, told a story, or gave utterance to all kinds of oddities; yet his fidelity and kindness were so conspicuous through all, that the girls soon voted him a perfect "original," and laughed till they cried over his queer notions, rattling talks and whimsical ways. He was, without seeming to know it, ridiculously out of place in the American backwoods, and promised to be about as appropriate in a Kentucky cabin as would a King Charles spaniel on the trail of a buck.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### ARRIVAL OF THE GIRLS AT PITTSBURGH.

The arrival from the East of two such attractive girls at a far away backwoods post like Pittsburgh, created a great sensation among the fort officers and the gallants of the town. Quite a rivalry existed between the two classes as to which should show them the best attention and secure most of their society. Amid military balls, woodland rides on horseback, and water excursions in canoe and barge, their time rolled away delightfully enough. Now they would have a picnic in the tangled wild woods across the Allegheny; and now they would climb to the summits of the lofty hills back of the town or across the Monongahela. One day they would gallop out to Bower Hill, the extensive domain of Gen. Neville, where stood the spacious and hospitable mansion afterwards destroyed during the Whisky Insurrection; on the next, they would ride along the Allegheny, on a visit to the old place of Croghan, the Indian interpreter. Once they attended a grand deer drive across the Allegheny, gotten up by Majors Craig and Rose and Captains Springer and Brady. Here, Miss Zane—who, like Lydia Boggs, Louisa St. Clair, and many of the border girls, was skillful with the rifle—had the honor of killing the only buck that was shot, and that too, upon the bound.

Only a few days back, Captain Boggs, with his daughter Lydia, and

Moses Shepherd had come up on horseback from Wheeling, with the double purpose of escorting the two ladies home, as well as to obtain a supply of powder, provisions, and other needfuls for Forts Henry, Rice, Wolf, Van Meter, and several smaller stations along and about Big Wheeling Creek. The news they brought was quite exciting. They reported great alarm along the whole Virginia frontier. The tidings of Williamson's dreadful massacre at the Moravian towns on the Muskingum, where so many Christian Indians with their innocent women and children had been so inhumanly butchered but one short month before, had been speedily carried to the Wyandot towns on the Sandusky, and thence by runners to the Delawares on the Tymochtee, and the Mack-a-Chack towns on the Mad River, and the whole three tribes would soon be all up in arms and burning for revenge. The frontier settlers were preparing to fly to their forts and block-houses, and expected a hot summer's campaign. They had also heard, through Isaac Zane and a friendly Delaware, that two of the Girtys, with the Delaware Captain Pipe; Pomoacan, the Wyandot Half-King; Guyasutha, Big Foot, and other Mingo, Delaware and Huron chiefs, would all soon be scouring the woods with their scalping parties.

It was now deemed more prudent to have all three of the girls go home by the Broad-horn, which was to carry the ammunition and freight, and it was arranged that Brady, Shepherd, Larry and Killbuck should accompany them for protection if necessary. General Irvine was to add Major Rose to the party, in order that he might visit Fort McIntosh at the mouth of Beaver, and concert measures of prudence with Captain McIntire, and then visit Fort Henry for the same purpose, to be back at Mingo Bottom by the 25th. Captain Boggs, after finishing his business at Pitt and McIntosh, had ridden over to Catfish camp (now Washington) to put the people of Buffalo, Racoon and Cross creeks on their guards.

All this was simply by way of precaution, for there was not so much alarm felt either at Fort Pitt or Fort Henry as one would suppose from the character of this news, or from the state of alarm along the Ohio; and, simply because Irvine, in connection with the lieutenants of the surrounding Pennsylvania and Virginia counties had been organizing a grand expedition of four hundred mounted hunters to carry on the offensive, right into the very heart of the Indian country and operations. This centre was undoubtedly the Wyandot town on the Sandusky, which was supplied by the British at Detroit. It did not matter so much then that a few skirmishers of red pawns should advance up to or even over our border, provided that the white forces under Cols. Crawford and Williamson could penetrate deep into the red man's country and give "check" to their king Pomoacan. This formidable expedition was now almost all ready, and was to meet at Mingo Bottom, three miles below what is now Steubenville, between the 20th and 25th, and here it was the 15th.

---

By this time the unshapely ark has floated amid stream until opposite the mouth of Chartier's Creek, and is now rapidly breasting the

steep, jutting cliff known as McKee's Rocks. It was here that the Ohio Company intended locating their fort, considering it a far more fitting and defensible place than the Forks at the head of the Ohio. And a most commanding and picturesque spot it was, with surroundings of almost matchless beauty. Brunot's Island, long and densely wooded, here divided the Ohio, yet in such fashion that the breadth and volume of the main stream seemed no whit diminished, while the other branch had cut deeply into the left bank, curving around in a magnificent sweep, the divided currents uniting again at the Rocks.

The lofty river hills on the creek side had gradually melted down into gentler forms, receding from the water's margin in a series of green, rolling knolls and slopes. Just on the broad rich bottom on one side of McKee's Rocks—on whose top a prominent Indian mound can even now be seen for miles up or down the river—once stood the village of the famous Shingiss, war-king of the Delawares.

A right royal place for a king's residence—there was a charming diversity of hill, stream, plain and valley, with unsurpassed hunting all about. While the irrepresible Lydia and her companion shot off in the little birch to visit the site of the long-abandoned village, the rest were filled with admiration at the inexpressible loveliness of the whole scene.

"Who could believe, Captain," enthusiastically remarked Miss Swearingen to Brady, who seldom left her side, "that a few short weeks could have wrought such marvelous changes. Why, when we left Philadelphia all was as bleak and biting as Greenland. Scarce a bud had pushed, while on the mountains the weather was truly frightful—roads slippery, blinding snow-storms, and the icy winds sighing through the groaning pines—ugh! I'm like an animated shiver even at the very thought of it."

"Oh, yes," said Brady, "a fortnight of April's soft rains and May's glowing suns works like magic in the woods. It seems as if the whole earth and air just burst at once into life and blossomed into fragrance—shrub, vine, tree and flower. I've been out on a trail sometimes when the woods were as drear as Siberia; ground frozen, dead leaves rustling to every foot-fall and not a song-bird's note to cheer the way, and returned when all seemed life and joy—everything in Nature just stretching up towards the bright sun. I like well the noble old forest at all times, but May's my favorite month. Unfortunately it's the infernal redskin's favorite month, too, as Rose there will tell you, if he can spare a moment from your fair friend."

"What! Ah, yes; quite true," put in the Major. "An Indian, like a bear or groundhog, sucks his paws all winter and thaws out in the spring."

"More like rattlesnakes, Major, confound them. Didn't you ever see a knot of slippery snakes in a cave or hollow log in winter, twisted and twined up together in the most loving and sociable way imaginable? but soon as the spring suns come they creep out, slide off, swell up, and commence practicing their horrid tail music. The yellow hides are just as sly and just as venomous, but a plaguy sight more treacherous, for a striking snake will always give you a warning rattle, but one of these copperheads—never—the sting first, and—"

"But surely, Captain," anxiously interrupted Drusilla, a shadow flitting over her gentle face, "you don't think there's any present danger? God forbid that our border should be harassed as it was last year. True, Betty and I only heard the reports at a safe distance, but some of the stories were so dreadful that our hearts were harrowed with the sad news."

"Well, no; no danger exactly now, or just here. Indians seldom come to the Ohio prepared to attack a boat like this; but, dead sure, you'll hear of them soon, and at any moment. They'll not rest long quiet after that Moravian affair."

"Moravian affair, indeed!" indignantly flashed out Drusilla. "It strikes me, Captain, that's a very mild, decent name for a most inhuman and cowardly butchery. I don't see how we are going to expect a just God to prosper us when we surpass the savages themselves in deeds of blood and cruelty! Major Rose, what—"

"Well, well, Silla," quickly interrupted Brady, "call it as you please—massacre let it be, if it brings such a fine glow into your eyes and color into your cheeks; but if you lived—"

"Well, but, Captain, you treat this too lightly. I won't receive any compliment at the expense of my better feelings. Indian hater as you are and have good reason to be, you surely cannot approve that outrage. Generals Irvine and Neville, Colonel Gibson and all the officers at the Fort denounce the slaughter as totally inexcusable. If *you* do not, you would drop a good many degrees in my eyes, I can tell you *that*. How many poor Christian women and little innocent children were there?"

"Oh, come now, Miss Swearingen," interposed Major Rose, seeing Brady's embarrassed air, and the dangerous light in her eyes, "don't let us spoil this lovely scenery with discussion of that truly dreadful affair. The captain was not there, and has assured me that, much as he hates the savages, he never has had, nor could have, the blood of any of their women and children on his conscience. But here comes the canoe. I thought I heard a rifle crack some ways back, but suppose I was mistaken. Well! Miss Lydia, where have you two truants been so long?"

A quick look of pleasure at the Major's words came into Miss Swearingen's flushed face. There were few engaged in the Gnadenhutzen massacre who ever ventured to confess it, and she felt relieved to know that her friend, Brady, was not one of them; and now all went to the boat's bow to receive the absent ones.

"Why, I do declare, Lydia," laughed out Miss Zane, "your cheeks look like two *Pineys*, as old Aunt Rachel would say; who's been so painting them?" with a significant glance at Moses Shepherd.

"None but God's own painting, Betty," replied the blushing young girl, as her moccasined feet touched the gunwale. "If, instead of your crooning poetry to the Major there, you had been paddling the birch and chasing the deer, *your* cheeks would have bloomed too." \*

It was Betty's turn to flush up now, and she hastened to say—"chasing the deer, Lydia, what *do* you mean?"

"Just what I say, Miss. We were noiselessly turning a little headland at the Rocks, when, upon the shingle beach just around the

curve, and right in front of Shingiss' old village, stood the loveliest doe you ever laid eyes on. On hearing us, she lifted her head, arched her graceful neck, and turned her soft, tender eyes full upon us. Having the first shot by right of discovery, I drew bead on her, but was so flushed I couldn't pull trigger. All at once the startled deer gave a bound straight up in the air and dashed up the bank. It was too late. My bullet went harmlessly by her, and I'm almost glad I missed."

"I'm afraid you're not as good a shot as you used to be, Lydia," laughingly interposed Shepherd.

"Just as good, Mo; but I don't like this short, light rifle—don't believe it carries true, and it somehow hangs fire and spoils my aim. If I could only manage a man's long rifle, I'd engage to keep all Fort Henry in venison and turkeys. But what'll we do now, girls?"

"Oh, Lydia, do stay quiet and look at the scenery; seems as if you couldn't rest more than a swallow or a humming-bird—always on the wing."

"Ah, girls," answered Lydia, with a quaint motherly shake of her little head, "I'm afraid your long stay in the gay city has thoroughly spoiled you. I told you it would. Your dresses and hair twistings savor strongly of modish fashions. You'll soon actually look upon our Western spinning-wheel with disgust."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Miss Zane; "we like their curls, frizzes, bobs, bishops, furbelows and 'gig' bonnets, not one whit more than you do. A few months ago we were both invited out to a grand party, and determining to be in the fashion, we sent for the frizzer, and were three mortal hours under his hot irons. Our hair was curled so tight we could scarce close our eyes, and Drusilla there had almost to stand on her tip-toes, while I sat up nearly all night for fear of disarranging my head 'tower,' as it is called there. No, no, Lydia, we come back more in love with the West than ever, in spite of all its privations and perils."

"Right glad of it, Betty! Was afraid we'd lost you both, and that you'd never, never do for the border. So long as father leaves me a will of my own, I'll make free to dress, talk and behave according to my Western tastes and ideas of fitness. I *must* have free life out-of-doors. I swim, shoot and ride, because the hum-drum of a cabin would kill me. But come, this slow, monotonous floating is too tedious for any use. Mo Shepherd, you laughed a good deal at my bad shot awhile since; why not have a trial with Captain Brady and Major Rose? See! there's a couple of swans floating along under that clump of willows!"

"Excuse me," said Rose, "I am not much of a Nimrod, and am better with the pistol than the rifle. But Brady, there, is said to be the truest and longest shot on this end of the river, and I have no doubt Shepherd is as good on that end. We'd all be glad to see some skill with those long, ominous-looking rifles."

"Well, friends," said Shepherd, "I've no objections; not that I could hope to excel Brady, but for our own sport. I'm horribly out of practice. It has been for some time dangerous to hunt far outside of our forts. Where are the birds, Lydia?"

"There! there! don't you see them, sailing along, with heads up,

wings thrown out, right within the shadow of those willows? Hurry! *do* hurry, Mo, or I'll shoot them myself!"

The young scout drew his long rifle carefully up to his eye, took deliberate aim, crack went the piece, and up arose one of the heavy birds with his hoarse, trumpety cry, the other struggling in the water.

"Hit, but not killed! See the feathers!" cried Rose.

"I take this one," said Brady, as he quickly covered the bird which was now flying rapidly along shore. Crack! Quicker than a wink! down it tumbled, head foremost, and floated off in the current, dead.

"Both pretty good shots, gentlemen," excitedly cried Lydia, "but not both fatal. I ask permission to make good the first one;" and up went her rifle. Crack! and the crippled swan, hit fairly in the breast, turned on its side and floated off with its mate.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### A RIFLE MATCH BETWEEN NOTED SCOUTS.

The two hunters now drew out their bullet- and greased patch-pouches, and laying each a ball in the palm of his hand, poured from his brass-knobbed horn barely enough powder to cover it, thus grading the charge. Driving the balls home, and carefully picking their flints, both stood leaning on their long rifles, waiting for what next might offer.

"Why not," said Miss Zane, "try for that large bird overhead, sailing about in such majestic sweeps, and apparently attracted by the swans? I've been watching its airy flights for some time."

All eyes were turned upwards. "I see nothing, Brady, but that fish-hawk, but it's too high for me or my carry. *You* might reach it."

Just then the magnificent bird closed its wings, and, after the fashion of its kind, glidingly dropped like a bolt or a falling star through the still air, and with such inconceivable swiftness and noise of plumage as to cause a rushing sound like that produced by a gust of wind passing through a forest. It then, with a heavy flap or two, arrested its course and again sailed on motionless wing above them.

"By George, Brady; it's no fish-hawk but a sea-eagle, the largest and noblest of all the eagle kind. I've seen them measure ten feet or more from tip to tip of wings."

"If you'll excuse the audacity of a soldier's correcting a backwoodsman on matters of this kind," pleasantly interrupted Major Rose, "I would say it was neither Osprey or Sea Eagle, but the Bald-Headed Eagle; though seeing that they always have a poll of feathers as thick as Larry's crown of hair, I never could tell why they are called 'bald-headed.' Do you see its white tail and neck, and how it lets its legs dangle at full length, and then note how it suddenly drops in mid-air, as I have seen tumbler pigeons do in Europe, bringing itself up with a sudden check, and again resuming its powerful flight."

"Why, Major, you must know something about American eagles. I never was aware that branch of knowledge was pursued in the service."

“That do I, Miss Boggs,” said Rose, “and have studied closely their various habits and flights. A pair of Golden Eagles used to have their nest on the steep hill right opposite the Fort—for this kind never build in trees, but on some ledge or cleft in the rocky cliff, and in the most inaccessible places. Then, again, a number of Fish-hawks and enormous Sea-Eagles used to circle and hover—watching for fish—above the bar just at the meet of the two rivers; and I’ve sat before my quarters for hours of an evening watching their wide sweeps and fearful plunges. The Golden Eagle has not the speed of either the Sea or the Bald-Headed Eagle, but has a keener eye and far richer plumage, and its majestic curves in the air are really magnificent. The Bald-Headed Eagle, however, has the most sustained flight, now travelling by easy, regular flappings, and sometimes ascending without apparent motion of either wing or tail, and by glorious sweeps until completely lost to sight. It’s a great tyrant and robber, though, I must say. Too proud or lazy to do its own fishing, I have seen it scores of times sitting sleepily on the top branches of a tree on Smoky Island, watching till it sees the Osprey flying homewards with a fish in its beak. Out then rushes Mr. Eagle with a menacing scraugh; mounts above in one dash, and pounces down fiercely and with such a terrible war-whoop that the poor Fish-hawk is glad to drop his hardly-gotten prey, when the Eagle, like a well-trained juggler, swoops down upon the fish like lightning, and safely carries it off, emitting all the time a coarse, rasping imitation of a laugh, and it can well afford it, for ‘let those laugh who win.’”

“Well, Major,” said Shepherd, “I’ve heard of a horse-laugh, a hyena-laugh, a Satanic-laugh, and a ‘laugh up the sleeve,’ but an Eagle-laugh is a new variety, I must confess.”

“Fact, though, nevertheless; when angry or disturbed, it frequently gives forth a sharp, discordant laugh-ha-ha, just like the wild laugh of a maniac. But that’s not all; when this same kind of an Eagle is suddenly surprised, it utters a strong, hissing noise much like a gander, and while asleep a loud, wheezy sort of a snore, which, in calm nights can be heard a hundred yards or more. We kept one a whole season at the Fort, and I took great interest in studying his kingship.”

“That reminds me,” interposed the gentle voice of Miss Swearingen, “of a story my father tells. When Morgan’s Rifle Corps were hurrying up towards Albany to beat back General Burgoyne, they encamped near the Highlands of the Hudson. Half way up the cliff was clearly seen the huge nest of a Golden Eagle. With that fondness for all sorts of deviltries which you know, Major, characterizes the soldier on the march, nothing would do but to make a visit to the home of this monarch of the air. Accordingly, a soldier was let down by a rope from the top of the cliff. When, however, he reached the nest, and was proceeding to secure the young, he was most fiercely attacked by the mother-bird. The poor fellow pulled out his knife, and while defending himself, and making repeated passes at the bird, he managed to cut the rope so deeply that it hung by a single strand or so. Those above, frightened almost as much as the unhappy man himself, dragged him up, but the horror of hanging in mid-air at such a height, and expecting every moment to be precipitated into the gulf



below, was so awful that the poor fellow fainted just when safely secured, and in three days his hair had turned completely gray. But see! the eagle is moving away, gentlemen! It must be now or never."

"Pop away, Colonel," said Brady, good-humoredly; "this is but a friendly trial for our own sport, with nothing to gain by a hit or to lose by a miss. 'Old Spitfire' here, however, has pinked less targets than that, though scarcely any farther off."

The eagle was now at a great height; a little to the rear, and slowly moving off towards the Indian shore. The Colonel slowly drew up his rifle, followed for some time the motion of the eagle, when crack! and a sudden lurch of the bird in its course and the dropping of a few feathers, showed that he had been touched. He was just gathering himself for a frightened flight, when up went Brady's long tube, the report following almost instantly. The eagle dropped for a hundred feet or so; then a slow, heavy beat of pinion, ending by a complete turning over and over, until it fell heavily on the water.

"A splendid shot, by Jove," cried Shepherd, while the rest were equally loud in their praise. "You're lightning on the trigger, Captain, and don't give your quarry much time to get out of the way. As Larry would say, 'This bangs the concate out av me intirely, so it does, and puts the disgrace until me; but, sure, where's the differ.'"

"Well, Colonel," laughed Brady, gayly, while wiping out his rifle, "you know by experience that those who hunt the red-cock of our woods have to shoot pretty quick and pretty straight, too, if they want to keep their hair where it's rooted. If we didn't learn to load on the run and fire between two winks, our lives wouldn't be worth the cast-off horns of a buck; but let's all go below and see poor Mrs. Malott, and hunt up some refreshments, solid and fluid. I'm as dry as a mummy, or, as Larry so *illegantly* expresses it, 'as parched as paze, and as dry as a lime-burner's wig.' By the by, what's become of that palaving fellow, and what's he doing? For more than an hour I've been hearing strange mutterings and pawings of hoofs from the—"

"Oh, Captain, Captain!" came now in the excited voice of Lydia, who, not altogether pleased with the result of the shooting trial, had seated herself on the bow-rail, her moccasins almost touching the water. "Do but look ahead once! What whirlpool is this we're being drawn into? The water's boiling like a pot and running like a mill-race; and how swiftly we're beginning to shoot! The whole boat trembles. Oh, it's fearful!" And the young beauty sprang up and stood back where the rest were all now gathered in front.

"Oh," replied Brady, "that's nothing but a strong riffle. It's the worst place, though, between Fort Pitt and Captina Bar. There needn't be the slightest alarm, ladies. We'll take this chute and run her through beautifully. It goes like a racer, sure enough; but it's just as safe as a shore eddy. Halloo back there! Larry, tell Killbuck to keep her fair in the middle!"

The ark had entered what is now "Deadman's Riffle," a remarkably strong and narrow current between a long, low island and the Indian side. The old boat bounded along at startling speed for a quarter of an hour, and then darted out, amid a number of sunken

rocks and angry whirlpools, into calm, clear water. So soon as an unobstructed prospect was given of the whole river again, Miss Boggs, who was quite excited and delighted with the late rapid run, exclaimed :

“Captain, what in the world is that stemming the water there, away in front—seems like something live and swimming.”

All eyes were turned to a moving object now pretty plainly visible a few hundred yards in advance, and apparently crossing—in a direction diagonal with the current—from the Virginia to the Indian side of the river.

“It’s plainly a buck to my notion,” remarked Brady to Rose ; “but its horns are just sprouting. Yes it *must* be ; and the gallant fellow is making a brave swim of it. I’ve often seen them crossing the Ohio, but not at this season.”

“I’m not so sure, Captain, of that’s being a buck—at least a deer buck,” said Shepherd, after a long and very intent gaze ; “it looks like a buck, and then again it don’t. I’m thinking it’s a stag. A buck swims with nothing but its head above water, while that fellow has both head and shoulders well out. Again, a deer’s nose and muzzle are not so black as that. It’s an elk ; I’ll wager my new horse on it, and his horns are ‘in the velvet.’ As the bucks were done ‘running’ months since, and have little spirit while growing their new horns, he must have been forced to take water by a ‘painter,’ or by wolves.”

“You’re right, Colonel,” cried Brady, with great animation ; “it’s a yearling stag, and a noble prize it will make. Now, young ladies, who’s off for a chase, and where’s Larry ? You’ve been saying he’s so impatient to see an American buck, and now here’s the biggest variety we can show him. Major, hurry him up, will you, and we’ll take him along and have some rare sport ; but don’t for the world tell him it’s an elk.”

Miss Drusilla, preferring to stay with the ark, the other two girls, with kindling eyes jumped into the birch and took the paddles.

“All ready !” said Brady. “Larry and I’ll go in the bow. A stag sometimes gets ugly and shows fierce fight, and it may require two to manage him, and may be, after all, we’ll have to drown him. Here’s the thong of deer’s hide, with a slip-noose all ready for a lasso.”

Major Rose had stepped back under the cover, shouting—

“Halloo ! Larry ; what *can* you be doing back there so long, and so much fun, too, going on out here ?”

“Halloo yoursilf, Major,” came back in very doleful, discontented tones ; “and sure I’m mortial glad you’re having fun, for it’s the laste taste in life I’m afther having in this devil’s own place.”

“Why, what’s the matter with you, Larry ? Can’t you come out ?”

“Ah, hear till him, now ! You were always a good one, Major, with your dif-*fic*-ult conuntherums ; and shure how could I come for this murtherin baste of your’s, bad scran to her ? Be jabers, it’s my heart that’s almost broke wid her.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## LARRY'S FIGHT WITH A BUCK ELK.

Rose advanced till he came to the partition set apart for the six horses, which was in front of the little cabin in the rear. After his eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom, he spied Larry in a most ludicrous position, bent almost double, and perched up as high as the roof would allow on a kind of rack, and the Major's black mare occasionally reaching up for him, while Larry would thrust his foot at her with a "Be aff wid you, now," and "Ah, would you now, you termagant?" She appeared fretted, nervous and excited, and so occupied the whole breadth of the boat that Larry could neither come down or get past. The other horses, with whom Larry had been well acquainted, seemed quiet enough, but there was a lurking devil in the mare's eye and the lay of her ears that betokened mischief to poor Pat. Rose burst out into a loud and hearty fit of laughter.

"Och, thin, God forgive ye, Major; ye may well laugh, and me sitting here as idle as a pot wid a grate brache into it, and as useless as a mile-stone widout figgers. It's ranting, roaring mad your mare is the day—the conthriarist and rampagionest baste I iver laid my born eyes on."

"Why, Larry," laughed the Major, and laying a caressing stroke on the mare's neck, "you've been abusing her. She's quiet as a lamb. See how she rubs her nose against me! Why, she's all in a tremble with nervousness."

"Abusing her, is it? and thrimbling, too? Oh, shure, thin, there's a couple of us in that same predicament. Och, divil sweep me, Misther Rose, she's a rale desaiwer, like all her sex, and's taken to deludhering ye. I repate, she's a born divil, that's what she is, and is only putting the comether till ye;" and Larry now came down from his perch, but keeping a wary eye on the mare's every motion.

"How did all this happen, Larry? What did you do to her?"

"Ah, Misther Rose, is it there ye are again? Shure, hadn't I just bated and tied my bastes, and put my hot pate out of the wee bit winder to survey the beautiful scenery, whin what should I feel but a sharp nip on my back, and something a hoisting me straight out of my shoes, and tearing my clothes loike, and whinever I turned me, what did I parseive, Major, but this divil's own daughtther pawing away for the dear life, with an eye blazing at me like a light-house lamp, and her ears laid flat on her neck for very spite; and whin I endayvoored quietly to exposthulate wid her at the undacint liberties she was after taking wid my breeches, shure, didn't she open her mouth woide like a rat-trap, and make for my poll, which I eshtame so highly, till I had to spring up like a rabbit to git out of her way. Ah, but it's enough to make a dog bate his own grandmother, so it is."

"Well, Larry," soberly answered Rose, "I'll forgive you for what you have done if—"

"Forgive me! Arrah, and shure it's joking ye must be, Misther Rose. If that faymale—the curse o' Cromwell rest on her—wasn't so much madder nor what I am this minnit, I'd bate it till its own parents wouldn't own it."

"Well, come along now, Larry. There's a live buck to be caught out here, and Captain Brady and the young ladies want you to help them."

"Phat! a buck, Major! and the young leddies! and me to catch it! Och, mudher of Moses, why didn't you spake that way afore. I've another kind of thrimble on me now, and feel loike I was goin' to a rich distiller's wake."

"Come, Larry, hurry up," cried Brady, impatiently, as the now excited Irishman made his appearance. "Snug yourself there in the bow. A deer swims like a water-snake, and we'll have trouble catching it. Now, girls, bend to your paddles; make her walk lively!"

The light birch sprang forward like a hound from the leash. The stag had now reached the middle of the river, and was in full view. On darted the boat, rapidly closing with the struggling animal.

"And that's your American buck, is it, Misthress Boggs?" rather sneeringly exclaimed Larry, who was all eyes and excitement. "Begorra, and I joost wish ye could for oncet see the red deer of Ould Ireland. Look at them wee-she bits o' horns, scarce bigger than my thumbs, and see its wee thrifle of a tail; divil a wag it is worth. More power to you, you tallow-colored wood-sweep."

"Much too busy now to argue, Larry," said Lydia; "but you'd better keep down your passions awhile. I think that buck will astonish you yet."

"Bedad, and I think it's the hare's heart it has intirely. Look how it's pumping away, and throwing its fore-feet like two shillelies at Donnybrook Fair. Now an *Irish* buck would ruffle up like a gamecock, and would cast his wicked eyes on you, and then foight the very divil himself av he coomed this near."

"Oh, stop your palaver, Larry," shouted Brady; "we're running alongside; and stand ready with the slip-knot! Now, Betty, another stroke to turn the bow in. So!—that will do!"

"The top of the morning to ye, Misther Buck," shouted Larry, in a broad grin. "Tare and Ounty, how big it is you're getting all to oncet. I thoct you were but a weenty crowwhibble, and here you've growed to be like a yearling bull. Oh, blessed vargin and holy marthys, what's this! Oh, Captain! Captain! for the dear love of God, kape off! kape off! or he'll murder us! Down wid ye, you black-mouthed savage!"

High time for Larry's exclamations, for the gallant stag, finding escape impossible, had—as is not uncommon when hard pressed—turned himself right around, and with mouth open, vicious eyes, stiffened bristles, and loud snortings made straight for the boat and Larry at its end. By a great effort, he reared up and got one foot over the broad birch, while the other kept scraping Larry's poor legs, and seemed bent upon either upsetting the canoe or getting into it; notwithstanding the imminent peril of the position, the girls could, for their laughing, scarce obey Brady's order to back off and all lean to the far side.

It is usual for hunters when their boats are thus attacked by even an ordinary buck, to either beat him off and then kill him with a heavy club which they put in the boat, or else hold down his neck by means of a forked stick, with a slip-noose fastened over the prongs, and thus drown him, the thong serving to keep his body from sinking or getting away. But there was no club in the canoe, and, wishing to have some revenge on Larry for his sneers, Brady would not use his rifle-butt, nor the girls their paddles.

And so Larry had it all to himself. Well for him it was not a cross, cranky six-year-old, or it would have gone much harder with him. As it stood, and powerful as Larry was, he had fully as much as he could handle. It was irresistibly comical to watch his wrestlings, amid short, hurried, snappish exclamations of "Bad cess to you, ye blackguard!" "Did ye ever hear the loikes?" "It bangs all;" "Thunder an 'ouns," and "By all the Apostles."

His hat had fallen off. His short, sandy hair fairly stood stiff with rage or surprise, and so he tussled and wrestled, and would have dearly delighted to have sworn stronger; but, like the ash-man when the boys took the tail out of his cart, he couldn't do justice to the occasion. At last, breathless and exhausted, but more from surprise than hard work, Larry managed to push the fierce beast off into the water again, when it resumed its course.

"Now, Larry," innocently put in Lydia, as soon as she could command her words from laughing, "if that had been an Irish buck, he never would have been persuaded off in that easy, gentle way, but would have just driven us all out, took possession of the boat, and paddled himself ashore."

"Ah, Misthress Boggs," replied Larry, in most mournful, lugubrious tones, "but it's the plisant but cruyel voice ye have—swate and bitther words to oncet. Axe yer pardon, leddies, for what I sed to you a whiles gone. Don't be aafter sticking pins into me—don't now! I feel like as cripples was kicking o' me along the best street in Ould Dublin; and you, Captain, I'm much beholden to ye for howlding your prate this blessed minnit, and won't you dhrive us along side o' that divil's own whelp again? Shure it has the eyes, the sulphur breath and murderin hoofs of Ould Hornie himself."

"And what are you going to do *now*, Larry?" said Brady, who even yet could scarce find words from laughing.

"Dhrive on!" shouted Larry, with a loud voice and commanding gesture, his eyes sternly fixed upon the swift-swimming stag; and then, as if to himself and between his clenched teeth: "If I don't bate the divil's tattoo on the naked ribs of that skileton, and tear his gaunt sides into tatters with my hob-nails, as he did my breeches, then my name's not Larry Donohue, that's all. An Irishman takes no banther, moind ye that now, leddies."

The boat was now alongside again, and suddenly, without declaring his intentions, Larry cried out—"quick! to the other side," and, noose in hand, gave a sudden leap, with the yell of a Choctaw, landing directly astride the stag's back, and bearing him down deeply into the water. He evidently had the advantage of his old antagonist now, and enjoyed it, too, by yelling like an Indian, digging his heels into

the deer's side, and twisting his head down by the horns. The poor animal at first tossed and struggled, nearly drowning Larry, but soon thoroughly frightened and exhausted and greatly over-weighted, it gave up further contest. Larry fastened the thongs about the horns, proudly kept his seat, and the ark having by this time floated down to the scene of contest, the young stag was with much difficulty—all on both boats assisting—forced to scramble on board, and was tied near the horses.

Larry's gallant adventure was in full view of all on the ark, and was greatly enjoyed by them, even the stoical Killbuck laughing grimly.

"Well, Larry," said Drusilla, as he sprang on to the boat, dripping like a Newfoundland dog, "and how did you like your novel ride?"

"Well, Misthress, I cannot deny but it wor a thrifle damp, with lashings of chape wather on all sides o' me, and as for my saddle of a buck's shoulther—well, well, ask me no questions and I'll tell ye no lies; but may the divil run away wid me, this minnit, if I wouldn't as soon be roosting on the blade of a knife. Sure am I that crayture could shave hisselt wid his own shin-bone," and Larry disappeared amid a hearty round of laughter.

The whole company now navigated their way into the little cabin at the rear. Here they found Mrs. Malott, with the same tired, anxious look about her eyes, and the same nervous, restless manner. She had evidently but one great burden at her yearning woman's heart—her lost husband and dear children. Were they now living? and if so, where? But we anticipate. With this gentle lady's assistance, a table of refreshments was soon spread, of which all partook most heartily.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MRS. MALOTT RELATES HER SAD STORY.

And now the simple lunch in the cabin is over, and an animated conversation ensues. In this, Mrs. Malott, striving to throw as little restraint as possible on the youthful spirits of the party, would make occasional effort to participate; but her interest was plainly assumed and fitful. The smile would quickly vanish from her troubled face, and the old look of sadness usurp its place. Her thoughts wandered; her wasted hands nervously clasped and rubbed each other, and there was an anxious, yearning look about her fever-lit eyes which showed the unquiet spirit within. She would now start at every new noise; now listen, listen intently for what was not to be heard; and then look eagerly at each face, and catch at every word which fell from the lips.

No peace there, nor could there be. It was impossible for any to be in her gentle presence without having a feeling of earnest sympathy excited. In order to give relief to her burdened heart by allowing others to share in its hopes or fears, Maj. Rose, with delicacy and a tone and look of heartfelt feeling, said:

"Mrs. Malott, we are all more or less familiar with the chief points of your sad story; but, if not too painful to you, we would wish to hear it more fully from your own lips, in order that we may give you what aid and comfort we can."

"Oh, do! pray, do! Mrs. Malott," cried Betty and Drusilla both at once, on seating themselves on either side, while Lydia, taking a stool at her feet, added: "You are among dear friends, Mrs. Malott, and it will do you *so* much good to make us all your confidantes."

A look of pain passed hurriedly over the good lady's wan face; her eyes closed for a moment, as if the request were impossible to be granted; but recovering herself, she said:

"I fear, kind friends, my simple story will have little novelty to you. It is, unfortunately, a too, too common one along this border; but if its telling will interest, or aid me in my lonely search, I can willingly go over it, no matter how much pain its recital causes. I have no doubt you think me very, very foolish and nervous, and yet a boat like this recalls such wretched memories, and so vividly brings back the terrible scenes which have haunted me—night and day, for years—that it would be a marvel indeed if my heart could be still.

"I will never cease to wonder why women should be content to live on a lonely, troubled frontier in time of Indian war. To a man, full of courage and enterprise, fond of the woods, its sports and excitements, and anxious to push his fortune in landed possessions, such a life may not only be tolerable, but even fascinating; but for a fond mother, of tender heart and shrinking nerves, to be subjected, with all she holds dear, to the horrors, privations and terrible experiences of a border-life, is simply awful."

"Indeed, Mrs. Malott," spoke the gentle Drusilla, "I agree with you most heartily. Even what I myself have heard of our women's sufferings and trials, the solitary lives, the constant suspense, repeated alarms, and frequently even worse in the way of shocking deaths or barbarous mutilation of children, is enough to quail the courage of the very boldest."

"And I could add largely to your store of examples," put in Brady. "I have seen sensitive women, that would run from a bumble-bee, and scream at the sight of a mouse, yet who in times of sorest trial behave with so much fortitude and true heroism, and display such unparalleled coolness among the most appalling cruelties to those dearest to them, that I am quick to confess them braver than the bravest of men. Yet still, Mrs. Malott, there must be border settlements; but nothing but love or duty could ever justify woman's presence in the backwoods. I wonder if posterity will ever do justice to the pioneer-mothers of the West?"

"Never! never! it cannot possibly!" vehemently returned Mrs. Malott—"at least until it knows what has been their daily life for years—their fears, privations and frequent sufferings. Not for one moment to be free from anxiety. Left alone for weeks; fearing the spoiler in every breeze, rustle of the leaf or bark of the watch-dog; tortured at their every absence from home through fear lest the return may witness a smitten or scattered household. You men become familiar with danger—even reckless enough to court it for its excite-

ments or its revenges; but women are cast in a softer mold: they are oftenest and most keenly wounded through their affections, and especially their tender mother's heart."

"Yes, indeed," added Lydia, "and how the seasons are reversed for us! Now here's spring, which ought to be a time of joy and gladness to all, and *is* to you hunters, and yet to us women it is, as you all know, the saddest time of the year, while winter is the most welcome. As soon as the wood-flowers open; when the frogs begin to pipe, or the wild geese to go north, just so soon are we visited with swarms of pitiless savages, while winter sees them safe in their own forest-homes.

"Now just let me mention one instance of woman's pluck. You all know widow Clendenning who lives up Wheeling Creek—near your fort, Mr. Shepherd. Well, she is one of the best and bravest women ever God made, and she repays Him by putting a most unfaltering trust in Him. In time of Indian troubles, when all the settlers take refuge in forts, she has always refused to enter one, preferring the solitude of the wilderness to society, and so disliking the oaths of soldiers and hunters—for you know, Mo, you scouts *will* swear in the most provoking and unnecessary manner, going through your round of oaths as if it were a regular Litany—that she preferred to risk living alone rather than have her sensitive nature and Christian principles shocked.

"Well, she has two children, and here's how she plans. Beneath her puncheon floor she has dug a little cellar, in which she places a rough bed. Every night she lifts a couple of puncheons, puts her children in bed, replaces the timbers as soon as they are asleep, and sits over them knitting or sewing by the little wood-fire, and watching for Indians. If the youngest child grows wakeful, she takes it, sits on the edge of the opened floor and lulls it to sleep. She has it all fixed that if the Indians should attack one door, she would escape to the fort by the other, give the alarm, and bring rescue before her children could be found. Strange to say, too, while other settlers about have frequently been attacked and two or three killed, her cabin has only been twice visited, and the savages, finding the door securely barred, have never attempted to force it.

"And then there was 'Mad Ann' Bailey, as she was called, whose husband being killed at the battle of Point Pleasant in '74, became disordered in mind and turned regular Indian killer, discarding woman's dress and putting on hunting shirt and moccasins; knife, gun and tomahawk. Did you ever hear how she saved Charleston Fort, in the Kanawha Country, by taking night rides of a hundred miles, after powder, and through trackless woods, where the wolves followed her trail for miles, while she"—

"Well now, my dear child," laughingly interrupted Drusilla, "if you once get on Mad Ann's dare-devil exploits, and those of Rebecca Williams and many other heroines of Western Virginia, night will catch us before you are done. Mad Ann was always reckless enough but far too coarse and masculine for my fancy. You see Mrs. Malott is ready to proceed with her story."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Malott! Pray, go on; but I like women who



show heart and true grit out on our border. I, too, am called dare-devil and crack-brained and just because I have learned how to protect myself, and can run, swim, ride, shoot, paddle, and do many things which women generally don't do; and when I get started on the heroic deeds of women whom I know, my tongue is apt to run away with me."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Malott, "my husband was of an old French family and possessed a fine farm in Maryland, but he, as well as a number of neighbors, were made restless by the glowing reports brought East of the great rivers, grand old woods and rare hunting grounds of Kentucky. Hundreds of acres of fat, rich bottom land could be had by 'tomahawk right,' and for the mere 'taking up.' The woods were all parks, abounding with herds of elk, deer and buffalo. It was a perfect Paradise; another Eldorado; a Canaan flowing with milk and honey.

"All this ended as usual. Fired with enthusiasm, and longing for adventure, nothing would do but that my husband, Capt. Reynolds, a Revolutionary officer in the Maryland line, and others of our neighbors, should sell off their farms, stock, &c., at a great sacrifice, and set off with their families, by what was called the Glade Road, for Simrell's Ferry—the point on the Yough where, you know, 'Kentucky boats,' much like this, are always kept ready for emigrants going down the Ohio.

"Oh, the terrible times we had—and that all emigrating families have—in crossing those dreary, howling Allegheny Mountains. We, of course, had to use pack-horses. Our family consisted of four children—Kate, my eldest, a handsome girl of fifteen, and of great assistance to me; Harry, a stirring, high-mettled lad of ten; Frank, a merry, black-eyed little fellow of four, and 'baby' Nell, a dear, gentle, and oh, so precious, little prattler of but two years, and whom I loved as the very apple of my eye.

"This little toddler, with its cunning ways and wealth of golden curls—but, stay! here's a locket of her hair which I've worn on my heart during all my weary wanderings," and the poor sufferer, her eyes blinded with tears, tremblingly drew forth a little curl of glossy, silken hair, and tried—but with very poor success—to choke back some mother's sobs. The locket soon passed from hand to hand, Lydia pressing it to her lips while vainly trying to keep back the tears of sympathy.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN INDIAN ATTACK ON EMIGRANT BOATS.

"Excuse me, friends," Mrs. Malott at length faltered out; "I thought I had gotten beyond tears. Well; this little darling I carried in my own arms, or on a little pad before me, the whole journey out. About my horse were strung cooking utensils and some few indispensable articles of furniture. My husband rode another, which was almost hidden under sacks of provisions, bedding, &c. Our third

horse was rigged out with a pack-saddle and two large creels, made of hickory withes in the fashion of a crate, one over each side, in which were stored the beds and wearing apparel. In the centre of these creels there was an aperture prepared for the children, the tops being well secured by lacing to keep them in their places, the heads only appearing above.

"Katy rode this horse, with Harry behind, and Franky and a little girl of Mrs. Reynolds in either creel. The other families had similar arrangements, each being supplied with one or more cows, their milk furnishing the children's meals and the surplus being carried in canteens to be used during the day.

"I need not tell *you*, young ladies, who have just crossed the mountains on horseback, the state of the rocky, dangerous trail in March. It was in places hardly passable; sometimes lying along the brink of precipices; frequently overflowed in places by swollen streams, all of which had to be forded; horses slipping, falling, and carried away, both women and children being in great danger.

"Sometimes the creels would break loose, the children falling to the ground, and rolling off amid great confusion. Frequently mothers were separated for hours from their children, and long after the stopping places had been reached, would be obliged to gather them together, and then prepare the meals, thus losing the rest so much required, and then sleeping in the numbing, pinching cold, alongside of some icy stream. But I need scarce dwell on scenes and facts which you must know are common to all emigrants seeking homes in the West."\*

"I can most heartily endorse all you say about mountain roads," laughingly remarked Miss Zane. "Indeed, had it not been for Larry's good humor, droll devices and shrewd horse management, I don't see how we'd ever have crossed with whole necks. At one of our rude wayside stopping-places, kept by a huge, one-eyed Pennsylvania Dutchman, who had been a great fighter in his young days, Larry noticed that the rounds of the rack were so close together that the horses could scarcely pull any hay through, and thus was this mean-spirited fellow accustomed to save a little money by cheating travelers' horses. But Larry grew indignant, hunted him up, telling him he 'wor maner than a haythan, and that his soul wor so small it could dance a jig on a pin's point, so it wor,' and on his refusal to do anything, Larry proceeded to break out every other round so as to give the beasts a chance.

"This was too much for Boniface, so he fell on our Irishman like a fury, but only got a sound drubbing for his pains, or, as Larry said, 'I joost crunched my two gospils forninst his ugly countenance, Misthress, and bate him out of his tantrums in the twinkling of a bed-post.'

"You forget," said Drusilla, "one great danger we escaped, which General Irvine experienced and has since learned from the best authority. At Sidling Hill the General was very undecided which of

---

\* This was the novel way in which emigrants to the West traveled for many years. Their experience was about the same as narrated above.

three paths to take, finally choosing the one which turned out to be the least traveled. Well for him that he did so, as Simon Girty, having learned from the Tories of the General's expected arrival at Fort Pitt, laid in ambush for him several days on the chief road, and could not understand how his intended victim escaped him.\*

"At Simrell's Ferry (now West Newton) two 'Kentuck boats' were bought, my husband, with one neighbor to assist, embarking in the first with all the stock, and in the other Captain Reynolds, his wife and seven children; Mrs. Hardin and two children; myself and four children, and some others, in all about twenty-five souls.

"We glided smoothly on our course, as we are doing now, and without anything unusual happening until at some point below Fort Henry. I remember as if it were yesterday the whole appalling scene—" and here a shudder passed over Mrs. Malott's person, and her eyes closed as if to shut out the dreadful events which next befel.

"All was joy on our boat at the prospect of a speedy arrival at our destination, which was Limestone, Kentucky, when all at once we heard Mr. Malott's excited voice shouting back from the stock-boat in front to keep further out in the stream, and to lose no time, as he had discovered some Indian 'blinds' along shore, and one or two of the red rascals skulking behind them. You know, gentlemen, it was March, and there was neither foliage or undergrowth to give the usual concealment."

"Oh, yes," said Brady, "I have often seen Indian 'blinds,' both in summer and winter, and most artfully, too, they are made sometimes—more natural than nature itself. For all sorts of wood-craftiness and devilish devices commend me to a red-skin. But why, Mrs. Malott, were your boats not kept out in mid-stream?"

"Well, Captain, we had gone in a little before to get some wood for our cooking, never for one moment—it being so early in the season—expecting Indian attacks. Indeed, our steersman and side-sweepers had no protection whatever. Joseph's voice had scarce died away, when a whole raft of Indians, thinking, no doubt, they were now discovered, rushed down towards the river, yelling, screeching and leaping in the most frightful way. Most of us had never seen an Indian before—that is on the war-path, with his paint and scalping-lock and in his native wilds,—and such a scene of awful terror and confusion followed as beggars description. The children—and there were plenty of them—raised the most doleful clamor, and clung tightly to their parents, with cries and screams.

"This behaviour only made matters worse, for the Indians, to the number of at least thirty, now redoubled their yells, firing their guns and brandishing their tomahawks. Some of them pulled out some canoes which we had not before seen, while others rushed right into the water to the attack, firing broadside after broadside.

"Poor Captain Reynolds, who was at the shore sweep in front, doing everything possible to get the boat out again into the current, was struck down almost at the first volley; and, friends, I never want

---

\* We have this incident from Dr. Wm. Irvine, grandson of the General, and now living at Irvine, Warren Co., Pa.

to hear again such piercing and agonizing cries as went up from his poor wife and seven children. It would have touched hearts of stone, and moved almost any humans but merciless Indians to stay their bloody work. Regardless of the hail of bullets raining around, Mrs. Reynolds, who was a woman of great nerve and energy, rushed out with some of her eldest children and dragged the Captain under cover. Too late; he died in their very arms.

“The next volley killed our steersman and a young daughter of Mrs. Hardin. We had only one other man on board. He fired and brought down one of the Indians; but better for us had he spared his shot, for it seemed then as if their rage knew no bounds. They now caught hold of the boat, clambered up its sides, giving forth most horrible yells, and crying out in broken English, ‘Gib up! gib up! and we no kill.’

“What could we more? We were completely at their mercy. A dozen of the horrid, painted wretches had now mounted the boat, and, with treacherous grins and ‘How-de-does,’ came back to where we were all huddled together, the children in extreme terror. Their first act was to seize the only man left, tomahawk and scalp him right in our very presence. His blood actually spurting out on some of our dresses.

“They then took off the scalp of Capt. Reynolds and the other two they had killed, and when Mrs. Reynolds’ Maggie—a dear little girl—rushed forward, clinging to the knees of the biggest and most ferocious of them, crying out in pitiful tones, ‘You naughty, naughty Indian; why you make my mamma cry, and papa all so still and bloody?’ the inhuman wretch caught her by the foot, whirled her about and dashed her brains out against one of the posts of the boat.

“At this time I had one arm about Franky, and the other about little Nell, and was endeavoring to shelter them from this savage’s baleful eyes. No use. He quickly observed Nelly, caught her up to his breast, and was about to swing her, too, when the dear child threw her little arms in terror close about his neck and clung there so tight that even this brutal villain was disarmed, walked about proudly awhile, and at last gently disengaging her little arms, brought her back to me, a grim smile brightening up his horrid visage, and saying, ‘Pretty Pappoose; loves old Indian. Some day make nice squaw for Indian chief.’ But oh! the memory of this trying scene is too agonizing; I can go no further,” and Mrs. Malott covered her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

After a feeling pause, Brady said: “But how did it fare with your husband, Mrs. Malott? Did his boat escape?”

“Alas! sir, that’s the saddest part of my life. I know not. I have never seen him since. We heard him and his assistant fire several times at the canoes which followed him; we then heard the screams of the wounded horses, when his boat, which was much farther out in the current than ours, gradually drifted out of sight. As I have never since been able to learn of his being a captive, although I made every possible inquiry, and as I *did* hear through a trader whom I had persuaded to make search for him through all the tribes, that a boat with cattle had been taken on the Ohio, and two men defending it killed,

I very much fear my husband is no more. He was a brave, determined, passionate man, and would not likely be taken alive.

"Well, those who were left—nineteen in all of women and children—were taken on shore; the boat was completely rifled and then burned, and we were moved back into the woods. Our captors were of mixed tribes, but most of them Shawnees, and led, as we picked up afterwards, by a white man who talked Indian very well, the very Simon Girty himself."

"Girty again; that infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Brady. "What sins that cruel wretch has to answer for. I knew well he had *lately* been in several forays along the Ohio, for his name is in every mouth; but I did not suppose he had commenced the dirty, contemptible work of attacking emigrants' boats so soon after his flight from Fort Pitt."

"Well," continued Mrs. Malott, "I must say I did not see him. If he was leader of the attack he kept aloof, and never showed himself after."

"No wonder," sneered Shepherd. "He was ashamed. There's not much glory in attacking and murdering poor unfortunate white women and children. Did you ever see him afterwards, Mrs. Malott?"

"Yes, several times, and he always stoutly denied having anything to do with this attack—swore he was a hundred miles away. He seems to have two entirely different characters—but to go on. The unhappy captives were now parcelled off among their captors. I found I had been drawn by the Delawares, and had to go north, and *alone*. Oh, dear friends, why should I harrow up your souls by recounting the mother's agonies I went through! the torrents of tears I shed; the passionate appeals I made; all, all, in vain. Captivity could have been borne in the company of my dear children; but to see them one after another severed from me; their affectionate hearts bleeding at the unnatural separation, and mine torn, desolate, and in despair. I will not dwell on this, but simply state that Catharine was allotted to some Shawnees, whom I heard lived on the Mad River. Harry—my ten-year-old—was taken by a grim old Huron, and my two younger—only consolation I had—were given to a friendly and kind-looking old chief of the Miami tribe.

"I remember so well," faltered out the poor mother through her tears, "when the poor little innocents—Frank and Nell—left me for the last time. They had been playing about my knees, seemingly perfectly unconscious of the terrible past and the still less promising future, and asking what made 'Dear mamma cry so much,' when the chief before mentioned, without looking at or speaking to me, tried to coax little Franky away.

"I went straight up to him, and, trying hard to smile through my tears, told him that pale-faced mother was like Indian mother, and loved her children; pleaded with him to be good to Franky, as he would make a fine chief some day. The old chief answered that he would adopt him into his own family, and make him a good hunter; that he had a fine eye and a bold heart, and bade me, on leaving for the woods, not to fret. *Fret!* my heart was almost broken, but I dare not follow.

"Then a rough, fierce-looking fellow, who had evidently been

drinking, took 'baby' by its little hand, and was leading it off, when it slipped from him and came toddling back to me, murmuring, 'won't leave poor sick mamma.' The wretch then snatched the child up in his strong arms, when it cried and struggled so violently that he became very angry, and all at once seized it by the foot and commenced swinging it about. I gave a loud scream, and ran forward to save it.

"Just then I saw the chief, who had put Franky somewhere out of sight, rush back, snatch Nell from his drunken companion, and fell him to the earth with a blow from the butt end of his tomahawk. My eyes closed, and my heart went up in thankfulness to God; but that was the last I saw of my precious baby—only this bright curl"—laying her hand on her bosom—"to remind me of her."

After a considerable pause—more than one eye around swimming in tears—Drusilla sympathetically pressed the hand of the stricken and desolate woman, thus so cruelly bereft of husband and children, and said:

"Dear Mrs. Malott, your story is exceedingly sad. I have heard very many such on our frontier, but none that has touched me so deeply. But all this was three years ago. I *do* trust you can give me and these good friends whose hearts have been so moved, and who are so anxious to assist you, some tidings of these dear children."

"I cannot; oh, I cannot!" sobbed the poor woman; "but my heart yearns and hungers for them. If I only knew they were all dead, as I have reason to fear they are, it would be some relief to me, although a melancholy one; but this constant suspense; this feverish alternation of hope and despair, it is crazing and killing me, and has brought me to what you now see me."

"And what of yourself during these long years?" softly asked Lydia.

"Oh, do please, *please* excuse me from going over that dreary, horrible time!" cried Mrs. Malott, putting her thin hands over her face as if to shut out the vision of horror. "You can imagine what a mother, bereft of all she held dear and tenderly nurtured as I have been, must have endured in three long, dreadful years. Oh! the merciful God has clean forgotten me, or he never would have left me to endure so long such a weight of sorrow. Suffice it to say, I was carried from village to village; endured untold misery and insult; suffered much both in body and mind; had every variety of adventure; at last, by means of a Scotch trader by the name of McCormack, who had been sent specially by Simon Girty, I was ransomed and taken to Detroit. Some other time I may relate my singular adventures and the manner of my release, but not now! not now!"

"Everywhere I went, however, I made anxious, constant inquiry for my children. I persuaded white traders to hunt them out if alive, or else bring me news of their death, but all in vain. Sometimes I would be buoyed up by thinking I had found trace of one or the other of them, but it all ended in disappointment. At last I despaired utterly; my health was greatly broken; my very reason was threatened; and giving up all as lost, I turned sad and almost distracted, towards my Maryland relatives. I left Detroit a broken-hearted woman, and

went along the lakes to Oswego, thence to Albany, and thence to what was once home to me, but now, alas, so no longer.

"Friends and relatives could not be kinder than they; but I was wretched, and inexpressibly unhappy. A voice seemed constantly whispering to me 'Maybe your husband and dear children yet live.'

"In obedience to that voice, and the God-given yearnings of a mother's heart, I found myself alone on my way to Pittsburgh; there I was kindly offered by Gen. Geo. Morgan, the good Indian Commissioner, passage in your boat, and here I am, and with my heart full of gratitude to you all for your kind assistance thus far on my way."

"A sad, sad experience of yours, Mrs. Malott," said Brady. "Would it were less frequent on our border; but believe me, we'll be glad to render you all the service we can. And now, what do you propose to do?"

"I scarce know myself," was the mournful, despairing answer. "Only of this I'm sure: I can find no rest or comfort this side the grave—and oh, how I have prayed for that ending to all my sorrows and wanderings—till I know whether my husband and children be dead or alive. I go now to Fort Henry, near where the attack on the boat occurred. I will ask the scouts and traders at each fort or station; I will hunt up returned captives, and, if unsuccessful, visit every Indian town I can hear of. I have but one life left."

"Well," replied Brady, "I do not wish to excite hopes which may be only born to be blasted, but one speck of comfort I think I ought to give. Indians, no matter how cruel and savage in attack, never kill females after being once made captive, and never boys or men after adoption, unless under very extraordinary circumstances."

"Oh thanks! thanks! dear sir, for that!" eagerly interrupted the poor mother. "You know the red-man well; and do you think my children live?"

"The girls I do, unless carried off by natural causes, and the boy—well, it seems probable, since he was taken by a Huron. The Cherokees and Shawnees are fiercer and more cruel than the Delawares or Wyandotts, and sometimes kill lads because they will soon become warriors and enemies. We'll hope for the best; and now let us go out into the open air."

---

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ARRIVAL AT FORT MCINTOSH.

Again are our company—Mrs. Malott preferring to remain in the cabin—gathered about the boat's prow, breathing in anew the delicious freshness from wood and water. A most grateful change had lately come over the beauteous landscape. The garish sun was now, at intervals, obscured; heavy, sombre clouds were driving along in rapid chase over the mottled sky, throwing their pleasant shadows athwart the waters. Flocks of birds, with clamorous notes, either parted the air with winnowing wing, or sailed rapidly on the choppy waves which now commenced to gather under the freshening breezes from the west.

The clouds, at some distance off, seemed full of slumbering electricity, and all signs denoted a plenteous rain-storm before the evening.

The river was at what is called, in boatman's parlance, half-bank high—

“Strong without rage;  
Without o'erflowing full.”

Hence it had been hitherto unnecessary to ply the side-sweeps, Killbuck only aiming to keep the boat amid stream.

The shifting scenery, with its frequent bends and long reaches of water; its bold and lofty hills; its emerald isles, luxuriant in their verdure, and everywhere the vast virgin forest, just as they came from the hand of their Maker, afforded a most pleasing and impressive variety. Here and there the jutting hills on either side would be broken into broad, smiling valleys or deep, gloomy gorges, adown which could be heard, or occasionally seen, the noisy, dashing streams, or the bright leaping waterfalls as they plunged their way to the broad river below.

Who that has been reared amid the wooded heights or lovely valleys of Western Pennsylvania, ever forgets their strong and irresistible charms. No dweller on the plains or prairies—however beautiful these may be—can ever know the powerful attractions which a bold, wild, hilly country has for those born among its ridges and ravines; its dells and dingles; its leafy slopes and breezy uplands, now rising into towering crags and steep juts, and now softening into grassy knolls and swells, with vale and plain, defile and sparkling stream, plentifully interspersed.

The in-dwellers of such a country—rough and rugged though it may be—scatter east and west, and north and south, but their hearts are ever constant to their native hills. They look back to them with much of that same intense and passionate craving with which the Swiss long for their dear, absent Alps. They re-visit the old haunts and re-climb the old hill-paths of their best days with joy, or think of them, if absent, with tenderest affection; but forget them, they can never.

Evening, with all its weird witcheries and magic influences, was now drawing apace. At last appeared on their right the mouth of the Big Beaver, and on the summit of the high bluff immediately beyond—now occupied by the flourishing and delightfully posed town of Beaver, Pa.—could be descried the waving folds of the American flag, as it floated to the breeze above Fort McIntosh. This frontier post was to be the stopping-place for the night, and the boat had not advanced much further before the guns and cheers of the two scouts gave notice of their expected coming.

Soon an answering gun from the bluff responds, awakening the echoes of the river hills, and down the zig-zag path leading to the water, appeared a group of officers and soldiers, led by the tall, gaunt, wiry form of the gallant Captain McIntyre, a famous hunter and Indian-fighter of the time, and then in charge—but with much too small a force—of this lonely and remote border post.

After warm and pleasant greetings, the four ladies and their escort



slowly climbed the hill until they reached the lofty plateau on which stood this rude frontier fort, dominating the great Indian trail between the Ohio and the lakes. It had been erected in '78 by the brave General Lachlin McIntosh when on his expedition from Fort Pitt against the Wyandotts, and when he like—

The King of France, with ten thousand men,  
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again.

For the expedition was a futile one, only resulting in the erection of this fort and that of Fort Laurens, left in charge of Col. John Gibson, situate seventy miles further west on the Tuscarawas (near the present town of Bolivar, Ohio).

It would be impossible to exaggerate the hot wrath and storm of hostility which were engendered among the proud and jealous Ohio tribes by the unwise establishment of this last post, right in the very midst of their own country. It was a declaration of war of the most insulting kind, and was immediately followed by fierce attacks, and then a siege of two months duration, in which a large wood-chopping party was ambushed and killed to a man, and the feeble garrison so starved and reduced, that General McIntosh, and a party of volunteers from south of the Ohio, had to march to its relief. As a post so far distant from ready support was untenable, Fort Laurens was abandoned the same year.

Fort McIntosh, which was still maintained, was a small but regularly stockaded work of four bastions, mounting six cannon. The dense woods had been cleared for just a little space about, but beyond that circumscribed line, the dark, solemn wilderness stretched on every side—vast, majestic, illimitable.

The wild and exceedingly picturesque region along this great Indian trail was one of Brady's famous scouting grounds. A mile or two above the mouth of Beaver is a small run called after him, and a road which winds up the hill behind Fallstown, still to this day retains the name of "Brady's Path"—being probably the way by which he reached Fort McIntosh after his Jenny Stupes adventure. The whole country about was famous for the variety and quantity of its game, and the feast to which all sat down that evening—amid the peltings and groanings of the long-threatened storm outside—not only did full justice to this reputation, but also to that of McIntyre as a notable provider. There were venison haunch, rib and collops; bear, opossum, swan, duck and turkey, besides smaller game birds and fresh caught bass, cat-fish and jack-salmon from the Ohio and Beaver.

No Roman voluptuary of Lucullus' time, with his cooked bird's-nests, lark's brains, or peacock's combs, ever lived more daintily than did this old bachelor-hunter by the banks of the Ohio. As Larry afterwards, while wiping his greasy chops over a juicy and fragrant broil of snipe, plover, wood-cock and wild pigeons by way of a dessert—enviously and confidentially whispered to the soldier-cook:

"And shure, mon, by the wig of the great Chafe Justice, but this blissid ould duffer of your'n lives loike an Irish fighting cock; and it's moighty well I'd like to have your stiddy job in this rare Injun

fort, wid lashings and lavings galore. Shure the potheen ye swash about here as if it cost niver a farding, is of the most sarching and pinethrating char-acter. It wa-r-rms up the very cockles o' my heart. And now joost give me a poipe o' 'Ginny terbaccy,' and dawmed if I'd call ould King George hisself my cousin."

After the meal, the whole company gathered outside on some old vine-twisted settles in front of Captain McIntyre's quarters. The rain was long over, freshening the whole landscape; the air was filled with spicy woodland odors; the brooding glooms of evening were closing down, and when jest, anecdote, backwoods' news and stories began to flag somewhat, Shepherd said banteringly:

"Well, now, McIntyre, since you have fed us so royally, how do you propose to entertain us this delightful evening? The night is too young, and we are too merry and canty a party to sit dozing and moping about at night, telling old hunters' yarns."

"Oh, yes," gaily laughed Brady, "give us something stirring. Couldn't we scare up a cat, or maybe a bear or 'painter' in this wild, broken country, and these thick woods of yours? They used to be plenty as deer in mast time."

"I've thought of that, Captain," replied McIntyre. "It's little we bachelors of the wild-woods have to offer in the way of amusement, especially what would suit such fair guests as honor our rude fort to-night; but our only sport out on this exposed point is hunting, and watching lest Indians should hunt us. What say you to taking the dogs and making a turn after coons and possums? We might then come across something big and more gamy."

"Oh, fie, Captain," rather pettishly exclaimed Lydia. "That sport might do for young callow lads, but it's rather too tame for us, surrounded by such grand hunting woods as we hear you have about here."

"Well, upon my word, young ladies, it was upon your account I proposed that comparatively 'tame' amusement as you call it. My favorite night sport here"—as if suggesting it doubtfully—"is fire-hunting, and if you'd like to try it, this is just the very night for it—still, dark and moist with the rain. I can have everything ready in a jiffy. I think I can take you to a 'deer-bed' within a short mile, where we are almost sure to get a couple of does."

"Oh, that will be just the very thing," excitedly exclaimed Lydia and Betty at the same moment, clapping their hands for very glee.

"Why, ladies," laughed McIntyre, but greatly brightening up at the same time, "I must confess I scarcely expected you'd take up with my offer; but if so, it's splendid sport, I assure you."

"And why not?" jauntily replied Lydia. "It's famous sport, and there's nothing I like better, when well mounted, than a fire-hunt in a clean, open, park-like piece of woods; but I must confess, Captain, I don't much admire scouring dirty forests on foot and in a night so dark as this, to be tripped up by logs and ground-creepers; jagged by thorns and brambles, and have my hair all mussed up by low branches and hanging vines. Come, Silla, will you be one of the party?"

"Rather think not," languidly answered Miss Swearingen; "can't

say I take to wood-sports. I don't shoot, and can see but little fun scrambling among dark woods and wet grass; the dank branches flapping you at every step; everything that has a sharp point snatching at your dress, and coming home all touselled up and looking like a fright. Betty and I will take a romantic stroll along the river bluff."

"Not I, indeed, Miss," laughed Betty. "If the Captain can raise me a pair of moccasins, I'm with the hunt, and Larry will carry my fire-pan. I would love dearly to see him out on a fire-hunt. His late funny adventure with the stag has given me a wonderful admiration for his novel and wonderful hunting powers."

"I've got it, ladies," quickly spoke McIntyre, with a new sparkle in his eye, and bringing down his hand with an emphatic thump. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Upon my word, I can't tell," saucily laughed Lydia, "unless it be that the presence of so many wild, romantic border girls has somewhat bothered your bachelor ideas: or, to use one of Larry's expressions, 'completely mulfathered your sines.'"

"Not a bit of it," laughed McIntyre. "I'm as cool and wary as a loon, when he rises from a dive and shakes the water out of his bright eye; but my idea is this—we'll give up the hunt in the woods; it's too wet and tiresome to go on foot, and would take too much time to get the 'beasts' ready for a mount, but instead, we'll take a water hunt on Big Beaver. I often go that way, and it will suit ladies on a nicety—no wet, trouble, or tramping, and a much better chance for game. Besides, I've a grand improvement on the old 'fire-box' to show you—all my own invention."

"A splendid idea," said Lydia. "I have been out two or three times to Wheeling Creek, with Betty's brothers, and once, you remember, with you, Shepherd, and have enjoyed the sport amazingly. About a half mile from its mouth, Wheeling Creek makes a most remarkable bend so as to form a complete peninsula, on one side all steep bluffs and ridges, and in the horse-shoe a rich, luxuriant bottom, covered with nettles, deer-grass, sweet annis, wild rye and pea-vines. To this bottom the deer used to descend at night in droves. You never saw such exuberance. Why, our cattle have sometimes died from over-feeding on the rich, lush herbage, and a drove of hogs could be scented a hundred yards from the flavor of the annis-root which they had eaten."

"Well, Miss Lydia," laughed Brady, "that's the only thing poetical I ever knew associated with swine. You'll next have wild bees lighting on them in search of honey."

"Brady, Miss Boggs is right," laughed McIntyre, "and where's the marvel? You, as a hunter, can, by looking at a deer's carcase, know the kind of country in which it has run, whether up or lowlands, and frequently on what it has fed. If on mast, then its flesh is fat but firm; if on grasses, pond-lilies, or wild rye, then it is tender and juicy; if on the spice bushes, it is strongly so flavored, and if on spruce or hemlock leaves, you cannot eat it for the pungent odor and flavor."

"Well," laughed Betty, "for my part, not being very anxious for

another Beccy Bryan adventure, I am glad of the change from wood to water."

"Beccy Bryan! And who in the world was she?" cried both the others at once.

"Why, girls, have you never heard how Daniel Boone, the famous Kentucky hunter, won his wife? Quite a romantic story, I assure you; Simon Butler and Colonel Logan, when on visits to our fort, are ever praising up Boone as a world's wonder, and both told me the same story, so it must be true. Here it is in brief.

---

## CHAPTER XI.

### A FIRE-HUNT ON THE BIG BEAVER.

"Boone was once, when a young man on the Yadkin, out on a fire-hunt, with what might be called—if you'll excuse the wretched pun—a 'boone companion.' They had gotten into a heavily-timbered piece of 'bottom,' skirted by a small stream which bordered the plantation of a Mr. Morgan Bryan, the hunter's friend preceding him with the 'fire-pan,' when, all at once, Boone quietly gave the concerted signal to stop—an indication that he had 'shined the eyes' of a deer. Dismounting and tying his horse, he then crept cautiously forward—his rifle at a present—behind a covert of hazel and plum bushes, and, sure enough! there again were the two bright, liquid orbs turned full upon him.

"Boone now raised his fatal rifle, but a mysterious something—only tender lovers can say what—arrested his arm and caused his hand to tremble—when off sprang the startled game with a bound and a rustle, and the ardent young hunter in hot chase after it. On! on! they go, when lo and behold! a fence appears, over which the nimble deer vaulted in a strangely human sort of a way, while Boone, burdened with his rifle and hunting-gear, clambered after as best he could.

"Another kind and differently-spelled *deer* now takes possession of Boone's fancy, as he sees Bryan's house in the distance. 'I will chase this pet deer to its covert,' thinks he, and so, fighting his way through a score of snarling and scolding hounds, he knocked at the door, and was admitted and welcomed by farmer Bryan.

"The young hunter, panting from his recent exertions, had scarce time to throw his eyes about inquiringly, before a boy of ten, and a flushed and breathless girl of sixteen, with ruddy cheeks, flaxen hair, and soft blue eyes, rushed into the room.

"'Oh, father! father!' excitedly cried out young hopeful. 'Sis was down to the creek to set my lines, and was chased by a 'painter' or something. She's too skeared to tell.'

"The 'painter' and 'deer' were now engaged in exchanging glances, and apparently the eyes of *both* had been most effectually 'shined,' for, to make a long story short, that is how Rebecca Bryan became Rebecca Boone, and a most excellent wife I'm told she makes."

"A very pretty story, and very neatly told, Miss Zane," laughed Rose; "and who, pray,"—and here a look of affected unconcern—"was to have been the pursuing Boone in *your* case, who—from fear of results—you did not wish to shine your eyes?"

"Oh, it wasn't in that light I made the remark, believe me," eagerly replied the young girl, a bright flush mantling her cheek as she cast a glance at Colonel Shepherd; "but if Larry goes with us, he's such a blundering, harum-scarum sort of a fellow, that if we had gone by the woods, like as not he would take some of *our* eyes for deer eyes."

"And are they not?" slyly whispered Brady, with a meaning glance to Drusilla, as he helped to make her ready for the hunt.

And so the hunt was arranged, and McIntyre went around to the barracks kitchen to find Larry and Killbuck to make ready the "fire-boxes." Larry was sitting with his heels cocked high upon a rude mantle; a mug of hot punch on the oaken bench beside him; his head enveloped in clouds of smoke, and with a look of supreme content resting on his good-natured phiz.

"Come, Larry, we're all off for a 'fire-hunt.' Would you like to join us?"

Larry jumped as if he had seen a ghost.

"Phat!"—and then reflectively—"Captain, wud a duck swim or a pig dhrink butthermilk; wud a Paddy kiss a purty girl at a fair, if she joost flirted up to him her two rose-bud lips, and as much as axed him? Av coorse I'll go. Faix, an'—"

"Hurry up, then, and you and the Delaware make all ready. Have you tethered the horses, Larry?"

"Divil the bit did we tather thim or lather thim, but joost tied hickory 'hopples' about their trotters, so as they could take a bite o' something toothsome in the 'botthom,' tho' why yez all call it 'botthom' when it's all *top*, and heaps uv it, that's joost what I'll never tell yiz."

There were two canoes belonging to the fort, while Larry and Killbuck took the ark's birch. Across the bow of each was now fastened a strip, with an auger-hole in the middle, through which was placed an upright stick some four feet long, and on top was securely fastened a sort of semicircular piece of bark, lined with tin, so as to serve as reflectors, and fitted to a board of the same curve. In the centre of this was placed a compact bunch of fat, resinous woods, so as to give a broad stream of bright light.

"Why, Captain," said Brady, admiringly, "these are the best 'fire-pans' I ever saw."

"Ain't they, though? And all my own invention. The old triangular and semi-circular bark boxes, with their wretched tallow dips, did not give enough light, and could only be used in a very still night, while the simple pine-torches, carried in the hand in open air, were worse. So knowing the defects and exactly what I wanted, I set my wits to work.

"First I made the stem rest on the cross-piece hole with a shoulder, so the box could be swept in any direction; and, therefore, we won't have to turn the boat to get a passed deer in focus; then I made the box high, and lined it with bright tin, so as to increase the light and

shield it pretty well from the wind ; and then I prepared the torches with great care. It all works like a charm, as we hope you'll see ; but come, young ladies ! take your places, please ! If we'd had the making of the night, it couldn't be better for a fire-hunt."

In the first boat, on two seats placed right behind the fire-box stem, and of course intended to be in deep shadow when it was lighted up, were seated Lydia and Shepherd, with rifles all ready, and Captain McIntyre to paddle and lead the hunt. Next came Rose and Drusilla as paddles, and Betty and Brady at the front, and lastly came the birch, with the old triangular fire-box and candles, the grim and silent Killbuck at the paddle and Larry in the bow, all excitement and standing upright, peering sternly into the darkness ahead, as if he would not only 'shine' but also annihilate a whole herd of deer by the very fire of *his* eye alone.

"And now, friends," said Shepherd, "let me warn you all to keep perfect silence—not a sound or whisper. Our deer about here are beginning to grow very scary. Between this and the Falls are several excellent deer grounds. They come down at nights to the margin of the Beaver, both to escape the gnats and mosquitoes and to browse on the tender grasses and water plants."

"Why deer don't feed in the water, do they?" innocently asked Drusilla, whose education and tastes had been more of the cabin than of the woods.

"Don't they, though?" laughed Brady. "Why, Silla, in summer they would just like to *live* in the water. They are not only dainty feeders, but fastidious bathers, too. They seek a hard, sandy bottom, and after scraping away all rough stones, they lie down as if they meant to be comfortable. Occasionally after the water has had time to cool their sensitive skins, they will roll from side to side, and then rise and shake the drops from their tawny hides like a spaniel."

"Yes," said McIntyre, "and I have passed them in the Beaver at nightfall, with nothing but their slender muzzles exposed, and a cloud of buzzing mosquitoes about. They will lie thus for hours, occasionally fooling their tormentors by sinking their nostrils entirely out of sight. Oh, I tell you, a deer's a sly, knowing, cunning beast, and if anybody thinks he can hunt them easily, he's much mistaken, that's all. He must long study their haunts, habits, coverts and tempers. It's a constant trial of wits ; but come ! now for a yearling, 'spike' buck, or maybe, as some of the bucks have not yet shed their horns, we may hap on an old 'ten-pronger,' with his bristling points."

The paddles are softly dipped in the water, and the boats, in ghostly procession, feel their way up the Beaver. It was pitchy dark—nothing ahead or on either side but walls of impenetrable blackness ; no sound as they crept along but the hoot of owl, plaint of whippoorwill, or distant howl of wolf. Occasionally a little bark or rustle would be heard from the dense wilds on either side from some bird or squirrel, or other harlequin of the woods ; or perhaps a muskrat would give out a little grunt of angry surprise. At one time all were startled by the whirr of plumage and the shrill, clarion-like, and strangely mournful quaver of the loon, as, disturbed from its sedgy nest, it gave vent to its alarm and displeasure.

There was something exceedingly solemn and impressive in this still night ride on the quiet water, shut in on every side by the brooding, inky darkness. The deep breathings of nature were hushed, or, at least, were unknown to the senses, save in those weird, uncanny night-voices of an American wilderness, or by the richly distilled aromas and fragrances which float off so profusely on a foggy, misty night from tree, vine, bush, fern and flower. And how the scud of a cool breeze coming down from the foaming, vapory falls above, fans their cheeks like a loving caress. The darkness could almost be felt, so dense it was, and the very silence oppressed. Just then, when the hearts and minds of all were attuned to and *en rapporte* with the mysterious influences of the hour and place was heard, first a thump and a rustle of leaves, and then a loud and fretful whisper.

"Och, chafe! chafe! but it's bothering this job ye be, you omad-hound. Shure, my heart's joost gray wid ye. You've druv this whiffet uv a boat roight forninst the wuds. The wet laves and durthy branches and vines are banging my eyes and scraping my poll, till I'm moightily mixed np, and divil a one of me knows where I bees, at all at all."

At the Irishman's testy tones, so utterly out of harmony with the brooding quiet and holy hush of Nature, a silvery laugh rippled from Lydia's lips. She positively could not help it, while the rest had to join in, but trying hard to suppress their merriment.

"Where are you, Larry, and what's the matter with you?" said Betty, with a low voice.

"Matther?" grumbled Larry. "Misthress, if you wud but speer at me asier questions. Bad cess to the know I know where I be, or what's the matther, and small blame to me. The murtherin' 'skeeters, too, are a joost devhouring me, tough as I am, and widout as much as saying 'by your lave,' or singing a blessing over me. Captin, dear Captin, shure now couldn't we have a wee bit light—the dark's as thick as the walls o' purgathory."

"Pretty soon, Larry," laughed Brady. "Pull yourself along by the branches for a little, and we'll then light up."

"By coorse I will, av these tormenting blood-suckers will lave me do it, bad luck to the blackguards. Now, chafe, howld yer whist, and don't be afther always chattering away loike a Judy at a fair. Av I had the tanned hide of ye, begorra, wouldn't I fool these little songsters, and blunt their sharp stingers?"

And now the signal is given for firing the boxes, the punk is produced, and, presto, the whole scene changes at once. The water and dense masses of verdure on both sides are brought into brilliant relief. Low, sweeping bushes, hanging vine, towering tree stem reveal themselves on either side, while beyond the narrow circle of luminous rays, the straining eye, striving to pierce the vast opaque, sees misty, spectral shapes, or goblin, fantastic forms. The woody dingles and matted coverts, fitfully lightened by the flickering gleams, are passed one by one with quiet dip of paddle. Now the fish jump to the light and fall back into the water with idle plash.

"Now," said McIntyre, "just beyond lies a low swale, with rank herbage. It is the beginning of the deer-beds. Larry, the boats

must keep apart at intervals of a hundred yards or so. Our boat first, Brady's next and your's last; and you look out for the right side of the stream! we'll take the left, and, mind, perfect silence, or no deer."

"Yis, sur, I will; niver fear me," whispered back Larry, and then to Killbuck: "Now, chafe, the Captain's disremembered it, but at this thrying minnit I'll joost saze the blissed opporthunity to take a wee dhrap of comfhorting potheen, and then I'm mum as an oyster. Shure, an' we've had but the one the night, and a single toss of speerits sits iver lonely on an Irishman's stomach, but three's joost lovely. Phat's that you say; ye'll not take any joost now. Well, chafe, I'll do the purty by ye to say, it's the furst time I've iver heerd you 'decline with thanks,' for whin there's whisky about, an Injun's niver back'ard in coming for'rard—no, niver!"

The boats were now creeping along amid the most profound silence. Over a quarter of a mile had thus been passed, when on the left was heard, first a stamping in the water, then a loud snort, followed by a shrill whistle.

"Run the boat up close, Captain: quick! quick!" whispered Shepherd, excitedly. "By Jove, Lydia, there he stands, the light full in his eyes. Don't you see them twinkle? A splendid buck, too, as I live! Keep the boat steady, Cap! Now, girl, cock your piece and let's fire together! Ready!"

"Do wait a moment, Mo!" nervously spoke Lydia. "Where are they? I don't see—oh, now I do! how big and bright they are! Now!"

"Crack! crack!" went off both rifles, awakening the echoes of the hills around, and followed by a heavy fall and splashing in the water.

"Dead for a ducat! dead!" cried Shepherd, as the boat dashed into the place where the buck fell. Yes, dead! one or two gasps; a toss of the tawny head; two or three twitches of the legs; a shiver of the whole body, and the "shined" eyes are glazed and closed in death forever.

The other boats gathered about, and some time was spent in low but animated conversation. All were pleased with their buck, and both shooters claimed their deer.

"That will do very well," said McIntyre. "We'll mark the place, and leave the buck till we come back. Now, Brady, *you* take the lead, and keep out a wary eye. We're on game ground."

On! on! sped the boats again, the bright lights casting broad, luminous stretches into the thick darkness ahead, and on both sides, as the staffs were slowly turned. No response. All quiet as the grave.

On! slowly, silently on, until the ears catch the swelling sounds of the Falls and Rapids of the Beaver. Every man and woman on the alert.

"Hist! what's that?" whispered Brady. "I thought I heard a splash. Yes, there they go. By Jehosaphat, we've missed them. They're does, or we'd had a snort and whistle. Hush-h-h! not a whisper! They sometimes go off a piece and then turn. They're as curious as women, Betty."



“Look! look! Captain,” softly breathed Betty; “it’s so dark I can’t see far. But what’s that shining! Pshaw! must be some dew-drops, or a leaf shaking in the breeze.”

“Wait till I turn the light fuller on it,” said Brady, standing up and peering intently in that direction. “Don’t know, Betty; blamed if I don’t risk it. Looks mighty like a deer’s eyes, or eye, for I can only see one. Let’s blaze away! Ready! aim! fire!” and two shots again broke the stillness of the midnight air.

A great plash, plash, plashing was heard, as two or three deer—thus the sounds would indicate—broke for the shore, and bounded off in the woods, the measured beat of their hard, polished hoofs being distinctly heard among the leaves and rubbish of the forest. An anxious listen, listen, listen, but no other or nearer sound.

“Missed, by Jupiter,” cried Brady, in a tone of great chagrin. “Come, Betty, we’d better ‘go foot;’ and yet I drew a true and deadly bead. How could old ‘Spitfire’ serve me such a scurvy turn? ’Twas the one eye which betrayed me, but I don’t believe it was a deer’s eye at all.”

“If we only had the track hound now,” said McIntyre, “we might have unstuffed his bell and nosed him on the scent; but I’ll send to-morrow and follow them up. Maybe you wounded one after all.”

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW LARRY “TATTERED” A BUCK.

While the party were now at a halt, and busily discussing the evening’s hunt and arranging for a return, Larry whispered quietly to the Delaware:

“Killbuck, avick! D’ye hear Captain Leather Stockings, there, faulting hisself? Now I’ve a notion, d’ye moind, that there’s an ould bull deer on the shore there. Thru as my name’s Larry, I saw his blazing eye, or that of a banshee. Joost give me a wee turn o’ your paddle, there’s a mon, and I’ll go to the side forninst us.”

The old chief, who seemed to be on the very best of terms with the Irishman, did as he was asked, and Larry leaped out on the shore. He had not been gone over a couple of minutes before he sent forth a loud whoop that would have done credit to Killbuck himself.

“What the devil’s the matter, you Irish mar-sport and bog-trotter, you?” angrily cried out Brady. “You’ll scare all the deer between this and the fort.”

“Matther!” shouted Larry. “Why nothing, and iverything’s the matther. Oh, bally whackmacrew, but you’re a purty batch of hunters, and so yez be. Here’s your ould buck, and a rouser he is—as dead as Julius Cæsar, and as fast as the Rock of Cashel; no, bedad, he’s not so dead now, but is getting on his knees—the pious, hypocritical baste—and now he’s making fur me! God be betune us and har-r-m! Off wid ye! ye divil ye. Och, by the hokey, and wud ye now!”

There was a general shout of surprise and laughter. All the lights

were now turned that way, and there, sure enough, stood Larry, willing to tackle anything that had fight in it—with a tight grip of the buck's horns; with hat off, eyes set, teeth clenched, and shock of red hair all abristle. He was endeavoring to hold the buck off at arm's length, and had all he could do at that. The deer was not violent, but stood stock still, with head down, legs braced, and steadily pushing Larry backward, just as if it were battling with one of its kind.

Soon as the hunters saw the buck was so far spent that Larry could easily hold his own, the absurdity of the situation produced peals of laughter. This angered Larry.

"Och, ye may well laugh, and me a stan'ing here like a thafe in the pillory. It's help that I nade. Sind the Delaware to me, and I'll forgive ye all, and toss ye my blessing."

"What is it you are wrestling with, Larry?" cried Brady.

"Shure, it's the deer bull that I tould yiz uv as I had surrounded and stronger than the Pope's bull he is this blissed—no, this cursed minnit. Be jabbers, ye moight all see that widout spectacles, or taking a rest on it."

"Well, why don't he run away?"

"A purty question, Misther Brady, and you a mon o' sinse and dacency, more shame till ye. Shure an' I won't let him run away."

"Well, why don't you bring him in here then?"

"An', begorra, an' he won't let *me*," answered Larry, with a ghastly grin, in which vexation struggled with drollery.

At this there was another explosion of laughter; but Brady and McIntyre, thinking the joke had gone far enough, shot their canoes to land, where the buck, excited to a last terrible effort at their approach, made a most desperate lunge, which backed the Irishman a few short, hurried steps, nearly taking him off his feet, and making him as mad as a hornet, with an "Och, be jabbers, ye will, will ye, you one-eyed monsther." Larry put forth one last mighty effort in *his* turn, and giving the buck's head a powerful wrench in order to throw him on the ground, both the big horns—five prongs to each—came off in his hands.

We are utterly powerless to depict the irresistibly ludicrous scene, or the convulsions of laughter which ensued. The whole *tableau vivant* beggars description. The weird lights from the boats, brilliantly kindling up this narrow circle out of the surrounding blackness; Larry holding a buck's horn in either hand, and looking now at one and now at the other; then at the deer, which appeared as much bewildered as he did himself, and then gazing from one to the other of the party as he or she bent over in a perfect paroxysm of laughter—and none so affected as the hunters, who alone understood the joke—with a blank, dazed, stupefied expression, which would have drawn a laugh from a statue of Niobe itself.

Even Killbuck burst over all bounds for this once. The guards to his pride and stoicism were utterly broken down. It was seldom the grim old Delaware laughed, but when he did it took him hard—so hard that it hurt. The hoarse, violent, spasmodic roars and guffaws which he now brought out were alarming for their loudness and intensity. They seemed to gather up from all parts of his system, and

to come from his huge cave of a mouth—as he bent over with hands on knees, as if to help their delivery,—with such explosive force and energy as to make his jaws open and shut like the spring of a steel-trap.

Larry's roving eye happened to catch him as the big tears rolled piteously down his leathern cheeks, and wanting badly somebody to vent his own spleen on, he dropped the horns, made one bound to the old chief, who was absolutely helpless from an explosion even more violent than usual—and shook him till his teeth rattled in his jaws like castanets.

"In God's name, phat d'ye stand here fur, grinning loike a skull on a gibbet, and laughing loike a stroiped hyena, you copper-colored idyut. Consume me av I don't poonch ye under yer weskit, and larn ye a trick worth two o' that."

No use, the Indian was limber as a rag from laughing, and couldn't have stopped short of the scalping-knife.

"Holy marthyrs and the blisshed Apostles; and ye won't, won't ye? Now shut up your wolf-trap uv a mouth, or by the piper that played afore Moses, I'll make an unplisint corpse uv ye!"

"Oh! ha! hee!" at length snorted the Indian; "Irisher twist off buck's horns like storm tear up tree's roots. He stronger than—than—" and here a bright idea struck him as he thought how rum had conquered the most powerful of his tribe, himself included, and he added, "stronger than 'fire-water.'"

But now the ludicrous side of the matter strikes Larry; his good nature resumes its sway, and his honest face crumples up into broad creases and wrinkles of fun. Looking pensively at Killbuck, he said reflectively: "Thru for you, old lither-breeches; and it's joost that same Monygaheely whisky that I've been softly schmelling and tasting uv for a month by, as has done it all. It's guven a moighty power to my shoulther, but sorra the bit did Larry Donahoe iver dhrame that he could tatter a buck to bits as aisy loike as ye could toss off 'Garry Owen' or whistle 'Croos-keen Lawn.'"

While Larry resumed his place in the birch, rather puffed up with his late exploit, the sly joke went round at his expense, and McIntyre explained the late adventure: "You see the buck—as often happens in their fierce conflicts with each other—had one eye horn-gored, which accounts for Brady and Miss Zane 'shining' only the other. This hole you see, is in his skull, and he must have been stunned, as well as fatally wounded, or he would not have dropped without a struggle, and as for his horns"—and here the captain merrily chuckled at the memory of Larry's late struggle—"why the bucks hereaway shed their antlers about the last of May, but occasionally one holds on until late in June. Now the horns of Larry's buck were just commencing to loosen at the roots a little, but would not probably have dropped off for three weeks yet. I've sometimes seen bucks late in June with one horn gone, and rubbing against trees to get rid of the other."

At this natural explanation of what otherwise would have been a mystery to them, the girls laughed heartily, and the deer, having been safely placed one in each canoe, the back course was taken.

But Fortune had not yet done with our Irishman for the night. His birch led the way, and Larry kept a bright look-out on the "home-stretch," determined that he would have a shot at *his* deer. The boat had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the Beaver's mouth; the lights were burning dim, and Larry, giving up all hopes, had grown testy and careless, when the quick ear of the Indian caught the noise of something moving on the fort side. His paddle was stilled on the instant, and Larry was on foot in a trice, stretching out his neck like a crane, his eager eyes attempting to bore into the darkness on every side. Another distinct rustle near by, and a peculiar breathing, between a snort and a whistle, kept Larry's head and neck in constant motion.

"That no move or sound like deer," softly whispered the Delaware. "Too heavy—maybe it moose or painter."

At the last word Larry winced as if he had received an electric shock, but just then he caught sight of the deer's two eyes. They were quite near, and gleaming at him with a mild, fascinating sort of lustre.

"Whist! whist!" hoarsely whispered Larry, in great agitation. "There they are right forninst me, and shining like twin-stars. Now, reddy, howld yer prate, ye blather-skite." Poor Killbuck had scarce uttered a word the whole night. A long pause.

"Why you no shoot?" impatiently cried Killbuck.

"Divil swape ye, mon," answered Larry, fretfully "wul you iver howld your gab? The machane won't go. I towld ye oncet afore, an' I'm pulling on't and pulling on't till I'm all in a thrimble. Begorra, it must be the 'buck-faver' I'se gotten. A wee dhrap o' spert's would soother me—joost<sup>e</sup> enough to damp my tongue, for shure its as rough as a rat's back, and I'm as dhry as a powdher-horn."

"No! no!" quickly said the Indian. "You lose deer. Give me gun," advancing and taking it from Larry's hand. One glance at it showed him that Larry, in his nervousness, had forgotten to cock it. The Indian handed it back with a look of disgust. "No shoot deer all night that-a-way; must cock your gun first."

---

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LARRY MAKES A FUNNY MISTAKE.

Larry thus caught in the act was fairly staggered for a moment, but recovering himself immediately, with ready Irish assurance, made answer blandly:

"Have ind to your nonshense, chafe! that's the way I allers shoot. Niver froighten your game, mon, wid the click and rattle uv a lock, but dhrive the fire from the flint joost by pure stringth, be the powers. D'ye moind the buck's horns, a bit back? But, chafe, I'll humor ye fur oncet," and Larry, with a sly twinkle, proceeded to cock his piece.

"Hallo! where's the purty eyes? Och, there they be agin,

punctoal as a hungry stomach or an Irishman's rint day, and their owner accommodating loike, joost waiting to be murdered. Shure I've deludered the crayture, an' av I could have so bamboozled Judy Mulrooney, her that keeps the public tap in Ballyoregan, faix, and it's not in America I'd be fooling this blissed night; but here goes, and God sind the baste—and meself, too, fur the matther of that—safe out uv it all."

"Too much talk, talk, talk," grunted the Indian.

Boom! went the roomy and greatly overcharged smooth-bore, more like a blunderbuss than a rifle—kicking Larry over the thwarts and filling the whole valley with clamor.

Larry picked himself up with much lively, internal swearing, listened intently for the result, and was much gratified to hear a heavy fall and grunt, and a terrible kicking and rustling among the bushes. He first gave a whoop of triumph for the party above, and then, as the noise in the bushes continued, said softly, and as it were to himself:

"Bedad, an' I'm joost thinking, Larry Donohue, ye sinner, but that sounds more like an ilephant or a cawmel-lepard than a mere thrifling buck; be me showl, but it's a small airthquaike I ve kicked up the noight."

"What an awful load you had, Larry," cried Shepherd, soon as he came within hailing distance. "Your gun sounded like a cannon, and you made a devil of a racket—enough powder in it to have killed a whole herd."

"Sorra a bit, but thre hunters' measure, as I was towld—two finger lengths uv powdher."

"*Lengths!* you blundering blockhead," shouted Shepherd; "two finger *breadths* deep is the rule. It's a wonder you didn't blow the top of your head off; and what did you hit?"

"Wull, sir, first and foremost, Larry Donahue was struck all of a heap at the won ind, and at the 'tother, God only knows, for I don't, but I'm joost aff fur to see; but I'll niver rist aisy in my bid if it's less, counting by the thoomping and the dridful scatheration in the joongle, than an elk or a bull moose."

Larry's report was waited for with impatient curiosity—nothing heard but smothered expressions, of which disjointed exclamations, like "murther," "unlucky day," and "wirra, wirra," came floated off.

As no answers were made to all the anxious queries but doleful expressions, as follows: "I feel powerful wake"—"Och hone, och hone, that I live to see this day," and "I'm joost thinking I'll fut it back to the fort," Brady, not knowing what to expect, and fearful that the imprudent fellow had come to some harm, jumped ashore, cautiously proceeded a few steps, and said: "Where are you, Larry, and what *can* you be doing?"

"And it's here I am, Captain, as I kape telling ye, and howlding her head tinderly in my lap, and she wid her mournful eyes looking so besachingly intil my face."

"Holding *her* head, you fool! *Whose* head? Shepherd, turn all the lights this way!—quick! and you and the Captain hurry here!" and Brady pushed away the bushes, sprang forward, scarce knowing what to expect, since, besides the girls in the boats, Mrs. Malott was the only other *her* he knew about.

The underbrush being now somewhat lightened up, Brady's eye quickly gleamed around and caught sight of Larry, sitting lugubriously on the ground, his shock of red hair all standing every which way, the big drops of sweat on his face, and holding in his lap the head of Lydia's riding-mare. It must have somehow broken its hobbles, and wandered along the Beaver, and its eyes having been "shined" by Larry's candles, she had been tumbled over by his blunderbuss.

The scout was for a moment bewildered; then gave a great sigh of relief, and, as he took in the whole scene, burst out into a loud shout of laughter, and the whole affair was known to all.

"Och, Captin! Captin! for the tinder marcies of Heaven, dale gintly wid me. Shure I'd joost as soon be living as dying this very minnit."

At this Irish bull, another boisterous peal. It was enough to extort a guffaw from a graven image. By this time the rest had gathered about, and as Shepherd proceeded carefully to examine the wounded nag, Lydia stooped down and patted its head, saying "Oh, Larry, Larry, how *could* you shoot poor 'Lightfoot', and she so gentle?"

"Say murther, jist, Misthress Boggs, and the wurd wud be wake."

At this the mare half rose up and whinnied, and Larry added: "There's it's last dying kick and spache, and it's twinty good pounds I've saved, and yez may have it all, and shure that's the only way this will be a *dear* hunt for me."

"Oh, don't take it so hard, Larry," said McIntyre; "far better hunters than you have made worse mistakes. Its only an old woodsman that knows a deer's eyes are larger and more brilliant when 'shined' at night than any other animal's, and that their gaze is more fixed and steady like, and of all beasts a horse's eyes are most like a deer's on a fire hunt. Why, not long since, I 'shined' the eyes of my very best hound, and shot it as dead as a mackerel."

"An' I'm right glad to hear ye say it, sur" cried Larry, brightening up, and shaking the Captain's hand heartily.

"Yes, and I can say for your comfort, Larry, that 'Lightfoot' will be, I think, well enough to travel by to-morrow. Your bullet just struck the mare's skull, and while stunning it for awhile, glanced off the bone, and ploughed its way through the skin and flesh—an ugly wound to look at, but an easy one to mend."

"Phat's that ye say? And the mare's not kilt at all, at all!" and then instantly bounding back to his old spirits and assurance, as he saw how the late affair might reduce his consequence, he added, with a broad grin: "An' shure, Misthress Boggs, ye'll forgive me for joost putting on ye the Irishman's joke. Begorra, when I first 'shined' the crayture's eyes, they had a sort o' funning, ould-croney look about thim. The fact is"—looking about him with inimitable confidence as a bright idea struck him—"I suspicioned it might be one of our bastes, an' so I joost aimed in that slanting way so as to miss it av it wor one uv ours, and to bore it through an' through av it wor a deer" At this sally there was a perfect explosion of merriment, and Lydia laughingly cried, "Oh, Larry! Larry! but you're a hard one to catch; however, I'm glad it's no worse."

"It's throe, Misthress, ivery wur-r-d, an' by the vartue av my oath. Don't belave me av ye iver knowed me to joomp the bridth uv a hair from what's joost so ;" and then, turning to Killbuck, who was standing by placidly, but with a ghastly grin on his face, he said :

"And look ye here chafe, av ye iver breathe uv my not cocking me gun, by all the crosses in a roll of check, av I don't throttle ye—that's phat I'll do. The joke will kape, and I joost want to tell it meself at some handy moment betwane pipes."

"And now," said McIntyre, "we'd better scatter for the fort right off. I've had enough fun to-night to keep me grinning for a month of Sundays."

"Yes," laughed Betty, "we have to make an early start, and it must be very late—or rather early. Larry, you had better see 'Lightfoot' safe through. You can get Killbuck to stay with you."

"Niver fear me, Misthress Zane. I'll stick to the baste loike fleas to an Irishman's pig in summer."

And so the party returned, amid much fun, to the fort, and soon sought the rest so much required.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A STRANGE SIGHT AT BIG YELLOW CREEK.

An early start was made on the morrow. All being safely on board—including Lydia's wounded mare—the ark again floated down the Ohio.

Another perfect day ! The late rain had wonderfully refreshed the whole face of Nature, and the May air was so pure and balmy that the mere sense of living was an unmixed delight. Owing to the last night's frolic, there were some sleepy eyes, and the conversation was, at times, rather languid ; but our party were young and gay, and, under the influence of a light up-river breeze, life and animation were soon restored.

They err greatly who suppose that the title "dark and bloody ground" was given to Kentucky alone. It applied with equal truth to most of the country bordering the upper Ohio ; for this region, like Kentucky, was used not as a permanent residence, but as a common hunting-ground by many wandering tribes. The Ohio, in some of the Indian dialects, was called the "river of blood," and tradition tells of many a desperate fray along its sylvan shores, the crimson tide of Indian massacre mingling with its peaceful waters.

It had, in times past, been the fashion of the Iroquois settled about the York lakes, to come down the Allegheny and Ohio in flotillas of canoes ; and, moving thus swiftly and secretly—having few *impedimenta* or any trouble about provisions, and leaving no trail either to betray their presence or indicate their retreat, they could thus swoop down like a tempest upon towns and villages within easy striking distance of the Ohio.

For this reason the regions on both sides of that majestic stream

had long been unoccupied, and were only roamed over by hunting parties of various nations, the tribal villages generally lying from fifty to a hundred miles back, and being located at the forks of some tributary stream, allowing easy canoe navigation in all directions.

As the "broadhorn" was thus floating quietly along, general attention was called by Rose to a morning scene not unfrequent in those early times on the Ohio. A couple of noisy "bald-headed eagles" appeared in front, fluttering over some object in the water, and seeming to be in most desperate earnest.

"Now, just watch those fierce free-booters," said the Major, "if you want to see them earn an easy breakfast. They generally hunt in couples, and the very best thing that can be said of them is that they ever, through a long life, remain constant to each other, and are rarely seen apart. Do you see? they have a black swan there, near the shore, and as they cannot, like the fish hawk or sea-eagle, plunge deep into the water after their prey, and as the duck, goose or swan, can dive, and thus elude them, they manage very adroitly. See how the two take it by turns! One first swoops down upon the quarry, and the swan dives deep. As it emerges from the water, watch how the other rustles down upon it like a meteor, the first meanwhile having mounted and now standing poised in mid-air, ready for another plunge. By thus alternately darting after the same poor bird, it soon becomes frightened, and then tired out, and falls an easy victim."

"There! do but see how it has given up the struggle, and is moving off, with loud cries of fear and distress, towards the shore, in the hope of concealing itself beneath the undergrowth! It is its last and only chance. Ah! too late—too late! Just see how one of them has struck it with its remorseless beak in the shallow water, while the other fastens its sharp talons into its sides, and is fast bearing it off to its eyrie. Now listen to the discordant, triumphant laughs of the fierce murderers!"

"I fear me that's the way of the world," said the gentle Drusilla, whose sympathetic heart had been touched by the painful outcries of the poor, terrified bird; "the weak and innocent are ever at the mercy of the strong and designing. I'm beginning to hate eagles."

"Well, now, Silla," laughed Brady, "that's scarcely fair! Hanged if I don't rather like them. They are so bold and powerful; so proud and imperious; so defiant and tameless. Why, they're the very kings of the air. *You'd* like them, too if you only knew the mean, shabby airs of the foul birds which ape their lordly ways.

"Take the turkey-buzzard, for instance, just as majestic and glorious away off in the high heavens, as he sails in magnificent circles on the bosom of the still air, without either flap of pinion or flutter of plumage; but see him once on the ground, with his halting, beggarly gait, as he hobbles up to a nasty carrion; watch his vulgar ways, vile habits and cowardly eye. He's ragged of feather, covered with sores and vermin, and disgusting in odor. Bah! don't name them together. It's Hyperion to a Satyr;" and so the conversation ran on.

The ark had now floated swiftly and steadily forward, until about half of the destined course between Forts Pitt and Henry had been safely passed. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the novelty



of the scenic panorama having somewhat worn off, Miss Zane and Major Rose had retired to the far end of the deck, while the rest, including Larry, were, as usual, grouped about the bow-sweeps. The time had hitherto glided away rapidly in merry song or pleasant conversation. Occasionally long shots would be made, sometimes at a deer standing on the wooded edge of the bluff, gazing at the unusual craft with startled look; or, again, at flocks of water-fowl as they either flew past on rapid wing, or quietly floated on the full stream.

Larry had just finished a droll rendering of the "Groves of Blarney"—each verse of which was received with vociferous applause and laughter—when, all at once, Brady, whose wary and practiced eye was constantly searching long-reaches ahead, and scanning, with an Indian's quickness, every covert and headland as they passed, gave a sudden start, and called attention to some objects which appeared to be motioning to them from the right, or the Indian side of the river.

"It looks to me, Shepherd, like a woman, and a child on either side. What do *you* make it out?"

All now stood up attentively and anxiously gazed at what seemed to be human figures.

"Great Heavens," answered Shepherd, "it *is* a woman and her two children, and they are hailing the boat; but whether they are white or red I cannot make out. What can it mean?"

The boat had now swept down nearly abreast, and there, sure enough, could be distinctly seen right on the margin of the bluff, a woman kneeling, her hands clasped above her head, and on either side a young child, with its little hands raised imploringly, as if in great distress. Their voices and pitiful cries, too, were now plainly audible, the woman begging the boat to come to shore and pick them up.

"They look dark in the face, like Indians," exclaimed Lydia; "and yet they are dressed like white people. They are surely in great trouble about something. Let us run in and take them up."

"Not a bit of it!" hotly answered Brady. "I'm too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. That's a stale old Indian trick. We're too near already. Take the shore-sweep, Larry, and give her a turn or two towards the other side; and Killbuck!" he shouted back to the Delaware, "keep the boat well over; I smell Indians!"

By this time the whole boat's company, save only the Indian steersman, were gathered in front, all excitement and eager expectancy.

Brady now shouted to the woman, who, with the boy and girl—the former of apparently about six or seven years, and the other, may be, a couple of years younger—were running down the bank so as to keep abreast of the ark.

"Who are you, my good woman, and what do you want?"

"O, dear, good people!" came back in the most pitiful tones; "for the mercy of God have pity on us, and take us into your boat! We were made captive from the Kanawha settlements by Indians, and have just escaped."

"They seem entirely sincere, Captain," exclaimed Drusilla "and no white woman would invent such a story. Let us run ashore and save them."

"Wouldn't they, though!" answered the cautious scout. "Silla, you plainly don't know an Indian's decoy, nor what strange and artful devices the serpents invent to entrap the unwary and entice emigrants' boats ashore." Then to the woman—

"You say you were captives! how did you make your escape?"

"Oh, sir"—wringing her hands—"please don't suspect me, a poor mother, but hasten ere it be too late! How *could* such little children as these act the lie? My husband and baby murdered, these are all left me. We stole off from the Indians in the night, and any minute they may be here. If you won't take me, save, I beseech you, my poor children from the horrid knife!" and the unhappy mother, overcome by emotion, knelt again, her arm upraised, and each child crying and wringing its little hands.

All were more or less moved. It was plain none but Brady had any mistrust left; Mrs. Malott, especially, now so strongly reminded by this mother's presence and these two children, of her own sad experience, spoke out with tears in her eyes, and alarm in her tones:

"Oh, Captain, Captain, that surely is no decoy! Even suppose a white woman could be found so false and recreant as to betray innocent people of her own color, how could such young children practice this deceit? Be sure their distress is real, and—"

"I *will* be sure, Mrs. Malott. I am neither cruel nor unfeeling—far from it—but I have a trust to keep. All you ladies have been solemnly confided to us, and we would be false to our duty did we lend too ready an ear to looks or tales of distress. All seems right, even to me, but I've seen and heard so much of Indian deviltries on this river, that even a white mother and her children, I am sorry to say, may prove false; but, Shepherd, will you take Killbuck's place for a moment, and send him forward?"

The grim, silent old Delaware, with stealthy tread and passionless face, was among them so quickly and quietly that his deep, guttural ugh! as he quickly cast his dark, restless eye along the shore, was the first intimation of his presence.

The woman and her children were still hurrying along the shore, redoubling their cries and gestures in proportion as the danger of being left increased.

"Well, chief, what think you?" said Brady. "That woman's white, I'll dare be sworn; but are the children so, or only Indian children tricked out with the stolen clothes from some settler's cabin?"

The Delaware gave an earnest and scrutinizing glance, first at the woods, now at the bluff above and below, and finally taking in the little group on shore, and then promptly and decidedly answered: "No red man's papooses. Look dark, but run and cry like 'pale-face' children. They no talk lie, me tinks; they too little to have forked tongues," and the old chief, seemingly satisfied, stalked quietly back to his post.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Malott, the three girls and Major Rose evidently agreeing, "even Killbuck believes that moving story of distress. Had you not better hurry the boat in? It may be too late."

Before answering, Brady leaned forward, with his hands over his

eyes, and gazed for a full minute and with the greatest intensity, all along the heavily-wooded shore. His bold, eagle eye seemed searching the very recesses of the forest. "Well," he said at last, as if to himself, musingly, "I see no sign of a single redskin back in the woods keeping pace with them. It may be as they think. If I didn't know how risky a thing it was to put trust in those pesky, circumventing devils, I wouldn't have a doubt;" and then, more cheerfully, as a decided thought struck him:

"I'll tell you how we'll fix it. There is the yawning mouth of Yellow Creek. We'll send the boat so near to that steep, grassy bluff just this side of the creek, that I'll jump off and talk with the woman. The boat will be pushed straight off again. If all right, you can then land at my hail. If all wrong, and the Indians are about, you can either come in for me, or I can swim after you at the first sight of a painted hide. Now, no word more!" as he saw all beginning earnestly to protest; "I must have it so, and no other way. There's very little danger to me, anyways, as I've a quick eye and will be on my guard; but even if there were, better me than a whole boat's company. I take far bigger risks every scouting season for my own diversion, and why not for you?" and his earnest, gleaming eye rested for a moment on Drusilla's anxious face. "Major, will you lay hold of that far sweep? and, Larry, you take the other."

"Faix, that I will, Captin, avick; and we'll have the ould Noah's ark ashore in a brace uv shakes," eagerly cried the true-hearted Irishman, as he sprang to his sweep. "And wud ye be plazed to stoop this way, Captin?"

"Well, Larry, what is it? hurry up!"

"Captin," earnestly whispered the Irishman, "av you'll joost howld a dacent tongue in yer skull and say nothing to nobody, whin ye joomps I'll be wid ye, and we'll have them two little gossoons and the modher before one can say—"

"Oh, no, Larry; that would never do. I thought you were too much of an Irishman to desert the ladies."

"Arrah, be me showl, and is it desart thim ye mane; divil a taste uv it; it's for defendin' them I be, and wid my heart's best red. Av I only had my bit stick uv black-thorn, I wud want no betther or tashier weep on av there's loupin' red divils about; barring the shillaly, mebber ye'd git the Major there to lind me his flutes (meaning pistols.) By the tarnal war, it's divil a trauneeen I'd thin care for enny tallow-hide uv them all."

"Can't be done, Larry, and there's an end. We'll want you at the sweep." Then aloud to Shepherd and Rose: "Try and bring her in, stern on, bow out, to that bluff. The water's so high there's no beach, and I'll walk aft and jump ashore right from the deck."

## CHAPTER XV.

## COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE INDIAN DECOY.

By this time the woman and children were hastening down to the green bluff, right in the angle made by the river and the creek's mouth, which latter was almost bowered over by masses of foliage. A thick clump of dwarf-willows, elder-berries, hazel-bushes, and other undergrowth grew along the bank and the line of the creek. The trees on this particular bluff were large, but not crowded, while one spreading, heavily-foliaged water-maple, which stood near the creek's mouth, inclined—owing to its roots having been laid bare by the encroaching waters—far over the river, scarcely giving room for the boat to sweep under the thick pendant boughs.

Under vigorous strokes from Rose and Larry, the boat soon approached the bluff. Brady, rifle in hand, stood erect and vigilant on the deck, right over the steering oar, which Killbuck had so managed as to bring the clumsy "broadhorn" round in a curve, the stern sweeping in within a couple of yards or so of the shore.

The brave scout had just made ready for a spring, when his quick, wary eye discovered a movement in the bushes, and then the tufted heads and gleaming eyes of several Indians as they peered from behind the hazel thicket; while, far back in the woods, he dimly observed the dusky, naked, glistening forms of other savages on a long lope as they hurried up to take part in the expected exercises.

"Stop, chief, stop!" shouted Brady, taking in the whole situation at a glance. "By Heaven, we're betrayed! and by a mother and her children, too! I'll ne'er put faith in them more! Out into the current again, or we're lost! and, you, Larry, drop that oar and help Rose at the shore one. Pull! pull! for your lives! and bend down below the gunwale or you'll be riddled! Shepherd! help the ladies into the cabin, and make them lie down flat on the floor and close up to the shore gunwale, or every one of them will be shot!"

"All right," answered Shepherd. "I take it for granted, Brady, that we're to fight the boat to the last?"

"Of course; but we'll first run when we can, and fight when we must. The ladies will be in your charge below."

The whole party was now in the greatest alarm and confusion, for scarcely had Brady shouted out the above remarks, which were well understood on shore, when the Indians, finding themselves discovered, broke cover on all sides, rushed on towards the boat, some from the bluffs and woods above, and others from behind the creek bank, where they were crouching. The ground seemed fairly alive with the yelling, screeching, leaping figures, while their bullets commenced to patter against and go clear through the sides of the boat, causing the horses to rear and leap.

By this time all the ladies had disappeared below, while Brady leaped along the deck and jumped down to help Larry and Rose at

the shore sweep, everything depending on getting the boat out again into the current. It now stood nearly at right angles to the shore—the stern drifting slowly down stream, and about five yards from the bluff,—until it approached the shadow of the thick, overhanging maple above mentioned.

Brady now hurried to the off-sweep in order to pull straight out into the stream. At this moment Lydia, with resolution in her every look and motion, appeared in front, Killbuck's long, heavy rifle in her arms. Quietly setting it down against the cabin, she said :

“ Captain, while you row I'll watch, for getting out into the stream's our only chance. My mare's shot dead, and Drusilla's is badly hurt.”

“ Now, Lydia, this is all folly,” testily replied Brady. “ Get back instantly! I wonder at Shepherd letting you come! Don't you see we're getting just in line of the shore shots, and why this useless exposure?”

“ I slipped off without Shepherd's knowing,” answered Lydia, in low tones, and evidently somewhat hurt. “ I'll stay here just under cover, and keep a sharp look-out. You *may* need me.”

“ Confound it! it seems desperate hard to get out of this slow water,” remarked Brady, hotly. “ There must be something holding us back.”

Sure enough there was. As the stern end swung fairly under the foliage of the big tree, the strong wooden chimney was somehow caught and held by a low branch or hanging vine. The three men crouching down as much behind the gunwale board as possible, tugged and tugged until the heavy drops of sweat rolled from their faces. No use.

“ Great Heavens, Major,” angrily muttered Brady, “ this will never do! We must clear the boat or we're lost;” and Brady leaped again to the deck and hurried aft, just as a big, burly redskin fell to a shot from Shepherd's rifle, which was thrust through the cabin-window

At this moment, Larry, whose massive form had—in his desperate struggle to jerk the boat loose—gradually risen from the crouching posture, and become the target for the concealed Indians, was sharply hit in the rear by a buckshot, while a bullet had gone right through his hat, and just scratched up his scalp. This put him in a towering rage. Standing up to his full height, his eyes aflame with wrath, and his face all red and shining from his tremendous exertions, he shook his brawny fist at his yelling tormentors, and shouted :

“ Och, be aff wid ye, ye thafes of the wur-r-ld and Lantherum Swash bullies, you. Av ye'll jest pick out yer biggest blackguard, and sit him forninst me, wid a nate slip uv a hickory shillaly, I'll bate him as aisy as a game of foot-ball. There'll not be enough left uv him to physic a snipe. Wull ye do it, now, and be—”

But just here Rose, who was at first as much astonished at Larry's rashness as were evidently the Indians themselves, pulled him roughly down, barely in time to escape a shower of bullets, saying coolly :

“ Don't be a fool, Larry! that kind of talk's wasted on savages. They'll punch your skin like a sieve. Keep down, I say! It's your best chance.”

“And shure, Major,” grumbled Larry in muttering wrath, “it’s a crying shame, an’ so it is, for thim painted, bald-headed scaramouches to be so bothering us when we’re joost doing all we know to git out uv their way; and there’s the young leddies, too, Oh, wirra! wirra! but I’m down on my luck.”

While Larry’s brisk little speech had for a brief moment, and from very surprise, stopped the Indians’ shots, Brady had rapidly advanced along the deck until he came under the tree, and whipping out his tomahawk, was slashing away at the branches which held the boat, when Lydia’s anxious, warning voice could be distinctly heard:

“Have a care, Captain! There’s Indians right above you! I see all the leaves shaking. Come back! come back! they’re dropping down on you!”

True enough. Whether the savages had previously concealed themselves in the tree with the understanding that right on this bluff was to be the fight with the boat; or whether, with an Indian’s shrewdness, they had clambered up the inclined trunk soon as they saw the scow held fast, was not then known; but certain it was, that right on Brady’s shoulders there dropped the active, supple form of a naked Indian, whom Brady threw off as a panther would a cur-dog, and grappled at once.

Immediately after, and close by the two contestants, there came down with a thump and shock which caused the whole boat to shake, an immense, brawny hulk of a fellow, nearly seven feet high, who, with a terrific whoop, proceeded to twine his fingers in Brady’s hair, and was about drawing forth the fatal scalping-knife, when Larry, with a few short bounds and an Irish yell that fairly outdid that of the Indian itself, rushed to the scout’s aid, hissing out between his clenched teeth, as he aimed a vicious blow at his burly antagonist:

“Troth and be jabers, I moost tackle ye, big and ugly as ye be. Ye’ll know now the vartue of an Irish hug; but if I’d oncet my whistling stick uv thorn here, I’d bate you from Connaught to Purgatory.”

Large and powerful as Larry undoubtedly was, he was greatly over-matched by “Bigfoot,” the famous Wyandotte chief. But Larry never hesitated a moment, but made at the huge, burly Indian with a pluck and vigor that made up in dash and activity what it lacked in brute strength. He had been once skilled as a wrestler, and knew all about the best Tipperary twists and locks and falls, and after a short but terrible struggle, he brought down his gigantic foe to the deck, the ark fairly trembling from stem to stern under the shock.

But the trouble with Larry was to keep him down. Bigfoot was naked from the waist up, and his smooth and slippery skin, as the two writhed and twisted together in the most tremendous throes and struggles, would elude Larry’s grip, and now one and now the other would be on the top.

All this time the Indians on shore refrained from shooting, partly from fear of wounding their friends, and partly from intense interest in the fray, since there was as many Indians now on deck as there were white men, and Bigfoot was a whole host in himself.

By this time Rose was engaged with a third savage at the bow, and Shepherd was still down below with Killbuck, trying to manage the maddened horses, and direct and protect the ladies.

Larry again had the big Indian down; with his knees firmly braced on the deck on either side, and one arm about Bigfoot's throat, he at last held him there as in a vise.

Now there was no more malice than there was fear in the good-natured Irishman's composition, and he would have been perfectly content with his honest victory, had he not seen Bigfoot slipping down his hand to get at his knife.

"An' none o' that now, Injin, if you lay inny valoo on yer fithered pig-tail, for shure's my name's Larry, I'll be making you cummit a shoeaside. Ain't ye ashamed o' yoursilf, innyhow, to be meandering and philandering hereabout wid yer vishyus mug; an' where there's dacent young leddies, too, and you widout a rag to yer back or a tack to yer big feet."

The tawny giant here gave a ghastly grin, and panted out in pretty good English: "White man strong as buffalo; great warrior, and has big heart. Redman get up, and we be brudders."

"An' this," said Larry, as he lay heavily on his foe, and as if soliloquizing to himself, "an' this is an American foighting savidge; aye, faith, an' it's a quare-looking an' swate-scinted haythen he is, wid a grin loike a rat-trap, a mouth loike the slit uv a fiddle, an' a set o' teeth loike a wood-saw; an' joost luk at his big futs, ye'd mistrust ould Horny hisself couldn't thrup 'em up. Arrah, be aisy now, machree! Och! murther! murther! Phat's this? Drop that, ye born divil, ye! ouch! Oh-o-o! Tare-an-ouns!"

These exclamations were caused by Bigfoot's executing a sudden turn on Larry, and taking part of his arm into his capacious maw, and under the writhings caused by the pain, making a dash for his knife, which he drew from its sheath.

"An ye wul do it, wul yiz?" hissed Larry through his clenched teeth, as he snatched the knife through the Indian's fingers—cutting them severely—and then threw the blade far out into the river; "an' why not take a new grip o' yer luck, reddey, an' foight me loike a man, and an Irishmon; but now that you'se risin' my mad up, I'll joost take Mike Mooney's council to his gossoon going to Donnybrook. An, moind, Teddy, whiniver ye see a head, hit it," and Larry's fists descended again and again, with the neatest precision, upon the Indian's face and naked sponce, until he was fain to escape by wriggling himself over the edge of the sloping roof, and attempting to draw Larry down into the water with him.

But the Irishman was too quick for him. Seeing the aim, he wrenched himself loose from Bigfoot's grasp, gave him a terrific kick as he went over, and tossed him this parting shot:

"By-bye, Injun, and good luck to yiz. Niver forgit to remimber me by the crook in yer back and the stutter in yer eyes, that I guv ye."

He turned just in time to receive on his shoulders, from the tree, another but much smaller Indian, who had been sent to the help of his fellows, but this one happened just at the wrong moment, and was mere child's play compared with the giant; so Larry met him with a stinging, blinding cuff across the face, caught him by an arm and leg, and, with a powerful effort, tossed him into the stream, at the same time panting out:

“Bad scran to ye, ye thrifle, but ye bother me, and me so hot and tired, and as dhry as a lime-kiln. You’ve missed me loike ye did yer mammy’s blessing, ye durthy bosthoon.”

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CAPT. BRADY AND THE BIRCH STEALERS.

Now all this occurred in less time than we take to tell it, and while the others were by no means idle. Brady’s fight had been a tough, square, stand-up, hand-to-hand conflict, and was finally ended by his Indian’s receiving a grievous knife-thrust under the ribs, and being forced off, mortally wounded into the water.

Major Rose, too, had had more than he could handle in his wily foe at the bow; but his pluck and agility stood him in good stead, and when, at a lucky moment, the Indian’s arms were fairly pinioned, Lydia, who was standing just under cover, ready to aid, was called out to tie his hands behind him with the deer-thongs. This being neatly and securely done by the brave girl, and the savage having been made quiet and docile by a few timely thumps with Rose’s pistol-butts, he was rolled over as helpless, but by no means as amiable looking as a big baby.

And so the boat was well cleared of all its assailants, and had just now, very fortunately, broken loose from its obstructions; and, under Killbuck’s careful steering, was slowly drifting below the mouth of Yellow Creek. Could it only be gotten out again into mid-stream—and this endeavor was much aided as soon as the ark felt the strong current coming out from the creek—there was a strong probability of yet making a safe escape.

To this end the three men had hastened again to the sweeps, but so soon as the unexpected result of the deck contest had been seen from the shore, a howl of baffled rage and indignation had gone up from the crowd of Indians there, and intense activity was everywhere visible, while the bullets whistled about all parts of the boat, and especially around the half-exposed figures at the bow. Nothing could stay there and live; so much was sure. Brady had scarce touched his oar, when a whizzing bullet went straight through his arm, causing intense pain, and for the time completely disabling it. Rose soon got another leaden favor in the fleshy part of his thigh, while Larry, ducking his head at the whistle of a bullet, received two buckshot in the shoulder.

At last Brady, casting a careful and anxious look on all sides, while pushing on the oar with his well arm, spoke in low, hurried tones:

“Major, this thing begins to look desperate. Were it not for our women, we men could fight it out to the last; but we can do nothing here—that’s cock sure! We’ll all be dropped like a lot of bears in a bee-tree. Must get under cover! It’s our only chance, and let the old scow float till she gets out of range.”

“No other way, indeed,” said Rose, calmly but anxiously, he and





CAPT. SAM. BRADY, THE DARING PARTISAN LEADER.

—See page 4



Larry, however, still tugging at the oar. "I see no canoes, and they dare not board us by swimming; but here comes Shepherd, looking very grave, too. All crouch down out of range! Well, Shepherd, how fares it in the cabin? None hurt, I do trust. Miss Zane and the rest all well?"

"Bad enough, you may be sure," gloomily responded Shepherd. "I have just forced Lydia to go back. Mrs. Malott received a slight flesh-wound, but is more frightened, I think, than hurt. She has just fainted away, and is now under the care of the others. Killbuck has been hurt somewhat about the breast, but exactly where, and how badly, I don't know or can't know. The old stoic's face winces a good deal from the pain, but he won't leave his oar."

"But Drusilla—and the others?" anxiously inquired Brady.

"Oh, Miss Swearingen has received a slight scratch-wound in the arm, but she makes light of it. Now, Captain, I assure you it is nothing," as Brady started towards the cabin with a troubled face. "I've come to relieve one of you at the sweep."

"Shepherd!" said Brady, gravely, but in low tones, "this is no time for delusions; what think you of our chances!"

"Bad, very bad, if the red devils have canoes. In that case, and on account of the women under our care, I think 'twould be better to give up the boat, if they've a decent leader, and we can make any kind of terms."

"Am afraid you're right," sadly responded Brady. "If 'twere us only, we could fight to the last and take the risks; but 'twould be folly to subject those in the cabin to the harshest treatment by uselessly maddening a pack of savages. But let us hope they haven't boats," he added more cheerfully, "and we needn't consider any such unpleasant necessity."

"If it does come to that, though," replied Shepherd, more hopefully, "Bigfoot, the Wyandott giant, whom Larry there whaled so beautifully in a fair fight—has a good reputation as an honorable chief; and I thought I observed 'Big-hoof,' the well-known Shawnee chief, on the bluff—another bold war-brave and clever fellow, for an Indian."

"I'm sure I saw him, and, I think, Guyasutha, too, the great Mingo. Well, so it's settled. No canoes—fight. Canoes—give up only if we must; in which case, pursuers from both Forts McIntosh and Henry will soon be on our trail; but what does make the boat pitch and toss so?"

"Step back, and I'll show you," said Shepherd. "The infernal elk was worst of all—frightened to very madness, and so goring and alarming the horses that I stuck my knife in his throat as I came out."

The two now walked past the freight part of the boat, and came to the space partitioned off for the six horses. Lydia's mare might as well have fallen to Larry's bullet, for it had been killed outright, almost at the first shot; Shepherd's had been badly wounded in the leg, and was lying down, moaning with pain. The stag was beside it, in a pool of blood, and each of the other horses had either been hit by bullets or buckshot, or been hurt by the buck's horns, while all had broken their halters and were ranging around in a perfect frenzy of

fear, which had been greatly increased by the rolling, uneasy motion of the boat.

Rose now joined them, and while all three went back to comfort the females in the cabin, a new danger suddenly appeared, speedily dissipating all hopes—if any such existed—that the Indians were about to abandon the contest. A slight noise and rubbing on the off-side of the ark some little time previous had excited Brady's suspicions, and brought him to the little window just in time to see two Indians hurriedly paddling back, out of range, in the boat's birch. His practiced eye at once saw how the feat had probably been executed. A large bough, with a very bushy, leafy end, was floating off. This had doubtless been thrown, or been found in the water; and, concealed behind its thick screen, the cunning fellows had quietly, and without any suspicion, floated down until opposite the canoe, of which they had stealthily taken possession.

"Beaten, as I m a living sinner! and by a pesky Indian, too," cried Brady, in tones of great vexation, as he explained the trick. "Boys, we've deserved this. I thought I was pretty well up in redskin deviltries, but this fetch, I must confess, I was never looking for. In case of having to give up, I had hoped Killbuck would secretly steal off to the other shore, and carry the news to our friends. Confound it all! how could we be so blind and forgetful! But stay! those rascals don't get off without 'Spit-fire's' mark;" and Brady sprang for his rifle, took post at the stern-window by the side of Killbuck, and fired quick as thought at the fellow in the stern, who was paddling for dear life in a line, so as to be as little exposed as possible.

The bullet took him fairly in the back. He uttered no cry, but tottered and staggered, clutched at the air, and finally fell across the thwart of the canoe—a totally used-up Indian.

"I thought," quickly remarked Brady, "I could dog-ear that fellow so I would know him again if I wanted him. Now for the other! Where's your rifle, Killbuck?"

But this was the one Lydia had borrowed, and before Brady had it pointed, the other Indian had made the very best use of his time. Brady plumped away, however, and managed to strike the other Indian on the arm, knocking his paddle high in air.

"Not such a wonderfully cheap canoe after all," quietly chuckled the scout, as he saw the frightened Indian make a dash for his lost paddle, and then redouble his exertions. "Give me another tube, Shepherd, and, by Jove, I'll have our birch back yet."

But just here a clamor from Larry, who still retained his watchful position at the bow, and a startled exclamation from Rose, speedily diverted Brady's attention to a much greater danger. A quick outlook from the window, on the shore side, revealed to their wondering eyes the unpleasant sight of four large canoes coming out of the mouth of Yellow Creek. They were probably all crowded with warriors, but this could not well be told, for each canoe bore in front a sort of framework, on which was stretched a blanket or a skin, as well as could be made out, and serving as an efficient shield for those behind, until the ark would be reached. The men gazed at this unexpected and appalling sight dumbly, and with a sort of dazed look, while the poor women

watched their protectors with anxious, questioning eyes, but made no sound.

The canoes were now grouping together for a safe boarding attack. The ark having by this time drifted a little distance below the creek's mouth, was about fifty yards from the shore, and standing out towards mid-stream. A crowd of some fifteen or twenty warriors, meantime, had crossed the creek and continued down the bluff, yelling, leaping and shooting off their pieces, their object evidently being to prevent any resistance to the boarding-party in front.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE REDSKINS TRY A SUCCESSFUL DODGE.

The case looked utterly hopeless. If anything was to be done, it must be done on the instant. All the males, including Larry and Killbuck, stood gathered about the two little windows on the shore side. No word was spoken, but gradually all eyes turned to Brady, who was calmed by the very imminence of the danger, but most anxiously and intently scanning every minutest object, while his fingers nervously clutched his rifle. At length a soft whisper issued from the scout's lips, as if to aid him in his hard thinking. His air was, however, still abstracted; but at length, as if musingly to himself, he quickly exclaimed:

"A deuced unlucky spot that, at the mouth of Big Yellow. Just on that green bluff, there, abreast of which we had our late tussle"—and here the scout coolly extended his hand in that direction, as if there were not a hostile Indian near them—"lay a hunting party of Indians—bucks, squaws and papooses. Right across here"—pointing his hand over to the Virginia side—"was a party of whites in ambuscade, under Daniel Greathouse.

"It was in 1774—a time of dead peace—and a number of the reddys, with their squaws, were enticed over to Baker's cabin, made drunk and killed in the most cowardly and treacherous manner by Greathouse and a few of his party, the rest protesting against the murder as an atrocious butchery. The unsuspecting savages in camp, hearing the rumpus, sent some of their number to see what was the matter. They also were shot down like dogs. A large canoe full of warriors then followed, all of whom were killed except two or three, who carried the astounding news to the camp—only one little girl saved from the slaughter."

"That," concluded Brady, "was the beginning of Lord Dunmore's bloody Indian war of 1774. Among the slain were all the relatives of Logan, the famous Mingo, as brave and knowing a chief as ever plumed a scalp-lock. No wonder the old savage took a bloody revenge. By Jove, I'd have—"

"Howly Joseph and blisshed St. Dominick!" here impatiently broke in the Irishman, who was restlessly rubbing his fists together, and who had stood it as long as he could; "do but hear til the mon,

looking as plisint as a bull in the pound, divarting hisself wid ould blatherin' wives' tales, an' roight forninst us a screeching throop of howlin', murtherin' thafes uv the wur-r-ld, a dying to be tugging at our hair. Be me troth, Captin, it's not senvinty-four nor Lord Dunamore which kapes botherin' *me* this blisshed minnit; but, faix, an' it's eighty-two, an' Larry Donahue, an' small blame to him."

"My mind is this," quickly spoke up Brady, with decision, never seeming to have heard Larry's interruption, but now removing his earnest gaze from the shore: "Those rascals have a devilish crafty leader. I've scouted years and years along these shores, but this is the first trick of that kind I've ever seen. I'll first try a shot at one of those screens, and see if it's bullet-proof, and then"—and here the scout slowly primed his rifle.

"And if so, what then?" quickly remarked Rose and Shepherd, the rest awaiting the reply with the most intense anxiety.

"Why then, it's all over with us," adding in a low, meaning voice, to the three men, while significantly pointing back to the females, "and better to give up at once when obstinate fighting would only enrage and make matters worse for all of us."

"Oh, it wouldn't do to yield the boat," hotly spoke Shepherd, "without another effort. Those fellows in coming at us so obliquely, must expose themselves to all our rifles."

"From what you've heard of me, Shepherd," answered Brady, quick and sharp as lightning, "am I one likely to tamely give up when fighting would be better? Sometimes the truest courage lies in prudence;" and he again motioned significantly to the four ladies, and then added: "I've thought of the boarding party being exposed to our flank fire from the windows, and, in that case, would of course be as keen for a continued struggle as you could be, Shepherd; but don't you see that the wit that could devise those screens could just as easy manage them so as to make them effective? Now, mark my words! if the boats come at us straight, be sure those screens can be shifted from the bow to the side, and are padded so as to turn our bullets; if not, the boats will first creep down close along shore and get below us, and then come heads on. In that case, what is left but to surrender, if we want to save those so dear to us, and slip Killbuck into the water to swim across and spread the news to the forts above and below?"

"You're right, Brady!" said Rose, promptly, warmly shaking the scout's hand; "and there they come, making straight for the bow; and there, by Heavens, it's just as you thought! The ruffianly scoundrels are slipping their screens round to the sides!"

"Up with your rifle, Shepherd!" cried Brady, "and aim you at the centre of that blanket screen on the left, and I'll take the bear-skin on the right."

Crack! crack! went the two pieces on the instant, but without any perceptible effect but to call forth mocking shouts of derision and triumph from all the boats and the crowds along shore.

"Just as I feared," exclaimed Brady, with deep feeling and a look of utter disgust; "we've done all that men can do, and must now make the best terms we may. Thank God, some of the red leaders

are chiefs of good name; and now, ladies, you must keep up brave hearts and retire to the cabin. We'll join you soon and protect you from insult with our lives."

Brady now hurried back to Killbuck, and said, in low, earnest tones:

"The time's come, chief! You know our fix. Will you stay or go?"

"Me go at once," quickly replied the grim old Delaware, drawing himself up with dignity. "Gellellemend, a peace chief, has no business with all those war chiefs, and dat rascal, Girty—"

"Girty!" answered Brady, quickly. "I feared as much; but what makes you think so? Where does he hide himself?"

"Girty cunning as beaver," sneered Killbuck. "He like the bear-hunter; he hiss on de dogs but no go himself. He got head and fangs like serpent, and keep under grass till strike time comes. Gellellemend see him behind the plum-trees give the words to red men. Girty wise chief, and fix canoes so 'pale-face' bullet no hit."

"So much the worse for us," despondingly answered the scout; "would rather deal with the fierce and bloody Shawnees than with that ruffianly traitor and cut-throat. Well, Killbuck, you had better drop into the river and strike out for the other side. I need not urge you to keep the boat between you and the shore, and to lie low in the water. Go straight to the Poes, who live but a little way down the bank, and set them on the track. Tell them not to lose a minute, but to send runners to Forts McIntosh and Henry. But how's this, chief? You look pale and weak. Are you much hurt?"

"Water good for rifle-shot," answered the old chief with difficulty, but trying hard to smile; and, drawing himself up proudly, "better hurt in the breast than fire round whole body. Gellellemend must leave his gun wid his brother."

"Ah, chief! you must be sore wounded, or you'd never do that. Better let Larry go."

"No, no, no!" was the quiet answer. "Irisher go off like gun-powder; brave heart, but no head—sooner fight dan eat, but talk, talk, talk too much," and the old chief pulled out the eagle's plumes from his head-crest, so as to show as little as possible to the keen eyes of those on shore; then, tightening his belt, he opened the door amidship, that presented to the other side, and stealthily slipped into the water, striking bravely out for the opposite shore.

"Major," said Brady, now again joining the rest, "if you'll go into the store-room and roll out the powder, Shepherd will watch the cabin-door, and I'll go forward and receive the varmints. They're almost on board. D'ye hear their yells? and here, Larry, I'd almost forgot! Go you with Rose, take my tomahawk and knock in the head of the whisky barrel. There's a keg of the stuff, too, under—"

"Phat! Captin, dear," answered Larry, his eyes opening with surprise at such an unexpected command. "Shure it's joking ye be. Lit spill all that illigant Monyghala—God be good to the he that invinted it—the very schmell uv which puts the legs under won whin he's in thruble. Faix, I couldn't do it no ways. Shure an' the blissed Book tells me I must love my inimies, an' faith it's the only Bible docthrine I've en-

dayvoored sthriactly to follow, and how, thin, could I knock it in the head? Bad luck to it, but I've the thirsty curse deep down in my throtle, Captin; and I admire the crayture so much that it must be low days wid me when I take undacent liberties wid such lashings, one dhrop of which wud bring tears to a young widdy's eyes. But, wid your lave, Captin, I'se tell you phat I'll do. I sead Killbuck, a by gone, slipping off, like an old rat from a scuttled ship. Bedad, I'll stroide the barrhel, and joost float off, promiskeous like by meself, an' chance my fate on the wide wathers."

"Oh, stop your blather, Larry, or you'll rue it," sharply answered Brady, who, otherwise occupied, only caught the last words of Larry's complaint. "Better do as you're told, and, mind ye! when the reddys have you, you'd better humor and not anger them, if you want to preserve your hair. This is no time for fun."

"An' it's foon, is it?" grumbled Larry, as he retreated. "Thin, by the powders-o-war, divil a wun a me parcaives it, at all, at all. Whin Larry Donohue, who claims dacint descint, from an ould family uv divlish deep dhrinkers, can wasthe sooch tongue-tickling stuff, that has niver tasthed wather, it's in tirrible airnest he must be. The curse o' Cromwell rest on the whole mane, durthy bizzness, for shure sthronger fluid niver went down the *red lane*" (throat), and Larry proceeded, with many sniffs and tastes and scoldings, to do as he was bid.

All the firing from the shore had ceased but a few pattering shots. The crowded boats now reached the ark's bow. Everything being arranged for the reception, Brady, for policy's sake, putting on as cheerful a face as he could command, was just waving his hand, as a signal of surrender, when Killbuck's head, being now noticed for the first time from the shore, raised a great commotion.

---

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE ARK BOARDED BY CAPT. PIPE'S PARTY.

THE news was at once shouted to the boarding party; a number of harmless shots were fired, and one of the canoes—its screen having been cast away—sped across the broadhorn's bow in rapid pursuit.

The chase was a short one. Weakened by loss of blood, small chance had the poor Delaware against a canoe with four paddles. He had made but slow progress, but at the sound of his pursuers, redoubled his exertions, but all to no purpose. The boat soon shot alongside, then in front, and the almost exhausted Indian, finding further effort useless, raised the death-chant, and bent his head to the tomahawk's stroke.

Already were several rifles aimed and tomahawks raised at him, but Big-hoof, who commanded the canoe, at once recognized the gallant swimmer, and, with the shout of Gellellemend! Gellellemend! he waved down all hostile weapons, and drew the brave old chief aboard, the air being rent with shouts of triumph as soon as it was discovered who he was.



This brief but exciting chase had been watched with breathless interest from shore, ark and canoes, and now that the last hope seemed taken away, Brady stepped forward with dignity and accosted each dusky form as it climbed on board. The Indians seemed in particularly good spirits. Girty's device—if his it was—had won an easy and almost bloodless victory. Those of their party who had been killed or wounded, had each preserved his scalp—a matter of far greater pride and importance to them than life itself—and the prize taken was, they felt sure, a very valuable one, both in goods and persons. Captains Brady and Shepherd had at once been recognized, while Major Rose's uniform had shown him an officer of some rank, and he was, besides, well known to those of the chiefs who had been at Fort Pitt.

As each warrior, therefore, stepped aboard, he extended his hand, and accosted the redoubtable Brady with much good humor, and a "how de do, brudder?" or "how de do, Eagle-Eye?" just as he happened to be known to the visitors.

This friendly feeling was much increased when they saw the one of their party who had fought Rose, and whom they supposed killed and scalped, not only with lock secure, but not even seriously hurt. Brady now advanced and cut the thongs which bound him, when the ill-looking savage sullenly arose, amid the jeers and laughs of his companions; and, laying his hand on his knife, and muttering some threats against the Major, slunk off into the boats.

It is a great error to suppose that Indians are always sullen or ferocious. It is only among strangers or enemies that they are grim or reserved. It is part of their education never to show any natural feeling or curiosity among strangers. But those who have followed their trail, waylaid them in their camps, or been captive in their villages, say that among themselves they are kind, affectionate and light-hearted, passing most of their time when on the hunt or in camp, with dance, song, games and jokes. Indian hunters, after the evening meal and pipe are over, will sometimes spend whole nights joking and telling all sorts of adventures, and the shouts of laughter which frequently make the woodland arches ring, abundantly witness their humor, drollery and love of the jest.

So soon as Captain Pipe, the great war chief of the Moncies, or Wolf Tribe of the Delawares, put foot on deck, Brady drew him aside, and most earnestly besought him to restrain his warriors from flocking back into the little cabin, where the four females were huddled together in the greatest dismay.

This grim and sour-looking old Delaware—a chief who, ever since the outbreak of the Revolution had been particularly hostile to the Americans, as also to the Moravian Indians and their protectors, the Turtle Tribe of Delawares under Captains White Eyes, Big Cat and Killbuck—sullenly made answer that he might try, but all the white men, even supposing they could be saved from hard treatment, would have to be sent bound to their villages.

He fiercely told Brady that such was the intense feeling for revenge at the late cowardly and atrocious slaughter of the Moravians by the "Long Knives"—as the Virginians living on the thither side of

the Ohio, were then universally called—that if their defense of the boat had lasted much longer, or been any more bloody, nothing could have saved the whole party from the harshest treatment; that most of this war party had been hastily gathered from various tribes, solely to avenge the Gnadenhutten butchery. The “braves” were now pleased at the rich booty and the success of their stratagem, but there was no telling when their wrath might blaze out again.

Brady took the greatest pains to assure this influential chieftain that the massacre was strongly denounced as an inhuman butchery by those in authority; not only at Forts Pitt and Henry, but by Washington and Congress; that not one aboard the boat was present at or privy to it; and that steps were now being taken by the authorities to hunt out and punish the perpetrators.

To all this, Pipe listened grimly, but with an ill-concealed sneer on his ferocious countenance. If that were so, he pertinently asked, how happened it that the miscreants, on their return from the massacre in March, had been allowed, under the very guns of Fort Pitt, to attack a village of peaceable and friendly Delawares, who lived on Smoky Island under Gellellemend and the young head chief, White Eyes' successor; and how happened it that afterwards there was a great public sale at Pittsburgh of all the horses, robes, etc., stolen by Williamson's gang?

“You see,” added Pipe in pretty good English, “we have plenty spies, and know all dat happen. Why does not Captain Brady make dis clear?”

This query was a poser to our scout. The facts could not be gainsaid, as, also, that a number of the people of Pittsburgh approved of Williamson's burnings and butcheries; but he got over it as best he could by stating that the Smoky Island attack was a complete surprise, and that Gen. Irvine (which was the truth) was East at the time, and the rest had not sufficient authority.

“Ugh!” snorted the sharp old warrior, disgustfully, “dat very bad. When-red warriors do not obey war chief, they turned out of tribe, and become no more dan squaws. Dat not speak good for dis ‘pale-face’ officer,”—pointing to Rose—“when his people no mind him. Maybe he help kill the Peace Delawares on the island, and Gellellemend, too. We must tell him no go wid our young chief to the Fort, and dat ‘pale-face’ hate red-man and kill dem all, and now he take gun wid his enemies, and the Great Spirit kill *him*.”

Brady spoke up for both Rose and Killbuck, and although he could not convince the stern old savage, he drew from him a promise that he would keep the cabin clear.

“And now me want to see”—looking curiously around the boat—“the strong ‘brave’ wid hair like the sun, who turn over and over and over our big Huron. Ugh! Bigfoot great and strong like oak, but ‘painted hair’ tough, and bend like de hickory. Why he no take scalp when he can get him, eh?”

Ah, yes; Pipe was not the only one that wanted to see Larry, who had so easily overthrown their fighting Goliath. He was plainly an object of curiosity to all who came on board. Bigfoot was evidently their great champion; and to have him so badly worsted by one so

much smaller, and in a fair, square, stand-up tussle, was something they could not understand.

While Brady and Pipe, therefore, were having their talk, Catahecassa, or Big Hoof, followed by a swarm of curious savages, worked back through the store-house into that part used as a stable. Here a glad shout went up at the sight of the fine horses, and the big elk all ready for flaying, while a strong smell of whisky, which pervaded the whole apartment, elevated every painted nose in mid-air.

When their eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom, Larry was seen—Killbuck's rifle in one hand and Brady's tomahawk in the other—sitting pensively on the empty barrel, gazing at a pile of gunpowder which had been wet through and through with the whisky which he had so grumblingly poured out. An angry circle soon gathered about him, but the Irishman's power in overcoming "Bigfoot" had plainly bred in them a wholesome respect. At last Larry:

"Och, tundher and turf, my yaller boys; you may well sniff and bate the air wid yer big noses, ye divil's own pack and gallis pets. Why for doun't ye come to the fore? D'ye think I'm Mars, the great God of war, that ye so kape off from me? Out wid yer spake now, or I'll exkimize ye, ye bloody haythen, ye. Arrah, thin, but ye'll sup sorra for the heart-scalding ye've guv me in regard to this washed stuff."

The enraged Blackhoof, with his hideous parchment-like face, huge Roman nose and glaring eyes, now approached Larry with uplifted tomahawk, and poured forth a torrent of imprecations for the loss of so much excellent "fire-water." He still, however, kept a respectable distance between them, and he could not help gazing at the fighting and imperturbable Irishman with a kind of awe, as if he must be some great "Medicine."

"An' phat for are ye faulting *me*, ye rap uv the divil, you, wid yer swivel eye, yer big schmeller, and yer face all streaked and puffed out loike a bag-piper. Be me showl, ye Judy Fitzsimmons ye, but ye've did the bizzness inny how the day, boorsting in pure old Monyghaly what niver knowed gager, and sthrong enough to make yer very nose curl, big an' ugly as it is.

"An' phat did I knock in the barrel fur? Be jabbers, ye'd better say that an' thin die, an' guv the buzzards a puddin'. Shure, an' wasn't the powther an' the whisky—thim two gratest inimies of mon—lying sociably and lovingly soide by soide, niver saying nothing to nobody, whin in patters yer murderin' bullets, vexing and tatthering the horses, until the Major's blud mare there, wid ears laid flat and music in her eye—ah, swate good luck to the fiery demon that's in her—up wid her two handy heels and bate the divil's own tatoo on the pair of barrel inds.

"Begorra, but it's the chrame uv a good lathering ye ought to have, ivery mudher's son of ye, ye varnished beauties. Howiver now wul ye wet yer whistles an' kape yourselves in wind, or set yer toes a waggin the noight, whin sich lashings of good dhrink are foriver gone loike a schwate dhrame. Be the mortal, but it wor the illigantest sthuff, that wud sarch ye and war-r-rm ye to the very marrow, and

wud tickle and slewther ye to yer very finger nails. Och, hone! och, hone! but it bates cock-foighting intirely, so it does; an' my heart's jist low wid ye, an' sich dape grafe as mine is iver droughty. Shure my throath's as dusty as a road to the fair, and ye've destroyed the fluid, ye gallenippers."

Larry could not have adopted a tone with his gaping visitors which would have been more effective. There were few that understood it all, but there was a scolding ring and a quiet style in it averse to any covering or craven submission. The wondering savages now crowded closer about him, and some even ventured to feel his arms and his legs, as if to find where all his power resided, until at last one happened to touch his wounded shoulder, when Larry, realizing now to the full that his late victory over Bigfoot had made him quite a hero to be feared and admired, sprung around at him with a sudden snort and snap of his jaws that made the audacious meddler execute a quick backward spring against Black Bess, who, at the same time, lifting her dexterous foot, gave him a kick that sent him howling away amid the laughs and jeers of his companions.

Blackhoof then said: "'Painted Hair,' no very big, but strong like buffalo, and quick like panther. Does the 'pale-face' eat powder and drink 'fire-water' that makes him so like iron?"

Larry was now just in his element. His spirits rose with the occasion, and in proportion as he was flattered, his style and language grew more airy and exuberant.

"Tare-an-ouny, ye painted spalpeens; ate is it? Divil an ate at all at all, fur I've iver obsarved that the more I ate and ate the less grows my appethite, and as fur the wee dhrap o' moisture I take, shure it's niver worth the mention—sometimes but a mere schmell of the native mountain-brewed—jist enough to bring the dhrap into the eye, lightness to the elbow, and suppleness to the jints. Shure it's not *that* makes me foight like a Trojan, ye deludher, ye; but, loike Samson, my stringth lies in my hair—av ye'll not be wishing fur it too much—an' thin at wakes and fairs, an' sich loike, I'm made supple wid the oil of hazel, an' am rubbed down wid an oaken towel; an' d'ye think now, ye divil's own brood, that I make much uv foighting a slippery ould buffer loike 'Bigfoot,' who was joost fairly blue-moulding for a bating. Why, he's loike new milk from the cow compared wid the giant—him they called the 'Limerick Baby,' who came boosting an' roostering about at our fair, spreading out his tail loike a paycock, an' asking innybody to plase tread on it. Faith an' I was jist the won that did that same. Och, but I was the broth uv a boy thin, far known fur bringing the bottom uv my noggin into close fellowship wid my eyebrow, an' I tackled him to wunst, an' in half uv a crack uv a cow's thumb, he wur laid out, cowl'd as a wedge, an' a'most ready to be 'waked,' bad scan to him. Be the hokey, but ye must bring on yer 'Bigfoots,' an' wid their pumps aff, too, av they want a wholesome bating," and Larry now rose quietly from his seat and stretched forth his brawny arms.

"And is there no more 'fire-water' about?" eagerly queried Blackhoof, peering around on all sides.

"Sorra one uv me knows," answered Larry, with a broad grin.

"But av ye cannot scint it out yerself wid sich a magnificent proboskis as ye have, thin there's no use in a nose at all, at all; shure it seems built a purpose for joost that bizzness; an' ye ought to follow a whisky scint as ye wud that uv an Injun;"—and then in a side voice, "An' bedad one's as sthrong as the other; but moind ye, reddy, an' ye *do* find some, be sure I'll be clost to yer back."

The Indians now scoured the boat for booty. Some secured the horses, while others commenced to flay and cut up the dead stag. Meanwhile a couple of men at the sweeps soon brought the ark to the grassy bluff before mentioned, just above the mouth of the Big Yellow. A rough slab was thrown ashore, another raft of Indians thronged on board, and all was ready for debarkation.

The four women, but especially poor Mrs. Malott, had been at first very much distressed, but as time passed on and no one appeared to disturb them but Pipe, who, in company with Rose and Brady, had paid them a brief visit, Shepherd was quickly enabled to calm their fears, and make them somewhat resigned to their fate. Such wounds as required attention had been cared for, and all that they wished to carry with them had been tearfully selected. It was a sad, sad ending to their water excursion, commenced with such high hopes and pleasant anticipations of home greetings.

Now followed a scene of great animation. Some brief delay occurred before the captives were ready to land; but soon Captain Pipe appeared at the ark's bow, closely followed by the unhappy ladies of our party, and then Bighoof, with Brady, Rose, Shepherd and Larry, all of whom had their arms securely bound behind them. The procession was closed by poor Killbuck, so grievously wounded as to require the support of an Indian on either side. Owing in part to the easy success of the attacking party, and the richness of the spoil, and, in part, to the character of the chiefs in charge, unusual freedom and consideration had been shown to the females. Thus far they had nothing of which to complain.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SIMON GIRTY "PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE."

And just now a new and prominent actor appeared, for the first time, upon the wooded bluff. The prisoners had scarce made the first step towards the plank, when the crowd of savages opening, a stern, determined, and weather-beaten person—emerging somewhere from the vast wilderness behind—stepped briskly to the front.

He was a man of apparently thirty-five years of age, complexion deeply tanned, and of medium height, but very broad-chested and strong-limbed, denoting unusual strength and power of endurance. His step was firm and quick—his look cool and defiant. The dark, shaggy hair and heavy brows; the sharp, sunken grey eyes; the thin, compressed lips; the square and massive under jaw, all gave token of a man of force and strong passions.

This white chief—for leader he evidently seemed—was well, if not richly, clad in a picturesque costume—half scout, half Indian; with buckskin leggings and moccasins; a cap of muskrat skin, the tail pendent behind, with an eagle plume in front, and a fringed hunting frock, fastened before by a row of wolves' teeth. In his belt, which was singularly brodered with bears' claws, were stuck, on the one side a hunting-knife and tomahawk, and on the other a pair of heavy, silver-mounted pistols.

A long, heavy rifle supported him in an easy and not ungraceful attitude; and thus he stood, a little back from the plank-head, silent and waiting, surrounded by chiefs and warriors, the whole group—with its back-ground of deep, thick woods, and the broad, swift-flowing stream in front—presenting a striking picture.

Thus, on that fair May day, looked Simon Girty, or Katpacomen, as he was called by the Senecas, among whom his early years were passed. He called himself, and liked others to call him, *Captain Girty*, though whether he ever had, like his fellow-tory, Elliot, a Captain's commission from the British, is uncertain. He was now in the very prime of life, and at the very height of his influence—a powerful friend, if our poor captives could so arrange it, or a most rancorous enemy should they dare to cross him.

We defer, for the present, any sketch of Girty's life, or estimate of his character. At the time we now present him, he was undoubtedly one of the most trusted and influential chiefs—both in war and council—of the Confederated Northwestern tribes, who were banded together by the British to stay and resist the advancing waves of American emigration. He was a brave, active and sagacious leader, but fierce, cruel, stormy and vindictive.

No name along the whole border from Fort Redstone (now Brownsville, Pa.) down to the Falls of the Ohio (now Louisville) was so universally dreaded. Scarce a maraud, massacre or scalping foray occurred, but what the Girtys—for there were three brothers of them, (George, James and Simon) all operating with the western Indians—were at the bottom of them. The hated name was a terror in every borderer's cabin, and its mere mention would cause women's cheeks to blanch and children's hair to stand with fear.

And yet, as he gravely and courteously inclined to receive Miss Boggs, who was the first to reach the bluff, and as a grim smile broke across his sinister face, like a gleam of sunshine athwart a gloomy, savage tarn, he scarce looked so very deadly and dangerous. Indeed, he now appeared at his very best. Only in his times of terrible debauch, or when unusually enraged by some particular object of his intense hate, could his victims witness the awful storms and throes which seemed to demonize his whole nature, and “clothe him with curses as with a garment.”

Misses Zane and Swearingen were received with a rather awkward courtesy, Girty speaking a few cheering words to each, and excusing the attack on the boat. To these common-places, the girls having learned who the man was, replied as curtly as possible.

And now, with sad mien and downcast eyes, approached Mrs. Malott. As soon as Girty cast his eyes on her, he gave a sudden

start and exclamation of surprise, which caused her to look for the first time at her captor. She appeared even more surprised than he, for she had not yet been told, like the rest, of Girty's being the planner of the attack. Girty, recovering himself immediately, exclaimed, while assisting her by the hand:

"Do I see aright? Can this be Mrs. Malott, that I parted with at Detroit last year?"

"I might ask you the first question, Captain," answered Mrs. Malott, wearily. "My surprise is, I assure you, as great as your own. Are you our captor?"

"Indeed I am, ma'am," unblushingly answered Girty. "You'll have to suffer for the bad company you keep. What in the world took you in that boat?"

"How could you ask, Captain? The same old story. You ought to know that a wife and mother cannot give up all that is dear to her, until the truth is known," and then darting at him a quick, meaning look: "Any news? Oh, please tell me if you have learned anything!"

A change came over Girty's face. He looked troubled, somewhat anxious, replying: "Well, no—nothing," and as he saw her immediate disappointment and despairing look, he added, "but stay! I think I can tell you *something* that will interest you. The merest trace. Maybe something—maybe nothing; but go for the present with the other women and take your rest on yonder log. I'll tell you what I know very soon."

Just at this point a loud and joyful shout was heard from the boat, and a knot of Indians appeared with the keg of whisky, which they had hunted out from under the stores.

At this prospect of a regular drinking frolic, the whole assemblage of redskins grew jubilant, and a large proportion of them—the whisky keg carried in triumph in the middle—went back into the woods.

Girty spoke a few earnest words in Delaware to some of the chiefs about him, who proceeded to join the rest, doubtless to see that there might be no drinking to excess. Other Indians were detailed to bring out the horses, and everything that could be used or carried off—lead, powder, clothing, etc. Girty then received Brady in these words:

"Well, Captain, you and me have long been after each other; but this is the first time we've chanced to meet. I have rather the squeeze on you this time. Eh?"

It had previously been agreed among Brady, Rose and Shepherd, to have as little to do with the renegade as possible; and, for the sake of the companions so dear to them all, to say nothing that would chafe him. Now, that Killbuck's escape had been prevented, the prospect for a speedy deliverance had grown rather slender, and so Brady quietly answered:

"You have, indeed, Captain Girty. We're entirely at your mercy, but, I trust, for the sake of these innocent females, that you and your men will not be cruel."

"Oh, yes, of course," sneered Girty, his wrath mounting and a malignant expression gleaming athwart his scowling face; "but that'll

be a deuced sight harder than you think. All the tribes are as mad as —— at the late butchery on the Muskingum, and cry out for vengeance. You're the first lot of whites we've caught, and it may go devilish hard with you. 'Innocent's' a pretty word, Brady; but warn't the praying Indians just as mild and innocent as yer handsome women; but what was the good? By —— 'twas the meanest and dirtiest cut-throat slaughter I ever seen. Talk of Simon Girty and redskin scalplings after that! Bah! it makes me sick. I never lied or coaxingly sneaked poor women and children into a room, and then knocked them on the head, like a pack of hogs, with a mallet. Think of it! twenty Christian women and thirty-four little children! Where's the child or woman that Girty ever scalped? but there's many of them that I've redeemed and sent home. Mrs. Malott herself is one, and I am now busy hunting up her children. You Yankee rebels are infernal rascals and hypocrites."

"I told you before," hotly replied Brady, his anger now rising rapidly, especially under the sneers and curses of a tory renegade, whom he hated and had hunted like a 'rattler.' "I told you before that we're at your mercy, and it isn't, therefore, a very brave thing for you to be jibing and taunting us when answers of the same kind might bring on us all the harshest treatment. It sounds odd, though, to hear *you*, of all the world, affecting to pity and feel for the Moravians, since, if report speaks true, you—yes, don't start! just you—have been their greatest enemy and bitterest persecutor for years."

"It's a lie, a most damnable lie," hissed out Girty. "I've been their friend; but I was, and am dead against their squatting down near your border and blabbing to your forts of every war party that went out against you."

"Well," said Brady, scornfully and defiantly, "now's no time to argue this matter; but we certainly heard at Fort Pitt, and from the very best authority, too, that you had not only backed the Huron Half-King in his forced removal of the Moravians to the Sandusky last Fall, but were its chief instigator; that you were cruel and abusive to Heckewelder, and the other missionaries since then; that you made, after White Eyes' death, a secret attempt, with eight Mingoes, to waylay and scalp the old missionary Zeisberger; that—"

"Stop! stop! I tell you! Lies, cursed lies, all!" roared Girty, now terribly excited at these imprudent utterances of our scout, and then more calmly—"Brady, knowing you as a brave foe, whose pluck and grit I respected, I meant to deal fair by you, and show you and your party that the 'Devil's not so black as he's painted;' but by —— you fret an rile me, and I'll soon show you who's master."

Brady, never counted a very prudent man where he himself was concerned, had been provoked by Girty's tory epithets into his home thrusts, which had proved none the less galling because of their truth. It *was* rash and yet natural enough. But now the scout regretted it, and to make amends said quietly:—

"I was wrong, Girty, and shouldn't have argued the subject; but 'rascals' and 'rebels' are confounded hard words to stand, and I was stung to the quick by them. If you feel hurt, and will loose my



arms and hand me old 'Spitfire,' we'll step off ten or twenty paces, just as you choose, and settle this matter for the whole of us. But mind, the victor—"

A harsh, mocking laugh from Girty here broke in discordantly. "Brady," he said, in his most rasping tones, "that's a stale old trick with captives. 'Twould put us on a level when I've already got you. I said we had long hunted each other. Well, I've found you and snared you, and by my own mother wit, too; and are you ass enough to think that, by way of reward for my own sharpness, I'd be such a fool as to put a deadly rifle in your hands, to be bored through the gizzard, and thus set free my wind and your party at the same time? That isn't exactly the way we do things in these woods. Besides I've known captives prefer *many* deaths to torture. I'll tell you, though, how you may get rid of your high spirits—try hugging a hickory for awhile;" and Girty called up some warriors, and bade them tie the whole four men to trees. He then said to the rest—"Men, I wanted to do the decent thing by you, but your peppery friend here wouldn't let me. By Heaven! I'll cut his comb, though, before we get through."

Brady at once saw he had blundered, and kept silence. The others followed his example, and all three marched quietly off to their respective trees. Larry was last, and as he passed, Girty touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"Here, my man! Ain't you the fine fellow that tumbled our big fighter into the water? By thunder, you're a pretty hard nut to crack. Who are you, anyhow?"

Larry's eyes twinkled with a mixture of fun and indignation as, with apparent meekness, he made answer:

"Be me showl, Misther Girty, I don't—"

"*Captain* Girty, if you please," interrupted Simon, with some asperity.

"Well, then, Captin, may the divil run away wid ye—no, wid *me*—if ye don't ax a quistion ye must answer yerself, fur sorra one o' me knows who I be, at all, at all, I'm so harrished and mulfathered and all through-other, but I'm joost thinking, if ye plaze, that I must be the 'resarves' or the 'furlorn hope,' and all that's left uv an old Corkish family, the sole shupport av won mudher, won grandmudder, a cross-eyed nevvy and eliven orphling childre."

"Well," laughed Girty, "I see, at any rate, that you're an Irishman—a regular bog-trotter, and green from the sod. I claim to be an Irishman myself."

"Faix, an' ye do, do ye?" quickly jerked out Larry, greatly nettled at the other's words. "Well, thin, to spake God's truth, Misther Gurthy, if all's so that I hear tell uv ye, I'm afeard our dear island wouldn't hasten much to own the conniction."

Girty here darted a quick, angry look at Larry, who could, however, when needed, put on such a stolid, vacant expression that Girty allowed him to proceed, which he did thus:

"There be a heap uv Paddys in America—high hanging to thim—who are as full uv crime and chruilthy as an egg's full uv mate, and who are fast going to the bad; an' be jabers, though *you* same to be

cock-o'-the-walk joost here, its, mebbe, av the culd counthry had ye, an' ye but got yer desarts, yer last dance wud be a hornpipe in the air."

"How's this, you impudent fellow, you! What d'ye mean? It's hard to say whether you're knave or fool. Why, you re as brassy and sassy as Brady, your master there"

"Masther?—the Lord be about us—there's none masther's me, but God above, an' I'm 'feared He's far too aisy on me."

"Well, what's your name, and who are you, at any rate?"

"Larry Do-no-hue, or all that's to the fore uv him, may it plaze yer honor, or grace, or riverence, fur the divil a one o' me knows what's yer tittle in the wuds and among these God-forsaken haythen."

"And so you do'-no-who you are," laughed Girty, alluding to his last name. "Well, Larry, you look as if you were no great shakes and of small descent. Now, I'll teach you that the Girty's are one of the first and oldest families in Ireland—older than St. Patrick himself."

"I'll niver doubt ye, mon—av ye'll take yer book oath on it; but whin ye put thim against the Donohues, shure it's clane lost in yer sines ye be. I'm not loike Pathrick O'Rion, who brags that one of his ancesthors, who took the prize belt, was raised to the Heavens, and is now a blissid consthellashun of his name, wid the same belt wrapped about it; nayther wud I do loike Shamus Flaherty, who says his family wur oulder than Noah, an' floated away at the flood in an ark uv their own, but this I *will* jist mention as a tradishun in the Donohue family—moind ye, I say, tradishun, for I don't remimber being there me own self—that whin Adam and Eve—may the Heavens be their bed—wor in Paradise, my maternal ancesthor helped thim sew their weeshy fig-leave aperns, while my *pa*-ternal ancesthor—God be good to him and rest his showl in glory—used to divart hissself, in aff hours in Eden, by casting stones at the sarpint that tempted Mrs. Adam and bred the furst ruction betwane mon and wife. Och, bedad, but you're the quare Gurthy, innyhow, to be setting up families wid the Donohues. If they're not ould, skipper'd chase is niver ould."

Girty laughed at this specimen of tall Irish boasting, saying, "Well, Larry, you can beat me in blather, if not in old blood. You may be strong of shoulders and supple of joints, but you are devlish weak of head. How would you like to take service with me—you'd be treated well, have plenty of whisky, and as many wives as you wish."

"On my faix I'm obleeged to ye, sur. Divil the bit do I understhand the sculping and hair-pulling thrade, and I misthrust I'se too ould now to lara. It's a bloody, durthy life at best; so is this tory bizzness. If Amerika guvs me my living she must have my heart and my foight, too, an' not thim that's druv me over here; and as for the tallow-colored wives, I've nothin' agin thim who take to that color an' fragrance, but they're not fur me! I'd rather marry a nagur, I wud, be jabers. No, Gurthy, betther sind me to my three, and treat me as ye do my frinds. I want no differ made. But I'se a'most famished wid the druth, an' av ye've inny heart under yer leadern jerkin,

plaze me wid a jorum of Monyghaly. It's a crying shame, and so it is, to throw sooch fluids down throaths that haven't hearts anunder thim. So far as I've heerd, Injuns are the manest drinkhers that iver chewed chase."

---

## CHAPTER XX.

### LYDIA BOGGS CREATES A SENSATION.

The Irishman had scarce been safely bound to his tree, before there arose a terrible hubbub and commotion on the little bluff—shouting, yelling, and running to and fro—all was confusion and excitement. To explain this new and unexpected phase of affairs, we will have to go back a little.

When such horses as could be moved, and all goods which were intended for immediate distribution, had been brought up on the bank, preparations were made to take the ark some little distance up Big Yellow creek. All the canoes had already been poled there. It was Girty's design to entice still other Ohio boats to their ruin, and in case of failure, to man the ark and give chase. To this end it was necessary first to conceal both ark and boats, so as to disarm all suspicion.

Most of the Indians were now back a little distance in the woods, engaged at the whisky and wrangling over the partition of the spoils. The four ladies, anxious and sorrowing, had at first taken their seat on the big log, as directed by Girty, but as soon as the prisoners were made fast and the horses had been brought up, Lydia, observing that it was not worth while to keep any watch on them, ventured to draw near the Major's "Black Bess," which was yet fretting and restless from its fright and wound, and was standing near the tree to which its owner was tied.

Lydia now patted and caressed the noble animal, and after quieting it somewhat, approached Rose, and, under the pretence of gathering some grass for the mare, managed to say in a low tone to the Major, and without looking up:

"Major, do you think Bess is much hurt?"

Rose started at first, but soon replied in the same cautious manner:

"No, Miss Boggs, only a flesh wound in the neck, losing her some blood, that's all."

"Would she ride kindly under a stranger?—me for instance; and will she take to the water?"

"Why, of course she will, Miss Lydia," answered the Major, in surprise. "She can swim like an otter; but why do you ask?"

"Would you like to save her, save yourself, save all of us?" replied the girl in an earnest whisper, evidently in a great but carefully-suppressed excitement, and breaking off a long honey-locust switch covered with sharp thorns. "If so you must lend the mare to me."

"Why, Miss Boggs, what *can* you mean, and what are you about to do?"

"I mean, Major, the Lord helping, to attempt an escape and res-

cue," Lydia replied with kindling eye and quick, hurried words, as she held a tuft of grass to the mare's mouth, patted its arching neck, and smoothed down the panther-skin along its back. "Now's our only chance! All are busy elsewhere! The canoes are safe up the creek! I've swum the Ohio on horseback before! The rifles are all stacked away out of instant reach, and there's my only risk. Before the canoes are in pursuit, I'll be out of danger. Once over, I'll stir up the two Poes, and the whole line of settlers between this and Fort Henry; so here goes, or it will be too late. It's now or never!" as the brave girl sprang lightly and silently astride the mare's back, and applied the thorny switch.

For one moment only, the mare stood stock still like a beautiful statue. So soon, however, as she felt the thorns in her flanks, she gave one mighty bound, and darted off in a succession of light springs. Lydia made no sound, but held her, with firm rein, straight for the bank and with head pointing down stream. The brink reached, the mare made a momentary refuse, but at a new application of the thorny spurs she bounded far out into the stream, and was gallantly breasting her way almost before any but Rose knew what was amiss.

Girty had fortunately gone somewhat up the river at the time, and had his back turned, and as the mare whirled past, the plunge into the Ohio was the first intimation he had of the escape: even then he stood for a few seconds as if spell-bound. Not for long, however.

Those who would know what kind of man Girty was, should have seen him then, as he stormed around like a perfect fury. He first sternly ordered the other three women, who were thunder-struck at Lydia's unexpected leap and greatly concerned for her life, again to their log; roared back to those in the woods to hurry forward; shouted to another lot to get out the canoes as soon as possible, and then he made a quick rush for the row of rifles—which were stood up against a horizontal sapling stretched across two forked uprights—seized the first that came to hand, sprang to the edge of the bluff, aimed and—click! went the lock, but no fire followed.

Girty threw the rifle violently to the ground with a horrible imprecation, and made for a second—this time loaded. Another run to the front, a new aim, and crack! went the rifle. But Lydia was, by this time, over a hundred yards out in the stream. The gallant mare, as if conscious of its precious burden, and of the extraordinary effort required of her, sped along like a water-snake, its head, neck, and floating tail only visible.

Soon as Lydia saw Girty taking aim, she watched the flash, leaned as far over the mare's neck as possible, and the bullet whistled by perfectly harmless. The beautiful girl waved her little hand about her head in triumph, gave a ringing cheer, and urged her faithful steed to still greater effort. Girty, knowing full well the consequences of Miss Lydia's escape, was now fairly beside himself with rage and trembling passion. It were hard to say what was the amount of his swearing in Delaware and Shawnee—both of which languages he understood well—but his performances in that line in English were simply awful. A number of savages—some of them far gone in liquor—were now ready with their rifles. Fortunately, not expecting

the slightest occasion for their use, many of their guns were unloaded and no effect from all the shots could be perceived. The horse and its spirited rider still kept straight on, swerving neither to the right nor to the left.

And now two canoes, laden down with warriors under lead of Bigfoot, who was most anxious to restore his faded laurels, shot out of the creek. The exertions made by the paddlers, who were stimulated by Girty and the crowd on shore, were almost superhuman, but every one soon saw it was too late. The mare was now two-thirds over, and Lydia actually turned in her seat and curiously surveyed the progress of the pursuers, occasionally waving them on with her hand.

At length the Virginia shore was reached. The faithful mare sprang nimbly upon the strand; was quickly turned around to front the baffled savages on shore and water; then a wave of the hand, a glad cheer, a clanking of hoofs along the pebbly beach, and the two were soon lost in the woods.

A narrow escape, truly! and a portentous one to Girty and his swarthy band. A great sigh of relief burst from Lydia's female friends and from the four bound prisoners, and the broad grin which broke over and fairly illuminated Larry's freckled face, would at once have brought down on his scone the fatal tomahawk of Girty, had that infuriated demon chanced to have seen him.

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

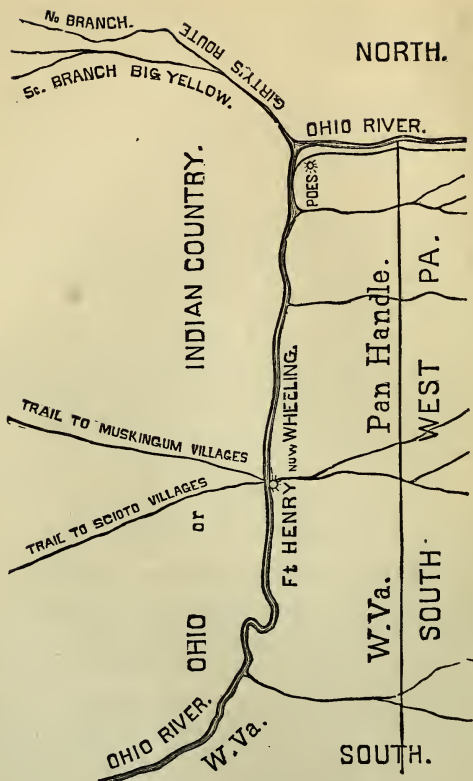
### CAPTAINS GIRTY AND BRADY HAVE A MEET.

And so Lydia was fairly off and away, out of all harm's reach. Her daring escape at once put a new complexion on matters at the bluff. The walls of living green had scarce closed behind "Black Bess" and her spirited rider, when the leaders of the attacking party put their heads together for consultation.

During the chase, Girty, a pistol in either hand, had tramped to and fro along the margin of the bank, hot, chafed and tempestuous. None knew better than he what mischief the brave girl might work to all their plans. His prisoners, of both sexes, were of too great prominence on the border for the news of their capture not to stir up a great pother along the whole line of the Virginia settlements, from the Poe cabin down to Fort Henry. But the chief anxiety arose from another direction, and one which would not be properly understood by our readers without direct reference to a map of that whole region.

We have already stated that the entire district south of the Ohio, from Fort Pitt down to the mouth of the Kanawha, had not long before been sold to the whites by the Six Nations—who claimed the whole West by right of conquest—and a stream of settlers had ever since set steadily in that direction, occupying a broad belt of land along the Ohio.

All north and west of that river and west of the Allegheny, was



wholly Indian country, occupied by a confederacy of fierce, jealous, and warlike tribes, all alike infuriate at the sale of their hunting grounds by the Iroquois, whose authority they were now strong enough to deny, and whose dominion they were now distant enough to defy. They knew by sad experience at what petty prices and by what contemptible arts such land grants were generally obtained, as, also, their immediate and inevitable consequences, and were terribly implacable to the advancing tide of "Big Knives," for so they invariably styled the Virginians in contra-distinction to the Pennsylvanians.

Penn and his Quakers had at least always given the aborigines some

little show for their lands, and never occupied them without going through the formality of a purchase by a treaty. Hence, Western Indians invariably made a marked distinction between Pennsylvania settlers and captives, and those coming from other Eastern provinces.

These "Big Knives" the Ohio tribes hated with an undying, venomous rancor. But it was the same old story. Resistance came too late. The redmen could not, try as they might and long did, arrest that wonderful "wild turkey breed" of restless, steel-nerved, iron-hearted valiants, who swarmed over the Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains or floated down the Monongahela and Ohio rivers in a resistless tide. Hardy, intrepid, unflinching borderers; carrying, as it were, their lives in their hands, they braved the wilderness with all its hidden perils, whether of savage beast or man. They absolutely quailed at nothing, and were inevitable as Fate itself.

A long and bloody struggle ensued with the usual result. Might made right, and the savages were forced to yield their lands, and to retire sullenly to the thither side of the Ohio. With stifled rage and abhorrence they heard the sounds of the settler's axe or the crack of his deadly rifle, and saw the smoke of his cabin fires stretching ever onward in an inflexible line, first to Yellow Creek, then to Fort Henry; and so on, on, to the Kanawha, then to Kentucky and the Falls of the Ohio.

Now look at the map! Just about the mouth of Big Yellow, the Ohio takes an almost southern trend for over sixty miles, and thence a southwesterly trend for a hundred more, forming over two-thirds of the Eastern boundary of the State of Ohio. On the west lay the Indian country, on the east what is now known as the Pan Handle of Virginia—a narrow strip of territory, which, by an error of surveyors, has been singularly allowed to interject itself for sixty miles between two great States. It and Southwestern Pennsylvania were then all known as Augusta county, Va. Hence it is, that in border chronicles we read of Green, Washington and Fayette counties, Pa., suffering from Indian inroads into Western Virginia. The territories were contiguous. The Pan Handle is but a few miles across, and the settlers of those Pennsylvania counties were likewise "Big Knives," approached by way of Short, Buffalo, Ten-Mile and Wheeling Creeks.

What Girty and his fellows had to fear, therefore, from Lydia's tell-tale flight, was not alone instant pursuit in force by the settlers from the thirty miles between Yellow and Wheeling Creeks, but from a *heading* force starting directly west from Fort Henry to intercept their trail. As the two points lay directly north and south, and the Shawnee and Delaware towns directly west and equi-distant from both, it was clear to all those crafty heads which were not yet fuddled with liquor, that the Fort Henry pursuit would have no farther to travel than themselves if the Muskingum towns were made the objective point—not so far if the Miami or Scioto towns were the destination.

Of Lydia's speedy arrival at the Wheeling Creek settlement none seemed to doubt, which carried a high compliment to the young girl's pluck and spirit. Hence the occasion for the immediate pow-wowing

between Girty and his chiefs; but, finally, they all evidently arrived at some satisfactory conclusion. The looks of anger and vexation which had clouded their leathern faces, now gave way to the indifference of perfect security, and Pipe, Bighoof and the rest, after first attending to the slight wounds of the captives, and especially Killbuck, by applications of Slippery Elm, Stramonium and chewed Sassafras, went back into the woods to join the noisy and turbulent crowds of drinkers.

Girty, while waiting for Bigfoot's return with his party and the two canoes which had shot, first across and then down the Ohio after Lydia, now stepped about with great briskness. He had the broad-horn poled up the creek, and the remaining canoes, with the ark's birch, kept out of sight from the river.

This done to his satisfaction, and his storm of passion having greatly subsided, he approached Brady, who, disdaining to ask of his notorious captor any—even the slightest—favor, stood erect against his tree, with face calm and impassive, but with feelings of inward joy and deep satisfaction.

"Blast me, Captain," commenced the outlaw, with an insolent sneer, and essaying to conceal his chagrin at the untoward turn events had taken under a braggart and nonchalant air, "Captain Boggs' girl's a chip of the old block—a devilish trim, tight, pretty little wench, spry as a catamount, and with as much spirit, too; but she's on a fool's errand now. 'Bigfoot' and his brothers are hot in chase, and darn't come back without her. She'll soon be drying her dainty moccasins by our camp fire."

"She's clean gone, Girty, and you know it," answered Brady, quietly, and without turning his head.

"Have it so, then, Brady!" sneered Girty, "but so much the worse for the rest of you. Yer wimmen must be bound, and the whole lot of ye will be parcelled off among the tribes like so many beaver skins. If this hadn't happened, I could have saved you all as I did Simon Butler from the Shawnees in '78—and after he was painted black, too—but now things must have their run."

"I have no doubt," said Brady, "you would have made it very pleasant for us. The kindness and gentleness of Simon Girty to white captives is known all along our border. Perhaps that's the reason you just now drew bead on a brave girl trying to get out of the clutches of a lot of savages."

"D—n it, man," hotly snapped out Girty; "don't rile me too far, or there'll be ill blood betwixt us! I'm often blamed for bloody acts which I never knew of at all, or which my brothers George and James have done. Why, Brady, you yourself, with your senseless sneers and taunts, give the best proof that I ain't the d—d villain I'm called. Since you are *set* on my being rough and hard on you and your'n, by—I'll larn you that Girty's been your best friend, and that the devil you've stirred up within me can't be easily laid."

"All right," said Brady, quietly, lamenting again the hotness into which he had been betrayed, "you can do with us what you please. It is but natural we should think and act differently. I ask no favor of you for myself, but if you *are* kind and merciful to the women of



our party, I'll put it to your credit, and make it known far and wide."

"And where were you all going in your ark; and the Major and Killbuck there, what takes them away from Fort Pitt just now?"

Brady was on his guard at once. "Oh, we were just escorting the three young ladies home, and your friend, Mrs. Malott, to Fort Henry—a sort of May pic-nic excursion. It hasn't turned out very well, though, thanks to you and your pressing friends. As for Killbuck, Pipe and the British Delawares drove him from his tribe, and forced him to take refuge at our fort, and he must do something to support himself."

"Yes, dod-rot him," hissed out Girty, "we'll do for him, and all white-livered deserters like him. He's lucky if he gets off with his scalp or without torture this time; but when pleasure parties go boating, Captain, they don't generally load down with knives, ball and arms for the amusement of the women; neither can they eat powder or drink whisky. Eh? Maybe General Irvine, who I hear's got back to Fort Pitt from the East with a lot of troops, has sent Rose on the round of the forts."

"What a shrewd guesser you are, Simon! Why don't you call at the fort? I'm sure Irvine, if, as you say, he's returned, and your old friend Col. Gibson, would—"

"Oh, Col. Gibson be d—d," snappishly jerked out Girty, on whom that hated name acted somewhat as a red flag on a bull; "for a year back I've been hunting that infernal scoundrel. 'Twas he who drove me—"

"Yes, that's exactly what the Colonel tells me," said Brady, with the greatest apparent innocence. "He says he drove you, and drove you, but can never get you and your red-hides to stand; and, by-the-by, 'infernal scoundrel' are the very words which he applies to you. If you're hunting Col. Gibson, Girty, you know pretty well where to find him. He's hunting you, too; and when both are of the same mind, it's hard to so keep apart. I think I could arrange a loving meet between you two."

Girty bit his lips and kicked up the sod for awhile, trying hard to suppress his rage. At last:—

"The rascal's not worth talking about. What's the use of beating about the bush, Brady? Our spies tell us of a great stir among the settlers in the western counties. If they're after the 'praying Indians' again," and this was said with a quick and curious look at Brady, "they ought to know that there are none left on the Muskingum to murder, and neither horses nor pelts to steal. Eh?"

Our scout knew this well, and was surprised to know that the preparations for the mounted expedition about to go against the Sandusky towns, had somehow been brought to Girty's notice, but he assumed an air and expression of perfect ignorance as he replied:—

"I don't think the Moravians are troubling our western settlers. I've heard of no movement that way; indeed, if there were, Gen. Irvine would suppress it with sword and musket. There maybe a big county hunt coming off; game's still thick in our neighborhood."

"Captain," quickly responded Girty, with a coarse laugh, but evi-

dently with some bitterness in his tones, "you think yer devilish deep, with your face looking as blank as a rabbit's, and your eyes as meek as a dove's; but I'm not the stupid dolt you take me for, and am about as well booked up as you. It's about time now for the other boat to be coming down. It was to leave Fort Pitt soon after your's, wasn't it?"

This was a mere venture on Girty's part, as there was no other boat to leave Fort Pitt, and Brady smiled scornfully to think that his adversary could expect to entrap him by so childlike a query. He, however, made answer:

"I'm no chicken, either, Girty, though your questions would seem to make me out one; but I can answer to this one frankly and decidedly. There *was* no other boat at Fort Pitt about to start down the river."

"Well, well; I believe you, Captain," answered the renegade with some disappointment. "We'll wait here for a spell, anyway, until Bigfoot's party comes back. Maybe we may chance a boat from Redstone."

Girty's attempt at pumping information from the scout had evidently not been a striking success; and, after some further efforts, which were just as easily baffled, he, after setting a strict watch on the whole captive party, joined the other carousers around the whisky keg. The noise and angry altercation were fast becoming uproarious.

---

## CHAPTER XXII.

### LARRY HOB NOBS WITH BLACKHOOF.

While this discussion had been going on, the rest of the prisoners, each fastened to his tree, was making himself as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Rose and Shepherd had been stationed near the ladies, and enjoyed occasional opportunity of exchanging remarks with each other and their female companions. Larry was tied to a rough shellbark hickory, somewhat off from the rest, and a little up the stream. It was amusing to see him shifting about from leg to leg, and moving his thick shock of hair on all sides, trying to find a softer and smoother place for it to rest. All his gay humor had deserted him with the close confinement. Freedom and activity were necessary to his existence. As he stood thus pensively reclining his head against the tree, his face, the very incarnation of gloom and distress, Blackhoof, under the influence of a good deal of liquor, quietly stepped up to Larry, tapped him gently on the pate, and said softly:—

"Will 'painted hair' have some whisky?"

Larry's visage at once commenced to un wrinkle. The merry twinkle lapped again into his eyes; a bland and satisfied expression stole over his rugged but honest face, and the old humor lurked in the corners of his mouth. Cocking up his head quite pertly, he murmured:—

"An' shure, an' is it all a schwate drame? Me thoct I heerd an angel whisper something plisint. Will it plaze repate the remark?"

"Yes; good, strong 'fire-water;' Catahecassa see 'painted hair' sorry and tired, and steal off to him. Must drink quick, and say noting. I be your brudder."

"Och, by me sowks, an' I thank ye kindly, my ould sunburnt frind. Niver fear me but I'll be close as wax an' dape as a draw-well; an' is it my brother only you'd be? Faix, I'd choose ye from the whole clutch of thim for fader, modher, uncle and aunt. I know'd and so telled ye, that the schwate modher uv Heaven guv ye that p'oboskis for some good. Be my shawl, but my mouth's as parched as pase, dry as a burnt bone, an' my throttle rattles like a skiletion. Shure, it's famished with the druth I am. An' do ye understand English, Injin, when I spake it in good Irish? but first and foremost phat's yer name?"

"Catahecassa, Shawnee; Blackhoof, English—"

"Aye, an' I'll go bail there's plenty bad o' the name. But push me the lush, an' come more contagious to me. Here have I been trussed up loike a skewered goose, standing lone an' dissolute for hours, widout bit nor sup. I've a brace uv holes in my shoulther, a smotherin' about the heart, and an alloverishness that nothing but Monyghahely will cure."

The Indian now first took a long draught of the whisky out of a gourd; and then smacking his lips and beating his burly breast he handed it to Larry with a "Ugh! dat make Injun's heart big," and adding, with a sly dash at humor, "make 'pale-face' tongue move more rusty."

"Bad manners to ye, ould Black Heart, but sorra bit o' lie yer telling the day innyhow," grumbled Larry, with a roguish twinkle in his eye; "for, loike a throe Patlander, Larry's tongue is hung on greased wires, an' moves as nimbly as a greyhound's fut." Then putting on his blandest and most coaxing expression, he added:—

"But, Black Guard—no, Blackhoof, how can I hoide the sthuff anunder me belt an' me trussed up to the tree loike a spitted slip uv a rabbit? Shure, you're the hoight uv good company, an' as welcome as the flowers uv May; but av ye wish to swaten our discourse, be-gorra ye moost untie me, and I'll guv ye my "*parool dunner*."

"What's dat?" quickly put in Blackhoof. "Me no understand dat. Something good to drink—stronger dan whisky. Eh?"

Larry laughed consumedly at this most wonderful joke; indeed, as his object was to get free again, he would have guffawed over anything the Indian said—even had it been his dying speech. The more, too, that he found the chief mystified at his English, the more style and glibness did he throw into his talk, using, or rather misusing, the longest words.

"Och, may the divil swape me thru, Black Guard, av I didn't disremember ye were non compus, an' more betoken couldn't untwisticate the Latint. That illegant word manes, av ye take it misillanuously by its own self, that av ye'll lift the hickories off me for oncet, and wet my whistle wid a wee dhrap av yer potheen, that divil the one uv me'll run away—ontil a good chance comes forninst me. I'll kiss the book on it, wid no mintal resarvations—no, *that* can't be done here noways; but av you'll loosen my fingers I'll put my two five-pointers acrost an' sware by thim five crasses."

"Me no understand so much big talk, but if you no run away me cut you loose;" and the Indian, whisking out his knife, zig-zagged up, and managed to cut the withes. "Now, it done."

"An' done it is, and done's enough betwane us two inny time," cried Larry, joyfully, giving a jump, stretching himself to his full height and then reaching for the gourd.

"Och, by the powers, but it has the divine schmell; and now here's long days to ye, Clovenhoof, an' may yer shadder and yer scalp-handle niver grow less, an' may the blessing of yours respectfully, Larry Donohue, follow ye all yer born days and—niver catch up to ye," said Larry as his eager eyes and good-humored phiz were lost in the gourd. The draught was a deep one, the Irishman giving it his undivided attention—so very long that the Indian at last seized the vessel and slowly drew it off, and applied it to his own mouth with a:—

"Pale-face drink a great much heap. It burn him up. Mustn't go down so deep. Now! Blackhoof show his brudder."

"Och, musha!" said Larry softly, shutting his eyes, drawing a long breath, and smacking his lips explosively together, "but that bates Matthew-Matticks. By the curled wig of the grate Chafe Justice, but that sthuff's as sthrong as Samson. Bedad, it's enough to make a laid corpse get up on its elbow. Be my troth, redskin, but you're a jewel, an' that's the gruel for me. Such tippel'll make us two thick as whigged milk. It's ginooine mountain dew that's brewed under the mists, and that nayther sun nor gauger iver blinked at. But paws off! Phat's the matther wid ye, innyhow, chafe?"

Blackhoof now began to show very unsteady on his legs, and was reaching forth for Larry's coat.

"Blackhoof want coat. Swap him blanket for it." This was said with a maudlin leer, followed by a ghastly grin, the Indian's fingers twitching with an unmistakable meaning at the Irishman's coat.

"Phat!" said Larry beginning to grow excited, "an' ye want my unly coat, ye divil's spawn, ye. Niver say it twict, honey, av yer wise," but seeing the necessity of humoring the tipsy Indian, he at once added, with a pleasant smile, "take it, Black Guard, while I make another long pull at the moisture. 'Twill be a nate fit, I'll go bound, but it's my private opinion, chafe, ye'll soon be as dhrunk as a boiled owl." Larry took another long draught.

"Vely good," said the chief, "here Injun blanket," handing his old soiled blanket, much torn and worse for the wear; "now swop more, till all gone. Ugh? Catahecassa want oder coat," laying his dirty hands on Larry's waistcoat.

"The divil whip the tongue out uv ye, ye nagur, but shure that bates gommethry, innyway. You'd better not shorten my temper, Blackfoot, or I'll guv ye yer blanket full uv sore bones. I'd present ye innything in reason or fairity, Injun, but, by the hokey, you'll crave my hair soon, or stale my molar tooth while I'se talking at ye. You're purty-well-I-thank-you *now* as to the whisky, an' av ye guzzle more ye'll be so dhrunk ye can't see the hole in a laddher. An' phat want I wid yer swate-scinted vintelation garments?" and here Larry threw back Blackhoof's tattered blanket over his head.

The Shawnee chief was just in that well-known condition with drinkers when hugs turn easily to blows, and fondling to cursing. He resented Larry's act as a great indignity, and immediately laid his hands on his knife and advanced on our Irishman with an angry growl of wrath. Larry himself began to feel the effects of his deep potations; and, like a true Emerald, was more ready to fight than explain, so he said, while holding the Indian off:—

“Och, murther, an' is it there ye are, my beauty. I'm not yet widin many swallows uv my foighting point, but av ye bully-rag me, I'll do my endayvoors to put a rainbow about yer two head-lights. Shure an' ye'll but throw away yer sticker I'll wallop ye as aisy as kiss my hand. An, ye won't, won't ye? thin, as we scholars say, I'll put you horse-de-combit, an' faix that's the roughest horse ye could be on.”

Larry now, by a dexterous move, tripped his adversary up, jerked away his only weapon, threw it to a distance, and was proceeding to pummel him according to the rules of Donnybrook Fair, when a crowd of noisy and tipsy roysterers soon staggered about, at first laughing heartily at the wrestle; when, however, they saw their chief roughly handled by Larry, they began to grow menacing, and one young and fiery warrior was just about to dash on Larry with his keen tomahawk, when Captain Pipe hurriedly rushed up, beat back the crowd with a tirade of scolding words, separated the combatants, and with the assistance of two others, more sober than the rest, pounced upon poor Larry, and bound him again to his tree, emphasizing the way thither with many rough cuffs and shakes and threats of the tomahawk. Unlucky Pat had now ample time to bewail his fate, and to meditate on the strange and rapid mutations in all human affairs.

---

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MRS. MALOTT HAS A REVELATION.

One other scene yet remains to be described. Mrs. Malott, being as it were, a volunteer captive and an acquaintance of the Renegade, was left unguarded—almost unwatched, and allowed to wander at will. Overcome by the late excitements, and greatly agitated by the hint which Girty had casually dropped of news for her, she longed for rest and solitude, and so wended her way to the grand old woods along the margin of the creek—

“A native temple, so'lemn, hushed and dim.”

Here she soon found a quiet, secluded nook—a sombre and vine-matted dingle, and just at the foot of a merry little cascade, where the babbling waters were collected into a cool, rocky basin.

Right on the margin of this dimpling, wimpling little stream—which seemed as it danced its blithesome way athwart the sun-flecked glooms, to be murmuring a constant benediction—she sat herself down on a mossy log, her sad thoughts naturally turning on her mourn-

ful fate, and the best course now proper for her to take. She felt weak, depressed and unutterably wretched. Alarm for her defenceless situation among so many pitiless savages, and anxiety for the fate of those she had lost—now these three miserable years—weighed heavily upon her.

“Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,” and *her* hope had not only been deferred but was almost extinguished. Leaden-eyed Despair had now marked her for her own, and such was her sad state of mind, and so great a contrast did the holy hush and quiet of this sequestered sylvan retreat offer to the late scenes of bloody violence and the perturbation of her own mind, that Nature at once came to her relief in a most copious gush of blinding tears. She sobbed as if her very heart must break.

As the poor sufferer was thus bitterly weeping, she heard close by a stealthy step, and was at once made aware that her privacy had been invaded—her solitude disturbed. Emitting an exclamation of alarm, she started to her feet for a hasty flight, but her wondering eyes rested on the mournful and woe-begone face of the wretched woman, who, with her children, had lately betrayed the boat’s party—the very last person on earth whom she desired to see. The forlorn-looking stranger had a puny babe in her arms, and sank down upon the log near Mrs. Malott with a shrinking, guilty and deprecating air, stealing timid glances at her companion, as if doubtful of her reception.

Mrs. Malott fairly shuddered with aversion. She gazed upon the intruder with horror, and yet with a sort of fascinated look. The strange woman moved not, but sat with downcast eye, pressing her fretting child to her bosom. Finally Mrs. Malott turned her back upon her, covered her eyes with her hands and murmured :—

“Oh, you wicked, miserable woman, and must you, too, of all others, seek me out to insult distress, and mock at misery? Oh, how could you, a white woman and a mother, too, betray your sex and color into the hands of brutal savages! Worse still, teach your poor, innocent little children to practice such deceit—that dear little girl and boy, too—”

But Mrs. Malott did not finish her sentence, for this mysterious woman, with a low cry of distress, the bitter tears streaming from her eyes, fell directly at her feet, caught the hem of her dress, wailing out :—

“Oh, my dear, good lady! spare me! spare me! I’m a poor, sick, unfortunate creature; but, thank God, I’m not the guilty thing I seem to you. I was forced to do what I did by threats of torture to this, my only child. My husband, too, insisted on it. Oh, if you only knew all, I’m sure you’d pity and not accuse me. Those children who were with me, were not mine. Oh! I haven’t, indeed, indeed I haven’t, *that*, too, on my conscience!”

“What do I hear! those—children—not—yours?” slowly repeated Mrs. Malott, turning down to her companion and staring at her with a bewildered air. “Woman, what *do* you, what *can* you mean? And who, then, are you?”

“Oh! madame,” replied the penitent, “only have patience, and I’ll

tell you all. You *must* believe me, for I'm telling God's truth; and if you're a mother, you must pity me from your very heart's core."

"*If I'm a mother, Woman!*" repeated Mrs. Malott slowly in most touching tones, her tears streaming afresh and looking up to Heaven, "God knows I'm a mother—but of all mothers on earth the most miserable—my husband, my children—not one, ma'am, or two, but *all!* *all!*—the whole four, two dear boys, and two, if possible, dearer girls, taken from me at one fell swoop," and then turning quickly and passionately to the very woman whom she had so lately spurned almost with loathing, and raising her to her feet, she added in heart-rending tones: "but what of them? Have you seen them, heard of them? Oh, tell me where they are; if they are still alive, and I'll forgive your late betrayal and bless you from the bottom of my heart."

"Alas, dear madame," cried the stranger, in tones of deepest sorrow, and so drawn to her companion by the holy sympathies of a common motherhood as to take and press Mrs. Malott's unresisting hand, "I have no tidings of those you have lost. I only—"

"Go on! go on with your story;" faltered out Mrs. Malott, in broken tones, and bowing her head wearily, and oh, so despairingly between her thin hands. "Only another hope fled. I might have known it. Go on, pray!"

"My story's a brief but a most painful one for a wife to tell," answered the woman. "My husband's name is Timothy Dorman. We lived in a little cabin near Buchanan Fort in the Kanawha country. Just about two months ago some fresh tracks of Indians were discovered, which, on account of its being so early in the season, created great alarm among the scattered settlers. As William White, a noted and active scout; my husband and myself, this little babe and little Eddy, my only other child, a curly-headed boy of six years past, were hastening to the fort, we were set upon by a lot of savages. Neighbor White was shot through the hips, fell from his horse, and was then tomahawked, scalped and mutilated in the most frightful manner, and we all taken prisoners."

"We were hurried rapidly through the woods, both my children having been repeatedly threatened by our captors, because, said they, their flight was impeded. The second day little Eddy began to fret and cry on account of soreness of his feet, and finally fell behind. This was the last I ever saw of him. An hour later some of the Indians having joined us again, I beheld—and what a sight to a fond mother!"—and here Mrs. Dorman shuddered at the harrowing memory—"the fresh, bleeding scalp of my dear boy fastened to one of the Indian's girdles. I knew it by its jetty curls, and boldly charged the cruel savage with killing and scalping it; but he only laughed, crying out, "No, no, only otter skin." But I knew better, and from that moment lost all heart, and was indifferent to my fate."

"Three times did I throw down a heavy kettle which I was forced to carry; closed my eyes and bent my head to receive the invited stroke of the tomahawk, but no use. Each time the kettle was replaced with angry and scolding words. At last, I threw it off again and refused to go one step further, when a chief, somewhat kinder

than the others, said I should not be made to carry the pot and my child, too."

"My husband," and here Mrs. Dorman hesitated in her tones, with her eyes cast to the ground, "had all this time been making up with the captors; laughed, eat and drank with them, and was so cheerful and contented and expressed himself so anxious to become an Indian, that we were now treated well enough. My husband, for some years, has been much given to drink and low company, and being of a very passionate disposition when in liquor, had made a number of enemies in the fort. It is a most painful and humiliating confession for a poor wife to make; but, indeed, Timothy was once a good, kind, loving man, but lately the drink seems to have so changed and debased him, that he is more cruel and revengeful than an Indian himself, and has thrice led parties against the border settlements."

"And where is your husband now?" asked Mrs. Malott, her own keen memories being somewhat blunted by sympathy for this poor, forlorn wife and mother, in her so much more recent sufferings.

"Alas, ma'am, that I, once his loved wife, and the mother of his children, am compelled to confess it; but he is becoming more and more lost to all that is good. The one fatal misstep of betraying his own neighbors, seems to have turned all that was good in him to gall. He has lost his own self-respect, and seems ashamed to show himself before white people. He is now back in yonder woods conversing with the Indians. I sometimes think, if God will not take *me*, that I will have to leave *him*; but then, again, I have hopes that by constant love and tenderness, I may win back the free, hearty and affectionate Tim of my youth—such as he was before he took to the drink."\*

"I think you do right, Mrs. Dorman. A wife should never despair of her ill-doing husband. But after your capture, what?"

"We were first taken to the Chillicothe towns, and there remained during the cold weather. Then we journeyed Eastward along the Ohio, and fell in with a party of Cherokees from south of that river, who had the two children with whom you saw me. They were educated to decoy Ohio boats to the shore, and the poor little innocents seemed perfectly skilled in the use of all the arts to simulate distress. You would be perfectly amazed to see how these little ones would cry, kneel and clap their hands and run along the shore in the most artful manner. Oh, they are smart little things, and deserve a better life.

"It was only a couple of days ago that we fell in with Girty's large party, who, marching towards the Ohio to take vengeance for what

---

\* Timothy Dorman was a veritable character. He and his wife were taken prisoners, as above stated, on March 8th, 1782. So bad was his reputation among the settlers, and so often had he sworn vengeance on certain of his neighbors that, as soon as his capture was known, Buchanon Fort was abandoned. Subsequent events proved that but for this evacuation all would have fallen before the fury of savages led on by this infamous miscreant. The only good thing he was afterwards known to do was, during one of the raids, to leave a paper giving information of all who were held captive at the various Indian towns, from that part of Virginia. Let us hope this penitential act was brought about by his wife.



they call the Moravian massacre, easily arranged for the transfer of the children and ourselves to them. The result of their arts you know well, as you and your party were the first victims; but I must tell you that I long resisted every attempt to make me a party in their miserable decoy. The Indians, knowing how much of their chances of success depended on having a supposed mother with children, repeatedly ordered me to play traitor. I even refused to obey my husband's commands."

"Finally, one grim, ferocious old Shawnee, made furious by my obstinacy, snatched my babe from my breast, and threatened to brain it against a tree unless I instantly complied. I wept and screamed and implored, but all to no purpose. Your boat was just then in sight, and while I was running along shore playing the false mother, this brutal Shawnee kept behind me in the woods the whole way, holding my precious babe by one foot ready to dash out its brains at the first sign of failure on my part to do his bidding."

"Why did I not make signs? Oh, I *did*, I did, but they were not seen, and when I found your boat really coming in, I fainted outright, and had to be carried back out of sight. Oh, you are a mother, too. Can you not then forgive one for wishing to preserve her only babe from such a horrible fate?"

"Mrs. Dorman, I do. I must. It was, indeed, a sore, sore trial; but you say these children came from *below* the Ohio," hurriedly continued Mrs. Malott, beginning now to catch at an idea which had just come to her with startling force. "Were they late captures?"

"Oh, not at all, I was told. They had been taken several years since near or on the Ohio, and could neither speak nor understand English. They are, however, evidently brother and sister, and appear to be quick, merry, joyous children, perfectly at home with the Indians."

"Oh, idiot that I am," cried Mrs. Malott, rising from her seat with great excitement, and striking her forehead with her hands; "I have been thinking of my lost ones as of the same age and size as when I parted with them, and believing so, and that they were your children, it never struck me they could have any interest in me, but who knows! My Franky and Nellie were carried off three years since—although it appears at least three times three to me—and, if living, would now be the size of the children you had with you.

"Why, to be sure they would!" with increasing excitement. "Oh, stupid me! never once to have thought of it. I'll go—They will be—oh, tell me, Mrs. Dorman, how they looked, how dressed, and where they now are. Tell me all! all! Who knows but you, one stricken mother, are sent to me, another still more bereaved, as a minister of mercy. Tell me all, I beseech you!"

"Well, both the children are so tanned that I can say nothing of complexion. The hair, too, has evidently changed, and has grown coarse by exposure; but the little girl's is light and wavy, and the boy's black and curly, very much like that of my own."

"Oh! Mrs. Dorman!" broke in the anxious mother, beginning, with clasped hands, to pace to and fro in the most intense agitation; "who knows! who knows! My Nellie had golden hair, and

Franky's was curly, but not coarse. Oh, do, please, say if there was anything peculiar about them which could enable me to identify them. Tell me how they were clothed, for when they ran along this morning I could not see clearly—I only knew they did not look like Indian children; but, if used to entice whites, the dress of whites would naturally be kept as long as possible."

"The girl—who has, by-the-by, a clear blue eye, and such a gentle, winning smile—had on, when I first saw her, a sort of plain calico sun-bonnet, and one simple linsey-woolsey dress, rather too long—"

"Too long!" exclaimed the poor mother, her countenance falling and her voice expressing the keenest disappointment. "Oh, it should have been much too short for her, and of gray stuff. I spun and dyed it myself. I am afraid—but what of the boy?"

"Well, he had on as little as possible—tow linen pants and a coarse, blue shirt—no hat or shoes."

"Oh, Franky never wore that color," murmured the poor mother, feeling so faint under the reaction that she had to sink down upon the log; "but what am I thinking of? How could the boy of seven wear the clothes of a four-year-old? Others larger could have been stolen though. It's all very mysterious. Can they be some other unhappy mother's darlings? but stay! why not ask Girty? *He* must know if any one does. He said he would tell me something of interest to me. Why didn't I think of it before? Good-bye, Mrs. Dorman. There is something in your appearance and manner that tells me you are as honest as you are unfortunate, and that your story is true as it is sad. I go straight to 'Girty,'" and Mrs. Malott rose at once, and proceeded with rapid steps toward that part of the woods where the noise and shouts denoted the Indian encampment.

---

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### GIRTY PREPARES TO ATTACK ANOTHER BOAT.

As she approached the spot, her heart quite sank within her. Here was one party almost in a state of helpless intoxication; there another engaged in a boisterous contest, while all the rest, save the ones selected to keep sober and to watch lest those in liquor should commit some gross outrage, were noisy, turbulent and quarrelsome. To dash all her hopes, she soon saw Girty himself sitting on the keg of powder taken from the ark, and in the midst of an excited, riotous assemblage of chiefs and leading warriors of the three tribes represented.

Brady had been mistaken in supposing that Gyuasutha, the famous Seneca Sachem, was present. No Mingo whatever was out with this party, and the Hurons, Shawnees and Delawares were present in about equal numbers, and had had great trouble and excitement over the partition of the rich spoils. As their potations increased, so did the swearing and quarrelling. Girty and Blackhoof were both hard

drinkers, and with abundance of whisky before them, they were very free in the indulgence of it.

It is a matter of history that Simon Girty, when in liquor, was seen at his very worst. All the bad traits of his rough, strong character then came to the surface. He was at those times cruel, bloody, reckless and vindictive. His oaths were awful, both in kind and number, and his furious rage and violence knew no bounds. Those who knew him best, kept aloof from him when thus raging like a mad bull, and Mrs. Malott, so deciding from her own knowledge, took refuge behind a black oak, not knowing what to do—her mother's heart urging her forward to find out the truth at once, and her experience and womanly modesty giving her prudence to pause irresolute.

As thus she stood, uncertain what to do, Girty was just finishing a most violent harangue to the crowd about him. His chief quarrel seemed to be with Blackhoof and the Shawnees about the distribution of the prisoners, as also the horses and the powder—both of which articles were very greatly prized by all red-men. He did not fraternize well with that fierce tribe, his home and influence lying chiefly among the Hurons under the Half-King, Pomoacon, and the Delawares under Captain Pipe.

Blackhoof, now considerably sobered by his late tussle with Larry, but still drunk enough to be crabbed and pugnacious, then made a short and sarcastic speech in reply, alluding to Girty's pushing them on in the late fight, yet remaining himself on the bank and comparatively out of danger. This was too much for the renegade. To impugn one's courage among Indians is to deny him all virtue and manhood, and Girty, whatever else he lacked, was always reputed brave and desperate, even to recklessness.

Springing from his keg, therefore, he denounced Blackhoof to the crowd, with great vehemence and bitterness, and then growing more violent as his passions became ungovernable, he gave one bound to the camp-fire, snatched a brand from beneath the kettle, sprang back to his powder-keg, and challenged the Shawnee chief to stand by him while he touched off the powder, that those present could soon see who of the two would be the first to flinch.

It was some little time before the Indians could realize this *Hari-Kari* method of fighting a duel as a courage test, but soon as they did there was a general scatterment; and Girty stood, fire-brand in hand, master of the field, his adversary, Blackhoof, safely ensconced behind a tree.

Mrs. Malott soon saw that this was no time to press the subject nearest her heart, and so, bidding a more auspicious season, and trying to possess her soul in patience, she slowly wended her way back to the bluff, where the other prisoners were passing away the long and weary hours as best they could.\*

All these scenes, which we have attempted to relate succinctly, and others occurring for the details of which we have no room, took up much time. The afternoon was now pretty well advanced, and prep-

---

\* This is an actual fact taken from Girty's life. Whatever faults the outlaw had, a certain reckless, dare-devil courage could not be denied him.

arations were being made, from the venison and birds which had been brought in by the hunters and from the fish which had been speared in the creek and river, for the evening meal.

All at once, a sharp and significant, but not a very loud, yell from the "lookout," who had been stationed up the river, was heard, and again the little bluff witnessed a scene of renewed activity. The red rascals knew well the meaning of this peculiar halloo, and were on the lookout for whatever craft might descend the Ohio. Brady, greatly wearied by his rigorous confinement, turned his head up stream with the greatest interest and surprise, knowing that no boat was expected to leave Fort Pitt, and hoping that something else might be indicated.

But no. In a few minutes there appeared, lazily floating around the bend in the river, a large and strongly-built broad-horn, covered and well protected almost to the bow, and having two pairs of heavy sweeps, all four being under cover. The steering oar, however, was worked from the deck. How Brady, Rose and Shepherd did yearn to be able to give the unthinking occupants some sigh which would warn them of their imminent danger, but this was impossible; they were all securely bound, and could move neither hand nor foot.

And now Girty made his appearance, a little unsteady yet from his potations, but rapidly sobering up under the important news of another still more splendid prize than the former, quietly floating down into the toils he had so cunningly spread. After giving one long, earnest look at the approaching craft, he sent parties to man the ark and the two canoes, which, it will be remembered, were all concealed a little ways up the creek, and to have them ready for instant pursuit. He then had all the captive females removed far back into the woods, as also every possible sign of occupation of the shore bluff.

Knowing the impossibility of either persuading or compelling any of our party to act as decoys, and much regretting the absence of the two children—who had been dispatched off on the chief route intended to be followed, some hours before—he sent back to the camp for Dorman and his wife. This depraved wretch, followed by his submissive, but heart-broken partner, her little babe still in her arms, soon swaggered into view. His bloated face, vulgar manner, and brutalized, hang-dog expression, betokened a man of low principles—a caitiff far gone in a course of shameless debasement. The very savages who thus so vilely employed the traitor, refused to fellowship him, but turned away with contempt.

While the Dormans were hurrying up the river to take position, eight Indians were dispatched by Girty—a couple to each of the four prisoners—first to release and then guard them to the ark as hands at the bow-sweeps, where, in case of conflict, they would be most exposed.

Larry's tree, as before stated, was farthest up stream and just on the bluff's edge, and seeing the unwieldy boat thus sweeping swiftly on to its fate and divining the purpose of the two whom he saw approaching in the distance, he was much concerned for fear he would not be able to put the strangers on their guard. His hands being firmly tied, he could not, Paddy fashion, scratch his head to stimulate

his wits, but was forced to do a deal of hard thinking in the briefest possible space.

Happily for him his eyes at that moment chanced to fall on Black-hoof's old blanket, which had proved the occasion of the late quarrel. What so apt to arouse suspicion of Indians as one of their own gaudily-marked blankets! Larry, therefore, hastened to stretch out one of his feet, and managed to coax the garment towards him. He then contrived to gather it together in a bundle, and then to give it a powerful backward kick, which sent it over the bank. Fortunately it lit on a clump of water-willows; and, coming unrolled at the same time, it became—while hidden from those above—pretty well displayed towards the river.

This Larry did not, of course, know at the time, but he was—since the crafty reddies had been so careful to remove all signs of their presence—greatly content to be able to get so conspicuous an object over the bluff in any fashion. When the two savages came up, therefore, he was in high feather; and, to divert their attention, not knowing or caring much whether they could understand English, he cried out to them hilariously:—

“An' by the blessed Piper that played afore Moses, ye painted vagabones, you're welcome from my heart out. I'm deloighted to see yiz so soople and balmy. Here stands Larry hugging this hickory as av it were the belle uv the fair, an' him as dull as ditch wather, an' as heavy-hearted as a Gib cat. An' phat's to the fore now? Here ye are running wid yer noses to the wind, at the toe uv another hunt. By me troth, but ye Injuns are the quare craytures, all out an' out. An' where's the divil's pet, Gurthy? the curse o' the crows be on him! Shure av there's a cool corner in hell, that skamer uv the wur-r-ld will just miss it. He was niver good, I'm tould, egg nor bird, and is going hot-trot to the divil. Out wid it, now! spake yer spake!”

“Girty go to fight boat. Want ‘Painted Hair’ to pull bow-sweep,” answered one of the Indians, with a broad grin on his face.

“Och, swape me no swapes the day,” cried Larry; who, as soon as he was untied, immediately led the way from the bank. “My heart's a beating loike a new caught pullet; an', faith, it's a smoking my dudheen I'd be just now. This life's gōin' agin the breath wid me; an' what wid the tying and the foighting, and the want uv regularity in my pottheen, my very jint's are becoming marrow-dried; but lead me to Gurthy and my old frind, Splithoof. Shure the ‘fire-wather,’ as ye call it, is no cripple wid *him* annyhow. He gets dhrunk as a wheelbarrow. Here, redy, avick, I'd counsel ye not to squaze me arm so tight; I'll not lave ye av ye trate me dacint! ‘Honor bright,’ as the nagur said whin he stole the boots.”

Larry was now quietly led down to the creek and placed in the ark with the others—all save Killbuck, who was too badly wounded to be so employed. For the sake of the females under their care, they were forced to make a virtue of necessity; but the resolve was made among them to impede the boat as much as possible.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## A DESPERATE CONFLICT ON THE OHIO.

By this time the Dormans were running down the bank, using all their arts to entice the boat to shore. The steersman alone was visible on deck—a tall, stalwart, powerful fellow, dressed in ranger costume, with a huge red handkerchief bound about his head. He had, at the first appearance of the decoy, inclined his craft somewhat towards the shore, and might have run in still further had not some suspicious circumstances arrested his quick eye and caused a pause.

He then stamped thrice upon the deck, when there immediately appeared through a trap-door in the roof a person from below, dressed in a sort of half uniform—a field glass in one hand and a long rifle in the other. The two conferred together for a moment, and then the one at the helm could clearly be seen pointing to something in the sky just above the woods.

This was doubtless the thin column of blue smoke now rising from the camp-fire back in the woods, and which had been supplied with fresh fuel for the evening meal. The officer then swept the whole shore and woods more carefully with his glass, holding it for a minute as he caught sight of the blanket which Larry had so opportunely kicked over the bluff. He spoke a few earnest words, which caused his companion to give the boat a turn out, while he himself quickly raised his rifle, drew a bead on Dorman, and let fly.

Poor Dorman and wife had rather overdone the matter. The want of sincerity in their manner and tones; the smoke in the woods and the blanket, had, taken together, betrayed them; and Dorman had just recognized the decoy as a total failure by turning off into the woods, when the bullet sped from the boat took him in the thigh, and he fell to the shot, and right in the presence of his terrified wife.

This result was at once made known to Girty and his band. They had all taken places in their allotted boats, and awaited the signal to spring out upon the broadhorn.

The two canoes, with the padded frameworks all adjusted, stood close together just at the mouth of the creek; eight Indians—exclusive of the four paddles—with rifles in hand in each, and at least twenty in the captured ark, which was just behind. Larry and Brady were at one oar, and Rose and Shepherd at the other; and near each man stood a savage with keen tomahawk, ready to cleave the brain of the first who refused to pull a sweep.

Girty, mindful of Blackhoof's taunt and confident of another victory, was in one of the canoes to lead the attack. He waited until the big broadhorn had floated down just far enough for his three boats to cross its bow, then gave a shrill whistle for all to have their paddles poised; then came a pistol shot, and out into the stream

darted the little assaulting fleet, to the great surprise, doubtless, of all on board the strange boat.

We say *doubtless*, for this was not at all evident. Nothing on deck but the tall, intrepid steersman; who, calm and undismayed, held steadily on his course. He was plainly either most ignorant of the appalling danger his boat was just confronting, or else, feeling secure in his defence, felt utterly indifferent to it. So soon as the boats were sighted, the two shore sweeps had been plied with greater vigor and quickness; some few faces had appeared at the windows, and the officer had vanished below; but this was all. It looked ominous, and now the helmsman, too, disappeared.

On, on, sped the attacking boats. Nothing heard but the regular dip of the paddles, and the click, click, click of the rifles behind the screens as they were made ready for service. They have now come within fifty feet of the broadhorn's bow, and a momentary delay and perfect quiet ensue—much like the portentous crouch of the tiger as he gathers himself for the last fatal spring.

As stated, this strange boat was almost completely covered in, leaving only a small space in front for the coils of rope, standards for bow-lines, etc. To this narrow ledge the attack was first to be directed. Simon Girty stands at the bow of his boat, grim, silent and determined, a cocked pistol in either hand. He now looks around hastily to see that all is ready, fires his pistol as the signal for assault, and a horrible, appalling, blood-curdling yell leaps from the throats of the packed crowd of dusky and infuriate warriors, and the boats spring forward to the attack.

Just at this critical moment, and as the two canoes were separating so as to allow the ark—which had been kept too far back by the designedly weak and irregular rowing of the four prisoners—to come up abreast, the clatter of a falling, hinged board was heard on the broadhorn's side, and at the same instant there belched forth the flame and roar of a regular cannon—rare and terrible sound among Indians—and a murderous cloud of grape, slugs, bullets, and what not, came hurtling through the air, crushing and utterly breaking down the two screens as if they had been so much paste-board, and killing and wounding a number of astounded Indians.

Never were surprise and consternation so complete. It was like thunder from a clear sky. The effect was simply prodigious. Those Indians who were not knocked over by the first fire, were all huddled together and completely exposed to this destroying hail. To add to their dismay, a line of six or seven rifles appeared where this novel embrasure had fallen down on its hinges and on both sides of the cannon which had done all the mischief, and above all the horrible din and confusion arose the hearty, ringing cheers of triumph, and now came a volley from the rifles, until the Indians were in a fearfully demoralized state, most of them jumping into the water and swimming, like otters, to that side of the ark which was protected from this scathing tempest of fire. The shaved heads of the redskins dotted the water all about.

Above all the infernal racket and whooping could be heard the hoarse, powerful voice of Girty, roaring out his orders, first in Dela-

ware and then in Shawnee. In obedience to them, all the savages in the water made for and climbed up on the side of the ark, on that part which was protected from hostile bullets.

During the hottest fire, Brady and the rest of our party had retired under cover. They had hurriedly consulted together, and had promptly concluded not to attempt an escape at present, but to abide by the ladies of their party, otherwise there would have been a fair chance to have announced themselves as friends to those on the other boat, and an escape would not have presented extraordinary risks.

As soon as Girty and the leading Indians had time to recover from their surprise, and could compass the nature and strength of the opposition, they behaved with a great deal of craft and coolness. That they were fairly whipped and beaten off, and that it would be madness for them to renew the conflict, was patent to them all. The first thing was to effect a safe retreat. One of their canoes had upset, and was put completely *hors de combat*. The other, led by Pipe, had hurried around to the safe side of the ark, which it hugged with great affection and tenacity.

Girty, who, begrimed with powder and vomiting forth volley after volley of imprecations, had a handkerchief tied over an ugly wound in his head, and one of whose arms hung dangling useless by his side, had early reached the ark, and now ordered four of the most determined of the savages, each to cover a prisoner with his rifle. They were driven out on the bow, and commanded in a savage, peremptory manner, which would take no refusal, to seize the sweeps and turn the ark towards the shore. To clinch the matter, Girty, who, as may be supposed, was in his ugliest humor, stationed himself with a rifle within the doorway, and swore death to the first man who flinched.

They had no wish to do so. Fortunately their character as prisoners had early been discovered from the other boat, and many invitations shouted to them to attempt to escape, and they would be assisted. It was, indeed, to this fact that Girty's party owed their exemption from far more severe punishment. The cannon, although again loaded to the muzzle, had only been fired once, and the riflemen had contented themselves with delivering a few shots at the Indians in the water or at those who exposed themselves while climbing into the ark. They did not dare to wait until Girty and his baffled crew—who still far outnumbered them—would recover for a fresh attack, but as soon as they had beaten off their foes, they began to ply their oars, the tall steersman shouting out with a voice like the blast of a bugle: "If that cursed renegade, Simon Girty, leads this attack, our compliments to him. We were told he was on the river, and so made ready. May every tory plot have a like ending." They made rapid progress, even once diverging somewhat from their course to pick up two badly wounded Indians, whom they found in a most grievous plight in the water. These were humanely put in a canoe, with a pair of paddles, and sent adrift.

Sad and humiliating indeed was the return of Girty and his party to the shore they had so lately quitted with such bright hopes and positive assurance of victory. Scarce a warrior of them all but had received some hurt, while at least ten of their number had been



killed or badly wounded. The fact that no scalps had been taken, was the only consolation they had had of this terrible disaster.

The four captives busily bent to their oars, conducting themselves with as much quiet and meekness as possible. Whatever inward content they felt, they were careful to hide. The fierce, sullen looks which they saw bent upon them from all sides, warned them that the slightest indiscretion would have been immediately fatal. Even as it was, some of the younger and more fiery of the "braves" made several rushes at them, and it required all the arts and influence of Girty, Pipe and Blackhoof to restrain them.

At one time, just as the shore was reached, and the prisoners were marched off, each with a selected guard on either side, a party of five, who, awaiting this chance, had concerted an attack in force, rushed forward, one of them even going so far as to seize Larry by the throat, and brandish a tomahawk over his head.

The Irishman, by a mighty effort, shook his assailant off, wrenched the tomahawk from his grasp, seized the Indian's scalp-lock, and with a "bedad, an' av I be'ent getting toired of this one-sided Injun foolin'," was proceeding to bring down his hatchet, *secundem artem*, when he was held by the interference of both whites and reds. As it was, he managed to give the scalp-lock such a tug that the Huron, to whom it was so much attached, fairly winced with pain, rolling up his eyes like a dying dolphin.

Larry finished him with a powerful kick, adding, "Bad scran to ye, ye spalpeen, an' av you've a thimble full uv brains, ye'll come to *me* when you're low-hearted, and I'll put a new kink in your sconce-tail."

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CAPTAIN BRADY HAS A TRYING ORDEAL.

It is a stubborn fact that "nothing is so successful as success;" but Girty now found, also, that the first blow of adversity sours tempers and shortens memories. The *prestige* gained by his former cunningly-devised enterprise was completely obliterated by his late bloody and costly failure. His influence was now greatly impaired, and on all sides he had to encounter discontent, sullen looks and muttered words; but he had not yet sounded all the depths of the disaster.

Scarce had matters been set to rights on shore, before a canoe—containing a single wounded Indian—was discovered creeping up towards the creek. On being helped on shore, the Wyandott soon delivered his news. This, although kept secret from our party, we may as well here state, was the total defeat of Bigfoot's expedition, and the death of that noted Huron chief and four of his brothers, by the two Poes and their neighbors. It will be remembered they went with two canoes filled with warriors, in pursuit of Lydia Boggs, when she made her gallant escape. This poor, wounded redskin was the only one left.

The sad news soon spread. Little knots of Indians could be seen

here and there, with downcast faces and bated breaths, mournfully discussing the details of the conflict. The gigantic Bigfoot and his huge brothers were the pride of the whole tribe.

A stormy consultation between Girty and his chief leaders was the immediate result, and it was soon evident that preparations were being made for a hasty retreat. First, every thing that could be of use was carried back to the camps from the ark. Then followed the evening meal of venison, fish, and provisions which they had found in the boat. It was notable, also, that the disposition towards the prisoners had also much changed for the worse. They encountered nothing now but harsh words and lowering brows. Even the females were bound and all placed together securely fastened.

All that the poor captives could gather was, that they had been parcelled off among the different tribes; that the females would be allowed to ride the horses and would be adopted into Indian families, but that all the males would be condemned to death and would soon suffer torture. The whole expedition was to move up the Yellow creek trail a few hours before daybreak, and would travel with the utmost expedition so as to evade pursuit.

Our prisoners had very little opportunity of exchanging much conversation with the three remaining ladies of the party. These had passed many very anxious hours, but had been permitted, so far, to remain together and converse freely. They heard the news of Girty's disasters with quiet satisfaction; and felt hopeful that Lydia would reach Fort Henry that very evening, and that an effective pursuit would be immediately organized.

As the shades of evening gathered around and descended like a pall upon the dense forest, the Indian encampment presented a very picturesque scene—one that an artist would have loved to transfer to canvas. The huge fire, with its changing, flickering lights, illumining the luxuriant foliage around and above; the swarthy forms of the grim warriors, as they gathered about the one fire, engaged in their wild, weird dances, or sat in knots at the trunks of the huge trees, gravely discussing the events of that very busy day, and then the hopped horses and the two circles of prisoners, the three ladies together on one side, and the four male prisoners, with their arms securely bound behind them, on another.

All at once a more splendid expanse of light pervaded the whole woods from the direction of the creek, and lit up the entire western sky. This glow grew brighter and brighter, and was accompanied by the loud crackling of burning wood, and the yells of the excited Indians as they danced and whooped like mad, along the margin of the creek, and in honor of the burning ark.

Finally the flames and shouts gradually subsided, and all again grew black and silent. A brooding, solemn stillness now enwrapped the wilderness, disturbed only by those many night sounds peculiar to the vast and trackless American forests—the distant howl of the wolf or the wild cry of the panther and catamount; the doleful plaint of owl, whippoorwill, and night-hawk, or the chirping and thrumming of insects that enliven the otherwise cheerless watches of the night.

The Indians expected to make a long and early journey and had

had a day crowded with fatigues and excitements ; hence they were disposed to rest. A rude, barken bower, which was guarded by two old and tried chiefs, had been hastily thrown up for the women captives, while the male prisoners were separated, and each bound and laid on his back between two valiant warriors. The feet were left free, but the barkskin thongs which bound the wrists behind the back, had two long ends, one of which passed under the body of the wary watcher on either side, so that the slightest movement of a prisoner would be felt by those who were responsible for his safe keeping.

How would our party have prized the privilege of sitting together in free converse, and plotting an escape or discussing the chances of a successful pursuit ; but it was not to be, and each laid himself down with the most gloomy and depressed feelings, uncertain whether, even if it were possible, he should singly attempt an escape.

Captain Brady, especially, was racked and tortured with thick-crowding doubts. Had not the one he loved dearest on earth been lying near an unhappy prisoner, his duty would have appeared simple and his course plain. He had been a captive twice before, and had managed to work himself free ; but now he could not decide whether 'twere better to stay by the females under his protection and rely upon the pursuit which would most probably ensue ; or whether he should, did suitable opportunity offer, attempt an escape, and make that pursuit more direct and effective by his presence.

As he lay thus, tossing and fretting ; working himself into a state of nervousness, and stretching out one leg after the other, his toes touched what he imagined must be a knife. He carefully felt with his moccasined foot, and then was sure it was a scalping-knife. This decided him. He now lay perfectly still, and feigned sleep, although the great beads of perspiration stood thick upon his brow.

Both his Indians had at first been very wakeful—had laughed, chatted and argued with each other, and had taunted *him* by turns. He had tried to lull them into confidence by assuming a cheerful and contented humor, and by yawning frequently, as if overpowered with sleepiness.

As he lay thus perfectly quiet, he had the satisfaction of hearing a distinct snore from the old Shawnee on his left. That was a hopeful sign ; but the other and younger warrior was still wakeful. He turned and twisted ; twice raised himself on his elbow to listen ; once rose and went to the fire ; came back ; and, finally, he, too, commenced to yawn.

Then, to test Brady's condition, he poked him slightly in the ribs, telling him not to breathe so heavily. The scout's breathings became still deeper and more regular, although his heart was beating like a tilt-hammer, shaking his whole frame with emotion. He really thought he would not be able much longer to stand this excitement, the strain on his nervous system was so intense.

He had just concluded to give up the attempt altogether, when a nervous jerk and twitching from the wakeful Indian showed he, too, had succumbed. Brady lay immovable as a statue until both Indians were fairly and soundly asleep and snoring. He then opened one peeper and then the other. Now his foot went down after the knife.

Still there. He clutched it with his toes, and slowly and cautiously drew the glittering prize towards his breast. Now, by a quick, little jerk it drops by his side; now he works, as it were, over on to it; until, at last, it is in his hand, which was free from the wrist down.

How his heart did beat! and how the great drops of sweat rolled from his brow! It was a very awkward, and even painful position to work from, and many and many an attempt did he make before he could get the edge to bear on the thongs which bound his wrists, but he finally did. The first cut was a slip and a wrench of the thong which tied him to his fellow on the right, who suddenly started, yawned, and finally turned his brawny back towards him.

No log in those woods lay apparently deader than our scout; but had a hand then been laid under his hunting-smock, its tense, tumultuous thumping would have amazed—even alarmed. Fortunately, the tired guards are drowsier than ever. At last, another quick cut, and one arm is free. What a great sigh of relief! The worst is over, and a grateful rest of five minutes follows. It is comparatively easy now to free the other arm, and then carefully to sever the straps on either side which tied him to the two snorers.

Another critical pause. Both guards sunk in profound slumber. Brady being on his back, and wedged in between the two bodies, had to work very, very cautiously. He had no margin to go on, but must rise to the perpendicular in one narrow direction only. Stretching out his legs, a single effort puts him in a sitting posture. All right. Not a stir from either of the sleeping beauties. Now, by bending his legs, and then supporting himself on his arms and hands—which are placed behind him, he works them forward, until one strong, dexterous effort places him on his feet.

What was that? One of his custodians moves and mumbles something. Shall he bound over him, and risk the dark and the river? Heavens! how his heart did thump! No, it's only an idle motion of sleep, and all is still again.

Now, one stealthy, cat-like step forward and he has his bed-fellows in the rear. Three more, and a huge chestnut lends him favoring cover. He takes one long, free, joyous breath; glides like a spectre from tree to tree, and inclines his cautious steps to the creek on his right. Here he expects to find the birch which will convey him across the Ohio. He has not ventured to hunt out his trusty rifle, feeling sure that his escape, once made good, he will come up with it again in the near future.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A MOST MYSTERIOUS ENCOUNTER.

He has now but a few steps more to make, and he is safe. Ha! what is that cracking, rustling noise he hears? It sounds like some animal—be it man, or bear, or panther—moving as cautiously as he himself. Brady's heart is in his mouth. He leaps behind the nearest tree, resolved, unarmed as he is, to grapple the unknown, whoever or

whatever it may prove, rather than commit himself again to the tender mercies of a lot of savages, exasperated at his escapè.

Hist! there's the noise again; and, by all that's good, the scout's straining eyes now dimly perceive a shadowy form. Of what? Surely it must be a man approaching him; and now it glides behind a tree, and not ten feet from him. Who or what can it be? Plainly not a redskin in pursuit of him, for he comes from the wrong direction. Not an Indian lover, for this party of savages were on the war-path, and are not cumbered with women.

And now it moves again, and as if it, too, were with stealthy, gingerly step, trying to escape, rather than pursue. The mystery thickens. This suspense is horrible. Can it be Rose, or Shepherd, or even Larry, who has escaped and lost his way, or who, by mistake, wanders back to camp. Looks like it.

Brady now makes a motion and a slight noise to try its effect on his strange neighbor. He watches. All still. Gradually a form is carefully thrust forward from the tree. He, she or it has evidently been startled at the noise our scout has made.

Brady can stand it no longer. He resolves to challenge the stranger, whom he is now almost certain is not an Indian. He therefore says in a loud, anxious whisper:

"Who, in God's name, are you who thus cross my path? Is it you, Rose, or Shepherd, or Larry? Answer quick! or, by the eternal, I'll cut you down, if it were King George—"

"And who the dickens are *you*," was heard in another loud whisper, as the figure stepped boldly out from behind cover. "I reckon I know; but blamed if these ain't too ticklish times for mistakes. You're either Sam Brady or the devil. Spit it out, stranger!"

"I care not who knows," said our scout. "I *am* Brady, Captain of the Scouts, from Fort Pitt."

"Tarnation, old Hickory! I conceived you mout be him," came in a glad, but still low and cautious tone from the unknown, as he advanced and extended his hand. "Gimme yer flipper, stranger. There's none on this 'ere yarth that I've hankered arter so long to clap eyes on. And I'm Andy Poe, the Virginia scout."

"What!" joyfully exclaimed Brady, as he tightly grasped and warmly shook the huge and horny hand so freely proffered, a great load of suspense lifted from his heart. "Andrew Poe, the famous hunter and Indian tracker, whose exploits are the talk of the border."

"Wal," answered Poe with becoming modesty, but evidently much pleased at such a compliment from Brady, "I believe our folks *do* talk some of my doings with the pesky yellow hides; but, Lor' bless you, Cap, I oughten't to be mentioned on the same day with *you*. Besides, I put no store on killing Injuns. There's lots on us in 'Ginny who've no other fun. I *hate* 'em, from moccasin to scalp-lock, and would scrunch one soon's I would a painter or a rattler. No *old* hunter's got more sport out of deer, bear, wolves and buffalo than jist Andy Poe; but Injuns beats them all. Yes, Injuns beats them all. You'll back *that* up, Brady; but what mout you be arter in this neck o' woods at this ghostly hour?"

"Escaping from Girty and going to the Poes; and you?"

"Oh, tracking Girty, and going for you and the gals," replied Poe, with his quiet and peculiar laugh.

"What a lucky meet!" said Brady. "'Tis well, Poe, I hadn't 'Spit-fire' along, or things might be different; but, hush-h-h, let's move off further. Do you know Girty's whole band's just over there? Pipe, Black Hoof and all."

"No, not *all*, Cap; not jist all," replied Poe, with a low, but not unmusical chuckle. "Ye didn't sight Big Foot and his brothers there, did ye?"

"True enough," quickly answered our scout, "and what of them? I knew something had happened by Girty's sour looks and crabbed words."

"Come! let's joggle ahead. It's too long a story to tell right here," answered Poe, as he led rapidly away to the mouth of the creek; "but I guess Adam and me did up that bizzness to'ble neat and purty. 'Twas the toughest, tightest, all-firedest scrimmidge we ever had; but we fought her through, Cap: yes, we fought her through, inch for inch, man for man. I'll only say, jist here and now, that if ye're arter the Wyandott brothers, ye'll never wrestle them."

"And who's Adam?" queried Brady.

"Lor' bless you, man, why don't ye know Adam Poe, my brother? There's them that *do* say he's the best of the breed; but I'm naterally silent on that pint. I allow every man to opinyun for himself. You'll see them right down here, and larn the whul—"

"See *them!* see *who*, and where?"

"Why, Cap, old Girty must have flusticated you summat. How d'ye think I cum across! flew or swum, and me so badly wounded? Why, my canoe's right at the mouth of Big Yellow, and Adam, and Jake Leffler, and old Bill Kennedy, and uncle Josh are in it, waiting my come—four as tried hearts as ever drew a bead on a tanned hide, and there's more back of *them* down our way, and still more sent for. Oh, if we could just wait a spell or so, we'd have all West Virginia up and after Girty and his thieving, scalping tribe."

"Come, let's hasten, Poe," said Brady, his heart almost too full for words. "You tell me glorious news. I'll be with you from the very jump. We'll start to-morrow, early; but, do you know all?"

"Yes, I kalkerlate, Cap, even more'n ye do yerself; quite likely, too, seeing's ye were under Girty's evil eye all day. The sun was about overhead to-day when, as Adam and me and some of the boys were sitting afore our cabin, spekelating about the firing up river, and getting ready for a sarch that-a-way, who should come streaking along, mounted, man-fashion, on a black racer, wet as a sponge, and her hair streaming behind like a mermaid's, but Captain Boggs' purty little darter. Je-ru-sa-lem, Cap, but she's a clip, now—I—tell—*you*; rides like a jockey, shoots like Dan'el Boone; has an eye like a fawn, and pooty! oh, pshaw, Brady, that's no word for it; but *you* know her. She's made of rale good stuff—hickory all through, and mighty high strung, too."

"Why, Poe, how you run on! Lydia must have struck you somewhere under the west-coat."

"Wal, she did, and no mistake. She reined up, and told us the



ANDREW POE'S FAMOUS COMBAT WITH BIG FOOT.

—See page 445.





whul fight; who you were, where you was going, and what we must do. She stormed and coaxed, and scolded and wheedled by turns; wished she were a man for only a day, and wanted to gallop right on, and in all her wet duds, straight for Fort Henry. This we wouldn't allow; but tricked her out in a dry dress of Sis Riah's, and off she went, like a streak. Oh, but isn't she the beauty, though? As full of fun as a kitten; as fiery as a riled catamount, and as springy as a young fawn. Blamed if we all—old and young—didn't go right off and do just eggzactly what that sassy little chit ordered. Oh, *Lor-dee*, but she has the drivinigest ways about her!"

Brady laughed at the rough hunter's enthusiasm, and said:

"But what of the broadhorn which served us such a good turn this afternoon? Did you see it pass, and do you know who commanded? A splendid fellow, whoever he was, and dreadful hard on Girty and his band."

"Oh, didn't he pepper them, though?" chuckled the Virginian. "He told Adam all about it. We heard his big cannon, and were ready for him when he passed. 'Twas jist after our long tussle with Bigfoot; and, to tell the truth, I wasn't very spry on my pins, but Adam boarded the boat with his dug-out, and told all he know'd, and got all Captain Logan know'd. Logan was the steersman, and one of Boone's right-handers. He was hurrying down to Boonesboro, Kantuck, with arms, powder and a cannon. They heard Girty was on the river, and got up a leetle surprise for him. Adam wanted Logan, and McGary, his chief man, to stay and jine forces against Girty; but he said he could not possibly, as the Kantuck settlements were threatened with a big Indian scalping, and he feared he would, even as it was, be too late. He promised, though, to stop at Fort Henry and give the latest news."

"And now tell us of the fight with Bigfoot."

"Too long a story, Brady, I'm afeard. The fight's too fresh too, to remember all the pints. I feel it in this hand and in my shoulder, and Bigfoot's hug's not a woman's, no how. No, *sir*, I can swear it; but here we are jist at the pint of the creek, and right down there's the canoe," and here Poe gave out the hoot of an owl as the signal. It was immediately answered from below; and, with a—"This-a-way, Cap. This bank's outragus steep and bushy, and you'd better nose my trail," the two cautiously descended to the beach.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE POE'S GREAT FIGHT WITH "BIG FOOT."

Adam Poe and his canoe party received Brady with a few whispered words of welcome. Whatever surprise and satisfaction they may have felt at the sudden presence of the famous scout, was concealed under that cool and quiet demeanor which trained hunters generally acquire.

The habitual, solitary roamer of the woods, obliged to preserve constant silence and caution, and to employ all his wits and arts to

circumvent the wild game which snuffs danger in every passing breeze, or to track the native savage, far more wily than any wary old buck of ten prongs, must *needs* become watchful and taciturn. Even a whisper; the rustle of a leaf; the crackling of a twig, may betray his presence to a lurking foe, whose bullet brings death.

He must be ready to thrud his way through trackless forests, with the stealthy footfall of the panther or the noiseless gliding of the serpent; making scarcely more sound than that of a humming-bird through the air: having eyes, as it were, in all parts of the head; and, sometimes, when on an Indian trail, passing whole days without fire, to betray by its smoke, and almost without food, save a little jerk and ground corn.

Such were the old border hunters; carrying their lives in their hands, and ready to find each tree a possible cover for a deadly foe. They were a peculiar people—grim, gaunt, silent and reckless. Men of few words, and those, too, quaint and uncouth, but pregnant with meaning; abounding in apt but homely phrases and comparisons drawn from their own free wilderness life. Indian tracking became a most absorbing passion with many, and it is an undisputed fact of the old frontier times, that no savage of the western wilds, no matter how renowned for courage or war-craft, could cope with such tried and scarred veterans as Boone, Kenton, Brady, the Poes or the Wetzells.

In reckless daring, desperate fighting, cool contempt of death, and that knowledge of wood-craft which enabled them to circumvent the cunning, crafty red skin—whose whole life was a training for war by artful ambushes and devilish tricks—they had no equals. It was no uncommon thing for Indians, when such a man was slain or tortured, to cut out and consume his heart, as they did that of Major Sam McCulloch, in order, as they boasted, that *their* hearts might grow as big and brave as that of their victim.

These restless scouts, either from a desire for revenge or from pure passion for the dangerous sport, would frequently plunge all alone into the vast, pathless forests; penetrate their deepest and most hostile recesses; remain away for weeks and then return to the settlements as quietly and unconcernedly as they passed out, with perhaps a prisoner or two tagging behind, or one or more fresh scalps attached to their girdles.

The remark, therefore, which in last chapter we put into Andrew Poe's mouth, that no hunter had gotten more sport out of four-footed game than himself, but that "Injuns beats them all," was not only a natural one, which Brady, having the same tastes and experience, could heartily endorse, but was one which Poe, in his old age, actually *did* make to a friend.

The canoe was now headed down stream, and under the strong, measured beat of the skilled paddles, bounded along in the face of a fresh, cooling breeze, which—redolent with the many woody odors of the night—brushed up before it the white-capped wavelets.

Soon a landing was made in a little sheltered cove near the Poe cabin, and all wended their way up the bank to the firelight, where were found assembled several other crack riflemen. Many were now the covert and curious glances cast at the new comer; but the free

stride; lithe, stalwart figure, and cool, resolute look of Brady, immediately answered all demands. They took his measure in a trice; and without a word being spoken, all at once recognized him as a leader.

A long, heavy rifle was now taken down by Adam Poe from the buck's antlers which hung over the huge fire-place, and quietly handed the scout, with the simple remark:

"A tried wee-pon, Captain—true bore; and, in your hands, sure pop every time, at a hundred and a half. I unly take her down on big hunts, and when yaller-hides is meant. We all feel ye'll not discredit it—and now, men, to bizzness."

Brady took the loaded rifle and glanced along its plain, black barrel; looked carefully to the priming; then brought it to his side, and, leaning gracefully upon it, said smilingly:—

"I accept the loan, Adam, until I catch up with my own. I hope I'll do as much justice to the piece as I hear you and Andy did yesterday in your fight with Big Foot and his brothers. I don't know the particulars yet; but one thing I'll swear to. I saw them all go out rejoicing, but saw no one of them come back. Girty was as mad as a she-painter; but tell us how it all occurred."

"Yes, yes," broke in several others. "Some of us have lately come, and have had to catch the story second-hand. Adam was so mad he wouldn't speak, and Andy was so hurt, he couldn't."

"Let Andy talk it, then," said Adam; "he's a glibber tongue nor me, and bore the brunt of the scrimmage. I came up at the heel of the hunt, and was only in at the death."

"Wal," at last said Andy, lighting his corn-cob pipe, giving his leggins a hitch, and taking his seat on one of those rude, oaken settles so universal in all log cabins of that day, "I mislike tooting my own horn, but sceing as the fight was fout all unbeknownst to any other, I'll jist tell the story from the word—*go*."

"Yer know well, boys, when Captain Boggs' gallus darter came sweeping up on the black thoroughbred—as fleet a mare as ever crooked a pastern—what a flurry and kerflummix we were all in; and how the purty, sassy little jade railed at us for blinking around like bats instead of running to the rescue of the other gals; and how we rigged her out in 'Riah's toggery, a world too big for her; and how she, a blushing like a piney, and her eyes as clear and soft as a kitten's, dashed down the road, looking, in 'Riah's loose-flowing duds, like a clothes line in a stiff up-river breeze."

"Wal, yas, Andy, we know all that," laughed the more sedate Adam; "and how you stood a staring and a gaping at the poor gal, all sheep's eyes, as if she was a suthin' good to eat, until she turned on you all to wunst with a flash in her eye and a tartness in her tones, and asked you if you'd never seen a purty young gal afore, and, if not, to take a good look at her, and then to bizzness."

"It's true, boys; afore ye all, it's true," answered Andrew, getting very red in the face. "I've heerd so much of Lydia Boggs' purtiness, and her odd, bold doings, that when she sat there afore me, in her natty moccasins and leggins, her face all alive and speaking from every feature, and her telling us jist what to do and how to do it, that I was

rare kerflummixed, I was. My voice stuck in my jaws, and I couldn't histe a word to throw at a dog.

"Jist to think! A burly giant like Big Foot couldn't start me a hate, and when I fout him I was calm and cool as a summer's morning; but this little spry mite of a gal comes flirting along, and big Andy Poe, who won't turn his broad back to any on this border for downright size and strength, gets all streaked and flustered like, so that he looked and acted like a blessed fool. I tell ye, boys, it beats me hollow: blamed if I kin bottom it, nohow. A little pink and white trifle of a gal, scarce bigger nor a skeeter, to—"

"*Time, Andy,*" interrupted Jake Leffler; "ef ye hadn't moved spryer in yer late fight than yer doing in yer talk, Big Foot would have had yer har drying at his belt. Don't believe ye ever saw more'n ten wimmin—besides squaws—since ye've been growed up, and they're not to be spoke the same day with Boggs' gal."

"That's a sollum fact, Jake," answered Poe, pensively and doubtingly. "And be he a fellow as big as Goliath and strong as Samps-*on* he's just nowhere along one of those peert and purty little minxes, who'd fright at a mouse, yet who's larned the trick of blushing and looking soft and melting like out o' her eyes whenever she wants to bamboozle a feller.

"Wal, soon's the mare had racketed down the fort trail, and was fairly out o' earshot, I gathered up my bothered wits again, and Adam and me got some six of the lads together to go up to Big Yellow and see what Girty was about, when who should come cluttering along, balling and screeching, from Raccoon Hollow, but little Davy Jackson, who said some great big Indians were down thar, robbing and scalping, and had been and taken his dad prisoner.

"Dod rot the thing; we were all live enough *then* I'll be bound, from moccasin straight up, and our har roughed on us quicker'n a wink. We snatched our shooters and streaked it down stream to catch the varmints afore they could cross the river; for, ef you'll believe me, while we were gaping and jawing with that Wheeling beauty, blamed ef the canoes of the pesky varmints hadn't slipped right by our cabin. We suspicioned 'twas Big Foot and his brothers, for Boggs' gal told us they were with Girty, and she was sure it was them who were a fol-ler'n her. Adam and the rest went by Raccoon Hollow, while I kept right down current.

"I had got down near Tomlinson's run; and, with nose in air and eyes everywhere, was sneaking along on the river bluff among some paw-paw and checkerberry bushes, peaking about for Injun signs, when I thought I heerd a low hum of voices on the beach below. My heart was in my mouth in a jiffey; but I cocked up my ears and snaked along on padded toes and quiet as a moth, till I got to the bulge of the bluff, and, peering down, I sees two canoes, heads on the shingle.

"I now laid low and kept dark, and heerd the sounds agin right below me. Crawling up soft as a rattler, I pushed aside a partridgeberry bush and glinted down. Jehoshaphat! there lay the great Big Foot and another little reddy, chatting and laughing away, cozy as two muskrats. The big Huron's mutterings were like low thunder, aside the other's, whose voice was thin and reedy as a robins, and

who piped and chirped away jist as ef he warn't the peskiest rascal that ever raised a human's har.

"Big Foot and his brothers had for a long spell been prowling and skelpin' on our border, and had sent us many an owdacious defy. I'd long hankered to be a fingering his scalp-lock, and now there it stood, stiff and wavy, tricked off with an eagle's plume, right below me; and I looked drefful wishful at it. He was a pretty tol'able decent Injun, too, as Injuns go: was, like all the Hurons, dead agin torture at the stake, and had been kind to "Big-Knife" captives; but, Lor bless you, fellers, it was either him or me. I know'd *that* at once from the thumping of my heart.

"I now fresh primed my gun, drew a dead bead on Big Foot, and pulled trigger. Boys! the cussed thing just fluked—flashed in pan for the fust time in its life, and the *very* time I wanted it to do its poo-tiest. You never see'd two skeerder fellows than them Injuns. They jist hopped up as ef built on wire springs. Arter a little spell our eyes met, and there we stood a goggling at each other like so many tarnal ninnies—but not for long.

"I couldn't well go back, and so had to go forrard. With a yell that almost skeered myself, I lept down right aginst Big Foot's broad breast, at the same time throwing a wing about the little fellow's throt-tle. Wall, now, boys, star at me! You know I'm no feather-weight; and when I lite on any one, it's either break or bend. Big Foot and his chum chose to bend, and came tumbling to the ground. The old fellow was drefful shuk up, and blowed and turned up his whites like a big catfish stranded on a sand-bar.

"Jist then I heerd firing on the bluff above, and I knew Adam and Jake. here, and the whul kit of them were busy with the skelpers. I was orful bizzy, too—never more so. Big Foot was game all through, and cat-gut all over; and soon's he caught his wind, he throw'd his arm about me and hugged me up to his shaggy breast with a ten bear power.

"Je-ru-sa-lem! fellers! but that *was* a hug! My eyes jist closed; my jaws went together like a steel trap; my bones seemed to be all cracking and scrunching down to the marrow, and I begun to cast up my sins and think of kingdom cum. A boa-constructor was a baby to Big Foot.

"When I cum to, the little Injun, who had somehow got loose from me, was grinning and flirting his shiny tomahawk all about my head, Big Foot telling him where to strike. 'Twas high time I was doing suthing, so I squirmed and wriggled and dodged about like a dipper in a hail-storm. At last Injun No. 2 was so cussed by Big Foot for his clumsiness that he flirted in and let fly one at my pate. I throw'd out my leg powerful strong, I tell you, and struck the fellow in the bread-basket, causing him to drop his hatchet; double up like a jack-knife, and scream like a cotched blue-jay.

"I hadn't wind enough for a holler, and was in too scrimptious a fix to laugh; but I felt less tight about the heart now, and began to beat a fist-tattoo on my big lover's drum-head. It was nip and tuck atween us, to be sure, for quite a spell—now Big Foot was atop, and now Andy. Yer oughter heerd him cuss the little one jist then. I'm

not much on Wyandott; but I'd swear the big words he jerked out with such wicked snaps and snarls and bellowings, were no honey love-notes. I could hear his yellow tusks clashing like a wolf's. The foam rose to his mouth like the yeasty froth in a churn. *Lor-dy* but he was mad! The chinks of fire fairly flew from his eyes.

"The little one now cum up agin with his Thomashawk, and I was put to my shifts, and had to dance around like a hen on a hot griddle, with my eyes looking seven ways for Sunday. At last the lick cum; but, by a big lurch, I snaked it so's to git it only bad on this arm, that you see bound up. The red spurted out quite lively; but I was now riled clar down to the bottom, and would have fit the whul breed.

"I had noticed that Big Foot had a hand tied up, too, and that he was kind of precious tender of it. Watching the chance, I caught this under my left arm, and I, too, tried the squeezing and crunching name. Big Foot winced and howled and—"

"Oh, I know what lamed that hand," laughingly interrupted Brady. "A wild Irishman that we had on board the ark had a terrible tussle with the big Huron, and drew a scalping knife through his fingers."

"Wal, I'm obleeged to him, whoever he was," continued Poe, rising from his seat, and becoming more and more excited, "for it was jist the pivot-point of the game. When I saw Big Foot roaring with the pain—and sertain sure I ground his hand honest—I made a terrific struggle, and at last broke loose from him.

"Snatching up the first rifle I saw, I shot the little fellow right through the heart. He dropped like a buck, right dead in his tracks—yes, *sir*, *very* dead; but—"

"Yaas," interrupted Adam, "and I've never been able to make out why you didn't instead turn your piece on the big Indian. The other one was mere child's play."

"I thought you mout be asking that," answered Andrew. "I've asked myself the same a baker's dozen times since, and have as often called myself a fool; but, somehow, I was desp'rit mad at the little fellow for spiling sport and giving me such a vishyus cut, and, besides, I had long hankered arter Big Foot's top-knot, and wanted to thrash him in a fair, stand-up fight. Howsumdever, whether right or wrong, I *didn't* shoot Big Foot, as I soon found out, for he riz up like a giant; and, gripping me by the shoulder with one huge paw, and by the leg with the other, he gave me a mighty heave, and hurled me to the yarth. Yas, he made me chaw right smart o' sand.

"The trifling one now being out of the way, I allowed I'd turn my whole mind to my big foe. Boys, you all know I'm a hard one to wrastle, and have a powerful clinch of my own, and am pretty handy, too, in flinging about my two gospels; and it made my blood fairly boil and hiss to be knocked about as a bear cuffs around a yawping puppy, so I pitched in with all my strength, and rained down the best licks I could. I *had* Big Foot, then, and he know'd it right well. He couldn't send back one rap to my three, and was no whar in fending off; so the handy old chief closed in again, and rolled me on the sand handsomely, I must allow.

"I now sprung a new dodge on him, and wouldn't stay put; but, clinching him tight, I rolled over and over with him down the beach

and into the river, and we both tried the drowning game. My hair was short, and my upper half slippery with blood, and I knowed it. After chassenge around, and up and down the middle for a considerable spell, I watched my eye, and nipped old Injun by his scalp-lock, and bobbing his head up and down, I at last chucked it under water. I held him under so long, boys, that blamed ef I didn't begin to pity the fellow, Injun as he was; and, allowing he must be near dead, I let go and made a stagger to get out my knife.

"Would you believe it, fellers, that big Injun was only 'playing possum.' He bobbed up again, not eggsactly fresh as a daisy, but with a blow like a porpose, and made straight at me, vishyus like. Oh, I swan to Moses, he was a game one to the last, and looked wick-e ler'n a mad bull. He snared me by the cocynut, and, almost afore I know'd it, he had me under, until my *head* swam if my body didn't.

"By this time we had both worked out into deep water, each of us panting and blowing like a broken-winded bellers. We now had to scramble for it, and both struck out for shore at the same time, the empty rifles which were to end the scuffle being in full view. My wing was so crippled that I soon found I would be dead beat; so I turned out agin, allowing I would dive like a dipper at the shot, and so get off at last.

"As good luck would have it, Adam and the rest having rounded off their little job with Big Foot's brothers, by losing three men, now appeared on the bank; and Uncle Josh, there, seeing me out in the stream, and all reddened with blood, fired at me for an Injun, and gin me this favor," pointing to his shoulder, which was bound up from a deep and serious wound.

"That's a fac, men; it's true as Scriptor, and I darsn't deny it," said the old hunter who was called Uncle Josh, with humbled face, and looking around upon the listening circle deprecatingly. "'Twas the meanest and unhandiest shot I ever venter'd; but I've told Poe the whul truth on it, and, like the big man he is, he's forgiven me. Haven't ye, Andy? Say it again, boy!"

"I have, for sure and sartain, Uncle Josh," laughed Poe. "Ye made a clean breast of it. The only thing that sticks in my craw, Josh, wus yer taking me for a pesky yaller hide; ye might as well spit in my face, and call me hoss; but, to go on—or, now that Adam's mixed up in the scrimmage, let *him* put the tail end to it."

---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### ADAM POE FINISHES THE STORY.

"Wal," says Adam, "to begin where Andy left off: he hollered to me to 'pepper the Indian upon the shore;' but my rifle was shot clean, and Big Foot had also an empty gun, so it was nip and tuck atween us who should beat loading, Big Foot crying out: "Who load first—shoot first.' Be sure I lost no time; but the chief, being somewhat narvous and flustified, got into a great splutter, and jerking out

his rammer too suddint from its socket, it slipped through his fingers and fell into the river.

"Now, I must allow that from that hitch, Big Foot behaved very perlite and amiable-like; seeing his chance was gone, he bared his big breast, walked boldly towards me, and invited me to shoot. I studied a spell; but, seeing Andy all bloody, and thinking Big Foot had on a good ready for the 'happy hunting grounds,' I jined in with the invite, and throw'd him the lead in the very spot he wanted.

"Andy, then, being in a pretty bad fix out in the river, I was swimming to his help, when he hollered me to let him alone and scalp the big chief, who was rolling himself into the water in hopes of saving his har. And jist bekase I'd rather save my brother than a greasy scalp, Andy's been rily and pouting at me ever since; for sure 'nuff, the gritty old Indian broke for deep water, and *made it*, too, and was carried off, har-whole, with a shout in his throttle. And this is the whul fight. And now let's fall to, men; here's plenty of Johnny cake and bacon, and right thar's the corn-juice jug. Keep her spinning, spry and frisky, boys, while we argefy our plans. Girty's no slouch, ye may take yer Scriptor oath on't—no, nor doesn't wait for any man's ready; and, ef it's tracking we're arter, we'd best soon be nosing up our fox."

"Wal," here mumbled out old Uncle Josh, his jaws munching away vigorously at the Johnny cake, "I've counted noses; and, soon's Dutch Abe gets here, I reckon on nine as tough and gnarly old leather-stockings as iver draw'd bead or forced a trail; ef we only could make the ten with the 'Harmit of the Big Yaller,' I wouldn't give a weasel-skin for Girty's chances—that crazy fellow's rank pizen on all Injuns. When he hits, he hits hard, I swow."

"That air's a sollum fac, Josh," put in Andy Poe, with a grave face. "The 'Harmit,' whosomdever he is, wastes no brimstone. I've cum across a right smart sight of his handy-work over on the creek-trail; he shoots to kill, and don't bother with the har."

"And who *is* this mysterious person you call the 'Hermit?'" said Brady.

"Yaas, who *is* he?" quickly replied Andrew. "That's jist what we'd like you to tell us—some of us conceit he's the devil. He's got no split-hoof, too, I ken take my Bible swar on it, for I've cum across his tracks severiel times, and his moccasin print's small and slim's a woman's. One thing's sartin. When *he's* out, there's Injuns around, and one or more of em's bound to chaw dirt. Three times I've found a cold and stiff Injun lying away down in some deep, black hollow—a leetle off from the reg'lar trail—and with a hole bored in his skull right over the eyes. The har is left jist where it rooted, which argu-fys it's not scalps or shin-plasters *he's* arter. There's one mark by which ye may allers know the 'Harmit's' work. Every yaller-hide of his killing has the right ear off."

"Why, this is all very singular," exclaimed Brady, deeply interested. "Girty told me this very afternoon that he had lost one of his best hunters last night, and struck precisely in the way you describe. He says that the Big Yellow trail has been infested for over two years back with some mysterious Indian-slayer, and that the tribes



are getting superstitious about it, believing it's no white man, because the scalp is always left, and that it must be an evil spirit sent to punish them for allowing the whites to take their land; but did none of you ever see this 'Hermit,' as you call him?"

All looked at the younger Poe, Adam saying:

"Ask Andy, there; he spends most of his time nosing about tother side, and has some yarn to spin about a wild, hairy devil he met in the woods."

"Wal, devil or no devil," said Andy, solemnly, "I seed him sure, about a moon since. I had been arter bar over on Wolf Ridge, 'bout three mile or so back on Yellow; and, having bagged nothing, had jist gone down into the hollow of Falling Spring to see ef I couldn't chance a doe, or even a wild turkey. 'Twas nigh to'ards evening, and things were looking tol'ble dark and lunsome like under the thick trees, when, as I was trailing softly along, kind o' sad and low-hearted, I heerd the sharp crack o' a rifle down about the forks of Brush Creek.

"I cocked up my head-flippers, and was stiff as a rammer afore ye could say 'Andy Poe!' for powder scorched over that-a-way means Injuns, sure's you live. I now crept along very keerful, and as quiet as a 'painter' 'bout a deer lick; when, jist as I'd sighted the 'Forks,' I hears a sort o' singing—not a free, hearty, ringing tune, sich as Ike Ingles, our singing marster, throws off, but a low, mournsome, crooning sort o' sound, atwixt crying and whining.

"I creeps up and up; and, arter a little spell, I actooaly sighted the wildest and strangest looking figger I'd ever sot eyes on. He was a lank, gaunt, long-drawn-out feller, thin as a hickory saplin', and 'thout more flesh on him than Eph Barker there. He was leaning on his heavy rifle, and looking down kind o' savage at suthing, while singing some kind o' gibberish I couldn't make out. His har and beard were long and ragged, and kind o' bleached out and matted all together.

"The strangest, darndest bein' I ever see, dod rot him, and my har jist lifted straight yup; for, hang me up for bar meat, ef I could say ef he was white or Injun, and whether 'twas fight or shake flippers. He was dressed all in skins, and had on a wolf skin cap with tail hanging behind.

"I stood with sasser eyes, and mouth wide open as a varmint trap, till the drops o' sweat began to chase each other down my phiz: then I could stand it no longer, but with 'Long Tom' at my peeper, I gave a suddint shout.

"Yer oughter seen that strange critter jump! 'Twas like the first spring of a buck when a feller has crept up all unbeknownst, and plumps him afore he smells what's arter him. For jist a jiffy he turned his hairy face to'ards me, and then I saw he wasn't a yaller-hide. He looked stunned and dazed like, and his eyes had a wild, glary, hankering gaze about them. Jist as I was stepping out, away he started with a quick, suddint snort like, and bounded off into the woods. I hurried up to whar he was standing and there, sure's coons is coons, lay a *dead Injun, with a hole in his skull, and his right ear off.*

"Why didn't I foller him, stranger? Ye might as well have follered a streak o' moonshine, or a Jack-o-lantern. He was off like a flash, and I arter him, hot and streaked. The last I seed o' him was gliding

like a ghost along the rocks at the mouth of the Brush fork of Big Yellow. Now he skulks somewhere up there, dead sartain. All his tracks pint that-a-way. I've heerd of some strange, wild man o' the woods, too, bringing in pelts to Fort McIntosh. He says nuthin to nobody, but throws down his skins and takes off his lead and powder. That's *him*."

"Well," said Brady, "as our trail leads right past Brush Creek, lets hunt him up. What you and Girty have said about this strange being, makes me wish to know more of him. If he hates and hunts redskins, he's the kind we want; but now isn't it time to be moving? I hear the three o'clock owl hooting over there, and it will soon be light enough to trail."

The hunters now passed some time in earnest conversation, debating the probabilities of Girty's course: whether his party—as was usual with Indians of mixed tribes after a successful raid—would divide the captives and disperse in small groups to their respective towns; and if not, whether 'twere better to get on the trail immediately, or wait a day till such men as had been sent for would arrive.

Brady, as would be natural with any ardent and impatient lover, was for instant pursuit. He had noted (what we have already stated) that, at the late Indian council held to discuss the effect of Lydia's escape, and when every consideration of prudence would seem to urge a hasty retreat, the chiefs dispersed, apparently at ease as to the situation, and resolved on delay.

This, he said, indicated to him that the party which Girty knew would be sent west from Fort Henry to the Muskingum to intercept them, was to be deceived by Girty's abandoning the "Big Yellow trail," taking probably a more northern route to the Sandusky towns, and probably detaching a small party on the old trail as a decoy. Besides, he had gathered from Girty himself that the girls were to mount the horses, so that the journey would be a swift one.

He would therefore advise that a runner should start instantly for Fort Henry to explain the situation, and to assure the force there that it was probable Girty would drive his captives northward to Upper Sandusky; and that a party of ten would follow hard on his trail; and asking that *their* party should meet them at the burnt Moravian town of Gnadenhutten, providing neither party brought Girty to bay sooner.

This view of the situation was finally adopted. A fleet horseman was at once dispatched to Fort Henry, and all now busied themselves in inspecting rifles, and laying in a stock of balls, patches, powder and jerk, for what might be a week's hard trail.

---

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE POE PARTY TAKE GIRTY'S TRAIL.

Before the first streak of dawn, the whole party of nine true and tried hunters, quietly filed down the bank and took places in Big Foot's canoe. The paddles were plied with caution, and the light vessel soon entered

the mouth of Big Yellow. Here all silently debarked, and, with Brady and the younger Poe at the head, stealthily advanced towards Girty's camp.

As expected, all was found completely deserted. Some litter, and a few smoldering embers alone marked the late bustling encampment. After throwing out a scout in advance, to guard against treachery, the party, designing to await the full light of day, busied themselves in carefully scrutinizing every minutest sign which might give any—even the slightest—clue to Girty's plans. This work was done most thoroughly and with practiced eyes. Nothing of any significance whatever was discovered.

Brady was deeply disappointed. As he sat moodily resting his head on his hands, the thought suddenly struck him—where so likely to find tidings of the captive girls as in the bower of last night? Up, on the instant, to his feet! he hastily stepped toward it, and made a most thorough search. All in vain. Altogether baffled, he was just about to move from the spot, when he discovered something white protruding from the narrow cleft in the sapling which had formed one of the supports.

Drawing it forth in great trepidation, he found it to be a small leaf from the pocket-bible which the good Drusilla Swearingen ever carried with her, and these words hurriedly scrawled upon it:—

GIRTY'S CAMP, about 2 A. M.

TO CAPT. BRADY—I write this in hopes it may reach your eye. Girty and chiefs very angry and excited at your escape. The rest of us thankful—none more so than D. S. All very anxious, not knowing where we go or what may happen. Don't give us up, my friend, but haste! haste! The four horses ready, but Shepherd's still very lame. The Major, Shepherd and Larry do all possible to cheer us up, and the last is on the best terms with the Indians. If possible, we'll mark our trail. Farewell; I hear Girty's hateful voice. Think of DRUSILLA.

Although this missive gave but little information, yet it must have been deemed very precious in Brady's eyes, since the grim and solitary scout often pressed it to his lips with fervor. After a month's assiduous devotion to Drusilla, if not altogether assured of her preference, he had, at least, gathered that he was by no means indifferent to her, and now here were the first lines of her tracing, and she for whose love he was willing to peril so much, was a captive among ferocious savages, and carried he knew not whither. "'Don't give us up,'" he murmured passionately. "How could she think that of me? 'Think of Drusilla,' and when don't I think of her? but come, the day has opened at last. We must be off."

Joining the rest, who were quietly seated beneath an old oak, and hard by a spring of clear, cool water, munching away at what was intended for the morning meal, Brady cried out impatiently:—

"Here's a short note I've just found from Miss—from one of the captives. We are urged to hasten. The four females go on horses, and will travel fast. They promise to mark the trail, but that won't be necessary. It's now light: hadn't we better be moving on the path?"

"Oh, no hurry," drawled Andy; "Girty's only a couple o' hours the start, and ye ain't a sniffing luvyer to be butting yer head agin him afore the time. We can't do much with the reddies he's got afore dark. We'll hev to be plagy keerful, too, that, instead of trapping Girty, the old fox don't git us. Forty agin nine isn't eggsactly the square figger, but the night'll make all even."

"Besides," put in Adam, "I allers likes to stow away a good padding into my innards afore opening on a far trail. They say a starn chase's a long chase, and dog my cats if it ain't a fac; and we'll cross no taverns, with juicy buffalo broils, on *our* way, sure's your thar. Best squat down with us, Brady, and line yer basket well; and then, too, haven't we all kinder panted this time for tracking Andy's Harmit to his hole. Hunker down there, man, and fall to; the day's young yet, and the shank uv it's afore us."

Brady saw they were right, and, concealing his impatience, sat to his meal with the rest, and discussed the business of the day. After a sociable pipe all round, the party rose and took the trail, Brady and the two Poes in front. Girty had made no attempt at concealment and the progress, therefore, was swift.

Their course along the Yellow was enough to excite the wonder and admiration of persons far less impressible than our rude scouts. Accustomed as they all were to constant familiarity with the vast and solemn wilderness, with all its shifting scenes and varied charms, they could not now withhold expressions of pleasure as each turn of the wild and picturesque stream revealed new and strange beauties to their ravished eyes. The swift and rapid current, which was running bank-full; the wildness of the pine-crowned and vine-clad cliffs on either side, and the wonderful freshness of all the exuberant leafage and undergrowth, then putting on the bright, gay livery of spring; it all made their hearts glad; gave an unwonted elasticity to their quick but cautious steps, while the stimulus which their perilous enterprise afforded them, kept all their wits and senses on the alert.

After about an hour's steady tramp, they crossed a rapid fork of Big Yellow, and were now approaching the mouth of Brush Creek. It was near here where Andy Poe, a month previous, had suddenly come on the "Hermit." Andy had now taken the lead, and a hush-h-h from him put the whole party on their guard. Each man of them was on the tip-toe of expectation, and each foot fell softly and noiselessly.

They had agreed that in case of another sight of the mysterious hermit, the utmost care should be taken to first surround him, and then capture him; or, if that failed, to trail him rapidly to his home, which Andy felt sure was somewhere up on Brush Creek. In case they could not see him, they were to turn off the main trail for a couple of hours, and scout up that creek in hopes of coming on his refuge.

It would be foolish to give, as the only motive for this digression, the wish to secure another skilled Indian slayer to their too weak numbers; added to this, there was that feeling of curiosity and superstitious fascination which would, among rude and uncultured borderers, attach to a solitary and mysterious roamer of the forest, who did his killing in so lonely and singular a manner, and who studiously kept aloof from the few settlers of that neighborhood.

The trail now lay along a densely shaded and gloomy valley. The file of grim and silent hunters moved forward like spectres. Right before them lay the mouth of Brush Creek, that swift and abounding stream sweeping into the "Yellow" by a great bend.\* Andrew had scarce passed the protruding cliff which marked the mouth, and cast his eyes up Brush Creek, when he made a hasty, backward step, gripping Brady tightly by the arm, and hissing out in great excitement:—

"By the tarnal, lads, that's the strange critter, and at his same old work, as I'm a living sinner!"

This sharp and sudden remark had a far more startling effect on most of the rough borderers present than if Andy had announced the whole of Girty's band coming directly at them. Brady and Adam Poe crept up at once, but the rest advanced and gazed with awe on their faces and a bewildered look in their eyes. Two or three were quite unnerved.

It was a strangely odd and impressive tableau, that curious group of stern and stalwart frontiersmen, closely huddled together and intently peering over each other's shoulders. Not fifty yards up Brush Creek, the rapid stream on one side, and a wall of rock half hidden by foliage on the other, lay a huge moss-covered log, on which leaned, on his long black rifle, the mysterious hermit, looking earnestly down on a human form at his feet. The dark, funereal pines, each branch tipped with the green new growth of spring, hung overhead, a most appropriate accompaniment to this lonely scene of violent death.

And now the mysterious stranger—startled perhaps at a splash in the water, or a rolling pebble loosened from the rocks above—turned his face toward them. A sad, wild, gloomy countenance, surrounded with long, disordered hair; a bushy, iron-grey beard flowing over the breast, and his head crowned with a rough cap of skin. His figure was long, gaunt and angular.

And now the rifle is laid against the big log; a glittering knife—clearly visible to the on-looking group of staring hunters—is drawn, and the "hermit" stoops over his victim, while Andrew whispers shudderingly:—

"Another of Girty's pets gone; most like a straggler. He's dead as a mackerel, by the living jingo—and there! off goes his head-flap! And now, fellers, mebbe Adam and you'll say agin that's Andy Poe's Harmit. By thunder, he's *everybody's* harmit, and ef yer a hankering arter driving him to hole, ye'd best throw away no time. Don't well see, ayther, how we ken git 'round him; but three or four o' you cross the Brush branch, and some more take to the hill back uv him, whiles Adam, Brady, and me'll tackle him in front."

The hunters, as agreed, stealthily slunk away to try and surround the stranger, so as to watch his course and prevent escape. The three

---

\* Brush Creek, to this day, is one of the most lonely and sequestered streams in Eastern Ohio. Long after the events of our story, its secluded and gloomy valleys became the resort of a desperate gang of robbers and horse-thieves. Hiding among its fastnesses and gloomy caverns, they for a long time defied arrest. It is, at some distance from its mouth, but a succession of bold hills, deep ravines and rocky cliffs, honey-combed with caves. Readers can imagine what it must have been in the last century, when but a savage wild, covered with the dense, primeval forest.

who were left, now kept the utmost silence, but never took their eyes off their man. He was now seated quietly on the log, apparently muttering or crooning something to himself. Before the out-men had gotten position, however, they saw him all at once spring to his feet, clutch his rifle, and gaze most fixedly at some object across the stream. It was one of the men Andy had sent to the other side, and who had incautiously uncovered himself. The "hermit" now cast a glance, quick as lightning, down the creek, and, catching sight of the three scouts, who had not time to step back behind cover, he bounded nimbly off up the creek.

No use of further caution. Our hunters gave a ringing shout to apprise their party that the game was off, and sprang forward in pursuit. They soon came up to the dead savage, whom Brady immediately recognized as a young Shawnee of Girty's band—the very warrior who had made such a fierce attack on Larry as he was coming off the ark after its repulse. A strong rum fragrance about him afforded the probable reason for his unlucky straggling so far behind his fellows. He was shot in the head, and the right ear had been freshly cut off.

This poor fellow detained them but a few minutes. The pursuit was continued, Brady's lean and sinewy form, with no ounce of superfluous flesh, soon enabling him to outstrip his more burly competitors. The stranger was now entirely out of sight, but the print of his moccasins, wherever the ground was somewhat moist or yielding, enabled his pursurers to keep track of him. All at once the trail was totally lost. To be sure, the place was rocky, but even beyond the rocks, it could not be recovered, although three of the best pairs of trained eyes on the border were most carefully hunting it.

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE "HERMIT OF THE BIG YELLOW."

The unknown could not have crossed the creek, for he would at once have been discovered from one side or the other. It appeared equally improbable that he could have scaled the rocky heights on their side, for these were both high and steep, with no seeming break or depression capable of shielding a man.

As Brady walked back and forth, carefully scrutinizing the face of the craggy cliff for some clue out of the puzzle, his eye glanced on a sort of shallow rift or cleavage of the rocks, which led slantingly and with ragged projections up to a narrow ledge. Ascending this, more because he scarce knew what else to do, than because he had any very strong suspicions of its ever having been used as a regular path, Brady mounted to the ledge, following which he came to another shallow depression, so winding as to be concealed from the valley below. This led to a second ledge, which, in turn, terminated at a spot where the rock receded to an easy slope.

Here Brady saw plain traces of footsteps. So encouraged, he mounted on and on, until he stood on still another ledge full a hun-

dred feet above the creek below. Looking along this, he noted that fifty feet or so further on, it aproned out into a kind of platform, and that directly above this rocky flange there appeared an opening in the wall. Treading carefully along this last ledge, Brady, much to his surprise, found himself in front of a cave, which, owing to the projecting rock alluded to, was completely hidden from below.

Pausing but for one moment, to brace himself up, as it were, for the task before him, the hardy and intrepid scout, stooping his head, and with his trusty rifle at a *porte*, boldly advanced within and stood erect. Before his eyes had become accustomed to the sudden gloom, he heard the click of a rifle, immediately followed by a deep and resolute voice :

"Hold ! rash intruder ! one step more and you're a dead man ! Why do you and your fellows hunt and hound me as you would a panther to its lair. This is *my* home, not yours. I harmed none ; want no man's society, and I demand to be left alone."

At the first word of this totally unexpected speech, Brady made ready his rifle and moved a step backward. His eyes, having at its close, become somewhat accustomed to the sombre light, he saw there before him the gaunt, meagre figure of the mysterious "hermit." His face, though thin and haggard was yet finely featured, and with an unmistakable air of gentility about it ; while his brilliant but cavernous eyes, gleamed with a sort of fierce and feverish light ; not so much the fixed and sullen glare of insanity, as the burning glow of some intense and o'ermastering passion. His long, unkempt hair, and matted, flowing beard, imparted a strangely wild look to his whole person ; and, although Brady, who so closely confronted him, was a stranger to fear, yet, even *he* stood irresolute and embarrassed. Concluding, however, that the stranger was nearer right than himself, and that curiosity and the over-colored accounts of Poe, had placed him in a rather false position, he simply remarked :—

"You speak truth, sir. I *have* no business, here. I was misinformed, and hope you will pardon the intrusion."

The hermit, now equally surprised in *his* turn at the moderation of Brady's tones, lowered his weapon and advanced close to Brady. Looking at him with earnest gaze, he said—

"You talk civil, and appear to be well disposed, sir, and no doubt acknowledge that a 'man's house is his castle.'" And then, adding more excitedly, and with a sort of sneering laugh : "This is *my* house, rude as you may think it, but it suits me exactly. I suppose the ignorant hunter whom I chose to run from a few weeks since, thinks me a lunatic or some wild man of the woods, and so to be hunted down and caged."

"Who and what, then, in God's name are you, and why such a lonely, desolate life?" answered Brady, looking curiously around the cave, which merits from us a brief description.

It furnished, indeed, a neat and comfortable home, as well as a secure hiding-place. The mouth of it was somewhat contracted, and only about five feet high. But it soon enlarged as one entered so as to form quite a roomy, egg shaped chamber of pure rock. Near the entrance there gushed forth a spring of clear water. In one corner a

stream of light came from above through a funnel-shaped chimney of bark, which served also in cold weather, or when any cooking was done, to conduct away the smoke of the fire. In another corner was a sort of bunk, filled with mosses and leaves, and partially covered with a bear-skin, serving, of course, as a couch. A deep recess in the rock held a few books. A pile of skins; some self-made torches of fat woods, and traps for animals; some flour, meal and bags, containing, probably, provisions, powder, &c., comprised all the furniture that was visible.

Simple and primitive enough, to be sure, and yet many an anchorite has been far worse lodged.

When Brady put his last question, the countenance of the recluse, or whatever he might be termed, saddened. The intense, almost fierce gleam of his eye softened, and he made answer:

"Lonely and desolate enough, and yet chosen deliberately. I want no other. Life has lost its charms for me. My heart has been turned to gall and bitterness—yes to its very core—and my sole business is revenge. I will *not* tell you who I am. What good would it do? Enough that, like many another on the western border, my family has been ruthlessly killed by savages."

Here came back the fierce blaze in his eyes. His hands were tightly clenched, and his face worked so convulsively that it was painful to watch him. After a little he hissed out with most intense passion:

"I hate the whole hell-brood of them. Oh, how dearly and tenderly I loved my family, and how anxious to make a new and comfortable home for them, and yet all, all swept away at one blow; my wife tortured to death by fire and all my children brained and scalped."

"Why this is horrible," answered Brady. "Have you not—could there not be some mistake? some——"

"None whatever, I tell you," almost shouted the poor man in agonized tones. "I heard it from a white man who witnessed the whole damnable atrocity, and had the story afterwards confirmed by a red man. It broke my spirit, crazed my brain, turned my heart to stone, and I swore a solemn oath I'd have revenge. I've had it," and here his face lit up with a fierce and savage joy, almost like a devilish leer, "I have killed many, and there," pointing to a weasel skin suspended over his couch, "are the witnesses."

"And how long," said Brady, receding almost in horror at the pitiless and inhuman tones and the significant gesture, "how long have you lived here?"

"What matters it to you?" he quickly replied. "Long enough to redden the Big Yellow trail. I squatted first on the Chillicothe trail till it became deserted. Then I moved on the old Mingo town trail, not far below, and now I stay here, just off the Tuscarawas path, till I glut my revenge."

"But," remonstrated Brady, "I, too, am an Indian tracker. 'Tis true I fight fair and open, and don't mutilate——"

"No, oh no, you only strip them of scalps, worth so much a piece in the market," mockingly interrupted the hermit; "now I don't want money, but blood—lives for lives. I don't even torture the



miscreants, but kill them quick and sure. Lives, *lives* are what I want, not hair to sell or wounds to torture. Ah, you never had a wife and dear children."

"Why not," asked Brady, "come with *us* then, and you may *have* lives. We want aid badly, and are now on the trail after Girty and his band—Capt. Pipe, Black Hoof——."

"Who! *who* did you say?" almost shrieked the stranger, starting forward and vehemently clutching Brady's arm until he fairly winced under the grasp. "Black Hoof? Say it again, please! He's the infernal ruffian who murdered my children. I've hunted him for years, but he has never and will never cross my path. Tell me true!" gazing appealingly into his companion's eyes, "is that inhuman monster within striking distance? Oh! tell me as you yourself hope for mercy."

"He's not three hours gone, I pledge you my word and honor. We are now——"

"No word more," he fiercely hissed, "I go with you for *this day*," and then hesitating a little, he added: "*provided* you all ask me no questions; allow me to attack as I please and afterwards let me alone without further notice. Will you do it? If not, will you leave me?"

"You are a strange being," replied Brady, much relieved, "but we want all the rifles we can muster, and I pledge both myself and companions to respect your wishes."

"Enough!" said the hermit, hurriedly seizing his rifle, his pouches and some jerk. "I'd much rather scout alone, but I've said it and I'll do it. Lead on, if you're ready! You somehow found your way up; you can down. Well for you I coveted no *white* man's blood."

By this time the rest below had become somewhat alarmed about Brady's prolonged absence, and were busily but quietly wandering back and forth in search of him. He had been so deeply interested in the interview with his singular companion, that he had neglected to warn them of his whereabouts. When, therefore, they saw him nimbly clambering down the face of the rocks, and followed, too, by the mysterious "Hermit of the Big Yellow," they were no little amazed, and stood, with rifles all ready, huddled together in a wondering group.

Reserving all explanation for a future occasion, and privately signaling to the band, Brady simply said: "I have found the 'hermit,' and have finally persuaded him that it would be better for him to join us for this hunt. Fall in men and ask him no questions! we've lost some time and must at once take up the trail again."

The strange hunter now so singularly secured, merely nodded vacantly as he was thus introduced; fell into place directly behind Brady, and all silently filed back out of the narrow Brush Creek into the much broader valley of the Big Yellow.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## A QUARTETTE OF FAMOUS SCOUTS.

Let us now turn our attention to a more distant field of action. Never did shades of evening gather over a lovelier or more diversified panorama than that seen about Fort Henry at the close of the day whose eventful deeds we have been describing.

This strong old fort was situate on a commanding bluff, a short half mile above Wheeling Creek. Right at its base swept the majestic Ohio, whose broad, rapid current was here divided by a large and heavily-wooded island, called after the original and most prominent resident, Col. Ebenezer Zane.

Right behind the Fort ran a ridge of bold, lofty hills, wooded from base to summit, with one universal mass of fresh green foliage. On the other side of the Ohio, another range of steep, wooded hills corresponded, broken up here and there by broad valleys or deep rifts, and their bases occasionally spreading out into broad and fertile plains.

The line of Wheeling Creek, with its singular break through the hills in its rear, and its subsequent circular sweep; on one side a wall of rock or steep hill-side; on the other, a rich alluvium of fertile meadow, was distinctly to be seen in all its tortuous windings.

Between the creek and the Fort lay a broad and exceedingly rich expanse of "bottom" lands, now the lower part of the busy and thriving city of Wheeling. At the time we write, most of the woods had been cut away, and the extensive flat had just been plowed up and planted to corn.

It was no wonder that when, in June 1770, Ebenezer Zane, at the early age of twenty-three, first stood on this bluff, and took in the out-spread and beauteous landscape of hills, river, island, and rich wooded plains, his eyes were enraptured at the magnificent vision. He saw all the varied charms, as well as the manifest advantages of the spot, and resolved there to make his home. With no friend but his faithful dog, and no companions but his knife and gun, this intrepid adventurer had left his pleasant home and all the comforts of a settled community in Berkely county, Virginia, and had struck out into the untrodden western wilderness in search of adventure and a future.

Throwing up his rude little cabin, here he remained, hunting and exploring, for one full season, and then returned for his family, to relate what he had seen and done. A select band of choice and resolute spirits like himself soon resolved to go back with him. In 1772, leaving his family at old Redstone, on the Monongahela, he, in company with his brothers Silas and Jonathan, proceeded to take possession.

At that time there was not a single settlement, save Fort Pitt, on the Ohio, from mouth to source. This little band stood absolutely

alone. A clearing was soon opened in the dense forest, letting in the blessed sunshine, and fertilizing the teeming soil. The cabins gradually increased around him; settlers steadily set in, among the earliest being Bennett, Wetzell, Shepherd and others, and thus was laid the foundation of the present city of Wheeling.

Fort Henry, first called Fort Fincastle, was erected in 1774, and is said to have been planned by no less a personage than General George Rogers Clarke, one of the best military heads then in the country. It was one of the most substantial structures of the kind in the west, having heavy oaken stockades, four strong bastions, and, what was very unusual at the time, the commandant's house was built high like a tower, and mounted a real cannon. No regular garrison was ever maintained there; but it was always well defended by the brave settlers around, it having successfully stood two obstinate sieges. We shall have somewhat to say of it hereafter.

On this particular evening there was considerable bustle about Fort Henry. A crowd of stalwart hunters were gathered just outside that end of the fort looking toward Wheeling Creek and the intervening flat. Another lot of men, women and children lined the fort ramparts, while a little outside of the exterior knots of people, stood four riflemen, clad in the convenient scouting costume of the day, half hunter, half Indian.

The first of these was Jonathan Zane, one of the best shots and bravest scouts on the frontier—a man of remarkable daring, energy and restless activity; so skilled in wood-craft, and so universally approved in all his actions with the savages, that he was a few days afterwards chosen chief pilot for the celebrated Crawford-Williamson expedition to Sandusky.

It is related of him that once when returning to Fort Henry from one of his expeditions, he saw five Indians jump into the river and swim for Zane's Island. He fired at once, and one of them sank to rise no more. Rapidly loading up, he fired three times more, each shot killing a savage. The fifth and last, seeing the fate of his companions, concealed himself behind a "sawyer," or log, sticking end out of the water.

After several ineffectual attempts to dislodge him, Zane was about to give up further trial; when, seeing a portion of the redskin's body protruding from the log, he took a careful aim at the exposed part, and the last of the five rolled into the stream.

Next him stood the far-famed Major Sam McColloch, then on a visit to Fort Henry from the neighboring settlement of Short Creek. Another celebrated scout and Indian hunter, a man who never knew fear, and who headed many an expedition against the savages. His sister Elizabeth, was the wife of Colonel Ebenezer Zane.

It was the Major's heart, as we have already stated, which was years after cut out and eaten by his pitiless slayers, that they might, by this act of cannibalism, become as brave as he was. He is noted as the hero of the far-famed "McColloch's leap," which took place in 1777—the "bloody year of the three *sevens*," as it was for a long time called along the Virginia border. Towards the close of the memorable siege of Fort Henry of that year, he led forty mounted men from Short

Creek to its rescue, all of whom succeeded in entering the fort but himself.

By a sudden rush of the foe he was cut off and surrounded. Dashing his horse through the encircling savages, he rode it at full speed for the high hills back of the fort, pursued by a yelling throng of exultant savages. His gallant steed was pushed to the utmost, with the design of reaching the summit and thence escaping along its brow to Van Metre's Fort. As ill luck would have it, he had scarcely gained the height, when he came full tilt against another body of savages, returning from a plundering expedition.

Not one moment for hesitation! Escape seemed utterly out of the question. A fierce and cruel foe completely hemmed him in. Preferring death among rocks to the savage knife and fagot, he took the only course left him, and spurred his foaming steed directly at the precipice before him. Fixing himself firmly in the saddle, the bridle in one hand, his rifle in the other, he closed his eyes, and uttered a shout of triumph.

His noble animal paused shudderingly on the brink. Another shout and a sudden spur pushed him over, and down the steep incline both plunged, amid crashing timber and tumbling rocks. Down! still down! went horse and rider, until Wheeling Creek was reached, just at the extreme point of that most remarkable circle enclosing what is called "the peninsula."

Across the creek and over this peninsula "bottom" rushed the white horse and its unrecking rider, the amazed savages standing stupidly on the edge of the bluff, far, far above. Their prey had miraculously escaped them, and they returned the way they came, baffled and crest-fallen.

Next came the renowned Simon Kenton—then known by the name of Simon Butler. A tall, sinewy, powerful scout, with a free, careless manner, a soft, tremulous voice and laughing grey eyes, all of which won him friends wherever he went. When excited to wrath, however, those same soft-beaming eyes would become so fierce and terrible as almost to curdle the blood of his foes. No Indian hunter of the west—scarcely even excepting his warm personal friend, Daniel Boone—had had a life of more varied or thrilling adventures. Possessing a reckless courage that never quailed at danger, and a love for deeds of desperate valor, he was ever on the move, and never so content as when environed with perils sufficient to appal an ordinary man.

In 1778—just four years previous—after sustaining two sieges at Boonsboro, he had been captured by Indians, and became the hero in a wonderful series of perils. He was eight times exposed to the gauntlet; thrice was he tied to the stake—thrice had been saved through the efforts of Simon Girty, with whom he had served as a scout during the Dunmore war of 1774—and was often on the very eve of a most horrible death. All the sentences passed on him seemed to have only been pronounced in one Indian council to be reversed by another, and every friend that rose up in his favor was immediately followed by some enemy, who plunged him into deeper danger than before.

For three weeks he was thus the sport of circumstances, and kept

see-sawing between life and death. He, however, had finally escaped from Detroit, and undismayed by the past, had immediately embarked in new and quite as perilous enterprises. He had lately scouted up from Kentucky, as far as Fort Henry, where he had been received with all the warmth and favor due to his reputation.

And now, last of the group, came the young and dauntless Louis Wetzell, but just then acquiring a fame as a daring and reckless borderer, and long afterwards known as the "Boone of Western Virginia," and the right arm of its defence. His personal appearance was very remarkable; a rude, blunt, half-savage, he was five feet ten in height; very straight and erect; broad across the shoulders; a breast like that of a buffalo, and limbs slightly bowed, denoting great muscular strength; his face was somewhat pitted by the small-pox; complexion very dark, and his eyes were of the most intense blackness—wild and piercing—and emitting when excited such fierce and fiery glances as to quail the stoutest adversary.

But his most peculiar feature was his long curly hair, which was black as the raven's wing, and so very thick and luxuriant as to reach, when combed out, nearly to his knees—a much prized scalp to many a noted warrior, and one for which a dozen of "braves" would have been considered a cheap exchange.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### LYDIA BOGGS MAKES A NEW SENSATION.

Truly this was a noble quartette of border worthies, and their presence just at this time at Fort Henry was a fortunate happening. During the day we now see them together, they had all—the two strangers pitted against the two residents—been engaged in a friendly contest of "barking squarrels"—that is, killing those animals, not by direct shot, but by aiming at and hitting the bark right under them, which would so stun and toss them that they would fall to the ground. If any skin was touched by the lead, it was counted out. This was a favorite sport of Boone, Kenton, Wetzell, and in fact all the old frontier hunters who pretended to any excellence as marksmen.

The winners had afterwards been challenged by the losers, (Kenton and McCulloch,) to "heading the nail," which was to be succeeded by "snuffing the candle"—both rifle trials as well known in those days as shooting for the Christmas turkey is now, throughout the country. In the first instance a nail was driven half way into a tree or target, the business of the rival marksmen being to drive it into the head by fair, plump shots with the bullet and at a distance from sixty to eighty yards.

The second trial—"snuffing the candle"—always took place by night, and generally in the woods, and was, to a stranger, one of the most peculiar and weird-like scenes of far-western hunter life. The sombre forest, the dim dips—seeming only to make, as it were, the darkness more visible—obscurely lighting up the knot of gaunt

foresters in their picturesque garbs; the feeble candle flame placed at a distance of some sixty yards from the marksmen, and the spectral figure, imperfectly revealed by its beams, who was there stationed to mark the shots and to replace and relight the candle if disturbed by the swift leaden messenger.

To mutilate or extinguish the candle was held clumsy work, but to cleverly snuff it with the unerring bullet as neatly and precisely as with a pair of snuffers, this was the highest mark of excellence, and one, too, frequently attained by hunters with whom the beloved rifle was the constant companion from early youth to old age.

The trial by candle, however, in this instance, never took place. The shooting at the nail had been very close, and while the four riflemen, with their special friends, were earnestly engaged about the target measuring and comparing shots, some excitement was observable among those mounted on the fort's ramparts.

A mounted horse was first described by the look-outs dashing at full speed along the trail which led from the up-river settlements.

On, on, it came, the regular beat of its clattering hoofs drawing rapidly nearer and nearer. And now all noise and sport ceased, and speculation was busy as to who the stranger could be, and what the occasion of the rapid pace. Those on the walls, and those in Zane's cabin and the other log houses which skirted it, rushed out on the plateau surrounding the fort.

The horse was unknown, and the rider in his or her flowing garments, equally so. At last the swift steed had passed the first of the cabins, when Captain Boggs, who had returned by the Catfish trail the day before, and was standing on the brow of the bluff with Col. Zane, exclaimed in great surprise:

"Good Heavens! Col., it's my gal Liddy, and on Major Rose's blood mare, too! What in the name of all that's good does it mean? And look at her queer dress, too! What! the devil! Liddy, is it you, and what's the matter and where's the rest?"

A ringing shout went up from the assembled crowd.

This the spirited young girl—and surely at no time in her life did she look more bewitching, in spite, too, of her home-spun and ill-fitting garments—acknowledged by a quick, graceful bow, and then leaped down into the arms of her astonished father, exclaiming:

"Oh, father! father! all our party are taken. Mo. Shepherd, Betty Zane, Silla Swearingen, Brady, Rose and all. I only have escaped."

"'Taint hard to guess," laughingly whispered Simon Butler to Major McColloch, "which way that nimble young gal's heart's a jumping, when she puts Shepherd afore all. Wal, he's a lucky fellow, for she's the takenest and killingest little lass that ever gladdened a hunter's eyes," while Capt. Boggs broke out with:

"What's that, gal, all taken? Where and who by? Not by Injuns, Liddy?"

"Yes, by Indians, father, and led on by Simon Girty. They attacked our boat this very morning, at Big Yellow, and after a hot fight, took it and all on board—men, women, horses, goods—everything. I believe I'd been here an hour since if 'Riah Poe's fluttering clothes hadn't held me back like a balloon."

"Simon—Girty—and—'Riah—Poe's—clothes," slowly repeated her father, a heavy, square-built, herculean-chested man. "Why, d—n it, child, you're fooling with us! How came my daughter in 'Riah's clothes, and on Major Rose's horse, too? Out with it, gal! don't you see the whole settlement around you!"

"Well, father," poutingly answered Lydia, "I've ridden hard to bring you the news, and havn't breath to tell all in a second. It's just as I said. With Major Rose's permission I took his blood mare, swam the Ohio river, started the Poes on the trail, changed my wet clothes for dry, and never drew rein till now. Here I stand to answer all questions."

These were now put at her, quick and plenty, from all sides and from almost every person, Colonels Zane and David Shepherd, father of Moses, leading. As soon as the whole story, in all its details was thoroughly mastered, the rough and blunt-spoken Captain Boggs stepped up and gave Lydia a warm kiss and embrace, saying:

"Forgive your father, gal, he was somewhat flustered and feared something amiss. Ye've done a brave, noble act, Liddy, and I'm proud of you from my heart, and so, I'm sure will all be here, and now run along, for I see your mother coming out of the fort. You've brought us all big news."

"Three cheers, men, and hearty ones, too," impetuously cried out the young Wetzel, "for Liddy Boggs, the pootiest and pluckiest gal on our border," and three strong, ringing cheers accordingly went up from the throats of all present.

The proud young girl blushed and bowed in some embarrassment, then hastily tripped off to the fort, followed by several of her admirers, and threw her arms about the neck of her mother, who was standing at the huge gate waiting to receive her.\*

Lydia's gallant exploit was in everybody's mouth, and it was some considerable time before the buzz and hum settled down so as to allow of a discussion among the hunters as to the best course to adopt. Lydia had told all she knew, and a gallant band of twenty skilled

---

\* We have, from Lydia Boggs' own relatives, at Wheeling, an incident happening about this time, which it may be well to mention *en passant*. When Captain Boggs was not present at Fort Henry by reason of Indian hostilities, he lived at the mouth of Boggs' Run, right opposite an island of the same name, situated about two miles below Wheeling. This island was used as the family garden and pasture. One day Lydia had, all alone, canoed herself over there to pick some fresh vegetables. She had gathered her frock (which, by the way, was of deer skin) full, and was about stepping into her canoe, when all at once an Indian "brave" in full war rig, and face hideous with paint, sprang fiercely out upon her from the bushes along the shore. He brandished his tomahawk, so frightening the poor girl that she dropped her vegetables, clasped her hands and was about appealing to the red man for mercy, when she was utterly dumbfounded at the following direct question in good English: "Is that you Lydia Boggs?" "That is my name," she answered, much relieved; "And pray sir, who are you?" "Wal, I'm Lew Wetzel. I've long heerd you were the purtiest girl in all these parts, and being out on a scout, I was determined to have a good sight of you. I've been long waiting you, and thar's my canoe behind that clump of beech willows." It may be imagined this "purtiest girl" was much relieved at such a denouement, and could easily afford to overlook the fright given her by her impudent admirer, especially, since it conveyed such a marked compliment to her beauty. Their chat ended in an invitation to dinner and a better acquaintance.

scouts volunteered pursuit on the spot, since it was supposed Lydia's escape would lead to an immediate retreat of Girty's band.

As before stated, Yellow creek and Fort Henry were north and south points and equidistant from the Indian towns which it was argued Girty would make for. The party was to start at the first streak of dawn, and be led by Zane, Butler, McColloch and Wetzel, and all had little doubt but what the exulting captors would be easily overtaken.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### SIMON GIRTY.

“ The outlawed white man, by Ohio's flood,  
Whose vengeance shamed the Indian's thirst for blood ;  
Whose hellish arts surpassed the redman's far ;  
Whose hate enkindled many a border war,  
Of which each aged grandame hath a tale  
At which man's bosom burns, and childhood's cheek grows pale.”

Leaving a party of trained scouts, both at Yellow Creek and Fort Henry, ready to take Girty's trail, let us now go back somewhat and attend that desperado and his remaining captives.

And here, perhaps, would be the most proper place to give a brief sketch of the Renegade, from birth down to the time when we now present him. A large part of his history, it is true, lay in the future, but even now he had become famous, or, to speak more nicely, infamous for his hate and his savagery.

Simon Girty, Sr., was an Indian trader, regularly licensed by the colony of Pennsylvania, and plying his perilous and vagabondish vocation among the Western savages. He was a vulgar, violent old curmudgeon of an Irishman, and said to have been so besotted with liquor as to have turned his wife's love to hate, and to have been killed by her paramour.

He left four boys: Thomas, Simon, George and James. Some time during Braddock's war in 1755, the last three were made captive by the Indians; but Thomas was the best and most respectable of the brood, always remained quietly at home, on a little run emptying into the Allegheny, near Fort Pitt, and called to this day “Girty's Run.”

Simon was adopted by the Indians under the name of Katepacomen, and became in dress, language and habits, a thorough Indian, and was ever after much enamored of their free, wilderness life, with all its unshackled liberties and absence of restraints. George was adopted by the Delawares; became a fierce and ferocious savage, and is said, after a long career of outrageous cruelties, to have been cut off in a drunken broil. James was adopted into the Shawnee tribe; soon grew depraved, and became a cruel and blood-thirsty raider on the Kentucky border, sparing not even women and children from the horrid torture.

In October, 1764, Col. Henry Bouquet forced the Ohio tribes to a peace, the main condition of which was the return of every white cap-



tive in their hands. Men, women and children, to the number of two hundred and six were reluctantly and tearfully given up, young Girty among the number. Still another hundred remained with the Shawnees, to be surrendered the next spring.

It was an old and true border saying that you could never make a white man out of an Indian, but could very easily an Indian out of a white man. There is something in the unsettled, free-and-easy life of the wild woods which possesses very strong and almost irresistible fascinations, and it is a matter of history that many of these white captives—even women and children—refused to leave their Indian relatives. When compelled, however, to return to their own homes, they parted amid the most touching tears and sobbings, many afterwards escaping back to those who had so tenderly adopted and cared for them. Of this number was young Simon, but being forcibly returned to the settlement, he took up his home near Fort Pitt.

We hear no more of him until Dunmore's bloody war of 1774, brought about by the wanton and cowardly murder of Logan's relatives at the mouth of Yellow Creek. In this campaign, in company with Simon Kenton, he served as hunter and scout, and subsequently acted as Indian agent. Like the famous Frenchman, Joncaire, he never felt so much at home as in the woods, and among the wigwams or council fires of Indians, where he could harangue the assembled warriors of different tribes.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was a commissioned officer of militia at Pittsburgh, espousing the Patriot cause with zeal and serving it with fidelity until his desertion to the Indians from Fort Pitt, in March, 1778, with the notorious Matthew Elliott, Alexander McKee, and a squad of twelve soldiers. This tory defection just at that unfavorable juncture, caused the greatest alarm on the border. From the well-known influence of these renegades and their loyalty to the British, the very worst results were apprehended; and, sure enough, they made their way quickly to the Delawares—living near what is now Coshocton, Ohio—with their mouths filled with all manner of evil and lying; asserting that Washington had been killed; that his armies were cut to pieces by the British; that Congress had been dispersed; that the whole East was in possession of the enemy, and that the force at Fort Pitt had nothing left but to possess the Indian lands, killing men, women and children.

The effect of these false and malicious stories, just at a time when Captain Pipe had been long working to win over the Delaware tribe to take open sides with the British, and to make a combined maraud against the border, was prodigious. Captain White Eyes, Killbuck and Big Cat, however, stood firm, and did all they could to allay the excitement.

A grand council of the nation was called to discuss Pipe's earnest advice that arms should be immediately taken up against the Americans. White Eyes, a noble and influential old chief, made a most spirited and vehement address to all the hot-blooded young warriors; denounced Girty and his confreres as liars, and begged just for ten days, and then, if no news came to disprove what had been told them by these deserters, he would not only favor immediate hostilities, but

would himself lead them on: "Not like the bear-hunter," he sarcastically concluded, "who sets the dog on the animal to be beaten about with his paws, while he keeps at a safe distance. No, he would lead them on in person; place himself in the front, and be the first to fall."

The ten days were at length decreed. It was a most anxious and critical time. As day after day passed without further news from Fort Pitt, those Indians who desired peace wavered, and, finally, were so despondent and hopeless that they no longer made opposition to Pipe and his war-tribe of Delawares, but the fiery young zealots of both tribes commenced sounding the war drum; shaving their heads, laying on the scalp-plume, and otherwise preparing to set off on a bloody raid against the white settlements.

But God did not so will it. Just in the very nick of time, the young Moravian John Heckewelder, had arrived from the East at Fort Pitt, and, hearing of the late defection, set off without one instant's delay to the Moravian towns. Here he found everything in the direst confusion. The last day of the ten was at hand, and the whole fighting strength of the Delawares, together with a large force of Wyandotts from Sandusky, was to start off early next morning on the war path.

Not one moment to be lost! Spent and jaded as he was, Heckewelder soon mounted a fresh horse, and rode thirty miles farther to Goschocking (Coshocton), the chief Delaware town, which he found in great commotion, all the braves, being decked out for war.

His reception was discouraging. Even Captain White Eyes and the other chiefs who had always befriended the Moravians, drew back in the coldest and most haughty manner when the hand was extended. At length the great chief, White Eyes, boldly stepped forward and said that if what Girty and his party had asserted was so—the Delawares no longer had a friend among the Americans, &c., &c., and wanted to know the exact truth. He then asked: "Is Washington killed? Are the American armies cut to pieces? Is there no longer a Congress? and are the few thousands who escaped the British armies, embodying themselves at Ft. Pitt to take the Indian's country, slaughtering even our women and children?"

Heckewelder then stood up, his honest face and truthful manner carrying conviction with every word, and denounced all Girty's stories as utter fabrications; but asserting, on the contrary, that Burgoyne's whole army had just surrendered, and that he (Heckewelder) was the bearer of the most friendly messages from Gen. Hand and Col. Gibson, at Fort Pitt, advising them to continue neutral.

In proof of his statement, Heckewelder put a newspaper in White Eyes' hands, containing the account of the battle of Saratoga and the surrender of Burgoyne, which the glad old chief, now completely reassured, held up before his people, saying: "See, my friends and relatives! this document containeth great events—not the song of a bird, but the truth!" Then, stepping up to Heckewelder, he joyfully said: "You are welcome with us, Brother."

Thus for the time, did all Pipe's machinations and ambitious schemes come to naught. His mortified spies slunk back to their own

Wolf tribe, while Capt. White Eyes, knowing that Girty, Elliott and McKee had gone on to the Shawnee towns on the Scioto with the same fabrications, immediately dispatched fleet runners thither with the following message: "Grandchildren! Ye Shawneese, some days ago, a flock of birds, that had come on from the East, lit at Goshochking, imposing a song of theirs upon us, which song had nigh proved our ruin. Should these birds, which, on leaving us, took their flight towards Scioto, endeavor to impose a song on you likewise, do not listen to them, for they lie."

Why did Girty, an officer in the American service, desert to the British? Most of the histories of the day say it was because he failed to get promoted to the regular army, or was mortified because one younger than he, and whom he thought not so deserving as himself, was advanced before him. From all the most reliable sources, we gather the true reason was that Girty found himself looked upon at Fort Pitt with suspicion because he was known to be a tory at heart, and under the influence of the mischievous and notorious Dr. Connelly, of Virginia, who had not only laid claim to all South-western Pennsylvania as a part of Virginia, but had enforced said claims by a series of violent and outrageous proceedings, rending the whole section into warring factions, and even seizing and occupying Fort Pitt itself.

Be this as it may—and it is not at this late day of prime importance—Girty now headed his course for Detroit, but was captured by the Wyandotts, and claimed by the Senecas as their prisoner, because he had once been adopted into their tribe. This claim, Leather Lips, a prominent and truculent old Huron chief, stoutly resisted, and the Mingoes were obliged to yield their point.

On Girty's affirming that he had been badly treated at Fort Pitt because he was true to the King, and that being forced to leave the fort, he was now on his way to Detroit to join the British, he was released, and was soon after welcomed by the cruel and treacherous Governor Hamilton, generally known along the American border on account of his scalp bounties and constant employment of Indian allies, as the "British Hair Buyer."

Girty was now just in his element. Talking several Indian languages, and employed by Hamilton in the Indian department, he was sent back to Sandusky to assist the savages in their harassing marauds against our border, and soon arose to a very bad eminence among them. He had never lost his relish for the free, untamed life of the forest. He was a true Indian in all his habits, longings and ambitions, and, like all apostates on whom the door of return is forever closed, soon became noted for his hate and desperate activity.

He outdid the redskins themselves in the fierceness and cruelty of his wrath. When not ruthlessly worrying and harassing the frontier by his sudden forays and scalplings and torturings, he was ever busy with diabolical hate and activity in planning the destruction of the Moravians. He was their inveterate foe, and finally made Pomoacan, the Half-King of the Hurons, the instrument of their forced abandonment of their three peaceful and flourishing towns on the Muskingum, and their removal, just on the eve of the winter of 1781, to the inhospitable wilds and barrens about Sandusky.

We have already stated, however, that Girty was not *all*, or always bad. Many of the atrocities committed by his brothers George and James were falsely blamed on him. He was a savage by taste and education, and conformed to Indian usages, but it is known that he was his own worst enemy. Unfortunately inheriting a love for rum, it became his master. At such times he was cruel, vindictive and relentless. When sober, he was a far better and kinder man.

We have mentioned his services in rescuing his friend Kenton from the stake. Through his importunities many prisoners were saved from torture and death. He was reported honest, and was careful to fulfil all his engagements. It was said of him that he once sold his horse rather than incur the odium of violating his promise. He was brave and determined, and it was his dearest wish that he might die in battle.

Jonathan Alder, who was for many years a captive among the Indians, and had occasion to know the renegade well, said that Girty was a warm friend to many prisoners, and that he had known him to purchase, at his own expense, several boys who were prisoners, and take them to the British to be educated.

Lyon, in his narrative of captivity, when a half-grown boy, says Girty was very kind to him, taking him on his knee, and promising to have him well cared for.

Mrs. Thomas Cunningham, of West Virginia, after seeing her oldest boy tomahawked and scalped, and the brains of her little daughter dashed out against a tree, all in her very presence, was carried into captivity. She suffered untold agonies during her long march to the Indian town, her only nourishment for ten days being the head of a wild turkey and a few paw-paws; but, after a long absence, she was returned to her husband through the intercession of Simon Girty, who happening to pass her way, ransomed and sent her home.

And finally, as Col. Thomas Marshall was floating down the Ohio in an ark, he was hailed by a man who said he was James Girty, and that he had been stationed there by his brother Simon to warn all boats of the danger from decoys. The Indians, he said, had become jealous of Simon, who deeply regretted the injury which he had inflicted upon his countrymen, and who wished to be restored to their society. Every effort would be made by white men and children to entice boats ashore; but they must keep the middle of the river, and steel their hearts against every attempt. This warning, by whatever motive, was of service to many families.

Thus much of Simon Girty, and some things to his credit, showing that he was not always the inhuman monster which old histories and traditions have painted him. And now to resume the thread of our story.

---

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### A CURIOUS CONFESSION BY GIRTY.

We have said that Girty's late repulse by Logan's armed boat, together with the changed behaviour of his own band, left him in a very

sulky humor. This was increased to a towering rage by the news of the Big Foot disaster. An early retreat was reluctantly determined, and the treatment of the prisoners—who were all ordered to be securely bound—grew more harsh and rigorous.

Girty was perfectly sober now, and the evening meal, followed by a comforting pipe, had so composed his troubled spirits, that he sent an Indian to the captives' bower to bring Mrs. Malott to him where he sat under a broad-spreading Basswood, a little removed from the fire-light and the rest of his band.

As the unhappy prisoner, with soft step and modest mien, approached, she looked reproachfully at him, and silently held up to view her delicate hands, securely fastened with deer thongs. Girty at once sprang up in much anger and confusion, and, tossing off a hasty oath—which came to his tongue's end as easily as honied words do to a lover's—he hurriedly cut the thongs, stammering out:—

“Excuse me, ma'am, I didn't mean *that*, 'pon my honor.”

“I was told,” replied Mrs. Malott, somewhat testily, “that it was by your express orders. It so shocked me that I asked again, and for an answer was double knotted, as you see.”

“Curse 'em all,” growled Girty, an ugly glare lighting up his eyes. “They knew bravely I didn't mean *you*, but they're mad as hornets at me, and did it for spite. By heavens! I'll soon be even with them, though. But why, woman, didn't you come to me afore, when I told you to-day I had some news for you?”

Mrs. Malott's lip curled, and her eyes flashed, but restraining herself, she said, sadly:

“You knew, Captain Girty, how anxious I would be, after so long an absence; and, were you the friend you profess, it was your place to have sought *me*. But I did seek an interview, and how did I find you? You were balancing on a keg of powder, insanely flourishing a firebrand, and driving even drunken Indians to cover.”

Girty had a special purpose to gain by this interview, and his eyes dropped, therefore, in some confusion; and had there been a trifle more light, Mrs. Malott might have seen a trace of color even on that leathern, weather-beaten face. It was but a momentary weakness. To hide his embarrassment, he threw off a hoarse guffaw, which, however, was only throttle deep, and made answer:

“Ha! ha! ha! I swear I never saw you, ma'm; but didn't I stump old Black Hoof, though? He treed like a wild cat, and leaped like a hit stag. The old mud-turtle's been glowering at me ever since, and's sour as a crab, and as cross as a bear with a sore head. If he blows and blusters about me again, I'll whisper *powder!* Ha! ha! ha! But come! Mrs. Malott, sit right down on that mossy root there. It's as soft and easy as a Philadelfy sofy, and let's to bizzness. I've really something big to tell you.”

“Oh, Mr. Girty,” said the poor woman, nervously seating herself, and at once growing anxious and restless, “what is it? Please tell me, quick! I feel it's about those two children.”

“What two children?” promptly answered Girty, in great surprise. “I know nothing about any children.”

“Why, the two children with Mrs. Dorman,” answered Mrs. Malott,

at once, greatly disappointed. "I've had the strangest talk with her, and I sometimes think they must be my Nelly and Franky. I do wish I had only seen them near. Where are they now? That's what I went to see you about this afternoon when I found you so—"

Here Mrs. Malott paused confusedly.

"Oh, tail it out, and say drunk," sneered Girty, with a grating laugh. "I don't get that way now near as much as I used to, but I've had so much bother managing these snarling, fighting devils from so many different tribes—curse 'em—that if I was as drunk as David's Sow, I oughten't to be faulted. But what d'ye mean by Mrs. Dorman's children? I never saw them till three days since; but I knew they were not hers, and, am sure they cannot be yours. They're too big for your children; don't talk English at all, and ain't dressed as you told me yours were; besides, we got them from a Cherokee party living away down on the Tennessee below Kentucky."

"I know all that, Girty," persisted his companion; "and at first, thinking them Mrs. Dorman's, I took no interest in them myself, but, you must remember, it is three years since my children were taken; they have many points of resemblance; their clothes might have been borrowed from some other captive white children, and wouldn't the very fact that they came from the far-off Cherokee country account for your strange inability to learn something of them among all the tribes you visited for my sake, and at my earnest prayers? Say! Girty," earnestly and appealingly, as she saw him looking off abstractedly, "wouldn't it, I say!"

Girty had been thinking deeply of what was said, and now brought down his brawny hand upon his buck-skinned thigh with a loud, emphatic slap, saying:—

"By Jehosaphat, woman, there *might* be something in this. Come, tell us the whole of Mrs. Dorman's story! and go over all you know about the dress and looks of the children. If there's any chance in it, you know, Mrs. Malott, none will be prouder or gladder than just Simon Girty, who has been huntin' them so long for you and with you."

And the hopeful mother poured into his listening ears all she had heard, all she knew, and all she hoped. Girty soon became deeply interested; then greatly excited, and, at last, almost as hopeful as the mother herself, and said briskly:—

"Stranger things have come to pass, ma'm. I always argyfied with you that your children wer'n't dead, or I'd a heerd of it somehow. However, they're within easy reach, and we go for'rard in a few hours; but"—looking shyly at his vis-a-vis, his whole face changing and softening in expression—"now, since you know my news was *not* about your children—at least them two—why don't you ask me who it *is* about. Have you no other—"

Here Mrs. Malott sprang to her feet, her face pale and anxious, and a startled look in her eyes. Her mind had been so full of those two darlings of whom she thought she had found trace, that Girty's news and her other children found no place there, but his last remark had at once awakened her with a rude shock; and, with a troubled but steadfast gaze right into her companion's eyes, she gasped out:—

“What mean you, Girty? For God’s sake, don’t trifle with a sorely stricken mother! Have you yet news for me? Have you seen Harry or my poor daughter, Catharine? Tell me, quick! And oh, man, as you hope for mercy, don’t longer torture this almost broken heart.”

Girty could not long encounter that earnest, burning, appealing look, in which appeared to be gathered all a woman’s heart and all a mother’s love, but growing somewhat embarrassed, and averting his face, he muttered to himself, “Blamed if I don’t make a clean breast of it, and tell her all.” Then, with a broad smirk, intended for an assuring smile, he said: “Do you think, ma’am, that you could stand some mighty big news?”

“Oh yes, Girty, if it’s *good*; but, God help me, if it’s more *bad* news. What is it?”

“Well, I thought once,” meditatively answered the captain, “I’d keep it all from you, and that’s why I first told you I had *no* news, and then said I *had*. Ye see, ye come on me too sudden. I hadn’t time to think; and, when the devil gets in the first clip at me, Girty has to stand aside for a spell, but he gin’rally comes all right agin if he has time and’s away from the liquor. Well, now, Mrs. Malott, brace yourself up, and don’t take on hard, but—I’ve seen Catharine. She’s alive and well, and a deuced pretty girl.”

“What! Cath—Catharine Malott! my Kate!” cried Mrs. Malott, in touching tones, her eyes filling with tears, and throwing herself on her knees before Girty. “Oh, thank God, and thank *you*, my best of friends, for those blessed words. My dear, dear, Kate! Oh, where is she? how does she look? what does she say? and does she remember her mother? Tell me, Girty, quick! quick!” and then, darting a keen, suspicious look, full of alarm, and clutching him tremblingly by the sleeve, she added: “It’s true isn’t it? You’ve seen her? God forgive you if you would trifle with a mother’s—but *no*, you *could* not do such a cruel, dastardly thing. You’re no monster, but my kind friend, Girty,” looking most beseechingly into his face with tears and sobs, “say it again!”

“Mrs. Malott,” answered Girty, solemnly, “I saw her less than a month ago, sure as you see the stars through them broad leaves above you,” and then smilingly, “but I could never answer more than two questions to once.”

“My Kate alive and well!” murmured the poor mother to herself, an expression of thankful happiness taking entire possession of those wan, wasted features, and fairly illumining them as with a glory,—“and why did you not say so before?”

“Well, ma’am,” replied he, in an awkward, constrained manner, “I’ve thought to make a clean breast of it, and the sooner it plumps out the better for all consarned; so here goes. I love your darter and I wanted her for my wife, and you see that—”

“Love—my—Kate—and—want—her—for—wife!” slowly repeated the bewildered woman. “Girty, you’re raving mad—what’s worse, you’re trifling—God forgive you—with a poor, weak mother’s fears.”

“True as shooting, ma’am! Hang me ef it ain’t a kur’ous fact, and

when I first saw you coming off the ark, it just flashed on me like a streak that if the girl was agin me and her mother was agin me, both to once, I'd have no more show than a cub bear up a bee-tree. So it 'peared to me I'd best keep dark, and risk my chances with Kate on a lone hunt; but, they say, second thoughts are best, and then it struck me that when I'd argyfyed your girl's fix with you, you might see as I do, and come to look on Simon Girty as your son," and here an expression of pleasure at the novel thought struggled with the embarrassed look which had before o'erspread his face.

"Girty," at length slowly said the mother, after a painful pause, in which she endeavored to school her tumultuous thoughts, and to wisely conclude as to her duty and policy, "you look and talk like a true and sincere man, but I can say nothing—promise nothing, till I learn more. You know my anxiety. Oh, take pity, and tell me about my long-lost daughter."

---

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### GIRTY IN LOVE WITH KATE MALOTT.

"Well, Mrs. Malott, I'll reel it off fast and light, and we can fill up the chinks arterwards. You know I'd made long search through all the tribes for your children, and had about given them up for lost chickens, when, happening last month to visit the Mack-a-Chack towns on Mad River to push the Shawnees on the war-path, I reached Wapatomica. The same evening, having been bothered by some jealous chiefs in council, I was strolling along the river, when I sighted a number of Indian girls, some paddling canoes and the rest in a maple grove, beading moccasins, and laughing and chatting together like a lot of jays in pairing time.

"One pretty, shapely, high-stepping girl struck me at once, on account of her fair face and wavy yellow hair. On looking closer I saw she had soft blue eyes, and then I made sure she was no Indian. I looked and looked and looked, until the girl seemed frightened at my staring, and made off with such a shy, modest air, and such blushing cheeks that I wanted to know more, so I asked the head chief, Molunctha, that night, and he confessed at once, that she was a white captive, and was called O-wa-ta-wa, or 'White-pigeon.' He said she had been brought to their town a few months before by a Miami 'brave,' who wanted to dispose of her, stating that his wife had been killed by some Kantuck scouts, and that he was poor and was going on a long war-path. The sister of the famous Cornstalk, generally known as the Grenadier Squaw, took a great fancy to the girl and agreed to adopt her. I found, further, that she'd been taken by the Miamis some years before, somewhere on the Ohio, with two or three families, and when the lots were cast had fallen to this warrior, who lived near the mouth of the 'Hockhocking.'"

"Oh, it *must* have been my Catharine!" earnestly interrupted Mrs. Malott, "and that's why you never found her."

"Well, ma'm, that's just what hit me, and so I managed to make



her acquaintance, and to ask her name and belongings; and, although she had grown pretty rusty in her English, she up and told me her name was 'Kate,' and afterwards, 'Kate Malott.' I was so tickled, ma'am, that I een-most jumped for joy, and cut around like mad, which so flustered the gal that she ran like a frightened fawn.

"I soon come up with her agin, though; told her who I was; that I had seen you, and had long been hunting for her and the rest, when the contrary little minx fell to crying and sobbing and then to laughing and carrying on so that I scarce knew what to make of her. But direc'ly she all come 'round, and was happy and merry as a cat-bird in nesting time, and she clung to me as if I'd a known her from a baby."

"Poor, lone girl!" cried the agitated mother, in a gush of happy tears; "and did she remember and speak of *me*?"

"Indeed she did, ma'am, often and often, and—after all the past had come back to her—of her poor father and sister, and said with the tears filling her mild, blue eyes, that she'd go through anything and everything to see her two little brothers. She frequently said she'd risk everything to be with you again; and I tell you, Mrs. Malott, that I couldn't look long into Kate's winsome eyes without promising to do everything; but to get her away to Detroit, that was the puzzle.

"I tried all I could to buy her off, but they were desp'rate fond of her, and wouldn't give her up. I offered horses, blankets, wampum, all kinds of redskin gimcracks, but no use! no use! They scouted and flouted at everything. I tell you, ma'am, you'll be awful proud of her. I had many talks with the beautiful girl, and lingered and lingered long after I ought to have been on the 'Ginny border.

"I then allowed I'd steal her away to Detroit, when all to onct, an idee struck me;" and here Girty began to fidget a little, and grew somewhat confused. "I first told her of all my failures to free her; showed her the risk in staying, and explained that, despairing of ever finding her and the rest, you had gone back over the mountains. I then said there was one chance left; that I had taken a desp'rate fancy for her, and would make her a true and loving husband. Would you believe it, ma'am, at this she fell a weeping, and didn't, or wouldn't understand me. But I crowded the matter on her, when, amid tears and little trembles—"

"You did very wrong, Girty," broke in the alarmed mother. "You should not have so taken advantage of her defenceless situation. I'm sorry that—"

"Well, but, Mrs. Malott," cried Girty, with exceeding warmth, "I tell you I hearted her better than any woman I ever saw, and 'twas the only way to get her off. It's easy to talk, but I'm in dead earnest in this bizzness. I'm a head chief, and, although out of the gristle, am only a little over thirty, can well keep a wife, and I conceited that—that I—that she—"

"That she would be glad to have so great a man on a few days' notice. Well, you've made a mistake. You don't understand women, and have gone about the matter in the wrong way; but what did the poor, deserted child say?"

"Well, to tell the sober, honest truth," despondently answered

Girty, "she didn't see the affair exactly as I did, but faltered out she was too young; and, although I had been very good to her, she would like to have more time to think. She then said she was all alone in the world, and didn't know what would become of her, and burst right out into a flood of tears. Now, if there's anything I hate and can't stand, it's a woman's tears. Cruel and stony-hearted as Simon Girty is called, blamed if I didn't almost whine and whimper out myself like a whipped hound. I was ashamed of myself, and then blurted out that I liked her desp'rate—and, wife or no wife, I'd get her off and see her safe to you."

"And there you did rightly, my friend," said Mrs. Malott, smiling through her tears; "and it makes me think far more of you and your sincerity. Well, what more?"

"*Nothing* more—worth speaking about. I promised to come back after this trip, and she then looked kinder and spryer like, and I conceived she was a bit sorry for what she had said, and so I ups and tells her that if, after studying for a spell on what I'd offered, she might alter her mind, I'd make her a true and loving husband and would take her to you, no matter where you were or how hard to reach, and so I left her, half smiles, half tears.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Malott," concluded Girty, as he suddenly took both her hands in his own, "I want you bad to range yourself on my side. I never saw woman yet like your Kate, and if you'd only back me, I'm ready to swear I'd get her away from the Shawnese—but, what am I palaverin' about! Why not go with me, straight to her? You're no prisoner of mine, and are free to go or stay, as you will."

"Thank you, Girty," replied the happy mother, with decision, and beginning to look upon him as the only possible saviour of her daughter. "I go with you. I cannot hesitate, for my sole object in life, as you well know, is to find my family. In this you have ever been kind to me, and I feel it deeply. I'll say more, that if you sincerely love my darling daughter, and can bring her back to me, she's your's, if you can win her."

"I'm mightily obleeged to you, ma'am," cried Girty, joyfully. "I can ask no more; and now ask me anything about her you wish to know."

The conversation that ensued was long and confidential, Girty telling the fond mother all he knew, even to the smallest detail, of looks, dress, speech and manner.

While thus occupied, Mrs. Malott suddenly clutched Girty's arm, uttered a slight scream as she happened to look up and saw the gleaming, inquisitive eyes of a grim and swarthy savage peering upon them. Girty jumped to his feet, but saw it was only one of the chosen warriors who had had special charge of Brady, and who came to announce that scout's unaccountable escape.

Girty's face, at this new disaster, hardened again in a moment. Restraining himself, however, until Mrs. Malott was back in her barken bower, he then gave full vent to his rage and chagrin. Half his force was roused up and sent in all directions after the fugitive, while he himself, taking his rifle, crept cautiously down the creek, and followed it to its very mouth.

After an hour's fruitless search, he returned to camp, sullen and dejected, and upon hearing like reports from those sent out, he ordered the horses to be unhoppled and brought in, and preparations made for an early start.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### CONFIDENTIAL CHAT BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Up to the time of Mrs. Malott's interview with Girty, her companions, Drusilla Swearingen and Betty Zane, were disconsolate enough. Securely bound, and surrounded by a band of fierce and baffled redskins, led by a man whom all the border reports of that day represented as cruel and implacable, and unable to confer with their male protectors, who could best defend them from insult or buoy up their desponding hearts, they were sad and drooping. The thought of Lydia's escape would occasionally bring hope and a momentary cheerfulness; but it was soon followed again by doubts and fears, and they could only press close together, and endeavor to pass the trying night as best they could.

Mrs. Malott's summons from Girty, however, awakened them from their brooding quiet to an earnest speculation as to its motive and probable result. As two sleepless sentinels sat immediately in front of the hut's opening, occasionally casting towards them their searching and baleful glances, they were compelled to speak very cautiously. We repeat only a brief portion of their confidential conversation. It was Betty's opinion that Mrs. Malott was to be used by Girty to get information of the strength at Fort Pitt, and of the object of Major Rose's visit to Fort Henry, and that, to this end, he would operate on her mother's fears or hopes, by trumping up some false news for her about her children. To this Drusilla made answer:—

"Oh, no, indeed, Betty! I rather think Girty has some real news for her. Mrs. Malott told me this very evening the whole of her interview with Mrs. Dorman; of her belief that those two little decoys might turn out her Frank and Nell, and I can't help sharing these hopes. Poor, dear heart! she has had such years of suspense and misery, and who knows but she may soon be relieved and made happy. God grant it, Betty. As for her telling Girty anything she ought not, I don't fear it, unless it be extorted by craft. I have studied Mrs. Malott closely, and have had much talk with her, and believe her to be a gentle and refined, though a most unhappy lady."

"Well, but Drusilla, if that hardened wretch cared anything for her or her lost family, why did he have her hands bound? and why does he treat her as a captive just like ourselves?"

"Well, Betty," said Drusilla, "I do not pretend to answer that. Girty has been drinking deeply, and was very much harassed all day, and may not have known. Mrs. Malott has given me so many instances of his goodness to her, that I'm sure he must have a much kinder heart than he gets credit for. Oh, what a trying, wretched day it has been for all of us! and how long and dreary is this night! What, I wonder, will be the end of it all!"

"Why, if Liddy gets safe off to Fort Henry," answered the bold and sanguine girl, "I have hope of a speedy rescue. What a contrast to our late Quaker school life, Drusilla! Who'd have thought, on leaving Philadelphia so short a time since, that we'd be captives among horrid Indians, and, of all bad men in the world, led, too, by the cruel and perfidious Girty? I only wish I could speak with Shepherd a little, and find out what *he* thinks of the situation."

"And why Shepherd rather than Rose?" quickly answered Drusilla, with a sharp and searching glance at her companion's face. "The Major is older and more experienced; is a brave and gallant officer, and has scarcely been out of your company since we left Fort Pitt. Judging from his close attentions and tender glances, I supposed he had inspired you with the greatest confidence in him."

"And so he has," answered Betty, in some confusion. "I like and esteem him very much, and believe him to be all that's brave and honorable, though by your meaning glances, you would seem to hint that my feeling for him is a more tender one. If you do, you're greatly mistaken, Drusilla. I never—"

"Well, then, I *am* mistaken, and you are a strange girl, Betty. I never pretended to understand you altogether, but I have seen very plainly that Major Rose is greatly pleased with you; and I surely thought by your manner you were equally so with him. Take care, my girl, that you fully understand your own feelings, or you may find yourself gone before you are aware, or what is worse, that the Major is gone, and you're doing nothing to warn him."

This was said pleasantly by Drusilla, but with the object to put her young and more thoughtless friend on her guard, for she had rather suspected that Betty was receiving and favoring the Major's devoted attentions without any corresponding feeling of her own, and she so esteemed Major Rose, and was so convinced of the rapid growth of his affection for Miss Zane, that she wished to save him any unpleasant denouement. Betty seemed somewhat nettled at first with her friend's remark, but, jauntily tossing her shapely head, she, after a moment's reflection, carelessly answered:—

"Oh, I don't think the Major's very badly damaged as yet, Silla. He *does* seem to affect my society somewhat, and to be pleased at my sauciness and pert speeches, but I often think it's only seeming, for there are times when I can't altogether fathom him. He has spells of gloom and abstraction, and when in these moody fits, I can't rouse him, try all I can do. I tell you what *I* think, Drusilla; Major Rose has either some unfortunate affair of the heart in his own country, wherever that is, or there is something weighing heavily on his mind. Now don't tell *me*."

"Nonsense, Betty, those fits of moodiness, as you call them, are, you know, the truest symptoms of a heart malady, and, if it isn't you who are disturbing that heart, then I read all signs wrong. *I've* noticed in him something of the gloom you speak of, and I warn you *he's in dead earnest*. You'd better take care of yourself, or—of him."

"All very flattering to me, no doubt," replied Miss Zane, somewhat poutingly, "but you haven't watched the Major as keenly as I have. I at times grow quite jealous of this abstraction of his. Sometimes while

laughing and chatting as pleasantly as I know how, I will be looking straight at him, when, all at once, I see his brow knit and his eyes lose all speculation. He answers *yes* or *no*, or *ah*, and indeed oftener wrong than right, and I soon see that all his wits are gone wool-gathering. Now, Drusilla, you know a woman don't like to be doing her very best, and to be imagining she is making a decided impression, and then see all at once her companion's face grow blank as a sheet of paper, his eyes lack-lustreless, and all his thoughts gone after some absent rival. I don't like it a bit, neither would you, my lady, so that although this is no time for soft confessions, I don't mind telling *you* that the Major is not as much to me this day as he was one week ago."

"Well, Betty Zane!" replied her sincere and honest-speaking friend, "and I don't mind telling *you* that the very abstraction and moodiness which you condemn in the Major I have noted in you, whenever Lyddy is off laughing and chatting with a certain tall young scout I could mention. Take care! take care! my friend."

At this home-thrust Betty started and colored deeply. It seemed as if her inmost thoughts—so secret that she had not dared to confess them to herself—were now laid bare and made matter of note by a friend, and she felt nettled and annoyed; so she made answer sharply and somewhat pettishly:—

"Am very much obliged, Miss Swearingen, for your motherly care of me, but that certain tall young scout is *not*, at all events, Captain Brady, in whom *you* appear to have such a monopoly that neither Lyddy nor I can ever get a word in edgeways. You seem to keep all his smiles, his words and his tender glances entirely to yourself. Come, now! you've been confessing *me*; down on your knees, and go to it yourself."

"Nay, now, my dear Betty, you're vexed and angry at me. I meant no offence; indeed, indeed," said the gentle Drusilla, blushing rosy red in her turn, and twining her arms about her companion's neck. "Better let's turn the talk. This surely is no time for any feeling between old schoolmates."

"Agreed," said Betty, smiling significantly; "although I can't help but admire, Drusilla, the adroit way you change the subject when *your* feelings are to be exposed and commented on. Just please remember, my lady, that *I* have eyes and a reflecting mind as well as you, and that when I see *another* certain tall young scout—more noted for his hard struggles with men than for his tender dalliance with women; when I see such a stern hero sighing like a furnace, and ogling and talking sentiment and quoting poetry to a certain young lady who thinks all such nonsense just the very perfection of sense, why, I put this and that together, and draw my own—"

"Hush-h-h, Betty!" interrupted the blushing girl, while softly putting her hand over her companion's mouth. "There, now! say no more, please; we're surely even now. Have you seen Larry lately, and how the ridiculous fellow hob-nobs with the redskins. He takes to them as naturally as a duck to water. Shouldn't wonder if they made him a chief yet."

"Oh, Larry's a pretty deep one," answered Betty, as anxious as her friend to change the subject, "and has more policy than we give him

credit for. So best, for those who *can* laugh and joke with their captors. Poor Killbuck is just the reverse—what a grim and defiant old stoic he is, Drusilla!”

“It’s wonderful, Betty, and so patient, too. Ever since the late attack he’s been suffering torture from his wounds, and is only getting well by skillful Indian doctoring, that he may suffer tortures in another way.”

“Why, Drusilla,” said Betty, an expression of genuine sympathy flitting over her beautiful face, “you don’t really think that his own nation would put the brave and noble old chief to the torture?”

“That’s what they threaten, and will undoubtedly do, and that’s what he fully expects and courts. You see Killbuck is looked upon by the Delawares as a traitor to his tribe. Captain Brady told me all about his history. You know the great and good Captain White Eyes was the powerful peace chieftain at the head of the Turtle tribe of the Delawares, while Capt. Pipe is the war-chief at the head of the Wolf tribe. For many years Pipe did all he possibly could to win over the Delawares to war against our settlements; but such was his great adversary’s power and beneficent influence that the ambitious schemer was baffled at every point, and the Moravians say that so profound was White Eyes’ conviction of the Gospel truth, and so anxious was he to have his nation prosper like them that, had he lived, he would undoubtedly have brought his whole tribe over to Christianity.”

“He was a man of great wisdom and enlarged views, and his opinions—based on the prosperity of the Moravian towns—were, that, unless Indians came to cultivate their lands like the Moravians, they would soon be swept away before the whites, and utterly destroyed. His death two or three years ago was a great misfortune to his nation; and, although his plotting and restless opponent, Captain Pipe, asserted that the Great Spirit had probably put him out of the way in order that the nation might be saved, this untimely death was not so regarded, but was universally lamented by the Ohio tribes, even the Cherokees sending an embassy of condolence.

“Captain White Eyes’ successor being yet young, Killbuck and Big Cat were chosen in his stead, but had to take refuge under the guns of Fort Pitt, establishing themselves on Smoky Island. These peaceable and friendly Delawares were set upon last month by the scoundrels who returned from the Moravian massacre. The young chief, with the other friendly Indians, were killed, and Killbuck obliged to fly to Fort Pitt itself.

“Now that he is in the hands of Pipe, I fear it will go very hard with him, but here comes Mrs. Malott, and seemingly in great agitation. Good heavens! my dear madame, what can be the matter?”

“Matter? Matter enough, dear friends. I’ve found my long lost daughter Kate, and Captain Brady has escaped.”

This was great news, indeed, and affected each auditor differently. At any other time, Drusilla, who was an affectionate and sympathizing friend, would have been all attention to the poor mother’s glad story, but now she was most anxious to hear of Brady’s escape and whereabouts, but at last the two girls were in possession of all Mrs. Malott knew, and the three sat for some time discussing quietly but earnestly

the changed aspect of affairs. Soon the word came from Girty to get ready for the march, and then it was that Drusilla bethought herself of writing and hiding the little note which was afterwards so opportunely found by her lover in the way we have described.

---

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### LARRY BECOMES A "BIG MEDICINE."

On none did captivity seem to sit more lightly than on Larry Donohue. He was one of those rollicksome, sunny-natured, happy-go-lucky wights who never "borrow trouble," but readily accommodate themselves to their surroundings. No blither or more careless heart ever beat under a Paddy's jerkin, and he was just the very lad to act on Brady's advice of humoring rather than angering his captors.

They admired him for his rough and ready courage, and liked him for his good-humored, easy familiarity; for they saw him ever ready to drink, dance, joke or fight with them. An odd, droll character that made him many friends with the savages, and which at once procured him his freedom from bonds.

That very evening he had squatted with the swarthy savages about the camp-fire; had jostled them for a good place, and—perfectly at home and amid many funny jokes and grimaces—had turned and toasted his own game on the little pointed sticks so universally used by Indians. He had afterwards eaten his meal Indian fashion, and then, reclining on the grass, with heels cocked up against a hickory, had so familiarly smoked and laughed, that not a redskin there but would have delighted to adopt him into his own family.

Encouraged by Larry's easy manners, some of his companions would occasionally and admiringly finger his bushy shock of red hair. Presently one of them seemed to have made a discovery, which caused others to stoop down and examine his head more closely. Some earnest whispering followed, and then more of the gang would follow suit. Mistaking altogether the true reason, Larry first became annoyed and then very much nettled; and, when one ferocious-looking old fellow begun to bunch up his hair and draw figures on the back of his head with the dull edge of his scalping-knife, he could stand it no longer, but testily cried out:

"Howly Joseph, an' phats the matter *now*, ye divil's own spawn ye! Troth an' 'twould be a dale more becominer uv ye to be hunting up the lush for a lorn and dissolute (desolate) cap-tyve, an' him as dry as powther, an' wid not enough uv the crayture to moist a midge's wing. An' phat d'ye sight amiss wid me poll, ye screeching gallow's pets? Is't the rich sunset color ye misloike, or did ye, mayhap, suspicion that the Scotch Greys, or inny other small deer are running thro' it? By the powders uv war, ye must spake yer spake now, or belikes howld yer clack, an' bad scran to ye fur a set uv ill-mannered blackguards!"

"Painted hair have heap much scalp," admiringly replied a re-

markable pussy, and minor chief by the name of "The Fat Bear," waddling solemnly up and putting a finger each on the two crowns which Larry happened to have to his hair. "Dey make two scalp: same as kill two 'pale face.' Dey buy much wampum, powder and baccy;" and then, looking longingly at the hair he added, "Injun much poor. See him now?"

Never having heard that it was a shrewd Indian trick to make two scalps out of a poll-skin which had what is known as a "double crown," and so get two bounties, Larry was for some time fairly non-plussed, and then, as the horrid meaning of the savages broke in on him, he stood aghast and speechless, the big drops standing on his brow. At last, as he became painfully aware how this unfortunate possession of his might cause a strong hankering after his hair, he besought him how necessary it was to give the Indians wholesome fear for him, and he diligently cast about for the best means.

At length it struck him that, as their ignorant, superstitious minds were easily deceived and imposed on by anything which had a supernatural look, it would be well if he could fully impress them with the idea that he was what they called a "Big Medicine," and so be safe from hostility. Larry was well acquainted with a number of simple sleight-of-hand tricks, with which the traveling magician has easily deceived persons far more astute and experienced than the wild Indians of that day and region. Had he possessed the apparatus at hand, he could have performed many apparent miracles which have fairly staggered the very wisest and shrewdest of them all, but having nothing of this kind to draw on, he must fain content himself with a few simple facts, depending for their success on quickness and boldness.

So concealing his horror at the late "double crown" turn, he gradually overspread his countenance with a broad grin, and then laughed out, though it must be confessed nervously and artificially:—

"Ha, ha! he, he! ho, ho! my merry Injuns, but, on my faix, that bates Bannaher, an' so it does. You have the foreway uv Ould Hornie hisself in yer broad foon and yer nate and canty jokings; an' it's the proud an' happy man Larry Donohue is this blessed day, to till ye what, by me sowks, ye niver know'd afore, that whin a 'pale-face' Patlander has two crowns to his sacred head, it's a grate an' moighty magichyun an' Big Medicine he is—far better than being the sivinth son uv a sivinth son. May ivery hair on your own heads be a mould candle to light yer sowls into glory if it beint the priest's truth.

As Larry saw this *pro re nata* speech of his received with a look of blank stolidity, he began to doubt the prosperity of his new dodge, but he was in for it now, and his best chance of success lay in an increased boldness and confidence.

"An' can't ye fathom the pure, onadiliterated English uv yer own King George? or don't ye know B from a buthercup, ye haythen and scudders o' the wild wuds. I'll soon larn ye that I'm a 'Big Medicine,' an', by the powers, av ye've the Donohue on yer soide, sorra the one will dare look crooked at ye, an' divil the mouth shall be friends with drouth. They'll niver come to ill that have my blissing, an' niver do good that git my curse;" and here Larry took a ramrod



from one of the gaping crowd, and drew on the earth sundry mystical circles and cabalistic figures, repeating in a low crooning tone some few sentences in his wild, native Irish.

"If 'Painted-Hair' be 'Big Medicine,' let his brudder see how him work," said Black Hoof, who had been attracted to the spot. "He no do notting, we no believe notting."

"An' plaze God that will I, chafe, since I see the needcessity fur it; so sit ye down, ivery mother's son uv you, in a circle, an' by the same token I'll scather away yer misdoubts clane as a whip."

And so, when all the dusky, brawny forms were crouched about in an anxious, expectant ring, Larry cut his magic circles, and stooped down to kiss the earth, and made a confidant of a neighboring tree, and did every imposing thing he could think of to impress the staring, superstitious onlookers of his magical powers.

We need not dwell on the Irishman's sayings and doings. He had evidently had much practice in this *role* before. Commencing with one or two simple deceptions, well-known to every-school boy of our day, he then tried the "Little Joker," and was much encouraged by seeing every glittering eye riveted upon him, and much amazed at his proceedings.

Larry now borrowed five scalping-knives, and commenced tossing them aloft one after the other; catching each by its handle as it descended, until he had the whole five revolving in the air at once. He then threw them under his arm and leg, and kept them going faster and faster, until a great commotion was visible among the spectators, their faces taking on an expression of awe and bewilderment.

Made more confident by success, Larry now took one of the knives, and, after the manner of experts, made some odd speeches and gestures to distract attention, and then dexterously slipping the blade up his sleeve, he threw back his head and opened wide his mouth, and looked exactly as if he was swallowing the instrument.

He gulped and winked his eyes; made wry faces, rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and then, giving a final gulp and shutting his eyes as the knife was supposed to have reached its destination, he, after a slight pause, and while holding up his empty hands, said:—

"Tunder-an-turf, my vagabones, but sure that wint agin the breath wid me. 'Twas as dry mate as iver went down the red lane. 'Twas a dale stronger nor new milk inny day, an' av ye want it back agin, my sun-kissed friends, ye moost guv me a tickler to smoother its coorse."

"If 'Painted Hair' say he bring back de knife," remarked Black Hoof, "here some good 'fire-water,' but he must drink only leetle bit. No much left."

"Av coorse I will, chafe, an' here goes til you. Bedad, a prog uv a bagnet is bad enough outside; and, be my song, childre, it's dry talking wid a skelping-knife in one's innards loike a skiver in a Michaelmas goose. And now another wee dhrap to swaten the dis-coorse;" and then Larry proceeded to make the same gulpings, strokings and contortions, and, watching his chance, seemed by a final spasm to take the blade out again from his mouth, and, with a polite bow, handed it back to its owner. The dazed savage took the point

cautiously between his thumb and finger, with a look of horror on his face, and it was handed around the clamorous ring amid the most intense interest.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### LARRY AS AN ORATOR AND WIZARD.

This feat was a decided success, and Larry was in high feather, and now announced that, with their permission, he would first take a little more tippie to ensure the success of the miracle against accidents—"joost enough," as he expressed it, "as wud fill a mite's eye"—and then he would squeeze some pure whisky out of the end of a knife.

This assertion created a most prodigious commotion. What! make one of their own scalping-knives drop "fire-water"! None of their "Big Medicines" had ever approached that, although they could drop it *inwardly* in a perfect stream. It was an old but a good trick, and Larry stood calm and confident, a score of pairs of gleaming, glittering eyes watching every movement.

When taking his last swig, he had artfully contrived to saturate a small rag that he fished from his pocket, and which he then managed to conceal deftly somewhere about his person. He now approached each curious and gaping red-skin, and showed his hand perfectly free from any moisture, and then distracting their attention by the usual palaver and mummeries, he dexterously squeezed the rag and laid hold of the knife-handle, which he held up and pressed amid many writhings and contortions, as if he were throwing into his arm the whole force of a cider-press.

After this Herculean effort he again approached the crowd and made Black Hoof open the magic hand, and, sure enough, it was all dripping and fragrant with the whisky. The awe-stricken simpletons first stupidly stared and sniffed and sniffed, and then looked at each other in blank amazement. Never was there anything like this miracle in all their wilderness experience. Some of the shrewder and more thirsty souls wanted Larry at once to be the "Big Medicine" of their tribe, and urged him to keep right on with this wonderful miracle, and produce the "fire-water" in large quantities; but Larry, completely triumphant at every point, and fully feeling his importance, at once took on a more commanding air and struck a tragic attitude, boldly exclaimed:—

"Be quit wid yer nonsense, ye Devil's own clutch. Ye wor niver good, egg nor chick, and what fur wud ye be bating the air wid yer fiery proboskises, and me yit to demistrate the moightiest wonder o' thim all. Arrah, sure, a thirsty gullet has no conscience at all, at all; and would ye keep me here to the shriek o' day, an' widout enough uv the crayture to smother a kitten. Don't harrish me, I tell ye, for fraid—"

"If 'Painted Hair' want more 'fire water,' here broke in the shrewd and suspicious old "Black Hoof," "why not squeeze him out, plenty enough?"

Larry's fondness for drink had made him imprudent. He did not expect this untimely back-set, and for a moment could only glare viciously at the wary old chief while he gathered up his wits; but, concluding that the bold course was, after all, the only one left to him, he continued:—

“Whist! whist! ye ould baggage, ye, and don't be mulfatherin a ‘Big Medicine’ afther that mismannerly fashion. I know my own know, an' it isn't fur the loikes o' ye to be swashing and slewsthering around in the whisky up to yer moccasin latches. Be me sowks, but I belave ye wud brake into a stone fur the marrow. Pather and Ave, but I'd be slapping the very gates o' Heaven in my own face av I let innything come atwixt me an' the ‘charmed rifle,’ which I am now about to explikkate. Whin I'm in your town I'll make whisky as plinty as ditch-water. The crowning uv a king wud be a fool to it. And now, chafe, will ye lend me a rifle?” and here Larry stepped forward and took a rifle from Black Hoof's unwilling hands and emptied it in the air.

Larry had all along expected this last wonder to be the *coup de grace* of his exhibitions. He had kept it in view, and carefully prepared for it. Taking the rifle and sounding it with the ramrod to show there was no load in it, he asked Black Hoof to charge it with powder and then hand him a bullet. This done, Larry carefully notched the bullet and showed it to all who cared to examine it, so they would easily know it again.

Stepping back a little, and holding the bullet between his thumb and finger, he kissed it and crossed it, then murmured over it some absurd rigmarole of words, and addressed the awe-stricken circle of swarthy-visaged savages in his most solemn and dignified manner, thus:—

“O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! Hear till me now, all ye painted and slippery vagabones—chafes and warriors, old and young; big and little; fat and lean; gentle and simple; and, be me sowl, ye'd better howld yer whist so ye may lose nothing of what I'm telling yiz. Whin ye cotched Larry Donahue, bedad it wor little ye consaited that ye had trapped a rigular Tartar—a Paddy uv the ouldest Irish stock, descended in a straight line from the great St. Pathrick hisself.

“By the mortal, av ye don't trate me dacint and make a high cock-alorum uv me, ye'll sup sorra wid the spoon of grafe. Moind ye that, now! Whin an Injun casts his hatchet, it cuts; when he draws about his skelping-knife, he has the hide—and may the curse of the crows be on the skelper—and whin he shoots, his ball pinne-thrates from skin to skin; but not so with Larry Donohue. He is a ‘Big Medicine,’ be jabers, an' nayther lead, nor hatchet, nor skelping-blade can harm him.

“Ye saw—an' it's best not to deny it here, ye spalpeens—how I bate Big Foot wid my own two gospels, an' there's one afore me,” looking directly at Black Hoof, “who knows what I can do widout a shillelah, but I'll now show that Injun's lead cannot hurt the Donohue. If Black Hoof will shoot his ball at ayther head or heart, it wull bounce off, an' be found betwixt my teeth. It wull, by the great rock uv Cashel.”

Here Larry took a greased patch from the chief's pouch; held it on

the top of the rifle muzzle, and then lifting up the marked bullet, placed it in position ready to "drive home." With the other hand, he pointed to a neighboring oak, and showed where and how he would stand, and while the attention of all was thus diverted, he very adroitly substituted a bullet made from a brittle, grayish ember which he had picked from the camp-fire, and had been for some time back preparing. It looked exactly like the leaden bullet, and was concealed in the palm of the hand which was kept on the rifle muzzle. It was an easy thing to work up the false bullet and let the real bullet slide down into its place.

In the near presence of all, Larry now rammed down his charcoal bullet, taking care to grind it with the rammer to fine powder. Handing the rifle to Black Hoof, he walked, slowly and solemnly, to his tree, humming a little Irish love song; turned about with dignity, looked straight at the old chief, and politely requested him to shoot.

But, instead of that, the cautious old Indian said:

"Me hear my brudder sing death-chant. Pale-face captive sometime too much sharp. When Indian burn and torture dey often want 'em to shoot 'em. Sometime dey get gun or tomahawk and try kill deirselves. We no want to kill 'Painted-Hair.' If he once dead, he no good for stake; he no run gauntlet, and Indian no play at throwing hatchet at him."

A universal *ugh* and general movement of approval followed this double-shotted little speech.

At this astounding and entirely unexpected demurrer, Larry stood aghast. He foresaw the utter failure of his crowning exploit. He had been too literal, and now found that they believed he was seeking a prompt and easy death at their hands, and his death they did not want. At last the Irishman managed to emit a hollow, sepulchral sort of a laugh, and said:

"An' div ye think, Black Hoof, that I'd commit a mane shoaside? Did ye iver, in all yer born days, hear uv an Irishman doing that fool thing? It's foreninst my religion an' my iddecation. It is, be jabers. The Great Spirit would be moighty angry at it, and would shut agin me the 'happy hunting grounds.' Fie! for shame, chafe! I tells ye I'se charmed the bullet so it can't hurt; an' I'll tell ye anuther thing, chafe: little do I fear yer haythen tortures, even if ye wanted to do them to me, but ye don't, for I'm thinking uv turning Indian, all out and out, an' may become a chafe sometime like yerself, and have a red-skin squaw. So shoot ahead, chafe. You'll shurely do me no harm. I'll take all chances."

When this bold speech was fully explained to the anxiously attentive group, there was much excitement and discussion; but at last it was decided that Black Hoof should try a shot.

Larry now smiled his blandest, straightened himself up stiffly, eyes to the front, and took occasion to raise his hand to his head and slip the marked bullet into his mouth. The old chief elevated his rifle, but could not conclude to shoot; but Larry smiled so brightly, and gestured to him to go on with so much easy confidence, that crack! went the rifle, and there was a general shout and rush to the tree.

But there stood Larry, calm, smiling and unruffled, with the marked rifle ball clenched tightly between his teeth.

This was the grandest success of all. The bullet was reverently handed around amid the most breathless and open-eyed astonishment, The credulous redskins blinked their eyes and nodded their stupid old heads over it with owlish gravity. There was, fortunately, but little whisky left, but of what there was, assuredly the lion's share went to the mighty magician. He guzzled, sang his songs, and cracked his jokes until the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." He was fairly a King among the reddies; but, as in Tam O'Shanter,

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

And he finally sank to rest on his grassy couch, with a mossy root as a pillow, and slept the sleep of the just. Poor Larry! He was soon to have a rude awakening from all his sweet dreams.

---

## CHAPTER XL.

### LARRY OFFERED A FATHER AND A WIFE.

Behold, now, Girty's band fairly on their backward way! It was just at the earliest dawn, when the vast, virgin forest was at its very freshest. Now that the spring had awakened the woods again to the mystery of a renewed life and energy, the whole air seemed redolent with the aromas wafted like morning incense—not alone from the dewy mould and earth-clinging mosses, but from grass, shrub, vine and flower. Every bough and fern and modest herb, seemed a fragrant censer for Nature's night-distilled perfumes.

To the native red men—those untutored children of the wilderness—whose whole lives were passed amid the boundless woods, such sylvan experiences were a matter of daily habit and failed to impress. They fell, therefore, silently and stealthily into "single file," and with eyes cast straight in front, and moccasined feet planted softly and cautiously one directly before the other, after their invariable fashion—they took up their dogged march.

But to our captives, it was widely different. Unpleasant as was their situation, the peculiar sights, sounds and fragrances of the wild woods, as well as the picturesque and ever-shifting beauties of the fresh and joyous stream on whose margin they were now journeying, delighted their senses.

Drusilla, especially, possessing one of those refined and æsthetic organizations sensitively alive to every minutest one of Nature's charms and graces, seemed to be particularly enraptured.

There are vast numbers to each of whom "A primrose on a river's brim, a yellow primrose is to him, and it is nothing more;" but Drusilla rather belonged to that very select but highly cultured class who could feel with Shelley that "Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-

heard are sweeter;" and who could add with him, "Therefore, ye soft pipes, play on! sweet ditties of no tone." Every quiver of the leaf in the fresh woodland breeze; every sparkle or murmur of the water under the bright, blessed sunshine; every blending or shifting of light and shadow on the sun-flecked grass or fern-broidered rock, was music to her poetic nature, and seemed to give her a most exquisite joy.

The order of the march was as follows: First went Girty, Capt. Pipe and twenty savages, immediately followed by Drusilla, Betty and Mrs. Malott on horseback. Next in "Indian file," Shepherd, Rose and Killbuck, each on foot, their arms securely bound behind them, and with an Indian between every two to prevent conversation. Next went the rest of the band, to the number of about twenty, led by Black-Hoof, while Shepherd's wounded horse, heavily packed with stuffs and ammunition from the captured ark, with Larry and "The Fat Bear," brought up the rear.

"The Fat Bear" was a Miami chief, having a small village near Old Chillicothe, on the Scioto, and so called because he was a great, fat, good-natured lout of a fellow. Fortunately for Larry, the chief had full faith in and had taken an extravagant fancy for him. Of all the on-lookers who had been present the night before, he had been the most superstitious, and the most affected by the Irishman's magical performances.

As stated, it was Girty's design to mislead the two parties which he knew would be on his trail, by detaching a small force due west in the direction of the Chillicothe towns, while he, with the main force and all the important prisoners and plunder, would pursue a more northerly course to the Sandusky towns.

The Fat Bear's party was the small force so selected, and Larry was horrified to learn that he was soon to part company with all his fellow captives, and to go with the burly chief. He became quite depressed, and was utterly deaf to all the Fat Bear's blandishments and friendly attentions; but when the pussy old chief told him with grinning condescension, that he would make him the Big Medicine of his town; would adopt him as his own son, and marry him to the squaw of "Lean Wolf," a brother chief, who had lately been gored to death by a buffalo, Larry did some heavy internal swearing, and determined he would escape back to the Poes as soon as he possibly could.

They were now advanced three hours on their course, and there had commenced a struggle with Larry between policy and disgustful wrath, but after turning the matter over and over in his mind, he concluded on an immediate course of action; so, forcing to his face a beaming expression of easy confidence and satisfaction, he pleasantly remarked:

"An' so, Fat Bear, it's yer own dear son you'd be making uv me? An' faith, honey, ye moight go further an' fare far worser nor that, for it's a nate an' handy gossoon I am to have about a shanty; an' sure it's unreasonably fat an' chubby, not to say obeese, that yersilf's getting to be. Div ye know, mon, phat we'd call ye in English?—or in Irish, which is joost the same thing, only the last is the oulder and more respektabler lingo."

“Me no much understan’ ‘pale-face’ talk, but me heap like the big, roun’ words.”

“Aye, faith, an’ here’s till you, thin. They’d say ye were a puffy, drop-sickle, corpulint mornstrorsity, an’ it ud be no whit beyant yer desarving, my venerable saddle-bags, for yer face is roun’ as a Limerick chaze; yer cheeks are full-blown as inny bag-poiper’s, an’ yer figure’s as supple an’ lissome as a molassus barrel.”

“Yes, me think so, too, pretty much. Big Injin me!” laughed out the simple and jolly old chief, grinning from ear to ear, and his fat, round face crumpling and creasing up into broad wrinkles of self complacent merriment.

“Be jabers, an’ ye moight take yer book-sware till it. Av phat the praste be allers telling us iz so, that ‘all flesh be grass,’ bedad but it’s a whole hay-stack ye moost be,—consuming the bit less. Match me wid ye in girth, an’ sure I’m thin as pasteboard, as long as a lamprey, an’ as skinny an’ leggy as a grasshopper, but phat, my jewel, have ye to say uv the ‘Lean Wolf’s’ copper colored. widdler that’s to be Misthress Donohue? As purty a Colleen bawn and deludher, I’ll go bail, as ye’d mate at the Donnybrook fair. Och, mudher uv Moses, but I’d loike to be on wid me pumps an’ be wagging toes wid her this very noight on the flure about the skelping-pole. An’ how div ye call her; how ould’s she, an’ phat’s her pints?”

“Oh, ‘The Possom-That-Scratches’ have no points,” guffawed the chief. “She almos fat and smooove as Fat Bear, and have many, several—yes, ten scalps at her lodge. Her Injun kill out one eye wid tomahawk, cause she no do wat he say and scalp him; but she know a much heap. More dan forty snows pass over her head.”

“The ould swivel-eyed divil,” muttered Larry to himself, looking aghast, and then, softly and smilingly to his companion: “The shy, schwate an’ timersome crayture. Sure she’s frisky as a mair-maid, an’ is a beautifool phaynix all out an’ out, thru’e’s my name’s Larry. The soft end uv a honeycomb would be a fool to her, an’ whiniver she becomes Misthress Donohue—and” (aside) “may the mother uv all saints forbid the banns—she’ll be the makins uv a rale leddy; but, come, come, chafe, I’m dhry as one uv Pharo’s mummies, an’ as toired an’ droughty as a blind beggar’s cur. By my troth, Injun, but it’s a down-cast day wid me, an’, loike yerself, my clapper wor niver hung dhry, an’ so I hanker for a wee dhrap under my tooth. Let us squat anunder this umbragyiis oak, an’ out wid the lush, mon alive, if ye have inny about ye.”

“Me have no ‘fire-water,’” dolefully grumbled the thirsty redskin, who was even more fond of it than Larry himself. “All gone. Why ‘Painted-hair’ squeeze him no more out?”

A bright thought suddenly flashed across Larry’s mind. He had purposely loitered and chatted on the trail, but without any definite plan, until now he, the chief and the led horse were about a quarter of a mile in the rear. Without a weapon, and his arms securely bound, he had cudged his brains to devise an escape; but now obeying the new cue, he answered snappishly,

“By the mortal, ye nataral, but it chafes me all out an’ out to dale wid the loikes o’ you. How div ye consate I cud make the whisky to

come an' me wid my wings tied thegither loike a trussed goose. Bad cess to ye, but 'twull be a moighty long time, I'm thinking, afore ye sniff the rale stuff."

"If 'Painted-hair' sware he no run away, and make more whisky, me cut him loose."

"By the contints uv Moll Kelly's primer, chafe, but I'll do more nor that, and 'ull tache ye to dhrap the potheen loike 'mountain dew,' an' thin ye'll be a bigger cock-a-hoop than Girty hisself. Av you'll but collogue wid the Donohue, an' make him yer grand vizeyur and Big Medicine, shure Pipe wouldn't be able to hould a candle till ye."

Larry's words and honest air completely deceived his too credulous companion, besides firing his ambition; so he whipped out his knife, and Larry stood free and unshackled.

"It's a moighty fine thing, chafe, this making uv sthrong drink. Thim that larned it to me kept me one whul hour afore a dhrap wud come, an' even thin it wor no stiffer nor stouter than heifer's milk. Begorra, there's a dale quicker way, tho, av the knife be tied firm betwuxt the teeth. It's all one to me, chafe, av you've plinty uv time to wasthe, which way ye choose."

"Quickest way best way, and den I lose no drop dataway."

"Thru for you, chafe; an' now ye moost sware ye'll niver revale the secret to any other Big Medicine, an' do jist as I tells you. No sware, begorra, no whisky."

This, the oleaginous old chief, convinced that he was coming into possession of an invaluable secret, solemnly did. Larry now bid him take out his flint and steel and light his pipe, while he went into the woods for a minute to hunt some "medicine" herbs.

"You no play Injun a trick and run away," suddenly said Fat Bear, darting at Larry a suspicious look, and suggestively fingering the lock of his gun.

"By me showl, chafe," replied Larry, calmly and as if hurt, "av you've the laste doubt in the wur-r-ld uv him you're to make your own son, betther sthoph right here an' now. I'm jist off a minute to gather pinnyroyal, catnip an' pippermint to mix wid the baccy. Sit ye at the fut uv that sapling while's I'se gone," and Larry strolled a little off the trail, as if perfectly unconscious that the chief had his rifle cocked, and his eager eyes watching each step.

He returned quickly and unconcernedly, with his hands full of several varieties, evidently much to the reassurance of his companion. While absent, however, he had managed to make and conceal under his jacket a slip-noose in a deer thong, which he had before taken from the horse.

"How now, Injun? Faix, an' av you mane 'fire-wather', ye moost hasthen; an' now take hold uv the skelper," and Larry inserted the knife in Fat Bear's jaws, tied it firmly with a thong, passed around neck and head; stood him, back up to the sapling, and leaned the loaded rifle against him. This last act seemed to disarm all further suspicion.

The Irishman took the lighted pipe, put some of the freshly-gathered leaves upon the bowl, and commenced smoking, at the same time



walking solemnly around in a circle, and repeating over some Irish gibberish. The Indian never took his eyes off him for a single instant.

Larry now confronted his dupe, and said, in deep and solemn tones:—

“Och, blissed Angels and howly marthyrs presarve us! Pether and Paul, Joseph, Ezekiel and St. Dominick and the other appossles be about us. The awful time’s forninst ye, chafe. I’m now to work in sacret. Stritch out both your arms behind ye an’ around the wee bit sapling;” and now walking behind him, “hould open both yer hands. In each I’ll put ‘medicine’ ashes from the poipe. Soon as ye feel thim take a toight grip o’ the sticker betwuxt yer jaws, and squaze hard, and whiniver ye parcaive the laste taste in life o’ the whisky, tell it til me, be jabers, an’ I’ll come round and jine ye.”

“Are yiz all ready, chafe? Yis—well, thin, by me troth, so am I, an’ here goes!” and Larry suddenly slipped the noose he had whipped out from under his jacket over the two wrists, and quickly drew them tightly together. Now walking around gravely to the front, he gazed pleasantly, but not exultingly, at his stupefied victim. The puffy, round face of Fat Bear was a rich study. It presented, as it were, a series of rapidly shifting illustrations—amazement, horror, chagrin, dread, disgust and wrathful indignation, and then a blending of all these passions together.

“The tip o’ the morning til ye, my fat and oily father. Ye’ve trated me rale dacent, and I’se done that same til ye, for I was feared we’d have a bluddy scrimmage for the horse and gun. Now, don’t,” waving his hand blandly, as he saw the chief rolling his eyes like a dying dolphin, and trying to snort and sputter out something; “don’t harrish yerself to spake for fraid ye’ll swallow the knife, and I’se not larned ye that thrick yit.”

Larry now coolly proceeded to unloose from the chief’s person—grinning sweetly into his face all the while—the powder-horn, bullet and jerk pouches. Then picking up the rifle and taking hold of the horse’s bridle, he turned once more to take leave, saying:

“Upon my sacred faix, Injun, but it’s the hought uv jolly company you be, and from my heart out I misloike parting from ye and the home-brewed whisky ye’re fast pumping up. Shure ye show yer good keep innyhow, an’ one would niver famish wid you. But I see music in yer eye, and, axing pardon uv ye, and ne’er misdoubting ye’ve a heart under yer buckskin as big as Goliah’s, I’ll jist stale aff like the mists o’ the mountain. There! there! now, my pussy papa, downt be afther getting into a mismannerly passion, an’ spluthering out yer regrits. I tells ye I can nayther take bit nor sup more wid ye; an’ now bye-bye, jewel avourneen. Shure ye can’t starve, innyhow, while’s ye carry about ye full five stun o’ tallow to come an’ go on, an’ can make whisky galore to float a wherry. God kape ye kindly, my tal-low-faced father, an’ may ye at last die in yer pumps, and wid a caper in yer heels.”

---

## CHAPTER XLI.

## LARRY'S LONE SCOUT AND ITS RESULTS.

So saying, and whistling Garryowen softly to himself, Larry led the horse a little bit off the trail into the thick undergrowth; rid him of his huge pack by cutting the thongs which fastened it, and then mounting, managed, lame as the poor beast was, to excite him into an awkward lope.

He had scarce, however, gone back more than three or four miles on his course, before Shepherd's unfortunate nag went dead lame. As Larry had ridden him all the way from Philadelphia, and had not the heart to abandon him in the wild woods, he cast about for some place of rest and concealment.

Seeing a small run just before him, and remembering some of the many dodges which Brady told him the Indians employed to defy or mislead pursuit, Larry scratched his poll for a minute, and then with a "bedad, an' I'se got it—it's an Injun saying that wather laves no trail," he rode his horse along the soft margin of the run till he reached the Big Yellow, and then entering the latter stream as if he intended crossing, he had not gotten out knee-deep before he turned the horse straight around, and made him enter and keep along the centre of the little run for a full half-mile.

Emerging now from the stream at a point where the flat rocks would take no impression of hoofs, Larry urged his jaded horse a little further, until he happened on a bright little mead of sweet young grass—a gushing spring of cool, sparkling water serving to keep it ever fresh and verdant—under a grove of majestic sugar-maples, and surrounded on all sides by dense thickets of plum, hazel, spice-bush, wild grape, and other undergrowth. This little oasis in the rough and tangled wilderness was fairly enamelled with wild flowers, and altogether looked so pleasant and inviting, that Larry came at once to a halt, gave his poor beast liberty to crop the tender herbage, and leaning his rifle against one of the trees, he sat himself down near the spring and at the foot of an old moss-covered, vine-entwined maple.

Our Irishman had been very much elated at the artful manner in which he had escaped and deceived the crafty redmen—beating them, as it were, at their own best game. He had kept up a running fire of chuckles and self-complacent soliloquizing, and seemed so much delighted with his cuteness that he wanted to shake hands with himself at every hundred yards, and may be said to have laughed all over. He took out his jerk again, at which he had all along been munching, chewed it awhile, chuckled, took a long draught from the spring, talked to himself and then to his horse, chuckled again long and heartily; and, finally, his frugal meal consumed, contrived, by flint and steel, to strike a light for his pipe.

He felt perfectly secure, and intended, after his smoke, to take a long sleep while his horse was recovering, and make the Ohio, across from Poe's house, before evening. As the fragrant clouds of tobacco-smoke commenced to wreath about his nose, he leaned head and

body lazily against the mossy trunk, and stretched out his nether limbs at their ease; a look of supreme contempt and self-satisfaction gathered over his good-humored phiz; his eyes closed in a sort of blissful dreaminess, and between the whiffs of his pipe, he fell into the following train of modest self-congratulation:

“By me song, Larry, ye omadhown, but ye ha’ bate the Trojans all out an’ out, (puff, puff.) Ye’ve left thim ondacent, fungaleering thaves o’ the wur-r-ld a trail that’ll take a des’prate sharp nose to fol-ler. Musha! musha! but it’s a thramping, sthreeing, gipsying vagabone that ye’re getting to be, (puff, puff.) Phat, ye rap o’ the divil, ye, wud yer last deludher, Judy O’Flaherty, uv Kilbeggan, (wid her snooded yallow tresses an’ her eye as blue as a kitten’s) say av she seed ye this blissed minnit taking a free an’ aisy shough o’ yer dudheen in an American desart, an’ you that’s as much as promised her on the buke, (puff, puff.) Shure it’s a grate Injun scout I’m larning to be. Talk uv Poe an’ Boone an’ Brady; whinever did enny uv thim throw a pack of bloodhounds on a false scent as I’ve done the day? (puff, puff.) An’ surrounded an’ captured a big chafe, too, (puff.) I’m blissed av it won’t be put down in big print in all the history books; and I’ve gotten away my baste, too. ’Twas much as Brady could do to sneak aff manely all alone, misellanously by hisself in the dark, (puff, puff.) By the powders o’ war, Larry, I’ve tell ye what ye moost do, to oncet. Put yerself at the fore uv the Poes an’ the Bradys, an’ fairly drive these red divils out o’ the woods at—”

Larry’s sentence was never finished, for just at this moment his two arms were pinioned tight to his side and himself held firmly down. He could neither stir hand nor foot. His jaws at once closed like a trap. His pipe fell to the ground. A paleness began to creep over his visage. He appeared fairly sick and faint with disgust and chagrin, and the ludicrous change which occurred in his look and manner as his eyes furtively rolled up to meet those of the grinning Indian in front who had seized his unguarded rifle, was enough almost to make his own horse laugh.

Larry now managed to turn his eyes first on one and then on the other grinning Indian, who stood on each side, securely tying his arms, and the secret of his capture was out. He had wit enough left to at once accept the situation, simply saying in an humbled and melancholy voice, which offered a most absurd contrast to the exultant, triumphant strain of a few moments before:—

“By me showl, Injuns, ye may well stan’ there grinning loike ony stroiped hyenas. But three uv ye, all towld; an’ me that wor the handiest gossoon at a shellelah at last Donnybrook, wid a loaded rifle out uv raich. Bedad, it’s sick at the stumach I feel. I could wallop the three to oncet wid a nate slip o’ black-thorn, yet here I be as meek and doless as a shape at sheering. Begorra, av it’s the next thing to a fool ye tak’ me to be, faix, I’ll say nothing forninst it, fur it’s my own privut opinyun that that’s about the scriptur truth on’t. An’ now, my gossoons, let me respectfully be aafter axing ye a brace o’ questions; an’, first an’ foremost, the wun that most dapely consarns me. Where’s Fat Bear?”

A grin was here exchanged between two of the Indians, while the

third could scarce restrain a snort of laughter, evidently incited by the memory of the ludicrous plight in which they found the fat old chief. At last, the only one of the party who could talk English made answer:—

“Black Hoof see ‘Painted Hair’ no keep up, an’ heap miss his friend. He fraid of Big Medicine trick, and send us back on trail. We find Fat Bear much tired eating knife. He no make ‘fire-water’ come, but make ‘Painted Hair’ go. He a heap fat Injun—too big to run. He stay at tree wid pack, and vely, vely mad.”

“Mad is it, is he?” softly and meditatively said Larry. “Be jabbers I don’t parcaive what *he* should be mad about. Shure it’s *me* should be mad, an’ as a bag full uv badgers at being kotchted an’ knocked spachless in the way I wor: but nixt—How did ye nose me out an’ me so heedful to cast ye aff the thrack. Say it wor but a random chance, loike, an’ by the Piper that played afore Moses, av I don’t furgive ye.”

At this sally, the red dy grinned almost audibly, saying, as he patronizingly tapped Larry on his fiery sconce, “My pale-face brudder grow too much sunny hair; it hurt him head; make him chatter like jay, but no wise like serpint. He make trail to Big Yellow same as buffalo. Me swim over creek; see no tracks up, down, all around; den tink horse go up de little, little creek. Me cross over, find it jist so.”

“Och, ye lie—saving ye’r worshipful prisence—ye carcumvintin’ gommoch, ye,” burst out Larry, growing very indignant at the provoking air of superiority in the other’s words and manner. “There’s jist the rub, be jabbers. Now how in the woide wur-r-rild cud ye speer *that* out, ye blatherskite, whin wather laves no trail? Answer me that, now, ye desateful blackguard, or forevir after be howlding yer pace,” and Larry chuckled triumphantly.

“Me know not de big English words,” gravely answered his companion, “but me like not much pris’ner’s loud talk, talk. If he grow mad, we beat him wid switches same as squaw or papoose. I tell you two, tree, sev’ral times we tink you go up little, little creek. One Injun go one side; one go ’tother. When we come where water be still, and jist over moccasin-deep, stoop down, an’ look, look vely close till we tink see horse’s feet; but no sure yet. No; water too deep an’ muddy.”

“When we come to de long Island where water run dis-a-way, dat-a-way, bofe sides, we bring mud an’ stone, and make little dam. Water den run on t’other side, an’ run away from dis side, and *den* we see horse’s tracks vely, vely plain. We know it right horse cause he lame in front foot, and dat foot alway come down so light an’ easy. Den we come to rocky place, an’ see all much wet, and we sure and sartain now dat you bof go dat-a-way. We creep up, and find you smoking and talking in sleep. See him now, my brudder? an’ see dis?” and the Indian threw on Larry his glittering eyes, as he held up to his astounded view a piece of the jerk which the fugitive had been eating as he rode along, carelessly throwing into the run the skinny remnant, which, floating down, had helped to betray him.

Larry cast down his shamed eyes, and bowed his head in the deepest chagrin and dejection, only muttering dolefully to himself—“Och,

wirra, wirra, Larry, but yer clane bate intirely, and they're the Devil's own clutch, all out an' out; an av ye *wull* tackle an' wrassle Ould Horny hisself, troth an' it's a sore fall ye may iver expict. Blessed Saints be about me, but my heart's black wid grafe, and I'm the throe sorra's pet."

Larry was rudely startled out of his gloomy meditations by the following abrupt query, which might be styled in law, "a leading question:"

"What for you steal Injun's horse for, eh?"

"*Injun's horse!*" softly and sadly repeated to himself the subdued and mortified Irishman, "and *phat for did I stale it*, and meself that seod Shepherd's goold tould down for it at Philamadelfy, and that backed and fed and groomed it all the way acrost the mountains; but go 'long wid yer jokin,' Injun! dawmed av your imperdence isn't sooblime; its, its, tare hiffic, and, and, excrushiaton. It bangs the breath out o' me body intirely, an' so it does;" and then turning towards his interrogator, he waved his hand majestically, and answered with dignity, "May it plaze the hon'r'ble coort; I'm guilty. I stoled the horse, and, faix and phat's more, I'll repate the offinse. Take me to prison imadyutly."

---

## CHAPTER XLII.

### ANOTHER MAZEPPA—FATE OF FAT BEAR.

An earnest consultation now took place among the three Indians. He who had done all the talking, and seemed to be leader, pointed to the horse, and suggested something to his fellows, which seemed to be highly relished, and was received with laughing alacrity. As Larry's arms were firmly tied, the blanketed horse was led up to a fallen tree-trunk, just at the edge of the mott of maple timber, and the captive politely requested to mount, the leader saying:

"Injun horse-tief no much walker—we let him ride; so we go back more quicker."

Larry forgave the insult of the first words, for the unexpected benevolence conveyed in the whole, which both surprised and gratified him, so he mounted quickly, while saying:

"God thank ye kindly, my ginerous frinds. This was more nor I deserved. Shure it's the good heart one can mate iverywhere, be the skin white or black, or rid. Whiniver"—

Just at this moment, the two Indians behind, standing the one at either flank of the horse, jerked Larry backwards, so that his head rested directly on the horse's crupper and, of course, each leg was thrown forward on the animal's neck. In this Mazeppa-fashion, and lying on the broad of his back, poor Larry was securely bound with thongs. Such was his surprise and disgust at this base treachery, as he thought it, that he was silent and patient, uttering no complaint, and this, too, although he saw one Indian leading the horse at the bridle, and the other two standing on either side, peeling the leaves from some thorny locusts. He now discerned the mischievous purpose

of his torturers, but knew that any rebuking or begging words would be but breath spent in vain. For the first time in our story, whether from policy or from pride, Larry's tongue was idle.

Now commenced a yelling and a belaboring of the poor lame beast with the thorny switches, until he was forced into a gallop, the bridle Indian leading it in among the matted thickets of briars and brambles; among drooping vines and saplings, and under low branches of the trees, until the helpless rider was terribly thumped and worried, and tormented. Well for him the horse was so lame, else he would have been dreadfully battered. As it was, he bore all his sufferings with such stoicism and exemplary patience, that when about a mile was thus gone over in this barbarous fashion, his tormentors, either tired or feeling ashamed of their cruel sport, allowed, first, the horse to fall into a walk, and, next, Larry to regain his upright position.

When the near approach of the party was made known to Fat Bear by a series of significant yells, Larry was on the look-out for a new and more violent outbreak, and, sure enough, they had scarcely come within sight of the big pack on which the irate and pussy old chief was sitting—doubtless “clothed with curses, as with a garment,” and trying to “nurse his wrath to keep it warm,”—than with a shrill yell, he made a headlong rush at Larry, trying to strike him down with his keen tomahawk.

This, his laughing companions, knowing how much the captive was needed to carry out Girty's purposes, essayed to prevent, but with great difficulty. Larry, helpless as he was, could only look at his corpulent father—that was to be—with disdain and defiance, crying, “och, be aff wid ye, ye mountain of blubber—ye butthery, drop-sikkle mornstrosity. Shure an' weren't ye jist made to show how far an Injun's hide wud stritch afore it wud burst. Av it but once cracked, it's a whole acre, be jabers, that would be fattened wid de lard and taller. Kape aff, I tells ye, an' nurse yer wind. Faix, an' ye'll need it all.”

Right in the very midst of this noisy and ludicrous squabble, and while the big chief had lifted his tomahawk to strike, rang out the sharp, clear cracks of several rifles, immediately followed by a hearty, ringing cheer. The shots were evidently distant ones, but, the bullets being sped by unerring marksmen, failed not of execution. Fat Bear, mortally struck, fell heavily to the ground. Another Indian, apparently grievously wounded, darted aside with a yell into the dense forest, while the remaining two, one at the bridle and the other belaboring the horse with the thorny stick, again forced him into a sharp gallop, and made good their retreat for the present.

There need be little surmising from whom the shots proceeded, for the noise had scarce died away, before “The Hermit” bounded out into full view, followed, with long, rapid strides, by Brady and the two Poes. “The Hermit” immediately ran up to the dead chief, who was shot directly through the head, and whipping out his knife, secured his peculiar trophy, while Brady promptly sprang off into the woods in pursuit of the wounded leader.

The three whites who were left, spent with rapid running, now gathered about the pack, which had fairly fallen a prize to them. A

brief and hurried consultation ensued, and it was wisely concluded, from fear lest Larry might be ruthlessly sacrificed in case of an immediate pursuit, to abandon for the present the chase of the horse party.

The four scouts who had thus so opportunely made their appearance, had been traveling a quarter of a mile in advance of their companions, and, hearing from afar the yells of the Indians, and afterwards the noise of the struggle about the horse, hastily ran up just in time, as they then thought, to save Larry from destruction. This was the reason they had fired at such long range. Had they better known the exact state of the case, they might have awaited the rest of their party and executed a more complete vengeance, besides rescuing Larry and securing the horse.

The result of this lively little affair, showed that it was a very dangerous thing for any of Girty's party to lag far behind their fellows. A reckless and relentless body of Indian trackers was on his trail, and woe be to the straggler who came within range of their unerring rifles.

A half hour had not passed before the rest of Poe's scouts came up, and while busy learning the details of the late fight, they were joined by Brady, who quietly issued from the leafy coverts on their left, a strange rifle added to his own, and a fresh scalp adorning his belt.

His companions soon gathered from him the details of this, his latest exploit. He had as promptly as possible bounded after the savage whom he saw darting into the woods, but had immediately lost sight of him. By careful scrutiny of the grass and bushes, he quickly recovered the trail, and knew by the crimson stains on the herbage, and by the very faint impression of the fugitive's right foot, that he was seriously hurt, and hence Brady kept out a wary look ahead.

He now—despite the careful efforts which had been made to leave no trail—tracked the fugitive to the foot of a tall, slender ash sapling, which inclined toward and yet stood distant about thirty feet from a towering tulip tree.

Here all signs ended. Knowing that Indians never, unless hard pressed, take refuge in trees, and, least of all, in saplings, and that when so sorely bestead they were apt to be desperate, preferring death to captivity, Brady leaped behind the first cover, and cast his searching glance upward.

No redskin there. Our scout was puzzled; but, observing a slight motion of the limbs at the top of the sapling, which seemed unnatural, the thought struck him that the crafty savage must have climbed along the ash until it had bent under his weight and touched the tulip tree, thus allowing him to mount the latter without leaving any trace.

The scout now cast his glance upward along the tulip's trunk and among its clean, glossy, fiddle-shaped foliage, and, sure enough, there stood his quarry. The unlucky savage was crouching, half-concealed, in a notch of the tree, about two-thirds of the way up, hugging the trunk closely, and his bald head stretched out like that of an eagle, his glittering eyes warily watching every minutest look and motion of his deadly foe.

"Come down out of that, you pesky varmint, you," cried Brady, in

his sternest and most peremptory tones, "or I'll bore your yellow pelt through and through."

The crack of a rifle and the whistle of a bullet, which passed clear through Brady's hunting-cap, just grazing his scalp, was the only answer vouchsafed by the desperate redskin.

It was not usual in those fierce and bloody border hunts, where the fight was to the death, and where success so much depended on superior vigilance and promptness, for any party to stand long on ceremony. It was either give or take. Brady had offered his foe a chance for his life, which was refused, and himself defied; so, quickly raising his long, black tube, a sharp, snappish report, like the crack of a whip, and the bullet sped home.

The poor victim writhed spasmodically; jerked out his arms; dropped his rifle; clutched the limb convulsively, and, while essaying to whip out his tomahawk and utter his shrill, defiant war-whoop, the bitter death agony caught him. His body suddenly dropped amid the rustling foliage, a last despairing grasp of the limb in its descent holding him suspended for a full minute in mid-air, while the other hand vainly endeavored by repeated but unsuccessful clutches at the limb, to arrest his fall.

In vain! The stony, staring, horrified eyes now closed. One shudder of the limbs; a sudden stiffening of the whole frame, and the dead body fell prone, with a dull, heavy thud, to the ground. He died game.

Whatever pitiful sentiments may have passed through the mind of the vengeful and implacable scout at this shocking spectacle, he did not relate, but reluctantly securing the usual trophy, he quietly took possession of the savage's rifle and accoutrements and rapidly rejoined his companions.

After a brief rest and consultation, the pack and rifle having been securely *cached* until their return, the band of scouts again fell silently into file and doggedly pursued their way.

---

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### MRS. MALOTT AND THE LITTLE DECOYS.

While these stirring episodes were occurring in the rear, the captives and those guarding them were making rapid progress along the Big Yellow trail. As Mrs. Malott approached the small camp where she expected to find the wounded Dorman and wife, as also the two children—who, after having been so successfully used as decoys, had been sent to the rear—her agitation and nervousness had grown with every mile of their progress. She had just learned of the existence and welfare of her oldest daughter, Kate; would God be so good as to restore to her Nellie and Frankie?

Many things favored the supposition that the two bright little decoys were none else than her children. The experienced Girty had even



commenced to favor the idea, and, to his credit be it spoken, could not drive the matter from his head, but would again and again dwell on the subject with the hoping, fearful mother.

They now came in sight of a beautiful grassy swale, heavily covered with large timber, and a little off the trail. It was a quiet, lovely little dale, flanked on either side by slopes covered to their summits with the most luxuriant foliage. Under a mott of gigantic, white-trunked sycamores, and—as is the invariable custom with Indians in locating a camp—hard by a copious spring of pure, sparkling water, could be seen from afar a few rude bark huts.

It was a tranquil, though a very romantic, sylvan retreat, and, with its two ponies munching the grass, and with its glowing fire, with kettle suspended on pole above, looked like an encampment of gypsies; nor, too, did the few dark-eyed and swarthy-hued squaws, who were sitting or moving about, appear unlike those wandering Bohemians. The whole scene was just such a neat little bit of Nature as would have delighted Rosa or Rembrandt to have transferred to canvass.

As no home-scene would be complete without its happy, frolicsome children, these were not lacking, for there were the two in quest, mounted on one of the ponies—which was grazing right on the margin of the little babbling run—the boy in front and the little girl behind, gleefully clinging to her older brother. Almost strangers to all about them; talking the Cherokee tongue, which none there understood, yet nothing could repress the natural gayety and careless *abandon* of childhood; and the nut-brown and slouchily-dressed little things laughed and prattled away as merrily as though born and bred in an Indian village, and surrounded by the fondest parents and relatives.

Happy, happy childhood! which, like the dial, counts time only when the sun shines, and like the fabled Midas, transmutes all it touches into gold.

By a wave of his hand, Girty stopped his followers right on the trail, while he, on foot, and Mrs. Malott, on horse-back, hastily advanced until the whole *enceinte* of the charming little valley could be taken in at a glance.

He now thought it necessary to caution his flustered companion not to be too sanguine, although his own curiosity and nervousness could scarce be concealed:

“Now don’t, ma’am, take on too much if you find you’re right; nor don’t get too low-hearted if the little uns should turn out some body else’s. Blamed ef we don’t find them chicks o’ your’n yet, tho’ we have to ransack the woods from the Allegheny to the Wabash; but hold! by Heavens, there they be!”

“Where! Girty; oh, where!” cried the anxious, impatient lady, as her roving eye quickly sought out the group by the stream’s margin. “Oh, I see the darlings! God grant we may not both be disappointed; but I must hurry to them at once, while you hold back Mrs. Dorman, whom I see beckoning to us from yonder hut.”

Giving her horse a slight cut, off she darted across the green sward, much to the surprise and alarm—real or affected—of the little Indian

pony, who, seeing a strange horse, with a still stranger figure upon it, rushing towards him, tossed up his head, uttered a little whinny of disgust, kicked up his heels and made off, head up in air, shaggy mane flying, and the two terrified children screaming and trying to hold their seats.

"Good Heavens! what have I done!" cried out the poor mother in an agony of fright, as she stopped stock still and breathlessly watched the scene before her. Another curvet of the pony, and down fell, or rather, slid, the two children, much affrighted and crying lustily, but apparently not much hurt.

Mrs. Malott now tumbled off her horse—she scarce knew how—ran rapidly towards the frightened little couple; raised them from the ground; held them off at arm's length, and gazed long and intently, first into the girl's and then into the boy's face, crying out most passionately to Girty, who had just reached the spot, "Before God, Girty, they're my own Nellie and Frankie; but oh, how changed! how changed! but a mother cannot be deceived. Poor little innocents! so long orphaned!" and the glad yet sorrowing woman hugged the little ones convulsively to her bosom, kissed them frantically again and again, and shed copious tears of joy and gratitude.

All at once her all-embracing arms relaxed their tight clasp; her voice and sobbings grew still; her eyes closed, and the overjoyed but long-suffering mother sank fainting to the ground. Her heart had so long been attuned to sadness, that this great joy too rudely swept its tender chords. It was "like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune."

It was all a novel and touching spectacle. The children, understanding no word, and seeing the vehement and incomprehensible behaviour of one so different in dress, color and appearance from any they remembered to have seen, had at first cried from fright; had then struggled wildly to escape, but when subdued, or rather overwhelmed with the mother's impetuous kisses and caresses, they grew more still, as if stricken with awe. And now that they saw this mysterious white woman stretched, as it were, dead at their very feet, their timid hearts failed them; they again commenced to cry, and, finally, clasping each other's hands, they ran away as fast as their little moccasined feet could carry them.

While the sympathizing Mrs. Dorman, who had now come up, sprinkled that wan and wasted face with water from the run which went murmuring by, the stern, cruel, stony-hearted Girty—as men deemed him—hurried after the young fugitives, an unwonted choking in his throat and his eyes moistened with tears, which, much as he strove to conceal, did him great honor. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and even that hard and obdurate heart had been penetrated by a ray divine.

At last a tremor fluttered over Mrs. Malott's person; a faint flush revisited her cheeks; her languid eyes opened dreamily; she smiled radiantly, and whispered, "My children! oh, give me back my children!"

"Here they are, ma'am," said Girty, stepping briskly forward, leading the little truants whom he had coaxed and pacified into quiet, one by either hand; "but, are you sure, ma'am, that they really are

your's? It all seems so strange. Have you—there can be no deception?"

"Mothers make no such mistakes, Girty," said the happy mother, with a sad, sweet smile, rising to a sitting position and again drawing to her close and tender embrace the nut-brown, wondering-eyed brother and sister, who now submitted patiently to her warm, tearful caresses, but gazed at her earnestly, with a blended look of awe, fear and curiosity.

"I thank the good God, and, after Him, you, Girty, for this happy, happy moment, so long deferred. Soon as I gazed down into their dear eyes, I knew in my heart they were my own, despite all the changes of time, and browned and roughened as they are by exposure. I need no evidence, but others may. Look there at those locks!" and she passed her fingers lovingly through Nellie's golden curls. "Three long years have neither straightened or bleached them. Here's what they were at two years of age," and the mother pulled from her bosom and exhibited the locket containing the silken curl, which, as stated, she had once shown the ark's company; and then, seeing, the eager, curious look of the little girl, who was now contentedly nestling close down into her arms, and stealing shy, timid glances into her face, she handed it to the admiring lassie, who took it eagerly, uttering some childish exclamation of delight to her brother.

"Oh, how painfully distressing it is," bitterly exclaimed the fond mother, "not to be able to speak to or understand my own loved prattlers. Do you not know the Cherokee tongue, Girty?"

"Very little, ma'am, I promise you. Ef it was Delaware, or Shawnee, or even Wyandott, I could talk like a streak; but never had much to do with the far-South Indians. Might make a stagger at it, tho'. What do you want to know?"

"Ask them if they remember anything of white people; what their names are; whether they can recall me; their father, Kate, or Harry?"

Girty tried them in various ways, but they looked blank and then puzzled, and when asked their names, gave their Cherokee ones.

"No," said Girty, slowly, and as distinctly as possible in his broken Cherokee, "you are white children; this is your own mamma, and *your* name," turning to the boy, "is Frank."

A bright, peculiar gleam of intelligence shot athwart the boy's earnest face, as he dreamily, and as if trying to grasp some fleeting memory of a long-forgotten past, repeated softly, "Frank, Frank, Frank," and then added, "Mal—Mal—Malott."

"Oh, Girty," joyfully exclaimed the mother, after having nearly smothered the black-eyed, curly-pated little fellow with a shower of kisses, "isn't that enough? If not, glance at this," and the proud and happy woman, "looking smily 'bout the lips but teary 'round the lashes," lifted up the wealth of golden curls from Nellie's neck and showed him a birth-mark in the shape of a round, red spot that looked like a stain of blood.

"I give it up, ma'am, I give it up. They're both yourn, and I'm dog-onned glad of it; yes, down to the very marrow," hastily and excitedly replied the rough old tory, with a suspicious catch in his speech. He now, with a sort of hysterical laugh, seized hold of Mrs.

Malott's hand and shook it like a pump handle; then hotly asked Mrs. Dorman what in the tarnal world she was sitting there a snickering and a blubbering about, and then, alas, that we should have to say it, he himself turned away to hem and cough, and to brush away with his fringed sleeve what seemed strangely like tears welling up from that millstone of a heart.

Oh, it was a rare and singular group! and to see the savage Girty now petting Frankie, whom he had taken on his lap, and saying over *dog, cat, cow, chicken, papa, mamma, &c.*, and then laughing strangely when the merry little fellow would repeat each word over, showing by his intelligent smiles which ones he remembered, it was all as good as a play, or rather a sermon on faith.

"Consume *me*, but this is powerful cur'ous. I ain't felt so good since the day I was out hunting with Sime Butler in Dunmore's Injun war, and we brought down a painter, two Buffalo, a bar and cubs, and seven deer—all in one tramp. Ah, those early scouting days were my best, I'm afeard; but come, ma'am, let's try this on the little gal."

"Your—name—is—Nellie," continued Girty, in the Cherokee tongue to the little girl, who was on her mother's lap, and tipping her smilingly under the dimpled chin. A pleased smile from Nellie, but no intelligence. All looked disappointed. "I fear," said her mother, as if apologetically, "that she was too young to remember her name. You must recollect, Girty, that she was only two years old when carried—but what am I thinking of," she continued excitedly, "I rarely used to call her Nell, but always *Dot*, or *Dumpling*."

At the mention of these once familiar words, a peculiar expression came into the child's face. They acted somewhat like sudden electric shocks. Her mouth puckered up as you see a sensitive child's when she has been spoken harshly to, and her feelings are hurt. She fastened her wondering, yearning eyes on her mother's for a moment, then twined her arms about her neck, leaned her head confidently on her bosom, and commenced sobbing as if her little heart would break.

The two old words had unlocked her latent, dormant memory, and with it, melted her child-heart. She was thenceforward mother's darling again.

"We've tried her too much," tearfully remarked the mother. "Oh, that her dear father, who so doated on her, could have been here and seen this—but no, no! I'm asking too much. Let me be grateful for the three children so wonderfully restored to me," and the happy mother's eyes looked upward reverently, while her lips moved in thankful prayer.

---

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### GIRTY AMBUSHES BRADY'S SCOUTS.

Capt. Pipe was now seen approaching with his usual haughty step and impassioned face, that looked, with its cold, fishy eyes, as if cast in bronze. He announced the fate of Fat Bear, and the attack on the rear. Girty heaved a sigh as the new-born tenderness vanished from

his face, and the usual hard, fierce look leaped to its place. A pursuit in force was hitherto only highly probable; now it was an actual verity, and he turned off abruptly to join his company, ordering Mrs. Dorman to get all ready immediately, putting her wounded husband on the one pony, and the two children on the other.

"Your pardon, Mrs. Dorman," now spoke up Mrs. Malott, actually beginning to talk cheerfully, and to look almost beautiful from the strange flushes and bright expressions sent to the face from her new heart, "I have been so selfishly engaged with my own family that I entirely forgot to ask about yours. I trust your husband is better."

"He is, dear madame,—in *two* ways, I am thankful to say. The bullet was flattened against the thigh bone, and was a heavy shock at the time, but it remained in the flesh; it is now out and the wound is healing finely, but he's an altered man, I hope, besides. He has been thinking deeply since his hurt, which he says he has deserved; has sighed much, and even shed tears; his old kindness and gentleness to me have returned, and he has solemnly promised never to touch rum again. That's all that was the matter with him, I assure you, ma'am, and he knows it."

"Thank God for *that*, Mrs. Dorman. We poor women are so strangely fashioned that our very lives, and all that life means and is worth, are inseparably entwined with our families. The death of a dear husband or child can be borne hopefully, if not resignedly, but their habitual wrong-doing, *never!*—it is a daily, hourly torture, dragging ever a lengthening chain, and finding no rest but in the grave. But come, my dear benefactress—for so I must count you, since you were the means of finding my children, neither of us has now room for any sentiment but joy. Girty has doubtless told you that my Kate has been discovered?"

"He has, ma'am, and I'm heartily glad of it. Those merry, laughing little skinfoots,"—(they were now playing about their mother as gleefully and contentedly as when in their old home,) "I was sure were yours after I knew your story."

"But ain't they horridly dressed, or rather undressed, though," laughed—yes, positively laughed the proud and contriving mother. "I was just planning where and how I could alter their clothes. They now look like little frights," and she again chucked them under the chin, gave them each a passionate kiss, and looked as if she had little faith in her own last words. Gazing at them fondly, she thus continued, as if abstractedly:

"I'm just thinking I'll put a little tuck in that long linsey-woolsey of little Dot's—I'm sure I don't know where the Indians could have stolen it, it's so old-fashioned—and tie back her golden hair, until I can get a comb, with a little pink ribbon I've kept. I'll then put nice new little moccasins on both their feet, and take off those miserable, ragged tow pants of Frankie's, and make skin leggins, and a little beaver-skin cap for his head, and cut off a few of those jetty curls of his—just his own father's over again—and—did you *ever*, in all your born days, see such a black, merry eye as the dear little fellow has got—and—and—oh, Mrs. Dorman, I'm so happy I'm almost afraid. It seems all like a fairy dream," and the overwrought mother turned around to her

companion—whose own eyes were swimming in tears—clasped her arms tightly about her neck, and sobbed and laughed, and laughed and sobbed till her children, hand in hand, and with wondering faces, shyly crept up and plucked at her gown for another kiss.

The two mothers were wholly *en rapport* now, and they sat and talked, and watched the children's gambols until they saw Drusilla, Betty, and the other captives, most on foot, and surrounded on every side by the dusky, athletic forms of Girty's Indians, all grouped together on the grass near them.

"Selfish me, what am I thinking about!" and Mrs. Malott hastily arose, took a hand of either child, walked quickly up to and through the circle of wondering savages, and with her face radiant as with a sacred halo, cried out nervously: "Oh, my dear friends, God has been good to me. Here's my two lost children, Frank and Nell. Kate you know about; all recovered in two"—but again the mother broke down amid alternate tears and hysteric sobbings.

The virgin wilderness furnishes many very rare and beautiful scenes that dwell long in the memories of those capable of noting and enjoying them. The one now presented was not only touching, but exceedingly picturesque.

The towering, glossy-leaved sycamores; the rich green sward, flecked and mottled by the sun's ardent rays, as they glinted and shimmered through the tender foliage; the swelling slopes of vivid verdure on either side, with their purling, babbling little run of sparkling water; the bound captives, male and female, on horse and on foot, as they crowded about Mrs. Malott and her children to offer their hearty congratulations, and, then, the groups of grave, dusky, statue-like Indians, as they sat or leaned on their long rifles under the trees, attentively watching this strange development.

Girty was much pressed for time, and had—on account of the stirring news from the rear—ordered the "nooning" to be a short one; and while the ponies were being prepared, and the whole party were either resting or taking a hasty meal of jerk, he hurriedly moved somewhat aside with Pipe, Black Hoof, and two of the leading "braves," for a brief consultation.

He earnestly urged on them the need of haste; recounted his plans, which embraced the deception of both parties of pursuers, one of which had just been heard from in an unpleasant sort of way. He called attention to the importance of the captives, and to the fact that the party which had just killed Fat Bear and Leaping Panther—the name of the leader of the three who had retaken Larry—were Brady, the two Poes, and some of the most daring and skillful scouts of the border, and finally asserted that it was necessary to his further plans that Brady's party should receive a prompt and decided check; besides a good opportunity was thus offered in revenge for the slaughter of Big Foot and his brothers.

To all this—and more especially to the last suggestion—his companions quickly assented with gleaming eyes and knitted brows. The only question was the best way.

Girty promptly answered that he did not think there could be more than ten or a dozen or so in pursuit; that he was approaching the

forks of the Yellow, where he expected to make a studied effort to throw, not only the Brady party, but the one confidently expected from Fort Henry, off his trail, and strongly advised hurrying on Capt. Pipe and the captives with quarter of the band to the Forks, while he with the rest would lay an artful ambush for the scouts, who could not be more than an hour or so behind.

This advice was deemed wise and must be immediately carried into effect, so Girty told off ten of his band and dispatched them, under Pipe, with all the prisoners, Dorman and wife, Mrs. Malott and children, retaining only Larry and his horse as a decoy.

Soon as the little sward, lately so crowded and animated, had been totally deserted, and the captives had disappeared around the first bend of the onward trail, Girty, Larry on Shepherd's horse, and the two Indians who had before hurried him off, silently filed into the trail, followed, at some distance, by about twenty-five or thirty grim, stalwart, determined-looking savages, and proceeded back on their course.

Girty now sent forward two of his bravest and most trusty followers to act as flankers by scouring the woods in advance on either side of the trail—that is wherever the Big Yellow allowed it two sides—and bringing him timely and accurate tidings of the enemy's approach and exact number.

And now commenced a search for the best place to form an ambush. At this peculiar branch of savage warfare, the Indians are especially expert and artful. Their system of tactics commands them never to attack an enemy unless at a strong advantage, either in numbers or position, and never to assault openly and in full front, when it can better be done from a cover and with a small loss. To simply vanquish their foe is not deemed an honor, unless it can be done with a very small damage and loss to their own side. For this advantage, they will sometimes wait whole days, even though they may be largely superior in numbers.

This is the true secret of Braddock's, Grant's, and St. Clair's defeats, and so of many remarkable Indian victories over white troops; and the chief reason that, a few years later, they were so crushed by Mad Anthony Wayne at "Fallen Timbers," was because, as they themselves said, he was "all eyes;" he had thoroughly learned their tactics, and was so watchful with his trained scouts that the wily savages had no opportunity of attacking him at unawares.

Several places were selected by Girty, and afterwards given up as unsuitable. At last he pitched on a spot near a bend in the creek, where the trail lay close along the margin of the water, the side to the woods presenting a ledge of rocks screened by a dense and almost impenetrable covert of undergrowth. Behind this thicket of matted brambles, hazel, paw-paws, and what not, the whole band of crafty and blood-thirsty savages was carefully secreted, each standing patiently with rifle ready, and with glittering eyes peering through their leafy loopholes, but as fixed and immovable as statues cut from stone.

Larry had been designedly kept so far in the rear that he was ignorant of the precise object of the expedition, and could not help but marvel at this speedy return on their course. But when his horse—with

himself bound securely upon it—was now tied to a buttonwood standing right off the path and just at the hither side of the sharp bend in the trail before alluded to; and when he saw, moreover, the same two redskins who had previously attended him, quietly sit down and commence, in as conspicuous a manner as possible, the game of "Nosey," his eyes were suddenly opened, and he shrewdly suspected mischief to Brady's party, and through his unhappy self as the decoy.

This fairly raised the hair on Larry's head, and the honest, faithful fellow cast about for some device by which to save his friends. The game continued amid explosions of boisterous laughter. "Nosey" was a finger play universally popular among Western Indians, at which two of them would sometimes be engaged for hours, the dense circle of bystanders looking on with scarcely less interest than that of the gamblers themselves. Its chief and most ludicrous point was the penalty attached, which subjected the loser to ten fillups on the nose from the winner, all to be endured with the most inflexible gravity of face, as the winner was entitled to ten additional fillups for every smile which he succeeded in forcing from him.

---

## CHAPTER XLV.

### A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

And now came rushing in one of the flankers. He was in great excitement, and reported that Brady's band were carelessly approaching; did not number a dozen, and that one of the party, whom he described as a lean, springy, wild-looking man, with long hair and shining eyes, had overtaken his companion with long leaps like a panther, and had killed and scalped him.

Girty gave command in a low tone to his band, to have all ready for attack, but to be sure not to shoot till he gave the signal. He then sent forward to Larry's party, and bade them linger until the last moment, and to retire very slowly, as if the horse had fallen too lame to walk faster.

The ridiculous nose game continued; but Larry judged by the falsity in the laughs, and the nervous, apprehensive glances which were repeatedly cast along the trail, that Brady's scouts, who came so near rescuing him a few hours before, were momentarily expected around the bend. It was clearly Girty's crafty design to make them believe that the Indians who forced Larry off from them were still—having abandoned all fear of pursuit—loitering on their way.

A sudden jog or hitch in the voice, and a quick, jerky gesture from the red—whose wary eyes were constantly turned down stream, denoted the long-expected appearance. Larry looked, and saw plainly the figures of Poe, Brady, and the Hermit, standing just at the bend, and evidently surprised at the unexpected sight before them. But only for one instant. He was just about risking a sign to them, when the whole three forms as quickly disappeared.



The Indians now laughingly, but without any apparent anxiety—although they were in *point blanc* range of three of the surest rifles on the border—rose to their feet and unhitched the horse, contriving, however, to keep either Larry or the beast in direct range of any hostile bullet.

If their lure—that of tempting Brady and his band to strive to surround and capture them rather than to risk their second escape, and a probable damage to Larry by random shots—was a success, the white scouts must be nearly upon them. So now the two Indians move briskly along the road, but each managing to walk so that Larry or his horse would shield him from his pursuers.

And now they are just on the edge of the ambush so craftily prepared by Girty; and now they are fully abreast of it. No white scout to be seen. It is highly probable they are crouching on either side of the trail, and stealthily advancing so as to make “assurance doubly sure.” There must be no escape with Larry this time.

And, yet, along that narrow path—scarce ten feet between the Big Yellow on one side and the matted thicket and masses of protecting rock on the other—were ranged the deadly barrels of thirty rifles, and along each long black tube glanced the baleful eye of a cruel, vengeful savage.

As if frightened by suspicious figures they had seen in pursuit, the two Indians now goad and scourge the horse into a gallop. It has the effect desired. Brady and his ardent, zealous followers, thinking themselves discovered, and anxious to save poor Larry, rise up from bushes and come out from trees into the trail again.

With a hearty, ringing cheer, they leap forward to the pursuit. Twenty steps more will carry the unrecking trackers right into the jaws of destruction. Is there no one at this dread crisis to stay their headlong course? no voice to warn? no hand to save?

Yes, the saviour for the emergency is not wanting. He has long regarded them with the most painful anxiety, and now, at the imminent risk of his own life, shouts in his clearest and loudest tones,

“Howld aff, Brady! for the dear love o’ God, howld aff! It’s but a dek-koy I am this minit, an’ there’s shure thrubble afore ye and on ayther soide. The red divils are somewhere out afther ye, thicker and savager nor wolves afther a hurt buck, and will wasthe ye loike snaw aff the ditch. Niver trust—”

The faithful Irishman uttered no word more, for just at this moment he dodged his head to escape a tomahawk viciously hurled at him by the Indian at the bridle, and which he received in the shoulder, while a parting of the bushes on one side, and out rushed Simon Girty, fairly foaming at the mouth with rage.

“Curses on ye! ye double-dyed villain and Irish traitor! Is’t for this I’ve spared yer vile, accursed carcass! Here’s the dose of lead I owe ye!” and Girty raised his pistol and fired at the helpless prisoner. The ball entered his breast, inflicting a serious wound.

Larry would have at once fallen heavily to the earth and been probably dispatched and scalped by the enraged Girty or some of his furious savages, but, being tied hands and feet, he only fell back upon the horse’s back, and was rapidly carried by the frightened beast out of the approaching fray.

Nor did his reckless assailant escape scatheless. Brady and his scouts had scarcely caught Larry's warning words before they stood stock still in their tracks; then instinctively sought the nearest covert, and then—suspecting the superior numbers of their foes—prepared to beat a hasty retreat. They were too experienced and familiar with perils of every form, however, to lose their presence of mind, or to neglect any opportunity of delivering a telling blow, so when Girty, rendered imprudent by his fierce wrath, leaped out into the path, both Poe and Brady drew an instant bead on him, each bullet—as was afterwards found—taking effect.

Girty, while yelling out his orders in the Indian tongue, bounded back under cover, and then there arose from the dense thicket a series of the fiercest, shrillest, and most appalling whoops and shrieks. It seemed as if all pandemonium were let loose. The hideous uproar and demoniac yells now ceased utterly, and silence “like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound.”

Each party was now well aware of the other's strength and acted accordingly. While half of Girty's force took to the trees and whatever covert might offer, and confronted their foes, the other half sought, by a hurried side-movement through the woods, to take the enemy in flank or in the rear.

Brady's gallant little band knew well what dangers were environing them and made all haste to escape. They ran back from tree to tree, scarcely ever uncovering their persons or—when it was absolutely needful so to do—making high leaps and running zig-zag so as to defeat all sure aim. Most of these scouts were old and practiced Indian fighters; had learned to load and fire as they ran, and were watchful of every possible chance to deliver a fatal charge.

Their carefully-directed volleys soon became very galling to their pursuers, who now advanced much more cautiously. The fighting ground was so narrow and contracted that superior numbers gave no advantage, so they trusted to their flanking party to bring their dreaded foe to close quarters. Fully one-fourth of Girty's force had now been either killed or wounded. Among the latter—although neither of them very severely—were Girty and Black Hoof.

Of Brady's party, Bill Kennedy had been shot through the head and killed outright, while old Uncle Josh had been severely wounded, and Dutch Abe and three other hunters were slightly touched.

And now were heard yells and shots from a new direction, denoting that the flanking party had reached its destination and were getting down to their work. This greatly enthused the savages in front, who hotly pressed forward, and poured forth a storm of leaden hail. Our brave scouts were hard pressed, but by no means dismayed.

---

CHAPTER XLVI.

“THE COMBAT DEEPENS; ON! YE BRAVES!”

Hard pressed, but not dismayed.

In one of the brief pauses of the conflict, while our scouts were awaiting new exposures from an enemy grown cautious by bloody experience, Brady had glanced along the verdurous aisles of the dense woods—those green and mossy vistas of the virgin wilderness amid whose intricacies the eye ever delights to lose itself—and noted a number of loping, slippery redskins stealthily working themselves forward, and availing themselves of every possible cover.

The peril of being crushed between two fires was instant. While forecasting in his mind some speedy deliverance from this new danger, Brady was startled by a rude, sharp clutch on the shoulder. It was the Hermit, who, with begrimed face, disordered locks, and eyes glowing with an intense burning lustre, looked the incarnation of relentless Fate.

“There’s but a chance left,” he hissed out with stifled passion. “You remember the lone mound a half-mile back on the creek, which the trail turns by a sharp bend? I know it well; have ambushed there for days watching for cursed yellow-hides, and would agree to hold it alone against a score.”

“I saw it as we passed,” answered Brady, quietly but decidedly. “If you have tried it, Sir, in God’s name gather up the lads and lead on without a moment’s pause. The Poes and I will try and cover your retreat.”

No sooner said than done. The shots and yells from the flanking party were now heard in hideous uproar. The wily savages could be seen, both in front and on flank, gliding rapidly forward. The grim and desperate trio stubbornly held their trees until their foes, noting the rest of the scouts retreating on a run, bounded forward to destroy these few in the van.

Then to Andy’s growl, “Now for’t, bullies; scrunch ’em as ye would a nest of rattlers; and, Adam, you hold back a shot,” two cracks rang out under the leafy arches, each lead bringing down its quarry.

A huge, ferocious-looking Huron, who was crouched behind a big chestnut in the immediate front, and who evidently thought all three rifles discharged, now uttered a terrific, blood-curdling yell, and, brandishing his tomahawk, leaped straight at them.

Adam Poe was ready for him. Waiting until the fellow’s baleful breath was almost upon his cheek, he cast his keen tomahawk with full force straight at his face, crushing through his jaws, and felling him like a bullock under butcher’s axe. Then, with that recklessness which characterized the Indian-killers of that day, who deemed the scalp of more importance than the life itself, the infuriate scout ran the horrid circle about the large Indian’s head, and secured the trophy, while growling out, “Ef you’re loaded up, Andy, cut for it, while I’ve a shot in reserve. I see the pesky varmints creeping ’round you.”

The fatal work done by the scouts made the pursuers much more wary. They now kept close to the trees, from which they dared not emerge until they saw Brady and Andy Poe gliding rapidly away under the big sycamores of the creek's margin. A Shawnee chief by the name of "Mad Cat" now broke cover, flourishing his tomahawk and commanding his followers to the pursuit. He had scarce, however, made his third leap, before Adam's bullet laid him on the sward, sorely hurt.

The ready scout now jumped over the bank with its fringe of matted undergrowth, and ran rapidly down the edge of the creek, pursued by a straggling mob of yelling, ferocious demons, the more exasperated on account of being so long baffled by such an inferior foe. A number of shots were fired, but, with the exception of one bullet, which went clean through the fleshy part of the right arm, no serious damage was done.

The elevation referred to by the Hermit, and which was successively reached by the fugitives, was one of those singular, isolated formations, which, though apparently having no particular *raison d'être*, are yet so often found in the western wilderness, and which, when their shapes are uniform and symmetrical, are often considered the artificial creations of the ancient "Mound Builders."

The one in question was shaped somewhat irregularly. The broadest end was all rock, and rose abruptly from the creek to the height of about forty feet. On top, at the widest part, it was full fifty feet across; was covered on all parts with trees of considerable growth, and sloped gradually down to the trail, causing it, as before stated, to make a sharp bend.

The peculiar feature, however, which made this mound so effective as a place of refuge and defence, was an irregular depression on the top, resembling somewhat an extinct crater, and which seemed, at some time long previous, to have been hollowed out by the action of a voluminous spring of water, which had bubbled up into a wide, rock-rimmed basin,

The stream fed from this perpetual and abundant fountain was even yet a copious one, and fumed and brawled its way down the slope of the mound. At one spot in its path it was opposed by a mighty rock, against which, however, dashing itself in vain, it turned abruptly off and formed a romantic little cascade of some five or six feet high.

The deep and wide rocky channel, which, in the long years, this stream with its frequent overflows had cut for itself in the hill, offered the best, and, indeed, the only feasible approach up the height; since both sides of the mound as well as the end towards the creek were steep and craggy. This single pass, a compact and resolute force, sheltered in the hollow about the spring, could defend against ten times their number. It was either that, or the steep, precipitous rocks which presented on all other sides.

The hot and panting handful of scouts had scarcely snugged themselves away in this secure retreat, before the onrushing foe had first reached and then surrounded the knoll. The yells and whoops were frightful. These soon died away, and the baffled savages could now be seen, from the various "coigns of vantage" around the hollow, gliding about from tree to tree; scrutinizing the top and side cliffs

from every possible point of view, two of them even crossing the creek to examine the rear bluff.

Then followed a long and ominous silence, which seemed to the little knot of patient and experienced hunters, to bode mischief. They anxiously whispered together, canvassing the probable designs of their foes. At last they saw “The Hermit”—whose actions were generally as strange and abrupt as his looks were moody and restless, and whom they knew it were in vain to confine by their own rules—they saw him quietly climbing over the rim of the enclosure which protected them, advance to the smooth trunk of a towering beech just on the edge of the southern slope, and peer cautiously over.

A quick start, and a finger held up in mute warning, denoted that his enterprise had been rewarded. Brady and the two Poes now threw themselves prone on the ground, and dragged themselves slowly forward until they reached the edge of the steep declivity. They chose a spot screened by a little fringe of briars and laurels, and by cautiously pushing aside the leaves were enabled to sweep that whole side of the knoll.

The sight was one to startle and alarm.

About eight feet below them, and double that distance to the right, the ledge of rock which ran along that side of the hill, and broadened out into quite a roomy flange or apron, directly behind which there seemed to be a sort of cave overhung and partially surrounded by shrubs, bushes and vines—whether deep or shallow, as he had never had particular occasion to notice in his various sojourns on the summit, not even the Hermit could tell.

In this recess could plainly be seen—more or less of their persons being revealed—no fewer than six savages. How many more were *completely* sheltered there, was the painful, anxious problem. Two other redskins could occasionally be noted amid the trees and bushes stealthily zig-zagging—using hands as well as feet—their slow and toilsome way up to the same rendezvous: while on the flat below still others could every now and then be detected behind the larger trees, cautiously edging their way forward preparatory to making the ascent.

Shrill and appalling yells, accompanied by rifle discharges, just now burst forth all along the woods from directly the *other* side of the hill.

The whole scheme thus stood revealed. This last was but a feint to withdraw the scouts' attention from the cave, which was to be the *real* point of attack: it denoted also that the assaulting party was nearly ready for their rush.

The four lurking scouts, at a signal from Brady, now silently withdrew their heads and crawled up stealthily as so many serpents, for a conference together.

No time now for long discussion. A plan of action was quickly concluded. Brady retreated a few paces to acquaint the rest of the band with what they had seen and to request them to answer whoop with whoop, and shot with shot. Then borrowing four loaded rifles from his companions, and creeping back to his position, he and Andy, as being the best shots, drew bead on the two Indians, part of whose persons were exposed among the trees on the flat below, while the

Hermit and Adam covered with their pieces the two who were noiselessly climbing to take position with their fellows in the cave.

At a given low whistle, the whole four pieces went off as one. The effect was prodigious. The shots came on the poor devils like thunder from a clear sky. The couple in the woods below beat a hasty retreat, one of them evidently severely wounded. The two who were climbing upward dropped from their perilous perches and leaped or rolled to the bottom, one remaining where he fell and the other limping away with "little stomach left for the fray."

But two or three only jumped down from the platform before the cave, the rest slinking back out of sight.

Brady and his companions exchanged hasty glances and words of exultation; seized the reserve rifles, and for fear the ascending puffs of smoke might have revealed their lurking places to the watchful redskins in the woods below, commenced—all but Andy, who was left on watch—shifting their position to a point right above the cave.

A sudden cluck of alarm from Andy brought the three to the brow of the hill again, just in time to witness a general break of the savages from the cave. They had evidently, on the first moment's reflection, deemed it untenable, and were now, some by bold leaps and others by stealthy climbings, scattering down to the woods.

Several well-directed shots from the four lookouts above followed them, but with what effect could not be seen. The cave was now apparently all empty; not an enemy left in sight. The gallant scouts quietly but joyfully congratulated each other on this auspicious repulse, while the two Poes joined the band in the hollow to acquaint them with the results of the conflict.

---

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### A FIERCE CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO OLD FOES.

Brady, in order to see whether all the miscreants had really deserted the cave, now extended himself—and so as to be protected from shots below—out as far as possible along a hickory which projected in a slanting direction from the brow of the hill, and gazed intently, as far as possible, into the cave. He was startled to see a brawny, glistening form crouching close against the back of the recess—for he now discovered the cavern was quite shallow—the crest of eagle's feathers bowed forward and the whole figure still and motionless as a statue.

Brady gave a long, keen, steadfast gaze, and then hurriedly drew himself back. Gripping the "Hermit," who, the late excitement over, stood leaning carelessly on his rifle, looking far-off into the woods with a strange, dreamy, absent expression, he sternly whispered:—

"By the Lord, Sir, there's one of this hell-brood in there yet; and by the look of his grey scalp-plumes, I'd swear it was Black-Hoof. I could tell his—"

"What's that! Black-Hoof!" hissed out this strange unknown,

with a sudden start; a fierce, dangerous gleam leaping to his eye, "the bloody, pitiless ruffian—a very monster of cruel savagery—how I loathe him! Say again it was he!"

"I'm dead sure it was. I know well his dress and head-gear. He's either some crafty design, or expects, by concealing himself, to slip off free."

"I'll fix him, though it cost me my life!" muttered the Hermit fiercely, while throwing down his rifle and clutching his scalp-knife tight between his teeth.

He now, without a moment's pause, advanced to the edge of the cliff, and catching firm hold of some paw-paw bushes, recklessly swung himself over the face of the steep slope, and regardless of the bullets which now commenced whizzing about, scarring the rock on either side, he dropped, or rather slid down upon the broad rock in front of the cave.

At these near sounds, Black-Hoof—for it was indeed that brave and redoubtable Shawnee chief—threw up his head, and, with an *ugh* of surprise, whipped out his scalping-knife and faced his opponent.

"And so, you're Black-Hoof, are you! you vile, cursed cut-throat and slayer of my wife and children!" gasped out the Hermit with intense bitterness, a scowl of vengeful hate darkening his face and glowing in his blood-shot eyes. "We've met at last! Here's at you, villain! Our fight's to the death!"

The Hermit now made a quick, wicked stroke with his knife—which was partially fended off by the wary chief—and then clinched in a desperate grapple with his tough and sinewy foe.

The struggle was a fierce and terrible one! What the scout lacked in pure brute strength, he made up by the intensity of his hate and the irresistible violence of his assault. His eyes fairly shot fire; his veins swelled like whip-cords; his mouth actually foamed with rage, and he possessed all the blind fury and power of insanity. He hook, and tore, and worried his helpless though still formidable adversary, as a mastiff would a cat, and finally hurled him violently on his back, falling heavily upon him.

Black-Hoof, at first over-mastered by the frantic energy of his exasperate foe, now began somewhat to recover his dazed wits; and the struggle was continued with renewed fierceness, amid terrific throes and writhings. All he could do, however, the chief could not unseat his wild and desperate antagonist, who was now—having dropped his own—contending for his opponent's knife. This he at last succeeded in drawing through the chief's fingers, and, with a low chuckle of exultation, flashed it aloft for the last fatal stroke.

By this time the two, thus far protected from all fire from above or below, had worked over to the very edge of the rock: still, however, were they so inextricably mixed together, that neither the scouts who were clustered above, nor the Indians watching below, dared fire for fear of hurting their own peculiar champion.

Black-Hoof felt the keen edge cutting through his bleeding hands; saw it gleaming aloft for the death stroke; saw, also—and shuddered as he saw—the look of deadly hate that would drive it home, and, suddenly, as his only hope, and preferring revenge to life, gave a powerful

heave towards the precipice, with the desperate intent of dragging his antagonist to a like horrible fate with himself.

A fearful struggle now took place on the extremest verge—the very ragged edge of the rock. All above, beneath, held their breaths in awe, at this deadly conflict in the very air, as it were. Black-Hoof, with his teeth and eyes aflame with vengeful hate, tugged and tugged with all the energy of despair to drag his foe over with him. The Hermit, with no less desperation, made superhuman exertions to free himself from that fatal, convulsive grip.

In vain! in vain! Clinching his teeth and closing his eyes, the o'erpowered Hermit ceased further struggle, and was just going over the cliff, closely entwined in Black-Hoof's sinewy arms, when a lithe, stalwart form dropped from above to his side: a powerful hand first grasped and then wrenched him from that straining, encircling hug—fixed and fatal as that of the famed Devil Fish.

It was Brady! just in time to save his friend from a dreadful fall, and, with foot lodged firmly against the broad, tawny breast, to push the desperate Shawnee chief irretrievably over. A mute, despairing face turned up for one instant! a black look of baffled, but still undying hate, and down, down, down, the poor victim rolled, lying bruised and battered at the bottom.

Brady, knowing the danger of delay, now seized his panting and utterly exhausted companion, and, amid bullets which sounded with a dull thud on the rocks above, below and on either side, fairly pushed the Hermit before him to his old position on the summit above.

One rush of the savages below to regain the maimed and bleeding body of their beloved chief, and another long, dead silence! not even a bird's note to break the brooding quiet of the encircling woods.

Stationing a lookout at each approach, our resolute little band of scouts, greatly elated over the repulse of their crafty foes, withdraw to their shelter about the spring.

Here they related incidents of the struggle; speculated as to what might be the next move; lamented the untimely fate of Kennedy, and at length found time to carefully dress the wounds of old Uncle Josh and Adam Poe, and others more lightly touched. Thus far they had been wonderfully preserved, while their pursuers had been as badly punished.

Probably a half hour had elapsed when scattering reports, seeming to come from all directions about the knoll, were heard, some of the bullets whistling uncomfortably near their persons. Considering their elevation, this occasioned surprise and some excitement.

Just then Brady carelessly plucked off a piece of lead which had whizzed past his ear, striking and adhering to the rock just behind him. Attentively examining it, he saw at once, by the way it was flattened, that it must have come from some point above them. Springing hastily to his feet, he exclaimed in low tones:

“Another sly trick of the rascals, lads! Just look at this slug! Now that never came from below or from the same level—*couldn't* do it. The cunning varmints must be roosting 'round in the trees.”

“True's Scriptor,” said Andy, carefully examining the bullet. “To your holes, boys! quick! every mother's son of ye! Brady, as



Adam's been wing-crippled, and the Hermit's purty well pumped out, let's you and me take to trees, and see ef we can't bark some of them red squirrels."

No sooner said than done. The scouts scattered to various covers of rock or wood, while these two dead shots picked out the most suitable trees, and snugged up close behind them, peering out on all sides for signs of the artful enemy.

Nothing whatever to be seen but the bright, glossy foliage of the interminable forest on all sides. Soon there came a sharp crack, and a bullet whizzed past Brady's tree, striking the stock of the Hermit's rifle, and awakening that singular being from his moody humor. Two other cracks were now heard from the other side, one of them evidently aimed at Brady, since the bullet buried itself in the tree just above his head.

Still nothing to be seen.

"Watch for the puffs of smoke, Andy, and be ready next time," hurriedly exclaimed Brady. "Those shots came from a disiance. Hold! hold! By Heavens! I see *my* man—way up in the top of that tall elm! Hist!" and the ready scout quickly drew up his trusty rifle and let drive. "There! there! just in the forks there! Don't ye sight him now, wriggling himself like a rattler after a cat-bird, and trying to get down to a lower limb?"

Just at this moment could be seen and heard in that direction a great rustling of the branches. Only this, and nothing more.

"By Jupiter, Andy!" exultingly exclaimed Brady, after listening a moment with the greatest intentness, "I've blazed him out o' that! I've spotted him sure's I'm a living sinner! Hurrah!—h—h—h!" and the excited scout gave out a yell of triumph and defiance, shrill and horrible enough to have done credit to any native of that wilderness.

Whether killed or not, no further shots came from *that* quarter. Both scouts afterward drew bead on two savages whom they saw, or thought they saw in the tree tops on the other side. Although the Indians had taken the precaution to climb trees pretty far off, from whose tops they supposed they could unobservedly keep up a galling fire on those on the summit, they soon concluded the game was too perilous, and after a while, the shots ceased entirely.

Poe's band soon reappeared, and hearing nothing further from their baffled foes, confidently concluded that the pursuit had at length been abandoned. They pulled out what provisions they had, and were soon engaged in a hearty meal.

All at once the profound stillness was disturbed by a single very loud, piercing and prolonged yell, ending in a peculiar trill or quaver, and issuing from the woods near the creek on the upper side. The scouts pricked up their attentive ears, dropped their pieces of jerk, and gazed at each other inquiringly.

"Well, that fellow's got the magnificentest bellows," at last laughed Andy. "He screeches as ef he downright liked it. He must have been gathering and nursing up that catamountish howl all the way from his moccasins. Wonder what's up?"

About five minutes after another solitary yell, in a higher key and

with a more peculiar quaver, was heard from a different quarter of the woods.

“By Jehosaphat! that’s the scalp hallo!” continued Andy, beginning to look grave, and gazing solemnly around from face to face. “I never hear that confounded shrill, barking shriek that it don’t go through me like a knife. My har just lifts on my scalp like the bristles of my Cæsar hound when a treed bar makes an ugly wipe at him. Wonder ef it’s poor Kennedy’s scalp they’re bragging about?”

After another brief interval, there came from directly south of the hill, yet another yell, quite as loud but still differing from the others. The circle of attentive faces now looked rueful and puzzled enough Andy’s voice sank almost to a fretful whisper as he said:—

“Dog my cats, fellers! ef that don’t flummix me. That’s ‘the prisoner’s halloo.’ Who’s took, I wonder, and what the devil does it all mean? I tells ye, boys, I once heerd that kind of a snarly yelp down below Fort Henry, and it says *torture*. I’ll give ye the differ atween—”

“Girty’s clean beat, my brave hunters!” here suddenly and confidently interrupted Brady, with a laughing chuckle of satisfaction. “Yes, he’s nosed up the wrong scent; has now turned tail, and we might as well be packing up our traps and be jogging on.”

“What d’ye mean, Cap.?” exclaimed several of his companions, turning to him with wondering looks.

Brady, who had been sitting apart by himself, attentively considering each peculiar cry as it reached his ears, now rose up quickly and joined the circle with the remark:—

“Why, precisely what I say. Girty’s ambush has utterly failed. He *must* keep moving or he’s lost, and he knows it bravely. Girty can’t afford to lose more time, but would like to keep *us* back, so what does the subtle old fox do but lay a new snare for us. Now, while Andy’s been palavering to you about Indian whoops, *I’ve* been studying them up, too, and I’ll lay old ‘Spitfire’—if I ever get it back—against the meanest popper in this company, that the three yells we’ve just heard came all from the same identical throttle—different keys, and pitches and shakes, doubtless, but the same old whoop. Needn’t be wagging your head so owlshly, Andy; to quote your own words, ‘it’s a sollum fact!’ I’m so cock sure that there’s only one redy down there, that I’m going to risk a near pop at him. Are ye tired of foxy pelts, Poe, or will you join the hunt?”

“Oh, yes, Cap, I’ll jine ye, sure and sartin, whether there be one or whether there be twenty,” dubiously answered Andy, now convinced that Brady was right, but anxious to maintain his reputation for sagacity with his band.

The two scouts, slinging their rifles carelessly over their shoulders, at once proceeded to the creek bluff; clambered down to the dense woods below, and with cat-like tread, stealthily crept off under the trees.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## THE DEATH OF OLD UNCLE JOSH.

A half hour passing without one sound from the forest below, went far to confirm Brady's assertion. The attention of the waiting scouts had, meanwhile, been called to the sinking condition of poor Uncle Josh.

This rough, but true and simple-hearted old hunter, had been grievously wounded in the breast at the very outset of the fray, but, with the generous assistance of his fellows, to whom he was greatly endeared, he had just managed to reach the refuge ere he sank down utterly exhausted.

Here he had been tenderly laid near the gushing, murmuring waters, beneath the shade of a spreading birch, and his desperate wound treated with a demulcent made from the chewed barks of Sassafras and Slippery Elm. This was an old Indian application, but, while it soothed and assuaged the pain, it could, in this instance, do no more.

The tough, gnarly, weather-beaten old borderman had plainly received a mortal hurt. He was beyond all human aid. A raging thirst devoured: a burning fever tormented him. His constant cry was water! water! Then he wandered in his speech; was now violent, then tranquil: now stormy, then patient as a woman. His gaunt, meagre body, seemingly all brawn and thews and sinews, was sapped of its strength, and he grew gentle as a child.

There lay the hard, horny, steel-nerved old woodsman suffering untold anguish without murmur or complaint; but casting a strangely wistful, pleading look around the circle of sympathizing neighbors, as if for once in his life fairly staggered and confounded. The thought of death in connection with this "Old Hickory," as he was sometimes fitly called, had never before entered into the heads of those rude and rugged frontiersmen, familiar as they were with scenes of blood and violence.

If he had been killed outright like Bill Kennedy, it would, it is true, have been a severe shock, but not an extraordinary one that would impress deeply, but to see their staunch and tireless fellow-tracker, whom no perils could daunt, no privations dismay, no assaults subdue, lying prone and impotent, rapidly breathing his life away, it touched them nearly and profoundly.

As they were thus, with softened, sorrowful looks, gathered about this old Ironsides, each offering as he could some kind attention, a sharp rifle crack suddenly broke the solemn stillness. This was quickly followed by another, and this by a shrill, frightful yell, that sent the blood leaping through the veins of every hearer.

The scouts were themselves again, and gathered on the hill brow or descended to the woods to learn the news. Even the dying sufferer raised his languid lids, his ashen eyes taking a fleeting lustre, and his pallid cheeks a momentary flush at the thrilling sounds.

"That last shot warn't from Andy's barker," faintly muttered the

old man, with a feeble shake of the head. "I'd know its spiteful snap 'mong a whul battle full."

"No, Uncle Josh, 'twas a strange crack," softly answered Adam, who, himself sorely wounded in the arm, was sitting near the old hunter; "but the *first* shot was from *mine*—the one I lent Brady. I'll affidavit to that. That war-whoop, too's, Shawnee; I cipher it out by the shaky tail on't. Ef the bellers that made it isn't sound as a bell, I hope I may be shot."

"I wish the scrimmage was all over, Adam," sighed Uncle Josh, closing his eyes again. "I'm powerful glad I've saved my top-knot—but, oh, how I hanker arter the cabin, and my skin bunk and the old 'oman, a smoothing of my bed and a stroking of my har. Jerusha's growly as a 'painter' sometimes, you know, Adam, and hot as cayenne; but only when I crosses her. She means well! she means well, an' has a soft and heartsome touch."

"Oh, cheer up, old fellow, you're not so bad, arter all, an' we'll have ye in yer own bed yet."

"I misdoubt it, Adam; yes, I do. It 'pears to me as ef my innards had all kinder gin out. Every breath cuts like a knife, and I'm drefful drefful weak—I couldn't wrassle a varmint of a cat now. I ain't afereed o' death, though. Adam, now that he's gripped me. I've faced him too long. He'll throw me this bout, but—*I'll die game*. I've tried to be true and do my duty to ye all, and have been a good neighbor, haven't I, Adam?"

"You have, indeed, Josh. No man in the settlement truer nor better nor you. You're cut on a big pattern, and have more conscience than any of us, and that's a fact."

"Thankee kindly, neighbor, for that lift!" a glad smile lighting up the gaunt, rugged face, and seizing hold of his companion's hand. "Ef I could unly see the old wife now, I'd toe the chalk more contented like. I'm feared I've led her a rough and lunsome life. Ye know, Adam, how one arter t'other of the childer was took—two peert, hand-sum gals and three likely lads, chips of the old block; a couple of the boys killed and one of 'em toted off by the yaller hides.

"Waal, the old cabin got kind o' dark and cheerless, and Jerusha jest lost heart like, an' grieved an' fretted an' worried, and both of us growed kind o' galled and persimmenly and stiff-bristled agin each other—and agin our Maker, too; and the dust jest got piled up on the big Bible, and—waa, ye know Jerusha was a riglar thoroughgoer, and she worked like all wrath whiles I tramped the woods, month in and month out, arter Injuns and varmints when I oughter staid to hum and comforted and guyed up my ole 'oman. There's jest where old Josh acted dogonned mean and skunky, for grief's a gnawin' and a wastin' thing, and woman's narves are not so catguty as man's, and her feelin's are finer nor—nor—silk; but what's this comin' over my grizzly old pate! Oh, neighbor! won't ye stilt it up a mite? 'Pears as ef I wor all a choking up, and a sort of daze is in my eyes. Why, Adam, man, this can't be—"

At this moment a glad, ringing shout came from the woods below, which was cheerily answered by such of the scouts as had remained gathered along the brow of the knoll. Very soon Brady and Andy

Poe mounted the top, leading between them, with hands tied behind him, an agile, defiant, sullen-looking young savage, with eyes as keen and restless as a lizard's.

"What fiery young devil's that you've snared, Andy?" said Jake Leffler. "He looks supple as a yearling buck and glowers out o' his two coals of eyes like a riled catamount."

"Waal, his looks don't lie on him, I promise ye," laughed Andy. "He's a reg'lar out-an-out snorter, and guv us a world o' trouble. He's the reddy with the healthy yell that's been jaying around this neck o' woods. Brady calkerlated right to a dot. We tracked him 'round and 'round, and spotted him just as he was craning out his wizen'd for a new holler. Ye oughter seen him jump when he sighted us. My hound, Black Muzzle, warn't a carcumstance to him. Then he streaked it through the heavy timber and doubled on us like a fox. But Brady and me havn't lived in the woods for nothing, and we worked him judgmatically.

"At last we headed him off and druv him into a pesky windfall! He dodged around among the trunks and stumps like a dipper in a hail storm; but we kept a crowding and a crowding of him, and when he found 'twas no use foolin' away his time that-a way, he flirted behind the bushy end of a fallen black oak; out with his barker, and drew a bead at the Captin' here. Lor bless you, t'warn't of enny account. Brady treed to once, and got in first pop, jist to make things lively as a Dutch cheese. But, to be honest, young Leather Lungs was true grit, and jawed back, but missed; and then gave a yell that—waal, it was jest screechy and raspy enough to curl the bark off a gum log.

"But it isn't the tonguy hound that brings down the buck, and no noise ever yet broke any bones; and when Mr. Injun sighted 'Blue Blazes' here," (patting his rifle) "a winking at him and jest looking of him over, he throw'd up his paws and came down han'somely; and—*here he is*. We tried to pump him about Girty, but he's dumb as an oyster, and as ugly and sullen as a treed bar. One thing sartain! No more yaller-hides in these diggins—all gone, lock, stock and barrel; dead, wounded and on the hoof, and that's Injun fashion all out.

"But, come boys! we hear old Uncle Josh is going fast. Sad news, sad news, as true a heart as there's on the border. What! Old Josh floored! that's knotty and gritty as an oak gnarl; that was never sick, or tired, or even grumpy, and whose narves were like steel wires; *him* down and weak as a puling, bran-new baby! I can't believe it 'less I sight it myself."

It was even so; and as the group of grim, hardy hunters shyly encircled the spot where the dying man was lying, his shaggy, grizzled head supported in Adam's lap, and as they gazed on his pallid face and his closed eyes, and saw him fetching hurried and painful breaths, a feeling of awe crept over them, some even turning aside to brush away the unbidden tear.

A wondrous change had now come over the old man. The vital flame was plainly flickering low in its socket. His eyes lost all their lustre, and his senses wandered. His rugged features became pinched and his breathings were rapid and more difficult. All those peculiar

but infallible signs which denote the departure of an immortal soul from its earthly tabernacle were painfully present.

Even the young savage, who had approached with the rest, and who had been at first startled and then fascinated by the strange, solemn spectacle, appeared deeply moved. His eyes quickly lost their savage gleam; his swarthy countenance softened and saddened. He muttered something in the Shawnee tongue, and sat himself pensively down behind a tree and leaned his head upon the bark.

And now the sufferer grew more quiet and at ease. He at length opened his eyes, and as he looked slowly around the circle of sorrowing neighbors, a faint sparkle revisited them, and a sad smile played over his honest, furrowed features.

"It's all up with old Uncle Josh, neighbors," he muttered faintly. "I said it and I know'd it from the first. I've lived mainly in the woods, and now I'm to die in the woods. It's mebbe best Jerusha shouldn't see me go. Poor soul! what ud be the use? I leave her to your care, friends. She's old; and 'thout her old man and childer, will be awful lunsome now. I leave her a snug cabin and rich patch o' bottom and timber land, and some likely cattle; but all her genooine comfort must come from the ole Bible and her neighbors. Tell her of my love; that I axe pardon for not being a better man to her, but that I bless her with my last breath, and die game, as I hope I've lived game, an' tried to do my whul duty as I know'd it. And when all's over, neighbors, I know ye won't leave me out here 'mong all the men and beast varmint, but will jest carry the battered hulk back to the ole wife, and bury it alongside the cabin and under the big butternut tree. Jerusha might take some little comfart in having me so near.

"And now, good-bye all! I call ye to witness that I die 'thout a flinch and 'thout an innemy. I want every man to give me a parting hand-shake, and to forgive me ef I've harmed him unbeknownst. And you first, Abe, as I've know'd you longest, and we crossed the mountains together."

He extended his feeble hand, and pressed that of each one as he advanced, in turn, accompanying it with a few words of farewell.

When this was done, he muttered, "All's over now. I've a long journey to take, and would like to be left all alone. You, too, Adam; prop me up agin the tree and leave me to me. No one of ye can make dying easier, and I've my own odd notions."

No use arguing. The last wishes of the dying old hunter were respected. The two Poes carefully propped him up in a sitting position, with his back against the birch and his face toward the setting sun. They then retired to some distance under the trees and patiently waited.

The dying man first looked slowly all around and then upward, as if he were taking a formal, solemn farewell of woods and sky; then closed his eyes and clasped his feeble hands. His lips were now seen to move for a few minutes, and then all grew still and quiet, nor did any know, so gently and insidiously had Death made his final approaches, the precise moment when the spirit left the body. Only a slight rigidity of the features; a falling of the jaw towards the breast,

and a wondrous peace and calm resting on the swart and weather-beaten visage, denoted that the great change had come.

It had for some time been perfectly clear to Girty that his plot against the pursuing scouts had miscarried, and that it would not do for him to loiter long. His own wounds may have hurried his decision, for although the check received was not severe enough to alarm or disable, it was yet enough to dispirit both himself and followers.

Black Hoof, too, his fighting-chief, had been picked up after his combat with the Hermit, in a very bruised and deplorable condition. If they wished, therefore, a safe escape, they could risk no longer delay. So carrying off his dead and wounded, and detailing the young Shawnee to deceive and detain as much as possible with his various yells, Girty suddenly turned tail. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once, and he was wise to do so.

His followers soon selected, with great craft, the most unlikely and sequestered spot in which to bury their dead, concealing with the greatest art—in order to prevent mutilation of the bodies—every possible trace of disturbance. With the redman, if the scalp is saved, everything is saved. This trophy is dressed and plumed and tricked off, so that every foe who will, may pluck it; but it is so honored that the arts and efforts to guard and preserve it, are only equalled by the arts and efforts to obtain it.

Every scalp fairly won by a "brave" or chief is worn about the person, and marks his advancement to fame and distinction. These are his stars and garters; his medals of honor and badges of distinction. Let us not, therefore, quarrel with this gory fancy of the poor, untutored savage. It comes to him as an inheritance from the ages past, and is deemed by all those whose honor and respect he covets, as his only claims to merit and renown.

These obsequies hurried over, Girty urged his band forward with all possible speed. So anxious, indeed, was he to make up lost time and throw his pursuers off the trail—which, if done at all, must be done that very night—that he soon goaded them into a regular jog-trot, which was kept up without intermission until the advance under Captain Pipe was reached.

The Big Yellow Trail on which Girty and his prisoners traveled, ran north and south. The dotted lines show where Girty's whole party diverged; waded up the centre of South Branch; let Larry's party go on; crossed back to the stream on robes; waded down stream to the point nearest the North Branch; crossed to that branch on robes, &c.; waded a mile up its centre, and finally camped.



GIRTY'S PLAN TO GIVE A FALSE TRAIL.

By Girty's preemptory orders, this vanguard had rested within full view of where the Big Yellow divided into two branches. Along the Northern lay the regular beaten trail—the one taken by Gen. Bouquet's

army many years before—passing thence over to and down the Sandy to its mouth on the Tuscarawas, between the abandoned Ft. Laurens and the plain on which stands now the town of Bolivar, O.

Along the Southern branch lay a more unfrequented Indian trace, which came out on the Tuscarawas below the burnt Moravian town of Gnadenhutten, and kept thence along that river to the Delaware town of Goshockking (now Coshocton), whence proceeded a large and much-traveled trail South-westwardly to the Chillicothe and Piqua towns on the Scioto.

Now it had all along been Girty's design to retreat by the North branch which trended to the Sandusky towns near Lake Erie, but to make the Poe-Brady pursuit believe that he with his main force and captives had gone by the South branch which led southward to the Scioto towns. To this end, as also to deceive and divert the Ft. Henry pursuit, which he knew would go directly North-west to intercept his trail, he had given Larry to Fat Bear's party that they might take this southern trace, and thus mislead *both* parties of pursuers.

Fat Bear, however, having been killed, and Larry having been so dangerously wounded, Girty had about abandoned this scheme; but found now on his arrival, that Larry was only seriously but not fatally hurt, and that his guards had made for him, after the Indian fashion, a rude litter swung between two saplings, the butt ends of which being tied together, rested on the back of Shepherd's horse, while the other flexible and leafy ends, fastened two or three feet apart, were allowed to drag along the ground. So Girty at once put Larry in charge of "The Moose," another reliable chief of the Miami tribe, with instructions to push along the south branch with his force of five, to Goshockking and thence to the Chillicothe towns. The crafty renegade also detailed, with great minuteness, a plan, by which, at a certain spot named, where the trail from Ft. Henry would cross this Chillicothe trail, he should so artfully multiply the tracks of Larry's horse, as well as the moccasin prints of his "braves," that the Ft. Henry party would inevitably conclude that *all* of Girty's band with the captives had gone that way, and would at once give pursuit in a Southern direction; while in reality Girty, with his rich booty, would be off on the Northern or Sandusky trail.

Adroitly conceived, this; but the shrewd and cunning old fox never dreamed, what our readers will probably remember, that when Brady was over at the Poes, he had forecast just some such dodge as this. He had therefore taken the precaution to supplement Lydia Boggs' story by sending a messenger in hot haste to the Fort Henry party, acquainting them with his suspicions, putting them on their guard, and proposing, should neither party of scouts sooner bring Girty's scalpers to bay, a joint pursuit from the burnt Moravian town of Gnadenhutten.

And now, knowing that if Brady and the Poes were not by this time pretty sick of jostling themselves against his force, they could not, at all events, come up to the Forks of the Yellow much before dusk, when it would be too late to scrutinize very closely, here's what Girty did to throw them off the trail.

Instead of following the beaten track which led across the south



branch to the north branch, he, with the whole force, diverging to the left, kept some little distance up the left bank of the south branch. He then caused them all to enter the stream, choosing a hard, stony place, as if he desired to conceal *all* traces, and yet managing to leave just enough so that skillful trackers like Brady and the Poes could gather that a number of men and beasts had there entered.

Wading up the very centre of the stream a full half-mile to a point a short distance beyond where he knew the north branch made a big bend towards them,—it approaching at a distance of not over a hundred yards or so,—he now selected another rocky margin on the left bank and of course on the same side that he entered it, where he made the whole force, foot and horse, take first to dry land, and then go along a trail which lay just on the edge of the woods till they found a hard and stony place, not likely to take foot-prints readily.

As on entering the stream, so on emerging, and up to this point, Girty had so manœuvred as to convey the impression that he aimed to conceal his tracks, while, really, he fully intended and expected that such expert trailers as were hunting him up, would decipher all. But just here this part of the game ended. Thenceforth the study was to deceive.

To this end Girty now ordered The Moose's small party forward, the dragging ends of Larry's sapling litter—since they left so plain a trace as would look to expert trackers too much designed—to be raised up and carried for awhile. The Miami chief had full instructions as to the important *role* he was to play, and now parted company, all the captives managing to say a few comforting words to poor Larry, who, grievously wounded, lay stretched upon his novel but not uncomfortable couch, looking wretched and disconsolate enough.

This little detachment had scarce disappeared westward under the leafy arches of those grand old woods, when a number of skins and blankets were carefully spread on the rocky ground between the horses—on which were mounted Mrs. Malott, Drusilla Swearingen, Betty Zane, Mrs. Dorman and the two children—and the margin of the stream. Over these the horses and ponies, as well as the male captives and all of Girty's Indians on foot, were made to pass, of course leaving no tracks.

When all had thus safely entered the water again—Captain Pipe leading the way back—and down (not up) the stream's centre—the skins and blankets were carefully lifted, one after another, by Simon Girty, who, with head bound up and one arm in a sling from his late wounds, had yet personally superintended the whole enterprise, and now stood watchful and solitary on the creek edge, carefully looking over the whole ground, lest, perchance, any trace or impression, or lest any suggestive sign or token purposely dropped by the captives, might betray more than was intended.

Raising the last blanket, he was just about to step backward into the water, when his eyes seemed suddenly to catch sight of some object on the far side of a clump of hazel-bushes lying close to the stream. Making a hasty but careful step or two aside, he quietly

stooped and picked up something from under the bush, which, having hastily examined, he thrust into the breast of his hunting-frock; and, all having been now approved, the white chief followed his band to that point on the opposite or right bank which was nearest to the horse-shoe bend of the north branch.

Here, as before, skins and blankets were spread closely on the ground, and horses, ponies and all on foot obliged to pass slowly over. When about eight or ten yards had been thus traversed, the spreads in the rear were successively moved to the front, and thus the passage of more than a hundred yards to the north branch of the Yellow was reached, without foot of beast or man ever having touched the bare ground.

The greatest possible care was used in entering this north branch to leave not the slightest trace. The singular procession now waded up the centre of that stream for fully a mile. Girty had again resumed the lead, and, judging from the more cheerful expression on his sinister countenance, and from the frequent pleasant words vouchsafed to Mrs. Malott and her children, he seemed to be relieved of a great anxiety, and to consider the rest of the journey as secure and freed from all difficulty.

The sun had now long since descended, and evening, with all its transforming witcheries; all its quiet, tranquilizing influences, was slowly gathering over wood and water. Nothing could exceed the fresh and varied beauties of the vast, luxuriant forests on either side. Americans take pardonable pride in the autumnal glories and dying splendors of their forests—the rich, mottled, mellowed tints of the maples and gums and hickories, when the whole forest seems aglow and aflame with the rarest and most gorgeous of orange and crimson and scarlet dyes; and yet the forest pomp and pageantry of the regenerating May is quite as striking and magnificent. Every variety of tree and bush has its own peculiar fashion and color, of bud, of leaf, of flower. Every hour of the fervid, vivifying sun upon the opening foliage marks the most marvelous changes—the most wondrous transfigurations. What can excel, for instance, in delicate grace and beauty, the expanding leafage of the white birch; what, in tender richness, the maple, chestnut and tulip trees; what, in floral prodigality, the redbud, the dogwood, the serviceberry, the laurels, or the magnificent, peerless magnolias.

It was, therefore, a panorama of singular beauty that, on that pleasant May evening, gladdened the eyes of the jaded and travel-stained party. What a day of excitement it had been to all! and how welcome—even to the tireless, stoical redmen—was Girty's halt opposite a cluster of gigantic, white-trunked sycamores.

There was to be their rest for the night. No further need now for concealment; and all plashed pell-mell to the shore and scrambled hurriedly up the bank. Simon Girty planted himself at the edge of the water, waiting until each had passed. Drusilla came last. Desiring to shun an interview with the white chief, she had lingered under various pretences; but there Girty patiently stood, a stern and forbidding expression upon his face. He could not be avoided; so, whipping up her horse, and with a flush mounting to her very temples,

she essayed to pass. Taking out a glove from the breast of his hunting-frock, he laid one heavy hand on the saddle of her horse, and quietly extended to her the glove with the other.

"I allow, Miss Swearingen," he said, in low, severe tones, and giving her a significant look out of his wicked eyes, which Drusilla was very long in forgetting, "that I've seen *you* wear a glove like this. You know where I found it, and also what's writ on the paper inside. I'm told you and Sam Brady are great friends. But him and me are deadly foes. If *you* want him on our trail, *I don't*; and so, I *warn you*. I'd like to treat you captives decent; but, d—n it, ma'am, you won't let me. I ordered you wimmen's hands to be untied this morning, and now here's what comes of it. If my Injuns had found this, 'twould have gone plaguy tough with you, I can tell ye. Now, no more of this fooling, or I'll hand you over to Pipe and Blackhoof."

Poor Drusilla was so much confused and dismayed at having her bold ruse thus quietly exposed by Girty, that she blushed scarlet, and could only bow her head and faintly mutter, as she took back her glove, "Thank you Girty. I'll remember. You're better than I thought."

Girty removed his hand from the saddle; gave her a meaning look, and held up a warning finger as she rode past him up the bank.

---

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### GIRTY AND BRADY HAVE A TRIAL OF WITS.

With that gipsy readiness at improvising a camp so universal among these native woodsmen, the fire, with its horizontal sapling and notched uprights, was quickly in a bright blaze, and venison steaks from deer killed on the way, were fizzing and sweating out their savory juices at the ends of hickory rods stuck in a circle about it. While some brought water for Mrs. Dorman to prepare different viands, others hopped the horses and the ponies, or arranged for the night the captives and children and such as were wounded.

This done, the weary, improvident savages lit their pipes of kinnekenick; stretched themselves on the grass or dry leaves under the trees, and lazily discussed the stirring events of the day. They were all *at home*; nor were the voices of women and children or occasional bursts of merriment absent to complete the illusion.

Girty was not far astray in supposing it would be late before his pursuers would reach the South Branch crossing. His ambush, although unexpectedly disastrous to his own force, had proved, likewise, a severe check to them; they had taken the lesson to heart, and now, with greatly diminished strength, resumed the trail with exemplary caution.

First appeared Brady, with grave, earnest face, and eyes warily cast ahead and on either side: then the Hermit, with his stern, silent, abstracted air; his intense ardor slumbering but never dying; his eyes aglow with the one absorbing passion of his life; then Andy, with slouchy, careless gait, but with the padded footfall of a panther; and,

finally, the others, dogged and indifferent, content to let the leaders watch and plan, but prompt to do their whole duty as brave men.

And now Brady beholds the South Branch of the Yellow. In perpetual danger of ambush, but at this spot especially, he waves one off to either flank to scour the woods. Nothing suspicious to be seen! He now reaches the ford, and closely studies the ground. How's this! Neither horse nor man lately passed. With form bent to earth, and every sense on the alert, he slowly retraces the trail, pausing at intervals to study each seeming digression of the tracks from the beaten path.

Now a longer pause where the sod seems indented and the bushes and creepers somewhat disturbed. The gathering obscurity sends him to his knees; then he stretches himself prone on the grass and listens intently. He quickly beckons Andy to his side, and a joint and close scrutiny ensues. A few earnest words of conference, and with figures again erect, they enter upon, and unerringly follow up, Girty's fresh trail, where it diverged from that of the Big Yellow.

All this is unexpected. What can Girty mean? and where can he be? It both surprises and awakens suspicion. Each scout is on the *qui vive*. The trail appears to lead right into the south branch. Can there be any mistake! Down to the ground again to study out the indications. No! It's all indelibly written there.

Here are the faint impressions of horse-shoes of various sizes. The small unshodden hoof of one of the ponies has there cut into the sod. On this side a horse has made a bite at a succulent paw-paw bush, breaking twigs and stripping the leaves. On that, another horse has dropped a blotch of saliva on the grass, or left scars on the stones with his irons. And now, on more minute inspection, can be traced out moccasin prints: some on the grass, but more on the beach, and there, close by the edge of the water, have actually fallen some ashes from a pipe.

All these, and many more mute but infallible signs, are carefully gathered and compared. At last the inevitable conclusion is reached; fixed as logic; inexorable as a demonstration in Euclid, and Brady speaks:

"Have done, lads! No use of further search. It's all writ there as plain and simple as a page of the Bible. Girty's party's all taken to water like so many otters, though what the old fox means, unless he's playing one of his sly, devilish tricks, is above my bend. It knocks all my calculations. What dy'e say, Andy?"

"Stumped sure! and bothered as a fly in a tar-box. It's jest a huckleberry above my persimmons. Was getting, too, as hot on that trail as all wrath, and now it's getting too darkish to foller to-night. Might as well put a young hound on a cold scent, or hunt up the track of a water snake."

"And so it's settled," concluded Brady. "One thing's sure, though. If *we* have to lie by a night, the same has Girty. So we'll not lose much, and we'll be off by the first streak o' day. Only a cold snack to-night, though, as 'twill never do to make a smoke. Who knows whether Girty's a rod or a mile off? But"—as he noticed Leffler mounting a little hill somewhat off the creek—"where in the world are ye going, Jake?"

"This wise old coon's going to tree, being as Poe's too hurted in the Big Foot scrimmage to climb," laughed Leffler, as he swung his moccasined feet, through the aid of a hickory sapling, over the lowest limb of a towering buttonwood. "Ef there's any Injun signs about, trust me for spying them out. I used to have a hawk's sight, and guess I havn't lost the trick yet."

So saying, the scout climbed nimbly as a squirrel to the very top, and gave a long and all-embracing outlook towards the west. Nothing escaped his keen, experienced eye. Everywhere, over hill, plain and valley, stretched the vast, illimitable wilderness—a boundless sea, as it were, of bright, green foliage, only broken in two directions by the north and south branches of the Big Yellow.

"Well, Yakob," shouted Brady, beginning to grow impatient, "d'ye see anything?"

"Yes! oh yes! no end o' green leaves, but that's no strange sight in these parts; but, Lor-dy, man, what a tarnal sight of big and little game, and pesky varmints and skulking Injuns are often hid under such a huge screen! I bet you, now, them woods is jest crowded with life, but no sign o' humans that I can see. Wish it was lighter, but no stain o' smoke on the whul sky—looks clean as a pan of new milk," and Leffler rapidly descended.

The scouts now hunted about for a snug, secure covert for the night, and found it in a dark little tangled dingle, almost completely over-arched with lush and luxuriant foliage, and opening out on the south branch. In this sequestered gloom the tired trackers threw themselves down and pulled out their jerk.

The night soon grew very dark and chilly, and to show either flame or smoke would have been perilous. Poe, who seemed ever light-hearted and fertile in expedients, hunted around for a hollow in the earth. This he widened and deepened into a pit, gathering and placing on it bark and leaves, and, covering all with loose earth, with an occasional air-hole, he applied a spark, and thus made a sort of warm oven.

On the edge of this pit, with their moccasins dangling over this caked fire, Poe and the rest seated themselves, and grew quite warm and comfortable. The pipe and jest and story went round for a time, but one by one the hunters dropped backward, and were locked in that dreamless slumber known only to the healthy and fatigued.

In the wild woods there arises just before the break of day, a preliminary twittering of birds, which, like cock-crowing, becomes general. A species of owl, too, known to old hunters as the "four o'clock owl," chooses the same time for his doleful hoots. At these sounds our scouts awoke, replenished their novel oven, munched with the eager appetite of hunters their frugal breakfast, and, by the very first blush of dawn, were ready for work.

The first thing, obviously, was to find Girty's broken trail. To this end Brady, with the Hermit, kept up the left; Poe, with the others, up the right side of the South Branch. Every foot of ground, but more especially the margin of the water, was carefully scrutinized.

All at once Brady's keen, watchful eye is arrested by peculiar signs—slight, trifling marks and traces no bolder than such as have been mentioned, and that would have been noticed by no other than an Indian,

or those with whom trailing was a life business. The impressions became more frequent, and Poe is signalled to cross over. A thorough examination is now made, and Girty's landing on the left stands confessed. The testimony is strong as that of the rock-ribbed hills to the geologist. The tracks of the horses are now followed to the stony ground. Here a link seems wanting. Brady thinks all the horses have not gone on from this point. Poe stoutly differs; if not, where are they? As to those on foot, nothing is certain. Brady is loth to abandon his fixed belief that Girty will carry his captives north to the Sandusky towns, and yet now the trickster appears to be off to the west, or rather southwest.

Brady goes along the trail into the woods. Of Shepherd's horse only he is now sure; also of a force with it. But if the beasts have *not* gone on, where are they? This is the problem, and Brady wanders around and around, in a brown study, with hopes of seeing or finding something to solve the mystery. Drusilla's glove and note would just now have come in well and gracefully. But that is past.

"Found anything, Cap?" said Andy, who had been following the fresh trail for some distance and had now rejoined Brady, who was sitting on the bank of the creek.

"Nothing but this moccasin thong; but *it* don't tell anything. Have you?"

"Not a mite. 'Bout a quarter mile on, looks as ef something like brush was sweeping along in the track of the lame horse."

"Like brush?" quickly replied Brady. "Why *that's* odd, too. Any other horses?"

"Waal, not so plain as I'd like, but dodrot the thing, they *must* have gone on, too. Mebbe their feet were muffled. I've played that trick myself afore now. They couldn't fly or swim away, and there's more chance of their being gone that-away than any other. Ain't we wastin' time?"

"Might have waded, though; if I could only come at the clue," replied Brady, abstractedly. "Have you ever scouted up the Yellow's branches, Andy?"

"Waal, yes—leastwise on *this* one, and hunted, too. The low hills hereabouts, are jest splendiferous in the fall for bar and deer—the bottoms are full of mast and gum trees. Don't know much 'bout the *north* branch."

"Where's the Hermit?" asked Brady, abruptly.

"Thar he sits on that rock, jest at the edge of timber. He's in one of his quiet, broodin' tantrums—disappointed like. His moccasins gin out, and he's thonging them up."

Brady stepped briskly over to him.

"Mr. Markham," (so the Hermit had requested to be called, although plainly not his real name), "have you ever scouted up the north branch?"

"Know every foot of it," replied the Hermit, dryly and sententiously.

"How does it head from the forks—at right angles?"

"By no means; at an acute angle, and then takes a great bend southward till it comes pretty near *this* branch."

"A bend, eh? What! near here?" a sudden idea showing itself in the scout's eye and eager manner.

"Let me see," said the Hermit, advancing towards the water and looking earnestly at the contour of the hills on the other side, up and down the creek. "Why, yes, if I'm not mistaken, that break in the ridge there a quarter of a mile below marks the place. I've always believed that the north branch once came into this one across that flat. Why do you ask?" commencing with his moccasins again.

"I'm downright bothered," replied Brady, not to his interrogator, but as if to himself, and then resuming vehemently, "Andy, why the deuce did Girty break off from the regular track when he might have gone on to the ford, and thence waded up the south branch? Water leaves no trail."

"Dogged ef I know, Cap. What's to pay now? Mebbe he took us for greenys, or mebbe he's not so sharp as he thinks himself."

"Well, by Jupiter, I know, then," said Brady, impetuously, bringing down his hand violently on his buckskinned thigh. "Because he wanted to deceive us and throw us off his trail. We're following a blind—a wretched, miserable blind. It's been bothering me all along. Any boy on the border who's shot his first coon or turkey could have tracked him thus far, and he *meant* it so. Don't ye see, Andy?"

"Waal, 'hap I do and 'hap I don't; what then?"

"Why, I'll stake my life Girty's crossed down there to the North Branch horse-shoe, and's now camped on that stream, unless he's nosed along all night. Don't know yet how he got his beasts and men over without traces, but am ready to swear, the one horse's tracks I saw in the woods just there on this side, ain't *four* horses. And the brushy, dragging trail you found going with it! I've seen that kind before. It's an Indian litter; maybe for Killbuck or Black-Hoof, if so be the Hermit, there, didn't kill him outright, as I hope he did."

"Why, Cap, you 'spirit me, dog my buttons ef you don't," said Poe, brisking up wonderfully. "'Pears as ef you were right as a trivet arter all. Was 'ginning to feel rale crabbed and rantankerous 'bout this tramp. Talked bigger nor I felt; like Adam's coon pup, that we call 'Yowler,' kase he yawps and howls and bays the louder the more he don't see the varmint. I swan to Moses I havn't swore so much since the hot days last fly time when I plowed our stumpy 'bottom' with a yoke of skittish, unbroke steers. Je-ru-sa-lem that *was* a day; but what's the next move, Cap?"

"My plan's simple. If I'm right and Girty's on the other creek, he's striking a bee-line for the Sandusky—have always thought he would. Well, 'twould be folly, and worse, for our small force to be constantly battling with his large one. 'Twouldn't help those we wish to help, and would wipe ourselves out. Here's what we must do: Keep straight on the trail we're on, and make for Gnadenhutzen. We'll be there to-night if we push along right smart, and a big force, I hope and believe, will also be there to-night from Fort Henry. You know we agreed to meet there. We'll then join forces, and, now that we know exactly which way he's heading, can overtake Girty in half a day. Then let him look out."

"Hurrah, Captain, just the very thing," cried one and all who heard him.

"We're with you, Brady, and will all be in at the death," joyfully added Poe. "That's a heap more sensibler than butting our heads against Girty's big band of skelping cut-throats—five agin thirty odd; but how'll ye know yer right about the old tory?"

"Listen!" said Brady, "I'll now try Leffler's plan, Andy; first, because there's much more light than yesterday; and second, because I don't believe Girty's very far off. Let's see, it's just now about sun up—the very time when in a big camp—especially where there's female captives, horses, &c., to get ready—they would be either cooking or eating.

"Now you all stay here, while I'll cross to the top of yon ridge between the two branches and climb a tree. If I see the smoke of a camp I'll head straight for it and reconnoitre, and bring you the news. If as expected, we will then make all haste for the Moravian town. If I see nothing, I'll straightway return here, and we'll then go down to the neck and try if we can track men and horses over to the bend of the North Branch. The old Dodger must have flown across, or, my life on't, we'll find track of him."

This plan was received with great favor, and without a moment's delay Brady was in and over the creek, and making his way with rapid strides to the top of the hill. He felt perfectly confident, and the ardent desire he experienced to see the captives again but more especially Drusilla Swearingen, lent wings to his feet.

---

## CHAPTER L.

### OFF TO GNADENHUTTEN ("TENTS OF GRACE.")

Brady, with his free, vigorous stride, was soon breasting the ridge which divided the two arms of the Yellow. On its highest peak he singled out a towering elm: swung himself into its branches, and was speedily esconced in its spreading top.

He knew bravely in which direction to look. A vast expanse of woods lay stretched on every side beneath him. The course of the North Branch could now be clearly traced by the rift in the bright-green leafage.

With what anxiety did his eager eye follow the stream up and on! and with what an exquisite thrill of delight did it fasten on a column of blue smoke rising gracefully from the woody bottom on the thither side of the stream, and, too, not more than a mile distant.

His heart beat hard and fast against his hunting frock; he rubbed his eyes; he stood erect, and gave another long, steady gaze for fear he might have been mistaken—lest his strong and exultant hopes—"the wish being father to the thought"—might have conjured up some pleasing illusion; some beguiling rairage.

No! The waving pillar of smoke as it lazily lifted above, and hung



caressingly over the still woods, stood revealed against the pure, stainless sky, plainer than ever. His fancy could almost follow it down and see the fire which fed it; the encircling knots of savages; the group of unhappy captives, and, above all, her whom he loved so fondly and devotedly.

Our scout carefully noted "in his mind's eye," the position of the smoke and the course of the stream; hurriedly clambered, or rather tumbled, to the ground, and sped swiftly down the hill and away obliquely across the level, and soon stood upon the bank of the North Branch.

The smoke is just around the bend in front, and now its bright flame bursts upon his view. He keeps back amongst the woods' deep shadows; glides along rapidly yet cautiously from shrub to tree; from copse to thicket; and now, he stands—eager and breathless, and leaning heavily upon his trusty rifle—behind the mossy trunk of a huge sugar maple, and gazes across the narrow, dividing stream.

How quickly his roving eye takes in all the salient points of the picturesque scene! but first of all, with what marvelous rapidity it wanders over the group of captives and singles out the object of his dearest affection as she sits gracefully mounted on her horse, toying with his mane and awaiting the order to move.

A long, wistful, yearning look. He now sees the other captives standing or mounting about her. There is Mrs. Malott, busy with Mrs. Dorman in arranging two children on a pony. This is the first he has seen of these children, although he had frequently marked the little round hoof-prints of the ponies in the trail the day before, and could not account for them. Stay! Can these be the smart little decoys who had lured his boat to destruction! more than that, is it possible that they belong to Mrs. Malott! And there stand Major Rose and Shepherd, calm and dignified; with arms still bound behind them, and Killbuck, patient and unconcerned as ever.

Now he gazes at the group of busy savages, laughing, chatting, packing up the *impedimenta* of the camp, and preparing to take the trail. And now a rude litter is moved to the front. Must be for Larry! poor Larry! No, it's a chief who's helped in! Blackhoof, by all that's good!—not killed then! Larry must be the wounded occupant of the drag accompanying Shepherd's lame horse.

And there stands Girty—the artful, truculent, hard-visaged Girty—now talking with Pipe; now telling off his band as they file singly into the trail: and now he curses in a coarse, brawling manner at a lazy savage who wishes to shirk his turn at Blackhoof's litter; and now—do his eyes deceive him?—he laughs and chucks the two children under their chins and actually leads their pony into the trail, and moves gleefully off by their side.

Brady's grip tightens on his rifle. How easy it would be to bring the cursed tory down! The long, black tube, as if from an uncontrollable impulse, rapidly rises to his shoulder—but no! he must forbear, it would endanger his friends—and *her*.

The whole procession is now fairly in motion. Brady follows it for some distance; sees all, counts all, understands all; and as the last savage slowly disappears around a bend, he gives forth a scoffing

chuckle of derision at Girty's blind confidence, and then scurries back with his budget of important tidings,

He found his trusty little band awaiting him with anxious impatience. He told his story in full, and filled each heart with renewed hope and energy. They must all be at Gnadenuhuten that very evening. On the morrow Girty must be attacked, crushed, and the captives free. Brady now put himself at the head, and, with a quick, nervous stride, took up the South Branch trail.

It was a long, weary tramp, tramp, tramp that day, through an unbroken wilderness. No succession, as now, of green slope, pleasant meadow and fruitful grain-field, with here and there a mill, or inn; a cross-road church or school-house or peaceful village.

Oh, no! nothing of all this, but at least thirty-five miles of tangled wildwood; with tree and shrub; with vine and bush—*everything* that had life pushing out into full leaf.

Through all this lush and exuberant vegetation ran the slight Indian trail; past rocky hill and grassy dale; open grove and matted glade; rich, swaly bottom and breezy upland; over creek, run and rivulet; now veering aside to escape a hill-spur or a "windfall" of prostrate trunks; now bending to take advantage of a valley; but still and ever, with that unerring general directness which marks all Indian traces through the forest, leading straight on to the point desired.

They greatly err who suppose that Indians coursed their native woods at random. They were great and very rapid travelers, often going hundreds of miles on their hunting expeditions or in pursuit of their foes. Although they were always *at home* in the wilderness, threading—by noting the moss or the thick branches on one side of trees—those vast solitudes with unerring sagacity and precision; yet they had their regular beaten trails, great and little, as well known to them as our State and County roads are to us; and frequently far more direct. Traders and even military leaders often adopted them as being not only the best but often the shortest routes between given points.

Reader, can you not picture this file of gaunt, silent bordermen, as, without pause or needless loitering, they steadily forge their way under the leafy canopy? their grim, weather-beaten faces bent warily forward; their restless eyes ever on the alert for lurking redskins.

Now they take brief rest on some old mossy log, or linger to refresh them with the cool waters of some gushing spring. Now they stoop to examine a cross-trail for signs of enemies, for every man they meet is a deadly foe; every matted thicket traversed by the narrow trail may prove a fatal ambush.

Now, their moccasined feet suddenly stand still in their tracks, and they hastily bring their rifles to a "present"; but it is only an alarmed eagle which has cast itself, with a great whir and rustle of plumage, from the lofty boughs above them, and goes hoarsely scraunching out his anger through the heavens; or mayhap, it is a troop of dappled deer which their padded footsteps have at last startled from the shady covert.

These reckless trailers know well they are hated intruders on Indian soil, and go with their lives in their hands, ready at any moment to do battle against concealed and treacherous foes.

About sunset our scouts struck the Tuscarawas river, as also the North and South trail, which led along its margin. This they examined long and very closely for traces of the Fort Henry party. Nothing could be concluded definitely. Some thought it had, and some that it had not passed. If the former, it was certainly on foot, since there was not the slightest trace of hoofs.

The three Moravian villages of Christianized Indians—Shoenbrun (Beautiful Spring), Gnadenhutten (Cabins of Grace), and Salem, lay on the Tuscarawas, the first and last on the western and Gnadenhutten on the eastern side of the river. Shoenbrun was about two miles, Gnadenhutten nine miles, and Salem about fourteen miles below the present flourishing town of New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Lichtenau, founded in '76 by the Moravian Missionaries, Zeisberger and Heckewelder, had been situated on the same river, about twenty-six miles below Gnadenhutten and two miles from Goshocking (now Coshocton), which was the town of the Turtle Tribe of Delawares. Lichtenau had been located by the Delaware chiefs themselves, in order that they and their people might have an opportunity of hearing the gospel, as well as to have the converted Indians more closely under their protection. It had, however, been abandoned only two years before this, because situate directly on the great war-path to the Ohio and the Virginia border, and therefore constantly harassed by parties of warriors passing through on their way to the white settlements, to commit all manner of depredations. Salem was built in its stead, about twenty miles above, and it was just opposite to it that our scouts struck the river.

The trace to Gnadenhutten, some five miles above, lay along the east bank of the stream, and our scouts, after a long pause by its bright, peaceful waters, took up their weary tramp.

The shades of evening had fallen upon the landscape before the desolate ruins of the deserted Gnadenhutten were reached. The approach was made cautiously, for fear a smoke, which had for some time been visible back towards the hills, should prove from a hostile camp. Andy Poe was sent ahead to reconnoitre. He crept noiselessly forward, and found the fire—or rather fires, for there now appeared to be two of them—located in a little glade between two heavily-timbered slopes, and several figures, which he took to be scouts, moving about, strongly revealed by the fire-light. Stealthily moving onward from tree to tree, his eyes riveted on the flames, his attention was suddenly diverted by a slight clicking noise from behind a big chestnut a little to his right. Stepping deftly aside, Andy noted the stalwart form of a scout sitting at the tree's foot, his face bent over his gun—the lock of which he appeared to be picking and tinkering at—singing the while in a low tone, to the tune of "Marching down to old Quebec," the following verse of a jingling border ballad of that day, founded on the bloody battle of Point Pleasant:

"Brave Lewis, our Colonel, and officers bold,  
At the mouth of Kanawha did the Shawnees behold,  
On the 10th of October, at rising of sun,  
The armies did meet and the battle begun."

chuckle of derision at Girty's blind confidence, and then scurries back with his budget of important tidings,

He found his trusty little band awaiting him with anxious impatience. He told his story in full, and filled each heart with renewed hope and energy. They must all be at Gnadenuhuten that very evening. On the morrow Girty must be attacked, crushed, and the captives free. Brady now put himself at the head, and, with a quick, nervous stride, took up the South Branch trail.

It was a long, weary tramp, tramp, tramp that day, through an unbroken wilderness. No succession, as now, of green slope, pleasant meadow and fruitful grain-field, with here and there a mill, or inn; a cross-road church or school-house or peaceful village.

Oh, no! nothing of all this, but at least thirty-five miles of tangled wildwood; with tree and shrub; with vine and bush—*everything* that had life pushing out into full leaf.

Through all this lush and exuberant vegetation ran the slight Indian trail; past rocky hill and grassy dale; open grove and matted glade; rich, swaly bottom and breezy upland; over creek, run and rivulet; now veering aside to escape a hill-spur or a "windfall" of prostrate trunks; now bending to take advantage of a valley; but still and ever, with that unerring general directness which marks all Indian traces through the forest, leading straight on to the point desired.

They greatly err who suppose that Indians coursed their native woods at random. They were great and very rapid travelers, often going hundreds of miles on their hunting expeditions or in pursuit of their foes. Although they were always *at home* in the wilderness, threading—by noting the moss or the thick branches on one side of trees—those vast solitudes with unerring sagacity and precision; yet they had their regular beaten trails, great and little, as well known to them as our State and County roads are to us; and frequently far more direct. Traders and even military leaders often adopted them as being not only the best but often the shortest routes between given points.

Reader, can you not picture this file of gaunt, silent bordermen, as, without pause or needless loitering, they steadily forge their way under the leafy canopy? their grim, weather-beaten faces bent warily forward; their restless eyes ever on the alert for lurking redskins.

Now they take brief rest on some old mossy log, or linger to refresh them with the cool waters of some gushing spring. Now they stoop to examine a cross-trail for signs of enemies, for every man they meet is a deadly foe; every matted thicket traversed by the narrow trail may prove a fatal ambush.

Now, their moccasined feet suddenly stand still in their tracks, and they hastily bring their rifles to a "present"; but it is only an alarmed eagle which has cast itself, with a great whir and rustle of plumage, from the lofty boughs above them, and goes hoarsely scraunching out his anger through the heavens; or mayhap, it is a troop of dappled deer which their padded footsteps have at last startled from the shady covert.

These reckless trailers know well they are hated intruders on Indian soil, and go with their lives in their hands, ready at any moment to do battle against concealed and treacherous foes.

About sunset our scouts struck the Tuscarawas river, as also the North and South trail, which led along its margin. This they examined long and very closely for traces of the Fort Henry party. Nothing could be concluded definitely. Some thought it had, and some that it had not passed. If the former, it was certainly on foot, since there was not the slightest trace of hoofs.

The three Moravian villages of Christianized Indians—Shoenbrun (Beautiful Spring), Gnadenhutzen (Cabins of Grace), and Salem, lay on the Tuscarawas, the first and last on the western and Gnadenhutzen on the eastern side of the river. Shoenbrun was about two miles, Gnadenhutzen nine miles, and Salem about fourteen miles below the present flourishing town of New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Lichtenau, founded in '76 by the Moravian Missionaries, Zeisberger and Heckewelder, had been situated on the same river, about twenty-six miles below Gnadenhutzen and two miles from Goshocking (now Coshocton), which was the town of the Turtle Tribe of Delawares. Lichtenau had been located by the Delaware chiefs themselves, in order that they and their people might have an opportunity of hearing the gospel, as well as to have the converted Indians more closely under their protection. It had, however, been abandoned only two years before this, because situate directly on the great war-path to the Ohio and the Virginia border, and therefore constantly harassed by parties of warriors passing through on their way to the white settlements, to commit all manner of depredations. Salem was built in its stead, about twenty miles above, and it was just opposite to it that our scouts struck the river.

The trace to Gnadenhutzen, some five miles above, lay along the east bank of the stream, and our scouts, after a long pause by its bright, peaceful waters, took up their weary tramp.

The shades of evening had fallen upon the landscape before the desolate ruins of the deserted Gnadenhutzen were reached. The approach was made cautiously, for fear a smoke, which had for some time been visible back towards the hills, should prove from a hostile camp. Andy Poe was sent ahead to reconnoitre. He crept noiselessly forward, and found the fire—or rather fires, for there now appeared to be two of them—located in a little glade between two heavily-timbered slopes, and several figures, which he took to be scouts, moving about, strongly revealed by the fire-light. Stealthily moving onward from tree to tree, his eyes riveted on the flames, his attention was suddenly diverted by a slight clicking noise from behind a big chestnut a little to his right. Stepping deftly aside, Andy noted the stalwart form of a scout sitting at the tree's foot, his face bent over his gun—the lock of which he appeared to be picking and tinkering at—singing the while in a low tone, to the tune of "Marching down to old Quebec," the following verse of a jingling border ballad of that day, founded on the bloody battle of Point Pleasant:

"Brave Lewis, our Colonel, and officers bold,  
At the mouth of Kanawha did the Shawnees behold,  
On the 10th of October, at rising of sun,  
The armies did meet and the battle begun."

As Andy gazed intently at the bent form, an expression of pleased surprise suddenly shot athwart his rugged features; he emitted from his leathern jaws a low chuckle of satisfaction; and slyly creeping up with the footfall of a panther behind the unconscious singer, brought down a heavy hand upon his head, saying dryly:

"Waal, ef it ain't Sime Butler, hope I may be jerked! How cum *you* in these diggins? Conceited ye were in old Kantuck hunting reds with Dan Boone and Ben Logan."

The first word had not left Poe's mouth before Butler was on his feet with a spring, and confronting his aggressor with an angry scowl on his face. The fierce gleam gradually died out of his eyes as he saw the good-humored phiz of Andy, but the shock had been such an unpleasant one that there was still an irritable snarl in his tones as he held out his sinewy hand and growled out:—

"D—n it, Andy, but yev'e a rasping way of gripping an old acquaintance—got a paw like an Injun. Next time you'd better bark afore you bite; thought my har was gone for sure. I feel a cold streak down my spine yet."

Andy heartily shook the proffered hand, laughingly replying, "Sime, you desarved it, blamed ef you didn't, for watching camp so carless. Ef *we'd* sing and tinker rifles right off a big Injun trail up our parts, wouldn't give a weazle skin for our har. But who and how many have you in there?"

"'Bout twenty as good fellows as ever drew bead on varmint, be it beast or be it human—Zane, Wetzal, McColloch and the rest; and you; where's Adam, and all your crowd?"

Andy smiled grimly, as he replied—

"*Our crowd!* Come, come, Sime, that's a good un! Ten to begin with, and only five to end with. They're waiting for me down there, every one hungry as a wolf in snow time, and sharp set as a new tomahawk. Old Uncle Josh and Bill Kennedy are killed, and Adam and two more wounded and sloped back. Girty fought us and then doubled on us, but we'll be up with the rascal the morrow. Got all his pints and bearin's."

"Good!" said Butler, giving Poe's hand a new grip. "Girty's an old and a good friend of mine, as you know. Iv'e scouted with him in Dunmore's war, and he's saved me several times from the stake, and I'll never say a word or raise blade or bead agin him; but he's now out on a rale mean and onnery business and we'll have to win back our pootiest border gals ef it rubs us all out. I heerd Captain Brady from Fort Pitt was expected. He's kicking up quite a noise on the border. Would like to see and know him, if he's an out-and-out game bird." Then, looking searchingly at Poe, he added confidentially: "How d'ye find him, Andy? the rale stuff, true blue and no miscount. Eh? Andy."

"True grit down to the centre and catgut all over, from moccasin to eye winkers," answered Poe heartily; "the pluckiest fighter and quickest trigger I've ever tracked with. He sticks to Girty tighter nor a fly-blistar, and bites as hard, too. Can't scare, nor can't shake him off. He's like my old bear hound "Death-grip," so called kase he never gives tongue, never loses the scent, never can be tricked off the

trail, and when he sights the varmint, bee-lines for him and grips him till old bruin jest deadens his eyes and throws up his trotters. Oh, you'll warm to Sam Brady, Sime; he's jest one o' your own kidney! ken take your Bible swear on't. We've got another queer old chappy with us, too, that'll fairly charm ye. He'd rather fight than eat; hates Injuns worse nor rattlers, and cares no more for their top-gear than for a skunk's pelt."

"Glad to know it," laughed Butler. "We want no citified 'big wigs' out in the backwoods, but them who grow their own har and know how to fight for't—wiry, steel-springed, quick-triggered fellows who stand up to their work; but come, we're wasting time! Hurry them up while I go and get ready! We've been here a long spell, and the boys have been sizzling venison collops and Jack-salmon from the river, and have warning fluids too, that won't keep long, I promise ye."

---

## CHAPTER LI.

### THE MEET OF THE TWO BANDS OF SCOUTS.

The meeting between the two bands of hunters was most cordial and hearty. All the Fort Henry party had advanced to the entrance of the valley to receive their guests. Here Brady and the rest were introduced to such as they did not know.

Among others, Simon Butler came up to Brady and frankly held out his hand. These two noted scouts scanned each other with the greatest interest, for the fanie of each had reached the other. They were about the same age and tall stature; had the same lithe, agile, stalwart figures, and both were known as reckless, unquailing Indian-fighters, who never knew fear. Each, in that quick, comprehensive glance, had taken the measure of the other and confessed him his peer.

It was a true, genuine border welcome, and all gradually sank down about the fires for the evening meal. This concluded, the pipe and little jug came out, and the whole company separated into groups, threw themselves under the various trees, whose foliage was lit up by the flickering flames of the fires.

Altogether, the scene presented, though a common one on the frontier, was highly picturesque, and, as the song and laugh and joke went round with the grog, and as story after story of exciting adventure was related in the quaint, pithy, hunter's phraseology of the day, it would have been admitted that the old bordermen of that time had many compensations for their perils and hardships. If their lives were rough and simple, they were yet free and unfettered; attended by many exciting adventures and genuine pleasures; abounding in a generous, unstinted hospitality, and devoid of various artificial cares and worries known only to the more ambitious and pelf-gathering denizens of the cities.

Brady and Poe had a long conference with Zane and McColloch about the fresh work for the morrow. After a full exchange of information and opinions, the conclusion was as inevitable as it was unani-

As Andy gazed intently at the bent form, an expression of pleased surprise suddenly shot athwart his rugged features; he emitted from his leathern jaws a low chuckle of satisfaction; and slyly creeping up with the footfall of a panther behind the unconscious singer, brought down a heavy hand upon his head, saying dryly:

"Waal, ef it ain't Sime Butler, hope I may be jerked! How cum *you* in these diggins? Conceited ye were in old Kantuck hunting reds with Dan Boone and Ben Logan."

The first word had not left Poe's mouth before Butler was on his feet with a spring, and confronting his aggressor with an angry scowl on his face. The fierce gleam gradually died out of his eyes as he saw the good-humored phiz of Andy, but the shock had been such an unpleasant one that there was still an irritable snarl in his tones as he held out his sinewy hand and growled out:—

"D—n it, Andy, but yev'e a rasping way of gripping an' old acquaintance—got a paw like an Injun. Next time you'd better bark afore you bite; thought my har was gone for sure. I feel a cold streak down my spine yet."

Andy heartily shook the proffered hand, laughingly replying, "Sime, you desarved it, blamed ef you didn't, for watching camp so carless. Ef *we'd* sing and tinker rifles right off a big Injun trail up our parts, wouldn't give a weazle skin for our har. But who and how many have you in there?"

"'Bout twenty as good fellows as ever drew bead on varmint, be it beast or be it human—Zane, Wetzal, McColloch and the rest; and you; where's Adam, and all your crowd?"

Andy smiled grimly, as he replied—

"*Our crowd!* Come, come, Sime, that's a good un! Ten to begin with, and only five to end with. They're waiting for me down there, every one hungry as a wolf in snow time, and sharp set as a new tomahawk. Old Uncle Josh and Bill Kennedy are killed, and Adam and two more wounded and sloped back. Girty fought us and then doubled on us, but we'll be up with the rascal the morrow. Got all his pints and bearin's."

"Good!" said Butler, giving Poe's hand a new grip. "Girty's an old and a good friend of mine, as you know. Iv'e scouted with him in Dunmore's war, and he's saved me several times from the stake, and I'll never say a word or raise blade or bead agin him; but he's now out on a rale mean and onnery business and we'll have to win back our pootiest border gals ef it rubs us all out. I heerd Captain Brady from Fort Pitt was expected. He's kicking up quite a noise on the border. Would like to see and know him, if he's an out-and-out game bird." Then, looking searchingly at Poe, he added confidentially: "How d'ye find him, Andy? the rale stuff, true blue and no miscount. Eh? Andy."

"True grit down to the centre and catgut all over, from moccasin to eye winkers," answered Poe heartily; "the pluckiest fighter and quickest trigger I've ever tracked with. He sticks to Girty tighter nor a fly-blister, and bites as hard, too. Can't scare, nor can't shake him off. He's like my old bear hound "Death-grip," so called kase he never gives tongue, never loses the scent, never can be tricked off the



trail, and when he sights the varmint, bee-lines for him and grips him till old bruin jest deadens his eyes and throws up his trotters. Oh, you'll warm to Sam Brady, Sime; he's jest one o' your own kidney! ken take your Bible swear on't. We've got another queer old chappy with us, too, that'll fairly charm ye. He'd rather fight than eat; hates Injuns worse nor rattlers, and cares no more for their top-gear than for a skunk's pelt."

"Glad to know it," laughed Butler. "We want no citified 'big wigs' out in the backwoods, but them who grow their own har and know how to fight for't—wiry, steel-springed, quick-triggered fellows who stand up to their work; but come, we're wasting time! Hurry them up while I go and get ready! We've been here a long spell, and the boys have been sizzling venison collops and Jack-salmon from the river, and have warming fluids too, that won't keep long, I promise ye."

---

## CHAPTER LI.

### THE MEET OF THE TWO BANDS OF SCOUTS.

The meeting between the two bands of hunters was most cordial and hearty. All the Fort Henry party had advanced to the entrance of the valley to receive their guests. Here Brady and the rest were introduced to such as they did not know.

Among others, Simon Butler came up to Brady and frankly held out his hand. These two noted scouts scanned each other with the greatest interest, for the fame of each had reached the other. They were about the same age and tall stature; had the same lithe, agile, stalwart figures, and both were known as reckless, unquailing Indian-fighters, who never knew fear. Each, in that quick, comprehensive glance, had taken the measure of the other and confessed him his peer.

It was a true, genuine border welcome, and all gradually sank down about the fires for the evening meal. This concluded, the pipe and little jug came out, and the whole company separated into groups, threw themselves under the various trees, whose foliage was lit up by the flickering flames of the fires.

Altogether, the scene presented, though a common one on the frontier, was highly picturesque, and, as the song and laugh and joke went round with the grog, and as story after story of exciting adventure was related in the quaint, pithy, hunter's phraseology of the day, it would have been admitted that the old bordermen of that time had many compensations for their perils and hardships. If their lives were rough and simple, they were yet free and unfettered; attended by many exciting adventures and genuine pleasures; abounding in a generous, unstinted hospitality, and devoid of various artificial cares and worries known only to the more ambitious and self-gathering denizens of the cities.

Brady and Poe had a long conference with Zane and McColloch about the fresh work for the morrow. After a full exchange of information and opinions, the conclusion was as inevitable as it was unani-

mous, that Girty was heading directly for the Sandusky; that he had traveled by the Big Sandy which put into the Tuscarawas just above the deserted Ft. Laurens, and that he could not be more than fifteen miles or so ahead of them, which gap they proposed to close by making a very early start in the morning, and by trudging hard all day.

Zane then related the adventures of his own party for the last two days. The great excitement at Ft. Henry and neighborhood over the capture and probable fate of the prisoners; the difficulty they had with Lydia Boggs, to prevent the high-spirited girl from coming on Major Rose's mare with the expedition; and then how they had, after being out some time, been overtaken by Brady's messenger with the latest news from Girty's party and the probable line of its retreat.

"All at once," said Zane, "we came across, this afternoon, a south-westerly trail leading directly for the Chillicothe towns and which had some odd, suspicious marks about it. But, thanks to Brady there, we were on our guard, and all knotted over it in the brownest kind of a study. Where this trail crossed the one which it was known we would follow if we followed at all, the signs were too thick and plain for nature and common sense. It looked just a leetle overdone and as if it was intended to make us believe that Girty's whole party had passed. Then there was a something like brush trailing along, which we couldn't size nohow. Some of our crowd were quite sure that it was Girty's band, and were as impatient to get on the trail as leashed hounds, but Sime Butler and I held them back, and followed the cross trail until it ran along side Maiden Creek, and then just close to the water, where the ground was soft and waxy, we plainly saw the prints of several horses. 'Dod rot me,' cried Sime Butler, 'ef it don't look as if we were wrong and the greenys right after all. There's more than one have passed there, sure's you're born.'

"Let's study this a mite," I replied, and down upon our knees we got and looked and looked and looked. At last I heard a low chuckle from Sime there, and he cried out, 'By Jehosaphat, I've got it; ef it isn't the same old hoss, I wish I may be shot. The prints are all exactly the same pattern and the light marks here and there show, true as Scriptor, that the hoss was lame in the off fore foot too.'

"But how about the brush tracks," I said.

"Well," said Sime, "I haven't figgered that out yet, nor how the pesky varmints made that one horse four horses, but"—

"Just then the whole trick stood clear as light before me, and I was sure that the redhide who was trying to fool us had made the same horse take water again and again. Now, how d'ye think the devil got his horse into water without any marks except just where they were wanted?"

"I give it up," laughed Brady. "Unless he toted his one horse over blankets, and made him do duty several times."

"That's just it! Confound his trickery. He chose a place where the trail lay right along the creek. When the lame horse reached a piece of hard, rocky ground, he must have got it into the water by some means which we could not make out till now that you suggest them; he must then have turned the horse around; gone down the stream

a quarter of a mile, brought it out into the trail so the tracks could be plainly seen from the edge of the water, and repeated that trick three times, evidently aiming to make us think that three other horses coming up the run from some other point had joined the one which had kept the regular trail."

"A plain blind," here put in Butler, who had come up, "and when we all cyphered it out, half of us laughed in each other's faces at the simpleness of the thing, and the other half, with Lew Wetzel there at the head, were as riled as catamounts that we had lost so much time. The brush tracks—now here and now there—we didn't stay to make out; we'd been so befooled and bamboozled, we just threw our noses up in the air and backed out in disgust."

"Oh, I can explain that," laughed Brady. "I told you that Larry, our wild Irishman, had been hurt. He must have been dragged on an Indian litter, which was carried or toted, just as it suited. But it seems Girty don't know everything. If there's some who've the wit to make puzzles, there's always others with the wit to unravel them, and the last is the easier of the two."

Brady and Butler, drawn to each other, perhaps, by a mutual admiration, soon sauntered off together, and sat down on a log to a better acquaintance. Brady had been anxious to see the famed scout—whose wonderful exploits were in every pioneer's mouth—alone, for he knew he had news for him which would remove a certain mysterious gloom and reserve that he had heard at times drove Butler on long, reckless hunts into the woods, and which appeared to many the cause of his desperate and hair-breadth adventures, making his friends say there must have happened something in his early life over which he was ever brooding, and desirous of drawing a veil.

In order, therefore, to enhance the value of his news, as well as to test the mettle of a man who looked so gentle and quiet, Brady took occasion—during a slight pause in the conversation—to remark: "And so you say your name's Simon *Butler*," looking at him narrowly, and putting a strong emphasis on the last name. His companion gave a quick start; a troubled and suspicious look came into his frank, laughing gray eyes, but he simply answered in those soft, tremulous woman's tones, which always seemed so remarkable coming from such an unrecking and intrepid fighter:—

"I said nothing about it, Brady. Don't you know my name's Simon Butler?"

"Well, no!" continued Brady, calmly, while never removing his eyes off those of his companion—"there are sometimes rash and violent characters who find their way from the East to our frontiers, who often make it convenient to leave their names behind. The reasons for this they best—"

"Hold! enough!" said Butler, with a sudden start; and laying his hand on his knife. A purple flush had suffused his face; the mild and even guileless look of his eyes had been exchanged for one of intense passion, fiery enough almost to curdle the blood of the beholder. He looked steadily and distrustfully at Brady, as if he would read his inmost thoughts, and continued, trying to affect a calm he did not

feel:—"if Capt. Brady wants to insult or provoke a stranger, he must have a reason. Out with it, man! What is it?"

Brady hesitated for a moment, but thought he would make one more trial, and added, in the same low, even tones: "*Your name's not* Butler, but *Kenton*. Did you ever know a man in Fauquier county, Va., where you sprang from, by the name of Leitchman?"

At the first part of this sentence Butler leaped to his feet, quivering with passion and his eyes darting forth a most dangerous light. At the last part, he trembled violently all over; then looked furtively around at the other hunters lying crouched in knots at some distance off; then made a most desperate, almost convulsive, effort to restrain his wrath and agitation, and finally hissed out close into Brady's ear:—

"Brady! you're a *devil*! You know my secret, and would betray me to those who love me! What harm have I done ye? They say you're brave: I can't, I don't believe it! If you *dare* follow me into the woods, take your knife and come quick!" at the same time leading the way with great, rapid strides.

"Oh, no, Kenton; come back! Think we can settle all that's between us on this old log. Was only trying you, and can give you reasons why you may take your own name again."

"What do you mean?" said poor Butler, turning falteringly, an appealing look in his eye.

"Just what I say," laughingly replied Brady. "Your rival, young Leitchman, whom ten years ago you, when a youth of seventeen, left for dead, and on whose account you took the name of Butler, is *not* dead, but live as you are—even a better man, for he's married and—"

"In God's name, man, do not mock me! Are you speaking truth?" said Butler, running back, seizing Brady's hand in both his own, and speaking with great vehemence and emotion. "Why should ye trifle with a poor fellow, who for many years has been haunted day and night with the idea that he was a wretched murderer. Say it again, Brady, and I'll be your servant for life!" and the tears welled up into Butler's eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"I *do* say it again, and it's true, every word! I saw a friend of your family from Culpepper, Va., at Fort Pitt, a few weeks since, who told me the whole story of your rivalry in love; your subsequent desperate conflict with Leitchman; how you left him lifeless; your consequent flight and change of name, and who charged me, if I ever met you on the border, to tell you; for he had somehow learned that Simon Butler and Simon Kenton were one and the same."

"Oh, thank God! and thank you, my dear friend, for these blessed words!" exclaimed Butler, actually shaking with his emotion, covering his face with his hands and shedding tears like a child.\*

"None know, Brady, but those who have tried it," he murmured in broken tones, "the horrible load that guilt is on the soul—espe-

\* Some authorities give the name of Kenton's rival—whom he left for dead and therefore changed his name to Butler—as William Veach; but all agree that his own real name, Kenton, was resumed in '82, and because he was informed his old playmate still lived. Leitchman, on account of some jealousy about a mutual flame, had badly trounced Kenton when only a callow youth of sixteen. Next year, however, Kenton, who had grown larger and stronger, came and offered him battle, and, after a most desperate struggle, succeeded in twining Leitchman's long hair about a sapling, and then beating him into insensibility. Kenton thinking him dead and himself a murderer, fled to the border, took the name of Butler, and became a most reckless fighter and roamer.

cially *blood* guiltiness. Men call me brave even to fool-hardiness. It's false! I'm an arrant coward! frighting at my own shadow; starting and trembling in the dark; running for days from my own thoughts; hunting redskins and other varmints, only because I'm worse hunted myself. 'Tis true I was only seventeen when I fought my neighbor and old playmate, and never meant more than a mere drubbing; but when I saw him stretched lifeless on the sod; when I tried in vain to bring him to life; when the awful thought first struck me that I was a murderer; had the brand of Cain on my brow, and would be hunted and hung, I was filled with terror and remorse; fled to the trackless woods and became an outcast."

"For ten years, now, I've lain down and risen up with this terrible night-mare—far worse than savage torture. It's made me what I am—a homeless wanderer; an exile from all I once loved; a reckless and desperate borderer; no better than a savage—no, not half so good, for he was born and bred so, while I was meant for better things."

"Your feelings do you much honor, Butler," said Brady, almost in tears himself, and extremely sorry for the rude way he had lately tried his sensitive companion. "They show you have a conscience and a feeling heart, and it's the greatest happiness of my life to be able to bring you such good news. Your old father still lives, but mourns you as lost. He—"

"Thank God, again, for that!" burst out Butler, with violent emotion, and sobbing until his frame fairly shook. "Oh, Brady, you *have* made of me a weak child, but you *will* make a strong man of me. I feel as if a terrible load was lifted from my heart."

---

## CHAPTER LII.

### SIMON KENTON'S THRILLING EXPLOITS.

"Well, come now, Kenton!" said Brady, cheerily; "shall we go and tell this news to your friends?"

"Oh, not now! not now!" pleaded the scout, involuntarily shrinking at the familiar mention of the dreaded name so long concealed. "As Butler, I've won their good will, and why disturb them with doubts? Let me still be Simon Butler to them and to you! keep my secret, I beg! If this hunt is safe over, I'll go again, like the Prodigal son, to my father, and should all turn out as you say, I'll then take on my own name before the world."

"As you will," replied Brady; and then, with the design to turn the subject, he added: "How came you, Butler, to be on *this* frontier? Thought you and Boone couldn't live apart. Didn't you once save his life?"

"So they say," answered Butler, his eye kindling at the recollection. "I'll tell you how it was, and how I happen to be here, afterwards. The reddies were so enraged at the squatting on their famous Kan-tuck hunting grounds, that they made constant and bloody incursions against the settlers. In '77, almost every cabin was deserted,

their inmates taking refuge in the forts and stations. Boonesboro was besieged three times. To watch the Injuns, and give timely notice of their approach, Boone appointed a lot of scouts to range, by turns, two each week, along the Ohio, guard the trails, look for Indian signs, &c.

“But once they managed to come on us without warning. I was one fine morning standing in the gate of Boonesboro preparing for a hunt, when two men in the field were shot at and fled. One of them was overtaken, and tomahawked and scalped within seventy yards of the fort. I drew a fair bead on the bloody miscreant, and he fell to my lead, while chase was given to the others by Boone and a dozen more.

“Just then I happened to see a fellow behind a white-oak squinting along his tube at the party. I let drive quicker’n a wink, and down came reddy, handsome. A big crowd of Indians now broke cover, and got between Boone’s party and the gate. There was no time to waste. Old Daniel saw ’bout how it stood, and, with the fighting devil in his eye, shouted out, ‘right about! fire! *charge!*’ and the boys dashed in among them in a desperate effort to reach the fort. At the return fire of the savages, seven of Boone’s party were wounded, among the rest the old man himself, who had a leg broken, and fell to the ground.

“Just then I hap’d to sight a big burly rapscaillon spring towards him with uplifted tomahawk. I scurried up, having no time to sight even, but just let fly, and squelched old Injy before he knew what hurt him. I then lifted Boone in my arms, broke for the fort, and made it, too. When the great gate was closed and all safe, Boone’s leg was tinkered up and he sent for me, gave me a hearty hand-grip and said: ‘Well, Simon, you’ve behaved like a man, to-day—indeed, you’re a fine fellow!’ Tell ye what, I *was* proud. I was just then grown up, and Danel’s a mighty plain and silent sort of man, and cuts off his words right short, so that every single one o’ them counts.”

“Another question,” said Brady.—“Your long captivity among the Indians in ’78, and the wonderful hair-breadth escapes you made, has long been the story of the whole border; but you’re now trailing Girty, and I’ve often heard he saved your life, took you into his cabin, clothed you, and did all he—”

“So he did—so he did! all that, and more!” broke in Butler, impatiently, his eyes fairly dancing with excitement; “and I’m not the mean scamp to either deny or forget it. Whatever people say of Girty, I’m his fast friend, and will stand by him, as he’s stood by me. I’m not tracking *him*, but the Wheeling girls he’s carried off. He’s in deuced bad company, and’s on an ugly business. I’ll ne’er raise knife nor draw bead on *him*. If he’s taken alive I’ll save him at the risk of my own life; but all the same, I’ll do my pootiest to get my friends out of the clutches of his prowling, scalping band.

“The Zanes have asked me to help save their sister; ‘Injun Van,’ as they call Swearingen, has asked the same for his daughter. Colonel Shepherd, for his son, Mo; and then there’s Major Rose, and my old crony Killbuck, and d’ye think I’d laze away in fort, or go out cooning or possuming when such game’s about? No! no! I’ll be as hot



Simon Kenton takes a Mazeppa ride.

SEE PAGE 305.





on the trail as any of ye, and'll do a good turn to Girty when and where I can ; but if he should fall in a fair scrimmage, it's what he expects, and what's his honest due as an open enemy to our border."

"Have ye known him long?" queried Brady; "and how did he come to save you?"

"Well," answered Butler, modestly, "I ain't much given to talking of myself or my doings and escapes; but it's pleasant and exciting to remember, and if you care to hear, don't see why I shouldn't oblige you. You see, I met Girty at Ft. Pitt when he was Indian interpreter, and several years before he disgraced himself by turning tory. In Dunmore's Indian war of '74, we took long scouts together for General Lewis, and scoured both sides of the Ohio, from Fort Pitt down to the Kenawha. Well, I went to Kantuck the next year, and never met Simon again till my horse-stealing expedition to the Chillecothe towns in the fall of '78.

"You know how I was took, by stupidly fooling away my time on the Ohio waiting for the wind to fall so I could cross my horses over; how I was mauled and beaten, tied on a bare-back colt, driven to Chillecothe, whaled by Blackfish for telling him that Boone hadn't sent me to steal horses, but that I did it of my own free will; how I had to run the gauntlet, headed by two fierce Hurons with butcher-knives in their hands, and finally how I was condemned to be first tortured and then burnt.

"Well, they toted me off from Chillecothe to Wapatomika, where I was to run the gauntlet before I was roasted. I had been so cut and cuffed and kicked and tormented, that I preferred death to be thus made game of by the squaws and devilish boys of every Indian town I came to; so, choosing my time, I gave a whoop, sprang into the bushes, and worked my trotters just all I knew. All no use! After me they came, foot and horse, pell mell, helter-skelter, and devil take the hinder-most. I was loping along confounded spry, with big chances in my favor, when I plunged right in the middle of a fresh party of horse.

"My heart just sank; my underpinning gave out, and I was lassoed like a yearling steer and drove back to the slaughter. For a brisk sort o' change, I was then handed over to a howling mob of young demons, who dragged me into a creek, rolled me in the mud, held my head under water, kneaded every inch of my body with their fists, so that I was almost drowned and suffocated.

"I was now painted black, a sure sign of death by torture, and was led into Wapatomika, where I had to again run the gauntlet, being about flayed in the cruel and pitiless operation. While sitting on the floor nearly dead, and wishing I was altogether, Simon Girty and his brother James came in with a lot of children prisoners. I was then removed until a new council was held on these last victims. Shortly after I was dragged back; Girty threw a blanket on the floor and roughly jerked me down on it. I was blacked all over, you remember, and he didn't know me, and was in such a terrible bad humor that I dared not make myself known to him.

"With a gruff growl like that of a wounded bear, he then asked 'How many men are there in Kentucky?' 'I can't tell you that,' I

replied, 'but can give you the number of officers and their rank, and you can judge for yourself.' 'Do you know William Stewart?' 'Very well I do; he is an old and intimate acquaintance.' 'Ah! what is your own name then?' said he. Now for it, thought I for good or bad, and answered, 'Simon Butler.'

"You never saw such a sudden change come over a man. He sprang from his seat, threw his arms about my neck, embraced me with the greatest emotion, and even shed tears, saying, 'Well, Sime, you're condemned to die, but I'll do my very best to save you.' All this time, as you may well suppose, the Indian council looked on with amazement. Girty turned to them and made a strong, eloquent and vehement speech; telling them that I was his old bosom friend; that we had long traveled the same war-path, slept on the same blanket and dwelt in the same wigwam; and ended by recounting his services to the Indians, and earnestly entreating for my life.

"This did not suit the younger hot bloods, who fiercely argued that I was one of the hated Kantucks; had come far into their country to steal and scalp; had broke into their horse pound; drove off a lot of their best beasts; flashed a gun into their very faces; had twice tried to escape, and that I could never become an Indian at heart like their brother Girty. My death, they added, had been resolved in solemn council; and they were not squaws to be changing their minds. I could see from the savage, forbidding faces of all, that I was counted a desperate hard case, and blamed if I didn't begin to think so myself, and abused myself for being so wicked.

"But Girty was the right grit, and sprang up again to my rescue, making a long, fiery and very passionate speech; he dwelt on his many services, and ended by asking, as a special favor, the life of his bosom friend. I tell you, Brady, I watched those hideous old parchment faces with the greatest anxiety. At first they looked like stone, and their fishy eyes were as cold and dead as a frog's; but, at last, I thought I saw many of them warming up a mite; some of the older sinners glanced at me every now and then with a squint of relenting, but most of the young, fiery ones looked as if they thought I would make an excellent broth, and they would like the business of stirring me around, and then serving me up hot.

"At length the war club was brought out, and a vote taken. My heart was in my mouth in a trice, and I was all of a shiver. So, I believe, was Girty. He looked very pale about the gills, but as thump after thump came down, each one sending a shock along every single nerve in my body, I began to think the ayes would have it, and breathed freer. As the last club fell, and I had a decided majority, you might have knocked me down with a feather.

"Girty was just as much tickled as I was, and for several weeks took the greatest care of me. He introduced me to many of the big chiefs, and I soon grew sleek and sassy again, and almost began to be 'quoted on the Indian change,' when, alas, a sudden turn occurred

"I was one day walking with Girty and chief 'Redpole,' when an Indian 'runner' came from the village yelling what is called the 'Distress whoop,' calling all to Grand Council. I fairly hated all sorts of whoops and councils, and had a dire foreboding of ill. Sure

enough, when I entered the council-house, I found it unusually full, many chiefs and warriors from distant towns being present, and all wearing very grave and very ugly countenances. I walked around with my companion, blandly offering, as usual, my paw to each. No go! Not one! All rejected my hand with an ominous scowl of disgust. Hallo! what's to pay now? thought I, and stood skulking aloof with a heart at low ebb.

---

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### BRADY MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

“The debate commenced, and Girty looked anxious and distressed. All the speakers turned their wrathful, glittering eyes upon me. Girty stuck to me like a good fellow, but could do nothing at all. After a hot and protracted debate, he turned sadly to me and said: ‘Well, Sime, my poor fellow, I’m afeard you’ve got to die; but I’ve friends in the next town with whom I hope to do something.’

“One of the chiefs now seized me by the cuff, pinioned me with thongs, and dragged me off with a long strap about my neck, held by a guard on horseback. Girty passed me going to the next town; but finding he could do nothing whatever for me, he declined to see me again, but returned to Wapatomika by another route. I couldn’t blame him.

“A short distance out I passed an old squaw chopping wood, her husband lazily smoking along side. As soon as he saw me he was roused to fury, jumped about like a ‘dancing Dervish;’ snatched the axe from the squaw, and made at me, dealing me a vicious blow on the shoulder, breaking the bone and almost severing my arm from my body. He would instantly have laid me dead at his feet had my guard not interfered, severely scolding him for his attempt to rob the tribe of the expected torture.

“On reaching a Scioto village, I first saw Logan, the far-famed Mingo chief. He had a fine, commanding figure; a countenance noble and dignified, and spoke first-rate English. My heart went out to him at once, as I suppose his must have done to me, for he walked grandly up to where I stood, and said, ‘Well, my lad, these young men seem very mad at you.’ ‘Yes sir,’ I said; ‘they certainly are.’ ‘Well, don’t be disheartened,’ he added; ‘I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky to-morrow to be burned, but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak for you.’

“My spirits rose again at that, but the fine old chief was good as he promised, and until the runners returned, I staid and conversed with him freely. When they came back, Logan shut himself up with them, and did not see me till next day. He then walked up to me, gave me some bread, said I was to be taken at once to Sandusky, and without another word, but with sorrowful looks, he turned and left me. That looked bad, and I was in the suds again, but soon had to move on into the town, and was condemned to be burned the next day.

"Well, to make a long story short, I was unexpectedly rescued by an Indian agent, who said—and I do believe through Logan's influence—he must take me to Detroit to give certain intelligence to the British Commandant, but solemnly promising to return me again. You have heard of my eight months captivity there; how, finally, I made my escape, traveling for thirty-three days, by way of the Wabash, through an unbroken wilderness, until at last, tattered and torn, and wasted by hunger and privations, I reached the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville). In this interesting little excursion, I ran the gauntlet eight times; was thrice tied to the stake; was nearly killed by an axe, and most of the time suffered the severest hardships. For a whole month I was see-sawing between life and death, and that, Brady, in brief, is my story."

"Well," said Brady, "you've had a pretty active and busy time. Thought I was restless enough, in all conscience, but my life is a dead calm compared with yours."

"Oh, yes, indeed," merrily laughed Butler, on whom Brady's news was having a most exhilarating effect—his face joyful and his eyes bright and sparkling; "it actually rests me to look at you; but, you know, I couldn't stay still—had to keep moving on like old Cain or the 'Wandering Jew.' I was, however, so sick and disgusted with my year's trip that I did not go on another long scout for at least—a week,—and have been at the risky business ever since.

"And now, Brady, you asked me a while since how I drifted up this way. 'Twas the same old thing. Ever struggling to keep off, but always brought back by some singular spell that I could not resist. I was like a fierce wolf that a settler traps and binds to a pole; he's always looking to the woods and leaping off and bearing hard on his collar, but the pole jerks him back. Captain, what makes a man—wretched and tortured as he is, if not made of flint—hang around the scene of his bloody crimes?"

"He can't get away. 'Tis his fate—his punishment. The 'smoke of his torment ariseth forever,' and often drives him with whips like scorpions to give himself up. Confession sometimes brings peace, even though followed by hanging. Concealment never! Although I did not think myself a murderer, yet I did believe I had shed life's blood, and have suffered terribly ten years for it. I keep sneaking back to Fort Henry every year or so for news from home. I always risked detection by it; but, Lord bless you, Brady, I couldn't help that. Something inside just drove me, and, this time, I thank God I was driven, for you can't—no one can!—know the dreadful weight that's lifted from my heavy heart."

Just then some of the young scouts approached, and asked Butler if he would join them in a panther hunt; they had heard the peculiar, human cry of one off towards the hills, and were going out to kill it.

"Why, yes," said Butler, briskly and airily. "I never felt better than I do to-night. It's early yet, and I always like a night varmint hunt. You go on, and I'll follow you in a jiffy. Will you be one of us, Brady?"

"Think not," said Brady. "I want to stroll down to the river and see the ruins of Gnadenhutten. I have heard so much of the late

atrocious massacre there that I would like vastly to see the bloody scene of it. There'll not be time to-morrow. Before you're off, Butler, can you tell me who that grave, slender, trimly-dressed young fellow is who's been so attentive to Mr. Markham, our Hermit? He looks more like a clerk or a scholar than a rough pioneer, and is entirely out of keeping with wood and war craft."

"Why, don't ye know young Christy, yet? That *was* an oversight. He *is* a scholar, and a right bright one, too, I can tell you. Bye-the-by, Captain, he'll be the very best chap to show you round the Moravian town down yonder. He was the only one of us all out under Williamson when it was burnt, and was witness to every damnable deed done that horrible night."

"What, that slight, modest, lady-like looking lad!" exclaimed Brady, in great surprise. "*He* like scenes of blood and carnage! I'd as soon think it of my own sister!"

"Oh," laughed Butler, "he's no Miss Nancy, be sure of that, and has a story! Tell ye how it comes about. You see what's given out as the cause of Dave Williamson's maraud on the three Muskingum towns was the inhuman butchery of the Wallace family about the middle of last February. Wallace lived across the Ohio, back on Buffalo creek, and was killed and scalped by Indians, together with his wife and four children; the oldest daughter Jennie—and a very sweet, pretty girl she was, too—being carried off prisoner, together with a man named Carpenter.

"Well, you know the Indians don't generally move in the spring till about May, and so it got out that this scalping party must have been Moravians, they being so near, besides they were trailed straight out this way; and it's long been a practice for Indian horse thieves and murderers to either call themselves Moravians or to retreat by their towns, so as to make the bordermen *think* they are. There were a number of horrible atrocities committed on our frontier early this spring, and when the whole Wallace family was wiped out, the news spread like a prairie fire, and kicked up an uncommon hubbub along the whole border.

"Well, a body of about a hundred men soon gathered together and banded under Col. Williamson, of Catfish, to go against the 'praying Indians' and just rub 'em out. Most of the band were goodish men—farmers, millers and such like; but there were others pretty rough and savage, and powerfully down on Indians; thought them Canaanites, and that they ought to be all killed, as they kept the best lands away from the whites.

"Young Ned Christy, now, was up on Chartiers, at Rev. McMillan's Theology school, trainin' for a preacher, and being desperate sweet on Jennie Wallace, was wrathful as all possessed when he heard of her carrying off. He rode straight down to the border and helped trail the raiders to near the river down there, and then hurried back to raise a bigger force. He was one of the fore men of the expedition, but on his arrival at Salem and Gnadenuhuten, and on talking with the missionaries and their chief native assistants, he was at once convinced that they were totally ignorant of the murders; knew nothing of the captives; were warm friends to the Americans, and were so sin-

cerely good and pious that his opinions underwent a complete revolution, and he was horrified and outraged at what subsequently took place, protesting most solemnly against each barbarity, and having no lot nor part in them.

“He returned, disgusted and disappointed, having found no trace of Miss Wallace, and now he’s going with us, even if to the Sandusky in hopes of finding some trace of his sweetheart.

“Come! as the boys are waiting on me, I’ll introduce you; he’s just the very man if you want a quiet walk through the deserted town, or rather over the ground where it stood. ’Twill be like walking through a graveyard, though. I’ll lay a bran new rifle that Williamson nor any of his butcher crew, darn’t walk there, either by night or day.”

Christy having expressed his willingness to accompany Brady, Butler disappeared up the glen after the hunters, while the two promenaded towards the river.

---

## CHAPTER LIV.

### THE MASSACRE AT GNADENHUTTEN.

As Brady and his young companion, in lively converse, approached the scene of this massacre, the radiant full-orbed moon—“pale regent of the sky”—emerged from a massed bank of fleecy clouds, and advanced with stately steppings on her triumphal march through the heavens. A flood of pure mellow lustre suffused the whole landscape, serving not only to illumine but to glorify. The cool, chaste, weird lights touched graciously every salient object, obscuring all that was repulsive or unlovely, and bringing into stronger prominence all that was beautiful—grassy bluff, woody hill and plain, and the bright and abounding river. It was like a strange glamour raised by the wand of enchantment. Far better thus! for there were cursed spots on that river-side bluff which would have looked ghastly horrible in the garish splendor of a searching noonday sun.

As the two stood on the river bluff, gazing dreamily out upon the silver sheen of its bright, luminous waters; then along the shadowy beach dotted here and there by some old partly sunken-canoes, and then glanced around among the low half-consumed ruins—the ghostly chimney-stacks marking the locations of former abodes of peace and plenty—it was impossible for them to restrain a feeling of sadness at the desolation.

But a few months since and a thrifty, happy village of comfortable Christian homes stood there. Here was the chapel, and there the school. This is the ruin of the smoke-house, and that, of the public granary. In this row was the village smithy, and right beyond, the carpenter shop.

But *two* short months before, and the desolated village was reoccupied by its glad people; the streets again re-echoed the sounds of laugh and merry joke. The chapel bell again gave forth its resonous clang, and the morning and evening hymn and the fervent prayer arose

from grateful hearts. Now nothing is seen but the "ashes of desolation!" nothing heard but distant bay of wolf or the doleful hoot of owl.

Never was missionary enterprise more successful, or productive of more blessed results than that of the Moravians among the noble and teachable Delaware Indians. Their three villages at the Muskingum, Schoenbrun, Gnadenhutten and Salem, were thrifty and prosperous, and the land about cultivated and covered with flocks and herds. When the white-Indian war broke out, these happy converted Indians excited first the envy, then the jealousy, and then the hatred of the different tribes.

At last after having undergone innumerable annoyances and persecutions at the instigation of those execrable Tories, Girty, Elliott, and McKee, King Pomoacon "came down like a wolf on the fold," from Sandusky and compelled the inhabitants to take up their mournful pilgrimage—their beloved pastors in their midst—for the distant Sandusky "barrens." All their comfortable log homes left behind: over three hundred acres of standing corn left in the ear; most of their cattle shot or driven to the woods; their bountiful stores of meal, tools, honey and all left behind.

They were a whole month on their way, and the recital of their woes and sufferings forms one of the most touching episodes in all Border History. The Paradise promised by King Pomoacon turned out a bleak, wintry desert. Many of the cattle that were left died of absolute starvation and cruel want. Amid pinching cold, sick and starving children, passed the terrible winter of 1781.

In the first two months of 1782, this little band of Christians suffered so terribly from cold and want of provisions that many sickened and died. The rest lived on roots and the carcasses of their starved cattle. Many babes perished, and the grown persons were reduced to a pint of corn per day. To save themselves from utter starvation they concluded to return to the forsaken towns of the Muskingum and gather the corn from the large crops they had left standing in the ear.

About March, therefore, they accordingly set out—men, women and children, with horses to bring back the much-needed food—in three divisions, numbering in all one hundred and fifty souls. How they were treated, and the sad cruel fate they met, will now be told by an eye-witness to all the scenes of savagery.

It was almost with a shudder that Brady broke the brooding silence. "Christy, this is a strangely melancholy place; it is positively unearthly. Those tall chimneys look like mournful spectres watching over the ruins, and I feel oppressed with gloom; and, look! absolutely there is a gaunt Indian cur slinking and cowering along by that old stable, probably hunting after one who'll never whistle him more."

"Ah, Captain," replied his companion, sorrowfully, "if it seems thus to you, how must it appear to me, who saw this village but a few weeks since alive with excited people, and who was a shocked and unwilling witness to the disgraceful perfidy and sickening savageries which ensued. It does seem to me as if those horrible scenes will never

vanish from my memory. They rise up before me at night with all the vividness of reality—the tears, the prayers, the hymns, the appeals for mercy, and then the groans of strong men, the shrieks of fond women and the wails of poor, innocent children, as they were torn from mothers' arms and cut and hacked to death."

"And did you witness the whole from beginning to end?" queried Brady, with strong interest.

"I was among the first to come and the last to leave. I have told you all I now know of the Moravian towns and people, and of the errand that brought me here. I wish I had then known more; but I was as hot and infuriate as any of them all, and was sure I would find Jennie Wallace—if alive at all—concealed somewhere among them."

"Well," said Brady, "I've found but few yet who dare confess to being present, and these few won't say much, and I'm fairly hungry for some reliable account of what took place."

"Let me see," replied Christy, reflectively. "It was the fourth of March that our company of about a hundred gathered from the Ohio shore and the various settlements along Short, Buffalo, Raccoon, Ten Mile, and other creeks, assembled at Mingo Bottom. Most of us were good and true men, who were much exasperated at Indian incursions and atrocities and determined to retaliate. Since all the signs favored the Moravians as either the perpetrators or the instigators of these thefts and scalplings, and as we did not know their characters so well as they were known at Fort Pitt, we were honest in our ends; but still there were many Indian haters among us; people who looked upon them as of no more account than mad curs, to be shot on sight; others who had a religious or rather fanatical hate of all redmen, and very many rough, lawless desperadoes, who coveted their lands, horses and pelts, and who, by their boldness and violence, were allowed to have far too much influence among us. There was the mischief! It was an odd and incongruous mixture of good and bad.

"Well, in about two days we came in sight of this town. We found out afterwards that about one hundred and fifty men, women and children, all told, had come down from Sandusky to gather their corn, and that the day before our coming, a party of Wyandotts passing through here confessed to a border murder, and advised them all to be off or they would be attacked. A conference was then held here by the leaders of the three villages, and the conclusion was, that as they had always been peaceable and friendly to the whites, feeding and relieving their captives and sending the settlements early intelligence of expected raids, they certainly had nothing to fear; but it was also resolved, that as they had gathered their corn and were all ready to go back, they would start for home on the sixth, the very day we arrived.

"Our videttes having informed us that most of the Indians were across the river, the band was divided into two equal parts; one to cross over about a mile below Gnadenhutten and secure those who were gathering corn, and the other, with which I was, to attack this village itself. The first party found young Shabosch about a mile from here out catching horses. He was shot and scalped by a Capt. Build-



erbeck.\* Finding no canoes for crossing, and the river being high and running ice, young Dave Slaughter swam over and brought back an old sugar trough, which would carry only two at a time.

"This was slow work, and a good many stripped, and, putting guns and clothes on board, swam over. Fearing the noise of their shot would alarm the Indians, they sent word for us to advance on the town, which we did with a rush, finding it, much to our surprise, completely deserted—all but one man who was just pushing off in a canoe, and who was instantly killed.

"The other party hurried along with all speed; hailed the corn-gatherers as friends and brothers; told them they had heard of their sufferings and bad treatment among the Hurons, and offered to take them to Fort Pitt and protect and support them.

"This was joyful news to the Indians, for they had been so starved and maltreated that any change was for the better. So they gathered about, shook hands and exchanged congratulations with each other. They were then advised to leave off work and cross to Gnadenhutten.

"Meanwhile, as we afterwards learned, a native teacher, by name of Martin, from Salem, on the west side of the river, five miles below, was out with his son and saw the tracks of our shodden horses, for we had a good many mounted men with us; and being surprised thereat, ascended a hill to reconnoitre. Seeing whites and reds all together, talking and chatting in the most friendly manner, he sent his son across, while he rode rapidly to Salem, and told them there what he had seen, giving it as his opinion that God had ordained that they should not perish on the Sandusky barrens, and that these whites were sent to succor them. Two brethren were then dispatched to this village, and finding all favorable, returned with some of our band to Salem, who, on repeating the same promises that were made by the whites here, all came trooping up the west bank.

"Unfortunately our party who went to Salem set fire to the church and houses there, which at once excited disapproval and suspicion. It was explained, however, that, as they were going to abandon the place, it had been done to prevent its occupation by the enemy."

"They must have been a very credulous folk," here put in Brady, "to be so easily deceived."

"Well, I've heard that our boys talked religion to them, praised their church, called them good Christians, and made so many fine promises that their suspicions seem to have been completely lulled. On arriving opposite this place, however, their eyes were opened very quick; but it was now too late. They discovered blood on the sandy beach, and more of it in the canoe by which they crossed."

"But when they found themselves betrayed, why didn't they fly to arms?" wonderingly asked Brady.

"Ah, that was the most curious part of the whole performance,"

---

\* This Captain Builderbeck was a large, fine-looking and very daring borderer, who was some years after captured by Indians. On giving his name, a look of intelligence immediately circulated among his captors. He was recognized as the man who fired the first shot at the Moravian massacre, and as the slayer of the much-esteemed Shabosch, and was at once killed and scalped under circumstances of great cruelty. It may here also be stated that although Col. David Williamson escaped immediate retribution for his share in the massacre, and was even afterwards made sheriff of Washington County, Pa., yet towards the end of his life he became wretchedly poor, and died in the Washington, Pa., jail.

said Christy. "Both lots of Indians had freely and unhesitatingly yielded up guns, axes and knives, on solemn promise being made that when they arrived at Pittsburgh all should be promptly returned to the right owners; besides, by their religion, they were non-combatants.

"Up to this point, I cannot say but what I, and many who afterwards joined me in a solemn protest against the subsequent atrocities, acquiesced.

---

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE MASSACRE OF GNADENHUTTEN.

"Brady, do you see that blotch of deep shadow yonder, marking a break in the river bank?"

"Just in front of those two spectral-looking chimney-stacks? Yes; what of it?"

"'Twas the road to the ferry; and right on that bluff above, the two lots of dismayed Indians met and exchanged sad greetings and suspicions. They had much reason. For, *presto, presto*, and the scene was now abruptly changed. The looks of their captors lowered; their faces became clouded and sullen; their words fierce and insolent. They roughly separated the women and children, and confined them in one cabin, and then drove the shocked and unresisting males into another, impudently charging them with being warriors and enemies instead of peaceful Christians; with having the stolen goods of murdered borderers in their possession, and triumphantly pointing to pewter dishes and spoons, and to branded horses as proof of the alleged robberies.

"'Twas in vain that the branding-irons made by native blacksmiths were shown, and that the astonished Indians accounted—as I heard their teachers do in each case—for every article in their possession—what had been made by themselves and what had been bought from traders or carried from the east. It was the old fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. They were doomed to destruction, and as the terrible truth gradually took possession of them, a feeling of horror was depicted on their tearful countenances.

"A council was now held by the miscreant band, and a violent and blood-thirsty feeling soon developed itself. Angry words arose, followed by menacing gestures. Suggestions of pity and moderation were rudely scoffed at, and it soon became manifest that the hundred were to be ruled and domineered by a few fierce, violent, fanatical spirits—turbulent, tempestuous borderers, with mouths filled with whisky, tobacco and big oaths, and who hated and hunted Indians like snakes."

"But where was the craven Williamson all this time?" queried Brady, indignantly; "and why didn't he at once rebuke and beat down this dastardly treachery?"

"Well, Williamson did what he could in a mild, arguing sort of way. I'll give him *that* credit. But his band was militia, all of equal authority, collected from various places, many of them unknown to him; and,

although a brave and humane man himself, he hadn't that kind of quiet moral force that such a lawless band required. All he and the officers generally dared to do was to refer the matter to the men and take a vote."\*

"Well, by —, there's just where he made a fatal mistake," hotly put in Brady. "I've served through the Revolution, and know well how a few bold, blustering bullies can make a whole regiment do wrong against their will. No use for an officer to temporize and argue with that strain of men. He must take the bull by the horns, and dare do his whole duty. If Dave Williamson had stepped sternly out; boldly denounced and forbidden such villainy, and called on his command to *obey* orders, and not *discuss* them, the few cut-throat savages would have slunk away, and the rest asserted themselves."

"I believe you, Captain," answered the young Divinity student, quietly; "but would have believed you just as readily if you hadn't challenged your Maker to back you up. 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain.'"

"I ask your pardon, Sir," answered Brady, confusedly, feeling the rebuke was deserved. "I forgot your cloth, and we borderers fall into a rough way of speaking; but I get so riled up at the Moravian butchery that I want to talk as strong as I feel."

Mr. Christy bowed gravely, and continued: "Well, whether the Colonel could or could *not* control his men, it is certain he *didn't*; but pusillanimously shifted the responsibility on his band by a vote 'whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburgh or put to death,' and requested that all those who were in favor of saving their lives should step out of the line and form a second rank.

"Would you believe it, Brady, only eighteen out of all that party dared to put them on the side of right and justice—just a *paltry* eighteen. The rest were overawed or demonized, I don't know which. I was shocked! confounded! speechless with amazement! had talked with a number of the teachers and leading Indians, and was perfectly convinced they were good and sincere Christians, ever on the side of peace, and having nothing whatever to do with border raids and savageries.

"I supposed that, having the same proofs, many others were likewise so convinced, but when I saw this sparse little group of protesters, I thought 'twas high time to do *my duty* if the Colonel wouldn't do *his*. So I held a brief consultation with our party, and then harangued the whole assemblage, protesting in the most solemn manner against such a horrible piece of hypocrisy and outrage. I went over all the circumstances of the case; showed how we had disarmed and then enticed over these inoffensive Christians; what they had already suffered from Girty and the Ohio tribes, and finished by calling God to witness that we would be innocent of their blood."

---

\* In justice to the memory of Col. Williamson, I have to say that, although at that time very young, I was personally acquainted with him, and say with confidence he was a brave man, but not cruel. He would meet an enemy in battle and fight like a soldier, but not murder a prisoner.—*Doddridge's Notes*.

From the best evidence before us, Colonel Williamson deserves not the censure belonging to this campaign. He is acknowledged on all hands to have been a brave and meritorious officer, and had he possessed proper command, none can doubt but what the result would have been very different.—*De Haas' History of Western Virginia*.

"The base, infernal butchers," said Brady. "I hope you put it to them hot and strong."

"I did, indeed, Captain; stronger than they would bear, for, while the better part of them slunk away beyond the sound of my voice, and others winced and uneasily affected to scoff and jeer at my reproofs, the bolder scoundrels gathered about me with scowling faces and menacing gestures; called me a young milksop, a chicken-hearted boy, a black-coated pedagogue, old McMillan's baby darling, and what-not."

"I tell you, Brady, I seemed to be looking into the fierce, savage faces of a pack of famished blood-thirsty wolves; their yellow eyes shot fire; their teeth gnashed like fangs; they glared at me horribly, nervously rubbing their hands together, as if they wanted to tear me to pieces. I couldn't believe these were my gay, roystering companions of the day previous. Like tigers, the smell of blood seemed to have completely crazed them, and whetted their appetites for more."

"It's marvellous," here interrupted Brady. "It does seem as if the long Indian wars had actually debased a large number of our frontier's people to the savage state. Having lost so many friends and relatives by the savages, and heard of so many horrid murders and scalpings, they are possessed with an insatiate thirst for blood, and look upon all Indians as wild varmints to be killed and scalped on sight. They are worse than the savages themselves. Well, what next?"\*

"Oh, our steadfast little band of malcontents barely escaped violence, and retired to the edge of the woods protesting in God's name against the diabolical atrocity resolved upon. Meanwhile the assassins—for I can call them by no milder name—debated as to the mode of death. Some even advised burning the Moravians alive as they were cooped up in the two cabins. At last it was all decided to kill and scalp them wholesale, and then burn their towns and carry off all their horses, skins, &c.

"You may faintly imagine, but I can't hope to describe the scene that ensued when this terrible news was told the victims. The males soon quieted down into a sort of sullen, stoical indifference, but the tears and wails and shrieks among the women and children were truly heart-rending. They might have moved hearts of stone—not of adamant.

"A petition now came up from the poor betrayed innocents that they might have some time to prepare for death. They called God to witness their guiltlessness, but were ready to suffer for His sake, only asking that they might sing and pray together, and make their peace with Him.

"This was grudgingly granted. It was now night. The Heavens were overcast. The wind arose and souged mournfully through the forest where our little party sat sad and indignant; but above all the noise and bluster of the winds, floated the strong, sweet sounds of public worship.

"I could scarce believe my own ears, and several of us wended our

---

\*The sentiment here expressed by Brady is the same as written by Dr. Joseph Doddridge, an Historian of that period, in his Notes on Indian Wars.

way to the cabins, passing the huge fires around which were assembled the main portion of the expedition. Approaching a window, I stepped upon a log, looked in, and beheld one of the most touching scenes man ever saw. The hymns were just over, and now strong, brawny, swarthy-hued men were passing around shaking each other's hands and kissing each other's cheeks. Some faces were bedewed with tears, and some convulsed with agony, but most had on them the joyful, exultant expression of the victory almost won—a prefiguration as it were of the coming glory. Now they tenderly asked each other's pardon for offenses given or griefs occasioned; now they knelt and offered with uplifted faces—which seemed to brighten with a radiance almost celestial—fervent prayers to God, their Saviour, and then, as one or another would touchingly allude to their wives and children—so near to them and yet so far from them—the whole assemblage would burst out into tears and convulsive sobbings.

“Oh, Brady, 'twas just awful! I never expect to witness on earth another such moving sight. I never hope to see God's grace and power so manifested, or His name so magnified. No Heathen curses or boastings; no revilings of their cruel, merciless murderers, or calling down upon them of Almighty vengeance. All was love and joy and resignation to God's will. Some even had the amazing grace to imitate our Saviour, and cry out ‘Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.’

“The scene among the poor women and children was somewhat similar, only infinitely more harrowing and agonizing. Ruthlessly torn from those who should have been their stay and support in these last trying hours, how could their sobs and wails and pitiful cries be pent up! And how, hearing and seeing all this, and not old enough to have the martyr's faith and joy in death, could tender, innocent children, who laugh or weep like a capricious April day, be expected to bear up against such an overwhelming woe!

“Excited by a louder and more distressful wail—more like a shriek—than usual, I summoned up courage to take one glance within. Merciful Father! One was enough! An exemplary believer, Christina by name, from Bethlehem, Pa., had just finished an exhortation for all to stand firm to the death! that there was no hope left but in a merciful Saviour! and that, if those present could not see their husbands or fathers in *this* world, they soon would in another and better.

“The poor creatures did not seem to realize their awful fate till then, and such a heart-rending wail arose from the whole assemblage as would have moved the dead. I saw fond mothers, with tears streaming down their tawny faces, convulsively embrace their dear little children, and children—some of them scarcely knowing what it all meant—clinging to their parents amid harrowing cries and sobbings; but most touching sight of all a number of little ones of both sexes had quietly fallen asleep, and were lying around, with tearful, passionate, agonized mother's faces hanging over them.

“Horror-stricken, I almost fell from my position at the window, and rushed off to find Williamson. I implored him to come back with me and gaze upon that dolorous scene. He declined, kindly,

but firmly; said he deeply regretted the way matters stood, but was powerless to do anything. 'Twas as much as his life was worth. He had done all he could, but each man had as much authority as himself, and all were stubbornly bent on vengeance.

"I then asked permission to enter the two cabins and mingle with the victims and help prepare them for the dreadful fate awaiting them. This raised a storm of indignant reproach among the men who, attracted by the discussion, had gathered about. Some of them had imbibed freely from a keg of sacramental wine they had discovered, and were rude and turbulent.

"I rejoined our little party, and sadly awaited the morning. The 8th of March dawned gloomily. The air was raw and chilly, and gusts of wind and soft snow would at times sweep through the air. Two houses were chosen for the execution, one for the men and the other for the women and children. To these the wanton murderers appropriately gave the name of 'slaughter-houses!' You see those two naked chimnies? 'Tis all that's left of them; but come, Brady! let's go nearer that I may explain what happened next."

---

## CHAPTER LVI.

### A VISIT TO THE "SLAUGHTER-HOUSES."

The twain silently arose from an old canoe which had served as a seat, and almost shudderingly advanced to where the "slaughter-houses" had stood. The moon was now obscured behind a heavy, rapidly drifting cloud. A brisk breeze brought mournful sounds from the encircling forests. They now stood upon the very edge of the cellar where lay the scorched and half-consumed remains of twenty women and thirty-four children.

Nothing but a heap of charred and blackened ruins! A rank, fetid, charnel-house odor filled the air and offended the nostrils. A blue smoke was even yet rising from one corner of the crushed and fallen timbers. The scene was weird and uncanny. The gloom and desolation became oppressive. Neither spake. At last Brady whispered:

"For God's sake, Christy, let's get out of this! It's simply horrible! I'm not easily moved, but what you've told me this night; this sacrificial stench of burnt flesh, and that pile of still smouldering ruins, shock me deeply. I seem to see the whole awful scene before me, and feel it down to the very marrow of my bones."

"And so do I," replied Christy, in low, earnest tones while tightly clutching Brady's arm. "It's given me the horrors for two months. I saw but a small part of the damnable atrocities, and yet enough to curdle my blood, and at night, especially, the hellish saturnalia rise up before me in ghostly procession. I cannot shut them out. They grip and shake me like a hideous nightmare, and yet they do my soul good. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' But come! you must see the other one," and Christy dragged his companion

hurriedly forward to the cellar, where lay buried amid the charred and smoking *debris*, the remains of forty-two slaughtered male converts.

This cellar presented about the same dismal and forlorn aspect as did the other. As the two stood gloomily looking down upon the desolate ruins, all at once, Brady, in his turn, tightly grasped his companion's arm and hoarsely whispered :—

"My God, Christy, what's that! Don't you hear something down there? Listen!"

"No, I don't," after a pause. "You ain't trying to frighten me, Brady? I'm not of that—"

"Hist! hist! there 'tis again! By Heaven, I tell you there *is* a strange sound down there—a sort of grating, grinding, crunching noise. It stopped for a moment, but I heard it just now again. Must be some varmint"—and Brady hunted around by the obscure light, and found a heavy stick of charred wood, which he, with a shout, hurled down into the cellar.

An instant noise and rush were heard from various parts of the ruins, accompanied by short angry yelps and snarls, and immediately after could be seen leaping up from under the arched timbers and darting off, several gaunt and shaggy forms, which soon disappeared in the adjacent woods.

"Must be Indian dogs left here, and looking for their poor, lost masters," nervously whispered Christy.

"Dogs be hanged," quickly answered Brady; "they're ravenous wolves gone down beneath that pile of burnt stuff to gnaw the bones of the dead. Thought I couldn't be mistaken in those crunching, mumbling sounds. Now come away, I tell you! I'll stop here no longer. It's a horrible charnel-house—would as soon breathe the stifling odor of the Catacombs," and Brady led the way from the place with quick, impatient strides.

They soon left the deserted village behind them; entered the dense, sombre woods; sped along till the camp-fires were in full view, and then sat down on a mossy log to rest. Here Brady felt again at home, but nothing was said for some little time. At length, while taking off his skin cap, thridding his thick chestnut curls with his fingers, and wiping the thick beads from his brow, Brady smilingly remarked:

"Glad to get out of *that* graveyard, anyhow! It's strange, Christy, how the night will affect a strong man. Now I'm no chicken, and am deemed a pretty tough, weather-beaten hunter. Scarcely know what nerves are in the day time, and yet many a night in the woods, on a 'painter' or Indian hunt, I've started up and found my head filled with the sickliest kind of fancies—thought Indians were on all sides of me. Every dancing, rustling leaf above my head would take strange, fantastic shapes in the flickering fire-light, and make me as nervous as a girl with the megrims, or as a cat in a strange garret. I'd pish and pshaw, and shut my eyes tight, but not the slightest use. I never could get to sleep again without jumping up, giving the fire a turn, taking a pipe of tobacco, and then, maybe, going over several times my 'Now I lay me's,' &c."

"It *is* odd," laughed Christy. "I have the same experience. Night makes mountains out of mole-hills, and it's a capital time for

nursing up all one's pet troubles. Great pity that our feelings, and even our faith, should depend on the state of our liver, and on whether we've eaten pork and cabbage, or corn pone and venison for supper. I'll tell you one thing, though, Brady. I don't believe certain ones I could name of Williamson's gang would dare go within a stone's throw of that village by night, and as for gazing down at either one of those cellars, 'twould be worse on them than a regular scalping; but shall I go on, or wait another time?"

"Oh, yes, go on! go on! Make a finish of it at once!" said Brady. "I'm daily learning how little better many Christian whites are to wild beasts, and how much worse often times than heathen."

"But for the grace of God there goes John Bunyan!" said once the 'inspired tinker' on seeing a drunken, worthless wretch reeling down the street of Bedford, and I suspect," added Christy, "we all have that same tendency of going back to our original wildness which fruit trees are said to possess. But to resume.

"On the morning of the 8th the doomed Christians again commenced their devotions, but were interrupted by one of the executioners bluntly asking if they were not yet ready for death. The reply came in the affirmative; they had commended their souls to God and were now prepared for the sacrifice.

"The cabin in which the males were confined belonged to a cooper, and one of the party—you'd be shocked, Brady, if I called him by name—taking up a cooper's mallet, said: 'How exactly this will answer for the business,' and commencing with Abraham, whom I learned was a most devoted and exemplary disciple, he felled as a butcher would so many beeves, no less than *fourteen Christians!* He now handed the bloody mallet to another miscreant, with the remark: 'My arm fails me! Go on in the same way! I think *I've* done pretty well!' and so the horrid, hellish work went on till over forty were thus dropped, scalped and hacked to pieces.

"In the other house, Judith, an aged and remarkably pious and gentle widow, was the first victim. Christina, before mentioned, fell on her knees and begged for life.

"In vain! In vain! The tigers had again tasted blood. In both houses men, women and children were bound by ropes in couples, and were thus 'led like lambs to the slaughter.' Most all of them, I heard,—for I only saw that part of the butchery which I was compelled to witness—marched cheerfully, and some smilingly, to meet their death.

"And in this atrocious and inhuman manner," solemnly continued Christy, "died, in all, over ninety Christian Indians, and may God have had mercy on their souls, and given them, in Heaven, that joy and peace which His enemies prevented them from knowing on earth."

"Amen!" added Brady in his deep, bass tones, "and may his curse and punishment equally follow—"

"Stop! stop! my hasty friend. 'Vengeance is mine: I will repay, sayeth the Lord.' We can safely rest this matter with Him. 'The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine.' Five of the slain were extremely aged and accomplished native teachers—two of them originally converts to Brainard, in New Jersey, and one, the famous fighting chief, Glickhiccan.



"But the children! Ah, the tender, innocent children, whose loving voices of praise had so often ascended from the home, the school, and the chapel, my heart faileth me to describe the shocking and harrowing scene of their horrid death. Their agonizing cries pierce my ears; their pitiful, beseeching young faces wring my heart even to this day."

"My God! what sickening savagery!" gasped Brady. "It fairly stuns and appalls me! And were none of those precious innocents allowed to live?"

"I'll tell you, my friend, for your query leads me to the part I took in the tragedy. After exhausting every effort to stay the carnage, I had, with very many others, kept aloof from the slaughter pens, but all at once heard a piercing shriek, and saw a bright, active young lad of about eight years running for dear life in my direction, and pursued by one of the murderers with gory, uplifted tomahawk. I immediately sprang towards him. The little fellow saw me; ran as hard as his tiny legs would carry him, and wound his arms tight about my limbs crying—'Good pale face! save 'ittle Injun boy. Don't let him kill Benny! oh, don't!'

"I would have saved that life with my own! Raising my rifle and drawing a bead on him, I sternly warned off the pursuing cut-throat. Fortunately those who saw the affair were as much moved as I was, and backed me up at once. And so the bloody miscreant was forced to retire suddenly without his prey."

"And what became of the lad?" eagerly asked Brady.

"He's at my father's house on Buffalo creek, and—Oh, strange inconsistency of man!—the very caitiffs who were so pitiless at the carnage, overwhelmed the little fellow with their attentions on the route home. He became a great favorite with all. Happily for him he has a child's memory, and is now as merry and frolicsome as any of my little brothers with whom he plays. I intend raising him and making a missionary of him, as the only reparation I can give for *my* share in this disgraceful expedition."\*

"Oh, you're not to blame," said his companion, "and I thank you in the name of our common humanity for what you were able to do; but what became of those at the upper village?"

"Why, soon as the slaughter was over, a party of the most insatiable of the free-booters scurried off on horse-back to Schoenbrun; but, thank God, the game had fled. The village was found completely deserted; so setting fire to it, they returned and finished their devastation here, by first burning the two 'slaughter-houses,' and then the chapel, school-house and all the other buildings.

"Hastily gathering up their ill-gotten and blood-stained plunder, they started for Fort Pitt, driving before them about fifty stolen horses. You already know what the scoundrels did there. Reaching the Ohio, they marched up its bank to Smoky Island, opposite Fort Pitt; attacked a settlement of peaceful and friendly Delawares there, under Kill-buck, Big Cat, and the young chief who was to succeed White Eyes;

---

\* One little boy of eight years old (named Benjamin) was happily saved by a humane white man of the party, who privately took him off to his home, where he raised him to a man, whence he afterwards returned to the Indian country.—*Heckwelder, Mor. Missions.*

killed and scalped the last with many others; drove off the other chiefs and a sergeant's guard from the fort; crossed to Pittsburgh, boasting of their inhuman atrocities, and ended by having a public vendue of all the blankets, guns, horses, and other booty, so vilely and meanly stolen.

"Meanwhile, about the time the lad was rescued, at least half the expedition, disgusted and indignant at the desperate extremes of the ringleaders, had ridden homewards, and were not overtaken until near Mingo Bottom, on the Ohio. While many there crossed the river and dispersed, the rest, as stated, rode on towards their Pittsburgh to complete their deviltries, and so my story's ended.

"And a sad and shameful one it is," said Brady as he rose slowly to his feet. "I fairly shudder at it—can scarcely credit it—seems like some horrid nightmare! Come! I feel sore about this. Let's to camp! There's no use in a hell if not meant for just such fellows."

We may add here some few additional facts derived from Moravian writers, and of which, of course, Mr. Christy was then ignorant.

Two Indian lads, respectively aged fourteen and fifteen, made a miraculous escape from the "slaughter-houses." One (Thomas by name) was knocked down and scalped with the rest, but after a while coming to his senses, he saw Abel, a friend, also scalped, covered with blood and trying to get on his feet. Fearing a return of the murderers, Thomas lay down and feigned death. True enough, the murderers did return, and seeing Abel still living, chopped his head off. Thomas now crept over all the dead, mutilated bodies, stole out at the door, concealed himself until dark and escaped.

The other lad referred to as escaping was in the house with the women and children, and raising a loose plank which served as a trap into the cellar, he and a companion slipped into the basement, and lay there during the whole time of the butchery, the blood of the slaughtered women and children running down upon them in streams through the crevices of the rough plank floor. At dark they both attempted to escape by a small hole which served for a window. The smaller one succeeded, but his companion stuck fast and was burnt with the house.

These two lads, the only human beings, besides little Bennie afore-said, who escaped the slaughter, took to the woods at different times, and with that unerring sagacity which seems to be an instinct with Indians of all ages, made a straight course home. The next day they met on the trail and also fell in with the spared fugitives from Shoenbrun. These latter had providentially been warned in time to have all escaped.

A runner named Stephen had been sent down from Sandusky by the missionaries Zeisberger and Heckewelder, to the three Moravian towns, summoning the corn-gatherers to return. As he was much spent on arriving at Shoenbrun, two fresh messengers were sent on to Gnadenhutten and Salem. On approaching the former, they saw tracks of shodden horses; then came on the scalped and mangled body of young Shabosch, and then saw in the distance the whites and Indians all crowded together. Hastening back with the news, the Indians at Shoenbrun at once took to the woods near by, and were

there concealed when the monsters visited and burned their beautiful village.

Many attempts—some of them of late years—have been made by historical writers to exculpate Williamson in regard to this terrible butchery. *It cannot be done!* The damned blood spot will *not* out at the bidding of any feeble apologist. The commander of the expedition must be held, not only as *particeps criminis*, but as its very "head and front." Dr. Doddridge asserts that, as a militia officer, Williamson could advise but not command, and that "his only fault was that of too easy compliance with popular prejudice." It is a gross abuse of words to call that a *fault* which should be deemed a flagrant *crime*.

If the Colonel had but dared to head the eighteen protestants, and had boldly and firmly opposed the dastardly ruffians, not a man, woman or child would have bled. All blustering bullies are arrant cowards. He did *not* so dare, but shirked his plain duty, bandying honied words and flimsy arguments when he should have thundered out commands, or presented rifles. As with Macbeth, "All great Neptune's ocean cannot wash this blood clean from his hand."

The whole massacre leaves a stain of deepest dye on the page of American History. It was simply atrocious and execrable—a blistering disgrace to all concerned; utterly without excuse and incapable of defence. It damns the memory of each participator "to the last syllable of recorded time." All down the ages the "massacre of the Innocents" is its only parallel. We must go to the Thugs of India or to the slaughters of African Dahomey for its superior.

---

## CHAPTER LVII.

### THE SCOUTS "TAKE UP" A HOT TRAIL.

The first "skriek o' day" found the united band not only up, but all ready for the trail. As Zane, Brady and Maj. McColloch stood grouped together at the debouchure of the ravine, the gaunt and sinewy hunters led by Andy Poe, Simon Butler and Lew Wetzel, with his long, jetty curls, filed past them and out into the open. The last man abreast of them, Butler turned and said: "A cheer, my lads, for our guest, Captain Brady, the best scout on the upper waters."

It was given with a will. Brady bowed his acknowledgments, and pleasantly remarked: "As fine a brood of Leather-breeches as I ever clapped eyes on—and not one o' them less than six feet one, and as light and springy as a one-spike buck."

"You're right, Captain, and you'll find they're no slouches, either—tough hickory all through, and well clinched. They've a keen nose for a cold trail, and bound to be in at the death."

"I see you had luck last night, Butler, by the 'painter' skin on your back. Much sport?"

"A right smart tussle; was out till midnight, and have a story to tell ye. Will see you again."

Strange to say the Hermit had loitered and came last. His intense passion seemed, as it were, to be burning him out, but his eye was as lustrous and fever-lit as ever.

"Halloo, Mr. Markham!" exclaimed Brady, as the Hermit, with head bent steadily forward was swinging rapidly past. "How's this? You're not apt to so play the laggard!"

The Hermit started; looked at the three confusedly for a moment, and then glided quickly and nervously up to Brady's side, remarking in a low, quiet tone of suppressed excitement:

"Do ye think we'll come up with *him* to-day?"

"Who? Girty? Oh, yes, I hope so. He can't be over a couple of hours the start of us."

"No! No! Black-Hoof! Black-Hoof! If I can secure my trophy from him, I'll rest content. Girty be hanged!"

"Well," laughed Brady, "that's just the end I'd like for him—or, as poor Larry says it—'may he dance a hornpipe in the air;' but you must first catch your rabbit before you can cook it."

The Hermit shook his head in a strange, absent sort of way, shouldered his rifle, and recommenced his dogged walk, simply remarking: "I must push for the fore front. I never jest when tracking Indians—it's too serious a business."

"An odd fish, that Hermit of yours," said Zane; "but despite his shabby dress, and strange wildness, looks as if he had been a gentleman once. He has a sort of refined air about him uncommon to the backwoods, and how his big brown eyes blaze! is it the fire of insanity, think ye!"

"Oh, no! Only a monomania for revenge. It is just devouring him, and will waste and consume him to the end; but I've been studying the man, and believe his intellect will burn clear to the very last. He talks well, and reads strange books, but hotly repels all attempts to get at his secret. But come! we must be on the move."

The trail commenced at Gnadenhutzen, proceeding along the bank of the Tuscarawas to the mouth of Big Sandy. Near the deserted Fort Laurens, our band, feeling quite confident of its ability—not only on account of quantity but quality—to cope with Girty's force, there boldly crossed the river in a canoe which they hunted out, and took a short cut for the Sandusky trail. The leaders had little doubt but what Girty and the captives had passed that way. They approached it with Indian wariness, and were soon rewarded by seeing the tracks of horses' feet.

The news was soon passed from one to the other and all was joy and animation. Every head was up in air at once. The moccasined feet lifted more briskly and springily, and there was a general push for the front. This ardent competition was at once repressed by the leaders. Only the best trackers, and those most skilled at reading "Indian sign," were allowed to head the file. Two flankers on either side, at one and two hundred yards from the trail, coursed along in parallel lines to guard against surprise or ambush.

The trail now descended to cross a broad, shallow run. The moist, impressible margins of streams are the tracker's favorite study. He reads the hieroglyphics printed there on the mud or sand, as savants

would those on an Egyptian papyrus, or as Geologists would extort the hidden testimony and secrets of the rocks. An instant pause was made; Poe was sent up and Wetzel down stream, while Brady, Butler and other close scrutinizers addressed themselves to the work of decyphering.

It was at once patent to all that no attempt was made by Girty to cover his tracks. Confident in his strength, or in his late studied endeavors to throw both bodies of pursuers off his trail, he had moved boldly. Not a stone, twig, blade of grass or inch of ground was left unquestioned. Where fresh leaves had been cut by the horses' feet, or twigs stripped or broken by their teeth, a special study was made. How much sap had been expressed? was it still exuding? was it gathered in drops or run together? Again! how did the footprints look? how dry or how moist? and even their color; how far withered and sapless were the broken ends of twigs? All these told about how long the party had passed. Other professional signs gave some indication as to numbers.

The trailing experts had now finished, and came together to collate their facts and draw their inferences. Result: All the horses with the captives had gone over; likewise the two ponies, which meant, as Brady could testify, Mrs. Dorman and the children; also, the litter with Black-Hoof. The whole party had passed about two hours before; was traveling rapidly; was larger than expected; and this last occasioned surprise and discussion. Could any reinforcement have reached Girty by a side trail? if so, who and of how many composed? and admitting, or rather supposing a reinforcement, should the pursuit now rush to an immediate attack, or should it await the night?

When the leaders had resolved, all the scouts—volunteers and equal in authority—were grouped together; the facts exhibited and the arguments discussed. The Wheeling party generally—furious at the abduction of the three most beautiful and accomplished girls on their border, and of a man so popular as young Mo. Shepherd, son of the commandant of Fort Henry—were forswearing forward and making a sudden and desperate assault.

The cooler heads of Zane, Brady and McColloch now interposed objections and suggestions until the opinion gradually obtained that even if Girty had *not* been strengthened, yet still the two forces were so near equal, that a doubtful and terrible conflict must ensue, putting in jeopardy the safety, and even the lives of those they wished to succor.

If Girty, on the contrary, *had* been reinforced, the struggle would be still more uncertain and desperate, infinitely augmenting the risks to the captives. Why not, then, after the fashion of their crafty foe themselves, employ strategy to make all even?

We need not give the *pros* and *cons*, but the conclusion accepted was that it were wiser to follow up the trail during the day; advance the most skillful scouts to study force and position; closely watch every opportunity, and risk, if all things favored, a sudden and masked attack. This would equalize any disparity, if such existed; would exact the least risk and afford the largest combination of chances and advantages.

Thus, therefore, it was arranged, and each scout girded up his loins

and sprang eagerly to his place in the file. No more listless sauntering now! The battle is snuffed from afar. The thought of the captives animates every breast. Each keen eye is on the alert for the foe. Every heart throbs with excitement; and so the silent, stealthy, nervous tramp goes on. Poe videttes far in advance; Brady is the file leader; Wetzel and the Hermit are flankers on the right; Zane and Butler on the left. A hard party to surprise—a still harder one to vanquish.

A long restful nooning occurred on a pine-covered cliff, overjutting the trace at the Walnut Creek crossing. No object in pushing too fast or jostling the foe before the time.

At about four, one of the scouts stepped aside to pick up a broad piece of birchen bark, which seemed to him to have a fresh, ragged edge, and to be out of place under the paw-paw bush where it lay. On turning it around, the smooth side is seen covered with rude drawings in charcoal. Nothing is valueless on a trail, and Zane had urged all to keep a bright look out on either side. The scout calls to the next two in file to look at the odd thing, but they can make nothing of it. They are about to toss it aside as a piece of mere Indian idling when Brady's quick eye is attracted.

"What is't, my lads? Found anything?"

"Nothing, Captain, but a birch bark, with some redskin fooling. Like to see it?"

Brady took the bark, looked at it intently, knit his brows, scratched his head, and sat down on the grass to study it more closely. At last his face gradually began to brighten as he gazed, and then to look triumphant.

"Call in Butler!" he said decisively; and then turning to the scouts eagerly gathered about, he smilingly continued:

"Redskin fooling that talks pretty plain, anyhow. That's a pictorial letter from my old and faithful friend, Killbuck, the Delaware chief."

A start of surprise went around the circle as they bent over to look at the rude characters.

"Fact!" laughed Brady; "sure as shooting! Here, Butler!" to Kenton as he hurried up. "You've been a good deal among Indians and know their ways. What d'ye make out o' that?"

Butler scrutinized the bark very closely. "Wall, it's Delaware all over, and means something, I do believe, but 'zactly what I can't make out."

"Neither could I, at first," replied Brady; "but I've cyphered out this much. That line with a white man at head, followed by thirty smaller outlines of reds, three horses, two smaller beasts, three white men and an Indian, means Girty's force, and that Killbuck, and all the captives and the two children are with him. Now, here comes a line into the other from the northwest with one war-chief and ten Indians marked on it. I make that to mean another trail, on which has come a force of ten men, and I know the war-chief's Delaware by the wolf totem on his breast. It's probably Wingenund, who I learned at Fort Pitt had a camp somewhere near the Olentangy or Broken Sword Creek."

"It begins to look that way, I do declare," laughed Butler; "if so, Girty's been reinforced by eleven fighters, and we must be more cautious than ever; but how do you know Killbuck made his?"

"Why, there it's writ at the end, as plain as if he had signed his name in ink—plainer than a 'his X mark.' There's his own rough portrait, with the 'turtle totem' of his tribe; something in one hand, which I take to mean a piece of charcoal, and something broad in the other, which must mean this bark peeling. Now *there's* a part—pointing to a rude representation of some Indians carrying something like a box—"which I was long in making out. I now believe it to mean the litter in which the wounded Black Hoof is carried. And here's something just at the end which I cant interpret.

"Look at it, Butler, and see if *you* can spell it out. There's something like a fire and a bark hut; around it are Indian figures reclining, and above them two white men standing—at least I judge them to be white men by their having caps on instead of scalp-locks, and hunting frocks instead of the usual Indian blanket or naked upper body—one aiming a rifle and the other bringing down a tomahawk. Then above all this is a round circle with a man's grinning face in it, and a whole lot of little dots about. If the old chief ever drank 'fire-water,' would say he had been taking a strong 'night cap.'"

Butler again took and examined the bark, while the wondering scouts gazed intently over his shoulder. All at once his face lightened up amazingly, while a dry, silent sort of chuckle was emitted from his throat. "Why where's your eyes, Cap? *I've* got it, sure's a bar up a gum tree; just the plainest and talkingest thing in the whole picter. Hope I may be shot ef those injuns lying there with the fire and the bark hut, don't mean an encampment. The round thing that looks like a barrel head splashed about with dots, means the moon and stars; ha! ha! ha! and the white men standing over the sleeping reddies, mean *us*, and *no one else*. Claw my back with wild cats ef they don't! and the whole reads that Killbuck wants us to make a night attack as the only safe plan."

There was a general laugh as the mortified Brady looked once again, and then said: "Right as a trivet, Butler, and so's the old chief—was stupified not to see it all. As you say, it's about the clearest writing of any. But come, lads! we've read an Indian letter from end to end, and now let's act on it. Am glad the wise and crafty Killbuck agrees with us as to the best mode of assault."

The whole band, which had by this time—flankers and all—assembled around, now took up the trail again in high good humor. As evening approached, and the chances increased of coming upon either Girty's encampment or some of his out-working hunters or laggards on the trail, it was deemed best to stop altogether till dark.

A pause was, therefore, ordered on the eastern margin of a rapid little stream, and, of course, quite off the trail and completely sheltered from all chance stragglers. No fire could be made, as everything depended on the utmost secrecy, and all seemed to know it. While the men picked their flints, examined their bullet and greased patch-pouches, and made all ready for what might prove a desperate struggle,

the leaders sat apart, discussing in low, guarded tones, the best policy to pursue.

It was concluded that as soon as their evening lunch should be over, the band should be left in charge of Zane, while Poe, Butler, Brady and McColloch should cautiously advance towards Girty's camp, carefully examine its position and surroundings, mark where the captives were posted, and report everything necessary. The attack would then be organized, and its leaders appointed. The Hermit, whose burning zeal, it was feared, might outrun his discretion, was persuaded to stay behind for the present.

---

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### THE SCOUTS COME UPON GIRTY'S CAMP.

It was just dark when these four daring wood-rangers covertly sought again the trail, and picked their stealthy way through the sombre, solemn solitudes that enclosed them on every side. The shades of night gathered down so thick and fast about their path that progress became difficult.

Now gradually surged up the many night sounds peculiar to the vast wilderness—the mournful hoot of owl, the distant bay of wolves, the occasional snort of deer, rudely startled from their tangled coverts, while once their attentive ears caught the strangely human cry of a panther as he ventured out on his nightly prowl—

Cruel as Death, and hungry as the grave.  
Burning for blood; bony, gaunt and grim.

They had gone probably a matter of two miles or so, when the sounds of dashing waters were borne through the still air, heavy with woodland aromas. The scouts stood mute in their tracks, and listened intently. Must be Killbuck Creek, and those were the rapids! Yes, no doubt of it! they had made a long day's tramp, and were now just on the edge of the highlands! Brady and McColloch had both scouted the country, and at once jumped to the same conclusion, that Girty's force would be found on the old camping ground about a famous spring where once was located "Killbuck's Town"—"not *our* big-moon Killbuck, but his grandfather," added Brady, laughingly.

It was even so. The noise of the rapids grew fuller and fresher; the cool air and moisture from the water were felt in the air, and at a sharp bend of the trail a circular space in the forest lighted up by two huge camp fires, suddenly burst upon their view.

No oaks of that forest stood stiller or firmer than our scouts. Their hearts beat hard and fast. The blood fairly leaped in their veins. Their quick, roving eyes devoured everything. The evening meal had evidently been concluded, and the cooks were now at their's. The savory odors of spitted venison, of basted turkeys and of tobacco smoke were wafted even to the nostrils of our scouts. The savages were stretched about in groups under the trees, smoking and chatting.



Now a hearty, ringing laugh would be borne towards them; now the acid, angry tones of altercation, and now a snatch of rude Indian chanting. Fortunately, as this party of "braves" were on the war-path, but a single dog could be heard, and he, while looking towards the unbidden guests of the forest, commenced a furious yowling. A sudden kick from an Indian near by greatly discouraged him. A chunk of wood hurled at him by another, abruptly diminuendoed his noisy yelping into a pitiful, quavering wail.

Brady saw but little of all this. His eager eyes ranged away in quest of the captives' hut. He thought he saw it off to one side backed by something that looked like a rocky cliff. He even heard, or fancied he heard, the soft tones of a woman's voice. Heavens! could it be Drusilla's! He sank down to earth, and brought his ear close to the ground to better catch the sounds. While thus engaged, a gentle tug at the thong of his powder-horn made him spring to his feet, with hand on knife.

"Let's move back a little to consult. We must study this camp from all sides," whispered Major McColloch, in calm, even tones—the same dauntless mad-cap, who, five years earlier, was famed as the hero of "McColloch's Leap" over the Wheeling Hill, and who, scarce two months from the time he now stands so bold and confident "under the greenwood tree," was scalped and his heart cut out and eaten by savage foes, that—so they boasted—"we be brave like him."

A whispered conference resulted in sending Brady, at his own special request, to the right, where the captives were supposed to be stationed. Butler was to make a detour, and ascertain the lay of the ground in the rear; Poe was to go to the left; while McColloch was to maintain a close watch in front. All were to meet in the same place in about half an hour. In case of sudden alarm, two hoots of an owl—which every hunter of the time could imitate—was to be the signal, and in case of pursuit, each was to make his own way back to the main body.

It was now about seven of the evening, and quite dark, the moon having not yet shown itself. The three scouts, keeping just far enough back to be completely out of the fire-light; with muffled foot-fall and making no more noise than would their own shadows, began to glide from tree to tree. We will follow Brady; first, however, giving a brief description of the peculiar and picturesque location of Girty's camp.

Killbuck Creek here took quite a circular bend. On the right there stood a steep, rocky cliff, partly following the sweep of the water, and densely covered with laurel, vines and trees, plentifully interspersed with pines and hemlocks. This cliff formed the extreme end of a line of bold hills, the ground to the south being perfectly level, and covered with a firm sward under an open grove of walnut, maple, and—near the creek—of gigantic sycamores.

From under the base of the rocky cliff nearest the creek gushed out a bounteous spring, so prodigal of its pure, crystal waters as to form quite a voluminous stream, which had worked out for itself a deep and tortuous channel that traversed the whole grassy bottom, and went brawling and dancing its joyous course to the creek, down towards the rapids.

On the thither side of the shrub-and-vine-broidered little ravine was located the larger fire, around which were grouped the Delawares under Pipe and the late coming chief who was now recognized as Wing-enund, and a small body of Hurons and Shawnees under Catahecassa, or Black Hoof, now *hors du combat* from late injuries inflicted by Brady and the Hermit.

The hither side of this run—that between it and the cliff—was kept sacred to Girty, Black Hoof, the prisoners and their guards. Right on its margin was the second fire. Hard by, and built sheer against the rocky perpendicular was a rude, open hut, covered with aromatic boughs of hemlock, and designed for Mrs. Malott, Mrs. Dorman and the children, and for the female prisoners, Betty Zane and Drusilla Swearingen.

The perpetual organ roar of the distant rapids chiming in with the softer melody of the babbling run; the huge fire surrounded with its dusky, half-naked figures, ever crossing the line of vision and boldly relieved by strong lights against the deep gloom of the forests; and then again, that more peaceful and homelike scene, the other fire illuminating the vine-clad and green-mantled face of the rocky cliff, with its sylvan bower at the base, the horses and ponies munching the grass among the trees, and the group of women and children in front. These, altogether, formed a perfect picture, one which our readers may imagine, but which no amount of word-picturing can serve to portray.

We speak above of women and children. It is true. Brady had not gone two hundred yards on his course, and was cautiously thrid-ding his way amid the forest glooms, when a loud burst of childish merriment startled his ears. In such a place! and so unexpected! Again were floated to him those blithe, gleeful, rollicksome notes; bringing memories of a distant home; of young brothers and sisters, and so infectious.

It stilled the tough, restless man-hunter in an instant. His eye softened; the grim visage relaxed, and a soft, sunny smile actually played about his heavily-bearded mouth.

Brady pushed aside the obscuring bushes and branches, and worked out towards the fire-light. He was right.

There, indeed, stood the cliff and the hut that he thought he saw a while back. On the grass before the door were tumbling and gamboling Mrs. Malott's two children, filling the air with frolicksome shouts and peals of childish laughter. They were clad just as we saw them last. The happy mother sat on a log near by, now tossing a few words to the little ones and now talking with Mrs. Dorman, her companion, or turning backward to answer some one who stood in a tree's shadow, but whom Brady took at once to be Girty. "There must be some good in that cursed Tory after all! What has he in common with children?" muttered the scout between his teeth, ignorant of the relations between Girty and Mrs. Malott.

But where are the captives? and where, especially, Drusilla? Brady now stooped and now stood on tip-toe: swayed his body hither and yon in vain endeavors to spy out every nook and shadow. A murmur of voices now reaches his ear. He listens intently! He

moves forward a few paces! Again he hears the pleasant sounds! You can tell it by the look of curious wonder on his face. They are certainly the soft voices of women, and came from behind an isolated tree a little to one side, and about midway between him and the hut.

The scout looks warily around. The tree stands within full range of the fire-light. Any who ventured to approach it would be in peril from those clustered near both fires. It's a dreadful risk, thinks Brady, but he'll take it. Could he meet Drusilla it would amply repay him; besides—thought No. 2—her information would be highly valuable for the coming attack.

Brady now glides warily along till he reaches the shadow of the tree. He bends to a stooping posture and slinks rapidly ahead. Now, the trees cease, and he drops on his stomach, dragging himself slowly along like a snake. The voices grow more distinct; and, oh rapture! he is thrilled to the centre and along every nerve with Drusilla's sweet voice as she answers a question of Betty Zane's.

His heart thumps so violently that he has to pause and lay his head on the sod. Could anything have turned out more fortunately for him and for all! He now snugs himself close up behind the tree, before which, on a little grassy hillock, the two girls are sitting. He now hears his name breathed by the one he loves best in all the world. He cannot help but listen.

"Well, Betty, what Captain Brady says may be true, but still, if Girty marries Kate Malott, it might be the making of him. Just to think, too, of that poor, dear Mrs. Malott, starting perfectly hopeless on this ill-starred journey, and to find within a few days three of her lost children. How providential! And one of them, too, sought in marriage by the desperate leader of the attack."

"Three children recovered, and one to marry Girty!" repeated Brady to himself in great surprise. "Wonder if the smart little decoys are two of them! Aha, this accounts for those children frolicking before Girty and his mother-in-law that is to be. But who the deuce is *Kate Malott*?"

While Brady now pondered anxiously how he could reveal himself to the two friends without putting them to flight and thus discovering himself, Betty petulantly took up the conversation.

"Oh, yes, Silla, Mrs. Malott's getting along famously—far better than we. Here's four days passed now, and we're captives yet, and likely to be so to the end of the chapter. Ain't that Providential, too? What *can* Lydia Boggs and all my brothers be doing at Wheeling; and where's *your* friend Brady, who escaped that he might lead on a pursuit?"

Brady quietly chuckled at this query. He ought to have interposed just here, but was afraid. He had not yet decided the safest way of making known his presence. Maybe he was curious to hear Drusilla's answer.

"Why, how you talk, Betty. You *must* give them time. As for Brady," with much warmth, "I'd answer for him with my life. He's brave and constant, and will never forsake his friends. Be sure of *that*, Betty! I'm expecting him hourly."

"He's here *now*! but for God's sake keep quiet or we're all lost!"

rapidly whispered Brady from behind the tree. He could no longer have restrained himself, even if he had not concluded that a prompt, bold course would probably be, after all, the most prudent.

Betty gave a slight scream and sprang in terror to her feet, while Drusilla sat completely paralyzed with fear—trembling and almost unconscious.

The scout immediately followed up his first remark:

“Brady’s here! Only keep still and don’t move, and all’s safe! Thank you, Miss Swearingen, for your faith in me.”

The worst was over. Betty sank again confusedly and tremblingly to the grass, while Drusilla tried hard to calm herself. Very fortunately, Girty was then conversing with Captain Pipe, who had come over to arrange for the scalp-dance about to come off, while the Indian guards were lolling about half asleep under the trees. Their time for watching had not yet come.

A pause now ensued, until it was perfectly sure no alarm whatever had been created. Drusilla, a lady of much quiet force of character, was the first to break the silence.

“Oh, Captain, how you *did* frighten us; but, thank God, you’ve come at last! Did you get my note, and are you alone?”

“I *did* get your note, and *am* alone, just now, but there’s a large force from Wheeling two miles back—your brother Jonathan, Miss Betty, who you were asking about, is among the number.”

“Oh, Captain,” whispered Betty in great confusion, “how can you ever forgive me for what I asked Silla a while ago?”

“Pshaw!” whispered back Brady, “not worth mentioning! You don’t know me, I flatter myself, as well as Miss Drusilla does—besides you had reason to be impatient, for we *were* pretty long in getting here. Be thankful, my ladies, I didn’t overhear any of your love secrets; but where in the world are Rose and Shepherd, and old Killbuck, too?”

Brady could not see just then the faces of the two girls or he would have noted the tell-tale blushes on the cheeks of both. Drusilla, however, made haste to answer:

“Oh, they’re sitting over there on a log under the tree, securely bound; all but poor Killbuck, who’s standing tied to a sapling near them in expectation of his dreadful fate.”

“Dreadful fate! What do you mean?” replied the scout, popping his head up and speaking far louder than was prudent.

“Oh, pardon me; of course you don’t know. The old chief’s been getting well fast, and has been so patient and dignified that he has won all our hearts, but last night another splendid-looking Delaware chief—Wingenund, I believe they call him—joined Girty with some more ‘braves,’ and all the Delawares had a grand council, and after much grave talk and deliberation, condemned him to immediate torture. They are, I fear, making ready *now*.”

“What!” exclaimed Brady, in great excitement: “to-night? And will not Girty prevent it?”

“He can’t, he says. Mrs. Malott and we all have entreated him to do so, but he asserts that he himself is an adopted Wyandott, and ’twould be sheer madness in him to interfere. ’Twould cost him not

only position, but life itself. The Delawares charge that Killbuck kept back his nation from the late war; then deserted to live among their foes, the whites, and has offended against so many Mohican laws that his life is justly forfeit."

"And what says the old chief himself?" asked Brady, with great concern.

"Oh, he stoutly denies it all; taunts Pipe himself with dividing and wasting the nation; defies him to his teeth, and charges back on him that—now the lineal chief's killed near Pittsburgh—he wants to carry over the Turtle tribe and make himself head-chief. Pipe, therefore, is as bitter as gall—inexorable as Death, and is using all his arts to push on this torture. I fairly hate him."

"Why, all this is horrible, and must be prevented at every hazard!" spoke Brady with anxiety. "The chief's just risked his life to help us, and we must return the service. I must back at once."

---

## CHAPTER LIX.

### KILLBUCK'S FATE—A "FANCY" CHIEF.

We need not detail the confidential discourse that ensued. All that was necessary to know, on either side, was fully related. Brady found where the guards and horses would likely be; urged the girls to try and tell Rose, Shepherd, and if possible, Killbuck, to be ready for an attack in force that night; to conceal all from Mrs. Malott, who would surely follow Girty; and was pressing the importance of themselves coming again to this same tree, when all at once Drusilla's alarmed but subdued voice broke out:

"Oh, Brady, fly, fly! for God's sake—for *my* sake, go at once! Here comes Girty and that treacherous Pipe."

"They are, are they? then I'm off," coolly replied the scout, sinking down into the grass and commencing to back out along the shadow of the tree in the most industrious and energetic manner. "Excuse me, young ladies, for my undignified and crawl-fish way of advance and retreat. Next time I'll come as a man; and remember what I tell you! Good-bye."

Drusilla sat with heart in a terrible flutter and head inclined in a listening attitude—still as a statue for a moment, and then schooled herself to say quietly:

"Come, Betty, better go at once to meet Girty."

The two high-mettled girls sauntered along until they encountered the cold, suspicious eyes of the intruders, when Betty, feigning a calmness she was far from feeling, and assuming tones of great dejection, said sadly:

"Were you afraid we'd run off, Girty, that you keep such a close watch?"

"No, oh no; by no means! but," glaring at them narrowly and casting strained looks beyond and all around as if in a vain attempt to

pierce the darkness, "I thought I heard an odd noise a bit back, and—and—you've been keeping mighty quiet since. Eh?"

"Miss Zane *did* give a little scream a while ago at what we both thought was a snake; but it proved only the rustle of a rabbit," said Drusilla, tranquilly, although the arm she had thrust in Betty's shook like an aspen, and her heart thumped against her boddice like a small trip hammer.

"We're only poor, useless women, Girty," smiling sadly, "and couldn't get out of these vast woods even if we wanted, while our friends all seem to have forgotten us;" this last with a mournful sigh.

"Oh, no," answered Girty, with a loud, coarse laugh, "I'll be bound they've not forgotten such good-looking wenches; but they've had Simon Girty to deal with, and must be by this time near the Chillecothe towns; ha! ha! ha!—but come, ye'd best bunk in an' catch yer rest. We've a long jog the morrow, and widow Malott and her childer's fast asnooze by this time."

"We'll go in if you bid us, Girty," spoke up Betty with much spirit; "but how, pray, could you expect us to sleep with the cries and groans of poor, tortured Killbuck ringing in our—"

"Oh, d—n poor, tortured Killbuck," hotly broke in Girty. "One 'ud think he was yer own lover, with all the sickly, whining fuss you make over him, instead of a false-hearted loon and a milk-livered deserter. That cursed fellow's made me more worry and trouble the last few years than the whole raft and grist of Ohio chiefs put together. Now, never you fret, ma'am! You'll hear no moans or shrieks from *him*. He'll chant like a cotched jay or a dying swan, and'll fairly warble ye to sleep."

The pained, horror-stricken girls said no more, but hurriedly entered the hut.

Brady found his three companions impatiently awaiting him. He heard their news, and told his, at once. On account of Killbuck, he urged all haste. The backward trip—notwithstanding the party's skill in woodcraft, and their care in noting marks on the out-tramp—was somewhat tedious. The moon was now abroad, it is true, and its pale beams glinted and shimmered through the o'erarching foliage, in many places diffusing a mild, genial radiance, and flecking both sward and undergrowth with shifting, flickering lights and shadows; but in other spots, the fretted leafy canopy was so dense and impenetrable, that scarce a stray beam could sift under, and the rangers had to grope their way with the utmost caution through inky, pitchy glooms. Now one and now another, by feeling the moss or rough bark on the northern sides of trunks, would pick up again the lost trail.

At last, altogether, and after many fatiguing entanglements, "through wandering mazes lost," they reached the main band, which had grown anxious and restless.

The urgent tidings were curtly told; for a half hour all was bustle and preparation, and then those wiry, tireless, steel-nerved trackers again took up the trail and led their party swiftly and safely through all those wilderness meshes and intricacies.

The sounds of barbaric revelry caught the ear long before the fire-

lights burst into view. The sport was "growing fast and furious." The savages were now hard at their war and scalp dances, and the compact and excited band of scouts looked out through the various leafy loop-holes of the snug retreat in which they were at once secretly sheltered, with wonder and amazement.

Indian dances vary with the tribes. The one the Delawares were now celebrating with such frenzied shouts and leaps, was the "war-dance." A post was inserted near the fire. The 'Tay-wa-egun, or one-headed drum, made by stretching a deer-skin over a section of hollow-log, keeps up its monotonous beat to mark the time. A chief leads the dance, stands forth and sings the deeds of his ancestors and then his own, brandishing his tomahawk in the one hand, and in the other his string of scalps. At the end of each feat of valor, he sounds the horrid war whoop and hurls his tomahawk into the post. He is then followed by the whole crowd, with unearthly whoops, wild leaps and frantic gestures and contortions, each finishing his round by a cast of the keen hatchet at the post. They then work themselves into a perfect frenzy of rage, howling and whooping as if mad; threatening to cut, stab or beat each other, and yet careful and dexterous to avoid all actual injury. Sometimes a shrill, hard, disagreeable noise is made from a fife of reed.

In this instance "The Pipe" had led the revels, followed by one round from the whole yelling, screeching mob. It was now Wingenund's turn, and as he advanced within full range of the bright, blazing fire, fed with fat woods, his appearance at once attracted the attention of both Indians and our scouts.

Every savage tribe has its notable dandies, who devote unusual attention to rich colors, and gay, fantastic dressing. Wingenund was one of these "fancy" chiefs, who delighted in the fashion and elegance of his attire. Tall and well proportioned; with a bold and stern, yet finely-moulded countenance, and possessing much dignity of carriage and deportment, this famed war chief strode majestically to the front—"the observed of all observers."

On his head he wore a gay coronet of variegated plumes—plucked from war-eagle, swan, heron and jay. His scalp-locks were tricked with tail feathers from the black and golden eagles. An ample mantle of panther skin—the animal's head hanging down the back—on which various figures were beautifully embroidered with split porcupine quills of brilliant red and yellow dyes—hung dependent from his shoulders. The hem of this chiefly robe was heavily fringed with the slender, polished hoofs of young fawns, which, together with broad anklets of little bells, made a rattling, jingling sound at each firm tread. Around Wingenund's tawny neck hung a necklace of bear and ocelot claws, while his leggins of dressed fawn skin were fringed with vari-colored tufts of human hair, and his moccasins richly decorated with beads and quills deftly wrought into divers figures.

Oh, a right royal-looking chief was Wingenund, and as he tossed his arms and brandished his gleaming tomahawk about, he looked as if he knew it bravely. A great commotion followed the fierce cast of his hatchet, accompanied by a blood-curdling yell. The dance now

changed into a furious whirl about the scalp-post, and the excitement grew more maddening than ever.

All at once a wild, uproarious rush, headed by Pipe, was made towards the other side of the run. The onlooking and amazed scouts, who were from their near "coign of vantage" spell-bound spectators of the whole scene, now sprang to their feet, closed their jaws almost with a snap, clicked their rifles, and had actually commenced to sally forth for the protection of the captives, when arrested by the low, stern whisper of Jonathan Zane, distinctly heard by all:

"Stop! stop! down on your marrow bones, every mother's son of ye, or its all up with us and those we seek. It's not the captives they're after but Killbuck, and I promise ye not a hair of his head shall be singed."

The yelling mob soon reappeared with Killbuck in their midst, his hands bound behind him, yet calm, erect and defiant as ever. He seemed to be totally oblivious to the taunts, threats and buffetings which were so freely showered upon him.

As he approached the fire and saw the preparations made for his horrible and protracted torments—the pine splinters, the hot irons, the pincers for drawing the toe and finger nails, the fagots of wood piled about a hickory tree—he was still unmoved and contemptuous. Like a true Delaware chief, of tried valor and noble lineage, he went to his death rejoicing; ready to sing his death chant; bear unflinchingly the most excruciating tortures, and even excite his enemies to still greater inhumanities by scoffs and jibes.

And yet Killbuck had at this critical juncture of his life a cause for hope that his deadly foes wot not of. Let us explain.

---

## CHAPTER LX.

### BETTY ZANE'S RUSE—KILLBUCK'S FATE.

When Brady enjoined on the two girls the duty of warning the three captives; if possible, they at once saw the urgency of the advice. They entered the hut, therefore, not to sleep, but to devise ways and await opportunities. Mrs. Malott, Mrs. Dorman and the children were fortunately asleep. They cudgelled their brains to invent some excuse by which to pass the guards. They thought of taking a gourd and going down for water. But there was the Big Spring hard by. Why not go there? and redskins are so suspicious and sharp-witted! and Girty was still hanging around, and that hateful renegade Dorman too! No use doing anything while they were near, for Girty never would let them go within speaking distance of either Rose or Shepherd. The precious time was fast vanishing.

At last Girty and Dorman moved over to the other fire to witness the approaching dance, when the anxious and impulsive Betty could no longer restrain her feelings.

"I declare, Silla, it's too bad! I'm getting real desperate. Some-



thing must be done at once," drumming energetically with her fingers and pouting out her cherry lips.

"How would it do," suggested her much calmer and more self-contained companion, "to walk down to the run together, and trust to chance. The spot where the prisoners and two keepers are, is almost as near as any other point. I'd risk almost anything to warn poor Killbuck. *He's* in most danger *now*."

"Would you, indeed?" answered Betty, pettishly. "Well, if 'twas Captain Samuel Brady down on that log, Killbuck wouldn't be thought in so much peril. Now hush, there's a dear girl, and forgive me!" as she noticed her friend's hurt and reproachful glance. "I know very well what you meant, but I'm just as nervous as a cat, and feel as if I was all rubbed up the wrong way. *I'd* risk much for the old chief, too; but, then, you know, Drusilla, I wouldn't exactly put him before Mo Shep—before Rose and Shepherd."

Betty's last words, and the charming blush which immediately thereafter suffused her face, betrayed in which direction her thoughts were running, but her friend spared all comment; she was much too anxious herself.

A moment's pause, interrupted by Betty's eager voice, "I've got it, Silla; I do believe a bold, impudent course is best. Those two lounging savages looked quite delighted this evening when I stopped and chatted with them awhile. I'll try them again. Yes! yes! that's just it! Quick! quick! hand me your handkerchief and take off your stockings," and the impetuous young girl was at once down on the grass hastily drawing off her own hose.

Drusilla looked at her with amazement. "Why, Betty Zane, are you clean daft! What *do* you mean?"

"It's our only chance, I tell you! I'll trip down to the run with the gourd and these things to wash. There's a slope there leading right down to the water, and so my going that way will appear quite natural. If stopped, I'll show the Indians our travel-stained stockings and soiled handkerchiefs, and say they must be washed tonight, and on coming back, will wheedle them into letting me carry the gourd to the prisoners. Off with them, Silla! no time for squeamishness when three lives hang in the scales."

Drusilla did as she was bidden, but shook her head with some misgivings, saying: "You are a brave, true-hearted girl, Betty, and there's no harm in trying, anyway, and I'll go with you."

"Oh, no, indeed; that would spoil all! You watch the mother and children!" answered Betty, snatching up the gourd and other things, and slipping on her shoes again. "But stay, Killbuck! I'd *show* you what I'd do for him if I could only slip something into his hands to cut the thongs with."

"Bless us!" exclaimed Drusilla, flurriedly, "what will it be?" looking anxiously about the hut. "Stop! stop! here's the sharp penknife your aunt Rachel gave me in Philadelphia; won't that do?"

"Why, of course it will; the very thing. Good bye," and the ardent young girl forced herself to hum a merry song as she quickly made a straight course to the spot where she dimly saw the two sentinels resting under a tree. As she was tripping unconcernedly by, one

of them sprang to his feet and sternly confronted her. Betty gave a quick start and an affected scream, which caused Rose and Shepherd, who were sitting on a log about thirty yards distant, to leap to their feet, bound as they were.

"Good evening! kind Indians. I thought you were over by Gellellemend" (Killbuck), said Betty, smilingly and with a sweet, pleasant voice.

The grim savage looked hideous enough, standing there in all his war paint, directly in her path. His countenance was both forbidding and suspicious as he accosted her in pretty good English, a language which was spoken and understood by very many Delawares—Killbuck especially well.

"Why do 'pale-face' girl go from wigwam? She no whip-poor-will to fly by night."

"I go for water to drink, my good Indian, and to wash these," showing the bundle and making a rubbing motion. "Pale-face girls like to have all clothes clean and white. Where is Girty; *he* will take me there."

"You no run away if I let you go?" his stern visage softening into what he meant for a complaisant smile, but which looked to Betty like a horrible leer.

"*Me* run away! Ha! ha!" and Betty rippled a melodious and unconstrained laugh. "I'm too young and little to run away. Too many great woods around, and couldn't leave my friends and the pretty children. *Please* let me pass, Sir, and you can watch me if you're afraid." This was said in a beseeching way, and yet so persuasively that the Indian who was lying down made some rapid exclamations in Delaware, whereat the other stepped aside and gave her free course.

"Thank you, Sir; you are very good and kind," said Betty, softly, dropping a polite courtesy as she passed, although her slender frame shook so that she feared she would drop to the ground with terror. She, however, got safely down to the run's edge, dashed some cool water over her head and face, and made a great pretence of busily washing her things.

So far, so good; but the worst was to come and no moment to waste.

About ten minutes had passed when the trembling girl filled her gourd with water, bundled up her clothes, and nerved herself for the return trial. She was somewhat relieved and encouraged this time by finding both guards reclining quietly. Turning aside a step or two—but with heart beating tumultuously—she approached them unhesitatingly, and said in the pleasantest tones, and with her most blandishing smile, "The sun has been hot to-day, and the Mohican chiefs must be very tired. Will they take some water from the young maiden of the 'pale-faces.'" This was to them evidently an unexpected courtesy, and to be called chiefs, too! After a momentary and embarrassing pause, a few words passed in Delaware, when one of them answered very civilly, 'Pale-face maiden beautiful as the night, and has a voice like the wren of the woods. Ka-te-us-ka much like water from her hands.'

Betty handed him the gourd, stood quietly by while he took a brief

draught—spilling more than he drank—and then said as she moved off—“Good-night, Ka-te-us-ka, and you, Mr. Mr.—good Indian.”

She had gone but a step or two, when looking, as if by chance, over to where the prisoners were, and returning, as though the thought had just now for the first time entered her coquettish little noddle, she promptly and decidedly remarked, while pointing over to the captives :

“The two ‘pale-face’ captives and Gellellemend are very hot and tired, too. Water would be as good for them as for you. I’ll run over and give them some.”

“No, no ; Katepacomen (this was Girty’s Indian name) may be no like it.”

“Oh, yes, he would,” persisted Betty ; “Katepacomen wants his prisoners to be well, and the Great Spirit says you must be kind to those you take in war. I’ll only be gone a minute,” and taking their consent for granted—which was manifestly her best course—Betty leisurely walked over to where Rose and Shepherd were sitting, as if on nettles.

They had overheard part of her conversation, and had, at last, guessed correctly her motives. As she approached, both exclaimed at her rashness, and the great risks she had unwittingly run in approaching the Indians alone.

“Hush-h ! not a word, or all’s lost !” whispered the brave young girl in a very excited and agitated manner, while standing erect so as to disarm suspicion, and holding the gourd to Major Rose’s mouth ; “we’ve seen and talked with Brady. There’s a large force from Fort Henry coming up—Poe, Butler, McColloch and my brother Jonathan, at the head. They’ll be here in less than an hour ; you may know when, Brady says, by two hoots of an owl.”

“Thank God for it ! and thank you, Miss Zane, for the great risks you’ve run to tell it,” Rose managed to whisper as Betty tremblingly glided along with the gourd, and put it to Shepherd’s lips.

“Be of good heart, Mo,” she hurriedly resumed. “The plan is to first carry off Drusilla and me ; then release you and take the horses ; leave Mrs. Malott and the children and save Killbuck. I’ve a knife for him. You can arrange among you what’s best to be done. No thanks, Mo, please ; I must go.”

As Betty removed the gourd she was amply rewarded by seeing in Shepherd’s eyes the heartfelt look of gratitude that he dared not trust to words.

Killbuck had been first bound hand and foot, and then made fast to a sapling. Not much danger of *his* escape. Happily, however, his arms were thonged at the wrists, which were crossed, leaving free play to the hands. Managing to keep her person as much as possible between him and the guards, both of whom she dimly saw a little ways off, standing up and attentively observing every motion, she cautioned him to silence, and hurriedly stooped forward with the gourd and rapidly whispered into his ear :

“Drink, brave Delaware ! while I slip this knife into your hands ! You’ll know how and when to use it. There ! am *so* glad you can grasp it. Don’t worry about those two ! Your friend Brady, and a large band of Wheeling scouts will be in front of the big fire in less

than an hour. Listen for two hoots of an owl. Never fear! you shan't be harmed. Good bye, and wait patiently, or we'll all be lost."

The old chief's head bowed his thanks, while his dark eyes fairly gleamed and glittered with the unexpected and joyful hope which filled his heart.

Betty's duty had been done—and done well and nobly. She drew a long breath of relief as she tripped blithely back on her path; thanked the two Indians warmly as she rapidly cut across to the hut, and with a "we're saved! we're saved!" fell breathlessly and faintingly into the outstretched arms of Drusilla waiting to receive her.

---

## CHAPTER LXI.

### KILLBUCK'S TORTURE AND FLIGHT.

A few minutes later, signs of an unusual stir were visible among the captives. Betty had glided to them out of the night like some ministering spirit, bringing joy and comfort to their despondent hearts.

First, a low-toned consultation between Rose and Shepherd; then, a shifting over to that end of the log nearest Killbuck, and now some louder whisperings across the interval. The two whites had concluded it wisest to wait patiently as they were—the cutting of their withes might imperil the whole scheme.

Killbuck was asked if he could use the knife to free his hands. Yes, but it would require a little time, and the chief thought he would attempt nothing now, but would hold the knife clenched in his fist until the proper moment came; and so it was finally arranged.

When, therefore, the yelling mob pounced on the old Delaware, cut the bands which tied his feet, and dragged him ignominiously to what was intended alike as his place of torment and funeral pyre, he was calm and unruffled as the night itself. When his foes and the foes of his nation environed and hedged him about, glaring and gnashing at him, like a pack of hungry coyotes around some wounded old bull-buffalo, he smiled on them in the most contemptuous and exasperating manner.

He was first bound to a hickory, in order that his vengeful and infuriate tormentors, before firing the circuit of brush and fagots which were meant to consume him, might vent their spite and wreak on him their cruelties, commencing on him with tomahawk casting. This would rack his nerves, terrify his soul, and break down his lofty courage.

To have him suffer and die without wringing from him one groan of agony or extorting one sign of human weakness, would be *his* triumph. But to so gall and torture him: to so writhe and harass him as to force out a cry for pity, a groan of anguish or a shriek of despair, that would be *their* triumph.

And first Captain Pipe advanced to harangue him, commencing with what purported to be a calm recital of facts; then proceeding to false charges, emphasized with violent language and vehement gestures,

and then, as he saw Killbuck's haughty indifference and disdainful scorn, he proceeded to taunts, reproaches and all manner of vile imputations.

In vain! The old chief stood immovable as a rock—placid as a summer's morn. Pipe retired utterly discomfited to give place to the imposing and magnificent Wingenund, who, greatly incensed and irritated, commenced the assault in a strain of biting sarcasm and withering invective. Killbuck scarce deigned to bestow on him one glance; but when, stung to the quick by all this contempt, his pretentious adversary alluded to Gellelemend's having ever been on the side of peace, and of having even fled to the whites rather than fight at the head of his tribe, it stirred the blood of the baited chief like a flout on the face, and he turned on his tormentors with these words, spoken calmly—and of course in the Mohican tongue—but with provoking derision:

“The great chiefs of the Monseys and the Wolf Delawares rail and act like women. They are no longer warriors, but wear the squaw's petticoats. Gellelemend scorns to defend himself. His whole life is before his tribe, and it knows best whether blood or water runs in his veins. Kogieschquanoheel there” (Pipe's Delaware name) “is, rather, the coward, for did not Koquethagechton himself” (the Delaware name for the great Captain White Eyes) “charge before the Grand Council that he was like the bear hunter, who is ever hissing on the dogs, yet who himself keeps back in a safe place; and as for *this* impostor,” looking scornfully at the gaily-dressed chief and then around at the circle of listening Mohicans, “what is Wingenund but the flaunting blue jay of the woods, with its strutting airs; its gay, gaudy feathers, and its loud, scolding voice; but will it fight for its nest of young? Does not every piping wren cause it to quake? Does not even the little angry bee put it to flight? If, Mohican warriors, Gellelemend be a coward, give him but a gun or tomahawk and put him in the woods against both these pretenders, and all can see for themselves.”

This bold, honest little speech did not serve greatly to placate the irate chiefs. They snorted out their wrath and disgust without stint, and pranced about among their followers to prepare more stringent measures for their contumacious insulter.

Just at this auspicious moment came the droning, mournful hoot of an owl from the woods in front. Killbuck had evidently been anxiously expecting it. He brought his head around with a quick jerk, and listened intently. Almost too real to be an imitation! Will there be another?

The chief stands motionless as a statue; even his eyes have a dead, stony stare in them. Again came the muffled, doleful monotonous. An admirable imitation, but it *is* an imitation! A sudden fierce glow now leaps to Killbuck's eyes: a gleam of triumph shoots athwart his swarthy visage. He construes it as a summons to instant action. It was scarcely needed, for the speeches of his foes—although producing no *visible* effects—may be said to have moved him even to his finger ends, which had for some time been busy with the knife slowly severing the thongs which bound his wrists.

A few moments more and the Delaware stands as free and unfettered as the winds of those woods. His hands are still kept crossed behind him, and while his tormentors are busy preparing to hurl the tomahawk at his doomed head, he, to keep up the deception, lifts up his voice strong, clear and exultant, in the Indians' Death Chant and Song of Victory, the sense of which is admirably conveyed by the following lines :

“ I fear not the silence nor gloom of the grave,  
 'Tis a pathway of shade and gay flowers to the brave ;  
 For it leads him to plains where the gleams of the sun  
 Kindle Spring in their path that will never be done,  
 Groves, valleys and mountains ! bright streamlet and dell ;  
 Sweet haunts of my youth ! take my parting farewell ;  
 Ye braves of my kindred ! and thou, mother, adieu !  
 Great shades of my father, I hasten to you ! ”

There was something peculiarly appropriate in Killbuck's touching farewell to the lovely groves, streams and valleys around him, for were not these the “ sweet haunts of his youth,” when “ Killbucktown ” flourished about this same famous spring ! And were not those who were now being so relentlessly hounded on to his destruction, of the same stock and nation as that very Killbuck, his honored father, and one of the great names among the Mohicans !

Pipe and Wingenund, would allow no time for tender memories among the crowd of attentive Delawares, but impatiently urged them on to the trial by tomahawk. A line had been drawn about thirty feet distant from the hickory, against which Killbuck stood upright—calm but defiant.

Five of the most skillful throwers had been chosen for the cruel sport—for the aim was not to kill, or even to wound, but to terrify and unman. These now toed the mark, led by a savage and malevolent old Monsey chief, by the name of The Crow—a bitter foe to Killbuck and the whole Turtle tribe, and one noted for his surly and ferocious temper and his vicious and foul-mouthed tongue.

The fierce, pitiless glance of this ruffian's baleful eye, and the abusive epithets which he now showered upon his unruffled adversary, gave evidence of his amiable intentions. Flourishing his gleaming tomahawk about his head, he made a leap forward, gave a sharp, blood-curdling yell, and hurled it forth with all his mighty force. The thirsting, sharp edged weapon went whizzing and flashing through the air, its keen, broad blade sinking deep into the wood close by Killbuck's ear, where it remained, all bright and quivering.

Only for an instant ! Quick and sudden as the lightning's flash, a sinewy hand seized it by the trembling hest, tore it from its sappy binding, and cast it back with even greater power and more deadly aim.

It came with crushing, resistless force ; striking The Crow directly between the eyes, driving its keen edge deep into the brain, and felling him to the ground, a quivering mass of thews and nerves. He never spoke or moved more.

A terrific and defiant yell immediately followed, and before the stunned and paralyzed mob could gather up their dazed senses, Kill-

buck had, by a series of rapid bounds, vanished from out the fire-light into the glooms of the forests, and was skirting along under the huge buttonwood trees which grew thickly on the creek's margin.

As his object was to work over to the scouts, who he knew were stationed where he had heard the owl's hoot, as also to draw as large a force as possible after him into their clutches, he soon stopped in his course and crawled up close under the leafy edge of a lately fallen tree.

Girty's stern, hoarse voice of command, bidding his band scatter out in pursuit, and in different directions from the fire, was the first step towards bringing order out of the dire confusion following the startling death of The Crow and the escape of Killbuck. The white chief had not been consenting to Killbuck's torture, neither could he prevent it, so quietly gathering to himself the small body of Wyandotts—a nation that he knew was opposed to the torture of prisoners—he had stationed them with himself and Dorman between the fire and the captives' quarters beyond the run.

The fact was, that Girty, knowing into what an uncontrollable frenzy Indians at a torture succeed in working themselves, could not trust his own followers; feared a maddened rush on his prisoners, and stood there to protect them. He had not the remotest suspicion of the near presence of the Fort Henry Scouts, and deemed Killbuck's recapture a matter of course. He and his Wyandotts proceeded straight down to the creek to cut off escape at that end of the arc.

Killbuck, with every sense on the *qui vive* to catch the slightest movements of his swarming foes, squatted quietly—like a hare in its "form" before the pursuing hounds—until he thought the whole was widely scattered. He then cautiously arose to the upright, and commenced a stealthy gliding from tree to tree in a straight line for the very point from which he had escaped.

A slight rustling noise to the front suddenly stilled him in his tracks. As he crouched behind his tree, and peered intently through the surrounding darkness, his shoulders were all at once firmly grasped from behind; he felt a panting breath on his cheek and a fierce smothered voice hissed into his ears.

"Gellelemend thinks Wingenund's voice and plumage those of the screaming jay. He shall now know that his hug is that of the strong bear, and his scratch that of the deadly panther."

Truly a bad trap this for our chief! Instead of being able to lure his foes into the clutches of Brady and his scouts, here he was himself, and with no weapon but Drusilla's delicate knife, in the dreadful grasp of a bitter and implacable foe, whose scalping blade was now gleaming aloft ready for a death thrust. Killbuck saw this like a flash, and like a flash he acted.

With a sudden and resistless contortion of his whole body, he wrenched himself free from the vice-like grip, then fronted his powerful foe, grasping Wingenund's descending knife arm with his own left hand, and making a quick sharp thrust with the pen-knife in his right into his antagonist's side.

Wingenund was confounded and staggered at this marvelous alertness. He had thought Killbuck utterly defenceless, and had under-

rated his skill and strength, but he now hastened to seize his opponent's right hand, and there the two stood face to face, eye to eye, each grasping the other's arm, and both nerving themselves for a desperate conflict to the death.

Wingenund's object was to hold this position till help came. Killbuck's only safety, however, lay in forcing the fight, and well he knew it. His eyes fairly flashed fire; his breath came thick and fast; he concentrated all the force of his body to free his one right arm. In vain were his terrible throes and struggles. All he could do was to force his foe backward, as one stag pushes another when their horns are interlocked in deadly conflict.

He now hears the rustle of approaching footsteps on either side. The sweat of his agony gathers in great drops upon his brow.

"Dog of a Monsey!" he hisses forth as his swaying, writhing, hard pressed foe pants out for his companions to hasten up. "Where's the coward now! The form and strength of the bison—yet still the heart of the jay! What are you but a cowering deer in a panther's hide; but your cry's too late;" and Killbuck made a quick and violent lurch forward, threw his foot behind that of his tottering adversary, pushed and twisted him to his knees, and then by another desperate wrench freed his right hand, making several quick and angry thrusts of his knife into the side of the sinking, fainting Wingenund.

Snatching the tomahawk from the chief's nerveless grasp, Killbuck now gave out a shrill, frightful, ear-piercing yell of triumph, felled with a well-directed blow a savage who was hurrying up in front, and leaped forward, pursued by a raft of whooping and screeching redskins, who seemed to pour into his track from every side.

Killbuck now put on a tremendous stride, making leaps like a hounded buck, but keeping straight for the scouts' position. Here he turns aside to escape Girty and his Hurons who are hurrying up on his left; there he bends the other way to avoid the fire and its too revealing lights, and now, breathless and almost spent with his superhuman efforts, he approaches the run's broad, deep fissure, and gathers himself for a mighty leap across. Then, a few more vigorous strides, and he will be in the sheltering woods and among fast and numerous friends.

His yelling pursuers close in upon him like a pack of ravenous wolves on the track of a hunted and exhausted buck. Now one with unsteady aim hurls after him his murderous tomahawk. Another, despairing of coming up, essays to overtake him with a pursuing bullet.

If Killbuck is hit, he shows it not, but pauses a moment on the very brink of the ravine to collect himself for the leap. To his surprise and great joy he hears right under him the low, stern voice of a command in English—"Here come the coppery devils, all in a bunch! Now for't lads! Each man pick his scalp! Fire low and all together, and pepper 'em like all wrath!"

As the Delaware clears the chasm, he catches momentary sight of a row of black ominous-looking tubes resting on its grassy edge—at their ends, a long line of crouching scouts, glinting along the sights, and as he falls prone, panting and exhausted on the grass, he hears



the angry, spiteful cracks of a score of rifles, fired at point-blank distance.

The sheet of fire and the spiteful crack, crack, cracking of the rifles was to the onrushing troop of savages like "thunder from a clear sky." They recoiled with a sudden jar, and were doubled back on themselves in a trice. Some stopped on the very edge, while two of them—such was their impetus—were even forced to make the leap only to be overtaken and tomahawked by the vigilant scouts.

An ominous pause ensued. There lay the dead, and there writhed the wounded. The first shock over, the ready savages commenced to break in great confusion, and now was heard above all the hoarse bellow of Girty's voice as he roared out in Delaware for every man to scatter to the trees, and keep out of the firelight.

---

## CHAPTER LXII.

### THE PRISONERS FREED AND GIRTY'S RAGE.

Girty knew well what was the matter, and what to expect. He saw at once that his followers were demoralized at the awful suddenness of the murderous fire—the more appalling since it seemed to burst right out from the ground. When danger comes in a visible form, it can be measured and confronted. It appeals to the eye. Brave warriors expect it, and can meet and cope with it, but a horrible *feu d'enfer* bursting out of the jaws of darkness—out of the womb of night, as it were, and from an invisible foe, this works on the mind, and is hard to bear even by veteran fighters. It was just that which not many years before first shocked, then disheartened, and then terrified and dismayed Braddock's skilled veterans, causing them to run as Washington wrote after the battle, "like sheep pursued by hounds."

No; there could be no stancher or more intrepid "braves" than those about Girty. The Delawares have ever been noted for their calmness in the face of dangers, and their intelligence at overcoming them. The Shawnees were more fierce and implacable, but not less dogged; and as for the Hurons or Wyandotts, flight or captivity in battle was, with them, an indelible disgrace and resistance till death the highest virtue.\*

After thus sending his Indians to their trees to recover courage and restore their *morale*, Girty hastily dispatches a half dozen Wyandotts to join the two guards, and all to immediately drive the prisoners before them across the creek, and to carry off the wounded, Black Hoof, Mrs. Malott, Mrs. Dorman and the two children. While impatiently awaiting news that his orders had been obeyed, he pondered anxiously as to the next step.

---

\*In the battle of "Miami Rapids," of thirteen Wyandott chiefs present, one only survived, and he badly wounded. Some time before the action, General Wayne sent for Captain Wells, the famous scout, and requested him to go to Sandusky, and take a prisoner for the sake of obtaining information. Wells—who had been bred with the Indians, and was perfectly acquainted with their character, answered that he could take a prisoner, but not from Sandusky, because Wyandotts would not be taken alive.—*Historical Discourse by Gen. Harrison*

He was startled, almost terrified, out of his reverie by the sudden return of one of his messengers, breathless with amaze and terror. He reported that all the captives—every man and woman except Mrs. Malott—had gone off with the two horses, and that both guards had been killed and scalped.

Girty, maddened with rage jumped at the poor fellow's throat, hissing out in Indian: "Vile hound of a Huron, you're mad to speak it. Say you've lied, or I'll give your scalp to the hoops, and your cowardly carcass to the crows and buzzards."

"Metawa has no forked tongue like a snake," sullenly gasped out the Huron, wresting Girty's clenched hands from his throat. "Is Keta-pakomen drunk or crazy, that he thinks the pale-face captives have no legs to run, and no friends to help? Go see for yourself!"

Girty looked at him as if stunned, cleared the run at a bound, and rushed towards the hut.

Too true! All gone! The place utterly deserted! Even Black Hoof, Mrs. Malott and the children crossing the creek by this time. He hears the plash of the ponies' feet in the water.

"Stupid dolt that I was!" he muttered in an agony of despair, and striking his head repeatedly with his clenched fists. "Beat all out and out and on every side! fooled by smock-faced wenches and their cursed lovers! It's all the doings of that lean, lanky, lantern-jawed Sam Brady, d—n him! Oh, Girty! Girty! You're clean crazy! and you might have known it! This comes of mooning and spooning over pooty wimmen, and getting soft and sappy about the gizzard. Enough! It's done forever, and I'm all hard flint again, and there's time yet for blood and revenge!"

Back again to the other side, his head in a mad whirl and his heart in a tumult with rage and chagrin! It was high time!

When the scouts had first taken their position, Brady asked that Poe, Zane, Butler and Wetzell—brave, adventurous spirits all—might accompany him to the rescue of the captives. He needed men of skill and tried, unflinching courage, and so these were freely accorded him. While, therefore, the clamorous savages were still howling and spinning about their scalp-post like Dancing Dervishes, these five famed scouts stole off to the right. It was a glad errand they had entered upon, but one requiring the utmost prudence and secrecy. Brady led the way, his eyes sparkling with expectancy, his heart fluttering with excitement.

When opposite the tree appointed for the two girls, the leader quietly touched the one next him and all stood still and intent. No sound but those of the noisy revelers audible! Brady's heart sank within him. Could Girty have confined or restrained them?

A whispering consultation now ensued. It was concluded that Zane and Brady should advance and make a careful survey. If Betty and Drusilla were at the tree they were to be led back into the woods by Betty's brother; and while Brady attempted to secure the horses, Poe, Butler and Wetzell should try a rescue of Rose and Shepherd; if the guards were on duty they were to creep up stealthily and finish them without noise or allowing any outcry.

Zane and Brady glide forward under the dense forest shades. Now

they reach the lights from the flickering fires. Even more caution than before is needed. They fall on their knees and follow, as did Brady previously, the shadow of the tree. Their rifles had been left behind; but now each takes his keen and trusty hunting-knife from its sheath, and crawls forward like a wily serpent. Their position is now more favorable for catching sounds from enemies, and Brady had not advanced ten yards before he indicated by slight thumps with his moccasined feet that he hears something ahead.

The signal agreed on by him was the chirp of a wood cricket. This he is now near enough to give. A yard further he repeats it. An answer, somewhat inaptly imitated, comes back from the tree. "All right, they're on hand," Brady emphatically conveys to Zane with his feet.

"Is that you, Captain Brady?" now floated back to them in a soft but tremulous whisper.

"That's me, Captain Brady! and are you *both* there?"

"Yes, both; and with all our things. Oh, we thought you'd never, never come! Are you all alone?"

"All but Betty's brother, who's trailing me up right—"

Here a slight, imprudent exclamation from Betty made both scouts quickly juke and drop their heads in the grass and lay flat for awhile.

"Come, come, Bet"—it was Zane who now spoke—"that kind'll never do. Philadelphia's spoiling yer. Consider yourself bussed, and that all's well at home, and tell us where Rose and Shepherd are."

"Oh, dearest brother!" whispered Betty in tones between crying and laughing, "how glad I am to hear you! Mo. Shepherd and Maj. Rose are sitting on a tree trunk on the other side of that fire, and Killbuck's tied to a sapling near him. I've given him a knife and everything favors. Girty's gone over to the other fire, and the hopped horses are feeding just on this side of yon hut by the rocks."

"That's it! Bet, now you're talking a streak o' mother sense—just like a border gal again," said Zane, with a low chuckle. "You and Silla now stoop down, make yourselves look as dark and as little as you can, and then slide around this way, while Captain Brady takes your place."

No sooner said than done, some emphatic kissing and hand-pressing taking place in the operation. Zane now led the girls carefully back into the woods, where they were silently but most joyfully received by the three scouts, to all of whom they were known.

Brady was equally fortunate in finding his rifle "Spitfire," Killbuck's rifle, and the horses. Three belonged to them, but one proved skittish, and kept snorting and moving off. It had, therefore to be given up. The others were unhoppled and led very cautiously around by the rock, and thence back to where Zane was stationed with the two ladies—now so happy and overjoyed that it was a great tax on them to be compelled to keep their tongues idle.

To move thence to a secure covert near the main body of rangers was an easy matter. When their rescue was made known to all their friends from Fort Henry, it was hard to repress a glad shout of victory. One knot after another sought them out, and there was a scene of joyful hand-shaking and congratulation.

Meanwhile, Poe, Butler and Wetzel, having learned the precise location of the other prisoners, prepared to attempt their rescue.

There could not have been found on the whole frontier a trio of trackers better fitted for the delicate and perilous work in hand. No prowling beast of prey in those vast, illimitable forests went on its bloody business more craftily or stealthily than they on theirs. Sly as the lynx, bold as the cougar, and subtle as the serpent, even the wily savages were no match for them.

They crouched along on noiseless feet till the lights of the fire were reached. Prone in the grass they then slowly snaked themselves forward. In shadow, they quickened; in light, they slackened, but in either they glided on. The distant notes of the Indian drum, or the yells of the boastful dancers smote their ears.

On, on they creep! Now they reach the shade and shelter of a huge black oak, and rise carefully to the upright to take a survey.

Butler clutches Poe's arm as the low, rumbling voices of the two guards now reach his ears. By twisting and peering around among the underbrush, their forms can be dimly seen under the trees against which they lean. A deep, guttural chuckling noise is now borne to their ears. The two thoughtless watchers are playing some Indian game, or, mayhap, making confidants of each other regarding their dusky charmers.

Butler, with his cat-like power of seeing in the dark, thinks he can discern the log just beyond, and one of the prisoners sitting bolt upright on it. Wetzell is now told to make a detour towards the prisoners, so that in case of any failure or bungling, he may make a sudden dash and cut their thongs.

It is settled that the guards must be "fixed" first. *Fixed!* that word carries a dread, terrible import which the unconscious twain reck not of.

Just as Wetzell has renewed his snailing, and as the others are putting knives between their teeth, ready to resume theirs, a sudden roar and rush is made towards them from the direction of the other fire.

Heavens! have they been seen! Are they betrayed! Does this rush mean them! Butler evidently thinks so, and is springing to his feet, but Poe clutches him tightly and drags him to earth again, as he points to the mob of maddened savages turned somewhat away from them, and whispers: "Hush-h-h! must be the poor Delaware they're after."

True enough! This was the mad dash on Killbuck already described. There was a fearful crowd and noise, and the dusky glistening forms came alarmingly near. The scouts lay among the grass and brush, dead as logs, but with hearts beating, eyes strained, and limbs all crook'd ready for a leap.

The Delaware is borne off by the whooping gang, and all soon becomes still again. The two guards now resume their places, but are talking excitedly. A good time to push along!

At last, with incredible effort and noiselessness, the two trees which cover the scouts, are within arm's reach. Butler waits till Poe is abreast of him, and then taps a spot on the spine between the latter's shoulders

and covers his mouth with his hand, as indicating the place to strike, and also how to hush any possible sounds.

Now they are both up on their knees with keen blades lifted. A moment's pause to secure concert of action. Are there none to warn those two poor devils of their fate! None! They both suddenly cease talking and incline their bodies. They have evidently heard a rustle!

Just as their heads are turning backward, down come the two blades deep into their backs and driven with full strength and directness. At the same time the scouts precipitate themselves upon them and try to cover their gasping mouths with their hands.

With the one Butler struck such precaution was needless. The steel had penetrated to the very seat of life itself. He lay quivering in agonies of death. The other was also mortally but not so vitally struck, and as Poe lurched over him, the poor victim gave a quick, sharp cry of affright.

Fortunately the noise and excitement before Killbuck's sapling was so great that none heard it but the prisoners, who jumped to their feet with surprise.

Poe's knife descended again and again, until the second savage, too, lay still in death. It was but the matter of a moment for the scouts to draw the horrid circles and secure the scalps.

Be not too harsh with them, reader! Those were rude and bloody times, and scalps were the trophies most coveted by whites as well as reds. Liberal bounties for human hair were offered by both British and Americans. Deplore and resent the facts as we may, we must not ignore them. Such coarse and ruffianly barbarities would be a gross affront to the superior civilization of *our* day; but a scourged and harassed frontier affords poor soil for the growth of the courtesies and refinements of peace and social culture. Alas, that manly courage when made a trade of, should so frequently degenerate into savagery and brutishness!

When the two victors advanced towards the prisoners, the latter were free and unfettered. The cry of the dying Huron had given the cue to Wetzell, who dashed forward and cut the thongs that bound their hands and feet. A rapid whispering and hearty pressure of hands ensued, and all five slunk under the sheltering trees, and were soon with the main band, and in time to take their part in the approaching fray.

---

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### THE COMBAT OPENS—GIRTY'S AMBUSH.

It had been the original design of the leaders to make the onslaught about two of the morning, when all the savages were wrapped in deepest slumber. It was rarely ever that Indians made a night attack themselves, and still rarer that they could withstand one that was well planned and forcibly pushed. But Killbuck's critical situation excited

sympathy, and all clamored for an attempt at rescue at all hazards. The disparity in strength, however, dictated to those in command the prudence of securing every possible advantage. The ravine was so much nearer, and took such a favoring bend about the spot selected for Killbuck's torture; at the same time it offered such a complete shelter and vantage ground from which to operate, that the darling McColloch—who, as stated, had been chosen leader—proposed its immediate occupation.

It would be a bold and very hazardous operation, but in its very rashness lay its effect; and when did such reckless and hot-blooded fighters as we have seen gathered together, ever shirk a peril because of its desperate risk? In that lay the chief charm, and each knew his neighbor to be true as steel.

McColloch therefore stealthily led his band down to the creek. Here they entered the ravine at its very mouth, just above the "rapids," and silently and under its obscuring shelter, worked cautiously along until they found themselves opposite the fire and ready for action at an instant's notice. Killbuck's escape and crowded pursuit gave them their opportunity, and eight or ten savages lying on the sod before them, either dead or too badly hurt to move, was the first result.

Scarce had the smoke of their murderous volley cleared away, before McColloch detected the Hermit, with the fire of an undying hate in his lustrous eyes, scrambling over the edge of the ravine. He leaped to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Here, Mr. Markham, where are you going? don't you know your piece's empty?"

"I do: if I want to load, there's a tree. This knife's enough just now," said the Hermit, wearily looking down from the top of the bank, with the signs of a terrible earnestness in his haggard, frenzied visage.

"Hold! *I'm* leader here," said the Major, decidedly. "You're mad to go off in that plight and, by —, you *shall* not. Come back, I say!"

The Hermit glanced at him for a moment, and then emitted a wild, unearthly sort of a chuckle, adding quietly:

"You're not *my* leader, and I'm after Black Hoof. He must not, he shall not escape me! Shoot at me if you wish, but I go, nevertheless. Think you life is dear to me? Why should it be? But *while* I live, I have a sacred mission. Shoot! shoot! Major, but remember! ha! ha! that *my* hair brings no money," and the Hermit deliberately glided off, and was soon lost in the darkness.

"He's mad, boys! stark, staring mad! Some of you will have to follow him."

McColloch now led his party down the ravine a little so as to get out of the range of the fire. At a favorable spot they leaped out upon the level, and availing themselves of every tree, began cautiously to advance.

The two forces were now about equal, and it behooved them to be both wary and prudent. The savages had, doubtless, by this time recovered their senses, and would be collected ready to repel any attack. Tree fighting was their forte, and to their keen visions, a moonlight night was almost as good as—nay better than—the day.

"Keep a sharp look-out, men!" whispered Zane, in earnest, anxious tones. "Every tree may cover a yellow hide." They had not gone far before a rustle of bushes and the breaking of branches could be heard in a little hollow towards the left. What could it mean? Each scout, with eyes straining into the gloom and rifle at a present, advanced on tip-toe. Now could be heard panting and gasping, followed by angry exclamations. Evidently a desperate struggle was going on near them, but between whom? and now all grew still, and then a strange, wild laugh and voice.

"Another trophy won! 'Twas a desperate tussle, though. Who wants a rifle in such a fight? and yet they'd keep me back!"

"As I live, 'tis the Hermit's voice," exclaimed Brady. "He's met a foe and counts another victim. Halloo! Mr. Markham! hold a minute till we come up."

"Gentlemen," came back in low, startling tones, "the enemy's in front, and's to be fought with knives. You'll have to hunt *them*, or they'll hunt *you*. I'll meet you at the creek;" and a gaunt, shadowy form could be seen like a spectre emerging with a gliding motion from under the deep shadows of a low-branched oak, then flitting rapidly across a little stretch of moonlight, and finally disappearing in the distant gloom.

Very soon were heard by Brady and Butler—who had rapidly advanced together and boldly penetrated a dense clump of trees and thickly-matted undergrowth which lay at the foot of a gentle declivity—the low, sharp, quick commands of Girty, who had just hunted up his band. His voice, though carefully subdued, was full of hot wrath. It had a snarly, snappy, stinging jerk to each word, betokening a heart full of desperate hate and bitterness.

He exhorted his followers in Delaware to be cool and artful: told them to retire slowly before the hated long-knives and draw them into an ambush by gathering behind a huge fallen log which lay at a little distance directly in their rear. The two scouts happened to be hugging a huge chestnut trunk a few paces off, and being both familiar with Delaware, they heard and understood almost every word, and hurried back to McColloch to report Girty's plan.

"Ha, ha, *that's* the wrinkle, is it, Brady! Well, Girty'll blame soon find that's a game two can play at. But what would you advise, Captain?"

"That a very small but pretty noisy force should be kept stretched out here in front for a blind," promptly answered Brady, "while all the rest should swiftly and quietly make a circuit, and rush at the ambushed crowd with knives and clubbed rifles. In that way we can crunch them like a nest of copperheads, as they are."

"Good! Captain. My notions to a fraction. At it then! and for God's sake hurry! You and Butler collect all the lads you can and leave me the balance. We'll give you ten minutes to make the turn. When you're all ready, whoop like mad! We'll draw close as we can on this side, and when we hear you, we'll rush on and catch the d—d rascals between both our forces, and grind 'em hard and honest."

The two now stole quietly around, and soon led about eighteen or twenty scouts secretly and silently to the left.

It was a strange, weird contest this under those sombre and solemn leafy arches, with the moon's rays sifting through and flecking the ground with its silver bars. The silence, especially when contrasted with the late mad excitement about the fire—which had just before, by order of Girty, been scattered—was almost painful. Both whites and reds flitted about like ghosts, making no more noise than a fluffy owl in its soft flight, and yet that piece of woods was full of warring, dangerous elements, waiting, like two alien, antagonistic gases, only the slightest contact, to produce a thundering and terrific explosion.

This brooding, unnatural stillness was all at once rudely broken by a startling yell, so shrill, so piercing, so blood-curdling, and yet withal so fierce and triumphant, that all who heard it started as if personally smitten. It jarred the nerves, and sent the blood rushing to the heart like a powerful electric shock.

“My God, Zane, what means that!” gasped out the Major.

“It's an Injun scalp yell, sure's shooting; but coming just now when there's such an awful stillness, and when every nerve is tense with feverish suspense, it just bristles my hair right up.”

“It's a Delaware cry, I'd swear,” whispered Zane, “but who from, or who's hair's been lifted, beats me. I'm downright flabbergasted. Was Killbuck with us?”

“Started with us, but you never can depend on an Injun fighting to orders. He's gone off on his own hook. I fear if it's him, like as not it's the Hermit he's tackled.”

There is a time, it is said, just before every battle, when even the bravest veteran feels like running away. That dreadful, mysterious yell, doubtless, moved the hearts of all who heard it in the same way. The silence that followed seemed more profound than ever. It was like the solemn hush which, it has been noted, generally precedes an earthquake, or when the close, stifling air is full of the slumberous electricity which forebodes a terrific outbreak.

The ten minutes had now expired. McColloch had silently pushed his few men as far forward as wisdom warranted, when all at once was seen the flash and heard the crack of a solitary rifle, immediately followed by a continuous volley, and then a rush, a roar, and a mad and confused din of shouts, shrieks, whoops, blows, cursings and clashing of knives, as if all Pandemonium had broken loose in that leafy solitude.

The Major, with his compact little group of men was ready waiting. “Brady's got 'em, sure pop!” he shouted in triumphant tones. “Now, my lads, down on 'em on *this* side! Keep your eyes skinned on the log. The pesky varmints will all be swarming over on our side, and we must be devilish friendly.”

Sure enough, the circumvented savages, taken at such dreadful disadvantage, were found slinking away on all sides—some over and some at each end of the huge log, from whose favoring shelter they had expected so much.

The contest had been short but terrible. Brady and his men had secretly sneaked up within easy rifle shot. The moon was shining on one end of the massive prostrate trunk, and several Indians could be dimly seen in motion behind it. The direction of the rest could be



imagined, and it was hastily resolved to give them one volley, and then all rush in with as much noise as possible.

The poor reds defended themselves as well as they could under the circumstances; they first whooped a defiance and then rushed boldly to meet their foes; but soon as Brady heard Zane's loud commands from the other side, he knew how it was at once, and heard Pipe shout out in Delaware for their men to scatter and take trees.

This was in strict accordance with Indian tactics, even had it not been absolutely necessary to prevent utter destruction. Those who were still unhurt, or who could escape from the fierce assaults of the scouts, stole away on all sides. A number of fierce and desperate personal conflicts ensued. The woods were full of angry, frightful battle-sounds—sharp cheers and muttered curses from the furious whites; shrill yells or desperate blows from the exasperated reds, and all these mingled with the clash of knives, the pantings and gaspings of the hand-to-hand struggle; the groans of the dying and the loud rustle of bushes and crash of broken branches.

It could not last, however. The shock had been too sudden and terrible for Girty. His dogged followers had been sore bestead, but had quitted themselves like men. Girty himself had fought like an incarnate fiend. Although again wounded and at the very first fire, he had rushed at and grappled with the very first foe who offered.

His rage was terrible—his cursings awful, but he stubbornly held his ground until he had chopped down his antagonist with repeated blows of his tomahawk.

Girty, much spent with his late efforts, and beginning to feel great pain from his latest wound, now paused a moment to look about him. He had fought his fight a little aloof from the chief centre of struggle, and heard all about him the threshing of the bushes and the noise of individual encounters. The conflict was already against him, and he therefore concluded to save his followers while he could, and then conduct a retreat across the creek.

Brady had been busily hunting him up as "a foeman worthy of his steel," but had himself been grappled by Capt. Pipe, and was just then engaged in a desperate struggle with that formidable Delaware chief. So, seeing no foe to obstruct, Girty was stealthily gliding off under the opportune obscurity of a densely foliated sugar maple, when he suddenly encountered one of the scouts directly in his path.

He himself was evidently taken for an Indian by the stranger, for he whispered in English, "Is that you, Killbuck?" That hated name was gall and wormwood to the desperate renegade. He it was who had brought on him all this trouble. So whipping out his scalping knife and without uttering a single word, he rushed furiously upon his unknown foe.

But he had evidently caught a Tartar. The scout was already on his guard, and received him with such readiness, and handled him with such fiery vigor and energy, that Girty was sorely pressed.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

## TWO DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS—THE HERMIT GONE.

A brief but terrible contest ensued. The toughened thews and indurated muscles of the sturdy, square-set, bull-chested outlaw were tried and strained as they never had been before. Weakened by wounds, he was plainly overmatched. All his desperate throes and twistings availed him nothing. His knife was violently jerked from his hand; his feet went from under him, and he came down with a dull, heavy thud, stretched his full length upon the grass. His fierce foe raised aloft the knife that was to pierce the heart, but paused just on the drop.

"No," he muttered between his set teeth, "there's been enough blood spilt;" and adding in Delaware: "Ask for mercy, you hound of an Indian, or I'll spit you through and through."

"I'm no Injun, but am as white as yourself," came in husky gasps of English from the panting, exhausted form before him; "and what's more, am no slink to beg life from a foe I hate. Do yer worst, curse ye! There's little left now for Simon Girty to live for."

"What! Girty?" said the other, with a sudden start; dropping his knife and quickly withdrawing himself from the prostrate form. "I thought I know'd that voice. No, no, you've nothing to fear from *me*, Girty. Take your life and get out of this, quick! or you'll come to harm. Thank God, we're quits at last—a life for a life."

Girty had now sprung to his feet and seized the scout's hand in both of his own. "You're either Sime Butler or the Devil," he exclaimed, in tones of great surprise and agitation. "How do *you* happen to be on my trail? thought you war in Kantuck with Boone."

"Wal, I'm *here*, and agin you, Girty, and that's enough! Don't risk talking more, but be off! You've done me some rale hearty turns, and I ain't one to forget. Score this one for *me*. You're mixed up in a blamed dirty bizznes, Girty—that of stealing off innocent women, and you ought to smoke for it. Howsumdever, you're badly beat this time, and we've got back our own. Now go! *do* go! I hear them coming this way. We're even now, but next time you're caught in a like scrape, you'll be nipped sure. Now, good bye, Girty, and give our border a wide berth."

"Much obleeged to you, Butler, for your advice," quietly sneered the mortified Girty, "but more for the good turn you've just done me, as I hope to be spliced soon. Thought I was a gone goose a bit back. While you're thinking, Sime, which is the meanest bizznes, toting off prisoners who've been taken in reg'lar war, or stealing Injun horses—which was the last trade you were in when I knew you,—I'll slip off. Good bye. May we meet again, friends if you will; foes if we must."

So saying, Girty stole off towards the creek, and just in time to escape the rest of the scouts who now came up and found Butler leaning musingly against a tree. He said never a word about his desperate combat, but he could not and did not regret his generous action.

We stated that Brady had been encountered by Captain Pipe, and

that an obstinate struggle had ensued. The Delaware was the stronger and heavier of the two, but Brady was the younger and more skillful—had more vim and spring in him. In grit and stubborn resolution neither could claim the advantage.

The contest was for some time in doubt. At last Brady succeeded in pushing Pipe back against a tree, where he pinned him firmly by the throat with one hand, and with the other was about to give him the tomahawk's keen edge, when the wily Delaware by a mighty effort wrenched himself loose, gave a sudden thrust at Brady's side with his knife, and shouting in Delaware, "so be it to every foe of Kogiesch-quanoheel," darted off into the darkness.

The boasted name betrayed him. Killbuck, who had from the very first fire in the ravine, been busy in his own peculiar fashion, was just then in search of his friend Brady. Hearing Pipe's Delaware name shouted out, he was directed to the spot; came just in time to see the Delaware, and to seat the wounded Brady quietly on the grass with back leaning against the tree's trunk, and then swift as an arrow he bounded off and disappeared in the direction of his inveterate and most rancorous foe.

When Pipe plunged forward with the desperate intent of finishing the combat by a single blow, Brady had lifted his knee to aid in holding his powerful antagonist to the tree.

So it happened that the blade which was meant to pierce the vitals, was only fleshed deep into the thigh, where, buried almost to the very hilt, it remained, making a ghastly but not a very dangerous wound. In the very posture he was placed by the faithful Delaware, the jaded scout was found by Zane and McColloch, the knife drawn out, and busy binding the wound with the wrapping from his neck.

"Halloo, Brady!" said the Major, anxiously, "have they pinked you? Let us see! I hope not a bad hurt."

"Well," said Brady, ruefully, "I might say as I once heard a play fellow in Philadelphia say, 'No, 'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve,' but I'm not yet 'made worm's meat of,' I think. Leave me and hurry on, or the rascals will escape!"

"Oh, the fight's well over, I think," said Zane. "I hear a great plashing in the creek down there. We've trounced them beautifully, and have got back all we're after. Come! lean on us, and we'll take you back to the fire, for we've won the battle, and, like true victors, must sleep on the field. We'll have down the girls too. They'll soon nurse you back to trailing strength again; Shepherd and Rose have already gone to tell them the news."

The contest was ended, sure enough. The savages could not withstand two such fatal surprises. They had been badly smitten and shattered, and were fast scurrying across the Killbuck, hotly pursued by the exultant scouts.

The shouts and various sounds of conflict and pursuit gradually died away. The solemn roar of the rapids again filled the woods. The little run, as for centuries past, brawled or whispered its tortuous course, while the paling moon was hastening down the westward sky, leaving its mild, silvery lights enmeshed in the trees' thick foliage.

The victors, with glad shouts and vociferous clamor, now found their

several ways back to the fire. The various reports were compared, and soon it became known who were killed, wounded or missing, the most prominent of the last being the Hermit.

As all were thus noisily talking together, Killbuck, with dripping leggins and lowering face, quietly emerged from the darkling, winding aisles of the forest, sat himself down by his friend Brady who was lying with head resting on a mossy trunk, and gravely extended his hand.

"Welcome, my old friend," cheerily spake the scout. You've made a deuced narrow escape from Mohican torture." Then observing the old Delaware's clouded visage, he continued: "Why, how's this, Killbuck? All glad but you; and you look as ugly and crabbed as an old mother bear with whelps. I see it by the fiery glint o' your eyes. Could you find no 'dead medicine' for our friend Pipe?"

"Kogieschquanoheel look bold as a panther, but has the heart of a rabbit, and the cunning of a fox," replied the chief, in deep, guttural tones, and with an air of great disgust. "When he wound my brother, I watch close where him go. I leap after like the wild cat, and straight like the heavy bee to its house, but I no find him.

"I then creep down to the water and hide like a snake under the bushes. Bymeby I hear plash here, plash there, plash all around, and I know that redman steal 'cross the creek and try get away. Just now I hear rustling of bushes behind, and low voices on all sides, and before I can go off I am in the middle of big crowd of very mad Indians, but I no see much who.

"Too late to get away now, and I must have Captain Pipe's scalp, so I feel if tomahawk all right, and I wade into the water with the rest, and then look around very close, but I no find him. No, but I see strange 'pale-face,' with a belt tied over his mouth so he no make any noise, and all Indians about pulling and poking and hissing curses at him like so many snakes.

"I very, very sorry for this 'pale-face,' but I no can help him, and he make no business for me; so I go to this one and that one, but I no see the Delaware I want. Then I cross water with the rest, and when I come under the dark of the woods, I say to a Wolf Mohican: 'Where be Kogieschquanoheel? I much 'fraid he lost?' and he say he know nothing, and that he no cross the creek yet.

"I then say who is this 'pale-face' that make you so much mad? what has he done?" and he answered: "He is the great enemy of our nation, and soon as he get to top of that hill, we cut him all up into little bits and make him food for the hawks and buzzards! He then tell me that this 'pale-face' had been just caught stooping over the dead body of the Delaware chief Ko-ta-chi-wa (which means, Brady, in your tongue—the Bison that Paws the Grass), and had cut off his right ear, and—"

"My God! Killbuck!" here interrupted Brady, with deep feeling and sitting bolt upright. "It's the poor Hermit of the Big Yellow. He never takes scalps, and that's his way of counting his dead, and by this time he's probably cut all to pieces."

"Never heard my brother say anything of this friend. I no know what Hermit mean," answered Killbuck coolly. "I could no save

him, but if I know my brother love him, I might have kill him all to once, and so kept him from being all cut up like bear meat or scalping post. Too late now. Why do he cut off ears and no take scalps?"

"Heavens! what a hard, cruel fate! Killbuck, do you think he still lives? Go my friend, maybe you can yet save him."

"No, no! he *sure* dead by now. Mohicans all boiling over mad at him. He had one bloody tomahawk gash in his shoulder, and all were hitting him, pulling his hair and shaking their tomahawks at him. The one who speak to me foam at the mouth, and shake his hatchet terrible; said 'pale-face' was evil spirit of their race, and had been watching their trails for many moons past; that he had killed a heap of Mohicans and cut off their right ears, and that they were too much mad to wait the torture, but must mince him up right off."

"Go on! Killbuck! go on!" said Brady, sternly, covering his face with his hands, and more moved than he cared to show. "It is a dreadful, horrible fate, and awfully sudden."

The chief gazed for a moment wondering at his friend, and resumed: "I have no more business there, so I move off and move off till I get out of the crowd; then I stand still till all go on, and then I go back into water; I almos' reach this side, when I hears the plash, plash, plash, of some one walking towards me. I see somebody come, and I turn round as if I was stealing across like the rest.

"Then comes a low, deep voice to me in Mohican: 'Are Girty and all the rest across?' I tremble all over with joy when I find I have at last my old foe just behind me! "Yes, I believe so; you are the last to cross," I whispered in our tongue, at the same time I feel for my tomahawk.

"My brother, it *had gone*; slipped somehow into the water, and I was without weapon, and my old enemy now by my elbows. Big drops of sweat break out over my head, but I then hope that The Pipe had left his knife too, and might be so naked as I be, so I waded on and on, cast a glance around to see if Pipe had any hatchet. It was not very clear, but I could sight no gun or tomahawk, and so I make all ready.

"Then he say again: 'Did my braves get Wingenund safe over who's hurt so bad by Gellelemend, that cursed coward?'

"That word make me all over mad, so I cry: 'You be the coward, vile dog of a Mohican,' and I leap like a panther right on his breast, and I grip his throat with my two hands, till he turn up his eyes, put out his tongue, and make some funny noises.

"The Pipe was much whipped for one, two, several minutes. Then he make heap o' ugly fight, and try hold my head under water. But I no stay under much, no; and keep tight hold of his throat, and squeeze him as tho' I love it very much.

"Then his eyes turn up; a rattle come from his mouth like that from a stuck deer, and he fall down into the water, which was up to my breech-clouts. This is just where your brother want him, so I take him by the scalp lock and hold his head anunder, and he splashing and thrashing the water all around.

"He make so much noise, and I so busy drowning him, that I no see or hear anything. Then I feel my two arms tight. I jump up

and see a big Huron holding me, and three, four, five several more hurrying up with tomahawks. This too much for your brother. He want to keep his hair, and no stop for more fight, but break loose, swim under water like a fish and make for shore.

"They no know who I is, and dare not come back to this side again, and so here I be. Ugh! If Killbuck had tomahawk," concluded the disgusted chief, lugubriously, "the scalp of Capt. Pipe now hang at his belt."

"Yes, yes, Killbuck! that's *one* way to look at it; but if Pipe had had one, *your* hair might have been drying at *his*, so be content, my old friend; we've had a great victory. The two ladies with Shepherd and Rose are all safe, and Girty's had such a backset as he'll not get over for years. More than that, I've got 'Spitfire' back, and Shepherd has your rifle all safe. Now take some tobacco out of my squirrel-skin yonder, and since you havn't got *the* Pipe you wish, you may yet enjoy *a* pipe."

Killbuck smiled grimly, and having first ascertained the exact nature of his friend's wound, and telling him he would as soon as light came, gather some herbs for a poultice which would cure him right up, he sauntered off towards the fire to smoke his stone pipe and dry his buckskins.

---

## CHAPTER LXV.

### AFTER THE BATTLE—HOMEWARD BOUND.

Brady was soon joined again by his friends, to whom he related Killbuck's adventures and the sad fate of the Hermit. It was very reluctantly concluded that he must have been killed outright, and that any further pursuit would be useless.

Several sentinels were now sent down to patrol the bank of the creek and others carefully posted in different directions. Any return in force was not anticipated. The foe was too badly cut up for that; but an Indian's vengeance is frequently as reckless as it is sudden, and their desperate valor has frequently enabled them to wrest signal revenges out of the very jaws of hopeless defeat.

When Shepherd and Rose now approached the fire, leading the two horses on which were seated Betty and Drusilla, happy and smiling, the rejoicing was at its height. The whole company seemed for the first time to realize what had been accomplished. The death of the Hermit and the wounds of others of their band could not overcloud so much genuine joy.

So soon as the two girls could escape from the hearty congratulations of their friends, they gratefully hastened to Brady's side and vied with each other in tender attentions. They shook him by the hand, poured out their profuse thanks and did their utmost to make him comfortable.

A rude shelter was soon thrown up; the fire was replenished, and as it was now considerably after midnight and the long day had been

unusually crowded with fatigues and excitements, the whole camp gradually sank to rest.

Some, however, remained up who could not go to sleep. The joy and excitement were too great, and they were making a regular night of it. Occasionally could be noted a snatch of song, a ringing laugh, and even the savory odors of cooking venison and coffee. Hunters' appetites are proverbial, and there be many sound-livered, strong-stomached people in this world whose greatest happiness is best expressed by the acts of eating and drinking.

It was late on the morrow when this impromptu camp awakened. The sun was pouring its rich golden light through the tender leafage; the woodland shrubs and flowers exhaled their sweet-scented breath; the dew-begemmed herbage was fragrant with its morning incense; the little run rippled and babbled its meandering way; while the birds poured forth their matin notes in "profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

All seemed perfect peace and repose. What a contrast to the horrid din and murderous clamor of the night before! And yet under that verdant, fretted canopy, and amid that moist and fragrant herbage, lay rows of stark, staring corpses.

Not all, however, were so drowsy and slumberous. Killbuck had been up from early dawn gathering material for a soothing poultice for his friend Brady's wound—stramonium, sassafras, slippery elm, and the bark of the white-walnut, whose various potencies were well known to all Indians. Others were searching the woods for the dead and wounded.

The Indian bodies, by McColloch's orders, had been gathered together to the number of fourteen, and then hidden under the bushes by the stream. Their wounded had all managed to escape, or had been carried off. Of the whites five were wounded, but happily, none of them desperately so, while three dead bodies were discovered and reverently conveyed to a sheltered spot near the little river. The surrounding woods were thoroughly ransacked, but no lurking enemies had been discovered.

And now came the hunters' breakfast, a meal that all partook of most heartily, and the general hilarity of which was only occasionally disturbed by thoughts of their dead comrades. The whole company were now ready for the return.

After consultation among the leaders, it had been concluded, on account of the difficulty of carriage for so great a distance, that the dead should be immediately buried. In order to prevent any discovery or mutilation of the bodies from wandering savages, the fire was scattered; its embers and ashes scraped aside, and a shallow grave, sufficient to contain all three bodies, was dug just where the flames had burned hottest and brightest.

The entire band of scouts gathered about in a solemn circle. Brady sat at a little distance off, reclining against his tree, and attended by his grateful lady nurses. Major Rose, in his neat and graceful uniform, made the centre for a group of the leaders.

Now the bodies, resting on rough litters and preceded by the Rev. Christy, were reverently brought forward. A simple hymn was raised

by the young minister and the ladies, in which many of the scouts devoutly joined. A few feeling remarks, appropriate to the occasion were then made, and a fervent and touching prayer, in which thanks for the signal victory were mingled with a sorrowful tribute to those who had been so suddenly and violently ushered into a dread eternity, concluded the service.

The bodies were then laid side by side in their forest sepulture; a volley was fired over it by those around; the earth covering those mortal remains was tramped hard, and the brands and ashes gathered back to their old place.

A rude and simple burial, and yet one of unusual solemnity! There was many a husky voice and tear-bedimmed eye among those rough and stalwart, but yet warm-hearted pioneers. The departed had been true to the death, and prodigal of their life's blood, and were sincerely mourned by men with whom faithful courage was a crowning virtue. They exchanged saddened looks with each other, and quietly dispersed to prepare for the homeward march. Three of the wounded, Cooney Stroop, Hambleton Kerr and Peter Neiswanger had received their hurts on the upper part of their bodies and needed no special assistance, but Brady and young Casper French had been wounded in the lower limbs, and were unable to walk.

Two Indian litters, similar to the drag before described on which poor Larry had been carried into distant captivity, had therefore been made—simply a couple of saplings, whose butts were lashed to a horse, one on either side, like a pair of shafts; the bushy, leafy ends dragging on the ground behind, and a bed of interlaced branches, covered with robes between. No easier or more elastic litter for a weak or wounded invalid could possibly be devised.

The Yellow Creek scouts, headed by Andy Poe, had the post of honor at the head. Then came Drusilla on horseback, with Killbuck to the right, and Brady, reclining on his litter, behind them: Betty, with young French on *his* litter, and then the rest, mostly in single file and led by Zane, Butler and McColloch. Rose and Shepherd walked beside the horses.

Notwithstanding the honored dead, so reluctantly left behind, the whole party moved under the majestic colonnades of that luxuriant and illimitable wilderness with a proud and elastic step.

Think of it! Two whole days in those virgin, primeval forests. What a luxury for those with ears attuned to hear the deep breathings of Nature, or to such as were admitted to her most tender confidences!

Everything within, above and around them invited to joy and exultation. It was a veritable triumphal procession amid all the pomp and pageantry of exuberant spring. The air above was full of a delicious warmth and sunshine; the trees, vines and flowers stretched out on every side, far as eye could reach or imagination picture—infinite in number, endless in tint and variety. The whole atmosphere was filled with the melody of birds and the fragrance of balmy May.

And so the day wore on. The gay procession made no attempt at either silence or secrecy. Occasional diversions would be made after a startled deer, or a flock of wild turkeys. A noisy joke or a shout of laughter would run all along the line, and at intervals a halt would be



made in some grassy glade, or by the margin of some limpid spring or sequestered stream.

It was fully dusk ere the jaded company reached the secluded glen near Gnadenhutten. As a still longer march remained for the next day, the fires were hastily made, the spitted game was set up to broil, and, after a hearty meal, all soon couched themselves for the night.

And yet not all! For such was the inborn ardor for outdoor sports among those roving, restless borderers, that quite a number of the younger hunters started off a few miles further to watch for deer at a famous "salt lick," noted throughout all that region; still others wandered out about the camp after cats, coons and possums, while Killbuck and another "runner" kept straight on their way to the fort to announce the recapture of the prisoners and the return of the victors.

The first blush of dawn found the whole party again in file; over hills, down valleys, across streams; now softly treading on rich, velvety carpets of moss, or picking their way among perplexing windfalls of trees; now winding their devious path along thicketed streams or low luxuriant swales, and anon sweeping along at a free swinging stride through open groves of oaks, maples and chestnuts.

But ever and on, with the vast, solemn wilderness opening out in every direction. The unbroken stillness amid those profound and magnificent aisles, with their interlaced roofs of variegated frondage, was at all times impressive—the solitude was oftentimes sublime and overpowering.

For a great portion of the way, the trail followed the picturesque valley of the Stillwater, the headwaters of which interlock with those of McMechens Creek; a clear, rapid stream that debouches into the Ohio, opposite Fort Henry.

Soon as the "divide" which separates the affluents of the two waters was passed, their progress grew more rapid. The final pause was made about ten miles from the fort, and right within the jaws of a deep, cool, rocky gorge, to the bottom of which scarce did ever the sun's rays penetrate, and adown which rushed in a mad whirl of yeasty waters, a noisy and turbulent stream.

It was, for romantic beauty and picturesqueness, a perfect gem of a resting place. No artist who should see it, but would wish to take its picture, or no poet but would essay to embalm it in verse. The beetling cliffs of gray rock were richly mantled o'er with verdure—ferns, vines, mosses and creepers. A little way up, the stream dashed over a height of some fifteen feet, and then broadening out, glided and rippled melodiously over a long convex incline of slaty rock, the bright, sparkling waters being collected in a large, rocky basin at its foot.

Right below this inviting pool the stream divided to unite about fifty yards lower down, and enclosing within its loving, sheltering arms a little islet of green sward, beautifully enamelled with flowers and bright with vividly green patches of moist moss.

On this little mead, then, reclined our tired party. The two girls dismounted and allowed their jaded horses to crop the luxuriant herbage. The wounded had a welcome quiet and change of position, and enjoyed it amazingly.

This ravine looked out upon a noble grove of venerable maples,

without any tangled undergrowth whatever, but having a carpet of elastic sward. It had been used for years by the Indians as a sugar camp, and almost every tree had its wooden conduit for the sap; and, beneath, its trough or vessel of elm bark.

All at once some of the quick-eared scouts stopped their idle chaffing, and raised upon their elbows at the distant bay of a hound. Then came another and another of different tone; and again; and louder, nearer than before, the same clear, mellow, sonorous bay as at first.

"Boys," exclaimed Lew Wetzell, "that's Col. Zane's Music, sure's you're born! No hound on our border 'gives tongue' with such a deep and far-reaching voice."

"That's so," answered McColloch, springing to his feet. "It's Eb. Zane's Irish stag-hound, and that's his pack, too, after her. When Music opens out with her rich, sweet notes, be sure there's a deer in view, and that she means to be in at the death. They're coming close, too! Look sharp there!"

---

## CHAPTER LXVI.

### A STAG HUNT—"MAD ANN BAILEY."

All were now on their feet. The ough-ough-oughing of the deep-mouthed dogs was very exciting. None there who had not often engaged with ardor in the chase. And now came the tuneful notes of a hunting horn. All made a rush out towards the maple grove.

Just then a noble buck, with his muzzle proudly aloft in the air, and his spreading ten-tine antlers thrown back upon his haunches, bounded past in magnificent leaps and swift as the very wind. His eyes glanced affrightedly on either side; his nostrils were distended with terror and hard breathing; his little white flag of a tail stood erect and defiant, and his delicate limbs were as elastic as steel springs.

Hard after him, nose to the ground and with Music in the van, came the panting hounds, and at considerable distance in the rear was a party of four on horseback.

The buck kept straight along the Indian trail. The hounds bounded after with vociferous clamor, but soon as they struck the fresh trail made by our party, they stopped, seemed confused, ran snuffing hither and thither, and finally dropped their notes into low, plaintive whimpers.

Music, however, soon resolved the difficulty by turning straight off from the buck's scent, and taking the one which led into the ravine. The rest, incited by the voices of Zane and others whom they knew so well, changed their trailing lope into joyful leaps and gambols, and their sonorous baying into short, quick barks of joyful recognition.

And now in a mad, furious gallop dashed along a lady on horseback. Hard after her came another black horse, mounted by—well, whether man or woman no one seemed able to tell.

"Hurrah, lads," cried Butler with the greatest eagerness. "Hanged

ef it isn't pooty little Lydia Boggs, the pet of the border, and mounted—yes, shoot me through if she ain't—on Major Rose's blood mare. Catch anything but a wild pigeon getting ahead of her! But in the name of all that's good, who's that lapping her behind! 'Pears like a man dressed in a woman's toggery."

"Ha! ha! ha! I've got it," shouted out Lew Wetzell. "It's none but mad Ann Bailey on her black horse 'Liverpool,' and a hard un to beat he is, and she is, too. She's rid him for years, and when his blood's up he's a riglar screamer. He lays back his long ears, puts an extra flash into his fiery eyes, doubles himself into a bunch and just untwists himself. He kinks out like a blacksake."

"And who the deuce," retorted Butler, "is mad Ann Bai—but, halloo! By Ginger, here they come! Did ye ever see—Go it, little un! go it! Make her skim like a bird! Je-ru-sa-lem!"

By this time the two horses were fairly abreast of the ravine's mouth and the group of shouting, excited scouts gather about it. Lydia—for she, indeed, it proved—was fairly in front, going like the wind, and pulling hard on the reins.

But Black Bess, lean and fleet as a greyhound, was all aquiver with excitement, and with nostrils distended and neck craned out, snorted by like a rocket. The beautiful rider, with her brown curls flying behind, tossed a salute and gave a blast on her horn as she whizzed by. Liverpool, however, was better in hand and was much sooner checked up. He was quickly turned by his strong and skillful rider, and came back on a sharp, quick trot, as if he "told his steps," his strange-looking rider crying out to the crowd as Col. Eb. Zane and Lydia's father, Capt. James Boggs, rode briskly up on the other side:—

"Ah, ye screeching gallows birds, ye. I'm glad to see ye'z all safe back again, but ye've spoiled as neat a racing spurt as was ever plotted. Here's my Liverpool, now—a nag that for stride and bottom's never been beat, and that's got me quit of bloody Injuns—may the Lord confound and destroy the whole breed—many and many's the time; and yet that little conceited pink and white chit of a Lydia Boggs, just because she's mounted on a piece of horse-flesh a little better than's common on the border, had to banter me to a race. Me and Liverpool! ha! ha! ha!

"Ye saw, men, how I held my black in. A rod behind when the dogs opened in cry; his nose at the mare's girth when ye shouted, and neck and neck when I checked up. Oh, no! No matter how far behind Liverpool is at the start, he's bound to come out head. Ha! ha! ha! that's his way."

Let us briefly pen-picture Mad Ann Bailey—for so, for a score of years, was she universally called throughout all western Virginia—as she thus sits firm and erect astride of her famed black steed, and strokes his silken ears as in his excitement he paws up the grass.

A square, sturdy English figure, with tanned, weather-beaten face and strong, masculine features, she was then about fifty years of age. Her hair, just beginning to grizzle, escaped from beneath her otter-skin head-gear—a sort of cross between cap and hood. She was dressed mainly in the costume of a scout—hunting-frock, leggins and moccasins—with a short rifle slung across her back, and with both

knife and tomahawk stuck in her ornamented girdle—a brave, singular and adventurous spirit, with little feminine about her but the name.

What a strange, wild, solitary life she had led as we find it handed down by tradition or living in Border chronicles! It is said that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Neither hath it any like a woman wronged and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of vengeance. There was a wild, unnatural brightness in her sharp, gray eyes, and a mocking jeer in her loud, grating laugh. One could scarce help pitying while he shuddered to see a woman, who, at her age, should be tender and affectionate, cherished and protected by the love of friends and children and surrounded with every care and comfort, so thoroughly unsexed; roaming alone the vast wilderness solitudes and exposed to all the spiteful elements. She was a veritable Meg Merrilies—a thorough gipsy in look, habit and vagabondage.

Her maiden name was Hennis, and she was raised at Liverpool, emigrating to America with her husband, Richard Trotter, who was a volunteer in Dunmore's war of 1774, and fell fighting at the bloody Indian battle of Point Pleasant. From the period of his death, she became possessed with a strange, savage spirit of revenge against the Indians.

She was somewhat disordered in her intellect; forsook her sewing and spinning and commenced practicing with the rifle, casting the tomahawk, hunting the wild game of the forests, and riding about the country to every muster of scouts or hunters. She even discarded female attire, and differed little in appearance from the ordinary scout of the border. The rifle was her constant companion; she frequently carried off the prizes at the various shooting matches; spent most of her time scouring the woods with no companion but a powerful black horse which she called Liverpool, after her birth-place.

Lydia Boggs has mentioned the inestimable service she performed for the beleaguered garrison of Charleston Fort by riding day and night amid appalling perils, a distance of two hundred miles through the savage wilds and unbroken forests of West Virginia, and procuring a supply of powder from camp Union (now Lewisburg.)

With a led horse weighted down with ammunition, she resolutely commenced her return; her trail followed by packs of ravenous wolves, or still more dangerous red-skins; sleeping by night amid the profound solitudes of the wilderness, and on spreads of boughs raised high on stakes to protect her from venomous snakes or savage beasts; crossing raging torrents, breasting craggy heights; ever watching for Indian "sign," but ever avoiding Indian attacks, until she heroically delivered her powder and saved the fort. She afterwards took her place among the men in defending the place, and used to boast that she had fired many a shot at her foes.

Strange that such an odd, rugged, intractable character should ever, even for a day, allow the soft passion of love to usurp the place of her fierce and cruel revenge! Stranger still that any mortal man could be found who would be attracted by such a wild, stormy, riotous spirit. He must have "wooded her as the lion woos *his* bride," where the mutual caresses and encounters of love pass amid savage roars and growls and rude buffetings. But a man *did* woo, and won

her, too, and his name it was Bailey, and so she became Mrs. Ann Bailey.

Whether he ever "tamed this shrew" history sayeth not, but we read that her unquenchable spirit and audacity, in spite of her many eccentricities, greatly endeared her to the whole border. She engaged in the hunt of deer, bear and panther; was, during the Indian troubles, employed as fort messenger, and afterwards—mounted on her famed black hunter—used to visit many of the chief people of West Virginia, returning laden down with gifts.

It was while starting out on one of these annual journeyings that she had happened to arrive at Ft. Henry the night before, and hearing from the "runner" of the fight with Girty, and the recapture of the prisoners, had come out with Col. Zane, Lydia and her father to meet and escort the returning victors.

---

## CHAPTER LXVII.

LYDIA BOGGS AND COLONEL EB. ZANE.

By this time Lydia Boggs has come up on her fretting and spirited mare, and is delivering a lively volley of vivacious laughs, queries and exclamations.

No wonder she was such a great pet on that border. The pert and saucy airs and oddities of a young girl of undoubted and acknowledged beauty, always pass with her crowd of admirers as graces. Lydia was such a queer, downright and positive beauty; was such a brave and dashing little body; could run, swim, ride and shoot so well, and with such a hearty spirit, that—if it must be confessed—she was somewhat spoiled by admiration.

She could say and do about as she pleased, and her late intrepid feat of escaping from Girty's band of maurauders by a bold plunge into the Ohio on horseback, and then her successful dash to the fort, had raised her to a still higher pinnacle in the estimation of those rude frontiersmen, with whom reckless courage was the best, as indeed it was the only, title of nobility.

Lydia *must* have been, as a girl, of unusual nerve and force of character, for, at a hundred years—and she has died since the outbreak of our late rebellion—she was noted for her wonderful energy and sprightliness. The blood which cannot be cooled, and the spirit which cannot be broken or tamed by a whole century of world care and strife, must have been at seventeen of a very nimble and fiery quality.

And, indeed, the lovely young girl looked strangely winning and masterful as she sat her chafing and panting steed like a centaur. No wonder those rough scouts surrounded her and gazed with staring vision. There was a bright sparkle in her eye, and the flush of health and excitement on her fair cheeks. Had she never parted her lips, yet her very looks, smiles and manner would have been all eloquence and animation.

She was clad in a short, simple riding habit of home-spun, from under the hem of which peeped out her little moccasin feet. A jaunty, close-fitting cap of fine beaver fur confined her wealth of brown, glossy curls; but none there observed her dress. Why should they? Indeed, it is probable she would have been more natural and winsome in her customary cloth tunic and fawn-skin leggins. It was her bright, wide-awake face, and the spirited, stylish *tout ensemble* of both person and attitude which attracted all eyes and took captive all hearts.

"And where *are* those naughty truants, Betty and Silla?" she exclaimed, after learning all she wished of the late conflict and capture.

"Come, Bess! I must see them at once," and spurring up her restive and impatient mare, she dashed and clattered up the rocky bed of the stream, and caught sight of the group scattered over and about the little island.

Mo. Shepherd, her companion and lover from earliest childhood, was the first person her roving eyes beheld, but not the first they noted. A momentary blush, it is true, flew to her face, but seeing Betty and Drusilla reclining on the grass beside their browsing nags, she gave Bess the word, made her leap the foaming run, slid off her back she scarce knew how and why, and with an "Oh, girls!" was locked in their arms and covering them with a prodigal effusion of warm kisses and embraces.

She was too full for poor, articulate speech, and yet told more by lips, eyes and arms than ever could nimble tongue. After laughing and crying over them a moment, she observed Major Rose standing by the head of his recovered mare, talking tenderly to her and patting her satin-like nose.

"Welcome back, Major!" she exclaimed joyfully, going up to him and frankly extending her hand. "I stole Black Bess away very unceremoniously the other day, but I now return her again safe and sound. She's the best nag I've ever backed; has blood, bone and beauty; is as easy as an old sofa, and as fleet as Col. Zane's Music. She's fit for a queen to ride."

"And therefore, Miss Lydia," gallantly replied the Major, warmly pressing her hand, "I beg you'll continue to ride it. Who has better earned the right or becomes it so well? I saw your daring leap, and know well what succor it has brought to us miserable captives. Bess is your's and welcome, from this joyful day, Miss—"

"Now, Major, I cannot, will not take it, *that's poz*; I know how a soldier values his steed, and you are to be Col. Crawford's aide in the coming expedition, and what would you do, pray, without a horse?"

"But, really, now Miss Lydia—"

"But me no buts, Major. I thank you, but will talk no more about it until you come back from the wars. Look how Bess is asking you to back her, Major!"

Then leaning towards him, she whispered, "Major Rose—here's Shepherd coming up—but if you want to thank me best, give Ann Bailey a brush as you go back. She'll ask you sure, and's terribly conceited about that old black of her's; insists that she was actually beating me, while the truth is, I was only funning her. You can see

Bess has never turned a hair yet, and I was tugging on the bit the whole time."

"How d'ye do, Mo.," she continued, turning and taking Shepherd's offered hand. "Right glad to see you back," and then adding, poutingly, "but would like to know, my young sir, why you left poor me to ride home all alone by myself. There's gallantry for you! Father and you pretend to escort me up to Fort Pitt and back. First thing, father strays over to Catfish Camp, and my other beau goes meandering off for days among the Indians, in company with two young, pretty girls. Come, sir," stamping her little moccasined foot upon the sward, and looking at her lover with a saucy, coquettish air, "I'll make you tell me every single word you said to Bet and 'Silla."

The look of pleased admiration in young Shepherd's face as he laughingly answered, could not be mistaken—least of all by the one most concerned.

"Well, Lydy, that's your way of putting it. I might now ask why *you* ran away from *me*, bound and miserable as I was—and as for talk, don't mention it! my tongue's just rusty with idleness. Even Larry grew silent and mel—"

"Oh, yes, what about poor Larry! I heard he was carried off. I do hope we can recover him."

"Oh, I fancy, Lydy, he's a full-rigged chief by this time, and married to some Indian queen or other. Larry generally accommodates himself to circumstances, and is pretty hard to keep down. But, come, don't you want to go over to that tree by the pool, and see poor Brady?"

"Indeed I do," answered Lydia, feelingly. "Was *so* sorry to hear he was wounded, and for our party, too. I say, Mo., we must keep him at our house in the fort until he's entirely well. He's risked a great deal for us."

"I heard Col. Zane ask him awhile since to be *his* guest," said Shepherd, "but wherever he stays, be sure we'll all be glad enough to nurse him back to health."

And so the talk ran on, all three girls, Col. Zane, Capt. Boggs and Major Rose joining in animated converse around Brady's litter. It was a charming sight to observe Lydia pressing the hand of the wounded scout in both her own, and, with voice trembling and eyes filled with tears, thanking him for his generous services. Drusilla herself could not have been more grateful to him, and was, equally with Brady, overcome by Lydia's hearty sympathy.

Col. Ebenezer Zane, to whom now for the first time we introduce our readers, was then about thirty-five years old, the head of the Zane family, and the foremost man in all that district. He was a person of marked and prominent traits, not very tall, but uncommonly brave, active and athletic; a great runner and hunter, and, like his brother Jonathan, a splendid shot.

The very year before we now present him, some of the inmates of the fort observed an Indian on the island opposite, going through some insulting and indelicate gestures. Col. Zane's attention having been called to the fellow, he swore he would soon spoil his sport, and charging his rifle with an additional ball, he patiently waited his

opportunity. In a moment the savage's naked body was seen emerging from behind a large sycamore, and commencing anew his performances. The Colonel drew a careful bead upon him, and next instant the native harlequin was tumbled from his perch, and limped off into the water very badly hurt.

Zane's personal appearance was somewhat remarkable: very swarthy complexion, piercing black eyes, huge brows and prominent nose. He had already received various marks of distinction from colonial, state and national governments, and his estate embraced the main portion of the present city of Wheeling, his house being just without the fort.

He married Elizabeth McColloch, sister of the gallant Major, and a lady known along the whole extended frontier, for her zeal, courage, matronly virtues and skill in healing.

The whole party, now well rested and in the very best of spirits, soon filed out into the sngar grove, and the romantic little ravine, so lately filled with strange and boisterous noises, was left again to the monotonous of its own waterfall.

Col. Zane, with his dogs, led the way, while Mad Ann Bailey, sitting grim and stern upon her coal-black steed, stationed herself at the mouth of the ravine, challenging every one she knew with some characteristic remark, and after all had passed out, bringing up the rear.

Of course Rose insisted that Lydia, who had determined to sit *en croupe* behind her father, should ride Black Bess back to the fort. After some good-natured altercation, she was fain to yield, but she made no race with Liverpool, but jogged quietly beside Drusilla or Betty and Brady.

The setting sun was just burnishing the broad expanse of waters with its dying glories, when our glad but weary party came out upon the Ohio. Directly amid stream appeared Zane's Island and the stockades and bastions of Fort Henry—with flag waving proudly above—crowning the opposite bluff.

It was a lovely panorama of hill, plain, wood and water which there presented, and to give eclat to the occasion, the lookout of the fort had no sooner sighted the party ranged along the shore, before the fort's single cannon—a little piece, by the way, which the French had thrown into the Monongahela in 1758 on the evacuation of old Fort Duquesne, and which was afterwards found and fished out by a man named Neely—gave out a flash, followed by a resounding boom which filled all the hills about with reverberating echoes.

Boats were all ready for the crossing, and when the company reached the thither shore, and marched up to the fort, the whole settlement, men, women, children and dogs, were ranged upon the bluff to receive them.

They made a noisy and merry night of it. Those who had lost relatives in the late fight retired to mourn almost alone.



## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## LARRY COMES OUT AS A LOVER.

The Pickaway Plains on the sunrise side of the Scioto (and now lying south of Circleville, O.) have long been famed for their fertility. They are said to contain the richest body of land in Ohio. To the redmen the whole region was "classic ground." There in olden times burned their council fires; there the allied tribes assembled to decide on peace or war; thence departed the most numerous marauding expeditions against the Virginia and Kentucky borders, and there was their place of secure retreat in case of defeat.

The whole district was consecrated by their desperate valor and by the blood of their best chiefs and braves. There lay old Chillicothe, near which was the home of Logan, the famed Mingo chief, and there were the towns of the great and mighty chief, Cornstalk, and his sister, so widely known in western border chronicles, as the Grenadier Squaw.

Another dread circumstance invests this region with a most melancholy interest; for thither was brought a large proportion of the unhappy prisoners abducted from the neighboring frontiers, and at these Chillicothe Towns they were condemned to a cruel, and horrible death. Both Old Chillicothe and Grenadier Squaw's Town had its Gauntlet Course and Burning Ground, each located on an elevated knoll, so that when a victim was undergoing his torments by fire, by tomahawk, or by any other inhuman torture practiced by redmen on their captive foes, the whole horrid scene was in full view from the Black Mountain and the surrounding towns.

No wonder the redman fought to the very last for these rich, beautiful and well-watered Plains. In all that made their lives secure, happy and prosperous, they had not their parallel in America. It could truthfully be said of those treeless, black-loamed and marvelously fertile prairies, that if one would only "tickle the earth with a hoe, it would laugh with a bounteous harvest." One hundred bushels of corn or fifty of wheat to the acre, was but a common product for many, many years.

On Scippo Creek, which bounded these Plains on the east, and divided Cornstalk's Town from Grenadier Squaw's Town, was located a hamlet of rough log huts, all roofed with broad peelings of birch bark.

It was the village of the Miami chief, The Moose, who had our friend Larry in charge, and if, a fortnight after the events already related, one had entered the central one of the straggling huts which lined the sluggish creek, they would have seen that self-complacent and irrepressible worthy reclining in state and in all his glory.

It will be remembered that Girty had first entrusted the blathering and good-natured Irishman to Fat Bear, the purpose being to use him as a decoy to divert the Wheeling scouts on to the Old Chillicothe trail. He was to have been adopted into the Miami tribe, and to have played the *role* of Great Medicine, his marriage with Lone Wolf's widow being part of the programme.

The violent death of Fat Bear, however, and Larry's pistol wound at Girty's hands for betraying the latter's well-planned ambush, put a different complexion on matters. At the same time with Girty's shot, Larry's guard had given him a terrible tomahawk slash on the right shoulder, so that the poor fellow was put on his drag in a most desperate plight, and lay for hours in a senseless condition.

The tedious journey, too, on his novel litter, and the announcement made to him that, on account of his having been the occasion of Fat Bear's death, that chief's widow, according to Indian custom could take him as her husband and family provider, did not tend much to mend his broken spirits.

Larry's good nature and his national trait of looking on the bright side and making the best of every thing, had rendered him very popular with all the reddys. His feats of magic, too, and especially the miracle of squeezing whisky out of a scalping knife, led them to hope much from him as a Big Medicine. They were, therefore, very kind and attentive on the route, and their skill in treating wounds, together with his own strong constitution and flow of spirits, gradually brought him speedily round.

At first, to use his own blundering expression, he felt as if he would "jist as soon live as die;" then he commenced to take some little notice; then to ask questions and crack jokes, until, before reaching his destination, he had, although grievously hurt, almost recovered his old easy assurance; began to take on his amusing airs, ending by finding out all about Fat Bear's widow and four papooses, and busying himself in speculations concerning his near future as a conjurer and family man.

All Irishmen, we believe, take naturally to love and blarney, and have the happy faculty of making themselves at home wherever their lot may cast them. Larry was not only no exception to this rule, but in these respects he fairly out Paddied Paddy himself. It was as necessary for him to make love on short notice as, to use his own expression, for a "speckled trout to shwim or a cat to lap crame." Every speech of his to the free and easy Irish girls he met in his wanderings, was graced with a sigh, an ogle or a compliment; every motion was a possible caress.

He sang, danced and flirted with one and all he could, and being a strapping, liltng, rollicking "broth of a boy," he never left a town without a regret, nor came to one without a hope. He had finally reached the conclusion that "wimmen were quare craytures inny way, all out and out," and that the surest way to win them was to "tip them the blarney—the laste taste in life," and to make up by vigor or violence what was lacked in time and opportunity.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," was the motto our Irishman invariably acted on. He lost no useless time in digging trenches, forming parallels, or laying slow and heavy siege, but leaped to the assault at once. If repulsed, he never despaired but simply—tried somewhere else. That was his way with Irish lassies of his own class, and he felt sure it would be the best way with American lassies, whether white or red.

He was somewhat taken aback, however, when he heard the terrible

hullibaloo which Mrs. Fat Bear or Wa-ba-sha, as she was generally called—which anglicised means nothing but Fat Possum—when she heard of the death of her chief. She howled, screamed, pranced about, tore her coarse hair, and ended by whipping the children all around, expressing the amiable wish of tomahawking his murderer and cutting him up into little bits to make soup of.

Larry's litter had been carried into The Moose's cabin, and he could distinctly hear the terrible shindy outside. It reminded him of Donnybrook and a real old Irish wake. He had never witnessed such a violent paroxysm of grief, and he was temporarily very much discouraged.

You see, there was a great deal of Fat Bear, and his widow, naturally, did not relish the giving up so much good husband for a "pale-face," whom she heard was meagre and tall, with sun-colored hair, not only all over his head, but all around his face.

Soon Larry heard, to his dismay, a horrible pother and hubbub about the door. They seemed to be trying to keep somebody back. No use! The deer-skin was tossed aside, and in rushed the corpulent Wa-ba-sha, brandishing a tomahawk in her hand, and glaring around the gloomy apartment like a tigress bereft of her whelps.

At last her little pig-eyes, aflame with a vicious fire, lighted upon poor Larry who was sitting propped up on his litter all pale and abashed, and too weak to walk or get out of her way.

It was an odd tableau. Curiosity and maybe—let us hope—pity for his weak and helpless condition brought The Possum to an abrupt poise, about the middle of the hut. There she wondering stood—rooted to the spot like the image before a tobacconist's store—tomahawk uplifted, and gazing as if spell-bound on the stranger "pale-face" whom she was told was the murderer of her lord. She was evidently surprised, disarmed, confused, speechless.

Larry's shock was of a different kind. Instead of the comely, pleasant, motherly Indian beauty she had been represented to him, he saw a fat, greasy, vicious-looking fury, who wished to brain him. She looked to him a very devil—possibly like *the* very Devil.

His heart sank within him, but recognizing at once his critical position, he nodded to her pleasantly and wreathed his visage in his most alluring and fascinating smiles; not, however, before involuntarily giving vent to his disappointment by muttering to himself: "The ould mahogany-colored haythen—got a face as round as a Limerick chase, a nose like the seat of a saddle, and a mouth like the slit in a fiddle."

In meditating on this scene afterwards, Larry esteemed it a great triumph that he could so transfix her with his glittering eye, and that his appearance and the power of his smiles were so irresistible as to make the "howling baggage," as he called her, drop her murderous hatchet, and change her hostility to favor.

For this was indeed the result. Wa-ba-sha gradually softened in her feelings, "smoothed her wrinkled front," approached Larry's litter cautiously, and soon began to take quite an interest in the poor wounded "pale-face."

It is a blessed thing in this world that the deepest and most tem-

pestuous grief can be assuaged, and that even a widow's extremest loss can in time be repaired. "If it were not for hope the heart would break," it is said once sobbed a forlorn widow over the grave of her fifth husband, as she peered about among the attendants for a sixth. The anecdote may be an extravagant one, but the sentiment on which it is based is not; and so even the stormy violence of Wa-ba-sha quickly subsided into a resigned content.

The next day she had Larry's litter conveyed to her own lodge, and it soon began to be matter of lively gossip in that little village that "sunny hair" was growing in favor, and there would shortly be a new chief, having no solitary scalp-lock on top of his head, but one who had a great bush of golden hair on his pate, and a girdle of the same all around his face.

Suppose two weeks to have passed away since Larry's arrival and the *tableau vivant* we have essayed to depict, and let our readers now enter by imagination the lorn widow's wigwam. Behold Larry sitting up on his skin-covered litter, "clothed and in his right mind;" his face all beaming and radiant with satisfaction, and in the full exercise of all those whimsical airs and easy graces, which not only at all times distinguished him, but which now denoted that he was full "master of the situation."

He has been and is yet an invalid, and by all those sweet offerings and little attentions which sufferers know so well how to exact, and that tender woman so delights to bestow, he has made wonderful strides in Wa-ba-sha's affections. Her face is now as smooth and placid as a duck pond; she no longer heaves a deep sigh at the memory of Fat Bear, great as he undoubtedly was; her little eyes twinkle with mirth and jollity, and her apple-dumpling figure even shakes all over at the odd ways and merry conceits of her intended.

For Larry—save the mark—has been long busy teaching her English, "swatening the discourse," as he used to say afterwards, with sundry laughs, jokes, hand-pressures, and even occasional osculatory smacks, just enough to keep the widow well consoled and himself in practice.

Oh, a funny time they always had at Larry's English lessons! He was so odd, so hilarious, so affectionate, so bubbling over with jokes and laughing, that the tawny widow was ever on the alert for her instructions.

And then Larry's delightful ways with the children; how he would ride them "a cock horse to Banbury Cross;" sing them inexpressibly funny Irish songs with all the facial accompaniments; make false-faces and cut wooden swords and whistles; get them on his back and play horsey with them on the earthen floor, and then perform all sorts of tricks and sleights-of-hand, including the swallowing of scalping-knives, and the squeezing of liquid from their ends—only it was water and not whiskey which was expressed.

Oh, just the best and jolliest papa! Fat Bear was nowhere, and so they thought all, from the little tallow-complexioned toddler without any clothes—worth speaking about, to the urchin of ten snows, who used to fill the lodge with boyish war-whoops, shoot rabbits with his arrows, and throw at imaginary scalp-posts with his "little hatchet."

It must be evident to all that "Richard" (which here stands for the

convalescent Hibernian) was "himself again" and ambitious to be the biggest toad in the puddle. For, as he ruled in the shanty, so he ruled out, and was the most popular character in that secluded little village, actually in danger of supplanting The Moose himself.

All knew him to be brave and a great magician. When he began to grow better, he held a levee daily of chiefs, warriors and dusky children, whom he won and entertained—the cunning fellow—by his airy ways, his good nature, his marvelous feats and his ludicrous attempts to learn their language and conform to local customs. He was just the town talk, was daily quoted on Indian "change," and it was the growing feeling that he would soon be a better Indian than the late Fat Bear himself, and that he even gave promise of leading their dances and tortures.

We are sorry to be obliged to confess that all this hilarity of Larry's was a mere sham,—or rather that it had other source than Wa-ba-sha. During the whole time of his convalescence there had been present as his attendant a young, shy and very comely Indian maiden whom it is high time we should notice. She was a niece of Wa-ba-sha's and was called Net-to-way. (Light-of-the-moon.) At first Larry was too ill to note the young girl particularly, but as he observed her frequent looks of pity and interest, marked her quiet flittings about his couch, and felt the tender touches of her fingers, he was speedily overcome and his interest grew rapidly.

On account of the watchful aunt, Larry had to be very wary. At first a free-masonry of glances was established which was promptly followed on Larry's part by ardent speeches and frequent hand pressings. These grew bolder and more constant. The artless child of nature was evidently yielding to the stranger's blandishments and flattering speeches. They often brought the blush to her dusky cheek, for when Larry was in his wooing moods he was apt to be very impetuous. One day he suddenly caught her little hand as she was gliding by and imprisoned it so long that even Wa-ba-sha noticed it with a few snappish words in Indian, which sent the modest girl out of the cabin all blushing and flustered.

The impudent Larry not only repeated the offense the very next day, but he made a masterly dash at her fresh lips. It was queer, too, how all these sighings and oglings, and little attentions on Larry's part occurred when Aunt Wa-ba-sha was absent or humming around the cabin. When that one was present *she* received all the rapturous glances, hand pressings, and impassioned devotions which were meant for another, and so, finally, it somehow came to be understood between the younger pair, and thus it happened on this day—to return *a nous moutons*—that Net-to-way sat shy and demure, fashioning a mocassin on one side of Larry, content with occasional tender glances and smiling within herself—the sly puss—at his amatory extravagance with the aunt.

Larry, in fact, was wooing the young girl by proxy. He was courting the aunt in the most industrious and conspicuous way, but he loved the niece, as he was fond of saying, "into the very cockles of his heart, and the marrow of his bones." So he had told her the very day previous, and too, with such violence and confirmatory

proofs that she was forced to believe it. Both perfectly understood, therefore, the situation—what was best to be done or concealed.

Frequently Larry was very much perplexed between the two. He sometimes must have felt like exclaiming as Capt. McCheath: "How happy could I be with either, were 'tother dear charmer away." The self-complacent widow never dreamed that such a young, shy chit of a girl as Net-to-way—scarcely yet seventeen—could experience the sentiment of love—much less excite it. Larry was to be hers by her deliberate choice, through old and venerated tribal custom, and, apparently, by his own most hearty and even enthusiastic concurrence.

Had she been of a jealous nature, she must, however, have frequently been strangely puzzled at noting how Larry frequently courted her with one arm and with one side of his face only. Had not her love been as blind as the proverb makes it, she could scarcely have failed to observe how often her lover turned to or addressed her niece; the merry twinkle of his eye, the suspicious tones of his voice, and the brassy, swaggering shams of his manner.

We have read once—it matters not now when or where—that the accepted lover of a hugely obese young lady could not help observing one evening at a public place, that, while he was pouring into her ear all the precious little nothings of love, she was only occasionally attentive; that her head seemed often to be directed to the other side, and that she somehow appeared to be smiling, or talking, or listening to him with one side of her face only.

At last, it is related, his suspicions were excited. He got up and went around his amplitudinous sweet-heart, and there, lo and behold! he caught a second amorous swain courting her on the *other* side.

So, if Wa-ba-sha had been as shrewd as experienced widows are traditionally reputed to be, she would have made many astounding discoveries by peeping more around corners.

---

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### LARRY REVIEWS THE SITUATION.

Let us now, on this special morning, listen to a brief snatch of Larry's talk, which he, having all the privileges of a spoiled and peevish invalid, was accustomed to pour out glibly and even unctuously, as the humor took him, and without much regard as to whether he was understood or not. Such a self-complacent rattlepate as Larry had to talk; he was, in fact, a "plugless word spout," and his frequent verbal hemorrhages were not only his delight, but his safety-valve. Both his listeners had become accustomed to his quaint, fantastical monologues, and let him run on. They could usually manage to make out the drift of his remarks, sometimes by the words, sometimes by the look or gesture. When in the dark, however, they smiled or kept silence all the same.

"May glory be my bed, Wa-ba sha, darlint, but it's mysilf that's getting heart-sick of this ould shanty. It's as toight as a jug and

dark as a pit, wid not enough braze to float a feader. Av ye had here now but a nate slip uv a pig, a scratching of hissself forninst the corners, or maundhering around wid his schwate playful ways, or poking his soshyl snout into every whiptitch, 'twould be more homesome like.

"Arrah, my jewel, in spite of yer dimpled sun kissed face, and yer roguish phosphoriscent eye"—and here he chucked her laughingly under the chin, at the same time turning to wink his eye and put out his tongue to Net-to-way as a memento that it was only funning he was—"it's getting to be low days wid me, and me heart's joost grey wid grief. Sure it's no wonder, acushla, that I'm down on me luck an' me cooped up more nor two weeks in this coffin, as dull as ditch-water and as melancholy as a jib-cat. Faith, an' I wish that I had died afore that I was born."

"Phat! 'Why you no go out?' Ah, bedad, ye may well squat there, cool as a custard, and speer that. That's joost phat I'm coming to, honey. Look at my emashiated figger, wid my ribs showing through like the bars uv a gridiron, and wid no more mate on my carcass than a grey-hound. Dawmed if it be'ent a bony skilleton I'm grown."

"Me hear," smilingly put in the widow, "dat 'pale-face' trader from Sandus-kee come to de Moose village. He have beads and wampum for squaws, and fire-water, too."

"Phat's that! Fire-water," excitedly exclaimed Larry, artfully ignoring the hint about the feminine gear. "Howly Joseph and the blissed Vargin, and here's Larry Donohue blathering away the time and he as dhry as a mummy, and his mouth as dusty as an ould lime kiln. Come, Biddy, acushla, and help me to the dure in the twinkling of a lamb's tail. Saints be about us, but I'm feared The Moose will get so dhruunk that he can't see the holes in a laddher."

Biddy was the pet name Larry had bestowed on his dusky sweet-heart; telling her that Biddy was more melodyus than Net-to-way; it made him dhrame of home and meant in Irish "a fawn wid the big, black eyes."

"Me vely glad you go out," here cheerfully broke in Wa ba-sha, who had ever an eye on business. "Now you well again, you soon be great Miami chief; take lodge of Fat Bear, and shoot much game for squaw and papooses."

"Whirroo!" involuntarily ejaculated Larry to himself, while tossing a meaning look at Net-to-way, who was sitting with her eyes studiously cast down. "An shure, the ould vestal spakes out her whole mind to wonct, and's never backards in coming forards."

Then, seeing the necessity of humoring the widow, while secretly resolving to "forbid the banns," Larry went up, took her and shook her by the two hands and said in the most hilarious manner:

"Thru for you, my paycock—yis, a gorgious paycock, that's joost phat yiz are—an' shure I'd marry ye right out o' hand this blissed minut, av there was a praste here to the fore, and a fiddle and some mountain dew to set the boys' toes a waggin. But, my bouchal, whin I comes to be chafe, musn't I have a chafe's dress and scalp lock, and go in the wather to wash the white blood all out?"

"Yes, yes," answered the impetuous widow; "go in water to-morrow. Got chief's dress all ready. Come to wigwam very next sun."

This was getting to be awfully near. The embarrassed groom, that was to be, grew red in the face, cast a bashful look at Net-to-way, who steadily kept her eyes on her bead-work, and whistled softly to himself. A bright thought struck him. He must change his tactics.

"Wa-ba-sha, you bright and illustrious phaynix, do but look at the Donohue, the moighty magichshun, the sivinth son uv a sivinth son, who wunct had a face broad as a Munster pratie. He's now thin as a dale-board, run to a pint like the pin of a sun-dial; no bigger than a chalk mark, and could hide ahint his own shadder."

Then throwing his arms tightly about Mrs. Fat Bear's ample person, and looking fondly down into her little glinting eyes, he added, as if so much enraptured that he couldn't help it, "Ah, you schwate deludher you! Shure the soft end uv a honeycomb's but a fool to ye; but ye must hould yer pretty clack now, for jist two weeks longer, till I grow stout and sthrong, and thin I'm yours, and your mine for the blissed forever—till ould Horny gathers us.

'If you laves me as I laves you,  
No knife can cut our laves in two.'

"But I must lave yez now. My heart's jist that crazy that I'll be pumping up the salt, salt tears, and be throwing them about the flure like a spout afther a thunder shower. Come, Bidy, darl—no, my dutiful niece, and be me crutch through the village;" and Larry took the arm of Net-to-way, who rose shyly and obediently from her work, and walked out of the door humming meditatively to himself a well-known Irish song.

Larry now kept silence as well as a stiff, upright position, until the twain had gotten to the margin of Scippo creek. Then inclining more towards the young maiden, and giving her the most meaning and comical look imaginable, he softly whispered:

"Bad fate to me, Bidy, but did ye hear what the ould baggage said?—a chafe the morrow and the fader of four little gossoons of Injuns the next day. Divil run away wid me, darlint, if childer arn't much loike toothpicks—ivery one wants but his own and not another's. Oh, wirrasthrew, only sivinteen snows old, Bidy, an' shure your're right big for your size. Spake to me, child; your soft voice is joost like the song of a mairmaid. Phat's to become uv us?"

Net-to-way, though a coy and modest little maid, was yet, like all her sex where their affections are engaged, resolute and ready-witted enough. Her two weeks of nursing and gentle offices had touched and melted her heart. Larry's ardor and fervent protestations in return had ensnared her affections. She fully understood the situation; knew what would be the dreadful consequences of thwarting old tribal customs; but believing in the white stranger with her whole heart, *she* was ready, if he were, to take the consequences.

Had her lover been able to talk Indian, it is probable she would have shyly and artfully talked round and round the all-engrossing subject; but *not* knowing much English, she was shut up to a certain



directness. So, looking shyly but trustfully up to Larry's freckled face, she said with a very sweet and confiding manner:—

"'Sunny Hair' say much, many time he love Indian maiden. Is dat true?"

"Thru! my fairy red bird! Schwate modher of Heaven, an' how could ye iver misdoubt me! I'll schware it to yiz, by all the crosses in a yard uv check; phat's more, I'll sale it and stamp it on your rose-bud uv a mouth. Wud ye lift me up again, darlint, if I'd down on my knees? I'm still wake!"

"Oh, no! no! Net-to-way believe. Listen! You no love Wa-ba-sha—"

"Blissed Pether! don't harrish and mulfather me, honey, about that painted haythen! By the Big Toe of Eypshun Pharaoh, but she's coulder and bitherer to me than a stepmother's breath. Ye know, Biddy, darlint, how I had to put the comether on the widdler. How I fed her with false music and butthered her up wid blarney till she got past all bearing wid her upsettedness.

"May the devil whip the tongue out o' me this minnit av I'd trust widdler Fat Bear as far as I could sling a cow by the tail—dawmed ef I would. But, my illegant charmer, you're the rale Paddy's delight, no tighter, modester, nor claner-skinned little girl betwuxt Fairhead and Kinsale. Ye've got the natest trick o' blushing; yer eyes are soft and guileless as a kitten's, and yer a match for inny Irish colleen bawn that iver peeled praties."

"Well, den," continued Net-to-way, greatly delighted with Larry's fervent rhapsody, which she interpreted as much by his florid manner as by his eloquent language; "I tell 'Sunny Hair' what we do. He take me for his squaw, 'paleface' way, and Net-to-way go wid him toward the rising sun. She vely sad dis day, 'cause she dream you love Wa-ba-sha and go live in her lodge."

"Och, the divil fly away wid her lodge and her, too, and all the childer wid their Injun gibberish. Dhramas always go by conthrarries, my dear. Shure the ould Beelzebub's a rale heart-scald to me. She's enough to take the hair off an iron dog. But come, mavourneen, I see all the Injuns staring and peeping at me from their dures as we pass. Leave us meandher down to the Falls, the roar and botheration of which has been vexing my ears day and night this two weeks past. We must put on our considering caps, and see phat's best to do. Och, troth and be jabers, but it's a proud and consated mon Larry Donohue is this blissed day."

---

## CHAPTER LXX.

LARRY "WANDERS BY THE BROOK SIDE."

The two wandered slowly past the long range of huts which fronted the creek. At every door appeared the curious, prying eyes of women and children, anxious to see the strange-looking 'pale-face' who was soon to be a chief. But very few 'braves' were visible, most of them having gone off on a scalping raid against the Kentucky border. The

noise of the Falls grew nearer and louder, and finally they burst upon their view.

Larry had been so weakened by sickness, or so pre-occupied by his new love, that he forgot even the trader with his packs and fire water. The two sat them down on a moss-covered rock shelving out over the mad yeast of waters, and ever kept cool by the rising spray. These Falls were not high, but, by reason of the spring rains, were passing an unusually large volume of water.

No living creatures in sight, but a group of young Indian boys standing knee-deep on the very edge of the cascade, and entirely engrossed in fishing. From the topmost bough of a lofty, lightning-scarred sycamore on the other side of the creek, could be heard the occasional harsh notes of an osprey as he swooped down, with a roar of plumage, on his scaly prey; while along the shore, some distance behind them, stalked a pair of crested, long-legged herons, also engaged in fishing. A number of smaller birds—pipers, king-fishers, bank swallows, &c., kept hovering over the Falls and darting, like winged meteors, hither and yon, making the glad air vocal with their various jocund notes.

A wild and romantic scene and especially favorable to lovers. Larry, however, needed no picturesque accessories to stimulate his passion. He borrowed nothing either from occasion or concomitants. Give him but courting material, and he would have been ready all the same to deliver his burnings and gushings, whether lost in a desert or cast away on a surf-dashed rock in mid ocean.

It is surprising how well the two simpletons understood each other; but the language of love being emphatically of a polyglot character, and speaking "with most miraculous organs"—chiefly eyes, lips, and hands—they managed to get along famously.

Together they busily planned an escape by horse or canoe, to Ft. Henry, to be attempted as soon as Larry had recovered sufficiently to bear the fatigues of such a long journey. The time was fixed as the night before the ceremony of his becoming the husband of Mrs. Fat Bear, and the father of her brood—"the devil's own clutch, and good neither egg nor bird," Larry would say—"the very thought of which was enough to make a dog bate his own grandfather."

As the gushing pair were thus intently busy discussing the details of the scheme, all at once came to their ears a great outcry of childish voices. On looking out in the direction of the clamor, they saw the group of lads in a state of violent excitement—some yelling out and wringing their little hands, while others stood spell-bound on the brink of the Falls, peering over its whirl of waters at some object but dimly seen among the white foam below, but which appeared to be clinging to the rocks on the edge of the deep pool.

Both at once sprang to their feet: "An' phat's the mather now, ye screeching devil's clips!" shouted Larry in his excitement, forgetting they could not understand. Net-to-way shouted the same in Indian. The lads answered that Tu-te-lu had tumbled over the Falls, and was all cut and bloody.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the young girl, in great alarm; "Little Tu-te-lu, son of Chillecothe chief. How he come here?"

The warm-hearted Larry had by this time thrown off his coat and cap and started for the creek, saying: "Divil a wun o' me knows nor cares, Biddy, who he is, how he's here or where he's from; here goes for the little shaver, innyhow."

"No! no! no!" cried Net-to-way in great alarm, catching and trying to hold him back; "*me* go! Me swim like duck; you too sick and much hurt. No! no!"

"Be aff wid ye, swateheart, whin I bid ye! It must niver be said that a Donohue stood by, idle as a mile-stone widout figgers, an' a fellow crayture, big or little; gentle or simple; red, white or black, in need of his aid."

So saying, Larry stepped promptly out into the water, followed closely by Net to-way. His will, however, was stronger than his deed, and progress was so slow that his nimble companion soon outstripped him; and, on reaching the deep water, boldly struck out on a swim.

She found Tu-te-lu, a handsome, curly-headed lad of some thirteen years, clinging to the rock, very pale and faint, and the blood oozing from a wide cut in the head. Any active Indian boy almost could have rescued himself from such a fall, but this one had been forcibly dashed against a jagged rock, and so stunned as to be utterly helpless. He could only cling tenaciously to the rock and await assistance.

Net-to-way caught him up to her breast, covered his face with kisses and bravely dragged him into shallow water. There Larry, weak and staggering, met and aided her, and the boy was soon laid on the grassy shore.

The wound was carefully examined and bound up, and the youngster, gradually recovering from his fright and the stunning effects of the blow, began to look about him. He first saw Larry's broad, kindly and fiery-fringed and saffron-crowned phiz, bending over him, and the lad's black, earnest eyes fastened on it at once as if spell-bound. The longer he looked the more he seemed fascinated, his eyes apparently growing larger and larger. The jetty curls lay in wet, heavy masses over his forehead. Larry was, in *his* turn, struck with the child's peculiar appearance, and returned his ardent gaze with interest.

At last the Hibernian could restrain himself no longer: "An' troth, Biddy, but that's the quarest-looking Injun, all out and out, that miself iver seed. He's so frightened that he's a'most as pale as a spook. His eyes are as big as an owl's and as black as the sloe's; and schwate good luck to the damp young whelp, but his hair's as foine as silk and curls as tight as a nagur's. An' who the divil is the gossoon, innyway?"

When Larry commenced speaking the boy gave a sudden start, and half rising with ear inclined, drank in every word.

He then, as if understanding it all, turned his earnest eyes up to the girl's face, as if expecting as much enlightenment from her answer as was Larry himself.

"Me tole you two, free, sev'ral times," answered the girl in a quick, nervous and somewhat nettled manner, "dere be little, little 'pale-face' over at Chille-co-the. He now son of Chief Wa-cous-ta. Injun no like speak of dese tings. When 'pale-face' have white blood all

wash out and come into our tribes, he all same as red. Tu-te-lu like my own brudder, and he no go way, ever."

The lad had watched intently, almost tremblingly, every motion of his companion's lips. The last words had scarcely issued ere his arms were thrown tight about her neck, his head nestled on her shoulder, and, to the surprise of all, he faltered out in English, but in a somewhat uncertain, hesitating manner, as if the language came back to him only by use: "Dat man talks so queer and you talk so funny; but Tu-te-lu know what both say. I want go with you. Don't let him take me."

"Whirroo! murther! here's the very devil to pay!" exclaimed Larry in the utmost astonishment. "I'd know the spalpeen wasn't an Injun away 'round a corner! 'Talk so funny!' phat d'ye mane, ye young vagabone, an' bad scran to ye."

"I don't know. You don't talk like my white papa talk, and don't look—" and then as if a tide of recollections, associated with the old language long since disused, had rushed in upon him, he burst out into a flood of tears, clinging tightly to Net-to-way and crying out passionately: "Oh, where *is* my own papa! Take me to him!"

Both Larry and his companion were not only surprised, but deeply touched. "Look here, my brave little laddy," the former said; "tell me who you are and where you're from."

The boy disengaged his arms, looked quickly into Larry's homely but compassionate face and said, "*Now*, you look and speak more like the old papa. Don't know where I'm from. Been here long time;" and then as if struggling to gather some salient point out of the sudden confusion of ideas and throng of memories which were plainly at work within him, he added slowly, "Was in big boat on the water. There was firing of guns and a crowd of Injuns, and papa and mamma and—and-Sis—and-Franky—yes, yes, and little Dot—and Maggie Kennedy and—"

"Och, wirra, wirra!" said Larry, but with a tear actually standing in each eye. "The saints be good to the little shaver, but how his tongue clacks away now. It works as nimbly as a hare's fut. And d'ye moind phat yer *own* name was, my lad?"

"Yes!" with a sudden start and gleam of intelligence. "Harry—Harry Malott, but papa—"

"God save us! but I've found him at last! Hoorrah! hoorrah!" and Larry snatched the boy from Net-to-way's arms, kissed and hugged him as if he would devour him, and then rose quickly to his feet and commenced walking up the creek towards Wa-ba-sha's lodge.

"Where you go, and what hurt you?" anxiously cried Net-to-way, following as quick as she could, and doubtless thinking him demented.

"Och, whist! whist! hould yer prate now, ye Judy, you. Don't spake to me, I kape telling of you! Havn't I jost seen the gossoon's mudher; and Franky and Nelly and the whul kit o' them, not a moon back. Blissed St. Patrick! but Larry's the happy mon this day! Av I could but sight the whisky trader now I'd get slewed as a boiled owl. Fall in! fall in! av ye've but a thimble full o' sinse left yet. Av yer not as blind as a beetle ye moost pursaive the young devil can't

go to Chille—Chille—phat-d'ye-call-it, the day ;" and without waiting longer, Larry, forgetting his weakness, made off for Wa-ba-sha's hut in long strides.

They soon reached again the line of cabins. The unusual sight of a white captive leading along a half-drowned Indian boy, brought crowds to their heels. Larry would waive off all explanation, or only cry "aff wid ye, now, ye blackguards!" but the girl stopped to explain, so that when Wa-ba-sha's lodge was reached, Larry had quite a following.

All soon grew quiet again, but the news speedily flew over this as well as neighboring hamlets; and Larry, who was known to have saved the life of Wa-cous-ta's adopted son at the risk of his own, was more popular than ever.

That chief came over from Chillecothe the same day, and after thanking his son's preserver most heartily, took Tu-te-lu home on the horse before him.

Wa-cous-ta had at first been very suspicious, and seemed anxious to know whether Larry had discovered who the boy really was; but the captive had that day found many opportunities for secret conferences, both with Net-to-way and the boy himself. He related to Tu-te-lu all he knew about his mother and Frankie and Nellie; told him that Kate, his oldest sister, had also been found, and that if he wished to escape and see them he must be "as close as a trap and as dark as a well." He must wait quietly till Net-to-way would go over and tell him what to do, and he mustn't breathe a word to a living soul.

All the rest of the day Larry studiously kept aloof from the boy, only showing him by frequent kind and meaning glances that he was a friend.

The poor little fellow seemed in a daze the whole time. The news of mother, brothers and sisters moved his tender child's heart to its very depths. Tears frequently filled his eyes, and he was evidently most anxious to talk and know more. A warning look from Larry, however, taught him the absolute necessity of silence.

When, at last, the time came for going home, Tu-te-lu seemed to be struggling with novel and contending emotions; and just as he was being lifted on the horse behind his putative father, he suddenly broke away, ran over to Larry, threw his arms tightly about his neck, and tearfully whispered, "I want to go to my mother."

"Whist-t-t! laddie, or you'll play the devil, and break things! Not a word more on your life! Wait till Net-to-way sees you," whispered back Larry while stooping to return his embrace. He then lifted the boy to the crupper, and went back into the lodge.

All this seemed not only very natural to the crowd around, but very creditable on the boy's part. Gratitude for kindness is a virtue as sedulously instilled into the hearts of Indian children by their parents as is the study of revenge for an injury. The last Larry saw of him was a sad, wistful face turned yearningly towards him.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

## THE "HERMIT" DRAGGED TO TORTURE.

When the Hermit was driven over Killbuck Creek on the night of the battle with Girty, he was in a sad and desperate plight. Having been caught in the very act of cutting the ear off a prostrate foe, he had thus revealed himself as the mysterious and bloody avenger who had so long watched and desolated the Indian trails.

Had he despoiled his victims of their scalps it would have been pardonable—for this fate every warrior who trod the war-path was prepared. It was an honorable spoil, and their scalp-locks were plumed and fashioned for any foe who had the skill or the hardihood to pluck them.

But to have the scalp of their dead untouched, despised, while an ear was preferred instead, was an open affront. It rankled in their hearts and excited an intense bitterness. Had it not been for the pleasure of inflicting the excruciating agonies of a long torture, the poor Hermit would have been sacrificed on the very spot where the insult was given. As it was, he was most dreadfully abused.

Surrounded by a crowd of infuriated savages, all anxious, too, to find a scapegoat for their crushing defeat, he was cursed and cuffed, taunted and kicked, mauled and buffeted and so shockingly maltreated that death were welcome if it only brought surcease of suffering.

Knives and tomahawks were flashed in his face, and one, more exasperated than the rest by the contemptuous silence and indifference of the hated victim, laid open his shoulder with the tomahawk. The Hermit snatched at the keen weapon at once, in the vain hope of provoking the warrior to another and more fatal stroke.

Poor fellow! what had he to live for! He had fed fat his revenge; all that he loved were murdered, and the savage torture was before him. Welcome death! but it was not so to come. The remorseless tomahawk was arrested, and the Hermit compelled to stumble and stagger on.

At the top of the bluff a brief pause was made to enable all the wounded to be carried off and all stragglers to be collected. The band was fearfully decimated; not a chief who was not badly wounded; scarcely a leading "brave" who would not to his dying day carry the scars of that dreadful conflict.

The rage and hate of the survivors was deep and quiet, but none the less terrible. Killbuck, it is true, had escaped, but here was one who was even more execrated than Killbuck. At one time Girty had come up, his begrimed face and fiery eyes giving him more the sinister aspect of a demon than of a man, and his deep voice, as he almost cursed out his orders, grumbling like the muttering of distant thunder.

The Hermit, in hopes of having his fate decided at once, ventured to pluck him by the skirt as he was walking past.

Girty turned on him like a wild beast, with a scowl, a growl and a gnash of teeth.

"Hands off! away with ye, ye carrion! Who dares stop Girty at such a time as this?"

"Only to ask the favor of a quick knife-thrust or a pistol-bullet at your hands," quietly replied the Hermit.

"And who are *you*, fool?" queried the outlaw; "and what claim have you on me, that ye should ask such a favor, or that I should grant it. D—n ye, you've lived for years on Injun trails, and now you're to die the death on one. You cursed scoundrel, torture's too good for ye! I could fire the brands myself."

The Hermit shrank back before the devouring wrath of this bad man, but concluded to try one more appeal.

"I'm weak, bruised and suffering, and the blood's flowing down my back from a tomahawk gash. Have you no pity?"

"No!" hissed out Girty, with a hoarse, fiendish laugh. "No, not a d—d hate. So am I weak and bruised and suffering. Have lead all through me and gashes all over me. Who pities Simon Girty?—Zane or Brady or Andy Poe or Sam McColloch? None; curse 'em all! If they had me now they'd crunch me like a rattlesnake. *I've* got to worry through, and why not you?"

"But, Girty—"

"Shut up your whining, I say! What's the end of all my plans?—one poor woman and a skulking dogger of trails and a murderer of Injuns—a foe that they've been hunting for years. What have ye done with all the ears you've cut off?—fried 'em? Ha! ha! and yet now you want to sneak out of the world by a bullet or a knife!"

No mercy in that breast! The Hermit was silenced. Girty sent a couple of men down to the creek to watch the enemy on the other side, and tell him at once if they attempted a crossing.

The march was then stealthily resumed and continued for a full hour, until a deep and savage gorge, lying a few hundred yards off the trail, was reached. To this wild and sequestered glen had Mrs. Malott and the children been conveyed; also the wounded—Blackhoof, Wingenund, and others, and here Girty sought the rest which had been so rudely disturbed.

Girty himself was badly, although not dangerously wounded. The most skillful "Medicine" was called in. One ball was found to have grazed the ribs and was lodged deep under the arm pit. Its extraction was a matter of time, and was conducted amid groans and writhings, mingled with curses and grindings of teeth.

At length all his wounds and bruises were carefully dressed, and the exhausted and desperate Renegade sank into a fitful and unquiet slumber, broken by many a start and grumble.

The tired band were too terribly used up for the customary dances. The Hermit, whose gaping wound was just sufficiently dressed to staunch the flow of blood, was securely bound hand and foot with thongs, and stretched between two of the most fierce and watchful warriors. A thong passed from the prisoner to each of his guards, so that his very slightest movement would disturb them.

A bright morrow followed to mend the aspect of the camp. Fires were soon blazing brightly. Game, which was very abundant, had been shot and spitted, and all were busy drying, mending, eating, and

putting things to rights. The scouts from the creek soon appeared to announce the departure of the victorious enemy; and it was at once resolved to spend a whole day where they were.

Indeed, it would have been inconvenient for this shattered force to move immediately. Many were stiff from wounds, while the others were tired, sullen and dejected, sleepily lounging away the day under the trees. Some few revisited the scene of last night's encounter to care for their own dead, or procure scalps from the enemy's dead. The report they brought was far from encouraging—not a single scalp was obtained, but they found a row of fourteen of their own number, and every one despoiled.

Girty had passed a most wretched night. Racked with pain, tormented with thirst, and suffering mentally all the pangs which would naturally arise from such a disastrous defeat, Mrs. Malott had found him in the morning tossing with fever-parched lips, blood-shot eyes, and bandages worked off. He was cross, sullen and gloomy. Under this lady's kind and skillful nursing, and by the aid of a tender broil of venison and a broth prepared by Mrs. Dorman, he became towards noon much easier and more cheerful. He said little, however; but his frequent groans, growls and strong exclamations proved that he was keeping up a desperate thinking.

The Hermit was nearly as much distressed as Girty. His fearful wound, his many bruises and his painful, straightened position had all contributed to deprive him of rest. His despairing face looked pinched and haggard, while the fierce lustrous fire of his corroding hate seemed now to have utterly died out of his eyes. They were dull, leaden and sunk deep in their cavernous sockets.

In fact, the wretched sufferer sadly needed attention and careful nursing. He looked so ghastly and inexpressibly sad that, had Girty seen him then, even *his* flinty heart would have melted and gone out in pity towards him. It seemed as if his devouring and long-continued passion had about consumed him.

But even Mrs. Malott and Mrs. Dorman were unaware of his condition—and even of his presence there. He was zealously kept secluded, lying on his back among some wild plum trees away over in the Indian quarters.

After the evening meal there seemed to be a growing stir and excitement among the group of dusky and embittered warriors. The fire was fed with fat woods, and its crackling flames blazed higher and higher. Shadowy figures began to flit to and fro, strongly revealed against the surrounding blackness. The dull, monotonous beat of the redmen's drum, and their wild, unearthly and singularly impressive chants filled the air. They were now on their feet, engaged in their peculiar dances. Every swing about the scalping-post, accomplished in short, jerky jumps, and accompanied by barks, yells and whoops, increased the excitement.

Mrs. Malott, who had been diligently engaged, in a rough hut hastily thrown up, in changing the dressings of Girty's wounds, and preparing him for the night's rest, was drawn to the entrance by the terrible racket. It actually seemed to her that such a state of fury could not be reached without the aid of maddening liquors, and she



had asked Girty if it were possible that they could be drunk with rum. No, he said it was only their common custom; but they were now unusually soured by their defeat and wounds.

Even as she was gazing, there came a wilder, more blood-curdling yell, and a sudden, tumultuous rush was made to one side. They soon reappeared, dragging along the unfortunate Malott, leaping and screeching about him like so many devils. They passed right in front of the bright fire. Mrs. Malott started back with surprise and affright. It was the first she had either seen or known of a captive,

"Great Heavens, Girty!" she cried in dismay, "they are dragging some poor white man out of the woods. What on earth does it mean?"

"Means a prisoner, I reckon," growled out the Renegade, in his very gruffest and raspiest tones, while studiously keeping his face turned away, and a bearskin drawn partly over his bandaged head. "Is it so deuced odd, widow, that a gang like mine should take an enemy? it's all we have taken, and nothing to what we've lost, by a blamed sight."

"Why, Girty," she said reproachfully, "you never told me this."

"Lots more things, ma'am, I've never told ye," jerked out Girty with a vicious snap. "Ef I'd a known you were so curious, I would have told ye that we've cotched the bloodiest and snakiest foe to our tribes—a desprit fellow who's squatted and crawled for the last two years on the big Ohio trails, and picked off more'n a score of our best 'braves.' Lifting scalps, too, in the good old fashion wouldn't suit this pesky rascal, but he must slice off ears. I hate him like I do the Devil—yes, far worse," he continued with a hoarse and sneering chuckle, "for sometimes I'm on the most friendly terms with His Infernal Majesty."

"Why, Girty, you're in a very ugly mood to-night. You should remember you are speaking to a lady, and one, too, who may be—" she could not finish the sentence.

"My mother-in-law, you were going to say. Well, that's so, ma'am; and ye must excuse poor Girty when he's bruised to a mummy and's riddled with lead and slashed with knives. He don't feel much as if he were going to a wedding, that's sartain. An Injun torture couldn't be worse."

"Yes; but, Girty, tell me, please, what they're going to do with that—"

"Now, see here, Widow Malott, ye'd best go to yer lodge and childer. I heerd Nell a cryin' right sharp a bit back. That ear-clipper over there is a wild, starved, half-crazy ghost of a creature, and's not worth a thought from such a one as you."

"Poor unfortunate! So much the worse, I tell you." Then going up to his rude couch, she resolutely laid her hand on his shoulder, and said quietly but solemnly: "Girty, look at me! I ask you again, what are those savages going to do with him?"

The outlaw, as if driven to bay by such inconvenient questionings, turned him about scowlingly, but with a certain shamed look, too, on his weather beaten visage, and snapped out:—

"Going to torture him, I guess. Would you have 'em give him a new popper and sticker, and load him down with deer meat so's he

could commence murdering agin. That's not Injun style, and by—it's not *my* style, woman, neither." He then added in a low grumble, and as if deprecatingly:—"The cursed fellows promised me they wouldn't begin on him till arter you wimmen were asleep."

Mrs. Malott stood horror-stricken—almost like an avenging Nemesis: "Torture him! Why, man, you don't—you can't mean it! 'Women asleep!' Why, that's worse and worse! It makes *you* as bad as *they*!"

"Oh, worse, far worse, don't it?" sneered out Girty, stirred to his very depths by this tender woman's conscience. "I'd like to know how I could help it. Don't push me too far, ma'am. I'm sick and sore and cross-grained, and you couldn't a come on me at a worse—"

"Go, Girty, go!" impatiently interrupted his companion, catching him by the arm, and hearing nothing but the Indian yells, which seemed to load the very air and to be getting fiercer and more devilish. "You *are* a kind, good-hearted man when away from the drink. Assert your better nature and stop these savage, inhuman atrocities. If not for your own sake, Girty, go for God's sake," and then stooping towards him and whispering into his ear, "for Kate's sake go! What would that young, tender girl think of—"

"Don't crowd me too much, ma'am, *don't*. D—d ef it's fair—you don't know!" interrupted Girty hastily, and with a groan, while burying his agitated face in his hands. "I tell ye, woman, I'm just nowhere after this horrible beating we've had. Never seen my men so savage, cantankerous and cut-up like. Ef I dared to stop 'em, they'd turn on me like a pack of hungry wolves, and tear me to pieces. No! no! Mrs. Malott, let 'em alone this time, and I'll take you and Kate and the childer to Detroit and quit this horrible life. Won't that do?" he added, with actual feeling, and with a troubled look upon his face, and an appealing look in his attitude.

"No, Girty," she answered sadly, "it may do for *you*, but not for *me*. I see and understand your difficulties, and won't blame you too much—there! listen to that ear-piercing shriek! Good Heavens! they've kindled a circle of fire about the poor wretch, and are going to burn him. I'll hurry up myself. God help me! Maybe they'll listen to a woman! Good-bye, or I'll be too late!"

"Stop! stop! mad woman!" roared Girty. "Ye might as well talk to them winds soughing through the trees, or to them flames. D—n it, she's gone. They'll kill her shure's shootin'. I'll huddle on my duds and after her."

---

## CHAPTER LXXII.

### MRS. MALOTT MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

Mrs. Malott, moved by the noblest and most unselfish feeling which can actuate human conduct, sped rapidly across the interval that separated her from the yelling savages. Passing the first fire, she came

in view of the second, and for a moment stood paralyzed at the appalling sight which burst upon her startled vision.

Around a sapling, and at a distance from it of several yards, was burning a circle of hickory poles. Near the tree stood the poor Hermit, his hands bound behind his back and a leather thong fastened—one end to the foot of the trunk and the other to his wrists. This thong was long enough to enable him to sit down or walk around the tree once or twice, and return the same way.

The poor fellow was stripped entirely naked—saving only a breech-clout about his loins. His figure was gaunt and emaciated, and his skin—at least that part which had not been subject to exposure, was unusually white and glistened in the fire-light. He stood quietly by the tree, passive and indifferent—his eyes cast down and his whole attitude expressing weakness and despair. Only his lips seemed to be moving, doubtless in supplication to his God.

Around him danced the whole band of red demons—infuriate devils; some with fire-brands in their hands, others with their guns loaded only with powder. The dreadful ceremonies were about to commence. The mocking, maddened fiends glared on their prey, with savage delight; so horribly intent that they neither saw nor heard any thing but their yells and the crackling of the fierce fire, which leaped and bent forward in long, lambent tongues of flame, as if struggling to enfold their victim.

The cruel torture was just about to commence. The tomahawk throwing was over, with no other effects than some superficial gashes, from which small crimson streams of blood were trickling down the white skin. The object was to keep the tormented and anguished martyr—by means of fire-brands and charges of powder shot against his person—constantly moving in his circumscribed limits; ever treading on hot embers, or slowly scorching by fire until exhaustion and death would come to end his pangs.

Mrs. Malott had glided up rapidly and stealthily under the obscuring shadow of the huge trees around. She took in the whole sickening scene in one shuddering glance. Her entire frame trembled, and her eyes closed at the shocking spectacle. A deadly faintness came over her, and she had to grasp a tree near by to keep from falling. The sight of the poor, forlorn, bleeding sufferer went through her like a knife.

When her eyes opened again, she saw a ferocious savage leap forward with a great bound and toss nearer the flaming fagots. At the same moment the crack of a rifle filled her ears. It was only a charge of powder that was emitted, but this she did not then know. She saw only a weak, emaciated, tottering victim, baited and tormented, who was to be sacrificed by the most fiendish atrocities.

The tender, overwrought woman uttered a shrill, piercing shriek, and rushed forward towards the ring. Wildly catching an Indian with either hand and thrusting him aside, she leaped through an interval of the encircling flames, and rapidly glided up to the prisoner, saying, "Poor wretch, I *will* save your life 'if it cost my own," and unconsciously, as it were, commenced untying the thong which bound him to the sapling.

The Hermit, whose spirit already seemed absent from his mere shell of a body, and who stood dejected, with dreamy eyes cast down, had aroused himself somewhat at the woman's shrill scream, and at the compassionate English words that followed. He raised his bleeding head. His eyes looked full into her's.

She stood stunned, transfixed, cold and dead as a marble statue. Then with a shriek so shrill, so piercing, so almost inhuman that it even thrilled every savage there to his very marrow, she threw her arms about the Hermit's neck, sobbing out convulsively, "Oh, Joseph! Joseph! my poor, suffering, long-lost husband! Have I found you at last! Saved! saved! saved! Thank God!"

That yearning, passionate voice would have even rung "through the mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain." The head of the dying Hermit came up with a sudden start at these strange words. He seemed to be gathering up his dazed and wandering senses; his eyes shone again with an unnatural lustre; his body trembled like an aspen from head to foot. Just then Mrs. Malott caught his face between both her hands to look again. Eyes met eyes. A gleam of intelligence, like that which comes to a dying man just ere the immortal spirit takes its flight forever, leaped into those sad, sunken orbs, and with a great sob he slowly uttered:

"Great God! Kate, my dear wife, and is it you? I thought you dead."

His head fell, his eyes closed, his body relaxed. He was in a dead faint.

"Oh, my God! my God! what have I done," cried the poor wife, wringing both her hands. "Oh, I have killed him! killed my husband! Quick! quick! cut his bands!" and Mrs. Malott glared around at the close-crowding circle of astounded savages. Seeing a knife in Capt. Pipe's girdle, she rushed forward and snatched it, rapidly cut the thongs; caught her husband's body in her encircling arms, dragged it outside the fiery circle, and sank down with it to the ground.

Reader, all this singular scene took place much quicker than you can read it. At the woman's first shriek and interruption of their cruel tortures, the redskins were stunned—fairly petrified at her boldness. The strange spectacle which followed was so startling and unexpected that they could only gather close around with bewildered faces and bated breaths.

When the relation between the prisoner and his deliverer was announced, they were still more dumbfounded. It was only when the Hermit fell dead, as they supposed, that their senses seemed to come back. They then began to murmur and complain bitterly that they had been cheated of their victim. The more cruel and ferocious of them even looked threateningly at the cause of all this disturbance. What mattered it to them if the hated and hunted foe of their tribes was Mrs. Malott's long-lost husband! So much the worse for her!

The poor wife, as she sat by the Hermit's side, kissing his cold brow, chafing his thin hands and nursing his head in her lap, could not help but see the sullen, lowering, vindictive faces pressing so closely about her, nor help but hear the low utterances of baffled rage

and threats of vengeance. She whispered to Pipe: "Send for Girty!—quick! quick!" but Girty was now on hand. He had heard Mrs. Malott's strange cries, and felt sure the savages had fallen upon her. His heart was filled with rage—his mouth with maledictions. Thrusting knife and pistols in his belt, and seizing his trusty rifle, he had made his way as quickly as the ground and his wounds would permit. He pushed his way into the circle, and stood breathless with amazement at the strange scene which greeted his eyes. What could it all mean!

Soon as Mrs. Malott caught sight of his square, powerful frame, with head all bruised and bandaged up, she cried "Oh, Girty, Girty, come quick! Who'd have thought it! That poor, wild ghost of a creature that you thought not worth saving, has turned out my long-lost husband, and"—sinking her voice still lower as he came up—"Kate Malott's own father!"

"What's that!" gasped out the Renegade, with a wild, blank stare of amazement in his face. "Your—husband—and—Kate's—father! Pooh! pooh! woman! you're mad—mad as a march hare—as crazy as this poor devil! How's this! is he dead?"

"No, thank God, he's warm and breathing yet! Oh, Girty, I can scarce understand it myself, but it's true—all true! *This is Joseph Malott*, who would have been hacked and scorched to death had not a merciful Father moved me to go to his aid."

"I can't and won't believe it!" stoutly persisted Girty. "How d'ye know it's yer husband?"

"How *does* a fond wife know her husband—the father of her children?" looking at her companion reproachfully. "I saw it in his eyes, and he knew me and called me Kate—*wife!*" and the happy woman stooped to kiss once more the pale brow. "But, Girty, please look at all these scowling countenances. You're their leader, Girty; *do* speak to them and help me carry my husband out of their sight."

Girty slowly arose, as if still in a confused daze; and, with hands on his pistols, glowered around upon the menacing faces of the baffled crowd. He then changed his tactics, and commenced addressing them in a strong, earnest, impassioned manner in their own language. He told them the whole story; confirmed Mrs. Malott's statement; and ended by appealing to them to grant him the favor of the Hermit's life.

Some few were content; but the larger proportion muttered out their wrath. An angry hum arose like the buzz of a swarm of bees. The Shawnees, especially, were very bitter, and did not hesitate to threaten Girty himself, who, they boldly charged, was a traitor to their tribes and a masked friend of the "long knives." How else, they urged, could he have lost the late battle, and so many prisoners, and now he wanted to save a captive, whom he knew well was the deadliest and most rancorous foe that ever watched their trails. Killbuck might escape, but this despiser of scalps *should* suffer torture.

Girty winced at all this. The storm gathered on his savage face, and he was about to defy the whole of them with scorn and contempt when policy got the better of rage. He quietly sent for Wingenund, who soon came hobbling up, still ghastly and suffering from the pen-

knife thrusts inflicted by Killbuck the night before. Girty dared not call in Black Hoof, since the Hermit, in his conflict in the cave, had been the cause of all his bruises.

Girty now retired apart with Wingenund and Pipe, and told them exactly how he was situated with reference to Mrs. Malott and her so strangely discovered husband. He frankly admitted the Hermit's deadly depredations, but explained and excused his *role* as avenger by the mistaken belief on the Hermit's part that his wife and family had all been ruthlessly murdered by Indians. Change places and they would have done the same thing.

Whether he then clinched his arguments by the offer of costly bribes to his listeners, we do not know. At any rate, they were at first mollified and then convinced, and agreed to satisfy their followers. This they soon managed to do, and Girty and Pipe were allowed to carry the still insensible Hermit down to the barken hut hastily thrown up for the two women and children, and to cover him with bear skins.

The outlaw, with that strange inconsistency which uniformly marked his conduct, had again shown the better and tenderer part of his nature. He was very glad at the late discovery, and Mrs. Malott, too, felt grateful to him, and when the excitement was all over, and his wounds compelled him to retire, the happy wife, with tears of joy in her eyes, shook him heartily by the hand, saying, "I am *so* thankful to you, Girty! I'm *widow* Malott no longer. God is too good to me."

"No thanks to me, ma'am; I don't deserve a hate: 'twas yer own good heart and for one, too, you didn't know. But be keerful, now, when he wakes how you tell him about the childer. He's drefful weak and shaky."

As he tottered off to his lonely bed of robes, he kept muttering to himself, "Her husband! Gad, who'd a thought it! who'd a thought it!"

---

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### A HAPPY FAMILY REUNION.

Mrs Dorman and the children were all sound asleep. The happy wife would not awake the former, for she did not wish any to intrude on her sacred joy; she dared not wake the latter for fear the sudden shock would prove too much for her husband in his weakened state. She cast a most wistful, tearful look upon that wan, wasted face; imprinted a kiss on his cold brow; smoothed back the matted, tangled locks which hung around in disorder, and then knelt beside him and offered up a prayer of thanks and supplication.

A long sigh, followed by a muttering of the lips, warned her that the momentous time was approaching. She clasped his hands in hers and leaned over him fondly, earnestly watching every minutest sign of returning consciousness. First came another long sigh; then a flutter of the eyelids, and then a twitching of the face. At last the eyes opened, but there was no intelligence there.

"Here I am, dear Joseph; your own lost Catharine—Kate Malott."

A tremor passed over the wasted frame; a flush mounted to the cheek; again the eyes opened and gazed at her tenderly, but dreamily.

"'Tis I Joseph, your Catharine. Merciful Father, will he never know me!"

Another sigh came from the pinched lips; the eyes closed, but a whisper was heard. The trembling woman stooped down close to listen: "It's no fleeting dream then! Kate's not dead! Thank God! Thank God!" and the poor wife, the hot tears pouring down her cheeks, distinctly felt the answering pressure of the hand.

Blissful moment! enough to repay her for many long, dreary months—yes, whole years of misery!"

"Press this, dear husband! it will strengthen and stimulate you;" and Mrs. Malott inserted between his lips a cloth saturated in whisky which she had saved from her frugal store. The parched lips closed eagerly upon it. Again and again was this done to the manifest improvement of the sufferer.

His eyes soon opened to their full extent; the dazed expression faded away, and each breath brought strength. Another pressure of the hand, followed by a smile—yes, actually a smile, sad but distinct, and then a long, wistful look into his wife's face. "Don't speak now, dear. You'll be stronger soon."

"I'm stronger *now*, but I can't believe it yet; don't leave me, Kate, I want to look at you."

Just then little Nellie muttered in her sleep. "What's that!" he cried, with a troubled start. "Where am I, Kate? Oh, yes! I remember the whole fearful scene!—the dance, the yells, the whizzing tomahawks, the rush forward, then your loved voice—yes, all! all!"

Now, she proceeded to dress his wounds with the utmost care and tenderness, talking to him somewhat the while. She then gave him to eat and drink. He felt in every way better and more comfortable. The torch of resinous wood was burning towards its end, when again was heard the muttering of Nellie in her sleep. Another start from the father.

"Is there any one within that partition, dear wife?"

"Yes, a Mrs. Dorman and—and"—should she tell him now? Was he yet strong enough to bear it? she yearned yet feared.

"It strangely reminds me of children, Kate. Oh, if we only had back our dear boys and girls, wife, we'd be too, too happy; but no!—why should I complain! Already I have been blessed far beyond my expectations, and my first wish is for more. You say you have traces of some of them?"

"I have, indeed, Joseph," and then smilingly and hesitatingly, "If I thought you were strong enough to hear good news, I could tell you more."

"I *am* strong enough, Kate; my heart is so full of joy and peace with your recovery, that more could not harm me. What is it?"

Should she do it? Yes she would risk it.

"Dear husband," she faltered out, "I have seen both our little Franky and Nelly. They are much grown."

"Good God, seen them!" he cried, with a quick start of surprise. "When and where, Kate?"

Mrs. Malott bent over and kissed his brow, saying impressively: "Don't start, Joseph; they both sleep now behind yonder screen of boughs. 'Twas Nelly's voice you heard."

"Great Heavens! wife, can this be so!" and the fond father half rose on his bed of skins, bowed his head between his hands and burst into a profuse flood of tears. The wife sat still and silent, her heart so overflowing with happiness that she dared not trust herself to speak. Tears would do him greatest good. They would be a wonderful relief to his pent-up feelings—to that tense, over-charged mind, so long possessed by one consuming, soul-subduing passion. At last he ceased his tears and commenced to get on his feet.

"Kate, help me up! I must go and see my precious children."

"Indeed, husband, you *must* not; 'twould be as much as your life's worth. There! see how weak you are—Stay! I'll bring them to you, asleep as they are, and the baby first—little Dot."

She went within, laid her arms under little Nelly and carried her in. How his large, yearning hungry eyes watched their coming! How he snatched his youngest from her arms and covered its face with kisses mingled with tears! The child stirred and murmured "mamma." It was laid, sleeping, by his side. He gazed down at its fresh young face with ineffable tenderness.

"And now for Franky," he soon said with a smile; "I want them both here, one on either side."

The fond mother was only too glad to obey. Mr. Malott—for so we must henceforth designate our Hermit—almost smothered little Franky, too, with kisses and caresses. It was a most touching sight to see the happy parents bending over their sleeping children, smiling, hoping, comparing, commenting.

Mrs. Malott kept back the wonderful news about Kate and Girty to the next day. It was hard to refrain, but she saw signs of pain and weakness pass over her husband's face. She begged him to take some rest—she would carry the children back and arrange him for the night. No, no! they must both stay by his side, and so it was; the father finally sinking to a quiet slumber with an arm thrown around each of his children, and such a look of peace and content on his pallid, shrunken face as it had not worn for long, long weary years.

The wife and mother sat quietly brooding o'er her thick coming fancies, and forecasting the future, until her husband was in a deep, deep sleep. Arising, she then softly crept to his side, disengaged one arm and then the other, and carried the children back to their leafy bed, and resumed her watch. It was the most blissful, restful night she had ever passed. Who knoweth what a day may bring forth!

The next morning was a bright and glorious one. Mr. Malott had enjoyed a long, unbroken rest, and was still slumbering. His wife, too, when the delightful tumult of her mind, and the jostling throng of happy hopes and memories was somewhat quieted, had snatched some hours for refreshing sleep.

—Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life; sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.



Mrs. Dorman and the children were not only up betimes, but had been told the wonderful story of the night before. The two little ones—who, by the by, were rapidly regaining their English—were in a twitter and hubbub of childish delight and excitement. Papa had come! Papa had come! They scarcely knew exactly what that meant, but it was *something* strange and wonderful.

Their mother now told them to hush-h-h and they could see the wonderful papa. He was very, very sick, and they must not wake him for the world. With finger on mouth and a merry twinkle in her eye, she led the festive procession.

The two children stood timidly beside the great unknown. They gazed awe-stricken and with wide open eyes at his wan face and long-disordered locks and unkempt flowing beard. Little Nelly was actually frightened, and began to cry. Her mother was proceeding to hustle her out of the place, when all this noise awoke the mysterious stranger. His eyes at first had the same sad, wild look as before. For a moment he seemed confused and bewildered at the group before him.

All at once his faded eyes kindled, and his attenuated face was fairly radiant, lit up with an exulting joy. He yearningly stretched forth his arms, and with tears in his eyes and a fervent "thank God!" he embraced his wife. She pushed the children forward. His heart was too full for utterance. He folded them to his bosom with the utmost warmth and tenderness, the big tears rolling down his cheeks. It was a happy, rapturous hour! Let us draw the curtain on the scene.

It was marvelous to see the wondrous change produced on Mr. Malott by a night of sleep and a heart at ease. They were Nature's medicines, of greater potency than the whole pharmacopœia. His tomahawk wound was healing most favorably. His eye was bright and his voice strong. There was a color in his cheek, and once, at some wise childish remark of little Dot's, he actually laughed heartily. Like Fear in "Collins's Passions," he "started back e'en at the sound that he himself had made." It seemed for the moment a positive sin.

---

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE HERMIT'S STORY—KATE MALOTT.

After a hearty breakfast—all partaking together—the children were sent out to play, and at least two hours were spent by the parents in a confidential chat. The whole past from the time of their separation was reviewed; all on either side was explained to the minutest particular, and if she shed tears at the sad story of his despair on hearing of his family's death; his forlorn, desolate life in the cave on the Big Yellow, and his long career of vengeance; so did he at her recital of her surprise, her many horrors, her long wanderings and the late terrible scenes she had passed through.

We are only concerned in giving that part of his history with which our readers are, as yet, unacquainted. In Mrs. Malott's original ac-

count of the Indian attack on Capt. Reynolds' boat and the capture of about nineteen souls in all, it was stated that her husband with an assistant was in a stock boat in front; that *he* had first discovered the "blind" on shore; had shouted back to Reynolds a warning, and that the last she heard of him was his firing away at the savages until his boat drifted entirely out of sight. She had added that, although search had been made by her agents through all the Ohio tribes, she never could find trace of him; but hearing once from a trader that a boat with cattle had about that time been captured on the Ohio, and the two men defending it killed, she very much feared that was her husband.

In the Hermit's first interview with Brady in his cave, he had given as the reason for his revengeful life that his whole family had been barbarously murdered by Indians under Black Hoof—that his wife had been tortured to death by fire, and all his dear children brained and scalped, and that he heard the story not only from a white man who witnessed the whole damnable atrocity, but it had been confirmed by an Indian. That then his spirit was broken, his head crazed, his heart turned to stone and he vowed to live only for revenge.

Mr. Malott's account now to his wife was, in brief, to the effect that when, in the year '79, he saw the Indians make a rush on Captain Reynolds' boat, he had done all he could to divert the attack; but their boat was not long pursued. He had been only slightly wounded, but many of the horses and cattle had been badly hurt, and were tearing about the boat in a perfectly frantic state.

He soon sighted the mouth of the Scioto, and concluding that his family had been either killed or captured with Reynolds' ark, he resolved to stop there to be more certain of their fate. They concealed their boat in the Scioto, and were surprised to find near by the rough lodge of a Kentucky rifleman out upon a deer hunt. On account of the wounded cattle, Mr. Malott finally persuaded this hunter to help his assistant take the boat down to Limestone, (now Maysville, Ky.) while he himself would go back to the place of attack and discover the fate of his family, and, if prisoners, share captivity with them.

He had scarce advanced, however, but a few miles on his course, when he fell into an Indian ambush. At least a dozen Shawnees surrounded him, and a brief encounter, in which he received a severe wound in the breast, ensued. Resistance was vain, however, and he was dragged roughly away to a small village on the Scioto, near the Chillicothe towns. He was nearly a month recovering from his wounds, all the time making inquiry of traders and passing Indians concerning his family. He heard various reports, but on tracing them up, was invariably disappointed.

One day, however, he learned that his stock-boat had been attacked and captured near Limestone, and that Jack McPherson, his assistant, and the Kentucky hunter he had hired, had been both killed. This was doubtless the same attack of which his wife received news, and which led her to believe her husband dead.

Finally, after being a captive over three months, he had come across a white trader who gave him a dreadful account of the capture of a Kentucky boat somewhere below Ft. Henry, and the massacre

of all on board. He described one woman in particular who, because she had refused to be separated from her children, and had given her captors a great deal of trouble, had been cruelly tortured, all her four children having been first brained and scalped before her very eyes. As the time, place and all the circumstances related to him agreed precisely with the facts he already knew, he was sure it was his, and no other one's family, that had thus been so ruthlessly slaughtered.

From that moment he was a changed man. He fell sick and became so gloomy and despondent that his mind became deranged. A settled, intensely bitter hate commenced to take possession of his despairing heart, deprived so cruelly of wife and children, and he, on a lock of his wife's hair, solemnly swore to devote his life to a terrible vengeance.

Shortly after he recovered, he fell in with an Indian chief who confirmed the statement of the trader; asserted that Catahecassa, or Black-Hoof, the Shawnee chief, was the wretch who had so wantonly destroyed a family, and gave such a touching and harrowing description of the poor mother's pleadings and her subsequent torture, that there was no further room for doubt. He could have no idea that it was of another family than his own that the chief spoke.

He then determined to carry out his deadly resolves. Securing a rifle and plenty of ammunition, he stole off down the Scioto, traveled only by night, and finding a lonely, rocky and almost inaccessible glen near the chief Chillicothe trail, he commenced his vengeful trade. He lived in that savage solitude nearly a year, subsisting on the game he killed and obtaining his ammunition from his victims.

Learning from a wounded Indian that Black-Hoof and his gang of murderers had moved further East, he also changed his *habitat*, and squatted next on the trail which struck the Ohio at Mingo Bottom. Somehow he never could come on any trace of Black-Hoof, and that trail becoming disused by the savages, he had next domiciled in the cave on the Big Yellow trail, where Captain Brady had found him, and from which he was fortunately allured by the assurance that Black-Hoof, whom he had so long hunted in vain, was only a couple of hours ahead of him.

The only time he had opportunity to grapple the Shawnee, however, was when he had a few days before dropped down on him, and, with Brady's assistance, had tumbled him over the cliff.

"And now you tell me, Kate," laughingly concluded Mr. Malott, "that Black-Hoof is in this very camp, sorely bruised and battered from that very tumble; that he's not such a bad Indian after all. Well, since he never did you nor mine any harm, I certainly owe the old fellow an apology for the bad opinion and the deadly rancor I've so long entertained for him, and if he don't hate me too bitterly I'll undoubtedly make him one."

"I fear, husband, that not only the Shawnee but all the rest in camp will hate you. You'll have to keep very close. May be Girty—"

"Hang that insolent wretch! I only wish I was out of his clutches and I'd feel more contented."

"Joseph, you greatly wrong Girty, indeed you do. He has many and glaring faults, it is true, but many redeeming traits, too. Be sure,

had it not been for him last night, you would not be with me now. He has proved the kindest friend to me, Frankie and Dot, and has for years assisted me in my search for you and the children; besides—”

Mrs. Malott still hesitated. She had not yet told him one word of Kate, and Girty's love for her. She was the night before afraid of over-exciting him. That morning, however, she feared his opposition, and yet knew how indispensably necessary Girty was to the rescue of her child from the Indians.

“So you've told me, wife,” he interrupted; “and I'm glad he's better than reported. I could forgive all but his being a cursed tory and a traitor.”

“You must even forgive that, Joseph,” smilingly responded Mrs. Malott. “You don't know how necessary he is to our future welfare.”

“How? in what way, Kate? Explain!”

The time had come at last, and Mrs. Malott proceeded to tell him the whole story of Kate's discovery, of Girty's strange attachment for her, and how invaluable he might be in getting her away from the Shawnees.

The stunning surprise of Mr. Malott may well be imagined. Exceeding delight for the recovery of another child was mingled with the natural aversion he felt at any closer alliance with Girty. He had a rooted prejudice against the outlaw. He pished and pshawed and looked very much annoyed. “What you say, Catharine, vexes me greatly. I know Girty is a brave and prominent leader, but he must be much better than I hear he is before I'd consent to give him our Kate.” Then brightening up, he laughingly continued: “Our Kate!—just listen to me! Last night I was a lone, desolate, wounded captive, without hope or even desire for life, and couldn't say *our* anything, and yet here I am laying down the law about a dear daughter whom, up to ten minutes ago, I thought dead. I'm sure I'm willing to leave this matter to you and to her; only let me once see the darling child again and I'll let the future take care of itself. But didn't you say that Girty was best when not in liquor? I fear, love—”

“Hush-h-h, husband, here comes the very man himself, Frankie in one hand and Nell in the other. Now *do* be kind to him for my, for Kate's, for *all* our sakes.”

Sure enough! In limped slowly, Capt. Simon Girty, looking like anything but a candidate for early matrimony. His head all bruised and bandaged up; his buckskin garments soiled and rather dilapidated; one arm in a sling—altogether, he looked like the last of pea time or the breaking up of a hard winter.

He had, too, a certain awkward and embarrassed air, which he essayed to conceal by laughs with the children and under an easy, off-handed boisterousness. He first cast a furtive, meaning glance at Mrs. Malott, to ascertain if she had told *all*. Approaching the couch, or spread, on which Malott was half reclining, he gave a quick start of surprise at the wonderful change for the better in his appearance—his bright eye, animated face and trim appearance; for the wife had made it her first duty to cut and comb out her husband's long, tangled hair and beard. He looked a gentleman in presence of the Renegade.

Mr. Malott was the first to speak. Extending his hand frankly to Girty, he said easily and pleasantly:—

“This is a great contrast to last night, Captain Girty. No wonder you look surprised. I thank you from my heart for your kindness to me and my long-lost wife and children.”

“Ah, yes, yes; no thanks, sir—don't deserve any,” said Girty, with an air manifestly ill at ease, but with, also, a certain assumption of indifference. “Deuce take it, Malott, but you're awfully transmogrified. Who'd a thought ye the desperit fighter that's been bumping up agin us for the last few days. We've been neatly whaled this time, I own up honest. You must be a ran'ankerous Injun hater, Malott. Our reddies jist love you.”

“Say rather I *was*, Captain,” laughed Malott. “I feel most heartily ashamed of my late life—so bitter, so revengeful, so blood-thirsty—and to think, too, Girty, that it was all a huge mistake. I'll never draw bead on a human being again. I feel so repentant that I could shake hands with every Indian in yon camp and ask his pardon—and Black Hoof first.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” boisterously laughed Girty, “I told Black Hoof this morning that you had been saved from torture last night and were going with us. Je-hos-a-phat, you oughter seen the old sinner dance and prance 'round. He stripped to the buff and showed me his black and blue bruises; seemed right low-hearted that you'd been let off so easy, and made motions as if he'd like to squeeze your wizend. Better steer clear of him, I can tell you.”

“On the contrary,” gaily remarked Malott, “I'll call on him now with you. I told Kate here I owed him an apology and would make him one. From a state of utter despair I've been raised to such a height of hopefulness that I wouldn't resent even an insult from any one to-day, much less from him. Why do you know, Captain, that I even believe our little Harry will turn up yet? Indians don't generally kill boys unless they're specially troublesome, and Kate says that the Chief who carried him off was a kind-hearted soul.”

And so the talk ran on, Girty spending at least an hour with them and the children and making himself so pleasant and agreeable, that Mr. Malott was astonished. It is an old and shrewd way suitors have of paying court to the loved one through all their relatives.

Nct one word was said by any of Kate Malott in relation to Girty, but the latter stated that on account of Mr. Malott's and his own wounds they would rest where they were all day, and would start bright and early the next morning for the Mac-a-chac Towns on Mad river, where their daughter Kate was staying. From there he thought he would give Pomoacan and his town the go by for the present and go to Detroit. He didn't suppose he would stand very well with the Indians or the Half King after his late defeat, but he was tired of marauding and fighting anyway, and would be only too glad to take a few weeks' rest.

All present knew what the programme meant, but they made no special comment, being content with any movement having Kate as an object.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

## THE HERMIT CALLS ON HIS OLD FOE.

Girty had sent down to Mr. Malott the clothes stripped from him before the torture, so that he was now dressed and ready to call on Black Hoof.

The invalid arose with some difficulty, and passed out, leaning on a stout hickory staff. His chief wound was on his shoulder, so that locomotion was not impeded, and, as it might prove a somewhat risky business, he took a knife and tomahawk along.

The two proceeded first to Girty's own hut. He wished to get his pistols, besides he had a little whiskey left, and suggested that that would prove the best salve wherewith to take the wrinkles out of the grim old Shawnee's face.

As they passed along they noted several groups of savages glowering at them in the most scowling and ferocious manner. Several of the Shawnees even clenched their hands as if anxious to get at Malott again, and made certain menacing gestures against both.

Of all this they took no notice whatever, but, on leaving Girty's shelter, proceeded to that of Black Hoof, which lay a short distance aloof, on the border of a rippling little run.

On approaching the place, Girty went ahead; interviewed the huffy, irate old chief; explained the terrible mistake under which Malott had so long lived and operated; and said that, wounded as he was, Mr. Malott had insisted on paying his respects to so great a chief, and to apologize, not only for believing that he was the destroyer of his family, but for his late attack on him.

Black Hoof threw his "proboskis," as Larry used to call it, in the air, and was very difficult to placate. He got upon his shaky legs, hobbled about on one foot, snorted out his wrath, and, for awhile, utterly refused to be comforted. It required all Girty's art to smoothe him down. Finally, amid a muttering roll of grumbles and protestations, the chief sat sulkily down and offered to hear what the "ear-cutter" had to say, but would have been much better pleased had he been sent to the spirit-land.

Girty stepped out and beckoned Mr. Malott to come on, which he did with a pleasant and unembarrassed air, saying as he held out his hand:

"Catahecassa is a great Shawnee chief. The pale face is come to show him honor."

Black Hoof deigned to give him one vicious glance, as he approached, refused the offered hand, and gave a short grunt of supreme disgust.

"Ugh!" he said, "he no de one that throw me over the rocks? Dat man had long shaggy hair all over head and face like a buffalo; had eyes that blazed like a panther's, and he spit like wild cat—he all through and all over mad."

"Oh, yes; I'm the same one," blandly answered Malott; "but have found wife and children since, and am not so wild and ugly as I was. If it had not been for Brady, chief, I'm afraid I would have been the

one to go over the cliff. Catahecassa is a mighty chief—strong as the bison, active as the catamount, and knows not what fear is. I like him."

"Ugh! yes, dat so; first part; last part heap lie," grunted out Black Hoof, looking as sulkily suspicious as did the man in the play under somewhat similar circumstances, when he made the natural remark: "You did well to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me down stairs?" "If you like Catahecassa, why you do so? Come! I show you," and he was proceeding to uncover his various hurts and bruises when Malott stopped him:

"Oh, no, Black Hoof. I know; but that was when I was crazy, and thought you had killed my wife and children. I'm here now to tell you how sorry——"

"Catahecassa brave chief," interrupted the Indian. "He only fight braves, and no squaws and papooses. What make you kill so many Injuns, eh? tell me dat?"

"Why, chief, when the 'long knives' steal your horses, burn your towns and shoot down your women and children, don't you become very angry and kill and scalp all you can? But come! let's say no more. I'm very sorry. Here's some strong 'fire-water' to clear all the dust from our eyes, and to make us bury the hatchet."

Black Hoof was specially fond of the ardent. His manner changed on the instant. His little eyes twinkled. A ghastly smile shot athwart his hideous, parchment-like face, and he stretched forth his hand eagerly, took the gourd, and drained it to the bottom.

"Ugh! Dat take heap o' hurt out of my body. If you sorry you throw me over, I sorry, too. Got any more?"

"Only enough for one little drink," and Malott and Girty sat down and chatted sociably with the grim old Shawnee who, finally, shuffling about to where the two sat, drew Malott aside, and said solemnly, but in low tones, "To-morrow, when Catahecassa move very stiff and sore, he feel very mad again at the stranger pale-face! Dat be good time to give chief more 'firewater;' it make his heart glad, and he forget all his wounds. When me get rum five, three, two several times, then mad be all gone. Eh?"

With this delicate hint to reflect upon, the two sought again Mrs. Malott's hut, and the day was quietly and pleasantly passed with her and the children - resting, talking, and getting strong enough for the morrow's journey.

The next morning early the onward march was resumed; Pipe and Wingenund with the Delawares in front, next the horse and two ponies carrying the women and children, which were flanked by Girty and Mr. Malott, and then Black Hoof and the rest of the company.

The Sandusky trail was followed until after Mohicon John's Lake (now Odell's Lake, Ashland County, Ohio), was passed, and then, as is customary with the Indians after any decisive struggle, a separation took place. Pipe, whose village was on the Tymochtee; the Wyandotts, who hailed from Sandusky, and Wingenund, whose camp was not far off, kept straight on the trail.

But Girty, desirous of avoiding the Half King at present, and anxious to reach Wapatomika, Mad river, filed off into a southwesterly

trail with Mr. and Mrs. Malott and children, and the Shawnees under Black Hoof. Much to the surprise of all, Mr. Malott was quite able to keep on foot the whole way. He gained in strength and cheerfulness every hour, and none could recognize in him the moody, passionate, distracted hermit of a few days previous.

We need not follow Girty's party on that long wilderness tramp. Although not an eventful journey, it was by no means monotonous. If ever the woods could look specially charming, it was in that delicious May season, when all nature seemed at its best and freshest—dressed, as it were, in its gayest holiday attire.

On the third evening they had not only crossed the Olentangy, but had encamped on the east bank of the Scioto. Here they were compelled to make a bark canoe. Having safely crossed, the horses swimming behind, they at length emerged from the vast solemn woodland shades which had so long enshrouded them, and came out into God's blessed sunshine, over a level open country of alternate plain and grove.

Their course was now rapid and delightful. The whole country was of the most varied and beautiful description. The children seemed to revel as much in that pure, delicious air and in the shifting panorama of nature's charms as did their parents. Even the eyes of the grim and stoical Shawnees seemed to kindle, and their weary feet to lift more airily, as they drew near their homes and loved ones.

About sundown the next evening, while crossing over a breezy, treeless knoll, the silvery sheen of the Mad river burst upon their enraptured vision. Shortly after the trail led them out upon its grassy margin, and they gazed with delight upon its bright, swift, dancing waters. The sun was then creeping down behind the hills on the thither side, and its dying glories gilded and burnished the broken, agitated current with sparkling, shimmering tints.

It was just that witching time of evening when every person of sentiment seems to be most *en rapport* with nature, when the feeling mind is filled with a pleasing, musing pensiveness.

Girty himself had now fallen somewhat in the rear, and what for, think you? Ah! he and the two agitated, anxiously expectant parents gazed ahead with far different eyes from the crowd that accompanied them. Even the hard, cruel, flinty-hearted Girty, as men deemed him, had been touched by the enchanter's wand. For the first time, perhaps, in his reckless and turbulent life, he found he, too, had a human heart susceptible to gentle emotions; where another and better ruled supreme, and which instinctively taught him that to love is to please.

He had, therefore, tarried at a little run, which suggestively crossed his path, to make his toilet. Do not smile, reader, but respect the fine motive which underlay the action! The same doubtless has come, or will yet come, to each of you. It is something to this dread-naught outlaw's credit that he shortly rejoined the company with his face clean and bright; his hair put in order; his skin cap arranged with a more jaunty set, and his travel-stained garments dusted and adjusted.

He was not an ill-looking person when so furbished, and with face lit up with the "divine passion." His shy, half-embarrassed air; the



eager, expectant light in his eye, and the tinge of color on his swarthy, weather-beaten visage, were quite becoming. Mrs. Malott stooped down from her horse to so tell her husband. It was nothing but the unconscious homage which the roughest, hardest heart pays to the object of its purest, tenderest love.

---

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### A STRANGE BUT HAPPY FAMILY REUNION.

Their course lay now under a line of enormous, white-trunked sycamores, which, singly or in clusters, studded the river's margin. They were plodding quietly along, and had turned a little bend of the trail, when all at once they came upon a family group of Indians—a chief and several women sitting under a tree, and watching the merry sports of some five or six children who were wading in the water, and splashing each other with merry laughs and shoutings.

Both parties were much surprised. The travelers came to a sudden halt, the ponies stopping without orders. The children in the water hushed their noise and came trooping up the bank.

"It's Moluntha himself, and his two wives," nervously and excitedly whispered Girty, holding himself somewhat back, as if knowing his present visit would be an unwelcome one; "and good heavens! there's Kate her very self, sitting behind them. Don't you see her?—that blue-eyed girl with the tawny curls."

"Where, oh, where?" exclaimed the anxious mother, still looking for the slight girl of fifteen she had lost three years before, and not at first seeing her in this shy, half-concealed, full-grown maiden. "My God! that must be her! Kate, my dear, long-lost daughter!" and Mrs. Malott threw herself from her horse, and was running up with the greatest haste to embrace her, when suddenly a very tall, stern-looking woman, of majestic mien, sprang up before her and extended her hand with a warning gesture, shouting out in Shawnese:

"Back! back! I say! What do the hated pale-faces want with Moluntha's family?"

Mrs. Malott stood appalled before the forbidding looks and harsh, commanding tones of this dusky giantess.

"Let me manage it," said Girty, coming rapidly to the front; "it's the Grenadier Squaw, and she's a perfect tigress if you meddle with her whelps. Here's Wa-ta-wa's mother and father," he hurriedly blurted out in Indian. "They've come——"

It needed no further management. At this sentence Wa-ta-wa uttered a shrill cry, sprang to her feet, rushed past the Grenadier Squaw, and threw herself, with a great sob and a touching cry of "Mother! mother!" into Mrs. Malott's arms. There they both stood locked for a moment. The whole scene beggars description.

It was all so sudden that the entire company were now on their feet, silent and stunned. The Indians on both sides were grouped about, wondering what it all meant.

Wa-ta-wa now lifted her head, and seeing her own father standing over her, threw herself also into his arms.

The Grenadier Squaw for a moment stood petrified, glaring savagely first at one and then at the other. Her eyes commenced to roll in a perfect frenzy. A hot, angry flush had mounted to her swarthy cheek. She now commenced to understand the matter somewhat.

Striding forward a step or two, and with a passionate exclamation, she was about to reclaim Wa-ta-wa, when Girty glided in between. She blazed on him with a terrible scowl.

"Dog of a paleface," she hissed out in Shawnee. "It's you, is it, that robs a mother of her young!" and was proceeding to clutch and hurl him to one side—which by the way would have been quite an easy task for her, so colossal was her size and so enormous her strength—when Moluntha, a very noble and commanding-looking chief, rushed forward and bade her hold.

All this had taken place sooner than we can write. It was entirely understood now. Wa-ta-wa had turned from her father to embrace first Nellie and then Frankie, whom their mother had thrust into her arms. A great commotion and confusion followed. The children on both sides were some crying and some mute with awe.

Moluntha, the great Sachem of the Shawnese, and an Indian of uncommon dignity and excellence of character, alone seemed calm. Addressing himself to Girty, he said quietly and impressively in his own tongue, "Captain Girty—I see—these are Wa-ta-wa's parents, and these," pointing to the children—"her brother and sister. Is it not so?"

"It is, indeed," answered Girty in the same language, and then hastily ran over a brief narrative of their original capture, his subsequent search, his discovery of Kate not long before, and the strange story of the Hermit, and then the wonderful manner in which the family had been reunited.

Moluntha listened gravely and courteously, all who understood Shawnee being grouped around and drinking in every word.

The Grenadier Squaw stood aloof—sad, sullen, and dejected. She was very fond of the child of her adoption, and it was hard to give her up. Moluntha's children stood whispering around and casting curious or angry looks first at Wa-ta-wa, their sister; then at Malott and his wife, and then at the other two children, now again seated on their ponies.

When the story was completely through, Moluntha said sadly: "It is the mysterious work of the Great Spirit. Moluntha loves Wa-ta-wa as his own blood; but they love her more than he does. She is free."

He turned abruptly about to conceal his emotions, and bade his family go back to the village. The Grenadier Squaw stood sullen and hesitating. At last she said to Girty: "Wa-ta-wa must stay at Moluntha's lodge. We cannot yet give her up. We must have a Council."

"Oh, certainly," Girty hastened to reply. "We will not take Wa-ta-wa without all are willing. I will stop here several days with Colonel McKee and this white family with Isaac Zane. Wa-ta-wa will go home with you;" and then sinking his voice so that the chief

wife alone could hear it, he added this (*argumentum ad fœminam* :) "I will give for her more than I said I would when here before."

Just at this juncture, and when Moluntha and most of his family were sauntering homewards, a sturdy, active, keen-eyed little Indian lad, of about twelve years, angrily broke from Moluntha's hand, and with an air half angry, half tearful, ran rapidly back to Wa-ta-wa, and, clutching her hand, said with great spirit that his sister should not go with the strange pale-faces, but must come home with him. Those who did not understand Shawnese wondered at his eager, excited manner, but Kate turned to her mother and said in English, "It's my Indian brother, Lawba. We are always together. I don't know how to leave him."

Then stooping down, she kissed him tenderly, stroked his jet black hair, and tried to pacify him, begging him in the only language he understood, to run home and she would be there after a little. Moluntha, meanwhile, had come back, and looking somewhat "smily about the lips, but teary around the lashes," essayed again to lead little Lawba off, but he only clung the tighter, stamped his tawny, bare feet imperiously, and refused to leave his sister.

In this dilemma, Girty hastily stepped up. The poor fellow, such was the great confusion, and so busy was Kate in making acquaintance with her relatives, had not yet had an opportunity of exchanging one word, although he had glances with her. He now exclaimed; "Halloo! what's the row, my little lad! and so you *shall* stay with your sister," adding in a lower tone, "I don't wonder you can't part with her. But come, I'll fix you."

So saying, he mounted the little fellow with Frankie on the pony, at which he was greatly content, if sister Wa-ta-wa would only walk alongside.

Kate now turned around to Girty, took his hand in both of hers, and with a look of tender gratitude in her kind blue eyes, that throbbed along his every nerve, she feelingly exclaimed:

"How glad I am to see you again, Captain. Was too much flustered to speak before. You've far more than kept your promise. You only told me you had seen mother and would take me to her, and here, in one short month, you bring her and father, Frank and Nell. Oh, I can't yet believe it. You're too kind and good, and I'll never forget it," and a teardrop stood in each soft eye.

"Pooh! pooh! Kate, I never—you need—it's just nothing at all. 'Twas all a chance like. You wait till I kin do something for you. Ge-ru-sa-lem!" replied Girty, looking red and very much frightened.

"Indeed, Captain, I've been thinking so much of what you said; you don't know. Every day I kept a looking and looking for you, but it seemed as if you'd never, never come."

"By Jove, Kate, I'm confounded glad to hear you say so," answered Girty, in a pleasant fluster. "I bet you I came as soon as I could."

"Yes, and after thinking so much of getting away and seeing mother, then to have the whole of them come on me all at once. I was for a while stunned—couldn't say a word, or make a motion until you spoke out and told Moluntha, it was father and mother. Then it seemed as if I had to scream or die."

"Oh, it was your mother you were thinking of all the time, was it?" said her companion, plainly looking his disappointment.

"Ye-e-s; but I'm glad to see you, too, my kind friend. But I must go. You'll come and see us to-night, captain, won't you?"

"I'll be around, never fear," absently answered Girty, not feeling as hopeful as before.

He could not banish the thought that his chance of securing Kate as a wife would have been far better if her rescue from the savages had depended entirely on himself. Fear and gratitude are not the best foundations to base a matrimonial alliance on, but they are helpful too, in a pinch, and so thought Girty.

Kate had grown to be as charming as well as a beautiful girl. Her wealth of golden curls, her clear, fresh complexion, her frank, pleasant blue eyes and her fine figure and graceful carriage, made her a strong contrast to the dark-eyed, black-haired and olive-complexioned Indian girls. She was greatly admired and petted among the Shawnees, and shortly afterwards had the reputation of being the prettiest girl in Detroit. She did not speak English quite so smoothly as we have written it for her, but there was only a slight hesitation at times. One does not forget a language in three years, besides there were always captives and English-speaking residents at Wappatomica with whom she had occasional practice.

We have not pretended to give the joyful, ejaculatory snatches of conversation that occurred between Kate and her strangely-found relatives. Not one of them could as yet fully realize the strange discovery. They would gaze and gaze at the engaging young maiden, so quickly grown from girlhood to womanhood, and seem to devour her with their eyes, but they felt too deeply and tenderly for much talk. She was dressed altogether in Indian costume, only with a little more taste, and with garments more richly ornamented than usual, as well became Moluntha's daughter.

---

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### A GRAND COUNCIL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The Shawnees had gone on to the town as soon as the first discovery was made, and spread the startling news. Consequently when our family party reached Wappatomica, they found it in a great state of excitement. All the people were out in force, and many were the curious glances cast at Simon Girty and the new-comers.

An Indian village is much like any other in respect to gossip, and many were the groups of tawny females and garrulous *quid nuncs* that hummed and buzzed around that evening. They discussed everything—Girty's battle and defeat, Wa-ta-wa's parents and the two children, the coming council, and, most probably—for Indian maidens are as quick at discerning courtships as are their more civilized white sisters—Girty's love venture.

Among the first persons who advanced to greet them, dressed in a

British uniform, and strutting along with considerable pomp and a swelling air, was Col. Alexander McKee, the notorious Indian Superintendent and tory renegade, who had fled from Fort Pitt in '78, with Girty and Matthew Elliott. He was high-cockolorum among the Mad River Shawnees, had married a squaw, and lived with his half-breed family in a comfortable house of hewn logs and shingle roof, outside the town. He claimed Girty, promising him to use all his influence in having the whole Malott family allowed to go to Detroit.

Next came to greet them Ísaac Zane, a brother of the Wheeling Zanes, and also—strange to say—having an Indian family and a popular, respectable householder of that Indian town.

He also promised Girty his influence with the Indians to secure the release of the Malott family, and insisted upon taking all of them save Kate, who was to remain with Moluntha until the decision of council, to his own home.

That evening the overjoyed parents spent with Kate at Moluntha's lodge. The next day they rambled with her through the woods or by the margin of the Mad River. They even took two meals with Moluntha, and at length so won upon the Grenadier Squaw by their courtesy and gentleness, that her opposition was completely disarmed.

Girty was kept busy the whole day perfecting his plans, visiting the chiefs, explaining and excusing his defeat and winning over adherents. Although living and generally operating with Pomoacan and the Hurons, Girty was a very prominent leader and had great influence with both Shawnees and Delawares.

It was an interesting sight, too, to note how Moluntha's children raternized with Frankie and Nelly. Indeed, these latter were about as much Indian in looks, manner and complexion as the former. They had been captives now three years; jabbered away in Indian as well as any of them, and waded in the river for mussels, practiced with bow and arrow, and scooped for minnows with as much zest as any of them.

In all these sports, Lawba—a singularly bold, bright and interesting boy of some twelve years old—led the way. It was amusing to see him appoint himself little Nelly's protector.

Moluntha was evidently quite proud of this son and was as much amused watching his old-fashioned ways and assuming airs as were Mr. and Mrs. Malott. This Lawba in after years became a very distinguished and interesting character, lived long among the whites and was universally known on the border as Captain Logan.

At one time during the day, Lawba had led his little band of admiring followers into the woods to shoot mud-turtles with an old musket his father had lent him. There they found a ring of Indian gamins about a sad, sickly-looking white captive, of about eight years old, by the name of Jonathan Alder. He had fallen into the river and was nearly strangled, while the crowd of children were either threatening or ridiculing him for his misadventure. Lawba rushed in and trounced one of the bigger boys for his rudeness, and took the forlorn, homesick captive under his own protection. They brought him to Chief Moluntha's lodge, who approved Lawba's conduct and had the poor boy's garments changed and sent him home.

The next day came the grand council. By Indian law and custom the white family of Malotts were prisoners, and one of them, Kate, was the much-loved, adopted child of their chief Sachem, and public opinion was angrily divided as to the propriety of giving them all up at Girty's instance. The whole town was in a ferment. The massacre of the Moravians such a short time previous had greatly embittered all the Ohio Indians against the whites. The Shawnees, a fierce, cruel and blood-thirsty tribe, was especially hostile and implacable.

All thronged, therefore, to the Council House, some to take part in the proceedings, the rest to watch and discuss the course of events. It was an unusually large and capacious building, some fifty yards long, twenty-five yards broad and about sixteen feet high, and built of split poles covered with bark. Every warrior was admitted, but only the chiefs and leading "braves"—accounted such from the number of scalps or prisoners they had taken—had the privilege of a vote or of speaking.

At first a grave and dignified silence prevailed. It would not comport with the dignity of a council to do anything in haste or in anger. Every face wore a calm and untroubled expression. The attitude of each was one of repose and deliberation. In the eyes of some of the younger and more hot-blooded of the crowd a close observer might have detected a lurking devil—the quenchless, untamable fire of savage hate and ferocity.

After the pipe had made its round, the chief Sachem, Moluntha, arose, and in calm, grave, measured words, stated the object of the council, and asked for the opinions of his people. The speeches then commenced, some assenting, others protesting against the release of so large a lot of prisoners, especially following so hard upon the severe defeat of Captain Girty, and the dreadful punishment of their own "braves."

All eyes at once rested on Girty, who sat on a high log in front, in company with Colonel McKee and Isaac Zane. His face was carefully masked, his attitude respectful, and studiously removed from anything like defiance. He had been busy the preceding day using all his arts to influence various speakers, for he knew well that by the speeches the deciding votes were controlled. He appeared well, very well. He had procured a new suit of buckskins. His eye looked bold and confident. One arm was in a sling, and a pair of epaulettes ornamented his shoulders. The volley of curious or indignant looks which were at once flashed at him he bore quietly, unflinchingly. A little spot of crimson that quickly mounted to each cheek was the only evidence of anger or mortification at the allusion to his defeat. He was now to be stirred more deeply.

The excitement was evidently growing. Eyes commenced to glow, voices to become excited, faces to look passionate. And now a lithe, nervous, fiery-tempered chief by the name of the Black Snake, shot up. He was well called, for his eyes were small and glistening, his body was flexible and sinuous, and his voice was emitted with a sort of a sibilant noise like a serpent's. He was indignantly opposed to freeing—even to taking any prisoners. So they had long ago their orders from Detroit, but they did not obey. He inveighed upon the

“Long Knives” with words of scorn and withering invective, and accused them of being robbers, drunkards, murderers. He then indulged in a lofty flight of fervent, impassioned rhetoric concerning the late wholesale massacre of the Moravians, and was in favor of shedding blood for blood.

His hot, jerky, vehement utterances had a prodigious effect. You could see it by the gleaming eyes, note it on the swarthy faces, discover it under the restless, nervous manner. It was plainly stirring up a perfect whirlwind of emotion. The hearts of the younger and more hot-blooded men of war commenced to seethe like cauldrons.

Tarrhe, the Crane, a noted Huron chief, being present, was now, out of compliment, called on for his voice. He was calm, suave, and unctuous of speech and manner, and endeavored to throw oil upon the troubled waters. His nation were opposed to the torture of prisoners, which had long been abolished. They would not obey the British orders from Detroit to “take no more prisoners.” He hurriedly ran over the circumstances of the Malott capture, separation and reunital, and would let them all go free; if not for their own sakes, then for the sake of Captain Girty, who had long been a firm and unswerving friend to the redman and a terribly hostile foe to the “pale-faces.”

“The Crane” had scarcely finished ere Blue Jacket—one of the bravest and most promising of the young Shawnee war chiefs, and afterwards famous as the leader of all the combined Indians at Wayne’s decisive battle of the Fallen Timbers—leaped to his feet and commenced an artful, plausible and yet terribly effective discourse, in which ridicule, sarcasm and scathing invective were happily blended. He took the same course as the Black Snake, and was so severe and stinging in his sarcastical flings and taunts at Girty and his late disgraceful defeat, that the Renegade was lashed and goaded almost to fury.

---

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### THE GRAND COUNCIL CONCLUDED—ITS RESULT.

When Blue Jacket sat down, Simon Girty arose, carefully restraining his passion, and commencing calmly yet growing in force and power and fervency each minute. He recounted his services and those of his two brothers among the Indians; spoke of his undying hate to the “Long-Knives,” and of the repeated instances in which he had exhibited it; gradually approached the late expedition, showing what he had done and why he had failed; and thus rising with the occasion, advancing to the front, and looking boldly around the assembly, he hurled back the imputations of his accusers and revilers with scorn. When had any ever seen him flinch from danger, or turn his back to the foe? He then softened down, and, taking a more humble attitude and assuming a more quiet tone, he alluded to the original capture of the Malotts; his long and fruitless efforts to recover the children; his mysterious recapture of the mother, and then the

almost miraculous discovery of first the two children, then Kate, Moluntha's adopted daughter, and then the father, so crazed by the loss of his whole family, that, although a mild, gentle, and peaceable man, he had actually fled alone to the rocks and grown to be an Indian hater, and was the bold, deadly and terrible avenger, simply because he loved his family and was sure it had all been slaughtered by the Indians.

He then described how Malott had fallen upon and injured Black Hoof; how been rescued from the stake and fiery tortures by his own wife, and how, afterwards, when he discovered his great error, he had insisted on going to Black Hoof to ask pardon for his violence. That great chief, weak and pale from his wounds and bruises, was present. His heart was too brave and good to harbor injustice, and he would call upon him now to confirm his own words.

Girty then sat down quietly on a back seat. His speech was the most artful, eloquent and passionate of his life. His feelings had been hurt, his pride wounded, his reputation assailed; and he had defended himself with energy, and with that earnestness that carries conviction.

There was a general ugh! ugh! when he had concluded, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon Black Hoof, one of the bravest, most prominent and most eloquent of their tribe.

Black Hoof, leaning upon his rifle, rose up with some difficulty and made a strong, forcible speech in behalf of his friend, Captain Girty. He defended him from hostile attacks. He had approved his plans and witnessed his bravery. He had been unfortunate in the late struggle, but through no fault of his, and had fought like a hero. He then actually surprised all by a manly and generous defense of Malott—the very man who had caused him all his bodily harm. The "pale-face" had been mistaken, but had frankly confessed it, and they were now brothers.

This speech might have been called "a clincher." It is true that Big Capt. Johnny, as he was called—a huge, hideous-looking chief of colossal size and of ribald, vituperative tongue, got up and essayed to stem the tide of opinion; but his words were listened to with impatience. He was evidently "only beating the air." Two or three minor chiefs, of scowling visage and savage temper, followed in the same line; but it was patent to the very dullest that the battle had been fought and won.

Colonel McKee and Isaac Zane now made a few modest and sensible remarks, urging the release of this wonderfully-reunited family, and asserting that such an act would be highly pleasing to De Peyster, the Governor of Canada, who had himself taken a great interest in Mrs. Malott's efforts to recover her children, and he trusted the vote would be almost unanimous.

The last speaker was the good and greatly-beloved Moluntha. He was a very powerful, dignified orator, and his words ever carried great weight; but now, especially, when all knew that by giving up an adopted daughter, whom he ardently loved, he was by all odds making the greatest possible sacrifice, he was heard with unusual feeling and attention. His words were few and delivered with sadness. He discerned the work of the Great Spirit in so mysteriously preserving and



uniting this family after so many years of separation; and, although his heart would suffer, he and his wives had already given Wa-ta-wa up to those whom she remembered with love, and who had a better right to her than he could claim.

Moluntha closed amid the most impressive silence. The vote was almost unanimous, and even that assembly of stoics, schooled as they were to suppress emotion, could not refrain from a most tumultuous outburst of feeling. They broke from the Council House like a noisy, unruly school of children. The news flew from hut to cabin, until the whole town was in a hubbub.

Numerous dances were inaugurated that night, in one of which Wa-ta-wa was persuaded to take part, and the feasting and revelry were carried far into the night. Girty appeared now at his very best. He was ever his own worst enemy. When in liquor he was fierce, stormy, vengeful, devilish. He took care, therefore, on the present occasion to abstain entirely. He moved around in high feather, using all his arts and gifts to cajole and conciliate.

The next day was spent in preparing for the long and fatiguing journey to Detroit. Girty wished to avoid Half King's town, and purposed taking the due north trail to Maumee Bay. From Zane and McKee he procured additional horses enough to mount the whole party. The one captured from Shepherd he presented to Moluntha, at the same time bestowing many gifts upon his wives.

On the following morning an early start was made. The little family cavalcade, preceded by a few friendly Indians and two traders returning to Detroit, was accompanied for many miles by Moluntha and his boy Lawba, and when the time came for a final parting, it seemed as if the affectionate little fellow could not and would not be comforted. The old chief, too, was quite sorrowful, and could scarce restrain his feelings. With tears in his eyes, he folded Wa-ta-wa to his brawny breast; patted her on the head and then turning suddenly, seized his boy by the hand and strode off without once looking back.

We need not follow the travelers. Suffice it to say, that after the usual incidents of a wilderness ride on horseback, they all arrived safely in Detroit, and were visited by Schuyler de Peyster, its commandant. There we will leave them.

Mr. Malott bore his journey well, his wound rapidly healing, each day bringing him an increase of strength and happiness. His mind, so long harassed and disordered by his lonely and desolate life, and the wasting, consuming passions which filled his heart, was restored in time, and became again clear and tranquil.

And Girty, too! that singular paradox! that blending of man and demon! No one, on this long and trying journey, could have been kinder, gentler or more thoughtful. Every want seemed to be anticipated; every comfort supplied. To the children he was tender and patient; to Kate considerate; to her parents respectful. He may be said to have been his own antithesis. Who, that knew the Renegade's wild and stormful life, thickly studded with desperate, vengeful deeds, and so tempestuous with terrible outbreaks of passion, would have recognized him in the eager-eyed, soft-voiced, tender-hearted companion of women and children.

It was love, the enchanter, that wrought this miracle. It subdues the flintiest heart and exalts the most depraved character. Mr. and Mrs. Malott entertained for him an ever-increasing regard; while Kate—well, what shall we say of Kate? Can we wonder at or blame her if, in her lone and unattractive life, surrounded for years by the rude, coarse, swarthy children of the wilderness, she looked upon Girty as a being greatly superior to her surroundings and associations; as one who had rescued her from bondage, and restored her to her family; who had never been anything but kind, loving and affectionate to her. She—just blooming into womanhood—had only seen the best and most winning traits of his character, and felt flattered by his too evident preference for her. Pray, why should she not love him?

---

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

### A GRAND OLD-TIME CIRCULAR HUNT.

The joy and delight of the whole Wheeling settlement at the safe return of the victors and the rescue of the captives, was great and universal. Nothing could be more hearty or ungrudging than the attentions bestowed upon Major Rose and Captain Brady. They seemed to be the welcome guests of the whole people. All vied with each other in contributing to their comfort and entertainment.

Major Rose had but a brief time to stay. It was the 15th of May when the boating party left Fort Pitt, and it was the evening of the 21st when they arrived at Fort Henry; all the events which we have been so long narrating having occurred within the compass of one busy crowded week.

The important expedition against Sandusky was to start from Mingo Bottom on the 25th, and Rose must go with it. He and Dr. Knight were the two selected by General Irvine, of Fort Pitt, in order, as it were, to lend it an official sanction.

Only then three days left. They must hurry indeed. The major, therefore, had but little idle time on his hands. A series of boat rides, horse races, rifle matches, "rides to the hounds," hunting excursions and other manly open-air sports peculiar to the border of that time, were gotten up in his honor.

Brady's wound was rapidly healing under the skilful ministrations of Mrs. Ebenezer Zane, and in some of these entertainments he was glad to participate. When his leg wound would not allow of this, he always had the pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen of a culture and refinement very unusual on a rough and exposed frontier.

Miss Swearingen was his frequent companion. Their late forced trip into a hostile Indian country had thrown them almost constantly together, and under circumstances, too, best calculated to excite all the tenderest emotions of the heart. Brady had long been hopeful, but lately he had found time and occasion to speak his feelings and was

glad to occupy the relation of accepted lover to the gentle and accomplished Drusilla Swearingen.

The last day of Major Rose's stay was signalized by a grand deer drive—or "circular hunt," as it was styled in the backwoods—gotten up in his honor, and in which the whole male part of the community, and many of the females intended to participate. The preceding evening had been busy with the hum of the various discussions and preparations, the gathering of dogs and horses, the cleaning of rifles and providing of patches, powder and bullets.

The morning opened superbly. The air was delicious; crisp, fresh and breezy. A heavy white fog—which lay over river, island and valley like a heavy pall, was lazily lifting under the fervid beams of a glorious sun. 'Twould be a "rale yaller day," the boisterous and weather-wise darkeys prognosticated.

The crowd which started out so blithely, with such glad and vociferous clamor and shouts of merriment, was truly a large and motley one. There were Mrs. Zane, and the Misses Lydia, Betty, and Drusilla on horseback, accompanied by Drusilla's father, "Injun Van," as he was called, one of Morgan's famous riflemen; all the Zanes's, Major Rose, Mr. Shepherd and father; all the numerous scouts and hunters of the settlement, and then a crowd of whites and blacks on foot or on horseback—*everybody* in fact who could raise a rifle, a knife, or a weapon of any sort.

What a gay and boisterous "meet" it was, to be sure, and when Lydia gave forth a melodious, echoing blast on her hunting-horn and leaped forward on her spirited steed, what a din and rush! what a clatter of horses, medley of voices, and yelping of dogs followed in her wake!

Every dog in the whole place was afoot: Music and Zane's pack of hounds snuffing the keen air and tugging at their leashes, followed by a barking, snarling, yawping mob of all kinds, sizes, colors and conditions of dogs; those used to hunt the bear and panther, the coon and possum, and "mongrel puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree."

These "circular hunts" were a peculiar institution of the frontier, and were managed thus. A large tract of suitable game woods was surrounded by lines of hunters afoot or on horseback, with such intervals that each was within seeing or hailing distance of his neighbor to right or left. A captain with four subordinates, always mounted, were chosen. At a given signal the immense circle, with a great noise of horns, shoutings, barking of dogs, etc., commenced to advance together towards a common centre.

Sometimes lines of trees were "blazed" from the circumference to this given centre as guides. At the place of starting a circular line was "blazed," and at half or three-quarters of a mile from the centre another. On the arrival at the first ring, the advancing line halted till the master of the hunt made a circuit and saw all the men equally distributed and every gap closed. By this time deer and other animals could frequently be seen rushing about in mad affright from line to line.

At a given signal, the ranks moved forward to the second ring,

generally drawn around a ravine, swamp or pond. Here, if the drive has been a success, the sport becomes truly exciting. Deer in clusters may be seen, panting and terrified, sweeping on winged feet around the ring; flocks of turkeys are forced to take wing and to hasten beyond the fatal circle; may be cats, bears, or even panthers would be enclosed, and then various rushes to escape create intense excitements at various points on the line.

As the charmed circle narrows, the deers become wild and desperate through terror and cannot be confined. They now make mad dashes for the line, and with incredible swiftness and audacity. If the men are resolute and thickly planted, the bucks will fiercely attack them or take flying leaps over their heads.

Sometimes the sport is varied by purposely leaving open gaps, when the escaping animals have to run the gauntlet of many sure and unerring marksmen. After the game has been either mostly killed or escaped, a few of the best marksmen and dogs "beat up" the remaining ground and rout out all that may remain concealed, or that may be lying wounded. This done, all advance with glad shouts to the centre, bringing the dead with them, and a count and distribution is made. It is surprising what a quantity of deer, bear and other "varmint" were exterminated by those grand hunts. When some large thicket, swamp, or other favorite *habitat* of the bear has thus been surrounded, as many as twenty or thirty would be killed at a time.

The present hunt was projected somewhat on that fashion. Large game had been pretty well killed or chased off near the settlement; but about four miles down the Ohio there was an ample range of both open and close forest, embracing rocky glens, heavily-thicketed swales, a densely wooded marsh or morass with matted undergrowth, meads of sweet grass used as "deer pastures," and tangled coverts used as "deer beds." There was not force enough at or about Fort Henry to completely surround this famous game resort, but one side of it fronted the Ohio, ending with an abrupt bluff of some fifteen feet that overhung the beach, while the farthest side rested on a deep, rocky ravine, the thither wall of which was a steep and insurmountable cliff.

The plan, therefore, was to place a *cordon* of hunters about two sides, extending to the cliff in one direction and to the river bluff on the other. Several large canoes filled with hunters or idle spectators of both sexes, proceeded down the Ohio to guard the river front; while Drusilla, Brady, and Killbuck were seated in a sort of a large flat-bottomed skiff, the latter two being yet disabled from wounds.

It was still early when the point of divergence was reached. All the dogs and hounds were carefully held in the rear and kept as quiet as possible, while the two horns of the line commenced to bear off to take their allotted positions. Col. Zane had been chosen "master of the hounds," and Kenton, McColloch, Van Swearingen and Jonathan Zane leaders of the lines.

Major Rose rode his own fleet mare this day, while Lydia Boggs and Betty Zane ambled along on either side mounted on much quieter and more manageable nags. They were dressed in neat, close-fitting hunting costumes, with light rifles slung to their backs. Their eyes fairly

sparkled with eagerness, and the flush of excitement was on their lips and cheeks. Betty was unusually full of frolic and complaisance,<sup>6</sup> and the Major, drawing thence a favorable augury, was in his very gayest and most exuberant spirits. Indeed such an intoxicating air and inspiring scene would have enlivened even a paralytic. It was enough "to create a soul under the ribs of death."

Major Rose had the selection of his own stand. After waiting about twenty minutes, until all had ample time to take position, he rode forward with his fair companions to a slight eminence, and rested under a huge gum tree, which stood on the flank of a slight dale. Here they could not only command a large view of the hunt, but would be more likely to have some easy shots, since a well-used deer "run-way," lay down the glade at their side. Although partly concealed themselves among some dogwoods and wild-plums, the forest in front was like a gentleman's park, almost all large trees, with but little undergrowth. Adown the long leafy arcades, the delighted eye could have uninterrupted range. Beautiful woodland vistas opened out on all sides.

Lew Wetzell, with his long jetty curls, could be seen creeping off to the right, and Andy Poe was seen crouching low among a clump of paw-paw and checkerberry bushes, within hailing distance on the left. The three nags stood together. Everybody had scattered to line, save Col. Zane's Scip, a darkey Nimrod, with protuberant eyes and a double row of flashing ivories, whose chief business seemed to be pinching the ears of a couple of whimpering coon dogs, to keep them quiet. "Hi, yi, heah, yar growler! Golly, but you jes better sing mighty low, kase ef maussa Eber hear, he get shet o' ye mighty quick. Tink we out arter possums now? Ya, ya, ya!"

All at once, about half a mile off to the right, could be heard the clear, mellow, winding notes of a hunting horn, followed immediately by the deep, bugle bay of Music, and then by the ough, ough, ough, oughing of the whole pack as they gave tongue, and broke into a continuous chorus, which filled the surrounding hills with echoes.

The hounds were at last cast off, and the hunt had commenced.

Then the horses pricked up their ears, Black Bess gave a start and commenced to paw the sod, and champ her bit. Her eyes seemed filled with a tameless, though not vicious fire. Scip ejaculated with a gasp, "Lor-a-massy, dat's dat Music! Golly. Massa Rose, I done hold dese dogs no longer. Muss leff em go," and off they started with a currish bark and howl. Lydia and Betty had been engaged, when the horn sounded, in watching the braggart gambols of a couple of squirrels, who with whisking tails and a certain frolic grace, were chasing each other through a neighboring tree-top. The horn startled the girls. Their hearts beat like drums. Lydia was a sight worth seeing just then. She looked as she sat erect upon her restive steed, like a young Diana.

"With head upraised and look intent,  
And eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art."

Only for a moment! Raising her horn to her lips, she blew a few sweet answering notes, and cried out with eagerness, "Tally ho! Tally ho! Major, we'll have warm work soon! Just listen to the deep baying of the hounds! What delightful music!"

"They seem coming towards us," exclaimed Betty, impatiently. "Come, Major! shall we go on? You see even old Scip couldn't stand it longer, but has slipped off after his dogs"

"Better stay where we are," said Rose, "and watch this runaway. The hunt is coming this way, and we won't lack chances after awhile. Rest quiet as possible, if you please."

---

## CHAPTER LXXX.

### THE HUNT DRAWS NEAR—STIRRING SCENES.

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
So musical discord, such sweet thunder."—*Shakspeare.*

True enough! While all were listening intently to the multitudinous clamor of the dogs, and the distant cracks of rifles which commenced to sound from various portions of the ring suddenly the large ears, then the tapering head, and then the slender, tawny body of a panting doe could be seen coming out from behind a little mott of timber directly ahead. It presented a graceful picture, as it paused for an instant with startled look, its delicate head uplifted in a questioning attitude. The sounds of the approaching hounds had roused her from her matted, secluded covert. She had:

"Sprang from her heathery couch in haste,  
But ere her fleet career she took,  
The dew-drops from her flank she shook;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh."

"Heavens, what an elegant picture," exclaimed Rose, in admiration. "Shoot quick, young ladies, the wind is from us, and she's commencing to snuff the breeze, and show alarm."

"I fear from her troubled, wistful look around," softly and breathlessly answered Betty, "that she has lost her fawns. Listen to that mournful mother's cry! I am sure of it now. I can't shoot."

"Nonsense, Bet, what sentimentalism; she's running off," impatiently exclaimed Lydia, as she hastily threw up her rifle, and cracked away. The startled creature gave one lofty spring, straight up in

the air; and then cut off to the right, in a series of rapid, springy bounds.

"A miss! a plain miss!" exclaimed Lydia, in extreme mortification. "As fair a quarry as ever stood to be shot at. Lend me your rifle, Major, and I'll follow her."

She had not gone fifty yards before another rifle crack was heard from the right

"It's Lew Wetzell," cried Betty, excitedly. "Look, look Major, he's wounded her, and is following on foot. There! there! He's caught her. She's a dead deer. Well, I don't care; never *could* shoot at a doe with fawns; besides this is not the season for deer."

"Your tenderness does you credit, Miss Zane," said Rose. "I'm afraid your example is not much followed in the backwoods."

"Indeed, it is not, Major. The hunters all have different 'bleats' for various kinds of weather, and ages of fawns, and they thus allure the poor does to their fate. I once 'bleated' a doe, but it looked so wistful and tenderly that I couldn't shoot. I'm extravagantly fond of hunting, Major, but I never could and never will take mean advantage of a mother's love for her young. It's a dastardly trick. Come, Lyddy, let's get on. The woods are just full of noise, and the ring's away ahead."

The three now rode on a few hundred yards, and took up a new position. The deer could frequently be seen in the distance, wildly careering to and fro, crossing each others' paths, standing for a moment in confused, terror-stricken clusters, and then, as a new burst from the dogs would come, bounding wildly off again.

The sport was growing intensely exciting and bewildering. The crack, crack, crack of the rifles, as the maddened animals would approach the line or try to break through it; the shrill war-cry of the frightened eagle and the loud winnowing of wings; the din and clamor arising from barks howls and bays from all sorts of dogs; the rush and racket in various directions as a fox or wolf would try to slink past the horses when a wild-cat, or some other "varmint" would be treed. All this thrilling tumult and babel of confusion worked our little party—whose progress alone we dare venture to note—into a very fever of excitement. The chafing horses could no longer be restrained.

"Come on! Come on! or we'll lose all the fun," cried Lydia, as she gave her fretting horse the reins.

"Hist! hist! look straight ahead of you, there's a crowd of does," said Rose, in a low voice.

They had just mounted a slight eminence. Before them was a sequestered little dell—a woody dingle, through the centre of which rippled a slender runlet. Right in the centre a group of trembling and bewildered deer stood confused and terror-stricken, closely huddled together, snorting and whistling in affright.

"Does!" rang out the sharp-eyed Betty. "They're mooly bucks that have shed their horns, and are scarce worth killing at this season. Poor dappled fools! Where's all your antlered pride now?"

"What a shabby-looking lot, Major! and they feel just as mean and cowardly as they look. A crowd of bucks about a six months

hence, would be as dangerous and desperate as a lot of bull buffaloes; but now! pah! just look how I'll scatter them. As they run, you two shoot;" and down upon the affrighted pack, with a clarion-like whoop and hurra rushed the ardent young Diana, on her too willing steed. The poor bucks—who, when their horns are cast—crowd peaceably together, sad and dejected, in the more secluded parts of the forest—gave one shrill whistle, and were off and away, scurrying along amid a hazel and paw-paw thicket, with magnificent springs, revealing their backs and white flags at every leap. "They stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once." The whole three rifles flashed almost together.

"I've stung mine," cried Betty, with excitement, "he dropped his flag at once. Look, now, how it droops as he runs! Hurra! hurra! I'll have him in a jiffey," and after him she goaded her horse into full speed. "And I've *killed* mine," joyfully cried the Major, as he rode down to where one of the bucks lay quivering in the last agonies of death, its horny, polished hoofs tearing up the sod. The dew of the morning was still glittering on his tawny coat. His eyes, soft and bright, were cast upwards, as if appealingly.

"Not so sure about that, Major," cried Lydia with quickness, a bright flush on her cheeks, "couldn't miss two shots in one hunt, and I'm sure I drew bead on that very buck. He started from under that dog-wood, and I know it's the one, because he had that white spot on his haunch. I aimed at his flank. Better give up, Major."

"Of course I won't dispute the kill, Miss Lydia, but it's confounded odd, too, for I'll swear I aimed at the same buck, and I'm considered no slouch either with a good rifle, and this is Brady's 'spit-fire,' that I borrowed this morning."

"Yes, Major," laughed the positive and provoking young beauty "but it wasn't Brady who sighted it, ha! ha! ha! But we'll settle it at once. You hand me Bess' reins and go examine for yourself."

"Oh, no, I'll yield gracefully," laughed Rose, but in a constrained sort of manner.

"Not a bit of it," said Lyddy, positively. "If I didn't kill that deer, I don't want to claim it. Come, sir, please satisfy yourself, and I'll hold Bess—if I can, for she's dancing about as if she was all nerves, and 's got an eye as sharp and fierce as a Bald Eagle's."

Rose dismounted, bent closely over the carcass and found a bullet hole in the flank from which some little blood had issued, and through which the fatal hurt had evidently been delivered.

"Well, Major?"

"Well, Miss Boggs," said Rose, bowing gracefully, "I see where the lead entered. It's right in the flank, and as you say you aimed there, your shot must have done the mischief."

"That's what your *lips* say, Major," laughed Lyddy, good humoredly, "but your eyes and manner still look as if they doubted it. Now look about that bullet hole under the hair and see if you can find any more wounds."

"Well, yes," answered Rose, after carefully brushing up the hair, "I notice several cuts or scratches and a much smaller hole."

"Just as I thought, Major," said Lyddy, smilingly. "You'll have



to look somewhere else for *your* bullet. Better to horse again. The hounds are getting fearfully near."

"Halloo, here's *another* bullet hole in the neck," cried Rose, still anxious to save his reputation. "May be that's—" He hesitated.

"Yours, you would or ought to say," laughed Lyddy. "Yes, but that didn't kill the deer, and you'll find no other holes or scratches about it. Quick, Major, take Bess, or he'll break away from me! Now what did you load with?"

"What an odd query, Miss Boggs; with bullet to be sure."

"Well, Major, the buck's mine," quietly answered Lyddy, as she touched up her palfrey. "I loaded with a bullet and three buck-shot. Mark the spot, so we can gather the meat after the hunt! But where's Betty all this time? and what huge beast is that I hear clattering up the run?"

"Good heavens! it's Miss Zane's horse, and without her, too! what can have happened," cried Rose in alarm, as Betty's horse, riderless and apparently in great terror, dashed up and past them.

"Oh, Major," cried Lyddy, "something dreadful has happened; I feel it. Let's hasten!"

The little glade deepened and became wilder as they advanced. They hurried on! The valley now became a rocky glen, very much crowded with a luxuriant growth of matted bushes and choked up with huge rocks. They had not ridden more than a quarter of a mile before they saw Betty lying prostrate on the ground, and under a clump of wild plum trees. Rose put spurs to his horse, dashed up with all possible speed, and leaped to the ground. The young girl was leaning on her elbow, her hair dishevelled, a stain of blood upon her temples, her cheeks all blanched and bloodless, and her eyes strained forward gazing intently towards some large rocks lying on the other side of the glen.

"My God, Miss Zane, what has happened! have you been thrown! are you much hurt! Here, take a sip of this!" and Rose offered her a pocket bottle of whiskey, and stood all in a tremble of anxiety beside her.

Betty never removed her eyes from the spot she was gazing at with a fascinated, spell-bound stare, but raising her finger and pointing in that direction, her chalky lips parted but could only utter, "There! Look there!"

Rose was much distressed. He handed the reins of his mare—who seemed strangely agitated and kept snorting and moving restively about—to Lyddy, who had now ridden up, and whispered, "Poor girl! she's been thrown and I'm afraid is out of her senses. Keep calm now, Miss Lyddy, and I'll mount her on my mare! Ho there, Bess! stand still! what in the devil's the matter with you."

"What is that, Major, lying by that rock yonder? There! there! right under that laurel thicket." Rose turned and looked, and then stooped and gazed long and steadily. The big drops gathered on his brow. His whole form trembled for a moment, not so much for himself, but for the poor, defenceless girl lying by his side. He was true and fearless, but he was no hunter. The sight that met his dazed eyes would have appalled a more experienced woodsman than himself.

With yellow eyes aflame, his two fore-paws resting on a deer's carcass, his whiskered muzzle stained with blood, and his tail slowly shaking to and fro with a sort of trembling, quivering motion, there sat a huge and ferocious panther. He is now gazing savagely at his unwelcome visitors, muttering low growls of wrath, and crouching up his hind legs ready for a spring.

"God help us!" faintly cried Lyddy, almost ready to drop from her horse in turn; "it's a horrible panther. Oh, Major, what will become of Betty!"

Rose was now beginning to recover his dazed senses. The helpless situation of the being most dear to him in life, and his own exposure almost within single leap of the most dangerous beast of the American wilds, had momentarily unnerved him. He had never before seen a panther amid his native fastnesses—much less fought one. He had to act promptly. It was well for all that the ravenous beast had tasted blood, and had enough before him to keep him busy.

"I *dare* not shoot," he hoarsely and rapidly whispered, through his clenched teeth. "It might only wound and enrage him. You must help me, girl! Hold the mare still, if you can, close by the head, while I lift Betty to her back. Keep your rifle cocked and aimed. He'll growl before the spring. We must then fire together, and God send us true aim."

Rose hastily patted the mare's neck in a vain attempt to quiet her, pulled her around in front of the fainting Betty, saw that his knife was all ready, and leaned his cocked rifle against the saddle. He now cast a wary glance at the glaring, gleaming eyes of the panther, and then stooped to lift Betty, who was as limp and limber as any rag. He had his hands under her arms and was bracing himself for a mighty effort, when he heard Lydia's low, startled cry, "God save us! it's coming. I see it gathering for a spring. It was lashing its tail and growling dreadfully. Let us shoot, Major!"

Rose dropped his precious burden on the instant and snatched his rifle.

"Shoot! girl, shoot! aim at the head!"

Crack went Lyddy's piece just as the savage beast was crouching for the spring. Out he bounded, high into the air, with a frightful, blood-curdling roar. Rose's bullet took him fair in his white breast just as he was flying through the air. Dropping his rifle and drawing his knife he then advanced and stood calm and resolute for the attack.

It was needless. The savage beast uttered a sharp cry of agony and came down on his side with a thud, roaring, writhing, and tearing up the grass in a perfect frenzy of pain and rage. He tried, with one last despairing effort and amid sullen growlings, to make one more leap. In vain! His strength was spent and his life sped. His eyes closed, his powerful limbs stiffened out, and he lay stone dead.

Rose emitted one hard, long-drawn breath, which showed the intensity of his suppressed emotions, and turned to his companions. Betty had fainted. Lyddy was next thing to it. The mare was standing stock still, nostrils distended, covered with sweat, and trembling in every limb.

"Thank God, my brave girl, it's dead and we've killed our first

panther. For pity's sake don't fail me now, but let us restore Miss Zane."

Just at this juncture two loud hurras were heard close by, and up dashed, on Betty's runaway horse, Lew. Wetzell, his long hair streaming behind him. He had caught the frightened steed as it was dashing bewildered through the woods, feared some misfortune, and discovering the tracks of the other horses down into the glen, had hurried up at the two rifle cracks.

When Lew suddenly came upon the scene which we have essayed so imperfectly to depict, he stood speechless with amazement—the dead panther, the form of Betty Zane stretched lifeless upon the sod, Rose kneeling beside it, and Lydia just awakening from her terrible shock—it all seemed like some horrid dream.

He was awakened by the glad, proud tones of Rose's voice.

"It looks far worse than it really is, Wetzell, but we've had a pretty hot time of it. If this hunt can show any nobler game than ours, I would like to see it. What do you think of that tawny beauty there? Won't that pelt make a royal couch?"

"Dog my cats, Major, if I can bottom this ere, nohow," said Wetzell, wonderingly, while walking up to the dead panther. "Ham Kerr and me's hunted this neck o' woods for this 'ere very critter for nigh two seasons gone, and now comes along a dandy officer, with stripes adown his trowserloons, and tassels onto his shoulders, but who can't tell a bar from a buffler, and foregathers him first pop. Ya-a-s," he continued, meditatively, while taking one broad paw of the panther, and scanning him all over admiringly, "he *is* a beauty, and no mistake, claw my back with wildcats ef he be'ent. Great Ju-pe-ter, isn't he a sweet'ner—got teeth like a timber saw, claws like harrow teeth, and a coat—just look at it, Major! it shines and shimmers like a bull turkey's breast in the sun, and's as soft as Mrs. Eb. Zane's Sunday satin gownd. Here's *two* crimson stains, Major, one in head and one in breast; ye must have loaded up quicker'n the shake of a deer's tail."

"That head wound," remarked Rose quietly, "is Miss Boggs', *mine*'—"

"What!" almost shouted the young scout, as he sprang to his feet, "is that little Lyddy's doin's? Jehoshaphat, why didn't ye tell that afore," and striding rapidly up to her as she now sat bathing Betty's brow—who, just awakened from her faint and rapidly regaining her color, was sitting supported by a buckeye tree—he doffed his skin cap, and blurted out:

"Miss Lyddy, I'm tarnation fond of ye, I am. Ye're a regular clip; as gritty and gamey as a kotch'd eagle. Blamed ef Brady himself could a made a cleaner hit. 'Twas a center shot, a-a-a"—struggling to find an expression worthy of the occasion and his profound admiration—" 'Twas a sockdolager of a nine strike, shoot me dead if 'twasn't!"

"Thank you, Lew," laughed Lyddy, proud of her feat and highly amused at the enthusiasm of the rough woodsman, "don't wish to shoot you, or *any* body, or any *thing*, after *that* game. Think I'll now retire on my laurels. Where did I strike the horrid beast?"

"Plump between his yaller peepers, Lyddy, and to think that I've

grew up with ye, since ye were knee high to a duck, and never knowed the big heart that beat under yer tight little bodice."

"Nonsense, no flattery, Lew; 'twas only an accident. If it had not been for poor Bet, here, I would have run off like a deer. Ugh! am too frightened, Major, even to go over and look at the beast. Like Macbeth 'I'm afraid to think on what I have done, look on't again I dare not'."

"Waal, how did it all come around, anyway?" queried Wetzell.

"I only know half the story," said Lyddy, "Betty'll have to tell the rest, if she's able."

"Well," said Betty, with a shudder and closing her eyes as if to shut out the frightful scene, "when I saw I had badly wounded my deer, I spurred my horse down the run after it; I was so excited that I scarce noted that the glen began to grow deeper, and wider, and rougher. The poor buck began to limp badly. I was not far behind when just as it was slowly passing those rocks there, out bounded that dreadful animal with a frightful growl, and fastened on the deer's haunches, bearing it to the ground. My horse shied at the sudden sight and noise. I became weak and faint, lost my balance, and fell to the earth not more than ten paces off the spot where the panther was tearing away at the deer, and drinking his blood. He paused twice and looked at me with his bloody chops, and gave a low muttering growl, and then would make a loud, purring sort of noise. What with the shock from my fall, and the nearness of the monster, I was completely petrified—couldn't stir hand nor foot, could only gaze at him in a sort of stupor. I was completely at his mercy, and expected he'd spring upon me every moment."

"And he would a done it, too, mighty keen and savage," interrupted Wetzell, "ef his jaws hadn't been stuffed with a fresh kill. You made an all-fired narrow escape, Miss Zane."

"I know it and feel it, and thank you both from my very heart," said Betty earnestly, extending a hand each to Lyddy and Rose. "When the clatter of your horse's feet were heard, Major, the panther gave me a savage glare and growl, as if it were I who made the noise, and then dragged the deer off among those rocks, where you found them."

"Waal, but about the shooting," said Wetzell, excitedly, "who killed the painter, and who fired first?"

"It was I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow, and I killed cock robin," laughed Lyddy, saucily. "You must not be so curious, Lew. I'll write out the whole story for you. But I think we both fired first, and both killed the 'painter.' I took him on a rest and the Major on the wing, but bless me what a terrible din and racket those dogs *do* keep up. I really believe they're coming down this hollow."

"How's the hunt coming on, Wetzell?" asked the Major.

"Oh, it's 'bout done, now. Them dogs are only flanking and skrimmishing on their own hook. Never seed such a powerful grist o' varmint and feathered critter in all my born days. It makes a heap o' differ when yer hunting woods alone and when you've got an army of men and dogs. They jist turn and rout out everything bigger nor

a tumble-bug, and the whul timber's jest as full as it can chuck of God-a-mighty's makings.

"The turkeys trotted it as long as they dared and then gave up drumsticks and took to wings. The niggers have killed three or four cats. They came hissing and spitting along, and scurried up trees like greased lightning, making the bark and splinters fly, I kin tell ye. Andy Poe's crowd's got one bear, but he's a snorter. He was chased out of a gum tree—had been stealing honey, the rascal. He came down a running, broad end first, and wabbled off purty tolerable spry for this ravine; I 'spect. The dogs, howsumdever, soon brought him to bay, back up agin a tree, and there he sat on his hunkers for more'n twenty minutes, cuffing and bowling over the dogs like nine pins.

"Eb. Zane's Scip's had one cur's skin torn into ribbons, and his bow-legged hound, Beauty,—so called bekase he is so rantankerous ugly—has been scalped and done for, and I'm dog-gonned glad of it, as he's the most everlasting night-howler in the whul settlement. Oh, they've jest had stacks and slathers o' fun with foxes, wolves, coon, possum, deer, and as for rabbits, ginger! they jest ran into the dogs' mouths and asked to be chewed up. Why, Major, ye know Black Pete's half-breed, Tige, that wouldn't streak anything *but* rabbits—oh, no, what am I thinking of, course *you* don't know him, but Miss Betty there does—well, he just got so all-fired stuck up this day, that he wouldn't look cross at a rabbit, but nothing would do him but cats. yes, cats, the onery cross-eyed jerk, but he got caught at last, for he turned up jest the very wrongest and peskiest sort of a cat, one of those cology, rose-scented kind, and—"

"Here comes the dogs; I knew it," interrupted Lydia, "just listen! Mercy on me, what a deafening din!"

"Yaas, and them dogs are drefful mad, too; it's no common game they're after. Best mount yer nags, girls! Dogs change voice when they meet a rale varmint. They put on a sharp, eager growl, and rough up their har like a shellbark hickory. Mebbe it's a bar."

While Rose and the girls were mounting, Wetzell advanced a few steps in front, his rifle lying in the hollow of his left arm, and watched the coming pack.

"Here they come, pell-mell, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, and devil take the hindermost"—shouted Wetzell excitedly. "Hullo, what's that critter scooting it in front! Eh! What! Great guns, Major, mind yer eye, I tell you. Here comes a she-painter, as I'm a living sinner. It's the dead un's mate."

All was now confusion and dismay. Every rifle was empty but Wetzell's, but he was a host in himself, and stood firm as a rock, and cool as a cucumber. Rose commenced to load quick as he could, but was so nervous that his ramrod slipped from his fingers.

The panther came bowling along in front, her eyes on fire; her sides panting; her gaunt body fairly smoking. She was coming at a killing pace, a great pack of jumping, howling, barking, snapping dogs close behind her.

As she came abreast of our party, Wetzell caught her blazing eye. She commenced a quick rush towards him, but seemed to change her mind, and turned back again into her course. She had suddenly seen

her mate stretched at full length, stiff and stark, right across her path. She bounded towards him with a peculiar cry of recognition. She stood stock still in her tracks, snuffed a moment, pushed his body with her nose, and then set up a singular howl of distress.

Just at this moment Wetzell drew a bead and shot. The panther gave a sudden lurch, uttered a sullen growl of pain and wrath, and with a dangling leg was sneaking off behind the rocks, when the hounds were on her in a bunch, and leaped forward to the attack. The noise was fearful; the struggle fierce and desperate. The panther sat, with savage mouth distended, upon its haunches, back to the rock.

Only the most courageous of the dogs rushed in, and they were torn up and tossed off with dreadful wounds. One angry wiper from her paw would tumble an adversary to grass bleeding and disabled. Music, the staunch Irish hound, was the strongest and fiercest of her assailants. Regardless of peril, he rushed repeatedly at the panther's throat, and once succeeded in pinning her for a full half minute.

The panther could not reach the dog either by paw or teeth, but kept closing and clashing its horrid jaws like a fox-trap. With a powerful wrench it broke loose from Music's grip, made a savage dash at him, and the poor dog fell back with head crunched, and back and sides frightfully mutilated.

The curs and half breeds made up in noise what they lacked in pluck. They dared not assault the live beast, but they threw themselves with wondrous vigor upon the dead one, and would have torn it into shreds had not Wetzell, Kenton and other of the scouts who had come up, whipped and beaten them off.

The dogs were punished so dreadfully that it was high time to close the desperate combat. Wetzell stepped up to within a few paces, took deliberate aim and delivered his lead right between the eyes. The panther leaped high in the air, gave a frightful, savage cry, and fell back among the dogs, a quivering corpse. They crowded on it in such numbers and with such incredible ferocity, that it was with the greatest difficulty the body could be rescued.

The hunt was now fairly over, and with results even beyond what were expected both as to number and variety. Of deer there were seventeen, including one huge buck which, with many others, had broken through the lines and boldly leaped over the high river bluff into the Ohio. It was pursued by Brady's boat, and made a gallant struggle for life, being only captured through the skill of Killbuck.

The largest and most important yield of the day, however, was from "drawing" the creek swamp, a great refuge for bear. This was the last spot to be surrounded, and as for hours the bear which had been put up had naturally taken that direction, the excitement towards the end of the hunt had been intense. The clamor of guns, dogs and hunters was prodigious. Many of the single battles with the dogs were fierce and protracted, but at last all the noble spoil but three, which had burst through the lines and made good their escape, were *hors du combat*, counting no less than thirteen. When all the hunters had been recalled by the horns to a selected spot, and the game, big and little, had been there collected, a stirring and animated spectacle

was presented. Huge fires were built; some of the bear and deer were skinned and barbecued, while the choicer parts were spitted on wooden stakes, and there was one universal scene of sizzling, dripping broils, the air being fragrant with savory odors. The rabbits, possums, etc., which had been too much mutilated were thrown to the dogs, that were as busy and noisy as their masters.

This woodland feast continued for hours and was followed at the settlement in the evening by shooting matches for the largest specimens of the game. Altogether it was a day frequent enough in those old pioneer times, but which could scarcely find a parallel in these modern days.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

### A LOVE PASSAGE AND ITS ISSUE.

It would have been difficult for one who now saw them together for the first time, to decide whether Lydia Boggs or Betty Zane occupied most of Major Rose's thoughts. He was oftenest with the former—used to take forest rambles and make cave excursions, or scour the beech wood on long, mad rides with her, Lydia mounted on Black Bess and he on Liverpool. Her dash, spirit and *abandon* charmed him, and he seemed never to tire of her free joyous laugh, or her odd and self-willed ways.

But a close observer would occasionally note a distraction of thought in Rose. When with Lydia he merely passed the time; but with Betty, he thought and felt more. He was less at his ease, but more to his liking. His occasional anxious looks, fits of moodiness and embarrassed expressions betrayed the lover, but not the accepted lover. He was on insecure footing. You could discern it in his voice, his looks, his manners. Her behaviour to him was too wayward and capricious to give him assurance. At times he was assured by her frankness and gaiety; then repelled by her indifference. He was plainly on tenter hooks with her; would aspire to climb, but that he feared to fall; would speak the words to decide his fate, but dreaded the result. Even this varying suspense was better than a cruel reverse. She had ever been kind, gentle, and amiable, it is true; but then again there was a something so frank, so unconstrained, and so unembarrassed in all her conduct towards him that he feared—he could not help it. He knew he possessed her respect, her esteem, her grateful friendship; he wanted more, but watched in vain for those infallible signs by which lovers detect, or think they do, a tenderer feeling.

If she loved him, such was his conclusion, she was a most artful adept at concealing her real feelings. There were many painful pauses and embarrassments in their conversation. He was moody, nervous, melancholy; she, unusually—we may say—unnecessarily gay and rattling, cunningly avoiding all dangerous subjects, and seemingly anxious to steer clear of all conversational traps and pitfalls.

The evening before his departure, they were seated on a moss-

covered log, and the conversation gradually drifted around to the coming expedition, and then to his parting on the morning.

"Oh, but you'll be back again to see us soon, won't you, major? You've made so many friends here; and Lydia, and Drusilla, and—and all we prisoners feel so grateful for your attentions and services."

Major Rose was silent for a moment, and commenced nervously twitching up the grass with his foot. "Shall I speak and end this cruel suspense?" was the query he was trying to answer. With a great gulp he managed to stammer out:

"No—no. I don't think I'll be back, unless—unless Miss Zane wishes it especially."

She looked frightened. It was coming now.

"Miss Zane," she answered pleasantly, "will always be glad to see Major Rose—she has reason to be ever grateful to him."

He cast a quick, eager glance at his companion, and said softly, but earnestly,

"Miss Betty, gratitude is a cold, dutiful sort of a feeling. I would have something warmer, from the heart. You ought to know it by this time. You must have seen—have felt that my feelings for you are far more than those of mere friendship."

He watched her keenly, anxiously. Her face was cast down, a vivid blush mantling her cheeks. At last she said, in a low but kind voice:

"Major Rose, I will not affect to misunderstand you. I have seen that you entertained very warm feelings towards me—far warmer than I deserved; yes, than I—than I—why should I not speak frankly at this hour?—than I wished. You must have seen that I have not encouraged them."

"I have and I have not, Miss Zane," said the major, ruefully. "At times I've thought you had a warm regard for me, and then again it seemed as if you would avoid me."

"Not avoid, major; don't say that, please. I was anxious, though, that you should not be disappointed, that—well I can't say more with due maidenly modesty."

"You know, Miss Zane, that I'm a foreigner; that—that—you may have heard how I came to be General Irvine's aide, and may look upon me as one who dare not take his own name, or reveal his origin or connections—in a word, as an adventurer. I assure you——"

"Entirely needless, major. You have the bearing, the manners, and the conduct of a gentleman, and so think all who know you. I do, of course, believe that John Rose is not a foreigner but an assumed name, and that there is some strange mystery about you; but, believe me, I have never desired to pry into your affairs—have neither the right nor the curiosity."

"And yet, Miss Zane, it is proper that I should say frankly to *you*—not as any motive to a change of feeling, but simply as a duty to one whom I esteem so highly—that my name is *not* John Rose, that my family is one of the very best in Europe, that I am a person of high rank, and——"

"Major," interrupted Betty, kindly, "these revelations are of your own making. I shall keep your secret, but my esteem for you is based



on what I know and have seen and heard of you. If you were a prince in disguise, it would neither debase nor elevate you in my regard."

"You have several times, Miss Zane, alluded to certain fits of gloom and abstraction under which I have the misfortune to labor, and have, pleasantly, to be sure, warned me that I was making life unhappy for myself and for those whom——"

"I beg, major, that you will not say more on this score. It was only on your own account that I ever ventured to allude to this. I supposed, of course, they had connection with your mystery, and——"

"Oh, they have, they have, indeed, my friend," pleaded Rose, feelingly. "I am an innocent sufferer. I am not only an exile from my country, my friends and my dear family, but I am a shedder of blood. I have killed an adversary in a duel. I am a tender-hearted man, probably a weak and foolish one, Miss Zane, and although this duel was forced upon me, not in my own interest, or to protect my own honor, but in behalf of a revered uncle who was too old and feeble to resent a gross insult, yet still, Miss Zane, there's blood on my skirts. I feel it. It has weighed on me like an incubus. It haunts me day and night, and at times I am wretched indeed. Have pity on me."

Rose had risen abruptly, and was pacing to and fro before the astonished girl in great agitation, and with tears welling from his eyes.

Betty was so amazed at this violent outbreak that she could not utter a word. At last she said, softly and sympathetically:

"Major, you are—I am—this is indeed painful and unexpected. I had no idea—I am at a loss what to say, or how to console. Believe me——"

"It is over, Miss Betty. I have been simple and childish. Pardon me, and do me the justice to believe that I did not mention all this with any desire or expectation of changing your feelings. It was just forced out of me. It is so hard to love another, and not to be loved in return—to think that I am compelled to the unwelcome duty of appearing under false colors and with a feigned name, that—that—I thought—but no matter what I thought. The dream is over. My hopes are crushed. The blow is a hard one on me, and yet I am bound in truth and honor to say that it is not entirely unexpected. You have treated me fairly—have never deceived me. There is only one thing more I would beg of you."

"My dear friend," said Betty, quickly and heartily, so relieved now that all was thoroughly understood between them, and that she could keep her place in his highest esteem, "anything you can ask and that I can in reason grant, be assured that I will grant it; and as for what you have been pleased to tell me to-night, I shall keep it inviolably sacred, secret as the grave."

"Thanks, Miss Betty; my query is this. I have sometimes thought that your affections were not your own to bestow, that you were——"

"Major," interrupted Betty, quickly and haughtily, "this is truly unkind—more, it is——"

"Nay, now Miss Zane, you *must* hear me through. It is *not* unkind, but it would be a very, very dear consolation for me to know that

this resolve of yours is not on account of my own unworthiness; that if your heart were free to give, I might have possessed it. I will not ask you to speak one word, but will take your silence as an intimation that I might have won your heart under other, under more favorable circumstances."

A most embarrassing silence ensued. The test to which Betty was exposed could not be avoided without painful explanations. She sat with her eyes cast down for a few moments, a blush of scarlet suffusing her whole face and neck. At last she said, in low tones:

"Had we not better rejoin our friends?"

Major Rose walked silently by her side, tried hard to talk on various subjects, excused himself from entering Colonel Zane's house, and bade her, with her hand to his lips and in a whirlwind of suppressed emotion, farewell forever.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

### A GRAND BORDER MUSTER AND BATTLE.

At the first break of dawn quite a numerous party started up the river for Mingo Bottom, the general rendezvous and starting point of the Sandusky expedition.

The Yellow Creek scouts, headed by Andy Poe, came first, followed by Major Rose, mounted on his fine mare which Lydia Boggs had steadily declined to accept; Simon Kenton, alias Butler, on his way back east, to verify the wonderful news brought him by Brady; and lastly, Jonathan Zane, who was to act as guide to the expedition. A small body of Wheeling scouts brought up the rear.

On arriving at "Mingo ford," they found that most of the volunteers had already crossed the river, and were encamped on Mingo Bottom, a rich and extensive plateau on the Ohio, a scant three miles below the present city of Steubenville. It was a very lively and exciting scene which there greeted the eyes of our party. An election for the position of the commandant was just then going on, Colonel Wm. Crawford, from the Youghiogheny, beating Colonel David Williamson, the notorious leader of the Moravian forces and massacre, by five votes. Major Rose and Dr. Knight were to serve respectively as aide to Crawford, and as surgeon to the force—both having been detailed, by General Irvine, of Fort Pitt, for that purpose.

The rest of the day was spent in idling or preparations for the morrow. The Half King's home on the Sandusky, distant about one hundred and seventy miles, was the object of the expedition. It was thought the trip could be made in seven days, and that the savages, by means of the great secrecy which had been maintained, would be taken completely by surprise. Fatal mistakes, both!

The formidable cavalcade, numbering no less than four hundred and eighty men—the very flower of the border, and mounted on the best and fleetest horses—moved early the next morning over the river bluff, and were immediately enshrouded in the vast wilderness. The fourth evening they encamped amid the desert ruins of New Schoen-

brunnen, the upper village of the Moravians, feeding their horses from the ungathered crops of the previous year.

Here they routed up and pursued two savages, who, however escaped. All hope of secrecy was now abandoned, and nothing remained but to press on with all possible vigor. Five days later they reached the Sandusky near the present town of Crestline. Not an Indian seen since leaving the Muskingum! Was this a propitious or an ominous sign?

Soon after, according to the statements of Zane and Slover, the two guides, they were approaching the Wyandotte town, but strange that no signs of Indian occupation could be seen. Further on an opening in the woods is discovered. It is the town they seek. The horses are spurred into a rapid trot.

To the utter amazement and consternation of all, every hut was found deserted; nothing but a dreary solitude all around. The guides looked at the leaders with blank dismay in their faces. They had not the faintest suspicion that the year before the Half King had moved his town some eight miles lower down the Sandusky.

A halt was called at once, and a council of officers anxiously deliberated over the perplexing situation. It was the opinion of both Zane and Crawford that a return to the Ohio should be immediately made, as the absence of Indians and other suspicious signs made it highly probable that the savages were withdrawing before them and concentrating their forces. It was finally concluded that the force should move forward that day, but no longer.

The company of light horse rushed rapidly forward, and soon reached a beautiful woody island in the midst of a prairie which seemed to invite them out of the fierce heats of the June sun. They pause and rest, but finally strike out again into the open.

All at once they suddenly came in view of the enemy running directly towards them. Aha! Shaken up at last! Listen to those yells and whoops! The skulking copperheads! A fleet horseman flies to the rear to apprise Crawford, and all at once is bustle and animation.

We may explain here what not a single soul of that expedition then knew. Instead of their movement being kept secret, it was closely watched by a sleepless foe from the very first moment of its inception. Ever since the Gnadenhutzen massacre, watchful Indian spies had been kept all along the border. The news of the present movement had been carried by fleet runners to the various allied tribes; and their towns were working like hives of angry bees.

Not, however, until the Muskingum was passed, could the savages determine where the dread blow was to fall. Runners were then at once despatched to Detroit for immediate aid. The tocsin of alarm was sounded in all the towns of the Shawnees on Mad River, the Delawares on the Tymochtee, and the Hurons on the Sandusky. The squaws and children were quickly hurried to a safe place of retreat, and all the braves commenced to paint and plume for the war path.

It was, then, the combined Delaware force of Pipe and Wingenund, amounting to two hundred, that Crawford's videttes had encountered. These were just waiting for four hundred Wyandottes, under their

great war-chief, Shaus-sho-toh. Together they already outnumbered Crawford's troops, but this was by no means the whole.

The news of the discovery of redskins was received by the grumbling Americans with the most lively satisfaction. They leaped to their horses, hurriedly looked to their weapons, rapidly fell into line and spurred briskly forward.

Now the superior genius of Major John Rose first began to exhibit itself. As the opposing forces drew near to the dread conflict, his keen, dark eyes flashed with excitement; his demeanor was calm, cool and confident. As he scoured along on his blooded mare from point to point, carrying the orders of the commander, his intrepidity and fine martial appearance attracted all eyes and won all hearts.

The foe was now seen directly in front, taking possession of the grove on the prairie so lately abandoned by the light horse. A quick forward movement attended with hot, rapid firing soon drove the enemy out again into the open. The savages then attempted to occupy a skirt of woods on the right flank, but were at once prevented by Major Leet's command.

The renegade, Captain Elliott, who now made his appearance as commander-in-chief, ordered The Pipe and his Delawares to flank to the right, and attack Crawford in the rear. This manœuvre was executed boldly and skillfully, nearly proving fatal to the Americans.

The action now became general, and the firing was hot, close and continued, but the Americans maintained their position. The enemy skulked much behind the tall grass, and could only be picked off by sharpshooting. Big Captain Johnny, a huge Indian chief, nearly seven feet high, and of frightful ugliness, was very conspicuous in this struggle; so, also, was Simon Girty, who, seated on a white horse of powerful stride, could both be seen and heard in different parts of the field, cheering his Indians to the encounter.

At dark the enemy's fire slackened, and Crawford's force was much encouraged. They did not, until long afterwards, know that their safety lay in forcing the fight, Elliott's and Girty's in delay.

At length the foe drew off for the night, leaving Crawford in possession of the grove about which the battle had raged, and known in history as "Battle Island." The day had been sultry, and the volunteers suffered dreadfully from thirst. No prisoners were taken on either side, but quite a number of the Americans had been killed or wounded.

Both parties lay on their arms the whole night, kindling large fires in front, and then retiring some distance to the rear, in order to prevent night surprises.

Early the next day the battle was renewed, but only at long shot, and so continued during the whole day, but Crawford's position was plainly growing worse, and more untenable each hour, while that of the enemy was just contrariwise. Crawford wished to compel closer and more decisive fighting, but his men were exhausted by the heat and thirst, or sickened by bad water, and it was finally concluded to lay by and then attempt a night attack.

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

## A RETREAT AND A BATTLE—CRAWFORD MISSING.

A wonderful and disastrous change, however, soon set in. Then confidence soon turned to doubt, and doubt to dismay. Towards evening an outlying sentinel discovered a troop of horse approaching on a brisk trot in the direction of the Wyandottes.

They were Butler's British Rangers, and we now know, were from Detroit, although none of Crawford's men knew then, if they did ever, where they were from. That British aid could come from Detroit, or from any other point, was never so much as dreamed of by any. It was now supposed they must have descended from Maumee or Sandusky Bay.

The tidings came to the Americans with startling and stunning force. A council of war was called at once. Even while they were deliberating, a large reinforcement of Shawnees from Mad River, about two hundred strong, was observed moving along in full view on their flank, and taking position with the Delawares, so that the trail our scouts followed ran along between two hostile camps. All over the prairie, too, small squads of the enemy could be seen pouring in from various directions.

Matters began to look desperate. British cavalry, with a cloud of yelling savages, on one side, and a strong force of Shawnees on the other. They were clearly outnumbered, two to one, and every hour was adding to their inferiority.

A retreat that night was instantly and unanimously resolved upon. It was to commence at nine o'clock, in four divisions. The dead were hastily buried, and litters were prepared for the dangerously wounded. Meanwhile the desultory firing was continued. The loud, hoarse voice of Girty was frequently heard in various directions directing and locating his different forces, and it became at once patent to the very dullest comprehension that he was preparing for an overwhelming and irresistible attack the next day.

At dark the outposts were withdrawn as quietly as possible, and the whole body was put in motion. Unfortunately the enemy early discovered the movement, and at once opened a hot fire. Many became panicky, and the retreat grew confused and precipitate.

It is a delicate matter for even trained veterans to retire in face of a superior and victorious army. With raw volunteers an orderly withdrawal is almost impossible. Great wonder, dark as was the night, that this hasty retreat did not degenerate into an utter rout; but, thanks to the officers, some order was preserved.

A great blessing was it that the enemy was also in confusion and some alarm. They were not so sure that a retreat was intended, and were fearful of a feint or night attack, a style of fighting that redmen never indulge in if it is possible to avoid.

Unfortunately a number of horses now became hopelessly bogged in a swamp, and had to be abandoned. The rear suffered severely, while many parties became detached from the main body and straggled

off, blindly groping their way through the black, tangled woods. Only about three hundred were found together next morning.

The unpleasant discovery was now made that Colonel Crawford, the commander, was missing, with his son, son-in-law and nephew; also Slover, the guide, and Dr. Knight, the surgeon. None had heard of them, and knew not whether killed, wounded or straggling. Colonel Williamson now took command and aided constantly and most efficiently by Major Rose, strove to bring order out of confusion.

It would require a volume to relate the various adventures and vicissitudes, or the sad and cruel fate that befell individuals and groups of stragglers. Some of them are intensely exciting and interesting. We can only follow the main body, which marched steadily and rapidly along all that day. The British cavalry and a body of mounted Indians hovered in their rear, but did little damage.

That afternoon, as they were nearing the woods which bounded the Sandusky Plains on the east, the enemy began to press hard on their rear, and undertook a rapid flank movement on either side, with the design of cutting off all retreat, or of forcing a disastrous combat on the plain, before the shelter of the woods could be secured.

Our resolute little force was driven to bay just at the entrance of the forest, and doggedly faced about, their pursuers—all mounted but with no artillery—overlapping them on both sides, and painfully superior both in number and equipments.

Williamson and Rose exerted themselves to the utmost to organize a spirited and efficient defence. The latter, especially, flew from rank to rank, cheering and encouraging all by his skill, his coolness and his intrepidity. "It is not too much to say," wrote Butterfield in his admirable and exhaustive account of Crawford's Expedition, "that the undaunted young foreigner was the good angel of the American forces." "Stand to your ranks, boys," were his inspiring words sounding along the lines; "stand to your ranks, take steady aim, fire low, and don't throw away a single shot. Remember! every thing depends upon your steadiness."

The enemy attacked vigorously in front, flank and rear, but in less than an hour were forced to give way, and were driven off at every point.

The battle over, a driving storm swept along with unusual fury, wetting all the arms and drenching the troops to the skin. They continued the retreat, the enemy rallying their scattered force and following hard after.

Their firing became at last so galling that a complete panic would have resulted had it not been for the almost superhuman efforts of Major Rose, who enjoined upon the wavering lines that they must keep rank or not a soul of them would ever reach home. Order was at length restored, every now and then the front company filing to the left and taking position in the rear, thus giving each company its turn in covering the retreat.

Next morning, however, the enemy reappeared and hung for a while in the rear, capturing and tomahawking two of the scouts; but just then, fortunately, the pursuit was abandoned. The last hostile shot was fired near where Crestline, O., now stands. Neither savage

nor ranger was afterwards seen during the retreat ; but many stragglers found their way back to the lines, and were received with welcome hurrahs.

The Muskingum was recrossed on the 10th, and Mingo Bottom was reached on the 13th, where some of the missing had arrived before them. They immediately recrossed the Ohio and dispersed to their several homes. Parties or single stragglers came in for days afterwards. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing, it has since been discovered, was less than seventy.

Col. Williamson, in his official report to General Irvine at Fort Pitt, writes thus of his aid, the gallant Major Rose: "I must acknowledge myself ever obliged to Major Rose for his assistance, both in the field of action and in the camp. His character is inestimable, and his bravery cannot be outdone."

Gen. Irvine, too, in his letter to Crawford's widow, says: "After the defeat, Williamson and others informed me that it was owing, in a great degree, to the bravery and good conduct of Major Rose that the retreat was so well effected."

Thus ended this twenty days campaign in the western wilds. The total failure of the expedition created incredible alarm and dismay along the whole border, which was now left more defenceless than ever, and for months after exposed to merciless marauds and scalping forays.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

### COLONEL CRAWFORD'S CAPTURE AND ADVENTURES.

And where all this time was Colonel Wm. Crawford, the courteous gentleman, the brave and gallant partisan officer, the daring defender of the west, and the trusted, life-long friend of Washington.

Dr. Knight, in his thrilling account of his own escape, says he had not gone over a quarter of a mile in the general retreat before he heard Crawford calling out of the dark and confusion for his son, John ; his nephew, William ; his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and on his friend, Major Rose. Knight told him he thought they were all in front, and promised to stand by him. They both waited and called for the absent men until all the troops had passed, when the Colonel said his horse had given out, and he wished some of his best friends to stay by him.

By this time they were near the marsh, where they saw some volunteers vainly struggling to disengage their horses from the oozy bog. Crawford, Knight, and two others, now changed their route to the north for a couple of miles, and then east, directing their course by the north star.

They traveled all night, crossing the Sandusky. By daylight Crawford's horse gave out and was abandoned. That afternoon they fell in with Captain Briggs and Lieutenant Ashley—the latter severely wounded—and went into camp. The next day they were quietly

threading their way through the matted woods, when several Indians started up within a few feet of Knight and Crawford.

As only three were at first discerned, Knight sprang behind a black oak and was taking aim when the Colonel called twice to him not to fire. One of the savages then ran up and struck Crawford's hand, and another, whom Knight had formerly often seen, ran up to him, calling him doctor.

The party had fallen into an ambuscade of Delawares, Wingenund's camp being only a half mile off. Capt. Briggs had fired at the Indians and missed; but all succeeded, for the present, in escaping but Knight and Crawford, who were taken to the Indian camp. The scalps of Briggs and Ashley were brought in soon after.

As may well be supposed, the rejoicings of the savages at their late decisive victory had been immense. The allied forces retired to the Half-King's town to celebrate the triumph with all sorts of dances, orgies and ceremonies. The British horse were compelled to retire to Detroit immediately, but the Indian women and children came out from their hiding places, and the festivities were kept up for some time. Among the spoils were numerous horses, guns, saddles, lashing ropes, etc.

The first excitement over, a runner was sent to bring Crawford and Knight on to Pipe's town on the Tymochtee. Their doom was already sealed but they were kept in total ignorance of their fate. As before stated, the burning and torture of prisoners was an obsolete custom among the Wyandottes, and the Delawares did not dare to so put them to death without permission from Pomoacan.

To obtain this the crafty Pipe resorted to a ruse. A runner, with a belt of wampum was despatched to the Half King, with a message to the effect that they had a cherished project to accomplish and did not wish him to interfere, and that they would consider the return of the wampum as equivalent to his pledged word.

The Half King was puzzled. He narrowly questioned the messenger, who feigned ignorance. Finally, supposing it must be some war expedition against the border which the Delawares wished to undertake, he returned the belt to the messenger with these words: "Say to my nephews they have my pledge!"

This was poor Crawford's death warrant. On June 10th he and Knight, with nine other prisoners, were all marched off on the trail to the Half King's town. Crawford had been told that Simon Girty—who had scarcely reached Detroit with the Malott family before news of Crawford's expedition and Pomoacan's earnest appeal for immediate aid summoned him away again—was at the Half King's town. Girty was an old acquaintance of Crawford—some say a rejected suitor of one of his daughters—and at the latter's appeal he was conducted under charge of two warriors to interview the Renegade. The rest continued on.

Crawford saw Girty that night; very little is known of the conference, but a Christian Indian, Tom Galloway by name, asserts that he heard the whole talk, and that Crawford had made to Girty an earnest appeal for his life, offering him a thousand dollars if he succeeded; and that Girty promised he would do all he could for him.



This being reported to Pipe and Wingenund only made them more determined on his speedy death.

Girty also told the colonel that Major Harrison, his son-in law, and young William Crawford, his nephew, were prisoners to the Shawnese, but had been pardoned by them. True as to their capture, but false as to their pardon. The prisoners at the Half King's town, soon after Crawford's departure, were tomahawked and their heads stuck upon poles. It is certain they were not tortured to death.

Knight and his fellow prisoners meanwhile had been taken on to Old Town, and securely guarded during the night. Next day Pipe and Wingenund approached them, the former with his own hands painting all their faces black, a sure sign of intended death. Crawford soon after came up, and now saw the two redoubtable Delaware war-chiefs for the first time. They both came forward and greeted him as an old acquaintance, Pipe telling him in his blandest and oiliest manner that he would have him *shaved* (adopted), but at the same time he *painted him black!*

The whole party now started for Pomoacan's town, the two chiefs keeping Knight and Crawford in the rear. They soon had the inexpressible horror of seeing, at intervals of a half mile apart, the dead, scalped bodies of four of their fellow prisoners. To add to their horror and dismay, they now diverged off into a trail, leading from Pomoacan's hut directly to Pipe's town. Their very last hope now died in their sad hearts.

On the little Tymochtee, where there was an Indian hamlet, they overtook the other five prisoners, and all were ordered to sit on the ground. Here a lot of squaws and children fell on the five prisoners with incredible fury, and tomahawked and scalped them all. One hideous old hag cut off the head of John McKinty, and kicked it about over the grass. The boys came up to where the horror-stricken Knight and Crawford were sitting apart, and frequently dashed the gory and reeking scalps into their very faces.

Again they were driven forward, and were soon met by Simon Girty and several prominent Indians, all mounted. Girty well knowing what fate had been decided for Crawford, had ridden across the plains to Pipe's town—let us hope to save him, if possible.

Those who contend that Girty was nothing but a wild beast, assert that he never interfered or intended to interfere; that he not only consented to Crawford's death, but took a fiendish delight in witnessing it. Others, having quite as good means of information, strongly assert that he did all he could for Crawford, but that that was not much.

The Delawares were obstinately bent on making the "Big Captain," as they styled Crawford, a victim and an example. The late horrible massacre of so many of their tribe on the Muskingum had rendered them absolutely envenomed and pitiless, and it is probable that no one—not even Pomoacan himself—could have saved Crawford. Girty was an adopted Wyandotte, and any strong or persevering effort on his part to defraud the zealous and infuriated Delawares of their revenge would not only have subjected him to insult, but to personal injury.

Joseph McCutcheon, in an article on Girty in the *American Pioneer*, asserts that he gathered from the Wyandottes themselves that Girty offered a large sum of money to Pipe for Crawford, which the chief received as a great insult, promptly replying:

“Sir, do you think I am a squaw? If you say one word more on the subject, I will make a stake for you and burn you along with the White Chief.”

Girty, knowing the Indian character, retired in silence.

McCutcheon also asserts that Girty had sent runners to Mohican Creek and Lower Sandusky, where there were some white traders, to come immediately and buy Crawford off. The traders came but were too late, Crawford being then in the midst of his tortures.

Be all this as it may, if any efforts were made in Crawford's behalf, they were totally ineffectual. As the two prisoners moved along almost every Indian they met struck them with their fists or with sticks. Girty asked Knight if he was the doctor; Knight said yes, and extended his hand; upon which Girty called him a —rascal and bid him begone, and afterwards told him he was to go to the Shawneese towns.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

### COL. CRAWFORD'S AWFUL TORTURES.

We now approach the sad end of this mournful, cruel tragedy. The other prisoners were dispatched promptly and without ceremony, but for the “Big Captain” a more dreadful, appalling fate was reserved. All the devilish and excruciating tortures which ever entered into savage head to conceive were to be visited on the distinguished leader of the ill-starred expedition.

Almost within sight of Pipe's Town, and amid a yelling, infuriated crowd of over a hundred braves, squaws and boys, a huge fire was kindled. It was late on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 11th, 1782. There were the two Delaware war chiefs, Pipe and Wingenund; Simon Girty and Captain Elliott, in the uniform of a British officer, stood near. Dr. Knight was also a horrified and unwilling spectator of the awful scene.

He and Crawford, stripped entirely naked and painted black, were first ordered to sit down, when all at once the savages fell upon them and belabored them most unmercifully.

Meanwhile a long stake had been firmly planted, to which the poor colonel was fastened by a rope just long enough to allow him to either sit down or take two or three turns around.

The wretched victim seeing all these awful preparations and the scowling distorted visages of the yelling and leaping demons about him, called to Girty, and asked if the savages intended burning him. Girty answered “yes,” to which Crawford said he would strive to bear it all with fortitude. Pipe, who of all present, seemed the most savage and implacable, made one of his awful, stirring harangues, exciting his motley audience to a perfect fury.

Heckewelder, the Moravian missionary, relates that when Wingenund afterwards came to Detroit, he was severely censured for not saving the life of his old acquaintance, Col. Crawford. He listened calmly, and then said to Heckewelder:

"These men talk like fools," and then turning to his accusers, he said, in English: "If King George himself had been on the spot with all his ships laden with treasures, he could not have ransomed my friend, nor saved his life from the rage of a justly exasperated multitude."

He never after would allude to the torture, but was full of grief, and felt greatly hurt at those who censured him; for he contended that the Gnadenhutten massacre was a wanton and most atrocious insult to his nation, and that the blood of those innocent Christians, so inhumanly butchered, called aloud for vengeance.

Another circumstance Heckewelder asserts was much against the prisoner. It was reported that the Indian spies, on examining the camp at Mingo Bottom, after the expedition left, found on the peeled trees these words, written with coal:

"No quarters to be given to an Indian, whether man, woman, or child!"

If such rumors were circulated among the savages, they must have been done for effect, or were after-thoughts designed to excuse these atrocious tortures. There is not a tittle of evidence going to prove any such ferocious bravado, although doubtless a large proportion of the volunteers were the same Indian haters who were out on the Williamson raid.

Heckewelder also gives a highly interesting account of a conversation alleged to have occurred just before the commencement of the tortures, between Wingenund and Crawford, in which the former solemnly asserted that by Crawford's making himself an accomplice of the execrable miscreant Williamson, it was out of his power or that of any of his friends to save him.

Upon Crawford's most solemn assurance that both he and all good men not only condemned that atrocious slaughter, but that he was put at the head of this expedition expressly to prevent any excesses of that kind, and that it was not undertaken, as the Indians asserted, against the remnant of the Christian Indians, but for a purely military purpose, the chief said the Indians could not be made to believe such a story, but that if Williamson had been taken, he (Wingenund) and his friends might have effected something; but since that savage murderer had run off, no man would dare to interfere; that the blood of the slaughtered, the relatives of those massacred, and that the whole nation cried aloud for revenge.

Heckewelder thus concludes: "I have been assured by respectable Indians that at the close of this conversation, which was related to me by Wingenund, as well as by others, both he and Crawford burst into a flood of tears; they then took an affectionate leave of each other, and the chief immediately *hid himself in the bushes*, as the Indians express it, or retired to a solitary spot. He never afterwards spoke of his unfortunate friend without strong emotions of grief, which I have several times witnessed."

Whether this conversation actually occurred; whether it was the coinage of Heckewelder or of Wingenund—and each presumption has its adherents—must, at this late day, be left entirely to conjecture and the probabilities of the case. Certain it is, the cruel tortures went on.

The men now took up their guns and shot powder into Crawford's naked body, from his feet up to his neck, to the number of full seventy loads. They then crowded in on him, and must have cut off his ears, since Dr. Knight saw the blood running in streams from both sides of his head.

The circle of fire arose from small hickory poles, and was placed several yards from the stake, so that the poor sufferer had not, like the blessed martyrs of old, the consolation of a speedy, if a horrible death, but by a hellish refinement of cruelty his tortures were designedly prolonged. It would not serve the purpose of these incarnate fiends to have the victim become too soon insensate; they must gall and sting, beat and harass, rack and worry him by slow instalments.

Happy was the savage who could wreak upon the wretched sufferer one pang or agony more exquisite or excruciating than the last! who could bring from his poor humanity a more profound groan, or who could give his shrinking nerves or quivering flesh one added torment.

As Crawford began his weary rounds about the post, the yelling fiends would take up the blazing fagots and apply them to his shrinking, powder-scratched body. The squaws, more pitiless, if possible, than the men, gathered up the glowing embers on broad peelings of bark and cast them over his trembling body.

Oh, it was horrible—most horrible. No escape from these merciless devils; their leering, hideous faces presented on all sides, and very soon the writhing martyr walked solely on a bed of scorching coals.

In the very midst of these awful orgies, Crawford called upon Girty again and again to shoot him and end his misery. Girty, it is said, replied he had no gun. He would not have dared to shoot even had he been so disposed. He soon after came up to Knight, and bade him prepare for the same death. He then observed that the prisoners had told him that if he were captured by the Americans they would not hurt him. He did not believe it, but was anxious to know the doctor's opinion of the subject. He at the same time railed against Colonel John Gibson, of Fort Pitt, as one of his most hated enemies, and much more to the same purpose.

The unhappy doctor was so distressed at the poignant and excruciating torments inflicted right before his very eyes upon his friend, and by the near prospect of a similar awful fate, that, he says in his "Narrative," he scarcely heard, much less answered.

Crawford was now nearly exhausted by his long-continued sufferings. His flesh was becoming callous, his nerves dulled by excess of pain. He bore all with heroic fortitude, uttering no cries, but calling in low, sad tones on a merciful God to have pity on him and give him surcease of suffering.

For nearly two hours longer he suffered every variety of inhuman torture. Devils in hell could devise no more or no worse. At last,

being almost spent, and his dull, deadened nerves no longer responding to any kind of torment, he lay down on his fiery bed.

The end was near at last. The immortal spirit was about taking flight. The savages must hasten if they would inflict the last horrible anguish. One rushed in, and with his keen blade drew around the horrid circle, and pulled off the bleeding scalp of gray hairs. In vain! He had escaped them!

No, not even yet! A hideous old hag—with tigerish heart—had just then an infernal inspiration. She hastily screeched herself up to the insensate victim and threw a bark of burning embers on the raw, throbbing, palpitating brain.

A piteful groan announced the success of the monstrous device. The fleeting soul was thus cruelly summoned back. The blind and staggering victim once more raised himself on his feet—once more began his weary round. Burning sticks were again applied, but in vain, for the flesh had now utterly lost all feeling.

Dr. Knight was not to have the consolation of witnessing his chief's final triumph through death over his merciless foes, but was led away from the dreadful scene. As he was driven along the next morning he passed the cursed spot. He saw the charred remains of his beloved commander lying among the embers, almost burned to ashes.

It was long a tradition among the Indians that Crawford breathed his last just at sunset, and that after his death, his body was heaped upon the fagots and so consumed, amid the delighted whoops and leapings of his tormentors. It was a veritable "dance of death."

The touching, harrowing details of this awful death, as published by Dr. Knight, was a terrible shock to the whole country. On the border there was universal gloom, and a low, sullen muttering of revengeful wrath. Crawford was such a prominent, popular leader, that the "deep damnation of his taking off" was almost a national calamity. No one felt it more keenly than Washington himself, who wrote as follows: "It is with the greatest sorrow and concern that I have learned the melancholy tidings of Colonel Crawford's death. He was known to me as an officer of much care and prudence, brave, active, and experienced. The manner of his death was shocking; and I have this day communicated to Congress such papers as I have regarding it."

But the dolor and anguish of the sad and desolate widow, Hannah Crawford, as she sat watching and waiting in her lonely cabin on the Youghioghenny, who can describe! She had parted from her husband with a heavy, heavy heart. As one after another of the expedition straggled back, how tearfully did she question, how anxiously did she yearn for some tidings. Missed at the commencement of the retreat, with her only and idolized son, her nephew and her son-in-law, was all she could learn. Gone, all gone at one fell swoop! After three weeks of dread and intolerable suspense she heard of her husband's death. Still later drifted to her the sickening details. It were better for her future peace had his loss forever remained an unfathomable mystery.

"I well recollect," says Uriah Springer, "when I was a little boy, my grandmother Crawford took me behind her on horseback, rode across the Youghioghenny, and turned into the woods, when we both

alighted by an old moss-covered white-oak log. 'Here,' she said, as she sat down upon the log, and cried as though her heart would break — 'here I parted with your grandfather!'

That tradition, current in western Pennsylvania, that Simon Girty aspired to the hand of one of Crawford's daughters, but was denied, is one of the many unauthentic and untraceable rumors afloat concerning the mysterious Girty. Sally Crawford, who married the lamented Major Harrison, an officer of capacity and prominence, also lost in this expedition, was a far-famed belle, and considered the most beautiful young lady in all that district.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

### DR. KNIGHT'S ESCAPE—SLOVER'S ADVENTURES.

The miraculous escapes of Dr. Knight and John Slover from the Indians are replete with adventure and interest. We wish we had room for a fuller sketch. The former, after Crawford's torture and death, spent the night at Pipe's house and started early next morning for the Shawnee towns on Mad river, some forty miles distant. His only guard was on horseback, who, after having once more painted his prisoner black, drove the doctor before him. He was a large, rough-looking, but very friendly savage, and Knight soon began to ingratiate himself.

That night the gallant doctor attempted many times to untie himself, but the Indian was wary and scarce closed his eyes. At daybreak he untied his captive and arose to mend the fire, and the wood-gnat, being very annoying, Knight asked him if he would make a big smoke behind him. The savage said "yes."

The little doctor soon picked up a short dog-wood fork, the only stick he could find near, and slipping up behind his guide he smote him on the head with all his force. The amazed redskin was so stunned that he fell head foremost into the fire, but soon sprang up and ran off, howling in a most frightful manner.

Knight seized the fellow's gun and ran after him some distance to shoot, but he had pulled back the lock so violently as to break it, and soon gave up the chase. He then took the Indian's effects and struck straight through the pathless woods for home.

He changed his route several times to avoid all Indian trails and parties. His gun could not be mended, and he had finally to throw it away. He was nearly starved, but had neither food nor gun to shoot any game. He came across plenty of wild unripe gooseberries, but having his jaw nearly broken by a tomahawk blow, he could not chew. He managed, however, to sustain life on the juice of a weed which he knew to be nourishing. Not being able to kindle a fire the gnats and mosquitoes nearly devoured him.

He soon, too, got bewildered in a vast swampy district, but still kept straggling East. Game was very plenty, including elk, deer and bear, but none for him. Save young nettles, the juice of herbs, a few

wild berries, and two young blackbirds and a terrapin which he devoured raw, he had no food. When all this strange provender disagreed with his stomach he would chew wild ginger.

On the twentieth evening of his long and solitary wanderings, he struck Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of Big Beaver, and on the next day reached Fort Pitt, greatly to the astonishment of all and to the huge delight of General Irvine, with whom he was a great favorite. He remained at Fort Pitt till the close of the war, and afterwards moved to Kentucky.

The adventures of Slover, the guide, were much more varied and exciting. He had lived among the Miami and Shawnees from his early boyhood, and could talk their languages. When the retreat commenced he, James Paull, Young, and five others, became mired in the cranberry swamp. After floundering about for a long time they finally emerged, only to plunge into another morass, where they had to wait daylight.

They now struck an East trail and had nearly reached the Muskingum, when they were ambushed by a Shawnee party, who had tracked them all the way from the Plains. Two were killed by the first fire. James Paull, notwithstanding a very bad burnt foot, bounded off and made good his escape. Slover and the other two were made prisoners. Singular to relate, one of the Shawnees, who had aided in Slover's capture when a boy, now recognized him, calling him by his Indian name of Mannucothe, and reproaching him severely for leading a party against them. The other prisoners were now mounted on horses and started off for Mad River, which they reached in three days.

Up to this point they had been treated kindly, but now all they met glowered upon them in the most savage manner. The people of the first Shawnee village assaulted them with clubs and tomahawks. One of the captives was here painted black, but the savages forbade Slover from telling him what it meant.

A runner having been sent to Wappatomica—the same town from which Girty and the Malott family had so lately departed—the whole population swarmed out to give them a hot reception with guns, clubs, and hatchets. All three were ordered to run the gauntlet. If they could reach the Council House, three hundred yards distant, they would be safe.

The poor fellow who was painted black was made the chief target. Men, women and children beat and fired loads of powder at him as he ran naked, amid shoutings and beating of drums. He managed, however, to reach the Council House door, though in a pitiable plight. He was slashed with tomahawks, his body singed all over, and holes burnt into his flesh with the wadding.

He now thought himself safe. Fatal mistake! He was dragged back to another terrible beating and to a most cruel death. Slover saw his body lying by the Council House, horribly mutilated and disfigured. He also saw and recognized three other dead bodies, all black, bloody and powder-burnt. They were all that remained of Major Harrison, Crawford's son-in-law, Wm. Crawford, his nephew, and Major John McClelland, who had been fourth officer in command. The next day the limbs and heads were stuck on poles, and the corpses given to the dogs.

Slover's surviving companion was sent off to another town to be executed, while he himself was, that evening, brought into the log Council House and carefully interrogated as to the state of the country, the progress of the war, and the movements on the border. He spoke three Indian tongues, and had the satisfaction of informing them of Cornwallis' capture.

The next day Captain Matthew Elliott and James Girty, Simon's brother, were present. The former assured the Indians that Slover had lied about Cornwallis. James Girty, brother of Simon, and a bad, drunken, violent bully, now had the audacity to publicly assert that, when he had asked Slover how he would like to live again among the Shawnees, he had answered that he would soon take a scalp and run off.

It began to look black for poor Slover. This grand council lasted fifteen days. The third day Alexander McKee commenced to attend. He was grandly arrayed in a gold-laced uniform, but did not speak to the captive.

Slover was not tied, and could have escaped, but had no moccasins. Each night he was invited to the war dance, which lasted almost till morning, but would take no part in the revels.

Dr. Knight's guard now arrived with a wound four inches long on his head, and a truly marvelous story of a long and desperate struggle he had with the doctor, whom he represented as a large, powerful man, but whose fingers he had cut off, and to whom he had given two terrible knife thrusts, which he was sure would prove fatal. Slover told the Indians that the doctor was a small, weak man, at which they were greatly amused.

The next day arrived the long-expected message and belt of wampum from De Peyster of Detroit, the conclusion well expressing the general tenor: "Take no more prisoners, my children, of any sort—man, woman or child."

At a grand council held shortly after, at which eight tribes were fully represented, it was decided that no more prisoners should be taken, and that in case any tribe so did, the other tribes should seize said captives and put them to death; also, that war expeditions should be made against Fort Henry, the Ohio Falls, (Louisville), and the Kentucky settlements.

At another council his death by fire was resolved upon, and at the same time twenty prisoners, just arrived from Kentucky, were put to death.

Next day George Girty, an adopted Delaware and another brother of Simon, surrounded Slover's cabin with about forty followers, bound him, put a rope about his neck, stripped him naked, *painted him black*, and took him about five miles off. Here he was beaten and shamefully abused, dragged to Mack-a-chack and bound to the stake, which was in a part of the Council House not yet roofed.

Three piles of wood about this torture stake were fired, and the torments were about commencing, when a sudden storm arose, the rain descended in a flood and drowned out the fire. The superstitious savages stood silent and aghast.





Lewis Wetzel Slays Three Savages by Loading as He Runs.

SEE PAGE 329.



## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

## SLOVER'S MAD RIDE—WETZELL'S RUNNING FIGHT.

A brief respite at least was secured! The captive was untied and seated on the ground, while wild leapings and frantic dances, punctuated with blows, kicks, and tomahawk cuts, were continued until eleven at night.

A chief by the name of Half Moon then asked Slover if he were sleepy. Yes, he was. The savages wishing a whole day's frolic with him on the morrow, he was graciously allowed to retire to a block-house under charge of three ferocious, forbidding-looking warriors.

Poor Slover was bound with extraordinary precautions. His arms were tied so tight, at wrists and elbows, that the thongs were buried in the flesh. The strip about his neck, just long enough for him to lie down, was fastened to a beam of the house. The three warriors now began to taunt and harass him. Now, if ever, an escape was to be attempted. Death, no matter how quick or by what means, was far better than a whole day's tortures.

The sick and sore, but still undaunted captive feigned sleep. Would his cruel persecutors never close their eyes! Two now stretched themselves for rest, but the third lit his pipe and recommenced his mocking taunts. Slover obstinately kept his mouth closed.

At last—most joyful spectacle!—the third laid down and soon began to snore. No music sweeter to poor Slover, whose heart was beating like a muffled drum. Not an instant to lose, and well he knew it! The heavy beads of sweat which gathered on his clammy brow were witnesses not only of the intensity of his feelings, but of the violent and extraordinary exertions to free his arms. They were so benumbed as to be without feeling. He laid himself over on his right side, and with his fingers, which were still manageable, and after a violent and prolonged effort, he succeeded in slipping the cord from his left arm over elbow and wrist.

One of the guards now got up to stir the fire. Slover lay dead as a stone, sure it was all over with him; but the sleepy savage soon lay down again, and work was renewed. The arms free, the next attempt was made on the thong about his neck. It was thick as his thumb, and tough as iron, being made of buffalo hide.

The wretched man tugged and tugged. It remained firm. He contrived to get it between his teeth, and gnawed it in a perfect frenzy of despair. It budged not a finger's breadth. It was a hard and cruel fate, but he had to give it up. The first gray lights of dawn were beginning to penetrate the gloomy apartment. He sank back in an agony of hopeless despair.

No. He would make yet one more effort. He inserted his hands between the thong and his neck, and pulled and pushed with almost superhuman strength. Oh, joy supreme, it yields! it yields! and he is free at last. It was a noose, with several knots tied over it. The sudden reaction almost makes him faint. One quick look at the sleepers about him, one cautious lift over their bodies, a few cat-like steps,

and he stands under the still shining stars, free as the fresh air which fanned and caressed his throbbing brow.

He now glided hurriedly through the town and reached a corn-field. He nearly stumbled over a squaw and her children, lying asleep under a tree. Making a circle about them, he reached the edge of the woods. Here he stopped to untie his arm, which was swollen and discolored from the tight ligature.

He felt better at once, and having observed a number of horses feeding in a glade as he passed, he ventured to catch one. He was as naked as the day he was born. Picking up an old quilt for a saddle, and using his own rope bonds for a bridle, he managed to mount the horse he had caught, and was off and away.

That was truly a ride for life. Slover's jaws were set, his teeth were clenched, his eyes were fixed steadily on the east, and digging his naked heels into the flanks of his horse—which, happily for him, proved very fleet and staunch—he scurried along through open wood and past grassy level.

"Over bank, bush and scaur;  
'They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."

The sun was but little over quarter high ere he reached the Scioto, fully fifty miles off. Smoking hot, and bathed in sweat, the gallant steed breasted that forest stream, and clattered up the thither bank. On! on they go! No pause! no rest! His exasperated pursuers, mounted on their fleetest horses, were pressing hard in the rear. It was a killing pace, but a saving race.

By noon his gallant steed began to flag; now it breathes hard and fast; now its eyes look staring and glassy; and now at three o'clock it sinks to rise no more. No time to waste, even on a gallant horse like that—faithful to the death. The naked rider at once springs to his feet and runs as fast as hope and fear can drive him. Neither did he cease his efforts with the dark, but pressed on, ever on, until at ten o'clock, when, becoming extremely sick and faint, he sank down for a little rest.

By midnight he was up and away again, threading his weary way by moonlight. At the first streak of coming day he forsook a trail he had found and followed all night, and plunged boldly into the trackless wilderness. As he walked he endeavored, with his old Indian habits, to conceal his trail, pushing back the weeds or bushes his travel may have disturbed. He left no more trace than a bird.

All that day he forged steadily and uninterruptedly ahead, and the second night had the happiness of resting by the waters of the Muskingum. A marvelous journey, and accomplished with wonderful pluck and endurance.

Think, reader, what a fearful undertaking it must have been to run naked through a wild, pathless, tangled forest, with vine, bush, brier and thorn tree, stretching after to detain him. Nothing but his ragged saddle cloth to protect him. The nettles stung his feet, the briars and thorns pierced his bleeding limbs; the vines and low trees scraped his back, and the gnats and mosquitoes so tormented him that he found no peace by day or rest by night. So intolerable was the

nuisance that he was obliged to carry a bundle of leafy branches to keep them off.

The first food he took was a few berries on the third day ; but he felt more weak than hungry. He now reached and swam the Muskingum, and for the first time began to breathe securely. The next day he followed the Stillwater valley, and the night after lay but a few miles from Fort Henry.

In his published statement, Slover asserts he did not sleep one wink the whole time, so annoying and blood-thirsty were the swarms of gnats and mosquitoes.

He had now earned a rest. He reached the Ohio by Indian Wheeling Creek, opposite the island, and descriing a man on it, he hailed him, but so strange and savage was his appearance that he had great difficulty in making him come to his relief. The surprise his appearance caused at Ft. Henry, and the hospitable welcome he received there, can more readily be imagined than described.

It was just at the close of the Crawford Expedition that Louis Wetzell is said to have performed his famous exploit of killing three Indians on the run. One of Crawford's volunteers, by the name of Thomas Mills, straggled into Wheeling and persuaded Wetzell to return with him to Indian Spring, about nine miles from Wheeling, to get a horse he had left there.

Approaching the place, they discovered the animal tied to a tree, when Wetzell scented danger. Mills, however, walked up to secure his beast, when a discharge of rifles followed from an Indian ambush. Wetzell promptly broke through the Indians and bounded off at the height of his speed. Four of the fleetest Indians followed in swift pursuit, whooping in exultation at the expected capture.

After a chase of half a mile, the foremost savage approached close enough to cast his tomahawk, when all at once Wetzell turned, drew a quick bead on him and shot him dead in his tracks. The young scout had early taken pains to learn how to load his rifle when running at full speed—no mean accomplishment in the days of flint-lock, barrel-loading rifles.

Making another run of a half mile, a second Indian rapidly bounded up, and as Wetzell turned again to fire, the wily savage caught the barrel of his gun, and a long and desperate struggle ensued. At one time, the powerful redskin—strong as a bear and active as a panther—brought Wetzell to his knee, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the rifle out of his adversary's hands, when Wetzell, by an extraordinary effort, jerked the weapon out of the savage's hands, and thrusting the muzzle close up against his neck, pulled the trigger, killing him instantly.

The two remaining Indians had by this time come up ; but, springing forward again, Lewis managed to keep ahead until his unerring rifle was again loaded. He now slackened his pace, and even stopped once or twice, as if very much fatigued. Every time, however, that he looked around, the crafty Indians treed.

After thus running a mile or so further, he reached an open piece of ground, and, wheeling suddenly on his heels, the foremost fellow leaped behind a tree, but one too small to cover his person. Wetzell

fired at once, dangerously wounding his foe. The remaining savage now commenced beating a rapid retreat, yelling as he ran, "No catch dat man; his gun always loaded."

---

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

### A STRANGE CHIEF ALARMS FORT HENRY.

While all these stirring events were in progress, Captain Brady remained at Colonel Zane's house convalescing from his wound. At any other time an enforced absence from a border incursion would have greatly chafed his adventurous spirit, but now he had been much consoled by the society and attentions of Drusilla. Indeed, all three of the girls had, in gratitude for his services in their behalf, done their utmost to make his time pass agreeably.

They had succeeded, too, marvellously well, and now he was spending his last night among the hospitable people of Fort Henry. He was to start next day with his old friend, Killbuck, for Fort Pitt, first escorting Drusilla to her home on Short Creek, and they had just returned from a delightful horseback ride through the woods, and were sitting on the bluff at the southern end of the fort, gazing out upon the river and all the charming surroundings.

It was just in the gloaming of the "cowled and dusky-sandaed eve," when the shadows were deepening and stealing over the landscape with all their weird and magical witcheries. It was a scene of bewildering grace and beauty, rendered more solemn and impressive to "two souls with but a single sigh; two hearts that beat as one," by the holy hush of all nature.

The twain were affianced lovers, and their spirits were closely *en rapport* with the passive scene. Brady had just taken his partner's hand, and was pouring into her willing ear some of the soft whisperings of his overflowing affection, when, all at once, from the margin of the woods close by, and just on the declivity of the hill on which stood the fort, there came the sharp crack of a rifle, immediately followed by a shrill and frightful war-whoop, or rather a quick series of them.

The two sprang to their feet on the instant. Brady looked in the direction of the clamor, and saw the head and body of a painted and tufted Indian, partly concealed behind the trunk of a huge oak, and apparently tossing his arms wildly to and fro, as if signalling to his followers. The head of another Indian could be indistinctly observed behind, as if skulking among the bushes. How many more there were in the rear God only knew.

Brady was without arms. Indian attacks were now daily expected on the border, and there had been for a day or two a greatly increased watchfulness. The scout hastily caught the hand of the terror-stricken Drusilla and dragged her along to the open sally port of the fort, which was closed and barred behind them.

There was an immediate commotion in the fort. The great gates

were shut with a bang. Those inside rushed for their rifles and leaped, with shouts of defiance, to their stations in the bastions and behind the port-holes. Those who were in the straggling village of cabins around Zane's house hurriedly flitted to the chief gate at the eastern side, and found refuge within the stockade.

It was evidently a complete surprise, and there was general confusion. The Indian leader now stepped boldly from behind his tree, and gave another terrific whoop, and then jumped up and down as if hugely delighted at the lively sensation he was creating. He was, so far as could be judged, a chief of large proportions, his face heavily barred with paint, and a remarkably stiff and bristling war crest on his head.

"That seems a deuced queer war-whoop, Brady," remarked Captain Boggs, who had just manned all the port-holes on that side. "I'm pretty well to home on this border, but never heard a yell quite so loud and brassy. Don't seem to be any mad in it."

"It *is* a most remarkable yell," answered Brady, quietly, now recovered from his flurry on Drusilla's account, but still standing by her side. "The cursed yellow-hide must be either drunk or a crack-brained fool to so brave a whole tier of border rifles. Try him with a ball or two."

"Waal," replied Boggs, "I'm beat. It isn't Injun ways, nohow. Ef he isn't a decoy, he's crazy. Halloo! Kerr, some six or seven of you go around to the opposite end of the stockade, and keep a sharp look-out. I expect a rush on *that* side. And now, boys, toss him a plumper or two, to make him show his true colors."

No sooner said than done. The big redskin was now pretty well behind his tree, giving an occasional jerky, spasmodic yell, but the bulkiest part of his frame protruded somewhat, and a shower of bullets flew about, scattering the bark in all directions, and one evidently, judging from the quick jump and angry cry, hitting the mark intended.

The stalwart warrior now boldly leaped out in full view, shook his brawny fist and tossed his crested head defiantly at the fort, shouting out like the blast of a trumpet:

"Bad]scran to yiz, ye bowld, mismannerly blackguards! is't a flag o' truce you'd be mane enough to fire on. Phat the divil——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Brady, at once relieved and greatly amused. "Stop, boys, stop! don't shoot for heaven's sake! I thought I knew that voice. It's the wild Irishman you've heard us speak of so often. Wait till I hail him," and Brady leaped to the *banquette*.

By this time all the riflemen appeared above the stockades, looking, some with wonder and some with amusement, at the Indian chief, who, with plumed crest aloft and blanket thrown picturesquely over his shoulder like an Italian bandit, strutted forward in a state of great indignation, and muttering angrily to himself.

Brady, scarcely able to restrain himself from a loud guffaw at the pompous airs and ludicrous appearance of the fellow, shouted out:

"Why, bless my soul and body, man, is that you, Larry? Where in the world——"

"Och, be jabers, Captain Brady, if Brady it is, Larry me no Larrys the day. It's a Big Medicine and great Miami chafe I be. Did ye consate I wud surround yer old log fort that's all stuck up on ind, that

ye'd pepper me wid balls and kape me bobbing like a jumping jack or a parched pea, and juking around like a duck in a hailstorm. By all the powers o' war, boys, but I'm heart ashamed av ye. Phat for did ye not train yer big cannon on me to wunct?" and then in a lower tone to some one beside him, "Whist! Biddy, whist! Lay low and kape dark, I tell ye, or you and the gossoon will be knocked into smithereens in half a crack uv a cow's thumb."

"And did you expect, Larry," laughed Brady, "to parade yourself before a border fort in war times, dressed up in red-skin toggery and yelling like a born savage, and have us open the gates and invite you in? Where did you come on the whisky?"

"Whisky?" at once answered Larry, appealingly, and most ludicrously changing his whole manner. "Wull ye whisper the word again, captin. Och, may the divil fly away wid me this blissed minnit av I've seen or tasted the crayture for a month av Sundays. Arrah, captin, av ye've a heart anunder yer belt, give me a jorum hot enough to curl a moustache and sthrong enough to float an iron wedge. I'm so wake and deeshy-dawshy that you cud tie me wid a rotten cobweb."

"Well, come into the fort then," laughed Brady, "and give an account of yourself. Where are you from, and how came you—but who's that slouching there behind you?"

"Come on, Biddy, darlint, you and the little shaver. Yer chafe's come to his own agin. D'ye see the big crowd waiting to recave me? Now don't get pale about the lungs, I'll stand by yez."

So saying, Larry advanced grandly and with swelling port, looking as majestic as Julius Cæsar himself. He extended his hand with a magnificent air to Brady, who had gone outside to meet him, and who could scarce restrain from smiling aloud at his inconceivably comical appearance.

His red shock of hair had been shaved close to his head—save that on the crown, which was drawn up into a flaming scalp-lock, tricked out with beads and feathers. The paint had been laid on his face in heavy streaks and bars of scarlet and vermillion, and behind the hideous mask Larry's eyes twinkled like those of a negro minstrel. His Irish dress had been completely changed for that of an Indian chief's—leggins, moccasins, and all.

The various inmates of the fort now crowded about this strange and irresistibly ludicrous figure, and indulged in all sorts of quiet laughs and jokes. Especially were all the darkies amused, Colonel Zane's Sam showing his entire rows of flashing ivories and almost splitting his sides with hardly-concealed jollity.

"I see how it is now, Larry," said Brady, confidentially, "there's a woman in the case. I don't wonder you wished to put on a little state before her; but excuse me if I say you look like the very devil."

The Irishman appeared a little haughty and affronted at this, but seeing at once he could no longer keep up his grandiloquent style where he was so well known, he drew Brady aside a step or two, and said confidentially, and with a broad grin that would have made the fortune of a circus clown:

"An' faith, captin dear, to tell yez the naked truth, I feel more



like the divil nor I look. My auburn hair's trussed up so tight that dawmed ef I can snap my winkers at all, at all. Sure it amost tilts me off my own throtters, an' the paint's so thick that, bad luck to me av I kin ayther ate, yawn, or salute me schwateheart widout my face all cracking into seams loike a pan of curdled milk. Bedad, but it's fairly in torture I am; but Net-to-way here seems to like it, and its Mike-coon-i-caw that's my chafe's name—and shure it wos the Irishest name of the lot given me to choose from.—”

“Well, Mike and I'm glad they gave you such an Irish handle—who's this Net-to-way you've stolen away? She seems a very pretty and modest girl. I hope you've—”

“Och, by me showl, but divil a bit's she stole; but's a chafe's daughter and loves me to distraktion from her heart out; and, glory be to God, I pledge ye the word av an Irishman, and will schware it by all the contints of Moll Kelly's primer, that the devine and immortal passhun is-is-is-in short, is raysiprecated—or to spake it in honest Irish, I love the sun-kissed Colleen down to my very marrow, an' I'll marry her right out o' hand. Och, captin, she's as schwate and modest as a rosebud, and has a voice loike a throstle or a mairmaid. Blamed av I've iver seed—”

“Oh, yes, yes, I know,” laughed Brady; “I hope you will either marry her or send her home. But who's the boy you've got there?”

“Och, the divil whip the tongue out o' me, an' haven't I telled ye yet. Faith, an' it's the chafest wonder of all. Sure he's no less than widder Malott's gossoon, Harry, him that wur lost and—”

“What!” said Brady, in great surprise; “you don't tell me so? Why didn't ye say that before?”

“Och, captin, wur you iver in luv? That's joost it, bedad. I'm so harrished and mulfathered by that honey, there, that I'm a'most distracted—but phat for are yiz stanning there, grinning loike a chesser cat, ye nagur ye. Have a moind, ye omadhoun, that ye don't lape down year own mouth; an' shure it's big an' ugly enough.”

This last sentence was not said to Brady, as might be supposed, but was a gentle “aside” addressed to black Sam, who was gazing at Larry as if spellbound, his eyes wide open and his huge mouth grinning from ear to ear.

Brady now went up and spoke kindly to Nettoway and Harry, and, withdrawing them from the curious crowd, and sending over to Zane's house for Betty and Drusilla, told them and Larry to follow him, and led the way directly to Captain Boggs' house inside the fort.

Just as they were stepping inside the door, Larry, whose staring eyes had for some time been absorbingly fixed upon one of the crowd, plucked Brady by the sleeve and said, mysteriously:

“Wud ye moind tellin' me, captin, phat for, in this dacint and respiktable neighborhood, ye allow that faymale woman to be meandering an' philandering around, as bowld as brass an' wid a stride loike a grenadier, an' she all dressed out loike a man. It's rale haythenish and—”

“What woman! and what in the devil d'ye mean Larry?”

“That imperdent hussy, wid the long black curls, it is I mane, wid a butcher knife stuck in her belt, and toting a musket as long as herself.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” fairly shouted Brady, and seemingly convulsed with merriment. “Come here, Miss Wetzell, and let me introduce you to Larry Donahue, who takes you for a ‘female woman.’”

“He does, does he,” replied Lew Wetzell—the best and toughest scout, and the biggest dare-devil of his age on the border—and, giving Larry’s hand a vice-like grip, which made the bones fairly crunch, and the tears come into his eyes:

“Waal, ef there’s a choice atween hars,” he continued, in his deep, gruff bass voice, “I reckon I’d rayther grow this”—drawing his long, luxuriant tresses through his hands—“than that ere,” pointing to Larry’s stiff and rufescent scalp-lock, which, covered with bear’s fat, stood up like the crow feathers of a rooster, or more like the crest of a Hussar’s plumed hat. “Ef the Irish chief thinks I’m a woman I’ll allow him the liberty of a loving hug, and we’ll blamed soon see who’ll have the first fall in the wrestle. What d’ye say, Paddy?”

“Och, be aff wid ye, ye nataral,” said Larry, indignantly, greatly shocked and still puzzled about the sex of his companion. “Deil the bit do I want to meddle wid the loikes o’ you. Yer as loike a dock as a daisy, an’ shure it’s head or harp betwixt the whedder yez are a mon or a woman. Av yer a faymale, yer not uv the koind I loike, and av’ yer a mon, by me sowks, ye’d best hunt up a barber to wonct,” and with this parting shot Larry stepped inside, leaving Wetzell to the chaffing of the listening crowd.

---

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

### LARRY’S ESCAPE AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

The wonder and delight of Larry’s old fellow-captives, to hear not only of his escape but of Harry Malott’s discovery, and the presence of both at Fort Henry, attended by a comely and modest Indian damsel was, as may be supposed, very great. They soon flocked to the Commandant’s house, plied the whole three new-comers with questions, and then took Net-to-way and Harry in charge.

Larry, who duly received his noggin of whisky, and was in great glee therefrom, became the hero of the circle, and they laughed till they cried at his consequential airs and odd, quaint descriptions of his double courtship and adoption. We need only take up his narration from the time the new-found Harry was taken home to Chillicothe by Wa-cous-ta.

“Faix, my frinds,” continued Larry, with a merry twinkle in his eye, “that wor the dampest and moistiest time that I drewed the little ’un out uv the wather. You cud have wrung Net-to-way out loike a dish rag, and I wor wet as a sponge; but shure it makes me powerful dhry the telling uv it till ye. My throttle feels loike I wor a chewing uv ship’s biskit and washing it down wid sawdust.”

The hint was taken, and Larry resumed more briskly:

“God save ye kindly, Misther Shepherd, for remimbering the dhry and the powdhery. Now that ye’ve wetted my whistle I’ll clack on

more fluintly belike. The younker had scarce gone over to Chille—phats-his-name—whin the dape sacret betwixt us drawed Biddy—which it is the short and schwate for Net-to-way, as I kape minding uv ye—closter thegither, and we billed and cooed and pelavered more industriously than iver.

“But, och hone! och hone! the widder Fat Bear—bad fate to her, but she was a rale heart-scald to me. She grew keen and sarching as the north wind, an’ that luving loike that I was in a consthant throng and flurry o’ the lip business.

“Blissed av I iver passed forninst her but, by the same token, she puckered up her lips inviting-loike, and cast butthery glances at me like a dying catfish. By the hokey, ’twas enough to sicken a cat. I ain’t asily stumped in my professhun, be dad, but Wa-ba-sha rayther crowded things too much and too fastly. She niver let me rest until I fixed the very next Sunday for the christening and the marriage, and the wee tallow-complected papooses began to take all manner ov imperdent liberties wid me, as ef I was already their proper dad.

“But Biddy and me had our own sacret moments of consolashun and rollickzation. Troth and indade, av it hadn’t been for the schwate comfort ov her voice and rose-bud lips, I would have been, more betoken, a cold and stiffened shoeacide. Be jabbers, the sly little minx wur more forninst me marryin’ wid the aunt than I wor mysilf, an’ niver remimber I being schwater on any gurril than she wor on me.

“On Sunday there wor a tirrible hullibaloo in the village. Barrin’ the whisky ye’d thought there wor a wake. All the yellow-skins surrounded the shebeen and carried me on their shoulthers down to the Council House. Here they shrippid me and—saving the young leddies’ presence—clapped on me a clout-cloth, and then shaved off most all my gorgeous hair, till my sponce was clane and shiney as a pumpkin, and only laving a swaping tail or top-knot, which, begorra, they grased and trussed out, jest as you see it, and thin, the saints be about us, they handed me over to a lot o’ grinning and misbehaving squaws and girls—as loike as pays in a pod—who led me, laughing and poking foon at me, down into the wather.

“While I wor spachless wid amazement, and wor exposthulating wid the mischavious monkeys, would you belave it, Misthress Boggs, one ov the ugliest ov them—more betoken that she had a stuttering, and vishyous eye and a snagged tusk for a tooth—all to wuncet tripped up my throtters, an’ me niver mistrusting her at all, at all, and down came Larry Donahue that was—and Mike-coon-i-caw that is—plump into the wather.

“Och, be jabbers, but to hear the wicked shouts and laughs of them haythen faymales: it almost cruddles my blood to think ov it this minnit. I wor in the clutches—an’ may the Lord remimber them fur it—uv a lot of muskular mairmaids that scratched me loike cats and kneaded me as I wor so much dough, an’ me widout a rag to me back or a tack to me feet, an’ that shamed that I blushed all over red as a lobster, and I could a joost stayed under foriver and a day, and herded wid the mute and innercent little fishes.

“And blamed, too, ef there didn’t stand widder Fat Bear on the

bank, wid her fishy eyes cocked up loike two poomp handles, and houlding her fat sides wid the laughing.

“‘S-s-cat,’ sez I. ‘I won’t,’ sez she, and shure an’ the ould baggage began shaking loike any bowl full of jelly. Tear an’ ages but it joost stirred my mad right up. By the mortal, sez I, all misallaneously to myself, sez I, I’ll be even wid ye fur wunst, av I afther was to go to the eternity of misery, and wid dat I breaks loose from the amphibious wather-nymphs, streekit to the shore, caught Wa-ba-sha in me own luving two arms and soused her, schraming and kicking loike Lanty McGuire’s pig, into the wather.

“She wur fairly blue-moulding for joost sich a tratement. ‘No more o’ yer tantrims and figaries,’ sez I, ‘for me, Wa-ba-sha,’ sez I. Niver did mortal eyes behold a corpulint and middle-aged faymale so rantanekated. She fairly howled and hissed with the mad, and spat at me loike a wild cat, but shure all the onlookers wor moightily plazed and laughed and whirroed, while this damp mother of four mahogany children, och hone! och hone! guv me such murthering looks and bustled up to her lodge, wid her feathers trailing loike a wet hen’s.

“When the white blood—more betoken because it’s all red—was all claned intirely out o’ me, I wor taken up to the Council House agin and put into these illegant garmints, for the which I was powerfully plazed, seeing that my ould vintilation duds wor torn and tattered from the woods and so much knocking about. My name was changed to Mike-coon-I-caw, which manes to say, I’m tould, that I have hair brought loike the sun.

“Then they lathered my face, handed me a dudheen wid some villainous sumach and kinnekenick for tobacco, guv me a gun with flint and tomahawk, stuffed me wid bear’s mate, venison and hominy, and so, be the powthers uv war, I became a moighty chafe av the Miamis. But by the rib uv the grate St. Pathric hissself av that second time wetting hasn’t made me all dhry again. Ye must tip me another noggin, Mister Shepherd, just to kape the furst in company.”

“But, Larry,” laughed Betty, “I’m anxious to know what Wa-ba-sha did after that.”

“Indade, an’ Misthress, so wur myself, but I’m joost coming to that, d’ye moind. Begorra, I had my musgivings about Wa-ba-sha in quensequence uv her bath, and afther all the lashings of ating and dhrinking—but nare a drap of speerits, nothing but wather outside uv me and wather inside uv me—I made haste very slowly to the back ind uv the ould shanty, and crept in tinderly as a cat in pattens.

“Och! phillilew, phillilew, but the ould file made a sorry and grafe-stricken picter, and was sour as a crab, and cross as the tongs. I smoiled as angelic and innercent-loike as a babby off to the fairyland of dhrames, but she looked at me crooked as the hind leg uv a dog, and asked me uv I wor ready for the marriage.

“An’ shure, why not, machree, darlint, sez I, iver so bland-like and tossing her wun uv my schwatest and most deludhersum smiles, something loike this,” and here Larry’s painted face gave a hideous grin, which caused an irrepressible burst of merriment. “Och! by me sowks, I tells ye ’twas as war r-rm and plisint as a noggin o’ whis-

key wid a froth on it like foam; 'twas enough to draw a could corpse up on its elbow, but she only ups and sez, sez she, wid an eye, Mistrhess Boggs, as cowld as a frog's, and a face as sour as a pan of butthermilk, 'Next sun, you be Wa-ba-sha's chafe or you die. She see you hab two scalps. Me hab bofe and sell dem to pale face trader and get heap wampum.'

" 'Honor bright,' ses I, moighty meek and smoling-like, 'I'll be there, my loving paycock, but dont be so tinder and ardint till afther the banns, an' I'll now make bowld to go and git ready.'

"Av you'll belave me, young leddies, I was powerful wake—wake as skimmed milk. Ye cud ha' tilted me over wid a jackstraw; yes, wid a fedder. My ruby hair—what wor left uv it—wud have stud up straight on my head if so be it cud have got higher nor stiffer than it wor, for, d'ye see, it wor my two crowns the ould rhinoceros meant to sunder into two scalps and make a horrible spekkelation uv. I wor all through other and taken very bad, I tells ye, and hunted up Net-to-way dridfully suddint.

" 'Och! Biddy, darlint,' sez I, 'an' sure it's all over wid us,' and I ups and tells her the whole story, and we mixed our tears and our kisses thegether—more specially the latter—till we felt consoled, and then we forecasted and concoctid our schames and kisses and made up, and I sent her off all scretely and promiskuously by herself to Chille-phats-his name to tell the wee gossoon to mate us at the mouth uv the creek that night, an' now here's jest the plan we consated, or that she consated, and I wagged my scalp-lock in silynt approval.

"Netty—an' it makes no bit o' differ whether ye call her that or Biddy, seeing that they are all wun in Irish—wor a moighty clever and handy lass at untwisticating all hard knots. She's as full o' good modher wit as an egg's full o' mate, and knew the wuds as well as a humming bird does, and cud steer her way, bedad, thro' all the tangles as straight as any bizzy bee to its hoive. Och! schwate good luck to the winsom moderless orphling, but whin ye know her as I do ye'll be rale took up wid her cunning, schaming, machinating ways and contrivings. Faith I wor that awkward alongside o' her that she used to laff in my greenhorn uv a face at all my lift-handed plottings til I was fain to leave all to her own wee self, and wud fetch and carry for her loike a blind man's dog. Shure it was only in word blather that I wor her shuparier, and ye know bravely that my tongue iver hangs loose and wags as nimbly as a grayhound's fut, consumin' a bit the less.

"Well, wud ye iver consate, now, that this little, lissom, black-eyed thrifle had ivery thing reddy for a suddint start.' She knew Aunt Wa-ba-sha, bad cess to the vishyus ould crocodile, wor in dead earnest, and whiniver it wor *go, go* it wor, and at wunct, and small chance for long prayers, and she had a big canoe wid four sweepers hid away under the bushes, and a lot o' jerk and bear meat and hominy inside and joost bided for the wur-r-d.

"It wor black as a wolf's throat whin the sly and desateful little minx came slipping back into the shabeen, looking for all the wor-r-rld as meek and innercent as a cat that's been a stealing crame. I had made it all up wid the corpulint widder, and wor doing my

very purtiest to conshole and desave wid blarney and kisses, and such like deludhers, whin I caught a glint and a sparkle o' Biddy's eye, sharp as a gimlet, and bright as shate lightning."

"Bedad, it struck me all uv a thrimble from toe to crown—or rayther from moccasin to scalp-lock—for all the wor-rld loike the shock of an eclicktic bathery, fur it meant, as plain as tho' her two lips had spuk the words, 'Net-to-way's all riddy, and don't ye think yer rayther overdoing it wid the widder Fat Bear?' So wid that I eased off a bit, kep a clost watch on Biddy's two eyes, and waited for orders."

"And you don't tell me, Larry," here interrupted Lydia, "that the absurd girl put full confidence in you and your promises, and was ready to run off, she knew not where?"

"Bedad, ef she didn't thin, Misthress Boggs, consumin' the less, and for why should she not? She niver mistrusted me, because she saw the gospil truth in my two peepers. The little sun-kissed broonette wor far better nor I wur all out an' out inny day. I cud see that wid only one eye and not half try. She had noorsed me up from death's dure, and because her tinder woman's heart took pity on me, and flattered me by chusing a stranger uv a different color, and because she wor willing to trust me to the very inds of the wur-rld, was it fur Larry to desave the guileless crayture and misuse her trust. Och! troth and be jabers, Larry Donohue's no sich a mon."

"Good for you, Larry!" interrupted Drusilla, warmly. "I always thought you were a faithful, true-hearted fellow, and now I *know* it; you're just right in staying by her who staid by you."

"The tip o' the morning an' the compliments uv the saison to ye, Misthress Swearingen, and to be sure I'm roight; but wun more of thim tongue-tickers, captain, av you plaze, and I'm aff on the home stretch."

Larry took another modest sup, smacked his lips, and went on.

"Faix, an' they say that one 'swallow doesn't make a summer,' but by the hokey, capting, a few swallows o' *that* sarching, rib-roasting sthuff hates up the very cockles o' my heart, and makes it warm and plisint summer all over me; but where wor I, oh, yis—well, Netty slept in the same room wid her she aunt, and in a little she made off as if fur a visit to a naybur, and afther I had forgathered all for the morrow wid Wa-ba-sha, I slipped outside the shanty, making no more fuss than would my own shadder.

"By the powers, but shure it wor a wunder how that little puss, Biddy, had plotted and schamed all. We had at first talked of running off on 'shanks mare' by the woods, and making straight for this place, but my wakeness, the thrubble about food, and the surety of getting cotched, knocked the throtters from anunder that plan.

"Then we planned to go a horseback across to the mouth of the Muskingum, and there thry for to find a canoe; but we were greatly feared to chance that for it would be so easy tracking and overtaking us with the Malott younker along, that we bade good-bye to that, too. The only thing lift us thin, be jabers, was to go all the way by wather, and remembering your words, Brady, that 'water laves no trail,' I was just poiping hot for that, although it made the route twict as long. But it were safer and secreter for all, especially for the wee laddie and easier to carry ateables.

“And now, be the mortal, there wor the canoe all ready for the word ‘go.’ It tuk the consate out ov me intirely, an’ so it did, to watch the trickiness ov that young schamer; sure Biddy it is I mane. The artful little jade—and troth it’s only by way o’ blarney I say it—had scarce cleared the shanty before she made me mount on a horse she had trapped and kept ready, while she ups on another. We both made our fut tracks as plain as cud be, an’ faix that wor asy as rollin’ off a log wid mine, for I ginerally leave a spoor loike an ilephant’s.

“Thin we walked—the horses I mane—thin trotted, and thin galloped straight off to the east, until we pulled up forninst a big bend of Scippo creek. We thin waded our horses up the strame’s middle until we hap’d on a big tree that had fallen across the creek. On this I was ordered to roost.

“Phat, now, be hokey, does the cunning little deludher, do, but get out on this timber and whip out of her dress some thorn switches and thongs, with all the sharp prickly nettles and things she had for some days been getting ready, and tie them about the horses so that when they would commence to run, these pricks and hard thorns would act like spurs and drive them on; the harder the horses would go the worse they’d jag and sting.

“She then walked along the tree, leading both horses, to the east side, and giving each some sharp, sudden raps, off they went pell-mell, helter-skelter, like mad. Shure we could hear them tearing through the woods at a great rate.

“‘Biddy,’ says I, ketching av her two hands very respectful, but giving her a warm kiss of admiration on the lips, ‘It’s a jewel ye are, Biddy, and faix they’ll have to rise up airly who’d git the lead of ye; and what nixt, darlint?’

“‘Hus-h-h, Larry,’ said the sly puss, wid finger on lip—for it wor Larry I’d teacht her to call me, and it comed that pat and schwate from her lips sure you’d be shurprised. ‘Hus-h-h, Larry! mustn’t talk: redman have big ears. You do like Biddy.’

“‘Faith an’ I do thin, wid all the veins o’ my heart an’ —,’ but jist thin off the little fairy whisked her wee moccasins, and trussed up her skin leggins, and slipped into the shallow wather on the fur side o’ the creek, laving me spacheless wid surprise. I hushed meself to oncet and joost did that very same by her orders, and the two bodies ov us waded adown and adown the strame, makin’ no more noise than a sportive fish, till we comed til the canoe, which we climbed into from the tail ind.

“In less time, begorra, than ye cud say St. Patrick’s day in the mornin’, we were floatin’ slyly past the lines of shanties, and the witching gurril a standing at the forrard wid finger on lip and looking for all the wurld loike a wather-witch, or a marble stater of Liberty.”

## CHAPTER XC.

## STORY OF LARRY'S ESCAPE CONTINUED.

"Well, Larry," said Brady admiringly, "that was a pretty cute plan of Net-to-way's, and worthy of a far older head. You see the redskins would have known you were on the horses, would have tracked them to the tree, and would naturally follow after them through the woods, but could not well have seen to do this until the next morning. So that if the beasts ran far enough, and if no other trace was left, you ought to have gained almost a day."

"Troth and your joost right, captain, ivery word, an' presactly phat the lassie telled me she'd counted on; an' you niver seed such a happy Biddy as when wee Harry Malott answered to her hail at the mouth of the creek, and we dragged the little curly-head on board, and got fairly out into the Scioto. Biddy she cried and laughed, and hugged him up, and I laughed and cried and hugged 'em both up, but chafely her, more betoken that she was the bigger and needed uv it more.

"But there was no time to wasthe in foolin', an' so we both took paddles and wrought our way steady, kaping right amid stream. Soon little Harry, who was merry as a kitten and chatty as a catbird, curled hissself on a blanket in the bow and went sound asleep.

"Towards morning, when it wor broad moonlight, and I wor some used to the paddle, I fought sore with Net-to-way to snug down and take some slape, which, at last, she did, and caught some cat naps. Och, shwate mudher o' Heaven but 'twas the proud man Larry Donohue, wor that night to look at the loikes o' that wee swate heart all snuged up in one ind of the canoe, an' smoilng in her dhrames loike any babby. Shure an' I'd be worse nor a heathen to —"

"I hope, Larry," interrupted Shepherd, "you got out into the Ohio safely? The mouth of the Scioto is a famous place for Indian camps, and a favorite point from which to attack Ohio boats."

"Be my faix, Mister Shepherd. sorra speck o' danger wor there, though Netty was wondrous suspiciousful. She had an eye loike an aigle, and would kape long looking up and down the river and on all sides. We wud have rached the Ohio by daylight, but the last twenty miles the Scioto zigzags through the bottoms loike a worm fence, and is crooked as a ram's horn. It moinded me of dhrinking Pat Mooney that uset to take so long to get home from Donnybrook Fair, but who always swore that it wasn't the length uv the way that bothered him, but, bad scran to it! 'twas the breadth uv it.

"We first soighted the Ohio when the sun was about three hours high, and Captin Biddy—more by token it was hersilf that wor the knowngest of all, and watched and provided iverything—wouldn't lave us break our fast till out into the big river. We then made straight for the Kentuck side, and for the first time began to breathe free.

"Shure, now, me leddies, but it wud be good as a play to hear of the thricks and twists and dayvices uv that Injun girrul to get clean



off wud me and the gossoon; how she blinked in here, and made a run there. Netty could sight a canoe farder than hawk a bird. Sometimes we'd lie by for hours, and make it up by night, and she all the time so watchful and plisint and cunning. Begorra but it was a marvel. Och! but it wor the weary, longsome journey! More nor two weeks uv this botheration hiding and twisting, wid nothing but chape wishy-washy wather to drink, and sometimes that bare of food, that ef we hadn't snared some birds and fish, by the hokey! we'd a starved. I wor feared at first to fire a gun, and mostwise to light a fire; but wunst above the Kanawha, I seed an illegant buck throtting along wid his nose to the wind, and never saying nothing to nobody, when I ups wid my rifle, and whin the machine wor opposite the animal I chanced a shot, and the crayture fell. I hadn't shooted any since the toime, ye moind it well, Misthress Boggs, when I brought down your horse for a buck at the fire-hunt on Big Beaver, and faith, I don't know which wor now the most surprised, the deer or mysilf. Howly Joseph! but that wor a God sind to us, for the nimble-witted Biddy had larned a way of scratching out a hole and making an illegant little oven widout any shmoke at all at all.

"I thin shot a gobbling bull turkey and a thrifle of a bear's cub, and hanged ef we didn't live for a toime loike foighting-cocks; but in quensequence uv our havin' no salt, I wouldn't have guv a rusty rasher of bacon, flanked wud a primin' of good mountain dew, for the whole batch of frish mate."

"And were you never chased by Net-to-way's people all this time, Larry?" said Shepherd, wonderingly.

"By the grate-toe of St. Pether I'll be bound we wor; and shure I thought I'd towld ye uv that. It wor the first evening on the Ohio, when Biddy—that, by the immortal St. Patric! seemed to have eyes in all parts of her wise little noddle—on looking back, sighted a crowd of canoes, filled with savidges, a-craping an' a-staling up along the shore forninst us. 'Wa-kous-ta and The Moose,' sez Biddy, a koind of frightened beloike. 'Phat's to be done now, Biddy, darlint?' sez I. 'Whist! whist! Larry,' sez she, 'and we'll paddle canoe into dat leetle, leetle run.' 'Good,' sez I. And faith an' we did it, and Biddy slipped the boat ahind uv a screen of leaves and willows that she fixed so nateral loike that it wud a-fooled Ould Horney hisself.

"There we waited and waited till the six canoes comed in sight. 'A half-dozen eggs to ye, Misther Waukousta,' sez I, bowld and independent loike, as they slunk past, 'an' six uv them rotten. Ef you're sharper than little chafe Net-to-way here, ye must git up airy in the mornin'.' This wor what's called a soli-loquoy.

"So afther dark we slippit out into the river again, and, wud ye belave it, crept past a foire in a dape ravine, about which these same bamboozled Injuns were wagging their toes and fooling away their time. We paddled all the night and then laid by in a little run as loike the tother as two peas in a pod; but we niver seed them more, and now here we are all safe and sound. But, by the blissed apossles, Misther Shepherd, but I'm dhry as a powtherhorn wid so much tongue-clacking."

"Truly a well-earned escape, Larry," said Brady, approvingly, "and your sweetheart has a sharp head picce on her shoulders; but what are ye going to do with her now—not marry her?"

"By the Poiper that played afore Moses, that's joost phat I'll do, and from my heart out—divil a thing less. Bad scran to ye, Brady, shure ye wudn't have me play the mane villan wid the loikes o' her; to decave and desert her whin she luv'd and thrusted me, and's brought me, loike a wee fairy that she is, through a thousand dangers. She's moine till death, and far better nor I desarve. Av the schwate Misthress Swearingen, there—and be me song I kin see wid half an eye that it's all right now betwuxt you twain—wud have so trated *you*, d'ye think ye cud have shut the dures uv yer heart forninst her, and left her all out in the cowl?"

"Larry Donohue forever!" shouted Lydia, amid the general merri-ment which Larry's personal allusion had made. "Spoken like an honest man, and so say we all."

"And I *first* of all," continued Brady, in some confusion. "I would have thought you a scoundrel, Larry, if you would have wished to do otherwise, for, from what we have seen and heard of Nettoway, she is a modest, worthy and amiable young girl; and when is the marriage to be?"

"By the mortal, captin, the sooner it is, the bether I'll loike it. Av there's no praste to the fore here, troth an' I'll thrust enny mon of God that can handle a prayer buke and tie a matrimonial noose."

"Oh, girls!" cried Lydia, clapping her little hands in the greatest glee; "a wedding! a wedding! that'll be just elegant. *We'll* take care of Netty, Larry, and see that she has everything necessary."

"Faith, an' I'm obleeged to ye, young leddies, wid a heart and a half. I'll lade aff the soshyul sports, and, by all the schwates o' rosin, av I be'ent mooch mistaken, there'll be some couples of yez that I know that'll be following hard after——"

"But what," interrupted Brady from the blushing group, "is to become of your brother in Kentuck whom ye came out in search of?"

"Och, botheration about my vagabond brother," laughed Larry. "I'll bother no more after him. Av he can't hunt *me* up I'll niver wasthe more time chasing him. I'm foinding, be jabers, that Amerika's a mighty big counthry, an' here's as foine a speck uv it as I've ever seed, and so I'll joost set up housekaping hereabouts. I'll get me a dirthy acre or so, knock me up a shanty, gather a few slips uv pigs and some chickens, and it'll go hard wid me if the Donohue family won't soon howld up their heads wid the best of ye."

This announcement of Larry's was received with the greatest applause. It was just the very thing, thought all. The three girls now went out to get Netty and Harry, and to make all arrangements for a speedy wedding.

The news soon spread about the settlement. Larry's story, his doings and sayings, were handed from mouth to mouth, and he, as usual, became universally popular. He was always surrounded with a laughing crowd, and could now be seen hob-nobbing with "Mad Ann Bailey," or now cracking jokes with even that long-haired "faymale woman," Lew Wetzell.

A wedding on the Virginia border at that time was, according to "Doddrige's Notes," a grand and prolonged frolic, and attended with most novel and remarkable ceremonies, in which the whole neighborhood took part. The groom was conveyed to the cabin of the bride—and in that sparsely-settled country the houses were frequently miles apart—by a mounted procession of the male and female friends of both parties.

This wedding "march" was often oddly interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of the horse-paths through the woods—fallen trees and grape vines mischievously thrown across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, and a sudden discharge of firearms took place, causing shrieks among the girls, stampedes among the horses, and a busy and laughing pursuit of the beaux attendant. If a wrist or ankle were sprained by falls, it was tied with a handkerchief, and no more thought of it.

The marriage ceremony preceded the backwoods dinner, which was a bountiful feast of beef, pork, fowls, fish, deer and bear meat, invariably accompanied with plenty of whisky.

Then commenced the dancing of reels and jigs until all, fiddlers and guests, were completely tired out. Frequently this feasting and dancing lasted several days, until the whole company were so exhausted with the violent exercise and loss of sleep that many days of rest were required.

Frequently neighbors or relations who were not invited took offence, and the singular revenge made of cutting off the manes, foretops and tails of horses belonging to the wedding company.

After the marriage, all the friends united to settle the young couple in the world by building their cabin. The materials were prepared and the foundation laid on the first day. On the second the cabin was raised, and then this hastily-constructed domicile being rudely furnished with slab tables, three-legged stools, wooden or pewter dishes, etc., the house-warming, consisting of a dance, occupying a whole night, and attended by feasting and drinking, took place.

It may well be supposed that this bountiful style of wedding accorded most fully and exactly with Larry's ideas. He desired to have "lashings of ating and dhrinking," and would have been well content if the dancing, feasting and merry-making could have been extended for a month.

Well, this wedding shortly came off, and lasted a whole day and night. We wish we had time to describe it and its many incidents more fully, for it was one long remembered in that settlement. Colonel Zane had freely offered his house for the grand occasion, while the three ladies who had been Larry's fellow-captives, fitted out the bride, who looked very pretty and bewitching—"a schwate, modist woodland flower," were the words used by Larry on the occasion.

Larry at once adopted the scout's dress of the border, and so had to make but little change in his chief's apparel, but he was dreadfully worried and "mulfathered" by the scandalous condition of his shaved head. The scrubby red hair had grown out like the stubble of a mown wheat field, and he was forced to cut off his flaming scalp-lock to match, and be married in a coon-skin cap.

When Lew Wetzell, with his silky, flowing curls, reaching almost to his knees, came up to Larry after the ceremony, and asked him why he kept that fright of a coon-skin on, the groom could scarce keep his hands off the scout. The negro fiddlers, too, pestered and angered him a great deal, but still "all went merry as marriage bells" usually do, and afterwards the whole neighborhood turned in, built and furnished a comfortable log cabin, and so two of our characters commenced their house-keeping.

Our wild Irishman is caught at last, and stands a fair chance of being converted into a staid, sober, contented family man. It is not our fault if the fiery energy and impetuosity of his character have placed him ahead of others of his and our friends who started ahead of him in the hymeneal race. But we are by no means done with him yet.

---

## CHAPTER XCI.

### THE BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

Suppose three months to have passed since the events above related. Of our characters, Drusilla Swearingen is now at her father's house on Short creek, and with her Captain Brady, who after his visit to Fort Pitt, had taken several scouts with Killbuck. Major Rose is back at Fort Pitt, still acting as aid to General Irvine, and living in his household. Save a little more abstraction and moodiness than usual, none even of his intimates could have guessed the heart trouble he had passed through during his late absence from the fort.

Nothing of note had happened on the Wheeling border since Lew Wetzell's tragical adventure, already related, with the four Indians. In other directions, however, the failure of the Crawford expedition was producing its legitimate fruit. Besides a plentiful outcrop of wasting marauds and individual or family murders, several raids had occurred on a much more extensive scale concerning two of which we will make passing mention.

Hannahstown, the county seat of Westmoreland—which then comprised all south-western Pennsylvania—was, on July 14th. attacked and burnt to the ground by a body of about two hundred Indians, said to have been under the lead of one of the Girty brothers, and coming from the Allegheny river by way of the Kiskiminitas.

The inhabitants all took refuge in the fort close by, which successfully withstood a vigorous attack, lasting until after night. The savages killed and captured quite a number of persons and slaughtered or drove off many horses and cattle, but finally left, laden with plunder.

They also surprised Miller's Station near by, where a wedding was in full progress. A number of the panic-stricken party were made prisoners, including the groom and bride, and a lady guest with her two young and beautiful daughters.

These last were afterwards surrendered to the British in Canada, and excited much attention for their beauty and sympathy from their

misfortunes. One of them, Marion by name, so touched the heart of an English officer, that he soon after married her.

News, too, had lately arrived at Fort Henry of an important movement of the savages against the Kentucky border, and particularly of the unsuccessful assault on Bryant's Station by a body of six hundred savages, led by Simon Girty, which was followed a few days after by the bloody and terribly-disastrous "Battle of the Blue Licks," fought August 19th, at which Girty defeated with dreadful slaughter, the force under Todd, Boone, Twigg and McGary.

Bryant's Station, near Lexington, Kentucky, had resisted all Girty's assaults. He himself had on the first day been struck down by a rifle ball, his life being saved by the leaden messenger having been deadened by a piece of thick sole leather which happened to be in his pouch at the time.

Finding little could be done without artillery, and that the principal chiefs were in favor of raising the siege, Girty mounted a large stump near one of the fort gates and thought to try the effect of negotiation. He assured the heroic little band, numbering less than fifty, that resistance against his six hundred savages would only be madness; that he was hourly expecting reinforcements with artillery; that if the fort were taken by storm he could not save their lives from the enraged savages; but if they surrendered at once, he gave them his honor that not a hair of their heads would be injured.

The garrison listened in silence to Girty's speech, many of them looking very blank at the threat of approaching artillery; but a brave and high-spirited young fellow, by the name of Reynolds, yelled out in answer to Girty's query "whether the garrison knew him?" that he "was very well known; that he himself had a worthless cur, to which he had given the name of 'Simon Girty' in consequence of his striking resemblance to the renegade of that name; that if he had artillery or reinforcements he might bring them up and be——; and that if he or any of his naked, painted scoundrels found their way into the fort, they wouldn't use guns on them, but switches;" and ending by the boast that the whole country was rising to their aid, and that if "he and his gang of cut-throats would not be gone, their scalps would be soon drying in the sun."

Girty, it may be well supposed, retired with great disgust at this bravado, but fearing that Reynolds' threats about the aid might be true, he hastily decamped during the night with his whole force.

The very next day Boone, Todd and Twigg brought forces, amounting in all to near two hundred men, in pursuit. Girty's trail was broad and clear, many of the trees being hacked with tomahawks as if inviting pursuit. As the impetuous pioneers reached the Licking, the Kentuckians saw the enemy's rear leisurely ascending the rocky ridge on the opposite bank.

A halt and a consultation of officers ensued. The veteran Boone strongly urged a delay until Colonel Logan would come up with his large force; that he (Boone) knew well the ground across the river; that Girty outnumbered them three to one, and that he much feared an ambuscade where two ravines ran together in such manner so as to allow of a front and flank attack at the same time.

Opinion was divided, and while they were engaged in hot and anxious discussion, the rash and hair-brained mad-cap, Colonel Hugh McGary, a desperado of the most reckless and headlong courage, who could never endure the sight of an enemy without instant battle—brought matters to a crisis by giving a loud war-whoop, waving his hat above his head, dashing his horse into the stream, and shouting out “Let all who are not cowards follow me!”

The effect was electrical. Pell-mell, hurry-scurry, the mounted men dashed into the Licking, the footmen surging in among them in one tumultuous mass. Up the other side they madly dashed, the yelling and furious McGary far in the van.

No scouts were sent out ahead or on either side. Officers and men infected with uncontrollable ardor by the boiling passion of one fiery man, were alike demented. It was the same old story so often repeated in the history of Indian warfare. Now the fatal spot where the two ravines headed, mentioned by Boone—that experienced old Indian fighter—was reached. Here the van suddenly halted, being violently attacked by an Indian force in ambush. The centre and rear now rush up. The fire soon becomes terribly destructive. A murderous hail ploughs through the exposed ranks on all sides.

It is Braddock's Fields over again. The enemy's flanks extend, enclosing their victims in a net. Scarce a redskin to be seen, and the whites, officers and men, huddled together like sheep, without sense or order. The officers fall on all sides—Todd and Trigg; Harland, McBride and Boone's son already killed.

The savages now extend their lines to cut off return. This is noted at once, and a disorderly retreat is compelled. The savages leap out after them with appalling blood-curdling yells and with their keen tomahawks deal destruction on all sides, making cruel slaughter.

The retreat soon degenerated into a most disorderly rout. It was no longer a command, but a rabble. The horsemen fled wildly back to the river, and mostly made good their escape, but the foot, and more especially the van, which were deepest enmeshed in the fatal net, suffered horribly—were almost destroyed.

The slaughter in the river was deplorable. The ford was absolutely choked with horse, foot and yelling savages. The pursuit was continued full twenty miles, although there was comparatively little loss after leaving the river.

Later in the evening the panting, exhausted remnant arrived at Bryant's station. The disastrous news soon spread, and the whole land was covered with mourning. Over sixty men of that force—and most of them the very hope and flower of Kentucky—were killed. On the very same day Colonel Logan arrived at Bryant's station at the head of no less than *four hundred and fifty gallant men*.

He resolved to advance, and the next day reached the bloody field of defeat. *The foe was gone!* There lay the bodies of the victims still unburied and almost unrecognizable, with immense flocks of buzzards disturbed from their horrid feast, soaring over the ground.

A number of bodies lay in the ford partly consumed by fishes. The whole were collected and interred. The savages were by that time

across the Ohio and on the road to the Chillicothe towns. Nothing at present remained but retreat and study of revenge.

Shortly after Gen. Rogers Clark made a return invasion with a thousand men against the Piqua towns on the Miami; but it was, in comparison, a barren victory, as all the Indian towns were found deserted, and but little injury, beyond the wasting of the crops, etc., was inflicted.

---

## CHAPTER XCII.

### DEATH OF M'COLLOCH—LEW WETZELL'S FEATS.

As stated, however, no movement in force had yet taken place on the Wheeling border. Slover had, indeed, brought, and Isaac Zane had sent, word that an attack on Fort Henry was part of the programme resolved upon in the Mad River Tribal Council, and scouts were constantly kept out; but, with the exception of a few trifling forays and depredations, nothing very alarming had yet occurred. We will allude only to such incidents as affect any of our *dramatis personæ*. About the last of July, Major Sam. McColloch, and his brother, John, hearing that "Indian signs" had been noted in the neighborhood, took horse from Van Metre's Fort and rode down nearly as far as Wheeling. Returning up the Ohio, they had passed "Girty's Point"—a terminal projection on the river hills, so called from its being the Renegade's favorite route of attack and retreat in Virginia—when all at once there burst upon their startled ears a deadly discharge of rifles from a matted copse that bordered their path.

The peerless and intrepid Major fell to rise no more. By the same volley John's horse was also killed; but he, leaping to the horse of his murdered brother, sprang off at a gallop. After riding about fifty yards, he turned in his saddle and found a crowd of savages breaking cover, and their leader brandishing a knife and bending over the Major's body to take his scalp.

Quick as a flash, John's rifle was aimed and discharged, bringing the chief down. He then sprang off and reached Van Metre's in safety.

The next day a party went out to bring in the major's body, which they found entire, except the scalp and heart. Some years after an Indian confessed that he was of the party, and that although John McColloch had killed a great captain they had killed a greater, and that the major's heart had been divided among them and eaten, so that, as he said, "We be bold like Major McColloch."

Shortly after this sad event, a man and boy had, at different mornings, gone out from Fort Henry, lured by a wild turkey call, which was a frequent and very fatal Indian decoy on the frontier. *They never returned.* This "call," which although put in the mouth of every border hunter of the day, cannot well be imitated on paper, seemed always to come from the direction of a rocky cliff on the "horse shoe" of Wheeling Creek.

Lew Wetzell was not long in concluding where this noisy gobbler

was concealed. He had often entered a spacious rocky cavern in the face of that hill, hanging at least sixty feet over the creek, and the entrance to which was at that time almost completely hidden by a tangled growth of vines and overhanging foliage.

So slipping out before dawn the next day, he stealthily made a rapid detour and stationed himself, with cocked rifle, directly above the mouth of the cavern.

He had not waited more than a half hour, before the red-crested and gaily-plumed gobbler, in the shape of a tufted, painted Indian warrior, came out on a little ledge before the cave, gave a wary, searching glance around from his commanding perch, and then craning out his neck, issued a low chuckle, followed by a loud, clear chug-a-logga, chug-a-logga, chug-a-logga-chug, in a most singular succession of gutturals poured forth in a crowded volume.

Wetzell's responsive chuckle was altogether internal and inaudible, but none the less triumphant. Drawing a careful bead at the gobbler's smooth and polished scone, crack went his unerring rifle, and his gobblership was doubled up like a jack-knife and never chuckled more.

At another subsequent scout after "Injun sign," Wetzell took shelter in the loft of a deserted cabin on the peninsula of Wheeling creek, and was preparing himself for a snug night's sleep when to his utter dismay, six Indians, hideous in their war paint, stealthily entered the cabin below, one after another, and striking a fire, commenced preparing their evening meal.

Wetzell was as near a fright as such a singularly reckless desperado could ever get, but cocking his rifle and drawing his keen scalping knife, he waited for the first intimation of his discovery, determined to leap down among them and sell his life as dearly as possible.

Fortunately the redskins were weary with their long day's tramp, and without exploring the loft, lay down and were soon fast asleep. Wetzell patiently waited until they were locked in deepest slumber, crawled noiselessly down, slunk stealthily out of the door, and hid himself at a convenient distance.

At the earliest streak of dawn, a huge, burly savage stepped out of the door, gave a sleepy stretch and yawn, which was instantly changed into a dreadful groan as he dropped a corpse from the unerring bullet of the daring young borderer. His heart's blood was still gushing and staining the dewy grass ere his destroyer had breasted the hill which separated him from the fort. The murderous band took no scalps *that* trip.

It was just such menaces and stirring incidents as these that kept that frontier in perpetual alarm during all that summer. At no time, however, was there felt such complete security as on September the 8th. It was a Saturday, and Hambleton Kerr and Peter Neisewanger had just come in from a long and careful scout over the Indian country—which commenced just across the Ohio—and reported not the slightest trace of a hostile redskin. The next day was a Sabbath of complete rest.

On Monday morning, early, Andrew Zane and Larry—now grown to be a thriving and reputable settler of Fort Henry—were returning from Catfish (Washington, Pa.,) with a fresh supply of liquor. Pro-



bably never in all his life had Larry felt so exultant as he jogged his horse along the well known "trace," mounted on a bag for a saddle, in each end of which was snugly stowed away a full keg of "mountain dew."

He had just reached the brow which overlooked the fort and all its lovely surroundings, including his own humble cabin, and had taken a long and admiring gaze about, when, in the exuberance of his spirits he thus addressed his companion:

"Och, be me sowks, Misther Zane, but it makes a moighty big differ, an' so it does, whedder a Paddy bes a thramping vagabone, or a sober, respiktable family mon, wid his own bit shebeen an' a thrue, tinder-hearted wife to iver bid him wilcome to his own dure. Bedad, sir, but Larry Donahue's been knocked about ould Ireland loike a fut ball—from Dublin to Galway, and from Skibbereen to Ballyhillin—iver since he wor the hoith o' yer leg."

"Why, Larry," laughed his companion, "you're getting devilish sentimental all at once. You mustn't take your marriage so hard."

"Phat! hard is it?" replied Larry, earnestly. "An' shure it's joking ye be. Faith, thin, I wouldn't call King George himself my onckle. Be the hokey, I've joost been sthaining my brace uv winkers to kotch glint uv Misthress Donohue, the scwatest, purtiest and luvingest faymale that I've iver cockit eyes on, and that knowing an' invoiting loike that—schwate good luck to her—she can trick ye up the matther uv a hot poonch or toddy, or a rasher of bacon and eggs, or a pan uv innocent corn dodgers as nate an' handy as iny Irish lass that iver peeled praties.

"God luv her, shure I'm far from faulting the wee tanned nymph uv the wuds, but she's one wakeness I can't mend her uv. She'll niver be soshul loike wid the pigs and chickens, but kapes slammin' the dure in their very faces, and shure it's not homesome to me av there's not a chicken a clucking, or a snip uv a pig a grunting aroond my bid; and thin she loikes wild mate betther nor tame, corn betther nor praties, and cloth leggins betther nor linsey-woolsey petticotes, but whin all's said and done, she's a good and darlint woife, and wull be the makin' o' me, I can plain see that; but shure it's dhry clacking, Misther Zane, an' two kegs o' the rale ginooine sthuff a waggin anunder me. I'll pull out wunct more the wee bit peg, and we'll wet our whissles wid this sthraw that I iver kapes convanyunt loike."

The two men descended from their nags, took off the bag, and while Larry was getting out the keg with a peg in it, Zane's quick eye was attracted by something peculiar lying under a clump of bushes right off the trail. He went to the spot and picked up an old moccasin. Larry took his swig, smacked his lips, and exclaimed:

"By the wig 'o the grate Chafe Justice, Misther Zane, but that's a sarching and toothsome artickle. It's sthrong enough to make a pig shquale. Troth, an' it wouldn't take more nor three noggins o' that to make a mon as dhruunk as a wheelbarrow; but, saints be about us, phat's that durty ould foot-wrap you've picked up?"

"Come here, Larry?" said Zane, in quick, anxious tones, looking warily about among the trees; "something mighty suspicious about here. This is a *Huron* moccasin! See how dark and soft it is! The

skin's dressed with deer hairs, and the beads are the new English pattern. And look, under that low dogwood are some new hide cuttings. There's been a far-away Injun squatting there watching this trail, sure's your born. He's traveled far and has had to make a new moccasin. Come, let's bury the whiskey under these bushes and gallop to the fort."

It was done in a moment, and the two soon clattered down the hill and delivered their news. The returned scouts laughed at their fears, said they had just ransacked the whole Indian country, and there wasn't a yaller-hide within a day's tramp. They poked much fun at Larry's scouting, and called him a "green-horn." Larry began to think he was, too, and soon a large party started back with him to get the whiskey, and enjoy a grand spree. In *this* kind of business Larry certainly was their superior, and became their willing leader.

On their way back they stopped at Indian Spring, a short distance from the fort, and were having a right jolly time with the Catfish spirits, when all at once alarm guns were heard from two scouts, who had been sent to "Zane's Island," and at the same moment a large body of Indians could be seen crossing Wheeling Creek, just above backwater, then traversing the bottom and then advancing in a circuit, to mount the elevated plateau upon which stood Fort Henry.

How was this! a numerous and formidable foe not only over the Ohio, but across Wheeling Creek, before a man of them was discovered. It argued well for the skill and craft of the leader, whoever he was, for he must have divided up his command into small parties, and avoided all the regular trails.

All was instant confusion and alarm. There was an immediate rush made by the revelers and all the families from the various cabins into the fort. There was hurrying and bustle within the stockade.

The great gates were thrown to; the magazine and storehouse opened and hasty preparations were made for defence. Lead, guns, tomahawks, scalping-knives, spears and every kind of weapon were dragged from their concealment, and the women, Lydia Boggs and a certain Betsy Wheat, a perfect amazon in strength and warlike spirit, leading the van.

At the first intimation of danger, Captain Boggs, the commandant, mounted the fleetest horse and scurried furiously off towards the settlements of Cross, Short and Buffalo Creeks for aid. It was needed badly, and quickly. Lew Wetzell and some of the best scouts were absent. There were only about thirty men and boys to defend that most important border-station, and some of these sick or wounded. All the rest were women and helpless children.

In the absence of Captain Boggs the command was given to a brave and resolute man by the name of Copeland Sullivan, who, with two assistants, had, but a short time previous to the enemy's appearance, landed at the river bank with a pirogue loaded with cannon-ball from Fort Pitt, and designed for General Rogers Clark, at Louisville. Sullivan at once won the confidence of the whole garrison by his coolness and efficiency.



Major Sam. McColloch's Famous Leap Down Wheeling Hill.

SEE PAGE 300.



## CHAPTER XCIII.

## SIMON GIRTY LAYS SIEGE TO FORT HENRY.

We have said that the inmates of the cabins outside the palisades deserted them for the fort. There was one most notable exception. At the first siege of Fort Henry, in '77, five years previous, Colonel Ebenezer Zane's home had been destroyed, his buildings burned and all his cattle killed.

He therefore resolved that, in case of another siege, he would stay by his property and defend it to the last. His house was, like all the others then on the border, built of thick logs and bullet proof. Some attention had been given to increasing and perfecting its defences, and here the colonel with his sister Betty, his brother Silas, two brothers by the name of Greene and his black Sam, were stationed with what was deemed an ample supply of ammunition.

The enemy were now anxiously awaited, in order that their character and number might be determined. The strangers did not tarry, but soon turned the southeast corner of the fort and deployed out on the cleared interval between the south end of the stockade and the wooded declivity overlooking Wheeling Creek and its "bottom."

First appeared the sturdy, square-built, determined-looking leader, dressed in full scout's costume, immediately followed by a company, some fifty in number, known as the British Rangers, with the English flag gallantly floating above them, headed by a noisy fife and drum, and commanded by Captain Pratt, gorgeously appareled in full uniform. Behind this company were irregularly massed a motley crowd of savages to the number of about two hundred.

Simon Girty, for it was no less a person than our old acquaintance who had the command of all the forces, now signalled the music to cease, advanced towards the fort, in full view of its few but gallant defenders, and formally demanded a surrender, promising the best protection King George could afford.

The summons was instantly rejected by Sullivan, amid the shouts and taunts of those who lined the stockades. The enemy now retired around the bastion to the east side—all save Girty, who, mounted on a stump and waving a little white flag, argued for the immediate delivery of the fort, in order to save the shedding of blood, and said he would not be responsible for the control of his followers, should he be obliged to take the place by storm. He and his savages, both white and red, were defied to do their utmost, and Girty himself was loaded with every variety of opprobrious epithet.

Just as he was angrily turning on his heel, a stalwart figure in full scout's dress, leaped upon the palisades and shouted out with stentorian voice: "Bide a bit, av ye plaze, Misther Girty; d'ye moind him that's spaking to ye!"

Girty, very wrathful at being so *mistered* by a common scout, turned in some astonishment at the familiar voice, gazed steadily at Larry's commanding form, and sneered out: "Don't think I ever saw you before, my man, unless you're the wild and blathering Irishman that I

once caught, and hoped I had seen the last of. Your brogue and tongue sound like his."

"Och, bad fate to ye, Girty, but it's a durthy birrd that fouls its own nest. Verra sorra I be, ye blackguard, that ye hail from ould Ireland, but, by all the powers o' war, I *am* that same Irishman, Larry Donahue, at yer service, and I make bowld to tell yiz that ye've trated me rale scandluss and ondacint, and that I bear yet in me breast the bite o' yer lead."

"And why didn't it kill ye, as I meant?" snarled out the Renegade.

"Be jabbers, thin, an' shure I don't know," grinned Larry, good-naturedly, scratching his short, stubby hair, "av it wasn't that I'm kept over to take the concate intirely out uv Simon Girty. It's no malice I bear ye, ye ould tory, more betoken that ye've holpen me to a schwate wife; but before the whole fort here I now banther ye, in all fairity, to foight a jual wid me—choosing yer own weapons—fists, single-stick, shillalay, knife, pistol, rifle or tomahawk. Tip me the word, mon, an' I'm down to yiz."

Loud cheers and laughs went up from the fort at Larry's novel way of settling disputes, and Girty, in great disgust, turned to walk away, only saying, "Ye'll find, men, before all's over, that ye've made a blunder by insulting a king's officer with a blathering bog-trotter, and as for *you*, ye fool, go to the devil, will ye!"

"Aye, faith and that wull I, and av ye been't him, bedad yer his nearest relation. Av yer no coward, ye bluidy traithor, sthay for me!" and much to the surprise of all Larry suddenly, tomahawk in hand, vaulted his body over the stockade, constructed of perpendicular logs about seventeen feet high, hung himself down by his hands, and then dropped.

A wonderful commotion ensued at this dare-devil act. Larry's feet had scarce touched earth before Net-to-way appeared in his vacant place, screaming for him to come back. Sullivan ordered him to do the same. Others ran to open the sallyport. But Larry's wrath was up in arms at Girty's contemptuous epithets, and, soon as he could pick himself up, he ran forward to meet his hated foe.

Girty could scarce believe his eyes when he saw this reckless exploit of Larry's. Had you been near the outlaw then, you would have seen a vicious fire leap into his wary eyes, and heard a low chuckle of delight, ending in "The cursed marplot meant it after all."

As stated, all this took place on the south side of the fort, where the ground between it and the declivity which stretched down to the creek "bottom" had been completely denuded of trees. Towards this descent Girty, as if half afraid to meet his pursuer's furious onslaught, led the way.

Larry, in spite of the warning cries from the ramparts, and not seeing a single foe in sight, swiftly followed, hoping to overtake and capture the outlaw before he reached the woody declivity. Just as Girty was within a single step of the brow of the hill, he turned with a snarling laugh, and exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! ha! Ye thought, ye blatherskite, I was as big an ass as yourself, did ye? You're too fresh caught a paddy to match a Girty. Now for my turn!"

“He whistled shrill,  
 And he was answered from the hill  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Spring up at once the lurking foe,  
 And every tuft of bush gives life  
 To *painted* warriors armed for strife.”

As the Renegade made his bound down the descent, he cried out in Indian: “Don’t harm the crazy numskull, but save him for the torture,” and Larry rushed right into the arms of his deadly foes. They seemed to swarm out of the grass and brush on every side and leaped upon the astounded Irishman like a pack of hungry wolves upon a wounded buck.

Poor Larry was borne to the earth on the instant. A dozen scouts, headed by Ham Kerr, had made a rush from the sallyport for his rescue, but the lookout from the elevated cannon-platform had detected a large number of savages crouching just beyond the crest of the hill, and shouted out an anxious warning.

What were a dozen against a hundred! They turned and bounded for the gate. The baffled savages now leaped upon the plateau, and uttering a terrific yell, sent after them a cloud of whistling bullets, which pattered against the tough white-oak pickets and closing gate like hail. Our rash and unfortunate Irishman was the only victim of Girty’s well-planned decoy.

The Renegade, with that devilish shrewdness which marked his career, had shown but little over a third of his force, and on that side of the fort, too, which alone admitted of an ambush. A hundred picked Indians had been artfully concealed on the pitch of the hill, just beyond its crown and on the very edge of the forest.

Girty’s design had been to decoy the whole garrison after him, and thus return with interest the fatal ambush which the Wheeling scouts had sprung on him at Killbuck Creek. Larry’s blundering rashness, however, had defeated his stratagem and saved the garrison. Girty was, therefore, the more infuriated at him.

A perfect calm now ensued. Girty retired his whole force to his camp about the Indian Spring. The little garrison had already an awakening as to the number and quality of their foes, and anxiously redoubled their efforts to put the stockade in the best possible condition for defence.

Poor Larry, for a time after his capture, lay like a log, stunned, mortified and dejected. The thongs which cut so sharply into his flesh were as nothing to the mental pangs he felt at being so cruelly deceived, and so easily trapped. What would become of Nettoway, and what would the whole fort think of his rash folly.

The experienced borderers generally, save a few madcaps like Poe, Wetzell, Kenton, McGary and McColloch, were “daring where daring was the wiser part—prudent when discretion was valor’s better self,” and Larry had sense enough to see that he had acted with foolish bravado, which was very far from good sense. However, as he lay there brooding over his discomfiture, he began to perceive the design of the ambush, and soon felt a certain pride and content that his folly had probably saved the fort.

He was shortly afterwards picked up by a detail of soldiers and carried, by a circuit, along the side of the hill towards the camp. As he was borne, sad, dejected, and with closed eyes, past a crowd of smoking Indian chiefs, one of them who had not been with the ambuscade party, suddenly rushed forward, clutched him by his short red hair, and cried out with great vehemence, in broken, very broken English :

“Ugh! you vely much—tief! Wat for you steal Nettoway and Tutelu. Where be dem now, hey? Muss talk soon ur me kill and scalp.’

It was Wa-kous-ta. He had given Larry a very rude shock, jarring and irritating his whole nervous system, bringing his eyes, with a sudden snap, to a wide stare, and flushing his face with anger.

“Aff wid ye now, ye owdashus vagabone!” he cried, with great disgust and indignation. “By the mortal, av ye don’t immadeyutely lift yer dirty talons from my pate, I’ll make an onplisint corpse uv yiz. An’ phat know I of yer haythen names, Nettoway and Tutelu? Shure the foremost—and may the Lord be betune her and harm—is my own woman, Bidy, and the hindermost, bedad, was furst stoled by you, and it’s yerself, ye blackguard, that’s the rale thafe of the wur-r-rld. Ough! Ough! Ough! bad scran to ye, sojors, and wud ye stan’ by, grinning loike so many rat thraps, and see a Christyun mon lugged and wooled by a nakid haythun, wid a sponce smoother nor a copper biler. Fair play’s a jewall, says I, be jabers; ayther rape the painted divil aff, or guv me hands an’ feet and let me to him. I’ll whup him as asy as kiss my hand.”

The soldiers had now, with some difficulty, forced the chief off, and set Larry under a tree on the edge of the British camp. He would have been fairly boiling over with indignation, had not his rude encounter with Wa-kous-ta given him his first hope of escape from his hard fate.

---

## CHAPTER XCIV.

### GIRTY AND LARRY HAVE A TILT.

As Larry was thus ruminating, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,” and as his eyes brightened as his heart lightened, Simon Girty sauntered scowlingly up to him, glared silently at his captive for some little time, Larry looking down and affecting not to take the slightest notice of his presence.

“Ha! ha! ha! ye meddling Irish idiot,” he sneered out at last, with one of his most rasping and exasperating chuckles. “Ye’ve made a d—n purty mess of it, haven’t ye? What will I do with you now, ye blatherskite!”

“An’ shure, Girtly,” replied Larry, with modest demeanor and low, even tones, for he had carefully deliberated on his policy; “an’ av *you* don’t know that, be me sowl, I’ll be sore bothered to larn ye. How wud it sarve to sind me back to the fort as a tirrible warning. Be the powers, captin, but it wud surprhize them intirely.”



Girty scanned the prisoner, scarce able to understand his easy indifference. At last he blurted out: "I see you *captin* me now, at last. By heavens, it's best for ye. I really don't know sometimes whether ye are knave or fool."

"Say fool, av it plaze yiz betther, Girty, for upon my faix that same I be to purtind to match wits wid a dape won like yerself. An' shure, mon, but yer a moighty deludher."

"Oh, none o' yer blarney with me," said Girty, snappishly. "That fetch won't work. I fairly hate yer grinning chops and insulting ways. You've completely ruined two ambushes for me, and now by—you've got to die. I *won't* be eternally put out by an ornery, low-lived thing like you. I'll do *this* for ye, though: I'll not let the reds torture ye, but you may choose yer own death."

"Begorra, thin, an' I'm mooch obleeged to yiz," said Larry, easily and pleasantly. "Troth, an' av I can die my own way I'm much loike Lanty O'Roonny—uv the O'Roonys, County Down, ye mind—who had wuncet the same offer, and said an' av 'twere left to him, 'twas uv *ould age* he'd rayther choose; but av that's too slow, Girty, shure it's choked wid honey I'd be, so sind to the fort for Mistress Donohue, an' let her smodder me wid kisses. I'm convaynent for the sakerfice. But I'm not much feared uv yer killing me. Simon Girty *daren't* do it! There's that in the fort 'ull kape him—"

"What, you born idiot," growled Girty, his wrath again mounting fast; "*daren't* do it! We'll see! Ye bantered me once to-day: I'll take no second. Ho, there! Sergeant Dekker! have a file o' muskets at the spring in half an hour. If ye've any will or prayers or requests to make, Larry, best make them now. I won't be too hard on ye."

"Only one question to ax," said Larry, demurely. "Where's Misthress Malott and her daughter that I've heern were found?"

"What's that to you, you prying busy-body?" answered Girty, crabbedly.

"Faith an' sure not much. Bedad it's more *your* bizzness nor mine, Girty; but ye towld me to ax quistions, and, bad cess to ye, ain't I dooin' the same?"

Girty could not help being surprised and interested, and at last condescended, in a sulky voice, to say:

"They're both at Detroit, and Kate Malott's now my own wife. Have ye anything to say agin it?"

"Whirroo and murder!" exclaimed Larry, now feeling more joyful and confident. "Och, no objection the laste bit in the wur-r-ld, av the leddy's not forninst it; but are ye speaking God's truth now, Girty?"

"Odd questions for a dying sinner," sneered Girty. "Don't ye believe me? Was married near three months since, just after Crawford's defeat. Mr. Malott gave away the—"

"Misther Malott, an' who the divil's him, Girty?"

"Don't you know, you goose? It's too long a story to tell now; but he's the one your cussed party called the Hermit."

"Phat! the Harmit! Howly Joseph! an' ye don't mane that! Blissed martyrs, but shure he's the quare spook, inyhow. I niver seed

him near, but I've harkened the others spake uv his wild eyes and tell uv uncombed hair. Well, well, and he's the——"

"Yes," promptly interrupted Girty, tiring of these questions; "the whole family's together now but Harry, and we don't despair of even finding *him* some day."

"Didn't I tell yiz, Girty!" now spoke Larry with the greatest delight and confidence, a broad grin on his face, "that you wouldn't kill the Donohue! Shure *I've* found the little shaver, Harry, my——"

"What!" said Girty, starting up as if he'd been shot and catching Larry by the throat. "Ye lie! ye villain, ye lie! it's only a fetch to git out o' my clutches. Ye *never* saw him! ye *never will* see him! Tell me all! all! or I'll throttle ye to death!"

"Blissid Vargin, yer at—it—*now*, ye—chru—el—murtherer!" gasped Larry, fairly growing black in the face. "Let up! ye born divil, or ye'll ne'er hear more!"

Girty now relaxed his hold, looking somewhat confused. Soon as his helpless victim recovered breath he gasped out, indignantly:

"An' ye call yerself a mon, Girty! Shame on ye! ye moight as well try a fall wid a baby. Do but onshackle me wunst an' I'll bate ye all out an' out in a brace o' shakes."

Larry, however, soon allowed himself to be pacified by Girty's excuses, and continued: "Sakes above, mon, but I'm feared to tell yiz more good news; it gives ye such choking feelings; but it's thrue as that I'm tied hand and fut—and begorra, ye can't dispute that, inny-how, seeing that yer still there unhurted—that I've found Harry, an' have him safe in yonder fort—frisky as a kitten."

"I can't believe it," said Girty, in great astonishment. "If it's true, 'twill be good for you, I promise; if not, 'twill be just the other way. How do ye know it's him?"

"On my faix but I'll prove it ye, av ye'll but squat and kape yer clutches to yer-silf. But, as father Lafferty used to say afore a sarmin't, 'I moost prayface my discourse' by telling till ye a dape sacret that's mixed up wid my shtory. Av *ye've* been indushtrious, Girty, these powthery toimes o' war, indade, thin, not to be outdone by my betthers, an' so have I, for I'm joost as much marrhied as ye are," and here Larry winked and glinted at Girty with such an irresistibly comical leer on his phiz, that even he had to return grin for grin.

"Married, Larry!" he exclaimed, incredulously, "and you a prisoner! Curse me ef I don't believe ye'd dance a jig on yer own coffin. Who took pity on *you*, and when did ye find time to court?"

"Och, be jabers, wud ye have me sit spoiling and a moulding away till the moss growed on me back, and a purty and lissome lass loike Nettoway joost consumin' wid luv for——"

"Nettoway?" interrupted Girty, more surprised than before; "an Injun squaw! Why, man, that's worse and worse."

"Divil a bit uv it; for throth I'm rale marrhied by both book and praycher, and to a purty gur-rl that's as broight as the blissed sunshine, an' that's iver singing away loike a throstle; but I'll tell ye the whole shtory about her and the gossoon," and Larry now rapidly ran over his late adventure, leaving no doubt whatever in Girty's

mind that the lad was Malott's long-lost Harry, and his own brother-in-law.

"Strange story all this, Larry," he said, at last; "but I'll keep my word with you, honest. I must have Harry if I have to swap you for him."

"Bedad, a very sensible remark," said Larry, oracularly, and plainly much relieved; "and it's the Lord's own doings, too. We've all joost been putting uv our heads thegither—for the wee lad, d'ye moind, is a great pet wid the whole fort—how we'd get him to you and his modher, that myself and the young leddies knew so well, when along you come with a bloody faction at yer heels. 'Talk uv the divil and wun uv his imps appears'—but shure Biddy an' me'll miss the little mon moightily. He's loike an' own child to us, is Harry, and as for Biddy an' him, shure you'd think they were fed from the same breast. Och, hone! och, hone! though the young divil's no more nor knee high to a duck, he's joost the sun o' the shanty, that's phat he is!"

Sergeant Dekker now stepped up and touched his hat to Girty, saying: "The men are ready at the spring captain, with rifles loaded as you ordered."

"All right, sergeant," said Girty, "but I've changed my mind. Let them go back to camp."

The sergeant marched off, wondering.

"You see, Larry, said Girty, rising briskly, and commencing to untie Larry's thongs, "you've made a deuced narrow escape. Reckon I'll have to let you off this time. My Injuns will make a pother about it, too, but I'll risk it, for you'll be back again soon. It's onpossible that fifty can stand long agin four hundred, and I don't believe, if my count's right, that you have more than forty-eight."

This last was said with apparent indifference, but with a sly, eager, inquiring look at Larry as if expecting an answer. Larry was shrewd enough to see this in a moment, and was at once on his guard. Girty had mentioned a fighting force in the fort more than double the actual number. It was the former's duty to augment it; so he said, in the most innocent and unsuspecting manner possible:

"I owe ye a good turn, Girty, for this day's doins, an' I'd joost whisper to ye that av your spies have but counthed forty-eight, they've been dhrunk as David's sow. We've the best men uv the border, too."

Girty looked annoyed.

"But you have no cannon and we have."

"Be me song, thin, Girty, ye must have hid them oncommun clost, for none uv us cotched a glint o' them. I'll not argify the matter wid ye, but, by the powers, av they can't show two barkers for yer ivery wun, my name's not Larry, and the sthorehouse and magoozin's joost that full uv lead and powther and muskits, that the dures can't be shut. Take an honest mon's advice, Girty, for wunct, for betwixt you and me, ye'll have the biggest contract ye've iver had in gitting behind thim logs."

Girty bit his lip, greatly deceived by Larry's innocent looks and apparent friendliness. He ventures one shot more.

“They can’t surely get any aid, for we’ve taken their messenger.”

It was sad news to Larry that Captain Boggs was taken, but casting a sly look at Girty’s face, he found reason to doubt the fact, so he said :

“And faith it’ll be bad news to the fort boys that one of their expresses has been took. Av I may be so bould, phat kind uv a mon was the wun ye kotchted?”

“A fine, smart, active young scout,” said the Renegade, boldly.

“Phat a tirrible whopper,” thought Larry to himself, for the only messenger that had left the fort for aid was Captain Boggs, the fort commandant, and he an old, square-set, gray-headed man, but he answered demurely :

“Och, by the powers, that moost have been young Mike Wheat ye’ve cotched ; an’ shure but his poor modher will be heart-sorry to hear it. The other chap was a far oulder mon, wid a build like a buffalo ; but you moost know, Girty, it wud be moighty mane and unfair in the loikes o’ me to be blathering the sacrets o’ the fort. I joost minded to put ye on yer guard. Ye’ll surely not ax me inny furdher.”

Girty darted a quick, suspicious, scrutinizing glance at Larry’s face, but all there looked so calm, so bland and innocent, that he took alarm at once. If Larry’s news were true, he must not lose a moment.

“Well, I’ve no more time to fool !” he jerked out snappishly, as if he was slinging each word at his companion. “Go back to the fort and send the boy to me ! I’ll have to trust you, I suppose, but if you once deceive, I’ll catch and torture ye if I lose every man I’ve got.”

Larry chuckled to himself at this evidence of his having again outwitted the outlaw, but merely answered :

“Och, divil the wun o’ me’ll go at all, at all. I’ll niver stir a stump so long as grass grows or wather runs on inny such dirty bizzness. Ye moost captin’ that job yerself, Girty. Bad scran to ye, but ’twould be a purthy thing to have the Whaling people think that the Donohue cud be making a mane spekkelashun out uv the wee laddie, and all to save his own worthless carcass. By the great rock of Cashal av I wudn’t bide here till my poll was grizzled afore I’d do inny such ondacent mismannerly thrick.”

“You tarnal fool, what d’ye mean !” roared Girty ; “but stay, I’m going to make another and last summons, and will manage both together.”

---

## CHAPTER XCV.

### SIMON GIRTY ENCOUNTERS LYDIA BOGGS.

Just then Captain Pratt, of the Queen’s Rangers, came up, and said : “Captain Girty, here comes a white flag from the fort carried by a woman and a boy.”

“A white flag, and carried by a woman? it’s an open insult ! By

‘the eternal I think they might have trusted Simon Girty enough to send their leader. I hope though, they’ve agreed to my terms.’”

“Schwate modher of heaven!” exclaimed Larry, stretching up on tiptoe and looking towards the fort in surprise and alarm; “av it beent purty Misthress Boggs and the wee Harry. Tear an’ ages, phat the devil’s broke loose?”

“What’s that!” said Girty, angrily, but with a certain confusion, too, as if well remembering his once shooting at the fair fugitive as she was swimming the Ohio; “that pert, sassy, little jade that so defied and flurled me to my very face. I’ll not receive her! Here, Pratt, call up a squad of your rangers and do the prettys to the ledly.”

The young officer was glad enough to comply. The men were drawn up in file, and Captain Pratt advanced some few yards to meet the flag of truce.

Lydia and little Harry—for it was indeed they—advanced quickly and confidently toward the spot. The boy looked somewhat frightened as he saw the staring savages who, gathered around in groups, were gazing with intense earnestness at the strangers, and especially did he cling tightly to his protector’s dress when he caught the gleaming eyes of Wa-kous-ta, his Indian father, who seemed about to rush forward and snatch him.

Lydia, neatly and becomingly dressed, and with a bright flush of excitement kindling her eyes and mantling her fair cheeks, walked steadily along, looking neither to right nor left, holding Harry tightly by the hand, and occasionally stooping to address him some encouraging words. If the spirited young girl felt alarm at the knots of grim, stern looking savages she was obliged to pass, she showed it not, but bowing gracefully to Captain Pratt, she said, in quick, nervous tones:

“Do I address the leader of the forces come against our settlement?”

“I am *one* of the leaders,” answered Captain Pratt, politely, evidently greatly struck with the unusual grace and beauty of his fair interlocutor. “Captain Girty stands there to the rear.”

“Excuse me, sir, but the matter that brings me here is one that interests Mr. Girty alone.”

“Captain Girty has himself delegated me—Miss Boggs, I believe your name is—to receive you and hear your message.”

“And yet, sir, I must insist on seeing *him*, if you please,” said Lydia, in a prompt but decided tone.

“All right, Miss Boggs, I’ll send him to the front.”

“Confound her impudence—suppose I’ll have to face her,” said Girty, on hearing her demand, and for the first time removing his eager, ardent gaze from the boy Harry.

He came up with more of a bold stride and swagger than would have been the case had he felt quite at his ease.

“Well ma’am, I’m told you want to see me. What is it?”

Lydia looked at the Renegade quietly, but with an undefined smile of sarcasm on her pretty and piquant face, and then bowing with dignity, said, in meaning tones:

“I believe, Captain Girty, we’ve met before.”

“Are ye Miss Boggs?” said Girty, with an affected carelessness.

"Yes, yes, believe we have. Ha! ha! ha! Ye didn't stay long with us. We were almost too rough for yer fine ladyship, eh?"

"Yes, somewhat. I felt more at home with the people about here; but you used some pretty far-reaching arguments to persuade me to stay, Captain. You sent some swift messengers after me, didn't you, Captain?"

"Ha! ha! ha! only done to fright ye. Jiminy, but didn't that mare swim, though!" answered the outlaw, striving to conceal his confusion under her frank, earnest eyes and direct queries by an affected laugh—only throttle-deep, how ever.

"Not half so fast as you swore, Captain," retorted Lydia. "You ran through your cursings like a litany. The air was fairly blue with them, but your volley of oaths hurt no more than your volley of bullets. But I'm not here to recall pleasant recollections, but am on important business."

"Yes," said Girty, more briskly and cheerfully now that he was off the tenter hooks. "I hope your people are now willing to listen to reason, and to make no useless resistance. You wouldn't have the slightest chance, Miss Boggs, not the slightest."

"There might be two opinions about that," said Lydia, promptly; "but I'm not authorized to mention anything like surrender! Don't think it was ever so much as thought of by a single—"

"Well, then, in God's name," replied the disappointed Girty, hotly, "what are you here for?"

"You seem on very familiar terms with the Deity, Captain," continued Lydia, coolly and with one of those pleasant smiles which are so galling and exasperating, but which offer no excuse for open resentment. "I *have* heard that you have more claims to call below than above for your help; but, in brief, my business is simply to know whether you will exchange Larry there, whom I am glad to see unharmed, for this boy, whom I suppose you know."

"Oh, is that all?" sneered Girty, now very much nettled; "well, why didn't you say so at once? A *man* would have out with his business and been gone long since, but a woman's too glad to get any and every chance to waggle her tongue, especially when at some one else's expense, that she don't know when to stop. Ye may know that the Irishman and I have arranged that long ago, so that, if that's your business, it's done, and ye can march back again. Come here, Harry, where ye belong," he continued, holding out his hand to the boy.

"Before I let him go, Girty," said Lydia, "please tell me where Mrs. Malott is, and whether you'll promise to be kind to Harry whom we all love so much."

"Don't need any promise, ma'am. He'll be in first-rate hands, and Mrs. Malott's in Detroit, and is now my mother-in-law."

"What!" said Lydia, with unaffected surprise. "You don't mean to say you're married to Kate Malott?"

"I *do* mean it and'll stick to it. What could I do? Ha! ha! ha! You ran away from me, or it might have been otherwise; why make objections *now*."

This was said coarsely and loudly, with an air that meant "I'm even with you at last."

Lydia colored to the very roots of her hair with vexation, but only said, with curling lip:

"I don't object, God knows, except on the poor girl's account; it's a mere question of taste. If Larry is free to come, permit him now to go back with me."

Then stooping to assure Harry, she told him that Girty was now his brother, would treat him kindly, and that he would soon see his mother and all his brothers and sisters. She did not then know of the existence of his father.

Poor little Harry, so mysteriously knocked about for years, burst into a flood of tears, and seemed as if he could not give up so many friends to go to that stern, loud-laughing stranger, but at last, seeing Larry approaching, the little fellow tearfully kissed Lydia for the last time, and with open arms ran to meet that older and better friend.

Larry caught the little fellow to his breast and hugged and kissed him with the tenderest affection. Then walking up to Girty, he put the lad in his arms, asking with moistened eyes, to be ever good and kind to the "curly-pated little shaver."

Girty took Harry gently, kissed him, and tried all he could to soothe the lad and divert his attention, while Larry, amid the cheers of the British and the wondering of the silent, onlooking savages, joined Lydia, to be again received with other rounds of hearty cheers from the fort.

Not a half hour passed before Girty appeared and made a second formal demand for surrender, swearing that, if again refused, the fort would be stormed and every soul massacred. He was answered with shouts of defiance and told to remember Col. Crawford's dreadful fate.

It was now sundown. The assailants had no time to waste, and opened on the fort in dead earnest and from all sides.

We have already stated that Fort Henry was one of the most substantial structures of the kind in the West. It was planned by General Clarke, and was a parallelogram in shape, the longest side overlooking the Ohio, which there runs directly south. It had a bastion on each corner and the captain's house in the centre, which was two stories high and with top so arranged as to serve for firing the one small cannon from. The pickets were, as stated, about seventeen feet high and ran all about the fort, enclosing a space of about one acre. Its *enceinte* included also several cabins, a store-house, magazine, etc.

Such a fort as that, although completely bullet-proof, would have been knocked into splinters in a short time had the enemy cannon, but they had *not*, and Girty was afterwards led to disbelieve that part of Larry's story of the fort's having any. They could see one mounted on the captain's house, but thought it a wooden dummy, for a year or two before, the Fort Henry people did attempt to make a wooden cannon, which fact Girty learned, after he had seen Larry, from one of his men.

As the enemy advanced, therefore, they showed small fear of this little French piece, but dared the besieged to shoot. Sullivan, who had charge of this gun, waited until the enemy had approached quite close, and just as Pratt and Girty were shouting and pressing up their motley force in close order, the priming was touched off, and bang

went the little "bull-dog," cutting a passage through the hostile ranks and filling up the sounding hills with its reverberating echoes.

If the sound were not sufficient the effect was, and Captain Pratt, who had heard guns before, leaped behind a tree, and shouted :

"Stand back! stand back! by heavens there's no wood about that!"

The Indians were now more wary, and sought cover wherever possible. Girty divided up his force into small parties, and violently stormed the fort from various quarters. He next attempted to fire it; and thus the whole of that anxious, terrible night was passed. Two only of the bastions could be used, and these, so small was the force, had to be occupied by turns.

All the females, Lydia Boggs at the head, were constantly engaged cooling or loading the rifles for the men. They had no intermission and no time to feel the sensation of fear.

Betsy Wheat, before mentioned, a woman of unusual size and strength, and of indomitable courage, did much to stimulate the defenders to extraordinary efforts and to nerve up the drooping spirits of the fatigued and despondent. She seemed to be everywhere at once, and her loud, stern voice urging on the laggard and uttering loud shouts of defiance to those outside, did much to encourage the little Spartan band of heroes. She had cause for energetic effort, for her husband and four sons were within the precincts of that rough log stockade.

---

## CHAPTER XCVI.

### GIRTY'S NOVEL CANNON—BETTY ZANE'S FEAT.

Girty had early seen the great importance of cannon, and being anxious to force a surrender before any aid could reach the fort, he was driven to his wits' end how to effect a breach. That once done he could pour in his fierce horde of savages and soon make an end of all resistance. They had early discovered Sullivan's piroque filled with cannon-balls, but of what use without a cannon to fire them!

A sudden thought struck his fertile brain. There was a well-equipped blacksmith shop, belonging to the Reikart brothers, standing without the walls, and provided with bars of iron, heavy chains, etc. Why not make a cannon of wood, bored to suit Sullivan's balls, and level it against the great gate?

No sooner thought than done. A huge tree-trunk was split and cut out with tomahawks, and the pieces spliced together again with chains and hoops of bar iron. A touch-hole was burned out, and at last the formidable gun was done and ready to open for them a yawning way.

Both whites and reds had watched the work's progress with ever increasing excitement. They clustered about with intense expectation. The wooden monster now lies prone; its hollow throat receives the heavy load of powder and ball, and it is carefully trained against the massive gate. The man stands ready with the lighted brand, the force selected to make the rush are massed to one side, breathless and eagerly



expectant. An instantaneous hush falls upon both sides. All depends on that great impromptu gun.

Ready! aim! fire! and fizz! whiz! boom! chebang! goes the whole contraption with a dull heavy sound, like a blast, sending pieces of wood, iron, and simple gaping savages high into the air, and dealing death and dismay to all around.

A wild shout of triumph bursts forth from the ramparts. A long pause and a dead silence ensues outside. The discomfited enemy are picking up their dead and wounded.

Some time later a large number of the savages entered the loft of a log-cabin on the north side of the fort and commenced their customary yells and dances and making night hideous with their horrid clamor. Various attempts were made to dislodge them with plentiful discharges of grape, but all were ineffectual.

At length the chief gunner, John Tait—a few weeks after killed and partly eaten by savages near Grave creek—loaded up with ball and took a more careful aim. The missile, probably more by “luck than good guidance,” cut off a chief sleeper of the cabin, and let the whole structure down with all its contents. That dance came to a sudden termination, and the “light fantastic toers,” drew back in dismay.

The French piece was fired off that night not less than sixteen times, the assailants being thereby fully convinced that there was no “Quaker gun” about it.

Despairing of accomplishing more by various stratagems, by rushes on the gate, and by picking off the wary defenders, shot at through the port-holes, the enemy now resorted to fire. More than twenty organized attempts were made by heaping up bundles of hemp against the walls, to fire the fort or else make a breach.

In vain! the hemp was too wet, and the sleepless, watching defenders too vigilant. Dry wood and other combustibles were then tried, but with the same result; and at last the dreary night was dragged through, and another day dawned on the spent and overwrought little garrison. The baffled foe retired to the Indian Spring to recruit their strength and concoct new stratagems.

The weary little band of heroes now lay down by turns to snatch a little needful rest after their extraordinary exertions. Those who remained awake were ceaselessly occupied in moulding bullets, renewing flints, strengthening the pickets, etc., etc. The besiegers were nearer a breach than they knew. Lydia Boggs, who was busy with scarce any intermission during the whole of the siege, used to relate in after life that the pickets were so much decayed in places that they could not have withstood a united pressure of the enemy. At one time several at the northwest corner suddenly gave way and fell, but owing to a heavy growth of peach trees just outside, the fact was not noted by the foe.

We may briefly allude to one little episode during these firings. Larry was that night stationed on the river rampart, a side so well protected by nature that it was negligently guarded.

He thought he saw the forms of several savages rolling up a bale of hemp from below the bluff. He hunted up Ham Kerr and related his

suspicious. The two hurried to the spot. Yes, there the fellows were sure enough, working away like beavers.

Larry, with that unthinking recklessness which ever distinguished him, bantered his companion to jump right down upon the assailants as soon as they would get directly under the walls; but Kerr was too wary, but said he would "larn Larry a trick worth two o' that."

He now hastily ran to the store-room, procured a rope, which he arranged like a lasso, and waiting till one of the Indians was stooping down to fire the hemp, he carefully and skillfully dropped the noose over his head and body, then tightened it with a sudden jerk.

He and Larry now commenced to haul in the line. The ughs, the struggles and contortions, and the cries for help, when the savage found himself by some mysterious agency first dangling in the air and then mounting steadily aloft, were ludicrous in the extreme.

But when a light was brought, and the painted head first appeared above the stockade, and the reddy's rolling eyes first caught sight of the two sportsmen who were seeking to land their fish safely, the mingled expressions of rage, horror and disgust pictured on that astounded savage's face, are beyond the power of pen to describe. The two fishermen were so convulsed with the irresistible comicality of the whole scene that they came near dropping their game; but at last Larry caught him by his scalp-lock, and he was at once secured and lodged in the guard-house.

We have already stated that Colonel Eb Zane, with a portion of his family, his slave Sam, and two brothers by the name of Green, remained in his own bullet proof and loopholed cabin a short distance east of the fort. These five brave men and skillful marksmen maintained an obstinate defence, and made any and every approach so gallant and fatal, that they were even able to save some of the cabins on either side.

Their fire, however, had been so incessant and protracted, that the stock of powder gave out entirely during the first night. The enemy's temporary withdrawal the next morning afforded the only chance of a renewal. Unless a new supply could be obtained from the fort, from which they were completely isolated, all was lost.

An anxious council was called, and various plans suggested. It would be a most perilous undertaking, and the chances of success few indeed. Colonel Zane would not order any to the hazardous business, but submitted the supreme necessity to their courage and devotion. Silas Zane and black Sam both volunteered, and while they were trying to decide to whom should belong the desperate enterprise, a "forlorn hope," as it were, Betty Zane, with a true heroism and devotion which has never been surpassed, spoke up with rare spirit and decision and claimed the honor.

The proposal was rejected at once, but she instantly pressed her determination with redoubled earnestness, and was deaf to all remonstrance. She passionately argued that the foe was numerous and the defenders few, and that every man's life was of inestimable value, and, while rapidly making her preparations, concluded thus:

"Now Eb, you needn't say another word, for go I must and go I will. The trip is not near so risky as it looks. The savages are chiefly

scattered about towards the north side, while I will run round to the south sally-port ; besides, they'll scarce suspect anything from a mere girl, and will, doubtless, let me pass unchallenged. But should I be captured, or even shot"—and here the face of the fair young enthusiast, like that of Joan d'Arc, was glorified with a radiance almost angelic—"can I not better be spared at such a desperate crisis than one of you? Don't you see?"

"No, indeed, Bet ; I do not see," answered Colonel Zane, gravely. "The lurking savages might spare you on account of your sex ; but suppose they didn't, and shot down my own dear sister, how would I feel? Would much rather go myself."

"That *would* be a sharp thing, brother, wouldn't it ! When all the red skins know you, and would be glad to pierce your heart with a hundred bullets, leaving Elizabeth a widow and all your children fatherless. No ! no ! I'll go. We women of the border must learn to do and dare. Have we not heard of the heroic example set last month by the women of Bryant's Station, who all, old and young, marched calmly and in single file down to a spring, the path to which they knew to be ambushed the whole way by a gang of cruel, bloodthirsty demons, and all for the sake of water to drink ! And shall I hesitate, brother, when so much more is at stake? Come now ; here's an apron for the powder. I'll be back in a jiffy."

Betty Zane had her way. A signal was made to the fort to have the south sally-port ready. The intrepid young girl stepped out of the unbarred door and bounded across the interval with the speed of a deer.

The Indians who were stationed behind trees, stumps, cabins, etc., warily watching the gates and portholes for a chance shot, were amazed and paralyzed at the apparition, only exclaiming, contemptuously, "squaw ! squaw !"

Before they could recover from their daze Betty had reached the gate. It opened to receive her, and she was for the present beyond all harm. The wearied little garrison were inspired by this heroic self-sacrifice, and crowded about the beautiful girl with admiring comments. Her apron was speedily filled with powder, and she was now ready for the return.

This was infinitely more perilous than the first venture. Her safety then might have been due to surprise, to absence of suspicion, to some sudden freak of savage chivalry, but would these causes operate now, when the laden apron proclaimed the object of her hardy enterprise?

The gate is again softly opened. Not a redskin is in sight. Out once more darts the fearless and unflinching girl, bearing, as it were, about her person the lives of a whole household.

Ah, but this time she goes not unchallenged. Her errand is at once revealed to many wary, gleaming eyes. A volley of rifle balls from the lurking foe greets her presence. A number of fierce and cruel savages leap out from cover, and with frightful yells and upraised tomahawks, rush forward in pursuit. One, more swift and reckless than the rest, pauses for an instant to cast at her his fatal weapon.

But she who has dared so much for others is not herself left defenceless at this appalling crisis of her life. A hurtling volley of bullets

rains forth from both fort and Zane's house. The audacious savage, riddled with unerring balls, drops in his very tracks; the tomahawk falls harmless from his nerveless hand; the rest of the gang retire baffled and discomfited, and Betty, breathless and unscathed, springs into the arms of her anxious brother.

---

## CHAPTER XCVII.

### LARRY CATCHES A TARTAR—SIEGE RAISED.

The warfare was now mainly confined to sharpshooting on both sides. Girty devised several stratagems during the second day, but they were invariably detected and defeated by the incessant watchfulness of the inmates. Eyes were peering forth from every hole, and not a savage could expose his person for a moment but the deadly bullets would search him out.

Towards evening the fire in every direction seemed to languish, and finally a total cessation took place. The harassed defenders now exchanged congratulations on the belief that the enemy had abandoned the siege and were retiring.

Just about dusk a more noisy demonstration than usual from the north and east sides again put them on the alert. It was generally thought that an assault with the combined force was intended.

Sullivan, however, and others more wary and experienced, judged such an ostentatious announcement of an attack looked suspicious, and not at all in accordance with redskin craft. They argued that the attack might be expected from the side directly opposite. A careful lookout was therefore kept. The keen-eyed Hambleton Kerr thought he could descry, amid the thickening gloom of evening, a large number of dusky forms skulking along the edge of the hill on the south side, and thence extending along the river bank.

Every woman in the fort who could fire a gun, was now stationed on the side from which the noisy firing came, and ordered to keep up a continual bustle and firing in answer. Meanwhile all the best marksmen were stationed so as to command the approaches to the big gate on the south. The only fear was from the enemy forcing one of the entrances.

A brief, anxious pause now ensues. A low cluck of alarm is then heard from Kerr. "They are coming," and every porthole "coign of vantage" is ready with its rifle.

A swarm of crouching, swarthy figures are now seen arising from their lurking places behind the river bluff, and towards the woods another dark cloud, ready to rush forward at the proper time. They are carrying some long, heavy object, with which doubtless to force the main gate. Girty's low voice is now clearly heard urging them, in Delaware, not to lose a moment, but let drive when all the whites are at the other side.

Fatal mistake! The whole garrison are just around that very gate. Every rifle covers its quarry. The word fire is given just as the sav-

ages are running forward with the battering ram for its first powerful blow.

A fearful volley is now poured forth. Forms are seen to drop. The massive gate-driver is deserted at once. Now it falls with a thud to the ground, and now the baffled savages—those who can—limp and slink away to their hiding places.

A loud, ringing cheer of triumph from the fort makes the welkin ring, and awakens the echoes of the surrounding hills.

Firing and alarms were still kept up all that night, but no formidable attack was made, nor could be made until morning. This the feeble and exhausted little band knew, and took great rest and comfort in the knowledge, for by that time surely Captain Boggs would be on hand with an ample force to relieve them. He ought to have been there long ere that.

About an hour after the signal repulse of the enemy from the south gate, and when all but two sentinels—Coony Stroop and Larry Donohue—had retired from that side, a dark form stealthily emerged from the woods and worked its way up to the sallyport. The wide-awake Irishman—who had borne his full share of the wearying fatigues of the siege, and had contributed greatly to encourage all by his great cheerfulness and ready, reckless courage—was walking proudly, rifle on shoulder, along his narrow *banquette*, casting an occasional watchful glance towards the woods.

All at once he espied this crouching figure, which looked more like a bear than a human being. Bringing his piece to a present, he challenged the object, whatever it was, as follows:

“Halt, be jabers! No step furdur! Who the divil are yiz, anyhow, and phat are yiz skulking there for?”

The figure continued approaching, mumbling out some untelligible jargon in English to “open de gate.”

“Open the gate, is it, ye night owl, an’ aye, shure, I’ll open wun through yer inwards, ye snaking redskin, wid yer outlandish gibberish,” and with that bang went the musket, and the dark unknown gave a half suppressed groan, and went limping off.

“Here, Cooney,” shouted Larry, “I’ve sure kilt something an’ moost bag my kill. Who knows—the Lord forgive me—but it’s ould blackguard Girty hisself,” and Larry jumped down from his perch, unbarred the gate, and rushed forth. He soon came back out of the darkness, dragging with him a huge bulk of a person, whom he had jerked roughly through the gate and closing it with a bang.

“Who is it? Who have you there, Larry?” were the queries from a knot of scouts who had been attracted by the shot and noise.

“Och, divil the wun o’ me knows who he is, at all, at all, but I first shot him and then flanked and surrounded him. I’m thinking he’s Girty hisself, who knows, but he’s so hurted he’s amost frightened to death, and only can say, ‘Oh, Larry Massa, Larry Massa!’”

“Give me a glint at him,” said Ham Kerr, coming forward. “Girty, the devil, ha! ha! ha!” he roared out. “He’s *black* as the devil, sure enough, for he’s a nigger.”

“A naygur, is it?” said Larry with a comical look of disgust and annoyance on his face. “Och! blood an’ ounds, an’ I suspicioned

he wur a grate chafe painted. An' what brings ye here, ye black thafe? Wag yer tongue, ye ebony idol, or I'll not leave enough uv ye to physic a snipe."

"Oh, lorry, Massy!" cried the alarmed darkey, "I jes' done tell ye from de very fust I'se mos' gone dead wid de scare. Oh, Maussa, Maussa, I'se feared you'se done for old Pomp dis time. I's Captain Pratt's niggah, shuah, and is deserted."

"Desarted, is it, ye nagur," said Larry suspiciously; "a purty story! I'll go bail now you're but a slithering spy, ye hatch of Satan. Come wid me, ye blackguard, to Miss Lyddy's crib, an' av I've kilt ye intirely, shure ye moost fault yer ownself wid all yer craping, sacret, circumventing ways. I'm a dead shot, bedad, an' shure av I hadn't mis-doubted ye it's bored through an' through you'd be this blissid minit."

The fellow was now dragged to the guardhouse and carefully examined by Sullivan, but he steadily persisted in his story and begged for his life, revealing a good deal of information about the besiegers and their plans. Appearances, however, were against him. His wound was dressed, but the precaution taken to hand-cuff and halter him, and he was given in charge of Lydia Boggs. She used to assert, long afterwards, that she was ready at any time to tomahawk him had he attempted to escape.

The assault was continued, although in a harmless, desultory manner, all night; but in the morning the savages were found killing cattle, burning cabins, &c. About ten o'clock the Indian spies who had been sent out to watch the approach of any reinforcements, uttered some long, peculiar whoops, which the experienced scouts in the fort explained to be a signal for decamping. Scarcely had the echoes of these yells died away before the entire hostile array was seen running hastily towards the Ohio.

A glad and ringing shout went up from that little band of heroes, and in less than an hour after, Captains Boggs, Brady and Swearingen and Williamson, with seventy mounted riflemen from the adjacent stations, rode rapidly up to the relief of the fort. The enemy, however, were by this time far distant on their retreat.

"They had folded their tents like the Arabs  
And silently stole away."

After raising the siege, a division of them visited the settlements on Short and Buffalo Creeks; but, by this time the settlers, warned by Captain Boggs, were securely gathered in block houses. The savages, however, surrounded Rice's Fort, on the latter stream, and demanded a surrender, saying:

"Give up! Give up! too many Injun! Injun too big! No kill! no kill!"

The brave and sturdy frontiersmen, however, thought differently, and boldly defied them, shouting, "Come on, ye cowards! We are ready for you. Show us your yellow hides and we'll hole them for you."

This was but a bold game of bluff, however, for there were but six men to make a defence, the rest having crossed the mountains for salt and provender.

The savages now lay by until night, and then set fire to a large barn which stood close by the fort, and by its light poured in a constant fire until two o'clock the next morning, when not being able to make an impression they hastily decamped.

One of the defenders was shot in the head through a port-hole, but the enemy had to leave behind four bodies in exchange.

Although redskin marauds and depredations continued against the back settlements for twelve years longer—down to the decisive victory over the Indians by Mad Anthony Wayne, in 1793—yet no expedition in force was ever after undertaken against Fort Henry or surrounding stations. The lesson there received was long remembered. Without cannon they knew they could accomplish nothing.

---

## CHAPTER XCVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

Quiet being at length restored to the border, we will now, lest we should seem to "prattle out of fashion," gather up the scattered threads of our narrative and give conclusions.

Girty had spoken truly in stating he had married Kate Malott, just after the Crawford expedition. The groans of the poor, tortured colonel had scarce died out of his ears, ere he again wended his course to Detroit. There he found great rejoicing, and it was amid the festivities consequent upon the late victory, that his marriage took place.

Schuyler de Peyster, and his suite, honored the occasion with their presence. Notwithstanding Kate's love and trust, however, the happiness of her parents was not without alloy. Their hopes were mingled largely with fears for Kate's future. Mr. Malott, especially was full of anxiety. His gratitude to Girty for services rendered himself and family, and for the rescue of Kate from what seemed a hopeless captivity, could not blind his eyes to the fact that, besides being a rabid tory and a renegade, Girty was a wild, restless, turbulent character—a man of strong, and in times of drink, of unbridled passions.

The whole family now lived for a short time in peace and quiet, Girty making but one or two occasional excursions among the Ohio Indians. During the fall, as stated, he led more distant and important expeditions against the Kentucky and Ohio settlements. On his return from the Wheeling raid, bringing with him little Harry, the joy of the Malott family was complete.

Although peace was *nominally* declared between England and America the next year, it was not until 1796 that Detroit and other British posts were actually surrendered. The most of this long period of fourteen years was a perpetual struggle with jealous and warlike Indian tribes, aided by the British.

Detroit was the chief centre of all hostile movements. Thence did the savages receive not only their chief inspiration and instructions, but their supplies of arms, ammunition, etc. Thence Girty, Elliott,

and McKee issued at all seasons, fomenting bad feelings, stirring up perpetual animosities and organizing formidable resistance.

Down to the year 1790, when the Indian war broke out with increased violence, Girty was largely occupied in trading with the savages, and lived at various localities among them, chiefly at Girty's Point, on the Maumee river, five miles above Napoleon. Quite a number of places in Ohio, however, bear his name.

The ill-fated expeditions of General Harmer, in 1790, and of General St. Clair, in 1791, found him busy with his old associates, Elliott and McKee, in the council and in the field, and wielding much influence among the savage tribes. At their grand council held after St. Clair's disastrous and overwhelming defeat, Girty was the only white man permitted to be present, and his voice and influence were for continuing the war. At St. Clair's defeat he was present, and took an active part, receiving a severe sabre cut on the head. He is said to have found and recognized the body of General Richard Butler, second in command.

At another grand Indian conference held in 1793 Girty still thundered for war, and was especially active in organizing and marshaling forces against Wayne in 1793. He was present at the decisive battle of the Fallen Timbers, fought the next year, which forever crushed the power of the confederate Indian tribes, and ended in the Treaty of Greenville, which at last brought peace.

Girty now sold his trading establishment on the St. Mary's River, located at a place called Girty's town—now St. Mary's—and went back to Detroit, where his growing family lived.

He seemed to be perpetually haunted by the fear of falling into American hands; and when Detroit was finally yielded by the British in 1796, and the boats, laden with our troops, came in sight, it is said he could not wait for the return of the ferry-boat, but plunged his horse into the Detroit river and made for the Canada shore, pouring out a volley of curses, as he rode up the opposite bank, upon the American officers and troops.

He now settled quietly down on a farm near Malden, Canada, on the Detroit river, about fifteen miles below the city, and we hear no more of him until the war of 1812. During the invasion of Canada he followed the course of the British retreat, but returned to his family at Malden, and died in 1815, aged near seventy years, and totally blind.

William Walker saw him at Malden in 1813, and describes him as being broad across the chest, with strong, round, compact limbs, and apparently endowed by nature with great powers of endurance.

Mr. D. M. Workman, of Ohio, says: "In 1813, I went to Malden and put up at a hotel kept by a Frenchman. I noticed in the bar-room a gray-headed and blind old man. The landlady, who was his daughter, a woman of about thirty years of age, inquired of me, 'Do you know who that is?' pointing to the old man. On my replying 'No,' she rejoined, 'It is Simon Girty.' He had then been blind about four years. In 1815, I returned to Malden, and ascertained that Girty had died a short time previous. Girty was a man of extraordinary strength, power of endurance, courage and sagacity. He was in height about five feet ten inches, and strongly made."



Do my readers ask whether Girty lived happily with Kate Malott? We have little information on this point. History is completely silent—we may add, totally ignorant—as to this marriage. Our information on this subject is derived from Lyman C. Draper, Esq., the most reliable and best informed historian now living regarding western border history. He writes us that Girty took to hard drinking some time after his marriage, and for several years he and his wife lived apart. They raised, however, quite a large family. Mr. Draper saw one daughter, and some of the grandchildren; as also other descendants of the Malott family which likewise settled in Western Canada, and says they were “fine, worthy people, and some of the females quite attractive and intelligent.”

Mr. Draper also writes us: “Our border histories have given only the worst side of Girty’s character. He had redeeming traits. He was uneducated—only a little above the average Indian I infer. He did what he could, unless infuriated by liquor, when, as Heckewelder states, he was boisterous, and probably dangerous. He certainly befriended Simon Kenton, and tried to save Crawford, but could not. In the latter case he had to dissemble somewhat with the Indians and a part of the time appear in their presence as if not wishing to befriend him, when he knew he could not save him, and did not dare to shoot him, as he himself was threatened with a similar fate.”

This opinion of Girty is confirmed by our own researches, and so we have endeavored to draw his character, “nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice.”

Lydia Boggs and Moses Shepherd were married at Wheeling, and both became very distinguished characters, not only on the Western border, but in Washington. He became a prominent merchant, contractor and country gentleman, and she, a woman of great force, energy and influence, distinguished for her beauty, wit and social rank, one of the leading and reigning women of her times, and a living epitome of Western progress.

Shortly after marriage the happy couple took up their residence at the forks of Wheeling creek, some eight miles east of Wheeling, and near by Shepherd’s Fort, erected by her husband’s father during the Indian wars.

Colonel Shepherd was a large contractor on the National Road, which passed through the Shepherd estate, and early in the present century erected a spacious and elegant stone mansion on a beautiful promontory dividing Wheeling creek. This sumptuous home—“Elm Grove” it was named, standing amid stately elms and maples—soon became historic, not alone for the generous and munificent hospitality dispensed there for over a half a century, but for the number of illustrious men that visited and were entertained there.

Of the distinguished guests who were in the habit of enjoying the baronial hospitality of Colonel and Mrs. Shepherd we may mention Clay, Benton, Governor Edwards, Philip Doddridge, and many other prominent statesmen and men of letters. On one occasion President Monroe became their guest. Henry Clay stopped often on his way to or from Washington. He used to send his servant in advance with a note apprising the Colonel and his lady of the approach of himself

and family, and inquiring whether it would be convenient to entertain them.

Many others of the guests brought their families, and the ungrudging and bounteous hospitality with which all were entertained was something that, in the rude and plain simplicity of a Western border, savored of Oriental magnificence.

The mansion was constructed with especial design for the generous hospitality of which it was to become the centre. On such occasions the entire upper part was thrown into one spacious drawing-room, which, with all the other apartments, was finished and furnished in the best style of the day, the tapestry being manufactured especially for the room.

In recognition of the invaluable services of Henry Clay—the projector and steadfast friend of the National Pike—a costly and elaborate monument to the great statesman was erected at great expense, in full view of the mansion and near the pike. There it still stands, but greatly wasted and ravaged by “decay’s effacing fingers,” as well as by the vandalisms of party rancor.

Col. Shepherd’s accounts as contractor remained long unsettled, and for many, many years he and his fashionable wife resided at Washington during the sessions of Congress. She dressed magnificently, entertained sumptuously, and moved in the most fashionable court circles of the day. Within recent years she decorated one whole side of her spacious drawing-room with the attire in which she led the *beau monde* of other days. Her wardrobe was a veritable curiosity in its way.

Colonel Shepherd died in 1833, but the widow kept up her annual pilgrimages to the capitol. It was during one of these visits that she met General Cruger, of New York, to whom she was soon after married, this bride of over seventy being then described as “gay, proud and ambitious. Her eye was undimmed, and her cheeks glowed with the beauty of fifty.”

General Cruger died in 1843, and was “gathered to his fathers,” but still the widow’s Washington visits continued, and Dr. Wills De Hass, her biographer, asserts that he met her there in 1850 and escorted her to President Taylor’s levee. “She was then eighty-six years of age, and not one of the least observed on that brilliant occasion.”

No wonder that Clay used to style her “One of the Corinthian columns of the Republic,” and to predict that she would live to be a hundred. She lived to surpass the prophecy, only succumbing to the arch destroyer so late as November, 1867, aged one hundred and three.

During her protracted and eventful life she ever displayed the same strong, brave, positive, energetic traits. Her’s was a character of unusual force and resoluteness. Whether as a barefooted girl swimming the Ohio river to Boggs’ island for her cows; as a beautiful maiden moulding bullets and loading rifles at the siege of Fort Henry; as a thrifty woman of business, riding on horseback, with her saddle pockets lined with silver, all the way to Philadelphia, or as a venerable widow taking sole charge of an immense country estate; running mills, shops and other improvements; managing her slaves and dependants,

she was ever the same—a woman of wit, courage, sagacity, resolution and unflagging industry.

When almost a hundred years old, suit was brought by some of the third generation of those waiting for her immense estate, on the ground that she was superannuated and incompetent to manage her affairs. Did this frighten her? Not a whit of it! She bustled into Wheeling, managed her own case, and gained it with ease, proving by a "cloud of witnesses" that her large estate was better fenced, more productive, in finer order, and her dependants more comfortably cared for than any farm in Ohio county.

Neither marriage of Mrs. Cruger was blessed with children. She was of a square, compact physique, of great equanimity of spirits; shrewd, wide-awake and full of lively talk and repartee; lived frugally, was scarcely ever ill, and would never permit any of her relatives to reside with or wait on her.

Altogether a wonderful old lady! No wonder she began to think all mortal but herself. She never made a will; clung tenaciously to life, and lived as if she thought her property was to remain, as she frequently said, "mine, all mine forever!"

The marriage of Captain Brady with the gentle Drusilla Swearingen also occurred not very long after the siege of Wheeling. Her father afterwards settled just above the present town of Wellsburg, W. V. erecting a blockhouse there, and Brady settled at West Liberty, W. Va.

In introducing this character it was stated that he was but twenty-six years old, and that for "a full score of years after he was the savages' fell destroyer." We could fill a volume with the daring and wonderful exploits of this keen-eyed and lion-hearted Indian tracker. In woodcraft even Boone was not his equal, and in reckless daring Lew Wetzell was scarcely his superior. He ever avoided beaten paths and the borders of streams, and never was known to leave his track behind him. He was often vainly hunted by his own band, by whom he was almost worshiped.

Beaver valley, Pa., was the scene of many of his most stirring adventures. The most remarkable, perhaps, of his many feats, was his marvelous leap of twenty-eight feet across the Cuyahoga river, where its mad, boiling current was confined within a rocky gorge, and his subsequent successful concealment in a lake, wholly submerged under water, while breathing through the hollow stem of a lily, or some other water plant.

We have been assured that the tender heart of Drusilla suffered untold agonies by reason of her husband's reckless and exposed life. His scouts generally lasted two or three weeks at a time, and every hour beyond the period fixed for his return would be torture to her. Their meetings after such protracted absences were very affecting. Brady died in '95 at West Liberty, leaving two sons, both now deceased.

And who was the mysterious Major John Rose, and what became of him, our readers may be tempted to inquire? We hasten to answer, for the life and services of this gallant gentleman have only lately become a highly interesting part of American history.

After the war he left Fort Pitt, and served for a time as secretary of

the Council of Censors, and was afterwards engaged in adjusting General Irvine's accounts with the Government at Philadelphia. This done to the General's complete satisfaction, the Major wrote him that he expected to leave for Europe the next week, but would write again before he sailed.

This good-bye letter came in due time, and in it the Major returned heartfelt thanks for the kind and generous treatment he had ever received from General Irvine and family, and expressed regret that he had so long kept an important secret from his benefactor. He then disclosed the interesting fact that his name was not John Rose, but Gustavus H. de Rosenthal, a Baron of the empire of Russia. He had left Russia because of having killed within the precincts of the Emperor's palace, a nobleman in a duel brought on by a blow which his antagonist had given to an aged uncle in his presence. He had then fled to England and thence to the United States, taking service in the Continental army, and finding his way to Fort Pitt in the manner already detailed. Through the mediation of his family, the Emperor Alexander had at last pardoned him and graciously permitted his return, and now he was about embarking for Amsterdam.

By the kindness of Dr. William A. Irvine of Warren county, Pennsylvania, and a grandson of General Irvine of Fort Pitt, we have had the pleasure of inspecting a series of highly interesting letters received by the Irvine family from Baron de Rosenthal, then advanced to the dignity of Grand Marshal of Livonia. These letters are mainly dated at Revel, Russia, and abound in expressions of the warmest affection and gratitude to General Irvine for his kind and generous treatment of him. He seems to have been anxious for the "Eagle and Order of Cincinnati," to which he was entitled, and adds: "The first man himself [meaning the Emperor] has been asking about it, and desires that I should wear it."

In one of date March 1st, 1823, he wrote about the value of a tract of land in Venango county, Pa., granted by the state of Pennsylvania, in consideration of his valuable services, and had not yet given up hopes of making a trip to America.

Since commencing our story, we learn that a power of attorney had been received in Venango county, so late as 1859, from the heirs of Sir Gustav Heinrich de Rosenthal, Captain of the Knighthood of the Province of Esthonia, in Russia, with authority to sell and convey these lands, which of late years have become quite valuable.

Baron de Rosenthal seems to have recovered from his early American attachment, since his final letter, dated August 4, 1806, announces that out of five children, but three lived, and of these the oldest daughter was married; the youngest daughter was at boarding-school at St. Petersburg, and his son was studying law at Moscow.

The Baron de Rosenthal died in 1830, and so the name of this brave and patriotic Russian must be added to those of Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, DeKalb, and the galaxy of noble foreigners who made haste to peril their lives in our Revolutionary struggle.

Of Killbuck we need only state that he lived to be quite an old man, and ever remained the warm and attached friend of the Americans. At the time we take him up, he was about forty-five years old,

having been—although himself a Delawarean—born in Pennsylvania, in 1737. Killbuck was baptized in 1788, and then proceeded to Princeton College to be educated, taking the name of Mr. Henry Gellemend. He died at Goshen, Ohio, in 1810. Killbuck was a very common name among the Ohio chiefs, but none of them was so noted for his virtues and services, or so respected for his many estimable qualities as the one who figures in our romance.

Of the beautiful and spirited Betty Zane we have but meagre information to furnish. Her long life was of a quiet, domestic character, passed chiefly in Wheeling, a neighborhood where she remained long single and yet lived to bury two husbands. We have within a year or so conversed with one of her grandsons, and she has left many descendants throughout Western Virginia and Eastern Ohio.

And now, having safely brought our characters through all these perils, we reluctantly take leave of our patient readers, with the hope that our story, which to us has been a labor of love, will not have proved either unpleasant or unprofitable.

“The web is wove; the woof is spun.”

[FINIS.]



OUR  
WESTERN BORDER,

ITS

LIFE, FORAYS, SCOUTS,  
COMBATS, MASSACRES, RED CHIEFS,  
ADVENTURES, CAPTIVITIES, PIONEER WOMEN,

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO;

CONTAINING THE CREAM OF ALL THE RARE OLD BORDER CHRONICLES,  
(NOW LONG OUT OF PRINT AND ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO PROCURE,) TO-  
GETHER WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF FRESH AND ORIGINAL MATTER  
DERIVED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES, THE WHOLE WORK EMBRACING  
STRANGE AND THRILLING NARRATIVES OF CAPTIVITIES, DARING  
DEEDS, DESPERATE CONFLICTS, EXCITING ADVENTURES, PER-  
SONAL PROWESS, AND AIMING, BY JUDICIOUS SELECTIONS,  
TO PRESENT THE FULLEST, MOST VARIED, AND MOST  
RELIABLE PORTRAYAL OF BORDER STRUGGLE AND  
ADVENTURE YET PUBLISHED.

---

“Truth is Stranger than Fiction.”

---

CAREFULLY WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

CHARLES McKNIGHT,

Author of “Old Fort Duquesne,” and “Simon Girty.”

---

ILLUSTRATED BY THE VERY BEST ARTISTS.

---

PUBLISHED BY

J. C. McCURDY & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS,

1880.

Extracts from "OUR WESTERN BORDER."

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

---

In order to make this volume more complete and satisfactory, its Publishers have incorporated, without change, a few illustrations and biographical sketches from "OUR WESTERN BORDER"—same author and publishers as Simon Girty—the fullest and most reliable work on American Border Life, struggle and adventure ever yet published. These supplementary Historic Sketches relate to the chief characters in Simon Girty, there being only added a complete and well rounded biography of Daniel Boone, the greatest and most popular of all western hunters and pioneers.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by CHARLES MCKNIGHT,  
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.





Daniel Boone Alone in the Wilderness.

SEE PAGE 259.



## CHAPTER IV.

---

### DANIEL BOONE, PIONEER OF KENTUCKY.

Here once Boone trod—the hardy Pioneer,  
The only white man in the wilderness.  
Oh, how he loved, alone, to hunt the deer;  
Alone at eve his simple meal to dress.  
No mark upon the tree, nor print nor track  
To lead him forward or to guide him back;  
He roved the forest—king, by main and might—  
Looked up to the sky, and shaped his course aright.  
In hunting shirt and moccasin arrayed;  
With bear-skin cap and pouch and trenchant blade;  
How carelessly he leaned upon his gun!  
Sceptre of the wild that hath so often won.—*F. W. THOMAS.*

American History presents no character of such fascination and popularity as that of Daniel Boone, the pioneer hunter of Kentucky; and this, not simply because he was a daring and adventurous woodsman, or because the free life of the wilderness has ever its special charms and romance, but because of the singular modesty, simplicity and guilelessness of the man's character. Like all truly brave men, Boone had a vast amount of quiet, unostentatious force. No man was freer from a boastful, vaunting spirit. It is likewise gross error to consider him as nothing but a daring hunter, whose life was passed in constant conflict with wild beasts or with still more savage Indians. Although an unlettered man, Boone must occupy a higher plane in our history than that; he was a pioneer, a leader and a masterful director, as well as a hunter, and was as closely connected with civilization and its beneficial achievements as he was with the woody solitude and the perils of varied adventure. He is chiefly admired because he is the completest and most admirable specimen of the class to which he belonged.

George Boone, his grandfather, came to this country from England, bringing with him nine sons and ten daughters, the very kind of family men needed to populate the boundless wastes of America. Daniel Boone was the son of Squire Boone; was born in Berks county, Pa., in 1734, but the family soon moved to the South Yadkin, N. C. Daniel

was then about nineteen, a fine, active, stalwart man, exceedingly fond of roving in the surrounding forests, and particularly skilled with the rifle. But little is known of his early manhood, as he has modestly forborne to say anything of himself, saving so far as he is connected with Kentucky. We know for certain, however, that he took great delight in long and solitary wilderness excursions, and was early enamored of the untrammled freedom of the boundless forests.

Of his romantic courtship and marriage, we will treat elsewhere, when we come to sketch the life of his most excellent wife, Rebecca. For some time he lived happily with her on the banks of the Yadkin, occasionally disturbing the toiling monotony of his farmer's life by long hunting rambles. For instance, Ramsay's Tennessee gives a fac-simile of a rude inscription drawn by Boone on a tree in that State, announcing his killing of a bear in 1760, at the age of twenty-six. In '64 he had even stood within the eastern border of Kentucky and bathed in the waters of the Cumberland. It was while viewing the vast herds of buffalo from a spur of the Cumberland mountains, that he exclaimed: "I am richer than the one mentioned in Scripture who owned the cattle of a thousand hills, for I own the wild beasts of more than a thousand valleys."

#### KENTUCKY AS IT WAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In '67 Findley, the first white man who ever explored Kentucky, returned from his solitary vagabondizing and gave such glowing accounts of that magnificent country—its hills and valleys; its park-like forests; its dense canebrakes and—above all to affect a zealous hunter—its exhaustless variety of game, from the beaver to the buffalo, that Boone's ardor was kindled and he determined to visit the new Eldorado and Paradise for hunters, in person. That Kentucky at that early day presented irresistible attractions for the adventurer, can readily be judged from the accounts of all who traversed it. Captain Inlay, who, in early times, visited it in the Spring, and was enraptured with the panorama of bewildering beauty which everywhere met his eye, wrote: "Everything here assumes a dignity and splendor I have never seen in any other part of the world. Here an eternal verdure reigns and the brilliant sun piercing through the azure heavens, produces in this prolific soil an early maturity truly astonishing. Flowers full and perfect as if they had been cultivated by the hand of a florist, with all their captivating odors and with all the variegated charms which color and nature can here produce, decorate the smiling groves. Soft zephyrs gently breathe on sweets and the inhaled air gives a voluptuous glow of health

and vigor that seems to ravish the intoxicated senses. The sweet songsters of the forest appear to feel the influence of the genial clime, and in more soft and modulated tones warble their tender notes in unison with love and nature. Everything here gives delight, and we feel a glow of gratitude for what an all-bountiful Creator has bestowed upon us."

Filson, another visitor of the long ago, wrote: "The soil is of a loose, deep, black mould without sand—in the best lands about two feet deep and exceedingly luxuriant in all its productions. The country is well timbered, producing large trees of many kinds, and to be exceeded by no country in variety"—among others, sugars, coffee, pawpaw and honey locusts. Of the fine cane, so famous for its buffalo paths; its plenteousness of bear and other wild game, and its ranges for cattle, he says: "This plant grows from three to twelve feet high; is of a hard substance, with joints at eight or ten inches distance along the stalk, from which proceed leaves like those of the willow. There are many canebrakes so thick and tall that it is difficult to pass through them. Where no cane grows there is an abundance of wild rye, clover and buffalo grass, covering vast tracts of country, and affording excellent food for cattle. Here are seen the finest crown-imperial in the world; the cardinal flower so much extolled for its scarlet color; and all the year, excepting the Winter months, the plains and valleys are adorned with a variety of flowers of the most admirable beauty. Here is also found the tulip-bearing laurel tree, or magnolia, which is very fragrant and continues to blossom and seed for several months together. By casting an eye over the map and viewing round the heads of Licking from the Ohio, and round the heads of the Kentucky and Dick's rivers, and down Green river to the Ohio again, one may view within that compass of above a hundred miles square, the most extraordinary country on which the sun has ever shone."

This is a glowing but not an overdrawn picture of Kan-tuck-ee as she was of old, robed in all her primeval beauty. Others have said that the herbage was of such lushness and exuberance that you could track a man through it at a run on a fleet horse. Indeed, we opine, that few of our day can realize the surpassing richness and luxuriance of favored portions of the virgin western wilderness. For instance Spencer, in his Narrative of Captivity, says:

"Our western Winters were much milder, our Springs earlier and our Autumns longer than now. On the last of February, some of the trees were putting forth foliage; in March the red bud, the hawthorn and the dog wood, in full bloom, checkered the hills, and in May the ground was covered with the May apple, bloodroot, ginseng, violets and

a great variety of herbs and flowers. Flocks of paroquets were seen, decked in their rich plumage of green and gold. Birds of every species and hue were flitting from tree to tree, and the beautiful red bird and the plaintive dove could be seen, and the rumbling drum of the partridge or the loud gobble of the wild turkey, heard from all sides. Here might be seen the clumsy bear, doggedly running off; there the timid deer watchfully resting, cautiously feeding, or, aroused from his matted thicket, gracefully bounding off. It seemed an earthly paradise, and but for the apprehension of the wily copperhead, silently coiled beneath the leaves; the horrid rattlesnake, who, however, more chivalrous, apprised one of his danger, and the still more fearful and insidious savage, who, crawling upon the ground or noiselessly approaching behind trees and thickets, sped the deadly shaft or fatal bullet, you might have fancied you were in the confines of Eden or the borders of Elysium."

The author of Miami County Traditions says: "The country all around the settlement presented the most lovely appearance; the earth was like an ash-heap for mellowness and nothing could exceed the luxuriance of primitive vegetation; indeed, our cattle often died from excess of feeding, and it was somewhat difficult to rear them on that account. The white weed, or bee harvest, as it is called, so profusely spread now over our bottoms and woodlands, was not then seen among us; the sweet annis, nettles, wild rye and pea vine, now so scarce, then everywhere abounded. They were almost the entire herbage of our bottoms; the last two gave subsistence to our cattle, and the first, with other nutritious roots, were eaten by our swine with the greatest avidity. In the Spring and Summer months, a drove of hogs could be scented at a considerable distance from the flavor of the annis root."

Is it any wonder, then, that the early hunters became enamored of these western Edens, so prodigal of sweetness as to throw an atmosphere of fragrance even about a drove of vulgar unsavory swine! But our readers must forgive this tempting side ramble. *Revenons a nos moutons.*

To one of Boone's tastes, the scenes so enthusiastically described by Findley presented charms not to be longer resisted, so joining, in 1769, Findley and four others of like mind and tastes with himself, he left his family on the Yadkin and pushed boldly for the West. We cannot, of course, in a work as this, essay to give the details of a life like Boone's, so absolutely crowded with personal adventure, and so must content ourselves with a most meagre outline of his future happenings.

On the 7th of June they reached Red river, and from a neighboring eminence were enabled to survey the vast plain of Kentucky. Here

they built a cabin, in order to afford them a shelter from the rain—which had fallen in immense quantities on their march—and remained in a great measure stationary until December, killing a great quantity of game immediately around them. Immense herds of buffalo ranged through the forest in every direction, feeding on the leaves of the cane or the rich and spontaneous fields of clover. On the 22d of December, Boone and John Stuart, one of his companions, left their encampment, and following one of the numerous paths which the buffalo had made through the cane, they plunged boldly into the interior of the forest. They had as yet seen no Indians, and the country had been reported as totally uninhabited. This was true in a strict sense, for although the southern and north-western tribes were in the habit of hunting here as upon neutral ground, yet not a single wigwam had been erected, nor did the land bear the slightest mark of having ever been cultivated. The different tribes would fall in with each other, and from the fierce conflicts which generally followed these casual rencontres, the country had been known among them by the name of “*the dark and bloody ground*!”

#### BOONE CAPTURED FOR THE FIRST TIME AND ESCAPES.

The two adventurers soon learned the additional danger to which they were exposed. While roving carelessly from canebrake to canebrake, and admiring the rank growth of vegetation, and the variety of timber which marked the fertility of the soil, they were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a party of Indians, who, springing from their place of concealment, rushed upon them with a rapidity that rendered escape impossible. They were almost instantly seized, disarmed and made prisoners. Their feelings may be readily imagined. They were in the hands of an enemy who knew no alternative between adoption and torture, and the numbers and fleetness of their captors rendered escape by open means impossible, while their jealous vigilance seemed equally fatal to any secret attempt. Boone, however, was possessed of a temper admirably adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Of a cold and saturnine, rather than an ardent disposition, he was never either so much elevated by good fortune or depressed by bad, as to lose for a moment the full possession of all his faculties. He saw that immediate escape was impossible, but he encouraged his companion, and constrained himself to follow the Indians in all their excursions with so calm and contented an air, that their vigilance insensibly began to relax.

On the seventh evening of their captivity, they encamped in a thick

canebrake, and, having built a large fire, lay down to rest. The party whose duty it was to watch, were weary and negligent, and about midnight Boone, who had not closed an eye, ascertained from the deep breathing all around him that the whole party, including Stuart, were in a deep sleep. Gently and gradually extricating himself from the Indians who lay around him, he walked cautiously to the spot where Stuart lay, and having succeeded in awakening him without alarming the rest, he briefly informed him of his determination, and exhorted him to arise, make no noise, and follow him. Stuart, although ignorant of the design, and suddenly aroused from sleep, fortunately obeyed with equal silence and celerity, and within a few minutes they were beyond hearing. Rapidly traversing the forest, by the light of the stars and the barks of the trees, they ascertained the direction in which the camp lay, but upon reaching it on the next day, to their great grief, they found it plundered and deserted, with nothing remaining to show the fate of their companions; and, even to the day of his death, Boone knew not whether they had been killed or taken, or had voluntarily abandoned their cabin and returned. Here in a few days they were accidentally joined by Boone's brother and another man, who had followed them from Carolina, and fortunately stumbled upon their camp. This accidental meeting in the bosom of a vast wilderness, gave great relief to the two brothers, although their joy was soon overcast.

Boone and Stuart, in a second excursion, were again pursued by savages, and Stuart was shot and scalped, while Boone fortunately escaped. As usual, he has not mentioned particulars, but barely stated the event. Within a few days they sustained another calamity, if possible still more distressing. Their only remaining companion was benighted in a hunting excursion, and, while encamped in the woods alone, was attacked and devoured by the wolves.

The two brothers were thus left in the wilderness alone, separated by several hundred miles from home, surrounded by hostile Indians, and destitute of everything but their rifles. After having had such melancholy experience of the dangers to which they were exposed, we would naturally suppose that their fortitude would have given way, and that they would instantly have returned to the settlements. But the most remarkable feature in Boone's character was a calm and cold equanimity, which rarely rose to enthusiasm, and never sunk to despondency. His courage undervalued the danger to which he was exposed, and his presence of mind, which never forsook him, enabled him, on all occasions, to take the best means of avoiding it. The wilderness, with all its dangers and privations, had a charm for him which is scarcely conceivable by one brought up in a city, and he determined to remain



alone, whilst his brother returned to Carolina for an additional supply of ammunition, as their original supply was nearly exhausted.

“I was,” he says, “left by myself, without bread, salt or sugar, without the company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse and dog.”

His situation, we should now suppose, was in the highest degree gloomy and dispirited. The dangers which attended his brother on his return were nearly equal to his own; and each had left a wife and children, which Boone acknowledged cost him many an anxious thought. But the wild and solitary grandeur of the country around him, where not a tree had been cut, nor a house erected, was to him an inexhaustible source of admiration and delight; and he says himself, that some of the most rapturous moments of his life were spent in those lonely rambles. The climate was superb. The forests were magnificent with their exuberance of rustling foliage, and in sunny openings lay verdant savannas covered with the lushest of grasses and perfectly enameled with flowers. Upon these and along several streams and extensive canebrakes, immense herds of the unwieldy buffalo could be seen rolling along. The majestic trees were festooned with vines, from which, in early Autumn, hung grapes as luscious as those of Eshcol. In fact, it was a “land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey.” The utmost caution was necessary to avoid the savages, and scarcely less to escape the ravenous hunger of the wolves that prowled nightly around him in immense numbers. He was compelled frequently to shift his lodging, and by undoubted signs, saw that the Indians had repeatedly visited his hut during his absence. He sometimes lay in canebrakes, without fire, and heard the yell of the Indians around him. Fortunately, however, he never encountered them, although he took long rambles all over Northern Kentucky.

On the 27th of July, 1770, his brother returned with a supply of ammunition on two well-laden horses; and with a hardihood which appears almost incredible, they ranged through the country in every direction, and without injury, until March, 1771. They then returned to North Carolina, where Daniel rejoined his family, after an absence of three years, during nearly the whole of which time he had never tasted bread or salt, nor seen the face of a single white man, with the exception of his brother, and the friends who had been killed. He here determined to sell his farm and remove with his family to the wilderness of Kentucky—an astonishing instance of hardihood, and we should even say indifference to his family, if it were not that his character has uniformly been represented as mild and humane as it was bold and fearless.

## BOONE MOVES HIS FAMILY TO KENTUCKY—LOSES A SON.

Accordingly, on the 25th of September, 1771, having disposed of all the property which he could not take with him, he took leave of his friends and commenced his journey to the west. A number of milch cows and horses, laden with a few necessary household utensils, formed the whole of his baggage. His wife and children were mounted on horseback and accompanied him, every one regarding them as devoted to destruction. In Powell's valley, they were joined by five more families and forty men well armed. Encouraged by this accession of strength, they advanced with additional confidence, but had soon a severe warning of the further dangers which awaited them. When near Cumberland Mountain, their rear was suddenly attacked with great fury by a scouting party of Indians, and thrown into considerable confusion. The party, however, soon rallied, and being accustomed to Indian warfare, returned the fire with such spirit and effect, that the Indians were repulsed with slaughter. Their own loss, however, had been severe. Six men were killed upon the spot, and one wounded. Among the killed was Boone's eldest son—to the unspeakable affliction of his family. The disorder and grief occasioned by this rough reception, seems to have affected the emigrants deeply, as they instantly retraced their steps to the settlements on Clinch river, forty miles from the scene of action. Here they remained until June, 1774, probably at the request of the women, who must have been greatly alarmed at the prospect of plunging more deeply into a country upon the skirts of which they had witnessed so keen and bloody a conflict.

At this time Boone, at the request of Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, conducted a number of surveyors to the falls of Ohio, a distance of eight hundred miles. Of the incidents of this journey, we have no record whatever. After his return he was engaged under Dunmore, until 1775, in several affairs with the Indians, and at the solicitation of some gentlemen of North Carolina, he attended at a treaty with the Cherokees, for the purpose of purchasing the lands south of Kentucky river.

It was under the auspices of Colonel Henderson that Boone's next visit to Kentucky was made. Leaving his family on Clinch river, he set out, at the head of a few men, to mark out a road for the pack-horses or wagons of Henderson's party. This laborious and dangerous duty he executed with his usual patient fortitude, until he came within fifteen miles of the spot where Boonsborough afterwards was built. Here, on the 22d of March, his small party was attacked by the Indians, and suf-



Capture of the Boone and Calloway Girls.

SEE PAGE 281.



ferred a loss of four men killed and wounded. The Indians, although repulsed with loss in this affair, renewed the attack with equal fury on the next day, and killed and wounded five more of his party. On the 1st of April, the survivors began to build a small fort on the Kentucky river, afterwards called Boonsborough, and, on the 4th, they were again attacked by the Indians, and lost another man. Notwithstanding the harassing attacks to which they were constantly exposed, (for the Indians seemed enraged to madness at the prospect of them building houses on their hunting grounds,) the work was prosecuted with indefatigable diligence, and on the 14th was completed.

Boone instantly returned to Clinch river for his family, determined to bring them with him at every risk. This was done as soon as the journey could be performed, and Mrs. Boone and her daughters were the first white women who stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river, as Boone himself had been the first white man who ever built a cabin upon the borders of the State. The first house, however, which ever stood in the *interior* of Kentucky, was erected at Harrodsburg, in the year 1774, by James Harrod, who conducted to this place a party of hunters from the banks of the Monongahela. This place was, therefore, a few months older than Boonsborough. Both soon became distinguished, as the only places in which hunters and surveyors could find security from the fury of the Indians.

Within a few weeks after the arrival of Mrs. Boone and her daughters, the infant colony was reinforced by three more families, at the head of which were Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Denton. Boonsborough, however, was the central object of Indian hostilities, and scarcely had his family become domesticated in their new possession when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, and lost one of their garrison. This was in December, 1775.

#### CAPTURE OF BOONE'S DAUGHTER AND THE CALLOWAY GIRLS.

In the following July, however, a much more alarming event occurred. Boone's daughter, Jemima, in company with Betty and Fanny Calloway, crossed the Kentucky river in a canoe, and while amusing themselves along the leafy bank by splashing the water about with their paddles, they were seen by five lurking savages. One of them, stealthily gliding into the stream, seized the tying rope and succeeded in noiselessly dragging the canoe into a little leafy nook out of sight of the fort. The loud shrieks of the now terrified girls quickly alarmed the family. The small garrison was dispersed in their usual occupations; but Boone hastily collected a small party of eight men, and pursued the enemy.

So much time, however, had been lost, that the Indians had got several miles the start of them. The pursuit was urged through the night with great keenness, by woodsmen capable of following a trail at all times, and on the following day they came up with them. The attack was so sudden and furious, that the Indians were driven from the ground before they had time to tomahawk their prisoners, and the girls were recovered without having sustained any other injury than excessive fright and fatigue. Nothing but a barren outline of this interesting occurrence has been given. We know nothing of the conduct of the Indians to their captives, or of the situation of the young ladies during the short engagement, and cannot venture to fill up the outline from imagination. The Indians lost two men, while Boone's party was uninjured.

From this time until the 15th of April, 1777, the garrison was incessantly harassed by flying parties of Indians. While ploughing their corn, they were waylaid and shot; while hunting, they were chased and fired upon; and sometimes a solitary Indian would creep up near the fort, in the night, and fire upon the first of the garrison who appeared in the morning. They were in a constant state of anxiety and alarm, and the most ordinary duties could only be performed at the risk of their lives. On the 15th the enemy appeared in large numbers, hoping to crush the infant settlement at a single blow. Boonsborough, Logan's Fort and Harrodsburg were attacked at one and the same time. But, destitute as they were of artillery, scaling ladders, and all the proper means of reducing fortified places, they could only distress the men, alarm the women and destroy the corn and cattle. Boonsborough sustained some loss, as did the other stations, but the enemy, being more exposed, suffered so severely as to cause them to retire with precipitation.

No rest, however, was given to the unhappy garrison. On the 4th of July following they were again attacked by two hundred warriors, but the enemy were repulsed with loss. The Indians retreated, but a few days afterwards fell upon Logan's station with great fury, having sent detachments to alarm the other stations, so as to prevent the appearance of reinforcements at Logan's. In this last attempt they displayed great obstinacy, and as the garrison consisted only of fifteen men, they were reduced to extremity. Not a moment could be allowed for sleep. Burning arrows were shot upon the roofs of the houses, and the Indians often pressed boldly up to the gates, and attempted to hew them down with their tomahawks. Fortunately, at this critical time, Colonel Bowman arrived from Virginia with one hundred men well armed, and the savages precipitately withdrew, leaving the garrison almost exhausted with fatigue and reduced to twelve men.

## BOONE'S FIGHT WITH TWO SAVAGES—HE IS TAKEN CAPTIVE.

A brief period of repose now followed, in which the settlers endeavored to repair the damages done to their farms. But a period of heavy trial to Boone and his family was approaching. In January, 1778, accompanied by thirty men, Boone went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the different stations, and used to go out to hunt for them regularly. One day, according to Flint, his biographer, he had wandered some distance from the river, and suddenly encountered two savages. He could not retreat, and so slipped behind a tree, and then exposed himself to attract their aim. The first shot, and Boone dropped at the flash as if killed. To make the second throw away his shot, he again exposed part of his person. The eager savage instantly fired, and Boone evaded the shot as before. The two Indians were now, with nervous hands, attempting to reload. Boone now drew a fatal bead on the foremost, and he fell, pierced to the heart. The two antagonists now advanced—Boone flourishing his knife and the savage his tomahawk—to the dead body of the fallen Indian. Boone placed his foot on the body, and received the tomahawk on his rifle. In the attitude of striking, the unwary savage had exposed his body, in which the remorseless knife was plunged to the hilt.

On the 7th of February following, while out hunting, he fell in with one hundred and two Indian warriors, on their march to attack Boonsborough. He instantly fled, but being nearly fifty years old, was unable to contend with the fleet young men who pursued him, and was a second time taken prisoner. As usual, he was treated with kindness until his final fate was determined, and was led back to the Licks, where his men were still encamped. Here his whole party, to the number of twenty-seven, surrendered themselves, upon promise of life and good treatment, both of which conditions were faithfully observed.

Had the Indians prosecuted their enterprise, they might, perhaps, by showing their prisoners and threatening to put them to the torture, have operated so far upon the sympathies of the garrison as to have obtained considerable results. But nothing of the kind was attempted. They had already been unexpectedly successful, and it is their custom after either good or bad fortune, immediately to return home and enjoy the triumph. Boone and his party were conducted to the old town of Chillicothe, where they remained till the following March. No journal was written during this period, by either Boone or his party. We are only informed that his mild and patient equanimity wrought powerfully upon the Indians; that he was adopted into a family, and uniformly

treated with the utmost affection. One fact is given us which shows his acute observation and knowledge of mankind. At the various shooting matches to which he was invited, he took care not to beat them *too* often. He knew that no feeling is more painful than that of inferiority, and that the most effectual way of keeping them in a good humor with *him*, was to keep them in a good humor with themselves. He, therefore, only shot well enough to make it an honor to beat him, and found himself an universal favorite.

On the 10th of March, 1778, Boone was conducted to Detroit, when Governor Hamilton himself offered £100 for his ransom; but so strong was the affection of the Indians for their prisoner, that it was positively refused. Several English gentlemen, touched with sympathy for his misfortunes, made pressing offers of money and other articles, but Boone steadily refused to receive benefits which he could never return. The offer was honorable to them, and the refusal was dictated by rather too refined a spirit of independence. Boone's anxiety on account of his wife and children was incessant, and the more intolerable, as he dared not excite the suspicion of the Indians by any indication of a wish to rejoin them.

Upon his return from Detroit, he observed that one hundred and fifty warriors of various tribes had assembled, painted and equipped for an expedition against Boonsborough. His anxiety at this sight became ungovernable, and he determined, at every risk, to effect his escape. During the whole of this agitating period, however, he permitted no symptoms of anxiety to escape him. He hunted and shot with them, as usual, until the morning of the 16th of June, when, taking an early start, he left Chillicothe and directed his route to Boonsborough. The distance exceeded one hundred and sixty miles, but he performed it in four days, during which he ate only one meal. He appeared before the garrison like one rising from the dead. His wife, supposing him killed, had transported herself, children and property to her father's house, in North Carolina; his men, suspecting no danger, were dispersed to their ordinary avocations, and the works had been permitted to go to waste. Not a moment was to be lost. The garrison worked day and night upon the fortifications. New gates, new flanks and double bastions, were soon completed. The cattle and horses were brought into the fort, ammunition prepared, and everything made ready for the approach of the enemy within ten days after his arrival. At this time, one of his companions in captivity arrived from Chillicothe, and announced that his escape had determined the Indians to delay the invasion for three weeks.

During this interval, it was ascertained that numerous spies were



traversing the woods and hovering around the station, doubtless for the purpose of observing and reporting the condition of the garrison. Their report could not have been favorable. The alarm had spread very generally, and all were upon the alert. The attack had been delayed so long that Boone began to suspect that they had been discouraged by the report of the spies; and he determined to invade them. Selecting nineteen men from his garrison, he put himself at their head, and marched with equal silence and celerity against the town on Paint Creek, on the Scioto. He arrived, without discovery, within four miles of the town, and there encountered a party of thirty warriors on their march to unite with the grand army in the expedition against Boonsborough. Instantly attacking them with great spirit, he compelled them to give way with some loss, and without any injury to himself. He then halted, and sent two spies in advance to ascertain the condition of the village. In a few hours they returned with the intelligence that the town was evacuated. He instantly concluded that the grand army was on its march against Boonsborough, whose situation, as well as his own, was exceedingly critical. Retracing his steps, he marched day and night, hoping still to elude the enemy and reach Boonsborough before them. He soon fell in with their trail, and making a circuit to avoid them, he passed their army on the sixth day of his march, and on the seventh reached Boonsborough.

#### SEVERE SIEGE OF BOONSBOROUGH—INDIAN STRATAGEMS FOILED.

On the eighth the enemy appeared in great force. There were nearly five hundred Indian warriors, armed and painted in their usual manner, and what was still more formidable, they were conducted by a Canadian officer, well skilled in the usages of modern warfare. As soon as they were arrayed in front of the fort, the British colors were displayed, and an officer with a flag was sent to demand the surrender of the fort, with a promise of quarter and good treatment in case of compliance, and threatening "the hatchet," in case of a storm. Boone requested two days for consideration, which, in defiance of all experience and common sense, was granted. This interval, as usual, was employed in preparation for an obstinate resistance. The cattle were brought into the fort, the horses secured, and all things made ready against the commencement of hostilities.

Boone then assembled the garrison and represented to them the condition in which they stood. They had not to deal with Indians alone, but with British officers, skilled in the art of attacking fortified places, sufficiently numerous to *direct*, but too few to *restrain* their savage

allies. If they surrendered, their lives might and probably would be saved; but they would suffer much inconvenience, and *must* lose all their property. If they resisted, and were overcome, the life of every man, woman and child would be sacrificed. The hour was now come in which they were to determine what was to be done. If they were inclined to surrender, he would announce it to the officer; if they were resolved to maintain the fort, he would share their fate, whether in life or death. He had scarcely finished, when every man arose and in a firm tone announced his determination to defend the fort to the last.

Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Captain Duquesne the resolution of his men. Disappointment and chagrin were strongly painted upon the face of the Canadian at this answer; but endeavoring to disguise his feelings, he declared that Governor Hamilton had ordered him not to injure the men if it could be avoided, and that if nine of the principal inhabitants of the fort would come out into the plain and treat with them, they would instantly depart without further hostility. The insidious nature of this proposal was evident, for they could converse very well from where they then stood, and going out would only place the officers of the fort at the mercy of the savages—not to mention the absurdity of supposing that this army of warriors would “*treat*,” but upon such terms as pleased them, and no terms were likely to do so, short of a total abandonment of the country. Notwithstanding these objections, the word “*treat*,” sounded so pleasantly in the ears of the besieged, that they agreed at once to the proposal and Boone himself, attended by eight of his men, went out and mingled with the savages, who crowded around them in great numbers, and with countenances of deep anxiety.

The treaty then commenced and was soon concluded. What the terms were, we are not informed, nor is it a matter of the least importance, as the whole was a stupid and shallow artifice. This was soon made manifest. Duquesne, after many very pretty periods about “*bien-faisance and humanite*,” which should accompany the warfare of civilized beings, at length informed Boone, that it was a singular custom with the Indians, upon the conclusion of a treaty with the whites, for two warriors to take hold of the hand of each white man. Boone thought this rather a singular custom, but there was no time to dispute about etiquette, particularly as he could not be more in their power than he already was; so he signified his willingness to conform to the Indian mode of cementing friendship. Instantly, two warriors approached each white man, with the word “*brother*” upon their lips, but a very different expression in their eyes, and grappling him with violence, attempted to bear him off. “*Go!*” shouted Blackfish to his

savages. The whites probably expected such a consummation, and all at the same moment sprung from their enemies. The struggle was violent, but of short duration. Boone and his fellows tossed the savages from them, and in the midst of rifle balls from the fort and of bullets, tomahawks and arrows from the foe, the heroic little band escaped into the fortress and securely barred the gate, all being uninjured save Boone's brother, Squire.

The attack instantly commenced by a heavy fire against the picketing, and was returned with fatal accuracy by the garrison. The Indians quickly sheltered themselves, and the action became more cautious and deliberate. Finding but little effect from the fire of his men, Duquesne next resorted to a more formidable mode of attack. The fort stood on the south bank of the river, within sixty yards of the water. Commencing under the bank, where their operations were concealed from the garrison, they attempted to push a mine into the fort. Their object, however, was fortunately discovered by the quantity of fresh earth which they were compelled to throw into the river, and by which the water became muddy for some distance below. Boone, who had regained his usual sagacity, instantly cut a trench within the fort in such a manner as to intersect the line of their approach, and thus frustrated their design. The enemy exhausted all the ordinary artifices of Indian warfare, but were steadily repulsed in every effort. Finding their numbers daily thinned by the deliberate but fatal fire of the garrison, and seeing no prospect of final success, they broke up on the ninth day of the siege and returned home. The loss of the garrison was two killed and four wounded. On the part of the savages, thirty-seven were killed and many wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. This was the last siege sustained by Boonsborough. The country had increased so rapidly in numbers, and so many other stations lay between Boonsborough and the Ohio, that the savages could not reach it without leaving enemies in the rear.

In the Autumn of this year Boone returned to North Carolina for his wife and family, who, as already observed, had supposed him dead, and returned to her father. There is a hint in Mr. Marshall's history, that the family affairs, which detained him in North Carolina, were of an unpleasant character, but no explanation is given. In the Summer of 1780 he returned to Kentucky with his family, and settled at Boonsborough. Here he continued busily engaged upon his farm until the 6th of October, when, accompanied by his brother, he went to the Lower Blue Licks, for the purpose of providing himself with salt. This spot seemed fatal to Boone. Here he had once been taken prisoner by the Indians and here he was destined, within two years, to lose his

youngest son, and to witness the slaughter of many of his dearest friends. His present visit was not free from calamity. Upon their return, they were encountered by a party of Indians, and his brother, who had accompanied him faithfully through many years of toil and danger, was killed and scalped before his eyes. Unable either to prevent or avenge his death, Boone was compelled to fly, and by his superior knowledge of the country, contrived to elude his pursuers. They followed his trail, however, by the scent of a dog, that pressed him closely, and prevented his concealing himself. This was one of the most critical moments of his life, but his usual coolness and fortitude enabled him to meet it. He halted until the dog, baying loudly upon his trail, came within gunshot, when he deliberately turned and shot him dead. The thickness of the wood and the approach of darkness then enabled him to effect his escape.

During the following year Boonsborough enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility. The country had become comparatively thickly settled, and was studded with fortresses in every direction, Fresh emigrants with their families were constantly arriving; and many young unmarried women, (who had heretofore been extremely scarce,) had ventured to risk themselves in Kentucky. They could not have selected a spot where their merit was more properly appreciated, and were disposed of very rapidly to the young hunters, most of whom had hitherto, from necessity, remained bachelors. Thriving settlements had been pushed beyond the Kentucky river, and a number of houses had been built where Lexington now stands.

The year 1781 passed away in perfect tranquility, and, judging from appearances, nothing was more distant than the terrible struggle that awaited them. But during the whole of this year the Indians were meditating a desperate effort to crush the settlements at a single blow. They had become seriously alarmed at the tide of emigration, which rolled over the country and threatened to convert their favorite hunting ground into one vast cluster of villages. The game had already been much dispersed; the settlers, originally weak and scattered over the south side of the Kentucky river, had now become numerous, and were rapidly extending to the Ohio. One vigorous and united effort might still crush their enemies, and regain for themselves the undisputed possession of the western forests. A few renegade white men were mingled with them, and inflamed their wild passions by dwelling upon the injuries which they had sustained at the hands of the whites, and of the necessity for instant and vigorous exertion, or of an eternal surrender of every hope either of redress or vengeance. Among these the most remarkable was *Simon Girty*. Runners were dispatched to most of the

northwestern tribes, and all were exhorted to lay aside private jealousy and unite in a common cause against these white intruders. In the meantime, the settlers were busily employed in opening farms, marrying and giving in marriage, totally ignorant of the storm which was gathering upon the lakes.

#### DEFEAT OF CAPTAIN ESTILL—A WELL-FOUGHT ACTION.

In the Spring of 1782, after a long interval of repose, they were harassed by small parties, who preceded the main body, as the pattering and irregular drops of rain are the precursors of the approaching storm. In the month of May, a party of twenty-five Wyandots secretly approached Estill's station, and committed shocking outrages in its vicinity. Entering a cabin which stood apart from the rest, they seized a woman and her two daughters, who, having been violated with circumstances of savage barbarity, were tomahawked and scalped. Their bodies, yet warm and bleeding, were found upon the floor of the cabin. The neighborhood was instantly alarmed. Captain Estill speedily collected a body of twenty-five men, and pursued their trail with great rapidity. He came up with them on Hinkston fork of Licking, immediately after they had crossed it, and a most severe and desperate conflict ensued. The Indians at first appeared daunted and began to fly, but their chief, who was badly wounded by the first fire, was heard in a loud voice, ordering them to stand and return the fire, which was instantly obeyed.

The creek ran between the two parties, and prevented a charge on either side, without the certainty of great loss. The parties, therefore, consisting of precisely the same number, formed an irregular line, within fifty yards of each other, and sheltering themselves behind trees or logs, they fired with deliberation, as an object presented itself. The only manœuvre which the nature of the ground permitted, was to extend their lines in such a manner as to uncover the flank of the enemy, and even this was extremely dangerous, as every motion exposed them to a close and deadly fire. The action, therefore, was chiefly stationary, neither party advancing or retreating, and every individual acting for himself. It had already lasted more than an hour, without advantage on either side or any prospect of its termination. Captain Estill had lost one-third of his men, and had inflicted about an equal loss upon his enemies, who still boldly maintained their ground and returned his fire with equal spirit. To have persevered in the Indian mode of fighting, would have exposed his party to certain death, one by one, unless all the Indians should be killed first, who, however, had at least an

equal chance with himself. Even victory, bought at such a price, would have afforded but a melancholy triumph; yet it was impossible to retreat or advance without exposing his men to the greatest danger.

After coolly revolving these reflections in his mind, and observing that the enemy exhibited no symptoms of discouragement, Captain Estill determined to detach a party of six men, under Lieutenant Miller, with orders to cross the creek above, and take the Indians in flank, while he maintained his ground, ready to co-operate as circumstances might require. But he had to deal with an enemy equally bold and sagacious. The Indian chief was quickly aware of the division of the force opposed to him, from the slackening of the fire in front, and, readily conjecturing his object, he determined to frustrate it by crossing the creek with his whole force, and overwhelming Estill, now weakened by the absence of Miller. The manœuvre was bold and masterly, and was executed with determined courage. Throwing themselves into the water, they fell upon Estill with the tomahawk, and drove him before them with slaughter. Miller's party retreated with precipitation, and even lie under the reproach of deserting their friends and absconding, instead of occupying the designated ground. Others contradict this statement, and affirm that Miller punctually executed his orders, crossed the creek, and, falling in with the enemy, was compelled to retire with loss.

Estill's party, finding themselves furiously charged, and receiving no assistance from Miller, who was probably at that time on the other side of the creek, in execution of his orders, would naturally consider themselves deserted, and when a clamor of that kind is once raised against a man, (particularly in a defeat,) the voice of reason can no longer be heard. Some scapegoat is always necessary. The broken remains of the detachment returned to the station, and filled the country with consternation and alarm, greatly disproportioned to the extent of the loss. The brave Estill, with eight of his men, had fallen, and four were wounded—more than half of their original number.

This, notwithstanding the smallness of the numbers, is a very remarkable action, and perhaps more honorable to the Indians than any one on record. The numbers, the arms, the courage and the position of the parties were equal. Both were composed of good marksmen and skillful woodsmen. There was no surprise, no panic, nor any particular accident, according to the most probable account, which decided the action. A delicate manœuvre, on the part of Estill, gave an advantage, which was promptly seized by the Indian chief, and a bold and masterly movement decided the fate of the day.

The news of Estill's disaster was quickly succeeded by another, scarcely

less startling to the alarmed settlers. Captain Holder, at the head of seventeen men, pursued a party of Indians who had taken two boys from the neighborhood of Hoy's station. He overtook them after a rapid pursuit, and in the severe action which ensued, was repulsed with the loss of more than half his party. The tide of success seemed completely turned in favor of the Indians. They traversed the woods in every direction, sometimes singly and sometimes in small parties, and kept the settlers in constant alarm.

---

### GIRTY'S DESPERATE ATTACK ON BRYANT STATION.

At length, early in August, the great effort was made. The allied Indian army, composed of detachments from nearly all the northwestern tribes, and amounting to nearly six hundred men, under the lead of Simon Girty, the notorious renegade, commenced their march from Chillicothe, under command of their respective chiefs, aided and influenced by Girty, M'Kee, and other renegade white men. With a secrecy and celerity peculiar to themselves, they advanced through the woods without giving the slightest indication of their approach, and on the night of the 14th of August, they appeared before Bryant's station, as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth, and surrounding it on all sides, calmly awaited the approach of daylight, holding themselves in readiness to rush in upon the inhabitants the moment the gates were opened in the morning. The supreme influence of fortune in war, was never more strikingly displayed. The garrison had determined to march on the following morning, to the assistance of Hoy's station, from which a messenger had arrived the evening before, with the intelligence of Holder's defeat. Had the Indians arrived only a few hours later they would have found the fort occupied only by old men, women and children, who could not have resisted their attack for a moment. As it was, they found the garrison assembled and under arms, most of them busily engaged throughout the whole night, in preparing for an early march the following morning. The Indians could distinctly hear the bustle of preparation, and see lights glancing from block-houses and cabins during the night, which must have led them to suspect that their approach had been discovered. All continued tranquil during the night, and Girty silently concerted the plan of attack.

The fort, consisting of about forty cabins placed in parallel lines, stood upon a gentle rise on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, a few

paces to the right of the road from Maysville to Lexington. The garrison was supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort, on its northwestern side—a great error in most of the stations, which, in a close and long-continued siege, must have suffered dreadfully for the want of water. The great body of Indians placed themselves in ambush within half rifle shot of the spring, while one hundred select men were placed near the spot where the road runs after passing the creek, with orders to open a brisk fire and show themselves to the garrison on that side, for the purpose of drawing them out, while the main body held themselves in readiness to rush upon the opposite gate of the fort, hew it down with their tomahawks, and force their way into the midst of the cabins.

At dawn of day, the garrison paraded under arms, and were preparing to open their gates and march off, as already mentioned, when they were alarmed by a furious discharge of rifles, accompanied with yells and screams, which struck terror to the hearts of the women and children, and startled even the men. All ran hastily to the picketing, and beheld a small party of Indians exposed to open view, firing, yelling and making the most furious gestures. The appearance was so singular, and so different from their usual manner of fighting, that some of the more wary and experienced of the garrison instantly pronounced it a decoy party, and restrained their young men from sallying out and attacking them, as some of them were strongly disposed to do. The opposite side of the fort was instantly manned, and several breaches in the picketing rapidly repaired.

#### THE HEROISM OF THE KENTUCKY WOMEN.

Their greatest distress arose from the prospect of suffering for water. The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambuscade near the spring, but at the same time they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded. Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered to them until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and each to bring up a bucketful of water. Some of the ladies, as was natural, had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why



the men could not bring water as well as themselves! observing that *they* were not bullet-proof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps.

To this it was answered that women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambuscade was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing at a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort; that if *men* should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring. The decision was soon over. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors!

Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and when near the gate of the fort, degenerated into rather an unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.

Being now amply supplied with water, they sent out thirteen young men to attack the decoy party, with orders to fire with great rapidity, and make as much noise as possible, but not to pursue the enemy too far, while the rest of the garrison took post on the opposite side of the fort, cocked their guns, and stood in readiness to receive the ambuscade as soon as it was unmasked. The firing of the light parties on the Lexington road was soon heard, and quickly became sharp and serious, gradually becoming more distant from the fort. Instantly Girty sprang up, at the head of his five hundred warriors, and rushed rapidly upon the western gate, ready to force his way over the undefended palisades. Into this immense mass of dusky bodies the garrison poured several rapid volleys of rifle balls with destructive effect. Their consternation may be imagined. With wild cries they dispersed on the right and left, and in two minutes not an Indian was to be seen. At the same time, the party who had sallied out on the Lexington road, came

running into the fort at the opposite gate, in high spirits, and laughing heartily at the success of the manœuvre.

A regular attack, in the usual manner, then commenced, without much effect on either side, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when a new scene presented itself. Upon the first appearance of the Indians in the morning, two of the garrison, Tomlinson and Bell, had been mounted on fleet horses and sent to Lexington, announcing the arrival of the Indians and demanding reinforcements. Upon their arrival, a little after sunrise, they found the town occupied only by women and children and a few old men, the rest having marched, at the intelligence of Holder's defeat, to the general rendezvous at Hoy's station. The two couriers instantly followed at a gallop, and overtaking them on the road, informed them of the danger to which Lexington was exposed during their absence.

The whole party, amounting to sixteen horsemen, and more than double that number on foot, with some additional volunteers from Boone's station, instantly countermarched, and repaired with all possible expedition to Bryant's station. They were entirely ignorant of the overwhelming numbers opposed to them, or they would have proceeded with more caution. Tomlinson had only informed them that the station was surrounded, being himself ignorant of the numbers of the enemy. By great exertions, horse and foot appeared before Bryant's at two in the afternoon, and pressed forward with precipitate gallantry to throw themselves into the fort. The Indians, however, had been aware of the departure of the two couriers, who had, in fact, broken through their line in order to give the alarm, and expecting the arrival of reinforcements, had taken measures to meet them.

#### RUNNING A BLOODY GAUNTLET—GIRTY CHAFFED BY REYNOLDS.

To the left of the long and narrow lane, where the Maysville and Lexington road now runs, there were more than one hundred acres of green standing corn. The usual road from Lexington to Bryant's ran parallel to the fence of this field, and only a few feet distant from it. On the opposite side of the road was a thick wood. Here more than three hundred Indians lay in ambush, within pistol shot of the road, awaiting the approach of the party. The horsemen came in view at a time when the firing had ceased and everything was quiet. Seeing no enemy, and hearing no noise, they entered the lane at a gallop, and were instantly saluted with a shower of rifle balls from each side, at the distance of ten paces. At the first shot, the whole party set spurs to

their horses, and rode at full speed through a rolling fire from either side, which continued for several hundred yards, but owing partly to the furious rate at which they rode; partly to the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet, they all entered the fort unhurt. The men on foot were less fortunate. They were advancing through the cornfield, and might have reached the fort in safety but for their eagerness to succor their friends. Without reflecting that, from the weight and extent of the fire, the enemy must have been ten times their number, they ran up with inconsiderate courage to the spot where the firing was heard, and there found themselves cut off from the fort, and within pistol shot of more than three hundred savages.

Fortunately, the Indian guns had just been discharged, and they had not yet leisure to reload. At the sight of this brave body of footmen, however, they raised a hideous yell, and rushed upon them, tomahawk in hand. Nothing but the high corn and their loaded rifles could have saved them from destruction. The Indians were cautious in rushing upon a loaded rifle with only a tomahawk, and when they halted to load their pieces, the Kentuckians ran with great rapidity, turning and dodging through the corn in every direction. Some entered the wood and escaped through the thickets of cane, some were shot down in the cornfield, others maintained a running fight, halting occasionally behind trees, and keeping the enemy at bay with their rifles, for, of all men, the Indians are generally the most cautious in exposing themselves to danger. A stout, active young fellow, was so hard pressed by Girty and several savages, that he was compelled to discharge his rifle, (however unwillingly, having no time to reload it,) and Girty fell. It happened, however, that a piece of thick sole-leather was in his shot-pouch at the time, which received the ball, and preserved his life, although the force of the blow felled him to the ground. The savages halted upon his fall, and the young man escaped.

Although the skirmish and race lasted for more than an hour, during which the cornfield presented a scene of turmoil and bustle which can scarcely be conceived, yet very few lives were lost. Only six of the white men were killed and wounded, and probably still fewer of the enemy, as the whites never fired until absolutely necessary, but reserved their loads as a check upon the enemy. Had the Indians pursued them to Lexington, they might have possessed themselves of it without resistance, as there was no force there to oppose them; but after following the fugitives for a few hundred yards, they returned to the hopeless siege of the fort.

It was now near sunset, and the fire on both sides had slackened. The Indians had become discouraged. Their loss in the morning had been

heavy, and the country was evidently arming, and would soon be upon them. They had made no impression upon the fort, and without artillery could hope to make none. The chiefs spoke of raising the siege and decamping, but Girty determined, since his arms had been unavailing, to try the efficacy of negotiation. Near one of the bastions there was a large stump, to which he crept on his hands and knees, and from which he hailed the garrison. "He highly commended their courage, but assured them that further resistance would be madness, as he had six hundred warriors with him, and was in hourly expectation of reinforcements, with artillery, which would instantly blow their cabins into the air; that if the fort was taken by storm, as it certainly would be, when their cannon arrived, it would be impossible for him to save their lives; but if they surrendered at once, he gave them his honor that not a hair of their heads should be injured.

"He told them his name, inquired whether they knew him, and assured them that they might safely trust to his honor." The garrison listened in silence to this speech, and many of them looked very blank at the mention of the artillery, as the Indians had, on one occasion, brought cannon with them, and destroyed two stations. But a young man by the name of Reynolds, highly distinguished for courage, energy and a frolicsome gaiety of temper, perceiving the effect of Girty's speech, took upon himself to reply to it. To Girty's inquiry of "whether the garrison knew him?" Reynolds replied, "that he was very well known—that he himself had a worthless dog to which he had given the name of 'Simon Girty,' in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name. That if he had either artillery or reinforcements, he might bring them up and be ——. That if either himself or any of the naked rascals with him found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out again with switches, of which they had collected a great number for that purpose alone; and, finally, he declared that *they* also expected reinforcements—that the whole country was marching to their assistance, and that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort, their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roofs of their cabins."

Girty took great offence at the tone and language of the young Kentuckian, and retired with an expression of sorrow for the inevitable destruction which awaited them on the following morning. He quickly rejoined the chiefs, and instant preparations were made for raising the siege. The night passed away in uninterrupted tranquility, and at daylight in the morning the Indian camp was found deserted. Fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were left upon their

roasting sticks, from which it was inferred that they had retreated a short time before daylight.

Early in the day reinforcements began to drop in, and, by noon, one hundred and sixty-seven men were assembled at Bryant's station. Colonel Daniel Boone, accompanied by his youngest son, headed a strong party from Boonsborough; Trigg brought up the force from the neighborhood of Harrodsburg, and Todd commanded the militia around Lexington. Nearly a third of the whole number assembled was composed of commissioned officers, who hurried from a distance to the scene of hostilities, and, for the time, took their station in the ranks. Of those under the rank of Colonel, the most conspicuous were, Majors Harland, McBride, McGary, and Levi Todd, and Captains Bulger and Gordon. Of the six last-named officers, all fell in the subsequent battle except Todd and McGary. Todd and Trigg, as senior Colonels, took the command, although their authority seems to have been in a great measure nominal. That, however, was of less consequence, as a sense of common danger is often more binding than the strictest discipline. A tumultuous consultation, in which every one seemed to have a voice, terminated in a unanimous resolution to pursue the enemy without delay.

It was well known that General Logan had collected a strong force in Lincoln, and would join them at farthest in twenty-four hours. It was distinctly understood that the enemy was at least double, and, according to Girty's account, more than treble their own numbers. It was seen that their trail was broad and obvious, and that even some indications of a tardiness and willingness to be pursued had been observed by their scouts, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, and from which it might reasonably be inferred that they would halt on the way—at least, march so leisurely as to permit them to wait for the aid of Logan. Yet so keen was the ardor of officer and soldier, that all these obvious reasons were overlooked, and in the afternoon of the 18th of August, the line of march was taken up, and the pursuit urged with that precipitate courage which has so often been fatal to Kentuckians. Most of the officers and many of the privates were mounted.

#### THE DISASTROUS BATTLE OF "THE BLUE LICKS."

The Indians had followed the buffalo trace, and, as if to render their trail still more evident, they had chopped many of the trees on each side of the road with their hatchets. These strong indications of tardiness, made some impression upon the cool and calculating mind of Boone, but it was too late to advise retreat. They encamped that night

in the woods, and on the following day reached the fatal boundary of their pursuit. At the Lower Blue Licks, for the first time since the pursuit commenced, they came within view of an enemy. As the miscellaneous crowd of horse and foot reached the southern bank of Licking, they saw a number of Indians ascending the rocky ridge on the other side. They halted upon the appearance of the Kentuckians, gazed at them for a few moments in silence, and then calmly and leisurely disappeared over the top of the hill.

A halt immediately ensued. A dozen or twenty officers met in front of the ranks, and entered into consultation. The wild and lonely aspect of the country around them, their distance from any point of support, with the certainty of their being in the presence of a superior enemy, seems to have inspired a seriousness bordering upon awe. All eyes were now turned upon Boone, and Colonel Todd asked his opinion as to what should be done. The veteran woodsman, with his usual unmoved gravity, replied, "that their situation was critical and delicate—that the force opposed to them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle, as might readily be seen from the leisurely retreat of the few Indians who had appeared upon the crest of the hill; that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood of the Lick, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at the distance of a mile in advance where two ravines, one upon each side of the ridge, ran in such a manner that a concealed enemy might assail them at once both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger.

"It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things: either to await the arrival of Logan, who was now undoubtedly on his march to join them; or, if it was determined to attack without delay, that one-half of their number should march up the river, which there bends in an elliptical form, cross at the rapids, and fall upon the rear of the enemy, while the other division attacked in front. At any rate, he strongly urged the necessity of reconnoitering the ground carefully before the main body crossed the river." Such was the counsel of Boone. And although no measure could have been much more disastrous than that which was adopted, yet it may be doubted if anything short of an immediate retreat upon Logan, could have saved this gallant body of men from the fate which they encountered. If they divided their force, the enemy, as in Estill's case, might have overwhelmed them in detail—if they remained where they were, without advancing, the enemy would certainly have attacked them, probably in the night, and with a certainty of success. They had committed a great error at first in not waiting for Logan, and nothing short of a retreat, which would have been considered disgraceful, could now repair it.

Boone was heard in silence and with deep attention. Some wished to adopt the first plan—others preferred the second, and the discussion threatened to be drawn out to some length, when the boiling ardor of McGary, who could never endure the presence of an enemy without instant battle, stimulated him to an act which had nearly proved destructive to his country. He suddenly interrupted the consultation with a loud whoop, resembling the war cry of the Indians, spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head and shouted, "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" The words and the action together, produced an electric effect. The mounted men dashed tumultuously into the river, each striving to be foremost. The footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass. No order was given and none observed. They struggled through a deep ford as well as they could, McGary still leading the van, closely followed by Majors Harland and McBride.

With the same rapidity they ascended the ridge, which, by the trampling of buffalo for ages, had been stripped bare of all vegetation, with the exception of a few dwarfish cedars, and which was rendered still more desolate in appearance by the multitude of rocks, blackened by the sun, which were spread over its surface. Upon reaching the top of the ridge, they followed the buffalo traces with the same precipitate ardor—Todd and Trigg in the rear; McGary, Harland, McBride and Boone in front. No scouts were sent in advance—none explored either flank—officers and soldiers seemed alike demented by the contagious example of a single man, and all struggled forward, horse and foot, as if to outstrip each other in the advance.

Suddenly, the van halted. They had reached the spot mentioned by Boone, where two ravines headed on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians presented themselves, and attacked the van. McGary's party instantly returned the fire, but under great disadvantage. They were upon a bare and open ridge—the Indians in a bushy ravine. The centre and rear, ignorant of the ground, hurried up to the assistance of the van, but were soon stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine that flanked them. They found themselves enclosed as if in the wings of a net, destitute of a proper shelter, while the enemy were, in a great measure, covered from their fire. Still, however, they maintained their ground.

## BOONE'S SON KILLED—THRILLING INCIDENTS—REYNOLDS' CAPTURE.

The action now became fierce and bloody. The parties gradually closed, the Indians emerged from the ravine, and the fire became mutually destructive. The officers suffered dreadfully. Todd and Trigg, in the rear—Harland, McBride, and young Boone, in front, were already killed. The Indians gradually extended their line, to turn the right of the Kentuckians, and cut off their retreat.

This was quickly perceived by the weight of the fire from that quarter, and the rear instantly fell back in disorder, and attempted to rush through their only opening to the river. The motion quickly communicated itself to the van, and a hurried retreat became general. The Indians instantly sprang forward in pursuit, and falling upon them with their tomahawks, made a cruel slaughter. From the battle ground to the river, the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the van, which had advanced farthest within the wings of the net, were almost totally destroyed. Colonel Boone, after witnessing the death of his son Israel, and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat. Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, to which the great mass of the fugitives were bending their flight, and to which the attention of the savages was principally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join the pursuit.

After sustaining one or two heavy fires, and baffling one or two small parties, who pursued him for a short distance, he crossed the river below the ford, by swimming, and entered the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returning by a circuitous route to Bryant's station. In the meantime, the great mass of the victors and vanquished crowded the bank of the ford. The slaughter was great in the river. The ford was crowded with horsemen and foot and Indians, all mingled together. Some were compelled to seek a passage above by swimming—some, who could not swim, were overtaken and killed at the edge of the water. A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been strongly suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind equally noble and unexpected. Being finely mounted, he had outstripped the great mass of fugitives, and crossed the river in safety. A dozen or twenty horsemen accompanied him, and having placed the river between him and the enemy, showed a disposition to continue their flight, without regard to the safety of their friends who were on foot and still



struggling with the current. Netherland instantly checked his horse, and in a loud voice called upon his companions to halt—fire upon the Indians, and save those who were still in the stream. The party instantly obeyed—and, facing about, poured a fatal discharge of rifles upon the foremost of the pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back from the opposite bank, and gave time for the harassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety. The check, however, was but momentary. Indians were seen crossing in great numbers above and below, and the flight again became general. Most of the foot left the great buffalo track, and, plunging into the thickets, escaped by a circuitous route to Bryant's.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was urged keenly for twenty miles. From the battle ground to the ford the loss was very heavy; and at that stage of the retreat there occurred a rare and striking instance of magnanimity, which it would be criminal to omit. The reader cannot have forgotten young Reynolds, who replied with such rough and ready humor to the pompous summons of Girty, at the siege of Bryant's. This young man, after bearing his share in the action with distinguished gallantry, was galloping with several other horsemen in order to reach the ford. The great body of the fugitives had preceded them, and their situation was in the highest degree critical and dangerous.

About half way between the battle ground and the river, the party overtook Captain Patterson, on foot, exhausted by the rapidity of the flight, and, in consequence of former wounds received from the Indians, so infirm as to be unable to keep up with the main body of the men on foot. The Indians were close behind him, and his fate seemed inevitable. Reynolds, upon coming up with the brave officer, instantly sprang from his horse, aided Patterson to mount upon the saddle, and continued his own flight on foot. Being remarkably active and vigorous, he contrived to elude his pursuers, and, turning off from the main road, plunged into the river near the spot where Boone had crossed, and swam in safety to the opposite side. Unfortunately he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, which had become so heavy and full of water as to prevent his exerting himself with his usual activity, and while sitting down for the purpose of pulling them off, he was overtaken by a party of Indians and made prisoner.

A prisoner is rarely put to death by the Indians, unless wounded or infirm, until their return to their own country; and then his fate is decided in solemn council. Young Reynolds, therefore, was treated kindly, and compelled to accompany his captors in the pursuit. A small party of Kentuckians soon attracted their attention, and he was left in

charge of three Indians, who, eager in pursuit, in turn committed him to the charge of one of their number, while they followed their companions. Reynolds and his guard jogged along very leisurely—the former totally unarmed, the latter with a tomahawk and rifle in his hands. At length the Indian stopped to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds instantly sprung upon him, knocked him down with his fist, and quickly disappeared in the thicket which surrounded them. For this act of generosity, Captain Patterson afterwards made him a present of two hundred acres of first-rate land.

Late in the evening of the same day, most of the survivors arrived at Bryant's station. The awful tidings spread rapidly throughout the country, and the whole land was covered with mourning. Sixty of the very flower of Kentucky had been killed in the battle and flight, and seven had been taken prisoners, of whom some were afterwards put to death by the Indians, as was said, to make their loss even. This account, however, appears very improbable. It is almost incredible that the Indians should have suffered an equal loss. Their superiority of numbers, their advantage of position, (being in a great measure sheltered, while the Kentuckians, particularly the horsemen, were much exposed,) the extreme brevity of the battle, and the acknowledged boldness of the pursuit, all tend to contradict the report that the Indian loss exceeded ours. We have no doubt that some of the prisoners were murdered after arriving at their towns, but cannot believe that the reason assigned for so ordinary a piece of barbarity was the true one. Still the execution done by the Kentuckians, while the battle lasted, seems to have been considerable, although far inferior to the loss which they themselves sustained.

#### HUGH MCGARY'S FIERY CHARACTER AND HIS DEFENCE.

Todd and Trigg were a severe loss to their families, and to the country generally. They were men of rank in life, superior to the ordinary class of settlers, and generally esteemed for courage, probity and intelligence. The death of Major Harland was deeply and universally regretted. A keen courage, united to a temper the most amiable, and an integrity the most incorruptible, had rendered him extremely popular in the country. Together with his friend McBride, he accompanied McGary in the van, and both fell in the commencement of the action. McGary, notwithstanding the extreme exposure of his station, as leader of the van, and consequently most deeply involved in the ranks of the enemy, escaped without the slightest injury. This gentleman will ever be remembered as associated with the disaster of which

he was the immediate, although not the original, cause. He has always been represented as a man of fiery and daring courage, strongly tinctured with ferocity, and unsoftened by any of the humane and gentle qualities which awaken affection. In the hour of battle, his presence was invaluable, but in civil life, the ferocity of his temper rendered him an unpleasant companion.

Several years after the battle of the Blue Licks, a gentleman of Kentucky, since dead, fell in company with McGary at one of the circuit courts, and the conversation soon turned upon the battle. McGary frankly acknowledged that he was the immediate cause of the loss of blood on that day, and, with great heat and energy, assigned his reasons for urging on the battle. He said that in the hurried council which was held at Bryant's, on the 18th, he had strenuously urged Todd and Trigg to halt for twenty-four hours, assuring them that, with the aid of Logan, they would be able to follow them even to Chilli-cothe if necessary, and that their numbers *then* were too weak to encounter them alone. He offered, he said, to pledge his head that the Indians would not return with such precipitation as was supposed, but would afford ample time to collect more force, and give them battle with a prospect of success.

He added, that Colonel Todd scouted his arguments, and declared that "if a single day was lost the Indians would never be overtaken—but would cross the Ohio and disperse; that now was the time to strike them, while they were in a body—that to talk of their numbers was nonsense—the more the merrier!—that for his part he was determined to pursue without a moment's delay, and did not doubt that there were brave men enough on the ground to enable him to attack them with effect." McGary declared, "that he felt somewhat nettled at the manner in which his advice had been received; that he thought Todd and Trigg jealous of Logan, who, as senior Colonel, would be entitled to the command upon his arrival; and that, in their eagerness to have the honor of the victory to themselves, they were rashly throwing themselves into a condition which would endanger the safety of the country.

"However, sir," (continued he, with an air of unamiable triumph,) "when I saw the gentlemen so keen for a fight, I gave way, and joined in the pursuit as willingly as any; but when we came in sight of the enemy, and the gentlemen began to talk of 'numbers,' 'position,' 'Logan,' and 'waiting,' I burst into a passion, d—d them for a set of cowards, who could not be wise until they were scared into it, and swore that since they had come so far for a fight, they *should fight*, or I would disgrace them forever! That when I spoke of waiting for Logan

on the day before, they had scouted the idea, and hinted about 'courage'—that now it would be shown who had courage, or who were d—d cowards, who could talk big when the enemy were at a distance, but turned pale when danger was near. I then dashed into the river, and called upon all who were not cowards to follow!" The gentleman upon whose authority it is given added, that even then, McGary spoke with bitterness of the deceased Colonels, and swore that they had received just what they deserved, and that he for one was glad of it.

On the very day on which this rash and unfortunate battle was fought Colonel Logan arrived at Bryant's station, at the head of no less than four hundred and fifty men. He here learned that the little army had marched on the preceding day, without waiting for so strong and necessary a reinforcement. Fearful of some such disaster as had actually occurred, he urged his march with the utmost diligence, still hoping to overtake them before they could cross the Ohio; but within a few miles of the fort, he encountered the foremost of the fugitives, whose jaded horses, and harassed looks, announced but too plainly the event of the battle. As usual with men after a defeat, they magnified the number of the enemy and the slaughter of their comrades. None knew the actual extent of their loss. They could only be certain of their own escape, and could give no account of their companions. Fresh stragglers constantly came up, with the same mournful intelligence; so that Logan, after some hesitation, determined to return to Bryant's until all the survivors should come up. In the course of the evening, both horse and foot were reassembled at Bryant's, and the loss was distinctly ascertained.

Although sufficiently severe, it was less than Logan had at first apprehended; and having obtained all the information which could be collected, as to the strength and probable destination of the enemy, he determined to continue his march to the battle ground, with the hope that success would embolden the enemy, and induce them to remain until his arrival. On the second day he reached the field. The enemy were gone, but the bodies of the Kentuckians still lay unburied, on the spot where they had fallen. Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle ground, and the bodies of the dead had become so swollen and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize the features of their most particular friends. Many corpses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun, and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected, by order of Colonel Logan, and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit. Being satisfied that the Indians were by this time

far beyond his reach, he then retraced his steps to Bryant's station and dismissed his men.

As soon as intelligence of the battle of the Blue Licks reached Colonel George Rogers Clark, who then resided at the falls of Ohio, he determined to set on foot an expedition against the Indian towns, for the purpose, both of avenging the loss of the battle, and rousing the spirit of the country, which had begun to sink into the deepest dejection. He proposed that one thousand men should be raised from all parts of Kentucky, and should rendezvous at Cincinnati, under the command of their respective officers, where he engaged to meet them at the head of a part of the Illinois regiment, then under his command, together with one brass field piece, which was regarded by the Indians with superstitious terror. The offer was embraced with great alacrity; and instant measures were taken for the collection of a sufficient number of volunteers.

The whole force of the interior was assembled, under the command of Colonel Logan, and descending the Licking in boats prepared for the purpose, arrived safely at the designated point of union, where they were joined by Clark, with the volunteers and regular detachment from below. No provision was made for the subsistence of the troops, and the sudden concentration of one thousand men and horses upon a single point, rendered it extremely difficult to procure the necessary supplies. The woods abounded in game—but the rapidity and secrecy of their march, which was absolutely essential to the success of the expedition, did not allow them to disperse in search of it. They suffered greatly, therefore, from hunger as well as fatigue; but all being accustomed to privations of every kind, they prosecuted their march with unabated rapidity, and appeared within a mile of one of their largest villages, without encountering a single Indian. Here, unfortunately, a straggler fell in with them, and instantly fled to the village, uttering the alarm whoop repeatedly in the shrillest and most startling tones. The troops pressed forward with great dispatch, and, entering their town, found it totally deserted. The houses had evidently been abandoned only a few minutes before their arrival. Fires were burning, meat was upon the roasting sticks, and corn was still boiling in their kettles. The provisions were a most acceptable treat to the Kentuckians, who were well nigh famished, but the escape of their enemies excited deep and universal chagrin.

After refreshing themselves, they engaged in the serious business of destroying the property of the tribes with unrelenting severity. Their villages were burnt, their corn cut up, and their entire country laid waste. During the whole of this severe but necessary occupation,

scarcely an Indian was to be seen. The alarm had spread universally, and every village was found deserted. Occasionally, a solitary Indian would crawl up within gunshot and deliver his fire; and once a small party, mounted upon superb horses, rode up with great audacity, within musket shot, and took a leisurely survey of the whole army, but upon seeing a detachment preparing to attack them, they galloped off with a rapidity that baffled pursuit.

#### BOONE'S LAST DAYS—DRIVEN TO MISSOURI—TOUCHING SCENES.

Boone accompanied this expedition, but, as usual, has omitted everything which relates to himself. Here the brief memoir of Boone closes. It does not appear that he was afterwards engaged in any public expedition or solitary adventure. He continued a highly respectable farmer-citizen of Kentucky for several years, until the country became too thickly settled for *his* taste. As refinement of manners advanced, and the general standard of intelligence became elevated by the constant arrival of families of rank and influence, the rough old woodsman found himself entirely out of his element. The all-engaging subject of politics, which soon began to agitate the country with great violence, was to him as a sealed book or an unknown language, and for several years he wandered among the living groups which thronged the court yard or the churches, like a venerable relic of other days. He was among them, but not of them! He pined in secret for the wild and lonely forests of the west—for the immense prairie, trodden only by the buffalo or the elk, and became eager to exchange the listless languor and security of a village for the healthful exercise of the chase or the more thrilling excitement of savage warfare.

In 1792, he dictated his brief and rather dry memoirs to some young gentleman who could write, and who garnished it with a few flourishes of rhetoric, which passed off upon the old woodsman as a precious morsel of eloquence. He was never more gratified than when he could sit and hear it read to him, by some one who was willing, at so small an expense, to gratify the harmless vanity of the kind-hearted old pioneer. He would listen with great earnestness, and occasionally rub his hands, smile and ejaculate, "all true!—every word true!—not a lie in it!" He never spoke of himself unless particularly questioned; but this written account of his life was the Delilah of his imagination. The idea of "seeing his name in print," completely overcame the cold philosophy of his general manner, and he seemed to think it a masterpiece of composition.

A disastrous reverse increased his discontent. He had, after the Revolution, collected much of his means to purchase land warrants, but while on his way to Richmond, was robbed of the whole and left destitute. Ignorant, too, of the niceties of the law, he found that even those lands he had located and thought his own, were defective in title, and so it came to pass that the old pioneer, although the first to explore the magnificent domain of Kentucky, could at length claim of her soil only the six feet that belonged to every child of Adam. Sore, wounded and dissatisfied, but never, that we can hear, embittered, Boone forever left Kentucky; turned his back upon civilization and its legal chicanery; settled for awhile with his faithful wife on the Kanawha in Virginia, and finally joined his son Daniel in what is now Missouri, but what was then part of the Spanish territory. The Spanish authorities at St. Louis gave him a grant of land, and at length he found peace again and lived by his traps and rifle, sending the spoils of the hunt to St. Louis.

He had left Kentucky in debt, but living in a time when it was not considered exactly honorable to break up "full handed," or to compound with creditors at fifty cents on the dollar, he worked manfully along until he had raised some money, and then once more appeared in Boonsborough a stranger in a strange land. The honest old man sought out his creditors, took each one's word for the amount of his indebtedness to him, and, after satisfying every claim, dollar for dollar, he shouldered his trusty rifle and started again for his western home.

But marked changes were going on even in that remote wilderness. His western paradise was soon disturbed by intruders. The territory had changed hands from Spain to France and then to the United States. He now used to make long trapping and hunting excursions up the Missouri river and its tributaries. At one time he took pack-horses and went to the Osage, taking with him a negro lad. Soon after preparing his camp, he lay a long time sick. One pleasant day, when able to walk out, he took the boy to a slight eminence and marked out his own grave, enjoining the lad, in case of his (Boone's) death, to wash his body and wrap it in a clean blanket. He was then to dig a grave exactly as he had marked it, drag his body and put it therein and then plant posts at the head and foot, and mark the trees so the place could be found by his friends. Special messages were then given about his horses, rifle, &c. All these directions were given, as the boy declared, with entire calmness and serenity.

He did not die then, however, but soon after became landless again. His title was declared invalid and, at seventy-six, the venerable pioneer was a second time left without one acre in all that boundless domain. But this did not sour him. His sweetness of disposition still continued.

and with an enduring and touching faith, he sent, in 1812, a memorial to the Kentucky Senate, asking their influence in form of a petition to Congress to confirm his Spanish title to ten thousand acres. This was done, much to Boone's satisfaction, most promptly and heartily, but Congress hesitated, and at length, in 1814, gave him title to less than a thousand.

While his claim was pending, the most terrible disaster of his life befell the old man in the loss of his dear and most faithful wife, Rebecca. He wept over her coffin as one who "would not be comforted." With her he buried all his earthly affections. He left his own humble cabin and took up his residence with his son, Major Nathan Boone. He now returned to his forest rambles and hunting sports, and when about eighty-two years old, he made a hunting excursion as far as Fort Osage on the Kansas, one hundred miles from his dwelling. On all these distant adventures, he took with him a companion bound by written agreement, that wherever he died, he was to convey and bury his body beside that of his wife overlooking the Missouri.

In 1819 a distinguished artist visited Boone at his dwelling near the Missouri, for the purpose of taking his portrait, and found him in a "small, rude cabin, indisposed and reclining on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted about the ramrod of his rifle, within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, were occupied by the descendants of the pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity. His withered energies and locks of snow, indicated that the sources of existence were nearly exhausted."

Boone died of fever on the 26th of September, 1820, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and at the residence of his son-in-law in Flanders, Calloway county, Mo., and was buried by the side of his wife. It is said that when too old to hunt, he would seat himself, with his trusty old rifle in hands and with eyes turned towards the forest, and thus gaze wistfully for hours, living over again in memory, doubtless, the active and stirring scenes of his youth and manhood beneath similar sombre shades. When intelligence of his death reached the Missouri Legislature, an adjournment and the usual badge of mourning for thirty days was voted.

In 1845 a committee, appointed by the Kentucky Legislature, visited Missouri and had the bodies of the old pioneer and his wife, Rebecca, removed to Frankfort, and on the 13th of September, 1845, the ashes of the revered and illustrious dead were recommitted to Kentucky dust amid the most solemn and imposing ceremonies. It was a great day in Kentucky, and one long to be held in sacred remembrance. An im-



mense concourse of citizens had assembled from all parts of the State. The funeral procession was more than a mile in length. The hearse, profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens, was drawn by four white horses and accompanied, as pall bearers, by such distinguished pioneers as Colonel R. M. Johnson, General James Taylor, General R. McAfee, Colonel John Johnston, of Ohio, and Colonel Wm. Boone, of Shelby. The affecting funeral ceremonies were performed in a beautiful hollow near the grave, the oration having been delivered by the Hon. J. J. Crittenden.

It is a common error to suppose that Boone was a very ignorant, illiterate man. He could both read and write, and his spelling was no worse than that of his cotemporary, General George Rogers Clark, and other prominent men of his day and generation. Governor Morehead, in his commemorative address, says of Boone :

“His life is a forcible example of the powerful influence a single absorbing passion exerted over the destiny of an individual. Possessing no other acquirements than a very common education, he was enabled, nevertheless, to maintain through a long and useful career, a conspicuous rank among the most distinguished of his cotemporaries. He united in an eminent degree the qualities of shrewdness, caution, courage and uncommon muscular strength. He was seldom taken by surprise ; he never shrank from danger, nor cowered beneath the pressure of exposure and fatigue. His manners were simple and unobtrusive—exempt from the rudeness characteristic of the backwoodsman. In his person there was nothing remarkably striking. He was five feet ten inches in height and of robust and powerful proportions. His countenance was mild and contemplative. His ordinary habits were those of a hunter. He died as he lived, in a cabin, and perhaps his trusty rifle was the most valuable of all his chattels.”

#### TWO CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF DANIEL BOONE.

Boone, according to James Hall, was once resting in the woods with a small number of his followers, when a large party of Indians came suddenly upon them and halted—neither party having discovered the other until they came in contact. The whites were eating, and the savages, with the ready tact for which they are famous, sat down with perfect composure, and also commenced eating. It was obvious they wished to lull the suspicions of the white men, and seize a favorable opportunity for rushing upon them. Boone affected a careless inattention, but, in an undertone, quietly admonished his men to keep their hands upon their rifles. He then strutted towards the reddie unarmed

and leisurely picking the meat from a bone. The Indian leader, who was somewhat similarly employed, arose to meet him.

Boone saluted him, and then requested to look at the knife with which the Indian was cutting his meat. The chief handed it to him without hesitation, and our pioneer, who, with his other traits, possessed considerable expertness at sleight of hand, deliberately opened his mouth and affected to swallow the long knife, which, at the same instant, he threw adroitly into his sleeve. The Indians were astonished. Boone gulped, rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and then, with apparent satisfaction, pronounced the horrid mouthful to be *very good*.

Having enjoyed the surprise of the spectators for a few moments, he made another contortion, and drawing forth the knife, as they supposed, from his body, coolly returned it to the chief. The latter took the point cautiously between his thumb and finger, as if fearful of being contaminated by touching the weapon, and threw it from him into the bushes. The pioneer sauntered back to his party, and the Indians, instantly dispatching their meal, marched off, desiring no further intercourse with a man who could swallow a scalping knife.

From Collins' Kentucky we derive the following: One morning in 1777, several men in the fields near Boonsborough were attacked by Indians, and ran towards the fort. One was overtaken and tomahawked within seventy yards of the fort, and while being scalped, Simon Kenton shot the warrior dead. Daniel Boone, with thirteen men, hastened to help his friends, but they were intercepted by a large body of Indians, who got between them and the fort. At the first fire from the Indians, seven whites were wounded, among them Boone. An Indian sprang upon him with uplifted tomahawk; but Kenton, quick as a flash, sprang toward the Indian, discharged his gun into his breast, snatched up the body of his noble leader, and bore it safely into the fort. When the gate was closed securely against the Indians, Boone sent for Kenton: "Well, Simon," said the grateful old pioneer, "you have behaved yourself like a man to-day—indeed, you are a fine fellow." Boone was a remarkably silent man, and this was great praise from him.

#### KENTUCKY SPORTS—BOONE BARKING SQUIRRELS BY RIFLE.

We have individuals in Kentucky, wrote Audubon, the famous naturalist, that, even there, are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sport, I shall present the results of my observation, leaving the reader to judge how far rifle shooting is understood in that State:

Several individuals who conceive themselves adepts in the management of the rifle, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; and, betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which, a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, and which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance short of a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. One out of the three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half-a-dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial among themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settles the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed, "*driving the nail.*"

*Barking of squirrels* is delightful sport, and, in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky river until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general *mast* was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading, he said had proved efficient in all of his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and a charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so thick that it was unnecessary to go after them.

Boone pointed to one of these animals, which had observed us, and was crouched on a bough about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the *bead* or sight of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately underneath

the squirrel and shivered it into splinters; the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished. Since that first interview with the veteran Boone, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of the Green river, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I had heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went forward towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot after night, at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, but which, in reality, was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it to watch the effect of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity with numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I might say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. By the way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bullseye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, **pick-  
ing** them out of the wood again.

## GENERAL SIMON KENTON, ALIAS BUTLER.

## HE HAS A BATTLE AND THINKS HE HAS COMMITTED MURDER.

Tread lightly ! This is hallowed ground. Tread reverently here !  
 Beneath this sod, in silence, sleeps the brave old Pioneer ;  
 Who never quailed in darkest hour ; whose heart ne'er felt a fear.  
 Tread lightly, then ! and now bestow the tribute of a tear.  
 For ever in the fiercest and the thickest of the fight,  
 The dusk and swarthy foemen felt the terror of his might.—*Wm. Hubbard.*

The most daring and adventurous of Boone's companions was the far-famed Simon Kenton, who was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 15th of May, 1755, the ever-memorable year of Braddock's defeat. Of his early years nothing is known. His parents were poor, and until the age of sixteen, his days seem to have passed away in the obscure and laborious drudgery of a farm. He was never taught to read or write, and to this is the poverty and desolation of his old age, in a great measure, to be attributed. At the age of sixteen, by an unfortunate adventure, he was launched into life, with no other fortune than a stout heart and a robust set of limbs.

It seems that, young as he was, his heart had become entangled in the snares of a young coquette in the neighborhood, who was grievously perplexed by the necessity of choosing *one* husband out of *many* lovers. Young Kenton and a robust farmer by the name of Leitchman—William Veach, according to Collins and McDonald—seem to have been the most favored suitors, and the young lady, not being able to decide upon their respective merits, they took the matter into their own hands, and, in consequence of foul play on the part of Leitchman's friends, young Kenton was beaten with great severity. He submitted to his fate for the time, in silence, but internally vowed that, as soon as he had obtained his full growth, he would take ample vengeance upon his rival for the disgrace he had sustained at his hands. He waited patiently until the following Spring, when, finding himself six feet high and full of health and action, he determined to delay the hour of retribution no longer.

He accordingly walked over to Leitchman's house one morning, and finding him busily engaged in carrying shingles from the woods, he stopped him, told him his object, and desired him to adjourn to a spot more convenient for the purpose. Leitchman, confident in his superior age and strength, was not backward to indulge him in so amiable a

pastime, and having reached a solitary spot in the woods, they both stripped and prepared for the encounter. The battle was fought with all the fury which mutual hate, jealousy, and herculean power on both sides, could supply, and after a severe round, in which considerable damage was done and received, Kenton was brought to the ground. Leitchman (as usual in Virginia) sprang upon him without the least scruple, and added the most bitter taunts to the kicks with which he saluted him, from his head to his heels, reminding him of his former defeat, and rubbing salt into the raw wounds of jealousy by triumphant allusions to his own superiority both in love and war. During these active operations on the part of Leitchman, Kenton lay perfectly still, eyeing attentively a small bush which grew near him. It instantly occurred to him that if he could wind Leitchman's hair, (which was remarkably long,) around this bush, he would be able to return those kicks which were now bestowed upon him in such profusion. The difficulty was to get his antagonist near enough. This he at length effected in the good old Virginia style, viz.: by biting him *en arriere*, and compelling him, by short springs, to approach the bush, much as a bullock is goaded on to approach the fatal ring, where all his struggles are useless. When near enough, Kenton suddenly exerted himself violently, and succeeded in wrapping the long hair of his rival around the sapling. He then sprung to his feet, and inflicted a terrible revenge for all his past injuries. In a few seconds Leitchman was gasping, apparently in the agonies of death. Kenton instantly fled, without even returning for an additional supply of clothing, and directed his steps westward. This was in April, 1771.

During the first day of his journey, he traveled in much agitation. He supposed that Leitchman was dead, and that the hue and cry would instantly be raised after himself as the murderer. The constant apprehension of a gallows lent wings to his flight, and he scarcely allowed himself a moment for refreshment, until he had reached the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, where the settlements were thin and the immediate danger of pursuit was over. Here, he fortunately fell in with an exile from the State of New Jersey, of the name of Johnson, who was traveling westward on foot, and driving a single pack-horse, laden with a few necessaries, before him. They soon became acquainted, related their adventures to each other, and agreed to travel together. They plunged boldly into the wilderness of the Allegheny mountains, and subsisting upon wild game and a small quantity of flour, which Johnson had brought with him, they made no halt until they arrived at a small settlement on Cheat river, one of the prongs of the Monongahela.

Here the two friends separated, and Kenton (who had assumed the name of Butler) attached himself to a small company headed by John Mahon and Jacob Greathouse, who had united for the purpose of exploring the country. They quickly built a large canoe, and descended the river as far as the Province's settlement. There Kenton became acquainted with two young adventurers, Yager and Strader, the former of whom had been taken by the Indians when a child, and had spent many years in their village. He informed Kenton that there was a country below, which the Indians called Kan-tuck-ee, which was a perfect Elysium: that the ground was not only the richest, and the vegetation the most luxuriant in the world, but that the immense herds of buffalo and elk, which ranged at large through its forests, would appear incredible to one who had never witnessed such a spectacle. He added, that it was entirely uninhabited, and was open to all who chose to hunt there; that he himself had often accompanied the Indians in their grand hunting parties through the country, and was confident that he could conduct him to the same ground, if he was willing to venture.

Kenton closed with the proposal, and announced his readiness to accompany him immediately. A canoe was speedily procured, and the three young men committed themselves to the waters of the Ohio, in search of the enchanted hunting ground, which Yager had visited in his youth, while a captive among the Indians. Yager had no idea of its exact distance from Province's settlement. He recollected only that he had crossed the Ohio in order to reach it, and declared that, by sailing down the river for a few days, they would come to the spot where the Indians were accustomed to cross, and assured Kenton that there would be no difficulty in recognizing it; that its appearance was different from all the rest of the world, &c.

Fired by Yager's glowing description of its beauty, and eager to reach this new Eldorado of the west, the young men rowed hard for several days, confidently expecting that every bend of the river would usher them into the land of promise. No such country, however, appeared; and at length Kenton and Strader became rather skeptical as to its existence at all. They rallied Yager freely upon the subject, who still declared positively that they would soon witness the confirmation of all that he had said. After descending, however, as low as the spot where Manchester now stands, and seeing nothing which resembled Yager's country, they held a council, in which it was determined to return and survey the country more carefully—Yager still insisting that they must have passed it in the night. They accordingly retraced their steps, and successively explored the land about Salt Lick, Little and Big Sandy, and Guyandotte. At length, being totally wearied out in searching for

what had no existence, they turned their attention entirely to hunting and trapping, and spent nearly two years upon the Great Kanawha, in this agreeable and profitable occupation. They obtained clothing in exchange for their furs, from the traders of Fort Pitt, and the forest supplied them abundantly with wild game for food.

In March, 1773, while reposing in their tent after the labors of the day, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. Strader was killed at the first fire, and Kenton and Yager with difficulty effected their escape, being compelled to abandon their guns, blankets and provisions, and commit themselves to the wilderness, without the means of sheltering themselves from the cold, procuring a morsel of food, or even kindling a fire. They were far removed from any white settlement, and had no other prospect than that of perishing by famine, or falling a sacrifice to the fury of such Indians as might chance to meet them. Reflecting, however, that it was never too late for men to make an effort against being utterly lost, they determined to strike through the woods for the Ohio river, and take such fortune as it should please heaven to bestow.

Directing their route by the barks of trees, they pressed forward in a straight direction for the Ohio, and during the first two days allayed the piercing pangs of hunger by chewing such roots as they could find on their way. On the third day their strength began to fail, and the keen appetite which at first had constantly tortured them, was succeeded by a nausea, accompanied with dizziness and sinking of the heart, bordering on despair. On the fourth day they often threw themselves upon the ground, determined to await the approach of death—and as often were stimulated by the instinctive love of life, to arise and resume their journey. On the fifth, they were completely exhausted, and were able only to crawl, at intervals. In this manner, they traveled about a mile during the day, and succeeded, by sunset, in reaching the banks of the Ohio. Here, to their inexpressible joy, they encountered a party of traders, from whom they obtained a comfortable supply of provisions.

The traders were so much startled at the idea of being exposed to perils, such as those which Kenton and Yager had just escaped, that they lost no time in removing from such a dangerous vicinity, and instantly returned to the mouth of the Little Kanawha, where they met with Dr. Briscoe at the head of another exploring party. From him Kenton obtained a rifle and some ammunition, with which he again plunged alone into the forest and hunted with success until the Summer of '73 was far advanced. Returning, then, to the Little Kanawha, he found a party of fourteen men, under the direction of Dr. Wood and Hancock Lee, who were descending the Ohio with the view of joining



Captain Bullitt, who was supposed to be at the mouth of Scioto, with a large party. Kenton instantly joined them, and descended the river in canoes as far as the Three Islands, landing frequently and examining the country on each side of the river. At the Three Islands they were alarmed by the approach of a large party of Indians, by whom they were compelled to abandon their canoes and strike diagonally through the wilderness for Greenbriar county, Virginia. They suffered much during this journey from fatigue and famine, and were compelled at one time (notwithstanding the danger of their situation,) to halt for fourteen days and wait upon Dr. Wood, who had unfortunately been bitten by a copperhead snake, and rendered incapable of moving for that length of time. Upon reaching the settlements the party separated.

Kenton, not wishing to venture to Virginia, (having heard nothing of Leitchman's recovery,) built a canoe on the banks of the Monongahela, and returned to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, hunted with success until the spring of '74, when the war, called sometimes Dunmore's and sometimes Cresap's war, broke out between the Indian tribes and the colonies, occasioned, in a great measure, by the murder of the family of the celebrated Indian chief, Logan. Kenton was not in the great battle near the mouth of the Kanawha, but, with the notorious renegade, Simon Girty, acted as a spy throughout the whole of the campaign, in the course of which he traversed the country around Fort Pitt and a large part of the present State of Ohio.

When Dunmore's forces were disbanded, Kenton, in company with two others, determined on making a second effort to discover the rich lands bordering on the Ohio, of which Yager had spoken. Having built a canoe and provided themselves abundantly with ammunition, they descended the river as far as the mouth of Big Bone Creek, upon which the celebrated Lick of that name is situated. They there disembarked, and explored the country for several days; but not finding the land equal to their expectations, they reascended the river as far as the mouth of Cabin Creek, a few miles above Maysville.

#### HERDS OF ELK AND BUFFALO—HENDRICKS BURNT—KENTON'S FIGHT.

From this point they set out with a determination to examine the country carefully until they could find land answering in some degree to Yager's description. In a short time they reached the neighborhood of Mayslick, and, for the first time, were struck with the uncommon beauty of the country and fertility of the soil. Here they fell in with the great buffalo trace, which, in a few hours, brought them to the Lower Blue Lick. The flats upon each side of the river were crowded with

immense herds of buffalo that had come down from the interior for the sake of the salt, and a number of elk were seen upon the bare ridges which surrounded the springs. Their great object was now achieved. They had discovered a country far more rich than any which they had yet beheld, and where the game seemed as abundant as the grass of the plain.

After remaining a few days at the Lick, and killing an immense number of deer and buffalo, they crossed the Licking and passed through the present counties of Scott, Fayette, Woodford, Clarke, Montgomery and Bath, when, falling in with another buffalo trace, it conducted them to the Upper Blue Lick, where they again beheld elk and buffalo in immense numbers. Highly gratified at the success of their expedition, they quickly returned to their canoe, and ascended the river as far as Green Bottom, where they had left their skins, some ammunition and a few hoes, which they had procured at Kanawha, with the view of cultivating the rich ground which they expected to find.

Returning as quickly as possible, they built a cabin on the spot where the town of Washington, Ky., now stands, and having cleared an acre of ground in the centre of a large canebrake, they planted it with Indian corn. Strolling about the country in various directions, they one day fell in with two white men, near the Lower Blue Lick, who had lost their guns, blankets and ammunition, and were much distressed for provisions and the means of extricating themselves from the wilderness. They informed them that their names were Fitzpatrick and Hendricks; that, in descending the Ohio, their canoe had been overset by a sudden squall; that they were compelled to swim ashore, without being able to save anything from the wreck; that they had wandered thus far through the woods, in the effort to penetrate through the country to the settlements above, but must infallibly perish unless they could be furnished with guns and ammunition. Kenton informed them of the small settlement which he had opened at Washington, and invited them to join him and share such fortune as Providence might bestow. Hendricks consented to remain, but Fitzpatrick, being heartily sick of the woods, insisted upon returning to the Monongahela. Kenton and his two friends accompanied Fitzpatrick to "the point," as it was then called, being the spot where Maysville now stands, and having given him a gun, &c., assisted him in crossing the river, and took leave of him on the other side.

In the meantime, Hendricks had been left at the Blue Licks, without a gun, but with a good supply of provisions, until the party could return from the river. As soon as Fitzpatrick had gone, Kenton and his two friends hastened to return to the Lick, not doubting for a moment that

they would find Hendricks in camp as they had left him. Upon arriving at the point where the tent stood, however, they were alarmed at finding it deserted, with evident marks of violence around it. Several bullet holes were to be seen in the poles of which it was constructed, and various articles belonging to Hendricks were tossed about in too negligent a manner to warrant the belief that it had been done by him. At a little distance from the camp, in a low ravine, they observed a thick smoke, as if from a fire just beginning to burn. They did not doubt for a moment that Hendricks had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and believing that a party of them were then assembled around the fire which was about to be kindled, they betook themselves to their heels, and fled faster and farther than true chivalry perhaps would justify.

They remained at a distance until the evening of the next day, when they ventured cautiously to return to camp. The fire was still burning, although faintly, and after carefully reconnoitering the adjacent ground, they ventured at length to approach the spot, and there beheld the skull and bones of their unfortunate friend. He had evidently been roasted to death by a party of Indians, and must have been alive at the time when Kenton and his companion approached on the preceding day. It was a subject of deep regret to the party that they had not reconnoitered the spot more closely, as it was probable that their friend might have been rescued. The number of Indians might have been small, and a brisk and unexpected attack might have dispersed them. Regret, however, was now unavailing, and they sadly retraced their steps to their camp at Washington, pondering upon the uncertainty of their own condition, and upon the danger to which they were hourly exposed from the numerous bands of hostile Indians who were prowling around them in every direction.

They remained at Washington, entirely undisturbed, until the month of September, when again visiting the Lick, they saw a white man, who informed them that the interior of the country was already occupied by the whites, and that there was a thriving settlement at Boonsborough. Highly gratified at this intelligence, and anxious once more to enjoy the society of men, they broke up their encampment at Washington, and visited the different stations which had been formed in the country. Kenton sustained two sieges in Boonsborough, and served as a spy, with equal diligence and success, until the summer of '78, when Boone, returning from captivity, as has already been mentioned, concerted an expedition against the small Indian towns on Paint Creek.

Kenton acted as a spy on this expedition, and after crossing the Ohio, being some distance in advance of the rest, he was suddenly startled by

hearing a loud laugh from an adjoining thicket, which he was just about to enter. Instantly halting, he took his station behind a tree, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the noise. In a few minutes two Indians approached the spot where he lay, both mounted upon a small pony, and chatting and laughing in high good humor. Having permitted them to approach within good rifle distance, he raised his gun, and aiming at the breast of the foremost, pulled the trigger. Both Indians fell—one shot dead, the other severely wounded. Their frightened pony galloped back into the cane, giving the alarm to the rest of the party, who were some distance in the rear. Kenton instantly ran up to scalp the dead man and to tomahawk his wounded companion, according to the usual rule of western warfare; but, when about to put an end to the struggles of the wounded Indian, who did not seem disposed to submit very quietly to the operation, his attention was arrested by a rustling in the cane on his right, and turning rapidly in that direction, he beheld two Indians within twenty steps of him, very deliberately taking aim at his person.

A quick spring to one side, on his part, was instantly followed by the flash and report of their rifles—the balls whistled close to his ears, causing him involuntarily to duck his head, but doing him no injury. Not liking so hot a neighborhood, and ignorant of the number which might be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the woods, leaving the dead Indian unscalped and the wounded man to the care of his friends. Scarcely had he treed, when a dozen Indians appeared on the edge of the canebrake, and seemed disposed to press on him with more vigor than was consistent with the safety of his present position. His fears, however, were instantly relieved by the appearance of Boone and his party, who came running up as rapidly as a due regard for the shelter of their persons would permit, and opening a brisk fire upon the Indians, quickly compelled them to regain the shelter of the canebrake, with the loss of several wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. The dead Indian, in the hurry of the retreat, was abandoned, and Kenton at last had the gratification of taking his scalp.

Boone, as has already been mentioned, instantly retraced his steps to Boonsborough; but Kenton and his friend Montgomery determined to proceed alone to the Indian town, and at least to obtain some recompense for the trouble of their journey. Approaching the village with the cautious stealthy pace of the cat or panther, they took their station upon the edge of a cornfield, supposing that the Indians would enter it, as usual, to gather roasting ears. They remained here patiently all day, but did not see a single Indian, and heard only the voices of some children who were playing near them. Being disappointed in the hope

of getting a shot, they entered the Indian town in the night, and stealing four good horses, made a rapid night's march for the Ohio, which they crossed in safety, and on the second day afterwards reached Logan's fort with their booty.

Scarcely had he returned, when Colonel Bowman ordered him to take his friend Montgomery, and another young man named Clark, and go on a secret expedition to an Indian town on the Little Miami, against which the Colonel meditated an expedition, and of the exact condition of which he wished to have certain information. They instantly set out, in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the town without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the houses during the night with perfect impunity.

#### KENTON PASSES THROUGH SOME REMARKABLE ADVENTURES.

Thus far all had gone well—and had they been contented to return after the due execution of their orders, they would have avoided the heavy calamity which awaited them. But, unfortunately during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They each mounted a horse, but not satisfied with that, they could not find it in their hearts to leave a single animal behind them, and as some of the horses seemed indisposed to change masters, the affair was attended with so much fracas, that at last they were discovered. The cry ran through the village at once, that the Long Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams, and old and young, squaws, boys and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from these greedy spoilers. Kenton and his friends quickly discovered that they had overshot the mark, and that they must ride for their lives; but even in this extremity, they could not bring themselves to give up a single horse which they had haltered; while two of them rode in front and led the horses, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind.

In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate, with the hue and cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity, they paused for a few moments and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance, in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction towards the Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment—and halting for a few minutes at daylight, they con-

tinued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night, and by this uncommon expedition, on the morning of the second day they reached the northern bank of the Ohio. Crossing the river would now ensure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit which they had reason to expect, rendered it necessary to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft in order to transport their guns, baggage and ammunition to the opposite shore.

The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side. In a very few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, which stemmed the current much more vigorously than himself. The horses being thus left to themselves, turned about and swam again to the shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts as to be unable to swim. A council was then held and the question proposed: "What was to be done?" That the Indians would pursue them, was certain—that the horses would not, and could not be made to cross the river in its present state, was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses and take such fortune as heaven should send? The latter alternative was unanimously adopted.

Should they now move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter course was adopted. It was supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage, and as it was supposed that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal the horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining woods. A more miserable plan could not have been adopted. The day passed away in tranquility, but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the waters became so rough that even their raft would have been scarcely able to cross. Not an instant more should have been lost in moving from so dangerous a post; but, as if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning—thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in total idleness. In the morning the wind abated, and the river became calm—but it was now too late. Their horses, recollecting the difficulty of the passage on the preceding day, had become as obstinate and heedless as their masters, and positively and repeatedly refused to take the water.

Finding every effort to compel them entirely unavailing, their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. Each resolved to mount a horse and make the best of his way down the river to Louisville. Had even this resolution, however tardily adopted, been executed with decision, the party would probably have been saved, but, after they were mounted, instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of their horses, which had broken from them in the last effort to drive them into the water. They thus wearied out their good genius, and literally fell victims to their love for horse-flesh.

They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards, (Kenton in the centre, the others upon the flanks, with an interval of two hundred yards between them,) when Kenton heard a loud halloo, apparently coming from the spot which they had just left. Instead of getting out of the way as fast as possible, and trusting to the speed of his horse and the thickness of the wood for safety, he put the last cap-stone to his imprudence, and, dismounting, walked leisurely back to meet his pursuers, as if to give them as little trouble as possible. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle to his shoulders, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed. The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him.

Now, at last, when flight could be of no service, Kenton betook himself to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the woods, where there was much fallen timber and rankness of underwood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was leaving the fallen timber and entering the open woods, an Indian on horseback galloped round the corner of the woods, and approached him so rapidly as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand and calling out, "brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observed that if his gun would have made fire he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but, being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if he would give him quarter and good treatment. Promises were cheap with the Indians, and he showered them out by the dozen, continuing all the while to advance with extended hands and a writhing grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy. Seizing Kenton's hand, he grasped it with violence.

Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian, who had followed him closely through the

brushwood, instantly sprang upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one who had just approached him then seized him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, they all fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, (and they were neither few nor far between,) they would repeat, in a tone of strong indignation, "Steal Indian hoss!! hey!!!"

Their attention, however, was soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance; while Clark very prudently consulted his own safety by betaking himself to his heels, leaving his unfortunate companions to shift for themselves. Montgomery halted within gunshot, and appeared busy with the pan of his gun, as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprang off in pursuit of him, while the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes Kenton heard the crack of two rifles in quick succession, followed by a halloo, which announced the fate of his friend. The Indians quickly returned, waving the bloody scalp of Montgomery, and with countenances and gestures which menaced him with a similar fate. They then proceeded to secure their prisoner. They first compelled him to lie upon his back and stretch out his arms to their full length. They then passed a stout stick at right angles across his breast, to each extremity of which his wrists were fastened by thongs made of buffalo's hide. Stakes were then driven into the earth near his feet, to which they were fastened in a similar manner. A halter was then tied around his neck and fastened to a sapling which grew near, and finally a strong rope was passed under his body, lashed strongly to the pole which lay transversely upon his breast, and finally wrapped around his arms at the elbows, in such a manner as to pinion them to the pole with a painful violence, and render him literally incapable of moving hand, foot or head, in the slightest manner.



## KENTON TRIES A MAZEPPA RIDE—ESCAPE AND RECAPTURE.

They tied his hands, Mazeppa like  
 And set him on his steed,  
 Wild as the mustang of the plains,  
 And, mocking, bade him speed.  
 Then sped the courser like the wind,  
 Of curb and bit all freed,  
 O'er flood and field; o'er hill and dale,  
 Wherever chance might lead.

During the whole of this severe operation, neither their tongues nor hands were by any means idle. They cuffed him from time to time, with great heartiness, until his ears rang again, and abused him for “a teef!—a hoss steal!—a rascal!” and, finally, for a “d—d white man!” All the western Indians had picked up a good many English words—particularly our oaths, which, from the frequency with which they were used by our hunters and traders, they probably looked upon as the very root and foundation of the English language. Kenton remained in this painful attitude throughout the night, looking forward to certain death, and most probable torture, as soon as he reached their towns. Their rage against him seemed to increase rather than abate, from indulgence, and in the morning it displayed itself in a form at once ludicrous and cruel.

Among the horses which Kenton had taken, and which their original owners had now recovered, was a fine but wild young colt, totally unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened upon his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, and dashed off like a dart through the briars and underbrush, but after executing many curvets and caprioles, to the great distress of his rider but to the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion upon his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse and confined as before.

On the third day they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party halted and dispatched a messenger to inform the village of their arrival, in order to give them time to prepare for his reception. In a short time Blackfish, one of their chiefs, arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out, in very good English,

“You have been stealing horses?” “Yes, sir.” “Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?” “No, sir; I did it of my own accord.” This frank confession was too irritating to be borne. Blackfish made no reply, but brandished a hickory switch, which he held in his hand, and applied it so briskly to Kenton’s naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

Thus alternately beaten and scolded, he marched on to the village. At the distance of a mile from Chillicothe, he saw every inhabitant of the town, men, women and children, running out to feast their eyes with a view of the prisoner. Every individual, down to the smallest child, appeared in a paroxysm of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuse to which all that he had yet received was gentleness and civility. With loud cries they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with. A stake was quickly fastened in the ground. The remnants of Kenton’s shirt and breeches were torn from his person, (the squaws officiating with great dexterity in both operations,) and his hands being tied together and raised above his head, were fastened to the top of the stake. The whole party then danced around him until midnight, yelling and screaming in their usual frantic manner, striking him with switches, and slapping him with the palms of their hands. He expected every moment to undergo the torture of fire, but *that* was reserved for another time. They wished to prolong the pleasure of tormenting him as much as possible, and after having caused him to anticipate the bitterness of death until a late hour of the night, they released him from his stake and conveyed him to the village.

Early in the morning he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air before the door of one of their principal houses. He was quickly led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women and men extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting place stood two grim-looking warriors, with butcher knives in their hands—at the extremity of the line was an Indian beating a drum, and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council house. Clubs, switches, hoe handles and tomahawks were brandished along the whole line, causing the sweat involuntarily to stream from his pores, at the idea of the discipline which his naked skin was to receive during the race. The moment for starting arrived—the great drum at the door of the council house was struck—and Kenton sprung forward in the race. He avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east, drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length, ob-

erving an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal—and from these alone he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

As soon as the race was over, a council was held in order to determine whether he should be burnt to death on the spot, or carried round to the other villages and exhibited to every tribe. The arbiters of his fate sat in a circle on the floor of the council house, while the unhappy prisoner, naked and bound, was committed to the care of a guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Each warrior sat in silence, while a large war club was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior; those in favor of burning, were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it. A teller was appointed to count the votes. This dignitary quickly reported that the opposition had prevailed; that his execution was suspended for the present, and that it was determined to take him to an Indian town on Mad river called Wappatomica. His fate was quickly announced to him by a renegade white man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton felt rejoiced at the issue, but naturally became anxious to know what was in reserve for him at Wappatomica. He accordingly asked the white man what the Indians intended to do with him upon reaching the appointed place: “BURN YOU, G——d d——n you!!!” was the ferocious reply. He asked no further question, and the scowling interpreter walked away.

Instantly preparations were made for his departure, and to his great joy, as well as astonishment, his clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the ferocious intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and secretly determined that he would never reach Wappatomica alive if it was possible to avoid it. Their route lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. Unbound, as he was, it would not be impossible to escape from the hands of his conductors; and if he could once enter the thickets, he thought that he might be enabled to baffle his pursuers. At the worst, he could only be retaken—and the fire would burn no hotter after an attempt to escape than before. During the whole of their march, he remained abstracted and silent—often meditating an effort for liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

At length he was aroused from his reverie by the Indians firing off their guns and raising the shrill scalp halloo. The signal was soon

answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front, announcing to the unhappy prisoner that they were approaching an Indian town where the gauntlet, certainly, and perhaps the stake, awaited him. The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes which he had already encountered, completely banished the indecision which had hitherto withheld him, and with a sudden and startling cry he sprang into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen, some on foot, some on horseback. But he was flying for his life—the stake and the hot iron, and the burning splinters were before his eyes—and he soon distanced the swiftest hunter that pursued him. But fate was against him at every turn. Thinking only of the enemy behind, he forgot that there might also be enemies in front, and before he was aware of what he had done, he found that he had plunged into the centre of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened unfortunately to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope to the very pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven before them to town like an ox to the slaughter house.

Upon reaching the village, (Pickaway,) he was fastened to a stake near the door of the council house, and the warriors again assembled in debate. In a short time they issued from the council house and, surrounding him, they danced, yelled, &c., for several hours, giving him once more a foretaste of the bitterness of death. On the following morning their journey was continued, but the Indians had now become watchful, and gave him no opportunity of even attempting an escape. On the second day he arrived at Wappatomica. Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt; and immediately after this ceremony he was taken to the council house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, awaiting the moment which was to deliver him to the stake, when the door of the council house opened, and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward and an Indian, came in with a woman (Mrs. Mary Kennedy) as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Kenton was instantly removed from the council house, and the deliberations of the assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last-named party with a fresh drove of prisoners.

## SIMON GIRTY INTERCEDES AND SAVES HIS FRIEND.

At length he was again summoned to attend the council house, being informed that his fate was decided. Regarding the mandate as a mere prelude to the stake and fire, which he knew were intended for him, he obeyed it with a calm despair which had now succeeded the burning anxiety of the last few days. Upon entering the council house he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty impatiently seized his arm, jerked him roughly upon the blanket, and pulled him down upon it. In the same rough and menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky. "How many men are there in Kentucky?" "It is impossible for me to answer that question," replied Kenton, "but I can tell you the number of officers and their respective ranks—you can then judge for yourself." "Do you know William Stewart?" "Perfectly well—he is an old and intimate acquaintance." "What is your own name?" "Simon Butler!" replied Kenton.

Never did the annunciation of a name produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton (then bearing the name of Butler) had served as spies together in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name he became strongly agitated, and, springing from his seat, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion. Then turning to the assembled warriors, who remained astonished spectators of this extraordinary scene, he addressed them in a short speech, which the deep earnestness of his tone and the energy of his gesture rendered eloquent. He informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient comrade and bosom friend; that they had traveled the same war path, slept under the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to have compassion upon his feelings—to spare him the agony of witnessing the torture of an old friend by the hands of his adopted brothers—and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man, to the earnest intercession of one who had proved by the most faithful service, that he was sincerely and zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

The speech was listened to in unbroken silence. As soon as he had

finished, several chiefs expressed their approbation by a deep guttural interjection, while others were equally as forward in making known their objections to the proposal. They urged that his fate had already been determined in a large and solemn council, and that they would be acting like squaws to change their minds every hour. They insisted upon the flagrant misdemeanor of Kenton; that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men—that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty—that the Kentuckians were all alike—very bad people—and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken—and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner—and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

Girty listened with obvious impatience to the young warriors, who had so ably urged against a reprieve—and starting to his feet, as soon as the others had concluded, he urged his former request with great earnestness. He briefly, but strongly, recapitulated his own services, and the many and weighty instances of attachment which he had given. He asked if *he* could be suspected of partiality to the whites? When had he ever before interceded for any of that hated race? Had he not brought seven scalps home with him from the last expedition? and had he not submitted seven white prisoners that very evening to their discretion? Had he expressed a wish that a single one of the captives should be saved. *This* was his first and should be his last request: for if they refused to *him* what was never refused to the intercession of one of their natural chiefs, he would look upon himself as disgraced in their eyes; and considered as unworthy of confidence. Which of their own natural warriors had been more zealous than himself? From what expedition had he ever shrunk? What white man had ever seen his back? Whose tomahawk had been bloodier than his? He would say no more. He asked it as a first and last favor; as an evidence that they approved of his zeal and fidelity, that the life of his bosom friend might be spared. Fresh speakers arose upon each side, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half with great heat and energy.

During the whole of this time Kenton's feelings may readily be imagined. He could not understand a syllable of what was said. He saw that Girty spoke with deep earnestness, and that the eyes of the assembly were often turned upon himself with various expressions. He felt satisfied that his friend was pleading for his life, and that he was violently opposed by a large part of the council. At length, the war club was produced and the final vote taken. Kenton watched its pro-

gress with thrilling emotion, which yielded to the most rapturous delight, as he perceived that those who struck the floor of the council house were decidedly inferior in number to those who passed it in silence. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him to his own wigwam, and from his own store gave him a pair of moccasins and leggins, a breech-cloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck and another for his head.

The whole of this remarkable scene is in the highest degree honorable to Girty, and is in striking contrast to most of his conduct after his union with the Indians. No man can be completely hardened, and no character is at all times the same. Girty had been deeply offended with the whites; and knowing that his desertion to the Indians had been universally and severely reprobated, and that he himself was regarded with detestation by his former countrymen, he seems to have raged against them from these causes, with a fury which resembled rather the paroxysm of a maniac than the deliberate cruelty of a naturally ferocious temper. Fierce censure never reclaims, but rather drives to still greater extremities; and this is the reason that renegades are so much fiercer than natural foes, and that when females fall, they fall irretrievably.

For the space of three weeks Kenton lived in perfect tranquility. Girty's kindness was uniform and indefatigable. He introduced Kenton to his own family, and accompanied him to the wigwams of the principal chiefs, who seemed all at once to have turned from the extremity of rage to the utmost kindness and cordiality. Fortune, however, seemed to have selected him for her football, and to have snatched him from the frying pan only to throw him into the fire. About twenty days after his most providential deliverance from the stake, he was walking in company with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, when another Indian came from the village towards them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of a peculiar intonation. Girty instantly told Kenton that it was the "distress halloo," and that they must all go instantly to the council house. Kenton's heart involuntarily fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and hated all council houses—firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing, however, could be done to avoid whatever fate awaited, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

Upon approaching the Indian who had hallooed, Girty and Redpole shook hands with him. Kenton likewise offered his hand, but the Indian refused to take it—at the same time scowling upon him ominously. This took place within a few paces of the door of the council house. Upon entering, they saw that the house was unusually full. Many chiefs

and warriors from the distant towns were present ; and their countenances were grave, severe and forbidding. Girty, Redpole and Kenton walked around, offering their hands successively to each warrior. The hands of the first two were cordially received—but when poor Kenton anxiously offered *his* hand to the first warrior, it was rejected with the same scowling eye as before. He passed on to the second, but was still rejected—he persevered, however, until his hand had been refused by the first six—when, sinking into despondence, he turned off and stood apart from the rest.

The debate quickly commenced. Kenton looked eagerly towards Girty, as his last and only hope. His friend looked anxious and distressed. The chiefs from a distance arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him—but his eloquence appeared wasted upon the distant chiefs. After a warm debate, he turned to Kenton and said, “ Well, my friend ! *you must die !* ” One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and instantly marched off. His guards were on horseback, while the prisoner was driven before them on foot with a long rope around his neck, the other end of which was held by one of the guard. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to the town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Wappatomica by a different route.

#### A SAVAGE AXE BLOW—KENTON MEETS CHIEF LOGAN.

They passed through the village without halting, and at a distance of two and a half miles beyond it, Kenton had again an opportunity of witnessing the fierce hate with which these children of nature regarded an enemy. At the distance of a few paces from the road, a squaw was busily engaged in chopping wood, while her lord and master was sitting on a log smoking his pipe and directing her labors, with the indolent indifference common to the natives, when not under the influence of some exciting passion. The sight of Kenton, however, seemed to rouse him to fury. He hastily sprang up, with a sudden yell, snatched the axe from the squaw, and rushing upon the prisoner so rapidly as to give him no opportunity of escape, dealt him a blow with the axe which cut through his shoulder, breaking the bone and almost severing the arm



from the body. He would instantly have repeated the blow, had not Kenton's conductors interfered and protected him, severely reprimanding the Indian for attempting to rob them of the amusement of torturing the prisoner.

They soon reached a large village upon the head waters of the Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo Chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued: "Well, young man, these young men seem very mad at you?" "Yes, sir, they certainly are." "Well, don't be disheartened; I am a great chief; you are to go to Sandusky—they speak of burning you there—but I will send two runners to-morrow to speak good for you." Logan's form was striking and manly—his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits instantly rose at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

On the following morning two runners were dispatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised, and until their return Kenton was kindly treated, being permitted to spend much of his time with Logan, who conversed with him freely and in the most friendly manner. In the evening the two runners returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know what was the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him again until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and, giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and without uttering another word, turned upon his heel and left him.

Again Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing, and that Sandusky was destined to be the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the truth. But fortune, who, to use Lord Lovat's expression, had been playing at cat and mouse with him for the last month, had selected Sandusky for the display of her strange and capricious power. He was driven into the town, as usual, and was to have been burnt on the following morning, when an Indian Agent, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more rescued him from the stake. He was anxious to obtain intelligence for the British commandant at Detroit, and so earnestly insisted upon Kenton's being delivered up to him, that the Indians at length consented, upon the express condition that after the required information had been obtained, he should again be placed at their discretion. To this Drewyer consented, and without further difficulty, Ken-

ton was transferred to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit.

On the road he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches. Having dwelt at some length upon the generosity of his own disposition, and having sufficiently magnified the service which he had just rendered him, he began, at length, to cross-question Kenton as to the force and condition of Kentucky, and particularly as to the number of men at Fort McIntosh. Kenton very candidly declared his inability to answer either question, observing that he was merely a private, and by no means acquainted with matters of an enlarged and general import; that his great business had heretofore been to endeavor to take care of himself—which he had found a work of no small difficulty. Drewyer replied that he believed him, and from that time Kenton was troubled with no more questions.

His condition at Detroit was not unpleasant. He was compelled to report himself every morning to an English officer, and was restricted to certain boundaries through the day; but in other respects he scarcely felt that he was a prisoner. His battered body and broken arm were quickly repaired, and his emaciated limbs were again clothed with a proper proportion of flesh. He remained in this state of easy restraint from October, 1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape. There was no difficulty in leaving Detroit—but he would be compelled to traverse a wilderness of more than two hundred miles, abounding with hostile Indians, and affording no means of sustenance beyond the wild game, which could not be killed without a gun. In addition to this, he would certainly be pursued, and, if retaken by the Indians, he might expect a repetition of all that he had undergone before, without the prospect of a second interposition on the part of the English. These considerations deterred him for some time from the attempt, but at length his patience became uncontrollable, and he determined to escape or perish in the attempt.

He took his measures with equal secrecy and foresight. He cautiously sounded two young Kentuckians then at Detroit, who had been taken with Boone at the Blue Licks and had been purchased by the British. He found them as impatient as himself of captivity and resolute to accompany him. Charging them not to breathe a syllable of their design to any other prisoners, he busied himself for several days in making the necessary preparations. It was absolutely necessary that they should be provided with arms, both for the sake of repelling attacks and for procuring the means of subsistence; and at the same time it was very diffi-

cult to obtain them without the knowledge of the British commandant. By patiently waiting their opportunity, however, all these preliminary difficulties were overcome. Kenton formed a close friendship with two Indian hunters, deluged them with rum, and bought their guns for a mere trifle. After carefully hiding them in the woods, he returned to Detroit, and managed to procure another rifle, with powder and balls, from a Mr. and Mrs. Edger, citizens of the town. They then appointed a night for the attempt, and agreed upon a place of rendezvous.

All things turned out prosperously. They met at the time and place appointed without discovery, and, taking a circuitous route, avoided pursuit, and traveling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable series of adventures in the whole range of western history. Kenton was eight times exposed to the gauntlet—three times tied to the stake—and as often thought himself on the eve of a terrible death. All the sentences passed upon him, whether of mercy or condemnation, seemed to have been only pronounced in one council in order to be reversed in another. Every friend that Providence raised up in his favor was immediately followed by some enemy, who unexpectedly interposed, and turned his short glimpse of sunshine into deeper darkness than ever. For three weeks he was see-sawing between life and death, and during the whole time *he* was perfectly passive. No wisdom, or foresight, or exertion, could have saved him. Fortune fought his battle from first to last, and seemed determined to permit nothing else to interfere. Scarcely had he reached Kentucky when he was embarked in a new enterprise.

#### BUTLER CHANGES HIS NAME TO KENTON—HIS LAST YEARS.

This was in July, '79, and, in a few days, the restless borderer sought out new hazards and adventures, and, down to '82, was constantly engaged, by turn, as scout, guide, hunter and officer. Having acquired some valuable tracts of land, he concluded to make a settlement on Salt river. Hearing now, for the first time, from his old Virginia home, and that not only his father, but the rival whom he supposed he had killed, were still living, a great load was lifted from his heart. He now dropped the name of Butler and assumed his own proper name of Kenton, and concluded to pay Virginia a visit.

His meeting with his venerable father was something like that between the old Patriarch Jacob and his son Joseph, whom he had given up for lost. Joseph, however, only *sent* for his father's family, but Simon

went for his, for after visiting all his old friends, his former rival included, he gave such glowing accounts of Kentucky that the whole family concluded to return with him. While, however, engaged in constructing a Kan-tuck boat at Redstone, on the Monongahela, his father sickened and died. The rest made their way down the Ohio to Limestone, (now Maysville,) which was the great point for entering Kentucky.

At his old camp near Maysville, Kenton soon commenced a flourishing colony, but being located so near the hostile Indian country, just across the Ohio, he had ever a constant, unintermittent warfare with the savages. Their scalping and horse-stealing incursions were frequent, and twice Kenton guided large retaliating parties into the very heart of their country. He had learned from his old commander, General Clarke, the efficacy of "carrying the war into Africa," and no blow was delivered by the Indians but what there was a prompt and most effective rejoinder. In '93, after many small but sanguinary hand-to-hand struggles, Kenton ambushed at the river-crossing the last swarthy invaders from the Ohio country, succeeding in killing six.

And so, after a bitter and most obstinate struggle of over twenty years, Kentucky was forever lost to the redman. In their best blood, the dogged pioneers had written their title to the soil, and now held it with an iron and an unyielding grip. Kenton, with a valiant band of Kentuckians, served as Major in "Mad Anthony Wayne's" '94 campaign, but was not present at its crowning triumph—the Battle of the Fallen Timbers. There the power and spirit of the Northwestern Confederacy were forever broken, and the borders at length enjoyed peace.

But, as with Boone, so now with Kenton; vexatious troubles fell upon him on account of land titles. They who had borne the "heat and burthen of the day" were vexed and harassed by "eleventh-hour men" coming in to enjoy the fruits secured to them by the toil, blood and perils of those who had preceded them. Kenton now, when his skill and services as a bold and watchful Indian fighter were no longer needed, was cast aside like an old shoe. He had braved the stake, the gauntlet and the tomahawk in vain. His very body, even, was taken for debt, and he was actually imprisoned for twelve months upon the very spot upon which he had built the first cabin, planted the first corn, and about which he had fought the savages in a hundred fierce encounters. The first pioneer was stripped by crafty, greedy speculators of nearly all the broad, fat acres he had so bloodily earned. Beggared by losses and law suits, he moved over to the Ohio wilderness—some say in '97 and some say in 1802. A few years after he was elected Brigadier General of the Ohio militia, and, in 1810, he united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and ever after lived a consistent Christian life.

In 1813 the staunch old patriot joined the Kentucky troops under Governor Shelby, and was present at the Battle of the Thames. But this was his last battle, except the hard "battle of life," which he sternly fought to the very last. He returned to his obscure cabin in the woods, and remained at and near Urbana till 1820, when he moved to Mad River, in sight of the old Shawnee town of Wappatomica, where he had once been tied to the Indian stake. Even here he was pursued by judgments and executions from Kentucky, and, to prevent being driven from his own cabin by whites, as he formerly was by reds, he was compelled to have some land entered in the name of his wife and children.

Kenton still had some large tracts of mountain lands in Kentucky, but they had become forfeit to the State for taxes. He first tried boring on some of them to make salt, but this failing, his only alternative was to appeal to the Kentucky Legislature to release the forfeiture. So, in 1824, when about seventy years old, he mounted his sorry old horse, and, in his tattered garments, commenced his weary pilgrimage. The second night he stopped at the house of James Galloway, of Xenia, Ohio, an old friend and pioneer. Looking at his shabby appearance and his wretched saddle and bridle, Galloway gave vent to his honest indignation.

"Kenton," he said, "you have served your country faithfully, even to old age. What expedition against the British and savages was ever raised in the west, but what you were among the most prominent in it? Even down to the last war, you were with Harrison at the taking of Proctor's army in Canada; an old gray-headed warrior, you *could* not stay at home while your country needed your services, and look how they have neglected you! How can you stand such treatment?" But the patriot Kenton could and would hear no word against his country. Rising from his seat, he cast a fiery look at his old friend, clinched his fist and with an angry stamp of his foot, he exclaimed with warmth: "Don't say that again, Galloway! If you do, I will leave your house forever and never again call you my friend."

Kenton at last reached Frankfort, now become a thrifty and flourishing city. Here he was utterly unknown. All his old friends had departed. His dilapidated appearance and the sorry condition of his horse and its wretched equipments only provoked mirth. The grizzled old pioneer, was like Rip Van Winkle appearing after his long sleep. He wandered up and down the streets, "the observed of all observers." The very boys followed him. At length the scarred old warrior was recognized by General Fletcher, an old companion-in-arms. He grasped him by the hand, led him to a tailor's shop, bought him a suit of clothes and hat, and after he was dressed took him to the State Capitol.

Here he was placed in the Speaker's chair and introduced to a crowded assembly of judges, citizens and legislators, as the second pioneer of Kentucky. The simple-minded veteran used to say afterwards that "it was the very proudest day of his life," and ten years subsequently, his friend Hinde asserted, he was wearing the self-same hat and clothes. His lands were at once released and shortly after, by the warm exertion of some of his friends, a pension from Congress of two hundred and fifty dollars was obtained, securing his old age from absolute want.

Without any further marked notice, Kenton lived in his humble cabin until 1836, when, at the venerable old age of eighty-one, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family and neighbors and supported by the consolations of the Gospel. He died in sight of the very spot where the savages, nearly sixty years previous, proposed to torture him to death.

General Kenton was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked very erect, and, in the prime of life, weighed about a hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer; auburn hair and laughing gray eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder. He was a pleasant, good-humored and obliging companion. When excited or provoked to anger, which was seldom the case, the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His wrath, when aroused, was a tornado. In his dealing he was perfectly honest. His confidence in man and his credulity were such, that the same man might cheat him twenty times—and, if he professed friendship, might still continue to cheat him. Kentucky owes it to justice and gratitude, to gather up General Kenton's remains and place them alongside of those of Boone, in the sacred soil he was among the first and the boldest to defend.

Ah, can this be the spot where sleeps  
 The bravest of the brave?  
 Is this rude slab the only mark  
 Of Simon Kenton's grave?  
 These fallen pallings, are they all  
 His ingrate country gave,  
 To one who periled life so oft  
 Her homes and hearths to save?

## THE WETZEL FAMILY—FATHER AND FIVE SONS.

## LEWIS, THE RIGHT ARM OF THE WHEELING BORDER.

He needs no guide in the forest,  
 More than the hunter bees ;  
 His guides are the cool, green mosses  
 To the northward of the trees.  
 Nor fears he the foe whose footsteps  
 Go light as the Summer air.  
 His tomahawk hangs in his shirt belt,  
 And the scalp-knife glitters there.  
 The stealthy Wyandots tremble,  
 And speak his name with fear ;  
 For his aim is sharp and deadly,  
 And his rifle's ring is clear.—*Florus B Plympton.*

In the year 1772, there came with the four Zane brothers, who settled at the mouth of Wheeling Creek, in the West Virginian Panhandle, a rough but brave and honest old German by the name of John Wetzel—not Whetzell or Whitzell, as the old Border books have it. He was the father of five sons—Martin, George, John, Jacob and Lewis, and two daughters—Susan and Christina.

At that time there were only three other adventurers in that whole wilderness region—the two Tomlinsons, located on the Flats of Grave Creek, and a mysterious man by the name of Tygert, at the mouth of Middle Island Creek. Who this latter was, or what became of him, no one has ever learned. Andrew Zane, shortly after his own arrival, went a short distance down the Ohio on a hunting excursion, and was surprised to find this lone hunter's cabin where he supposed the foot of white man had never yet trodden.

The whole of this Wetzel family were hunters and Indian fighters, but the most daring and reckless of all, and the one who has left the greatest name on the western border, was Lewis Wetzel. Of him more anon. We now propose first to treat of the father and brothers. The elder Wetzel spent much of his time in locating lands, hunting and fishing. In the very hottest time of the Indian troubles, he was so rash as to build his cabin at some distance from the fort. His neighbors frequently admonished him against exposing himself thus to the enemy ; but disregarding their advice, and laughing at their fears, he continued to widen the range of his excursions, until at last he fell a victim to the active vigilance of the tawny foe. He was killed near Captina, in 1787, on his return from Middle Island Creek, under the following cir-

cumstances: Himself and companion were in a canoe, paddling slowly near the shore, when they were hailed by a party of Indians, and ordered to land. This they of course refused, when immediately they were fired upon, and Wetzel was shot through the body. Feeling himself mortally wounded, he directed his companion to lie down in the canoe, while he, (Wetzel,) so long as strength remained, would paddle the frail vessel beyond reach of the savages. In this way he saved the life of his friend, while his own was ebbing fast. He died soon after reaching the shore, at Baker's station, and his humble grave can still be seen near the site of that primitive fortress. A rough stone marks the spot, bearing, in rude but perfectly distinct characters, "J. W., 1787."

#### MARTIN WETZEL MADE CAPTIVE—KILLS THREE SAVAGES.

Martin, who was the oldest of the family, was once surprised and taken prisoner by the Indians, and remained with them a long time. By his cheerful disposition and apparent satisfaction with their mode of life, he disarmed their suspicion, acquired their confidence, and was adopted into one of their families.

He was free, hunted around the town, returned, danced and frolicked with the young Indians, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his change of life. But all the time his heart was brooding on an escape, which he wished to render memorable by some tragic act of revenge upon his confiding enemies. In the Fall of the year, Martin and three Indians set off to make a Fall hunt. They pitched their camp near the head of Sandusky river. When the hunt commenced, he was very careful to return first in the evening to the camp, prepare wood for the night, and do all other little offices of camp duty to render them comfortable. By this means he lulled any lurking suspicion which they might entertain towards him. While hunting one evening, some distance from the camp, he came across one of his Indian camp-mates. Martin watched for a favorable moment, and as the Indian's attention was called in a different direction, he shot him down, scalped him, and threw his body into a deep hole, which had been made by a large tree torn up by the roots, and covered his body with logs and brush, over which he strewed leaves to conceal the body. He then hurried to the camp to prepare, as usual, wood for the night.

When night came, one of the Indians was missing, and Martin expressed great concern on account of the absence of their comrade. The other Indians did not appear to be the least concerned at the absence of their companion; they both alleged that he might have taken a large circle, looking for new hunting ground, or that he might have pursued



some wounded game till it was too late to return to camp. In this mood the subject was dismissed for the night; they ate their supper and lay down to sleep. Martin's mind was so full of the thoughts of home, and of taking signal vengeance on his enemies, that he could not sleep; he had gone too far to retreat, and whatever was done must be done quickly. Being now determined to effect his escape at all hazards, the question he had to decide was whether he should make attack on the two sleeping Indians, or watch for a favorable opportunity of dispatching them one at a time. The latter plan appeared to him to be less subject to risk or failure. The next morning he prepared to put his determination into execution.

When the two Indians set out on their hunt, he determined to follow one of them (like a true hunting dog on a slow trail) till a fair opportunity should present itself of dispatching him without alarming his fellow. He cautiously pursued him till near evening, when he openly walked to him, and commenced a conversation about their day's hunt. The Indian being completely off his guard, suspecting no danger, Martin watched for a favorable moment, when the Indian's attention was drawn to a different direction, and with one sweep of his vengeful tomahawk laid him lifeless on the ground, scalped him, tumbled his body into a sink-hole and covered it with brush and logs. He then made his way to the camp, with a firm determination of closing the bloody tragedy by killing the third Indian. He went out and composedly waited at the camp for the return of the Indian. About sunset he saw him coming, with a load of game that he had killed swung on his back. Martin went forward under the pretense of aiding to disencumber him of his load. When the Indian stooped down to be detached of his load Martin, with one fell swoop of his tomahawk, laid him in death's eternal sleep. Being now in no danger of pursuit, he leisurely packed up what plunder he could conveniently carry with him, and made his way to the white settlements, where he safely arrived with the three Indian scalps, after an absence of nearly a year.

#### JOHN WETZEL ON A HORSE-STEALING EXPEDITION.

In the year 1791 or '92, the Indians having made frequent incursions into the settlements along the river Ohio, between Wheeling and the Mingo Bottom, sometimes killing or capturing whole families; at other times stealing all the horses belonging to a station or fort, a company consisting of seven men, rendezvoused at a place called the Beech Bottom, on the Ohio river, a few miles below where Wellsburg, W. Va., has been erected. This company were John Wetzel, William M'Cul-

lough, John Hough, Thomas Biggs, Joseph Hedges, Kinzie Dickerson, and a Mr. Linn. Their avowed object was to go to the Indian town to steal horses. This was then considered a legal, honorable business, as the border was then at open war with the Indians. It would only be retaliating upon them in their own way. These seven men were all trained to Indian warfare and a life in the woods from their youth. Perhaps the western frontier, at no time, could furnish seven men whose souls were better fitted, and whose nerves and sinews were better strung to perform any enterprise which required resolution and firmness.

They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded with cautious steps and vigilant glances on their way through the cheerless, dark and almost impenetrable forest in the Indian country, till they came to an Indian town, near where the head waters of the Sandusky and Muskingum rivers interlock. Here they made a fine haul, and set off homeward with about fifteen horses. They traveled rapidly, only making a short halt, to let their horses graze and breathe a short time to recruit their strength and activity. In the evening of the second day of their rapid retreat, they arrived at Wells Creek, not far from where the town of Cambridge, Ohio, has been since erected. Here Mr. Linn was taken violently sick, and they must stop their march, or leave him alone to perish in the dark and lonely woods. Our frontiersmen, notwithstanding their rough and unpolished manners, had too much of my Uncle Toby's "sympathy for suffering humanity," to forsake a comrade in distress. They halted, and placed sentinels on their back trail, who remained there till late in the night, without seeing any signs of being pursued. The sentinels then returned to the camp, Mr. Linn still lying in excruciating pain. All the simple remedies in their power were administered to the sick man, without producing any effect.

Being late in the night, they all lay down to rest, except one who was placed as guard. Their camp was on a small branch. Just before daybreak the guard took a small bucket, and dipped some water out of the stream; on carrying it to the fire he discovered the water to be muddy. The muddy water waked his suspicion that the enemy might be approaching them and be walking down in the stream, as their footsteps would be noiseless in the water. He waked his companions, and communicated his suspicion. They arose, examined the branch a little distance, and listened attentively for some time, but neither saw nor heard anything, and then concluded it must have been raccoons, or some other animals paddling in the stream. After this conclusion the company all lay down to rest, except the sentinel, who was stationed just outside of the light. Happily for them the fire had burned down, and only a few coals afforded a dim light to point out where they lay.

The enemy had come silently down the creek, as the sentinel suspected, to within ten or twelve feet of the place where they lay, and fired several guns over the bank. Mr. Linn, the sick man, was lying with his side towards the bank, and received nearly all the balls which were at first fired.

The Indians then, with tremendous yells, mounted the bank with loaded rifles, war clubs and tomahawks, rushed upon our men, who fled barefooted, and without arms. Mr. Linn, Thomas Biggs and Joseph Hedges were killed in and near the camp. William M'Cullough had run but a short distance when he was fired at by the enemy. At the instant the firing was given, he jumped into a quagmire and fell; the Indians supposing that they had killed him, ran past in pursuit of others. He soon extricated himself out of the mire, and so made his escape. He fell in with John Hough, and came into Wheeling. John Wetzel and Kinzie Dickerson met in their retreat, and returned together. Those who made their escape were without arms, without clothing or provisions. Their sufferings were great; but this they bore with stoical indifference, as it was the fortune of war. Whether the Indians who defeated our heroes followed in pursuit from their towns, or were a party of warriors, who accidentally happened to fall in with them, has never been ascertained. From the place they had stolen the horses, they had traveled two nights and almost two entire days, without halting, except just a few minutes at a time, to let the horses graze. From the circumstance of their rapid retreat with the horses, it was supposed that no pursuit could possibly have overtaken them, but that fate had decreed that this party of Indians should meet and defeat them. As soon as the stragglers arrived at Wheeling, Captain John M'Cullough collected a party of men, and went to Wells Creek and buried the unfortunate men who fell in and near the camp. The Indians had mangled the dead bodies at a most barbarous rate. Thus was closed this horse-stealing tragedy. Those who survived this tragedy continued to hunt and to fight as long as the war lasted. John Wetzel and Dickerson died in the country near Wheeling. John Hough died near Columbia, Ohio. The brave Captain William M'Cullough fell in 1812, in the campaign with General Hull.

#### JOHN WETZEL CAPTURES AN OBSTINATE SAVAGE.

John Wetzel and Veach Dickerson associated to go on an Indian scout. They crossed the Ohio at the Mingo Bottom, three miles below where the town of Steubenville has since been constructed. They set off with the avowed intention of bringing an Indian prisoner. They

painted and dressed in complete Indian style, and could talk some in their language. What induced them to undertake this hazardous enterprise is now unknown; perhaps the novelty and danger of the undertaking prompted them to action. No reward was given for either prisoners or scalps; nor were they employed or paid by government. Every man fought on his own hook, furnished his own arms and ammunition, and carried his own baggage. This was, to all intents, a democratic war, as every one fought as often and as long as he pleased; either by himself, or with such company as he could confide in. As the white men on the frontier took but few prisoners, Wetzel and Dickerson concluded to change the practice, and bring in an Indian to make a pet.

Whatever whim may have induced them, they set off with the avowed intention of bringing in a prisoner, or losing their own scalps in the attempt. They pushed through the Indian country with silent tread and a keen lookout, till they went near the head of the Sandusky river, where they came near a small Indian village. They concealed themselves close to a path which appeared to be considerably traveled. In the course of the first day of their ambush, they saw several small companies of Indians pass them. As it was not their wish to raise an alarm among the enemy, they permitted them to pass undisturbed. In the evening of the next day they saw two Indians coming sauntering along the road in quite a merry mood. They immediately stepped into the road, and with a confident air, as if they were meeting friends, went forward until they came within reach of the enemy. Wetzel now drew his tomahawk, and with one sweep knocked an Indian down; at the same instant Dickerson grasped the other in his arms, and threw him on the ground. By this time Wetzel had killed the other, and turned his hand to aid in fastening the prisoner. This completed, they scalped the dead Indian, and set off with the prisoner for home.

They traveled all night on the war path leading towards Wheeling. In the morning they struck off from the path, and making diverse courses, and keeping on the hardest ground, where their feet would make the least impression, they pushed along till they had crossed the Muskingum some distance, when their prisoner began to show a restive, stubborn disposition; he finally threw himself on the ground and refused to rise. He held down his head, and told them they might tomahawk him as soon as they pleased, for he was determined to go no farther. They used every argument they could think of to induce him to proceed, but without any effect. He said he would prefer dying in his native woods than to preserve his life a little longer, and at last be tortured by fire, and his body mangled for sport, when they took him

to their towns. They assured him his life would be spared, and that he would be well used and treated with plenty. But all their efforts would not induce him to rise to his feet. The idea that he would be put to death for sport, or in revenge, in presence of a large number of spectators, who would enjoy with rapture the scenes of his torture and death, had taken such a strong hold of his mind, that he determined to disappoint the possibility of their being gratified at his expense. As it was not their wish to kill him from coaxing they concluded to try if a hickory, well applied, would not bend his stubborn soul. This, too, failed to have any effect. He appeared to be as callous and indifferent to the lash as if he had been a cooper's horse. What invincible resolution and fortitude was evinced by this son of the forest! Finding all their efforts to urge him forward ineffectual, they determined to put him to death. They then tomahawked and scalped him, and left his body a prey to the wild beasts of the forest and to the birds of the air. The scalp-hunters then returned home with their two scalps; but vexed and disappointed that they could not bring with them the prisoner.

#### JACOB WETZEL AND SIMON KENTON ATTACK AN INDIAN CAMP.

Of Jacob Wetzel's history, writes McDonald, I can give but a meagre account, although I have heard of many of his exploits in the old Indian war. But my recollection of them is so indistinct and confused, that I will not attempt to relate but one of the numerous fights in which he was engaged. In that battle he had a comrade who was his equal in intrepidity, and his superior in that cautious prudence which constitutes the efficient warrior. That headstrong fury with which many of our old frontiersmen rushed into danger, was the cause of many distressing disasters. They frequently, by their headlong course, performed such successful actions, that if any military exploits deserve the character of sublime, they were eminently such.

The following relation I had from General Kenton. He and Wetzel made arrangements to make a Fall hunt together, and for that purpose they went into the hilly country near the mouth of the Kentucky river. When they arrived where they intended to make their hunt, they discovered some signs of Indians having preoccupied the ground. It would have been out of character in a Kenton and a Wetzel to retreat without first ascertaining the description and number of the enemy. They determined to find the Indian camp, which they believed was at no great distance from them, as they had heard reports of guns late in the evening and early the next morning in the same direction. This convinced them that the camp was at no great distance from the

firing. Our heroes moved cautiously about, making as little sign as possible, that they might not be discovered by the enemy. Towards evening of the second day after they arrived on the ground, they discovered the Indian camp.

They kept themselves concealed, determined, as soon as night approached, to reconnoitre the situation and number of the enemy; and then govern their future operations as prudence might dictate. They found five Indians in the camp. Having confidence in themselves and in their usual good fortune, they concluded to attack them boldly. Contrary to military rules, they agreed to defer the attack till light. In military affairs it is a general rule to avoid night fights, except where small numbers intend to assault a larger force. The night is then chosen, as in the darkness the numbers of the assailants being uncertain, may produce panics and confusion, which may give the victory to far inferior numbers. Our heroes chose daylight and an open field for the fight. There was a large fallen tree lying near the camp; this would serve as a rampart for defence and would also serve to conceal them from observation till the battle commenced. They took their station behind the log, and there lay till broad daylight, when they were able to draw a clear bead.

Jacob Wetzel had a double-barreled rifle. Their guns were cocked—they took aim, and gave the preconcerted signal—fired, and two Indians fell. As quick as thought, Wetzel fired his second load, and down fell the third Indian. Their number was now equal, so they bounded over the log, screaming and yelling at the highest pitch of their voices, to strike terror into their remaining enemies, and were among them before they recovered from the sudden surprise. The two remaining Indians, without arms, took to their heels, and ran in different directions. Kenton pursued one, whom he soon overhauled, tomahawked and scalped, and then returned with the bloody trophy to the camp. Shortly after Wetzel returned with the scalp of the fifth Indian. This was a wholesale slaughter, that but few except such men as Kenton and Wetzel would have attempted.

## LEWIS WETZEL, THE BOONE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Stout-hearted Lewis Wetzel  
Rode down the river shore,  
The wilderness behind him  
And the wilderness before.—*Plympton*.

But of all the Wetzel family Lewis was the most famous. Without him the history of Northwestern Virginia would be like the "play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." His presence was a tower of strength to the settlers, and for many years he was esteemed the right arm of their defence. With most of the famed hunters of the west, Indian fighting was only an episode—frequently a compulsory one—of their stormy lives, but with Wetzel it was a *life business*. He plunged recklessly into the fearful strife, and was never contented unless roaming the wilderness solitudes, trailing the savages to their very homes and rushing to combat, regardless of time, place or numbers. Bold, wary and tireless, he stood without an equal in the perilous profession to which he had sworn to devote himself.

No man on the western frontier was more dreaded by the enemy, and none did more to beat him back into the heart of the forest, and reclaim the expanseless domain which we now enjoy. By many he is regarded as little better than a semi-savage—a man whose disposition was that of an enraged tiger—whose only propensity was for blood, but this De Hass (excellent authority) asserts was not true. He was never known to inflict unwonted cruelty upon women and children, as has been charged upon him; and he never was found to torture or mutilate his victim, as many of the traditions would indicate. He was revengeful, because he had suffered deep injury at the hands of that race, and woe to the Indian warrior who crossed his path. He was literally a man without fear. He was brave as a lion, cunning as a fox; "daring where daring was the wiser part—prudent when discretion was valor's better self." He seemed to possess, in a remarkable degree, that intuitive knowledge which can alone constitute a good and efficient hunter, added to which, he was sagacious, prompt to act, and always aiming to render his actions efficient. Such was Lewis Wetzel, the celebrated Indian hunter of Western Virginia.

At the time of his father's death, Lewis was about twenty-three years of age, and, in common with his brothers, or those who were old enough, swore sleepless vengeance against the whole Indian race. Terribly did

he and they carry that resolution into effect. From that time forward, they were devoted to the woods; and an Indian, whether in peace or war, at night or by day, was a doomed man in the presence of either. The name of Wetzel sent a thrill of horror through the heart of the stoutest savage, before whom a more terrible image could not be conjured up than one of these relentless "Long Knives."

The first event worthy of record, in the life of our hero, occurred when he was about fourteen years of age. The Indians had not been very troublesome in the immediate vicinity of his father's, and no great apprehensions were felt, as it was during a season of comparative quietude. On the occasion referred to, Lewis had just stepped from his father's door, and was looking at his brother Jacob playing, when, suddenly turning toward the corn crib, he saw a gun pointing around the corner. Quick as thought he jumped back, but not in time to escape the ball; it took effect upon the breast bone, carrying away a small portion, and cutting a fearful wound athwart the chest. In an instant, two athletic warriors sprang from behind the crib, and quietly making prisoners of the lads, bore them off without being discovered. On the second day they reached the Ohio, and crossing near the mouth of McMahan's Creek, gained the Big Lick, about twenty miles from the river.

During the whole of this painful march, Lewis suffered severely from his wound, but bore up with true courage, knowing that if he complained, the tomahawk would be his doom. That night, on lying down, the Indians, contrary to their custom, failed to tie their prisoners. Lewis now resolved to escape, and in the course of an hour or so, satisfying himself that the Indians were asleep, touched Jacob, and both arose without disturbing their captors. Lewis, leading the way, pushed into the woods. Finding, however, that he could not travel without moccasins, he returned to the camp and soon came back with two pair, which, having fitted on, Lewis said: "Now I must go back for father's gun." Securing this, the two boys started for home. Finding the path, they traveled on briskly for some time; but hearing a noise, listened and ascertained the Indians were in pursuit. The lads stepped aside as the pursuers came up, and then again moved on. Soon they heard the Indians return, and by the same plan effectually eluded them. Before daylight they were again followed by two on horseback, but, resorting to a similar expedient, readily escaped detection. On the following day, about eleven o'clock, the boys reached the Ohio, at a point opposite Zane's Island. Lashing together two logs, they crossed over, and were once more with their friends.



## LEWIS WETZEL KILLS THREE SAVAGES IN A RUNNING FIGHT.

Shortly after Crawford's defeat, a man named Thomas Mills, in escaping from that unfortunate expedition, reached the Indian Spring, about nine miles from Wheeling, on the present National Road, where he was compelled to leave his horse and proceed to Wheeling on foot. Thence he went to Van Metre's Fort, and, after a day or two of rest, induced Lewis Wetzel to go with him to the spring for his horse. Lewis cautioned him against the danger, but Mills was determined, and the two started. Approaching the spring, they discovered the horse tied to a tree, and Wetzel at once comprehended their danger. Mills walked up to unfasten the animal, when instantly a discharge of rifles followed, and the unfortunate man fell, mortally wounded.

Wetzel now turned, and, knowing his only escape was in flight, plunged through the enemy, and bounded off at the very extent of his speed. Four fleet Indians followed in rapid pursuit, whooping in proud exultation of soon overhauling their intended victim. After a chase of half a mile, one of the most active savages approached so close that Wetzel was afraid he might throw his tomahawk, and instantly wheeling, shot the fellow dead in his tracks.

In early youth Lewis had acquired the habit of loading his gun while at a full run, and now he felt the great advantage of it. Keeping in advance of his pursuers during another half mile, a second Indian came up, and, turning to fire, the savage caught the end of his gun, and, for a time, the contest was doubtful. At one moment the Indian, by his great strength and dexterity, brought Wetzel to his knee, and had nearly wrenched the rifle from the hands of his antagonist, when Lewis, by a renewed effort, drew the weapon from the grasp of the savage, and, thrusting the muzzle against the side of his neck, pulled the trigger, killing him instantly. The two other Indians, by this time, had nearly overtaken him; but leaping forward, he kept ahead, until his unerring rifle was a third time loaded.

Anxious to have done with that kind of sport, he slackened his pace, and even stopped once or twice to give his pursuers an opportunity to face him. Every time, however, he looked round, the Indians treed, unwilling any longer to encounter his destructive weapon. After running a mile or two farther in this manner, he reached an open piece of ground, and, wheeling suddenly, the foremost Indian jumped behind a tree, but which, not screening his body, Wetzel fired, and dangerously wounded him. The remaining Indian made an immediate retreat, yelling as he went, "*No catch dat man, him gun alway loaded.*"

In the Summer of 1786, the Indians having become troublesome in the neighborhood of Wheeling, particularly in the Short Creek settlement, and a party having killed a man near Mingo Bottom, it was determined to send an expedition after the retreating enemy, of sufficient force to chastise them most effectually. A subscription or pony purse was made up, and one hundred dollars were offered to the man who should bring in the first Indian scalp. Major McMahan, living at Beach Bottom, headed the expedition, and Lewis Wetzel was one of his men. They crossed the river on the 5th of August, and proceeded, by a rapid march, to the Muskingum. The expedition numbered about twenty men; and an advance of five were detailed to reconnoitre. This party reported to the commander that they had discovered the camp of the enemy, but that it was far too numerous to think of making an attack. A consultation was thereupon held, and an immediate retreat determined on.

During the conference Lew. Wetzel sat upon a log, with his gun carelessly resting across his knees. The moment it was resolved to retreat, most of the party started in disordered haste; but the commander, observing Wetzel still sitting on the log, turned to inquire if he was not going along. "No," was his sullen reply; "I came out to hunt Indians, and now that they are found, I am not going home, like a fool, with my fingers in my mouth. I am determined to take an Indian scalp or lose my own." All arguments were unavailing, and there they were compelled to leave him: a lone man, in a desolate wilderness, surrounded by an enemy—vigilant, cruel, bloodthirsty, and of horrid barbarity—with no friend but his rifle, and no guide but the sure index which an All-Wise Providence has deep set in the heavens above. Once by himself, and looking around to feel satisfied that they were all gone, he gathered his blanket about him, adjusted his tomahawk and scalping knife, shouldered his rifle, and moved off in an opposite direction, hoping that a small party of Indians might be met with. Keeping away from the larger streams, he strolled on cautiously, peering into every dell and suspicious cover, and keenly sensitive to the least sound of a dubious character.

Nothing, however, crossed his path that day. The night being dark and chilly, it was necessary to have a fire; but to show a light, in the midst of his enemy, would be to invite to certain destruction. To avoid this, he constructed a small coal pit out of bark, dried leaves, etc., and covering these with loose earth, leaving an occasional air hole, he seated himself, encircling the pit with his legs, and then completed the whole by covering his head with the blanket. In this manner he would produce a temperature equal, as he expressed it, to that of a "stove

room." This was certainly an original and ingenious mode of getting up a fire, without, at the same time, endangering himself by a light.

During most of the following day he roamed through the forest without noticing any "signs" of Indians. At length smoke was discovered, and going in the direction of it, he found a camp, but tenantless. It contained two blankets and a small kettle, which Wetzel at once knew belonged to two Indians, who were, doubtless, out hunting. Concealing himself in the matted undergrowth, he patiently awaited the return of the occupants. About sunset, one of the Indians came in and made up the fire, and went to cooking his supper. Shortly after, the other came in. They ate their supper, and began to sing, and amuse themselves by telling comic stories, at which they would burst into roars of laughter. Singing and telling amusing stories, was the common practice of the white and redmen, when lying in their hunting camps.

About nine or ten o'clock, one of the Indians wrapped his blanket around him, shouldered his rifle, took a chunk of fire in his hand and left the camp, doubtless with the intention of going to watch a deer-lick. The fire and smoke would serve to keep off the gnats and mosquitoes. It is a remarkable fact, that deer are not alarmed at seeing fire, from the circumstance of meeting it so frequently in the Fall and Winter seasons, when the leaves and grass are dry, and the woods on fire. The absence of the Indian was a cause of vexation and disappointment to our hero, whose trap was so happily set that he considered his game secure. He still indulged the hope that the Indian would return to camp before day, but in this he was disappointed. There are birds in the woods which commence chirping just before break of day, and, like the cock, give notice to the woodsman that light will soon appear. Lewis heard the wooded songsters begin to chatter, and determined to delay no longer the work of death for the return of the other Indian.

He walked to the camp with a noiseless step, and found his victim buried in profound sleep, lying upon one side. He drew his scalping knife, and with the utmost force, impelled by revenge, sent the blade through his heart. He said the Indian gave a short quiver, a convulsive motion, and then laid still in the sleep of death. Lewis scalped him, and set out for home. He arrived at the Mingo Bottom only one day after his unsuccessful companions. He claimed and received the reward.

## HE SHOOTS A RED GOBBLER AND ATTACKS A CAMP OF FOUR.

A most fatal decoy, on the frontier, was the turkey call. On several occasions, men from the fort at Wheeling had gone across the hill in quest of a turkey, whose plaintive cries had elicited their attention, and, on more than one occasion, the men never returned. Wetzel suspected the cause, and determined to satisfy himself. On the east side of the Creek Hill, and at a point elevated at least sixty feet above the water, there is a capacious cavern, (we have seen this cavern within the year,) the entrance to which, at that time, was almost obscured by a heavy growth of vines and foliage. Into this the alluring savage would crawl, and could there have an extensive view of the hill front on the opposite side. From that cavern issued the decoy of death to more than one incautious soldier and settler. Wetzel knew of the existence and exact locality of the cave, and accordingly started out before day, and, by a circuitous route, reached the spot from the rear. Posting himself so as to command a view of the opening, he waited patiently for the expected cry. Directly the twisted tuft of an Indian warrior slowly rose in the mouth of the cave, and, looking cautiously about, sent forth the long, shrill, peculiar "cry," sounding like chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug, and immediately sank back out of view. Lewis screened himself in his position, cocked his gun, and anxiously waited for a reappearance of the head. In a few minutes up rose the tuft; Lewis drew a fine aim at the polished head, and the next instant the brains of the savage were scattered about the cave. *That* turkey troubled the inhabitants no longer, and tradition does not say whether the place was ever after similarly occupied.

A singular custom with this daring borderer was to take a Fall hunt into the Indian country. Equipping himself, he set out and penetrated to the Muskingum, and fell upon a camp of four Indians. Hesitating a moment, whether to attack a party so much his superior in numerical strength, he determined to make the attempt. At the hour of midnight, when naught was heard but the long, dismal howl of the wolf,

"Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,  
Burning for blood, bony, gaunt and grim,"

he moved cautiously from his covert, and, gliding through the darkness, stealthily approached the camp, supporting his rifle in one hand and a tomahawk in the other. A dim flicker from the camp fire faintly revealed the forms of the sleepers, wrapped in that profound slumber, which, to part of them, was to know no waking. There they lay, with their dark faces turned up to the night-sky, in the deep solitude of their

own wilderness, little dreaming that their most relentless enemy was hovering over them.

Quietly resting his gun against a tree, he unsheathed his knife, and, with an intrepidity that could never be surpassed, stepped boldly forward like the minister of death, and, quick as thought, cleft the skull of one of his sleeping victims. In an instant, a second one was similarly served; and, as a third attempted to rise, confused by the horrid yells with which Wetzel accompanied his blows, he too shared the fate of his companions, and sank dead at the feet of his ruthless slayer. The fourth darted into the darkness of the woods and escaped, although Wetzel pursued him some distance. Returning to camp, he scalped his victims, and then left for home. When asked, on his return, what luck? "Not much," he replied. "I treed four Indians, but one got away." This unexampled achievement stamped him as one of the most daring, and, at the same time, successful hunters of his day. The distance to and from the scene of this adventure could not have been less than one hundred and seventy miles.

During one of his scouts in the immediate neighborhood of Wheeling, our hero took shelter, on a stormy evening, in a deserted cabin on the bottom, not far from what was then the residence of Mr. Hamilton Woods. Gathering a few broken boards, he prepared a place, in the loft, to sleep. Scarcely had he got himself adjusted for a nap when six Indians entered, and, striking a fire, commenced preparing their homely meal. Wetzel watched their movements closely, with drawn knife, determined, the moment he was discovered, to leap into their midst, and, in the confusion, endeavor to escape. Fortunately, they did not see him; and, soon after supper, the whole six fell asleep. Wetzel now crawled noiselessly down, and hid himself behind a log, at a convenient distance from the door of the cabin. At early dawn, a tall savage stepped from the door, and stretching up both hands in a long, hearty yawn, seemed to draw in new life from the pure, invigorating atmosphere. In an instant Wetzel had his finger upon the trigger, and the next moment the Indian fell heavily to the ground, his life's blood gushing upon the young grass, brilliant with the morning dew-drops. The report of the rifle had not ceased echoing through the valley, ere the daring borderer was far away, secure from all pursuit.

Some time after General Harmar had erected a fort at the mouth of the Muskingum river, where Marietta now stands, about 1789, he employed some white men to go, with a flag, among the nearest Indian tribes, to prevail with them to come to the fort, and there to conclude a treaty of peace. A large number of Indians came, on the general invitation, and encamped on the Muskingum river, a few miles above

its mouth. General Harmar issued a proclamation, giving notice that a cessation of arms was mutually agreed upon, between the white and redmen, till an effort for a treaty of peace should be concluded.

As treaties of peace with Indians had been so frequently violated, but little faith was placed in the stability of such engagements by the frontiersmen; notwithstanding that they were as frequently the aggressors as were the Indians. Half the backwoodsmen of that day had been born in a fort, and grew to manhood, as it were, in a siege. The Indian war had continued so long, and was so bloody, that they believed war with them was to continue as long as both survived to fight. With these impressions, as they considered the Indians faithless, it was difficult to inspire confidence in the stability of treaties. While General Harmar was diligently engaged with the Indians, endeavoring to make peace, Lewis Wetzel concluded to go to Fort Harmar, and, as the Indians would be passing and repassing between their camp and the fort, he would have a fair opportunity of killing one.

He associated with himself in this enterprise, a man named Veach Dickerson, who was only a small grade below him in restless daring. As soon as the enterprise was resolved on, they were impatient to put it in execution. The more danger, the more excited and impatient they were to execute their plan. They set off without delay, and arrived at the desired point, and sat themselves down in ambush, near the path leading from the fort to the Indian camp. Shortly after they had concealed themselves by the wayside, they saw an Indian approaching on horseback, running his horse at full speed. They called to him, but, owing to the clatter of the horse's feet, he did not hear or heed their call, but kept on at a sweeping gallop. When the Indian had nearly passed, they concluded to give him a shot as he rode. They fired; but, as the Indian did not fall, they thought they had missed him.

As the alarm would soon be spread that an Indian had been shot at, and as large numbers of them were near at hand, they commenced an immediate retreat to their home. As their neighbors knew the object of their expedition, as soon as they returned they were asked, what luck? Wetzel answered that they had bad luck—they had seen but one Indian, and he on horseback—that they had fired at him as he rode, but he did not fall, but went off scratching his back, as if he had been stung by a yellowjacket. The truth was, they had shot him through the hips and lower part of the belly. He rode to the fort, and that night expired of his wounds. It proved to be a large, fine-looking savage, of considerable celebrity, and known by the name of George Washington.

It was soon rumored to General Harmar that Lewis Wetzel was the

murderer. General Harmar sent a Captain Kingsbury, with a company of men, to the Mingo Bottom, with orders to take Wetzel, alive or dead—a useless and impotent order. A company of men could as easily have drawn Beelzebub out of the bottomless pit, as take Lewis Wetzel, by force, from the Mingo Bottom settlement. On the day that Captain Kingsbury arrived, there was a shooting match in the neighborhood, and Lewis was there. As soon as the object of Captain Kingsbury was ascertained, it was resolved to ambush the Captain's barge, and kill him and his company.

Happily Major McMahan was present to prevent this catastrophe, who prevailed on Wetzel and his friends to suspend the attack till he would pay Captain Kingsbury a visit; perhaps he would induce him to return without making an attempt to take Wetzel. With a great deal of reluctance, they agreed to suspend the attack till Major McMahan should return. The resentment and fury of Wetzel and his friends were boiling and blowing like the steam from a scape pipe of a steam-boat. "A pretty affair this," said they, "to hang a man for killing an Indian, when they are killing some of our men almost every day." Major McMahan informed Captain Kingsbury of the force and fury of the people, and assured him that, if he persisted in the attempt to seize Wetzel, he would have all the settlers in the country upon him; that nothing could save him and his fellows from massacre but a speedy return. The Captain took his advice, and forthwith returned to Fort Harmar. Wetzel considered the affair now as finally adjusted.

As Lewis was never long stationary, but ranged, at will, along the river from Fort Pitt to the Falls of the Ohio, and was a welcome guest and perfectly at home wherever he went, shortly after the attempt to seize him by Captain Kingsbury, he got into a canoe, with the intention of proceeding down the Ohio to Kentucky. He had a friend, by the name of Hamilton Carr, who had lately settled on the island near Fort Harmar. Here he stopped, with the view of lodging for the night. By some means, which never were explained, General Harmar was advised of his being on the island. A guard was sent, who crossed to the island, surrounded Mr. Carr's house, went in, and, as Wetzel lay asleep, he was seized by numbers, his hands and feet securely bound, and he was hurried off into a boat, and from thence placed in a guard-room, where he was loaded with irons.

## HANDCUFFED BY GENERAL HARMAR AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE.

The ignominy of wearing iron handcuffs and hobbles, and being chained down, to a man of his independent and resolute spirit, was more painful than death. Shortly after he was confined, he sent for General Harmar, and requested a visit. The General went. Wetzel admitted, without hesitation, "that he had shot the Indian." As he did not wish to be hung like a dog, he requested the General to give him up to the Indians, there being a large number of them present. "He might place them all in a circle, with their scalping knives and tomahawks, and give him a tomahawk and place him in the midst of the circle, and then let him and the Indians fight it out the best way they could." The General told him, "that he was an officer appointed by the law, by which he must be governed. As the law did not authorize him to make such a compromise, he could not grant his request." After a few days' longer confinement, he again sent for the General to come and see him; and he did so. Wetzel said "he had never been confined, and could not live much longer if he was not permitted some room to walk about in."

The General ordered the officer on guard to knock off his iron fetters, but to leave on his handcuffs, and permit him to walk about on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum; but to be sure and keep a close watch upon him. As soon as they were outside the fort gate, Lewis began to caper and dance about like a wild colt broke loose from the stall. He would start and run a few yards, as if he was about making an escape, then turn round and join the guards. The next start he would run farther, and then stop. In this way he amused the guard for some time, at every start running a little farther. At length he called forth all his strength, resolution and activity, and determined on freedom or an early grave. He gave a sudden spring forward, and bounded off at the top of his speed for the shelter of his beloved woods. His movement was so quick, and so unexpected, that the guards were taken by surprise, and he got nearly a hundred yards before they recovered from their astonishment. They fired, but all missed; they followed in pursuit, but he soon left them out of sight.

As he was well acquainted with the country, he made for a dense thicket, about two or three miles from the fort. In the midst of this thicket, he found a tree which had fallen across a log, where the brush was very close. Under this tree he squeezed his body. The brush was so thick that he could not be discovered unless his pursuers examined very closely. As soon as his escape was announced, General Harmar started the soldiers and Indians in pursuit. After he had lain about two



hours in his place of concealment, two Indians came into the thicket, and stood on the same log under which he lay concealed; his heart beat so violently he was afraid they would hear it thumping. He could hear them hallooing in every direction as they hunted through the brush. At length, as the evening wore away the day, he found himself alone in the friendly thicket. But what should he do? His hands were fastened with iron cuffs and bolts, and he knew of no friend, on the same side of the Ohio, to whom he could apply for assistance.

He had a friend who had recently put up a cabin on the Virginia side of the Ohio, who, he had no doubt, would lend him every assistance in his power. But to cross the river was the difficulty. He could not make a raft with his hands bound, and though an excellent swimmer, it would be risking too much to trust himself to the stream in that disabled condition. With the most gloomy foreboding of the future, he left the thicket as soon as the shades of night began to gather, and directed his way to the Ohio, by a circuitous route, which brought him to a lonely spot, three or four miles below the fort. He made to this place, as he expected guards would be set at every point where he could find a canoe. On the opposite shore he saw an acquaintance, Isaac Wiseman by name, fishing in a canoe. Not daring to call to him, as he could not know whether his enemies were not within sound of his voice, he waved his hat for some time to attract the notice of his friend, having previously induced him to direct his eye that course by a gentle splashing in the water.

This brought Wiseman to his assistance, who readily aided his escape. Once on the Virginia shore he had nothing to fear, as he had well-wishers all through the country, who would have shed blood, if necessary, for his defence. It was not, however, until years had elapsed, and General Harmar returned to Philadelphia, that it became safe for Wiseman to avow the act, such was the weakness of civil authority and the absolute supremacy of military rule on the frontier. A file and hammer soon released him from the heavy handcuffs. After the night's rest had recruited his energies, he set out for fresh adventures, his friend having supplied him with a rifle, ammunition and blanket. He took a canoe and went down the river for Kentucky, where he should feel safe from the grasp of Harmar and his myrmidons.

Subsequently to Wetzel's escape, General Harmar removed his headquarters to Fort Washington, Cincinnati. One of his first official acts there, was to issue a proclamation, offering considerable rewards for the apprehension and delivery of Lewis at the garrison there. No man, however, was found base or daring enough to attempt this service.

On his way down Wetzel landed at Point Pleasant, and, following his

usual humor, when he had no work among Indians on the carpet, ranged the town, for a few days, with as much unconcern as if he were on his own farm. Lieutenant Kingsbury, attached to Harmar's own command, happened to be at the mouth of the Kanawha at the time, and scouting about, while ignorant of Wetzel's presence, met him—unexpectedly to both parties. Lewis, being generally on the *qui vive*, saw Kingsbury first, and halted with great firmness in the path, leaving to the Lieutenant to decide his own course of procedure, feeling himself prepared and ready, whatever that might be. Kingsbury, a brave man himself, had too much good feeling toward such a gallant spirit as Wetzel to attempt his injury, if it were even safe to do so. He contented himself with saying, "*Get out of my sight, you Indian killer!*" And Lewis, who was implacable to the savage only, retired slowly and watchfully, as a lion draws off measuring his steps in the presence of the hunters, being as willing to avoid unnecessary danger as to seek it when duty called him to act.

He regained his canoe and put off for Limestone, Ky., at which place, and at Washington, the county town, he established his headquarters for some time. Here he engaged on hunting parties, or went out with the scouts after Indians. When not actually engaged in such service, he filled up his leisure hours at shooting matches, foot racing or wrestling with other hunters. Major Fowler, of Washington, who knew him well during this period, described him as a general favorite, no less from his personal qualities than for his services.

While engaged in these occupations at Maysville, Lieutenant Lawler, of the regular army, who was going down the Ohio to Fort Washington, in what was called a Kentucky boat, full of soldiers, landed at Maysville, and found Wetzel sitting in one of the taverns. Returning to the boat, he ordered out a file of soldiers, seized Wetzel and dragged him on board the boat, and, without a moment's delay, pushed off, and that same night delivered him to General Harmar, at Cincinnati, by whom the prisoner was again put in irons, preparatory to his trial and consequent condemnation, for what Lewis disdained to deny or conceal, the killing of the Indian at Marietta. But Harmar, like St. Clair, although acquainted with the routine of military service, was destitute of that practical good sense, always indispensable in frontier settlements, in which such severe measures were more likely to rouse the settlers to flame than to intimidate them; and soon found the country around him in arms.

The story of Wetzel's captivity—captured and liable to punishment for shooting an Indian merely—spread through the settlement like wild-fire, kindling the passions of the frontiersmen to a high pitch of fury.

Petitions for his release came in to General Harmar, from all quarters and all classes of society. To these, at first, he paid little attention. At length the settlements along the Ohio, and some even of the back counties, began to embody in military array to release the prisoner *vi et armis*. Representations were made to Judge Symmes, which induced him to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case. John Clawson, and other hunters of Columbia, who had gone down to attend his trial, went security for Wetzel's good behavior; and, being discharged, he was escorted with great triumph to Columbia, and treated at that place to his supper, etc.

#### HIS HAIR REACHED TO HIS CALVES—THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Judge Foster, who gave these last particulars, described him at this period, (August 26th, 1789,) as about twenty-six years of age, about five feet ten inches high. He was full breasted, very broad across the shoulders; his arms were large; skin, darker than the other brothers; his face, heavily pitted with the small-pox; his hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of the legs; his eyes remarkably black and "piercing as the dagger's point," and, when excited, sparkling with such vindictive glances as to indicate plainly it was hardly safe to provoke him to wrath. He was taciturn in mixed company, although the fiddle of the party among his social friends and acquaintances. His morals and habits, compared with those of his general associates and the tone of society in the West of that day, were quite exemplary. He certainly had a rare scalp—one for which the savages would at any time have given a dozen of their best warriors.

Shortly after his return from Kentucky, a relative, from Dunkard Creek, invited Lewis home with him. The invitation was accepted, and the two leisurely wended their way along, hunting and sporting as they traveled. On reaching the home of the young man, what should they see but, instead of the hospitable roof, a pile of smoking ruins! Wetzel immediately examined the trail, and found that the marauders were three Indians and one white man, and that they had taken one prisoner. That captive proved to be the betrothed of the young man, whom nothing could restrain from pushing on in immediate pursuit.

Placing himself under the direction of Wetzel, the two strode on, hoping to overhaul the enemy before they had crossed the Ohio. It was found, after proceeding a short distance, that the savages had taken great care to obliterate their trail; but the keen discernment of Wetzel once on the track, and there need not be much difficulty. He knew they would make for the river by the most expeditious route, and there-

fore, disregarding their trail, he pushed on, so as to head them at the crossing place. After an hour's hard travel, they struck a path which the deer had made, and which their sagacity had taught them to carry over knolls, in order to avoid the great curves of ravines. Wetzel followed the path because he knew it was almost in a direct line to the point at which he was aiming. Night coming on, the tireless and determined hunters partook of a hurried meal, then again pushed forward, guided by the lamps hung in the heavens above them, until, toward midnight, a heavy cloud shut out their light and obscured the path.

Early on the following morning they resumed the chase, and, descending from the elevated ridge, along which they had been passing for an hour or two, found themselves in a deep and quiet valley, which looked as though human steps had never before pressed its virgin soil. Traveling a short distance, they discovered fresh footsteps in the soft sand, and, upon close examination, the eye of Wetzel's companion detected the impress of a small shoe, with nail-heads around the heel, which he at once recognized as belonging to his affianced. Hour after hour the pursuit was kept up; now tracing the trail across the hills, over alluvium, and often detecting it where the wily captors had taken to the beds of streams. Late in the afternoon they found themselves approaching the Ohio, and, shortly after dark, discovered, as they struck the river, the camp of the enemy on the opposite side, and just below the mouth of Captina. Swimming the river, the two reconnoitered the position of the camp, and discovered the locality of the captive. Wetzel proposed waiting until daylight before making the attack, but the almost frantic lover was for immediate action. Wetzel, however, would listen to no suggestion, and thus they waited the break of day.

At early dawn the savages were up and preparing to leave, when Wetzel directed his companion to take good aim at the white renegade, while he would make sure work of one of the Indians. They fired at the same moment, and with fatal effect. Instantly the young man rushed forward to release the captive; and Wetzel, reloading, pursued the two Indians who had taken to the woods to ascertain the strength of the attacking party. Wetzel pursued a short distance, and then fired his rifle at random, to draw the Indians from their retreat. The trick succeeded, and they made after him with uplifted tomahawks, yelling at the height of their voices. The adroit hunter soon had his rifle loaded, and wheeling suddenly, discharged its contents through the body of his nearest pursuer. The other Indian now rushed impetuously forward, thinking to dispatch his enemy in a moment. Wetzel, however, kept dodging from tree to tree, and, being more fleet than

the Indian, managed to keep ahead until his unerring gun was again loaded, when, turning, he fired, and the last of the party lay dead before him.

Soon after this, our hero determined to visit the extreme South, and for that purpose engaged on a flat boat about leaving for New Orleans. Many months elapsed before his friends heard anything of his whereabouts, and then it was to learn that he was in close confinement at New Orleans, under some weighty charge. What the exact nature of this charge was, has never been fully ascertained; but it is very certain he was imprisoned and treated like a felon for nearly two years. The charge is supposed to have been of some trivial character, and has been justly regarded as a great outrage. It was alleged, at the time of his arrest, to have been for uttering counterfeit coin; but this being disproved, it was then charged that he had been guilty of an *amour* with the wife of a Spaniard.

Of the nature of these charges, however, but little is known. He was finally released by the intervention of our government, and reached home by way of Philadelphia, to which city he had been sent from New Orleans. He remained but two days on Wheeling Creek after his return, and De Hass learned from several citizens who saw him then that his personal appearance was much changed. From the settlement he went to Wheeling, where he remained a few days, and then left again for the South, vowing vengeance against the person whom he believed to have been accessory to his imprisonment, and in degrading his person with the vile rust of a felon's chain. During his visit to Wheeling, he remained with George Cookis, a relative. Mrs. Cookis plagued him about getting married, and jocularly asked whether he ever intended to take a wife. "No," he replied, "there is no woman in this world for me, but I expect there is one in heaven."

After an absence of many months, he again returned to the neighborhood of Wheeling; but whether he avenged his real or imaginary wrongs upon the person of the Spaniard alluded to, is not known. His propensity to roam the woods was still as great as ever; and an incident occurred which showed that he had lost none of his cunning while undergoing incarceration at New Orleans. Returning homeward, from a hunt north of the Ohio, somewhat fatigued and a little careless of his movements, he suddenly espied an Indian, in the very act of raising his gun to fire. Both immediately sprang to trees, and there they stood for an hour, each afraid of the other.

What was to be done? To remain there the whole day, for it was then early in the morning, was out of the question. Now it was that the sagacity of Wetzel displayed itself over the child-like simplicity of

the savage. Cautiously adjusting his bear-skin cap to the end of his ramrod—with the slightest, most dubious and hesitating motion, as though afraid to venture a glance—the cap protruded. An instant, a crack, and off was torn the fatal cap, by the sure ball of the vigilant savage. Leaping from his retreat, our hero rapidly advanced upon the astonished Indian, and ere the tomahawk could be brought to its work of death, the tawny foe sprang convulsively into the air, and, straightening as he descended, fell upon his face quite dead.

Wetzel was universally regarded as one of the most efficient scouts and most practiced woodsmen of the day. He was frequently engaged by parties who desired to hunt up and locate lands, but were afraid of the Indians. Under the protection of Lewis Wetzel, however, they felt safe, and thus he was often engaged for months at a time. Of those who became largely interested in western lands was John Madison, brother of James, afterward President Madison. He employed Lewis Wetzel to go with him through the Kanawha region. During their expedition they came upon a deserted hunter's camp, in which were concealed some goods. Each of them helped himself to a blanket, and that day, in crossing Little Kanawha, they were fired upon by a concealed party of Indians, and Madison was killed.

General Clark, the companion of Lewis in the celebrated tour across the Rocky Mountains, had heard much of Lewis Wetzel in Kentucky, and determined to secure his services in the perilous enterprise. A messenger was accordingly sent for him, but he was reluctant to go. However, he finally consented, and accompanied the party during the first three months' travel, but then declined going any farther, and returned home. Shortly after this he left again, on a flat boat, and never returned. He visited a relative named Philip Sikes, living about twenty miles in the interior from Natchez, and there made his home until the Summer of 1808, when he died. "The late venerable David McIntyre, of Belmont county, Ohio, one of the most reliable and respectable men in the State, said that he met Lewis Wetzel at Natchez, in April 1808, and remained with him three days. That Lewis told him he would visit his friends during the then approaching Summer. But, alas, that visit was never made! His journey was to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns."

The number of scalps taken by the Wetzels in the course of the long Indian war, exceeds belief. There is no doubt they were very little short of one hundred. War was the business of their lives. They would prowl through the Indian country singly, suffer all the fatigues of hasty marches in bad weather, or starvation lying in close concealment, watching for a favorable opportunity to inflict death on the de-

voted victims who would be so unfortunate as to come within their vindictive grasp.

As to Martin and John Wetzel, wrote McDonald, I have but a faint recollection of their personal appearance. Jacob Wetzel was a large man, of full habit, but not corpulent. He was about six feet high, and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was a cheerful, pleasant companion, and in every respect as much of a gentleman in his manners as most of the frontiersmen. They were all dark skinned and wore their hair, which was very long and thick, curled, and no part of it was suffered to be cut off. Lewis Wetzel had a full breast, and was very broad across the shoulders; his arms were large; his limbs were not heavy; his skin was darker than his brothers; his face considerably pitted by the small-pox; his hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of his legs; his eyes were remarkably black, and when excited, (which was easily done,) they would sparkle with such a vindictive glance as almost to curdle the blood to look at him. In his appearance and gait there was something different from other men. Where he professed friendship, he was as true as the needle to the pole; his enmity was always dangerous. In mixed company he was a man of few words; but with his particular friends he was a social, and even a cheerful companion. Notwithstanding their numberless exploits in war, they were no braggadocios. When they had killed their enemies, they thought no more about it than a butcher would after killing a bullock. It was their trade.

Happily all the old frontiersmen were not such dare-devils as were the Wetzels. If they had been, the country could never have been settled. The men who went forward with families, and erected block-houses and forts, and remained stationary to defend them, and to cultivate the earth, were the most efficient settlers. The Wetzels, and others of the same grit, served as a kind of out-guards, who were continually ranging from station to station in search of adventure; so that it was almost impossible for large bodies of the enemy to approach the settlements without being discovered by those vigilant, restless rangers, who would give the alarm to the forts. In this way all were useful; even the timid (for there were some such) would fight in defence of their fort.

## CAPTAIN SAM. BRADY, THE DARING PARTISAN LEADER.

He knew each pathway through the wood,  
 Each dell unwarmed by sunshine's gleam;  
 Where the brown pheasant led her brood,  
 Or wild deer came to drink the stream.

Who in the West has not heard of Samuel Brady, the Captain of the Spies, and of his wonderful exploits and hairbreadth escapes? A soldier from the first drum-tap of the Revolution, he commenced his service at Boston. He was in all the principal engagements of the war until the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to Fort Pitt to join General Broadhead, with whom he became a great favorite, and was almost constantly employed in partisan scouting. In '78 his brother, and in '79 his father, were cruelly killed by Indians. This made Captain Brady an Indian killer, and he *never changed his business*. The redman never had a more implacable foe, or a more relentless tracker. Being as well skilled in woodcraft as any Indian of them all, he would trail them to their very lairs with all the fierceness and tenacity of the sleuth hound. We could fill pages with the mere mention of his lone vigils, his solitary wanderings, and his terrible revenges. His hate was undying; it knew no interval—his revenge no surfeit. Day and night, Summer and Winter were all the same, if it gave him chance to feed fat his ancient grudge.

He commenced his scouting service about 1780, when he was only twenty-four years old, having been born in Shippensburg in 1756. A bolder or braver man never drew sword or pulled trigger. During the whole of the fierce, protracted and sanguinary war which ravaged the western border from 1785 to 1794, he was a dread terror to the savages and a tower of strength to the white settlers. His ubiquitous presence, backed by the band of devoted followers, who ever stepped in his footprints, was felt as a security everywhere. His the step that faltered not; his the eye that quailed not, and his the heart that knew never the meaning of fear. Many a mother has quieted the fears and lulled to sleep her infant family by the assurance that the rapid Allegheny, or the broad Ohio, the dividing lines between the whites and Indians, was safe because he there kept watch and ward.

But to begin at the beginning. When the company of volunteer riflemen, of which Brady was a member, lay in the "Leaguer of Boston," frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion, Lowden was ordered



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

At the battle of Princeton he was under Colonel Hand, of Lancaster, and had advanced too far; they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and both made their escape. At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled round him. The British were nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge that it tore out. He dashed on—a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop. Brady wheeled, shot him down and ran on. He got into a small swamp in a field. He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a Lieutenant. They compared commissions; Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to headquarters.

#### CAPTAIN BRADY MAKES A SCOUT TO UPPER SANDUSKY.

In 1780 the Indians became very troublesome to the settlements about Pittsburgh, and Washington, knowing well that the most effectual way to deal with them was to strike them in their very homes, ordered Colonel Broadhead, of Fort Pitt, to dispatch a suitable person to their towns to ascertain their strength and resources. Broadhead sent for Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered. Selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, Brady crossed the Allegheny and was at once in the enemy's country. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "strategie," and, dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their language, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns without seeing a hostile Indian. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy.

However, he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on, until he stood beside the town on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a secure place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with driftwood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night. The next morning a dense fog spread over the hill and dale, town and river; all was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About eleven o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of an immense number of Indians engaged in the amusement of the race ground. They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky, with some very fine horses. One gray horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near the evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing anything by betting on the race.

He made such observations through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to an Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward. The map furnished by General Broadhead was found defective, the distance represented being much less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, with which they appeased their hunger.

Having discovered a deer track, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had gone but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire; but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch-hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a white child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback; but, as he raised his rifle, he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep, and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree, and waited until he could shoot without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he fired, and the Indian,

child and mother, all fell from the horse. Brady called to his men, with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians, and give them a general fire. He sprang to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said, "Why did you shoot your brother!" He caught up the child, saying, "Jenny Stoop, I am Captain Brady; follow me, and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him but no ball touched, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh, with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war whoop, and knew they were Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition, had taken to their heels and run off.

#### A CONFLICT AT "BRADY'S BEND"—HIS ADVENTURE WITH PHOUTS.

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

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

In a short time the Indians encountered the main body under Broadhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Cornplanter, afterwards the distinguished Chief of

the Senecas, but then a young man, saved himself by swimming. The celebrated war chief of this tribe, Bald Eagle, was of the number slain on this occasion.

After the savages had crossed the river, Brady was standing on the bank wiping his rifle, when an Indian, exasperated at the unexpected defeat and disgraceful retreat of his party, and supposing himself now safe from the well-known and abhorred enemy of his race, commenced abusing him in broken English, calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like, and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them. When Brady had cleaned his rifle and loaded it, he sat down by an ash sapling, and, taking sight about three feet above the Indian, fired. As the rifle cracked, the Indian was seen to shrink a little and then limp off. When the main army arrived, a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen. They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance when the Indian jumped up, struck his breast and said, "I am a man." It was Brady's wish to take him prisoner, without doing him further harm. The Indian continuing to repeat, "I am a man"—"Yes," said an Irishman, who was along, "By St. Patrick, you're a purty boy," and, before Brady could arrest the blow, sunk his tomahawk into the Indian's brain.

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

Shortly after Brady's return from Sandusky, he proposed to Phouts—a Dutchman of uncommon strength and activity and well acquainted with the woods—to go scouting up the Allegheny. Phouts jumped at this, and, raising himself on tip-toe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, said: "By dunder und lightnin', Gaptain, I would rader go mit you as to any of de finest weddins in dis guntry!"

Next morning they stealthily left the fort, traveled all day, and discovered smoke, denoting Indians. Brady desired Phouts to stay still while he would reconnoitre, but the irrepressible Dutchman refused, saying, "No, by dunder, I will see him, too." So they crept up and discovered only an old Indian by the fire. Phouts was for shooting him at once, but Brady prevented, as he judged that those absent from the camp were quite numerous. Next morning he fell upon a large trail of Indians, about a day or more old, so Brady determined to go back and take the old savage prisoner, and carry him back to Pittsburgh. The Indian was lying on his back, his faithful dog by his side. Brady now silently crept forward, tomahawk in hand, until within a

few feet of the Indian, when, uttering a fierce yell, he made a spring like a panther and clutched the Indian hard and fast by the throat. The old fellow struggled violently at first, but seeing he was held with firm and tenacious grip, he gracefully submitted to the inevitable. The dog behaved very civilly, uttering merely a few low growls. Phouts now came up and the prisoner was tied. When the Indian found he was treated kindly and was to be carried to Pittsburgh, he showed them a canoe, and all embarked and encamped all night at the mouth of the little run.

Next morning Brady started to get some "jerk" they had hung up, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner. The Indian complained to the Dutchman that the cords hurt his wrists very much, and he, being a tender and kind-hearted fellow, took off the cords entirely, at which the redskin appeared very grateful. While, however, Phouts was busy with something else, the wary savage sprang to the tree against which Phouts' gun stood leaning, and leveled at the Dutchman's breast. The trigger was pulled, but fortunately the bullet whistled harmlessly past, taking off part of Phouts' bullet pouch. One stroke of Phouts' tomahawk settled the old Indian forever, nearly severing the head from the body.

Brady, hearing the report of the rifle and the yell of Phouts, hastily ran back, where he found the Dutchman astride of the Indian's body, calmly examining the rent in his own pouch. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done?" "Yust look, Gab-tain," answered the fearless Phouts, "vat dis d—d red rascal vas apout;" holding up to view the hole in his belt. The Indian's scalp was then taken off, they got into their canoe and returned safely to Pittsburgh.

#### SAVES HIMSELF BY A SHREWD DEVICE—A WHOLESALE KILL.

Beaver Valley and the region about Fort McIntosh was one of Brady's famous scouting grounds. In one of his trapping and hunting excursions thereabouts, he was surprised and taken prisoner by a party of Indians who had closely watched his movements. To have shot or tomahawked him would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in the presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed after being stripped, and with his arms unbound. Previous to tying him to the stake, a large

circle was formed around of Indian men, women and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuses that their small knowledge of the English language could afford.

The prisoner looked on these preparations for death and on his savage foe with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with Indian fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him, with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it toward the fire. Horror stricken at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the flames. In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thicket, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west. His knowledge of the country, and wonderful activity, enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements in safety. Another version of this event furnished us, makes it the squaw herself that the Captain pushed on the fire.

From one of Brady's spies, who, in 1851, had not answered to the roll-call of death—one who served with him three years, during the most trying and eventful period of his life—De Hass has gathered the following incident: On one of their scouting expeditions into the Indian country, the spies, consisting at that time of sixteen men, encamped for the night at a place called "Big Shell Camp." Toward morning, one of the guard heard the report of a gun, and immediately communicating the fact to his commander, a change of position was ordered. Leading his men to an elevated point, the Indian camp was discovered almost beneath them. Cautiously advancing in the direction of the camp, six Indians were discovered standing around the fire, while several others lay upon the ground, apparently asleep. Brady ordered his men to wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down, while he kept watch. Two hours thus passed without anything material occurring.

As day began to appear, Brady roused his men and posted them side by side, himself at the end of the line. When all were in readiness, the commander was to touch, with his elbow, the man who stood next to him, and the communication was to pass successively to the farthest end. The orders then were, the moment the last man was touched, he should shoot, which was to be the signal for a general discharge. With the first faint ray of light rose six Indians, and stood around the fire. With breathless expectation the whites waited for the remainder to rise,

but failing, and apprehending a discovery, the Captain moved his elbow, and the next instant the wild woods rang with the shrill report of the rifles of the spies. Five of the six Indians fell dead, but the sixth, screened behind a tree, escaped. The camp being large, it was deemed unsafe to attack it further, and a retreat was immediately ordered.

Soon after the above occurrence, in returning from a similar expedition, and when about two miles from the mouth of Yellow Creek, at a place admirably adapted for an ambuscade, a solitary Indian stepped forward and fired upon the advancing company. Instantly, on firing, he retreated toward a deep ravine, into which the savage hoped to lead his pursuers. But Brady detected the trick, and, in a voice of thunder, ordered his men to tree. No sooner had this been done, than the concealed foe rushed forth in great numbers, and opened upon the whites a perfect storm of leaden hail. The brave spies returned the fire with spirit and effect; but as they were likely to be overpowered by superior numbers, a retreat was ordered to the top of the hill, and thence continued until out of danger. The whites lost one man in this engagement, and two wounded. The Indian loss is supposed to have been about twenty, in killed and wounded.

#### CURING A "SICK GUN"—A BRACE AT A SINGLE SHOT

Captain Brady possessed all the elements of a brave and successful scout. Like Marion, "he consulted with his men respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently made his own conclusions. They knew his determination only by his actions." Brady had but few superiors as a woodsman: he would strike out into the heart of the wilderness, and, with no guide but the sun by day and the stars by night, or, in their absence, then by such natural marks as the bark and tops of trees, he would move on steadily in a direct line toward his point of destination. He always avoided beaten paths and the borders of streams, and never was known to leave his track behind him. In this manner he eluded pursuit and defied detection. He was often vainly hunted by his own men, and was more likely to find them than they him.

When Brady was once out on a forest excursion with some friendly Indians killing game for the Fort Pitt garrison, his tomahawk slipped and severely wounded his knee, obliging him to camp out for some time with the Indians. One of these, who had taken the name of Wilson, Brady saw one evening coming home in a great hurry and kicking his squaw. Without saying a word he then began to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after with some roots, which,

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

Near Beaver, Pa., (formerly Fort McIntosh,) exist three localities, respectively called Brady's Run, Brady's Path and Brady's Hill. The following incident, furnished us, ended on the last. The Captain started from Pittsburgh with a few picked men on a scout towards the Sandusky villages. On their return they were hotly pursued, and all killed but the leader. He succeeded in getting back as far as the hill now called after him, not wounded, but nearly dead with fatigue. He knew well he was being relentlessly tracked, and that if he did not resort to some shrewd Indian trick, he would be lost. After cudgeling his brains awhile he hit upon the following:

Selecting a large tree lately blown down, and having a very thick, leafy end, he walked back very carefully in his tracks for a few hundred yards, then turned about and again trod in his old steps as far as the tree. This was to insure the Indians following him thither. He then walked along the trunk and snugly ensconced himself among the dense frondage at its end. Here he sat with rifle, specially loaded, all ready for duty. He counted upon his pursuers tracking him that far, and then, seeing no further trace of him, and it being at the end of a long day's tramp, that they would squat on the tree in a line for consultation. Nor was he disappointed. After he had been thus secreted for some time, and was gaining a fine rest, three Indians, with eyes bent earthwards like nosing hounds, came up in hot pursuit. Coming to the tree, they closely examined for the trail beyond, but not finding any, they were nonplused, and sat down to confab together.

The waiting scout now raised his long, black, unerring tube, drew a careful bead for his line shot, when flash! crack! and down tumbled one of his quarry dead and the other two wounded. With a silent chuckle at the success of his wile, Brady leaped to the encounter with clubbed rifle, and, after a brief struggle, succeeded in killing both savages. Quietly securing the whole three scalps, he made his way back to the fort. They had to hunt in gangs who would take Brady.



## THE LONE HUNTER'S REVENGE—A DREAD HOLOCAUST.

At another time, about the close of the Revolution, Brady started with two tried companions—Thomas Bevington and Benjamin Biggs—from Fort McIntosh to Fort Pitt. They debated for some time which side of the Ohio they would take, but finally selected the northern, or Logstown shore, along which ran the beaten Indian trail. Moving rapidly forward they came to where Sewickley now stands, but where at that time was only the solitary cabin of a hunter named Albert Gray—one of that roving, dare-devil, wild-turkey breed, that must be always a little in advance of outposts.

Upon approaching this cabin, Brady suddenly came upon "Indian sign," and bidding his men crouch down, went ahead to reconnoitre. In a short time he heard a noise to one side, and beheld Gray himself coming along on horseback, with a deer laid across behind. Brady being dressed and painted, as usual, like an Indian, had to wait till the hunter was abreast, when he suddenly sprang forth and jerked Gray from his horse, saying hurriedly, as the other offered fierce resistance, "Don't strike; I am Captain Brady! for God's sake keep quiet!" The twain now stealthily advanced, and to their horror saw the ruins of Gray's little cabin smoking in the distance. It was as Brady feared. The savages had been at their hellish work. Gray's feelings may be imagined. Unrecking of the danger, he madly rushed forward, rifle in hand, more cautiously followed by the ranger. The ruins were carefully examined, but finding no bodies, it was concluded that the whole family were made captive. Not an instant to be lost! The retreating trail was broad and fresh, denoting a large party of Indians. The two lurking scouts were now rejoined, and an eager, anxious conference followed. One advised to go to Fort Pitt and the other to Fort McIntosh, about equidistant, for aid, but Brady said, "Come! Follow me!"

The pursuit was commenced at two P. M. Brady was a thorough woodsman, and knew the "lay" of that country, with its ravines, points and short cuts, better than the redskins themselves. Sure, by the tread of the trail, that the marauders were making for Big Beaver ford, he so shaped his course as to intercept, or, failing in that, to overtake them at this point. Right as a trivet; for on approaching the river he found their plain trail, making, as Brady supposed, for a wild, secluded glen through which a stream, now known as Brady's Run, brawled its devious way.

A close inspection and study of the traces indicated a party of at

least a dozen. The odds were very large, but the anguish and impatience of the bereaved husband and father were so great that a sudden night attack was resolved upon. Secreting themselves, therefore, they patiently bided their time until dusk, when, crossing the Beaver, they entered the savage and sequestered ravine on the other side, and soon descried—right beside a famous spring—the camp fire of the cruel kidnapers. The unrecking Indians were at their evening meal, the captives—among whom was a strange woman and two children beside Gray's—sitting apart by themselves. The sight of his wife and children made Gray's heart thump, and he was like a bloodhound held in leash. But Brady sternly rebuked his impatience, and firmly restrained him. Their only chance for success was to wait until the reds were asleep. If evil had been intended to the captives, it would have been inflicted before that. They must trust only to knife and tomahawk, and must all crawl to the side of the sleeping savages, each man selecting his victim.

And now the fire has nearly died out, and the Indian camp is at rest. No watch dog there to betray the four scouts, who, making no more noise than their own shadows, draw themselves, like so many serpents, slowly but surely forward. A branch suddenly snaps beneath the knee of Biggs! Not much of a noise, but loud and distinct enough to cause one of the swarthy sons of the forest to spring to a sitting position, and—with head bent in direction of the alarm, and with ear intently attent to the slightest sound—to listen, listen, listen. The four avengers lay prone on the grass, their hands on their knife handles and their hearts beating like muffled drums. The strain was truly dreadful, but perfect silence is maintained—no sound but the faint chirp of a wood cricket—so delicate that scarce could anything live between it and silence.

The dusky statue, his suspicions at length lulled, gives the dying embers a stir, and, with a sleepy yawn, sinks again to slumber. He has thus lighted his own and his companions' way to death, for when all was again quiet, a low cluck from Brady gives the signal of advance. Noiselessly as rattlers, each of the four drags himself alongside of a sleeping savage, a tomahawk in each right hand and a knife between the teeth. The four gleaming instruments of vengeance are now suspended above the unconscious sleepers, and at another low cluck from Brady, a hail of murderous blows descends.

What a contrast now! the whole camp is a scene of the direst confusion and alarm. The remaining savages leap to their feet in a vain endeavor to escape the pursuing blades. Every one is sooner or later dispatched. The captives at first fled in alarm, but finding preservers at

hand, soon returned and were restored to their friends. The spring by the side of which the Indians camped was afterwards, in memory of this swift retribution and dreadful tragedy, called the "Bloody Spring."

#### TRACKED BY A DOG—AN INDIAN CAMP ATTACKED.

Once on returning from a scout, Brady was keeping a sharp lookout in expectation of being trailed, and taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practiced eye would occasionally discover in the distance, an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. "I will stop," said Brady, "and shoot the dog and then we can get along better." He selected the root of a tall chestnut tree which had fallen westward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the roots. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the log at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did; she rolled off the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud whoop, sprang into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

On another occasion the Indians had made a destructive raid upon the Sewickley settlement and the Fort Pitt soldiers were out to chastise them. Brady took five men and his *pet* Indian and also went out, but in an entirely different direction. He crossed the Allegheny and proceeded straight up that stream, rightly conjecturing that the invaders must have descended it in canoes. He, therefore, carefully examined the mouths of all the little streams on his way, and when opposite to the Mahoning, his sagacity was rewarded, for there lay the canoes drawn up to the bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and at night made a raft and crossed to the other side. He then proceeded up to the creek, and found that the Indians had in the meantime crossed it, as the canoes were now on the other side.

The country at the mouth of the Mahoning being rough and the stream high, the current was very rapid, and it was not until after several ineffectual attempts, that the Brady party crossed, two or three miles from the mouth. Then they made a fire, dried their clothes, inspected their arms, and moved towards the Indian camp, which was on

the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance on the lower bank. The Indians had captured a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. One of them, probably the owner, came down to him frequently, and troubled our party greatly. The horse, too, seemed desirous to keep with them, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he strongly desired to kill the Indian, but his calmer judgment prevented this, as likely to hazard a more important achievement.

Brady being desirous to ascertain the numbers of the Indians and the position of the guns, crept up so close that the *pet* Indian would accompany him no further. While he was thus watching, an Indian rose and came so close to him that he could have touched him with his foot. However, he discovered nothing, and returned to his blanket and was soon asleep.

Brady returned to his men and posted them, and in silence they awaited the light. When it appeared, the Indians arose and stood around their fires. When the signal was given, seven rifles cracked and five Indians fell dead. Brady gave his well-known war cry, and the party charged and secured all the guns. The remaining Indians instantly fled. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, but soon he seemed to have succeeded in staunching this. The *pet* Indian then gave the cry of a young wolf, which was answered by the wounded man, and the pursuit was renewed. A second time the wolf cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a "wind-fall."

Here the savage must have seen his pursuers, for he answered no more; but Brady, three weeks afterwards, found his body. Taking the horse and the plunder, the party returned to Pittsburgh, most of them descending in the Indian canoes. Three days after their return, the first detachment of seekers came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had escaped in their canoes.

Brady told a Mr. Sumerall that he once started out alone from Wheeling for the purpose of bringing in prisoners, not scalps. He was gone over two weeks and returned with five prisoners—an Indian and squaw, one boy and girl and a pappoose. He proceeded to two villages and secreted himself in a swamp. He saw this family enter into a cabin lying on the outskirts of the village, and that night he broke open the door, told them who he was and that if they made one murmur he would slay them all. The warrior had heard of Brady and knew he would do as he said.

Brady told them if they would go peaceably with him, he would take

them safely. He made the squaw carry the pappoose and drove the whole before him, traveling only by night. He was, as he expected to be, pursued, but he had selected his resting places so that he could reach them by wading up or down a stream to them, and as "water leaves no trail," he thus threw his pursuers off the track. Sumerall described to a Mr. Wadsworth the position of the two villages so accurately, that several years after the latter was traveling through that part of Ohio, and identified them as Greentown and Jerometown, between Mansfield and Wooster.

#### "BRADY'S LEAP" OVER THE CUYAHOGA RIVER.

Brady's famed leap of twenty-five odd feet has been by many considered a myth of romance, and by others has been located on Slippery Rock Creek, or in Beaver county, Pa., but we have received so much detailed information about this asserted *leap*, that we not only feel certain it *did* take place, but that it was made by Brady over the Cuyahoga river.

General L. V. Bierce, the aged and honored antiquarian of Akron, Ohio, writes us that there can be no doubt whatever not only as to the fact, but also as to the exact locality where it occurred. The place, he writes, has ever since borne the name of "Brady's Leap." The little lake in which he afterwards concealed himself, also bears to this day the name of Brady's Lake. The tradition of his fight with the savages on the south shore of that same lake, has been confirmed by skulls and a sword having been found there; and, moreover, he heard the story narrated by John Jacobs, Henry Stough and John Haymaker, all friends of Brady, and who asserted they had it from his own mouth. Haymaker and Wadsworth both measured the stream where the leap was made, and found it twenty-five feet across and some thirty feet above the water. Brady jumped from the west to the east side and caught the bushes on the steep, rocky cliff, slipping down some three or four feet before he recovered himself.

But let us briefly and in substance narrate the story as told by Brady himself to Sumerall and by him to F. Wadsworth. There is a small lake in Portage county, Ohio, which still retains the name of Brady's Lake, and on the south side of which Brady had a severe battle. He had collected a company of twenty for a scout in the Sandusky country, but was waylaid by a much superior force at this lake, and his whole company cut off but himself and one more. Many years after, Wadsworth and Haymaker hunted up the precise locality, and by scraping away the earth and leaves, found many skulls and human bones and a basket-hilted sword.

At another time—the same occasion, according to some, when he threw either the chief's squaw or her child upon the fire built for himself—Brady was hotly pursued from Sandusky for about a hundred miles. When he arrived near the Cuyahoga, (which stream he intended crossing at the "Standing Stone,") he found he was headed on all sides. He reached the stream at the rocky gorge where the contracted current rushes through, as it were, a narrow fissure in the rocks. Finding himself thus hemmed in, Brady summoned all his energies for the mighty leap, and, as stated, caught by the bushes on the other side. When the pursuing savages saw the flying jump, they stood astonished, and then set up a terrific yell, three or four of them firing at him and wounding him in the leg.

Very soon he found the Indians had crossed the river at the "Standing Stone," and were again in hot pursuit. When he arrived at the lake, finding the savages rapidly gaining on him, and his wound greatly troubling him, he concluded that unless he could secrete himself somewhere, he was gone. Plunging into the water, he made his way to a place that was covered with lily pads or pond lilies. Fortunately he found that he could keep his face under water by breathing through the hollow stem of a weed. The Indians were not long after him. Following his bloody trail, they tracked him into the water and made minute search for him, but concluding that—severely wounded as he was—he had preferred drowning himself to losing his life and scalp at their hands, they finally gave up the search. Brady heard the Indians hunting around all that day and part of the night, and then made good his escape.

But Judge Moses Hampton, of Pittsburgh, gives us still other information, gathered not only from a personal visit to the locality of the leap, but from details derived from his father over fifty years ago. He writes us that the place where Brady leaped is at the Franklin Mills, Portage county, Ohio, within two miles of the Pittsburgh and Cleveland Railroad. While there he was informed that the distance leaped was twenty-seven feet six inches. After the search for Brady had been abandoned by the Indians, they returned to make a more careful survey of the spot of this extraordinary leap.

"After carefully contemplating the whole scene," continues the Judge, "and being unwilling to admit (and this is a well-known trait of Indian character) that any white man can excel an Indian in feats of activity, they gradually came to the conclusion that he was not a man, but a turkey, and flew across, saying, 'he no man, he turkey; he flew,' and in order to commemorate that fact, they carved on a rock close by a rude representation of a turkey's foot. This remained an

object of curiosity to hundreds till the Summer of '56, when, being at the place, and finding the rock was about to be quarried, I obtained permission to have that part of the rock containing the carving of this turkey's foot cut out, which I brought home, and until recently held in my possession."

#### BRADY'S TRIAL—MARRIAGE TO DRUSILLA SWEARINGEN—HIS DEATH.

At one time Brady had to stand a trial at Pittsburgh for the killing, in time of peace, of a gang of redskins. It was proved by him that these savages had been on a plundering and scalping raid among the Chartiers settlements, and that he, selecting some of his tried followers, had made a rapid pursuit, and waylaid them at the Ohio river crossing near Beaver, thus justifying the attack as nothing but a swift punishment for flagrant acts of hostilities on the part of the savages. The trial created great excitement at the time, and was ably argued. Public sentiment—which had been lately greatly excited by savage marauds—was overwhelmingly in favor of Brady, and he was triumphantly acquitted.

One of the minor incidents of the trial may be noticed, as exhibiting an Indian's idea of the paramount claims of friendship. Guyasutha, the famed Mingo Chief, was one of the witnesses for Brady, and swore very extravagantly in his favor—in fact, far more than Brady wanted. After the session was over, the bystanders gathered about the chief and twitted him considerably for his reckless swearing. Drawing himself up with great dignity, and striking his brawny breast, the old chief gave this significant reply, "Why me no swear vely hard? Guyasutha vely big friend to Captain Blady."

Of Brady's private and social life it is very difficult to gather reliable particulars. About *all* these old Indian fighters there was so much of mystery and romance, and the feats attributed to them come to us with such changes of locality and incident, that it is hard to sift the true from the false. We have tried, in every instance, to get as near *facts* as possible, rejecting all that is doubtful or improbable. Lyman C. Draper, who is excellent authority, writes us that Brady married, about the year 1786, Miss Drusilla Swearingen, daughter of Captain Van Swearingen—"Indian Van," he was called on the border—a gallant officer in General Morgan's Rifle Corps. Drusilla was a very gentle and beautiful lady, and was sent East for her education. After the Revolution Captain Swearingen forted and settled where Wellsburg, West Va., now stands.

It is a tradition that the gentle Drusilla was first wooed by Dr. Bradford, of Whiskey Insurrection notoriety, but Brady returned from a

long trip to Kentucky just in time to secure the coveted prize. Her father objected at first to his daughter's marrying Brady, on account of his roving and dangerous scout's life, but afterwards gave his consent. There was some foundation for this objection, for we have learned that the fond and lovely wife suffered untold miseries when her reckless husband was absent on distant scouts longer than the time agreed on for return. Dr. Darby once witnessed the meeting between husband and wife on such an occasion and states it as having been very affecting.

The exact time of Captain Brady's death we have not yet been able to fix definitely. It was probably somewhere near the year 1800. Joseph Quigley, who lived in the Chartiers settlement, which Brady made his headquarters during a large portion of his bachelor life, says that he frequently saw Brady at his father's house, and that he looked much older than he really was. He walked quite lame from the wound received in his leg at the time he leaped the Cuyahoga river. He was also then pretty deaf, which he attributed to lying so long in the lake where he was chased after he made his famous leap. Quigley says that it was John Dillow and a man by the name of Stoup or Sprott, who were with Brady on the Indian excursion terminated by the leap, and that when he approached the lake he swam out to a log, surrounded by pond lilies and secreted himself beneath, but kept his face just above water.

Brady spent the last years of his life at West Liberty, West Va., where he died. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." He left two sons, both now dead. His wife subsequently married again, moved to Tyler county, Va., and lived to a good old age.





4246  
15.00









# SIMON GIRTY



THE WHITE SAVAGE

